UNIVERSIDADE DE LISBOA
FACULDADE DE LETRAS
Departamento de Estudos Anglísticos

Theatrical Joyce

David Michael Greer

DOUTORAMENTO EM ESTUDOS ARTÍSTICOS
ESTUDOS DE TEATRO
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Abstract

As a young man, Joyce's artistic future as a writer of prose fiction was far from decided. Although his earliest attempts at literary composition were through lyrical verse and prose sketches, his major literary ambitions as a student were focused on the theatre; and his dramatic writing and writing on drama had essentially been done before he wrote his first *Dubliners'* story. The subsequent appearance of *Exiles* and the form of the "Circe" episode most obviously show that this early fascination never completely left him.

Through his use of dramatic techniques and ''hidden' texts, Joyce reconciled his desire to create drama with the realisation that his most natural medium was narrative prose. As the dramatic came to fully inform his prose fiction, however, Joyce was able to combine and explore the full possibilities of dialogue ranging from the most artificially high-flown rhetoric to the coarsest spoken informalities.

A major feature of Joyce's method was his readiness to adapt and parody the works of earlier authors, including dramatists. Such adaptation provided a channel for his works to flow into forms ungoverned by the demands of producing a realistic, exterior world. "Spectacular" linguistic and narrative "theatrical" effects (*OCPW*: 25) were generated through characters' inner lives which, when combined with the incorporated dramatic texts, created ironies and alternative perspectives through juxtaposition and parodic subversion.

In *Theatrical Joyce*, I explore this influence on Joyce's writing and the protean line of creative tension born out of his attempt to achieve a formal balance, in which boundaries are often blurred through the embedding of drama in narrative.

Keywords: Joyce, drama, narrative, irony, parody, Shakespeare

Resumo

Na sua juventude, o futuro artístico de Joyce enquanto escritor estava longe de estar decidido. Apesar das primeiras tentativas de composição literária serem obras de natureza lírica e textos curtos em prosa, as suas ambições literárias enquanto estudante voltavam-se para o teatro. A escrita dramática e sobre o teatro de Joyce foi maioritariamente feita antes de escrever o primeiro conto de *Dubliners*. A escrita posterior de *Exiles* e a forma do episódio "Circe" reflectem um fascínio de juventude nunca esmoreceu completamente.

Através da utilização de técnicas dramáticas e de textos 'escondidos', Joyce reconciliou o desejo de criar um drama com a consciência de que o seu *medium* mais natural era a prosa narrativa. Contudo, à medida que o dramático informou completamente a sua ficção em prosa, Joyce conseguiu combinar e explorar as possibilidades de diálogo entre eles, indo da retórica mais artificiosa até às informalidades orais mais rudes.

Um elemento fundamental no método de Joyce foi a capacidade de adaptar e parodiar as obras de autores anteriores, incluindo dramaturgos. Esse tipo de adaptação disponibilizava um canal para a obra fluir para formas não governadas pelas exigências de produção de um mundo exterior realista. Efeitos linguísticos "espectaculares" e efeitos narrativos "teatrais" (*OCPW*: 25) eram gerados através das vidas interiores das personagens que, combinadas com os textos dramáticos incorporados, criaram ironias e perspectivas alternativas através da justaposição e subversão paródica.

Em *Theatrical Joyce*, é explorada esta influência na escrita de Joyce e a tensão criativa que resulta da tentativa de chegar a um equilíbrio formal, em que as fronteiras são muitas vezes dissolvidas através da incorporação do drama na narrativa.

Palavras chave: Joyce, drama, narrativa, ironia, paródia, Shakespeare

To

Paulo Eduardo Carvalho

much missed friend and encourager

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Finally, my thanks to Graça, "Gea-Tellus" and "wonderworker", without whom this poor man's Ulysses would have remained lost at sea.

"Methanks (...) Tranquille thanks. Adew" (*FW*: 239, 244)

Abbreviations

Reference to the editions of works used is contained in the Bibliography. The following abbreviations of the titles are used in the text:

D	*Dubliners*
DD	*The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce*
FW	*Finnegans Wake*
GJ	*Giacomo Joyce*
JJ	*James Joyce* by Richard Ellmann
LI	*Letters of James Joyce vol. I.*
LII	*Letters of James Joyce vol. II and III.*
LIII	*Letters of James Joyce vol. II and III.*
MBK	*My Brother's Keeper* by Stanislaus Joyce
OCPW	*Occasional, Critical and Political Writing*
P	*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
PSW	*Poems and Shorter Writings*
SH	*Stephen Hero*
SL	*Selected Letters*
U	*Ulysses*

Introduction

“in the act of perhaps getting an intro, (…) say,
(…) engaged in performing”
(*FW*: 109)

For the artist as a young man, in the beginning was the theatre. Throughout his life, in fact, Joyce showed more interest in the theatre, in its many variations, than in the genre he was to revolutionise. His major enthusiasms were stirred by performance in all its forms: from literary theatre, to the pantomimes, musical hall, light opera and popular plays to be seen in the Dublin of the late 19th and early 20th century; as well as the various types of performance he experienced on the continent in his later years.

His early writing ambitions were a reflex of this enthusiasm. Joyce’s first published pieces were critical essays dealing exclusively with the theatre, with drama proclaimed the highest form of art. Even when writing about another artistic form in an 1899 student essay, the success of Munkacsy’s painting, *Ecce Homo*, was judged according to its dramatic quality.

In 1900, he began to write his ‘epiphanies’: moments of “sudden spiritual manifestation” that might appear “in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself” (*SH*: 188). Significantly, epiphanies were manifested through the spoken as well as the written word, with “the vulgarity of speech or of gesture” suggesting a clear dramatic quality balancing the often more lyrical “memorable phase of the mind”. Of the 40 that have survived – it seems there were at least 71 (*PSW*: 272) –, 16 are in the form of short dramatic dialogues; with the others being either monologues or prose poems.

His brother Stanislaus also tells us of the early and now lost play, *A Brilliant Career* (the only piece Joyce ever dedicated to anyone – his own soul) which, it seems, owed much to Ibsen (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 126-31). Although, as Ellmann suggests (*JJ*: 79), it might well have been “Ibcenest nansence!” (*FW*: 535) more than anything else, it

was a sign of how the “old master” (*OCPW*: 52) was more important to Joyce in these early years than any other artist; despite some clear Wagnerian influence and the ever-present shadow of Shakespeare.

In addition to *A Brilliant Career*, and the two translations of Hauptmann intended for the Abbey, there was the intriguingly titled verse play, *Dream Stuff*. Judging, however, from the one stanza that has survived, *Dream Stuff* was more in line with his Symbolist-influenced *Chamber Music* than an independently Joycean dramatic departure. Any reader hoping to catch an early glimpse of *Finnegans Wake* would, it seems, have certainly been disappointed.

At the same time as his frequent student trips to popular theatre and the music hall where, like Stephen Dedalus “in the gallery of the Gaiety”, he “had become a constant ‘god’” (*SH*: 36), Joyce was cultivating his role as the solitary artist. Even though Ibsen was actually much discussed in late 19th century Irish literary circles, Joyce the student liked to present himself as the lone crusader in the Norwegian’s cause, and adopted him as his model; possibly as much for the characteristics of his personality, manner and life, as for the content of his plays. Due to the almost complete absence of Ibsen from the Dublin stage – if not literary conversation – during these vital years, however, Joyce’s experience of the dramatist was primarily as a reader.

As mentioned above, another formative influence in these years was Wagner. Joyce’s contact with the German composer, as with the Norwegian dramatist, was more as a reader (of both his libretti and critical theory) than an audience member. Although there was plenty of Italian opera, with its focus on music rather than drama, the global spectacle of Wagnerian opera was never performed in Dublin during Joyce’s youth, with only evenings of excerpts being offered to audiences.

This early exposure to serious drama in various forms (Wagner, of course, called his works ‘dramas’) being primarily on the page rather than seen on the stage was to have a lasting effect on Joyce’s art. Serious drama for Joyce, therefore, (whether literary or musical, as most deeply experienced through Ibsen and Wagner) was unconsciously fixed as a text to be read, with its effects experienced primarily by readers rather than by an audience. With these first and defining contacts therefore being effectively with literary texts rather than performances in theatres, Joyce came to consider staging and theatre technique as secondary issues; with the practicalities of literary theatre largely eluding him.

For the pantomimes and similar popular performances at the Gaiety and Dan Lowry’s Music Hall, however, these ‘secondary issues’ were of paramount importance; but with a significant difference. Unlike the literary form, popular theatre, with its broader conventions and an audience perhaps more open to change and surprise, could stage virtually whatever it wanted and however it liked, without the constraints of realism. Content, however, was far from being insignificant; and in what perhaps was more than a glib throwaway line, Joyce claimed that “the music-hall, not poetry, was a criticism of life” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 110). His enjoyment of such popular forms, free from the responsibilities of realism, continued throughout his life.

Most of Joyce’s literary theories (as put forward in the early articles and papers) centred on the realistic drama as developed by Ibsen. These theories did not, however, ultimately represent Joyce’s carefully formulated thinking about a literary genre but rather served to justify and rationalise his personal attraction to a specific artist. These distinct artistic inclinations created a central conflict in Joyce’s relationship with the theatre. Despite his intellectual commitment to Ibsen and the kind of drama he stood for, Joyce had little practical understanding of, or emotional drive to create realistic

drama; Ibsenite or otherwise. If *A Brilliant Career* and, to a lesser extent, *Exiles* is evidence of this disinclination, “Circe” particularly can be seen as the bringing together of the spectacular theatrical forms – more ‘popular’, but also more Wagnerian than Ibsenite in its ‘global’ nature – that intrigued and delighted Joyce. After initially suffering from the same kind of misdirection he ironically identified in the young Ibsen: “an original and capable writer struggling with a form that is not his own” (*OCPW*: 73), Joyce found release in a concept of drama allowing him to use “the spectacular and the theatrical” (*OCPW*: 25) effects he was attracted to; and without being confined to a form which, despite his supporting it on principle, was essentially at odds with his basic creative inclinations. When released from the constraints of actual staging, or literal theatrical representation, he could employ the dramatic, and exploit the resultant formal tension, within the pages of an ostensibly narrative text.

Referring to Joyce’s early paper, “Drama and Life”, Richard Ellmann argued that “the exaltation of drama above all other forms was to be reformulated later in his aesthetic system and, if he published only one play, he kept to his principles by making all his novels dramatic” (*JJ*: 73). In *Theatrical Joyce*, my aim will be to explore how this theatrical influence had a central effect on Joyce’s writing and led to a creative tension running through his work between dramatic instinct and an equally inherent desire to explore the diverse possibilities of narrative form. This thesis is based on the study of several texts which, I believe, best (but not exclusively) illustrate this tension.

My first chapter, “The Play’s the Thing”, explores in greater detail how Joyce’s interest in theatre influenced his early growth as an artist. After discussing his own early performances (in domestic settings or on the amateur stage),the chapter goes on to examine his critical writings.

Considering its brevity, none of Joyce's works are more allusive than *Giacomo Joyce*. Written at a time in which he was working on *A Portrait*, *Exiles* and *Ulysses* almost in tandem, *Giacomo* draws us into a search for the theatrical within the narrative as the nature of the protagonist's relationship with his girl student is explored through juxtaposition with a range of allusions from the world stage and, in particular, the ironic framing of the relationship within the five act structure of *Hamlet*.

The chapter on Joyce's one published play, *Exiles*, examines the conflict between the text's various moments of clear theatricality, through its use of Shakespeare and several dramatic genres, as well as the characters' seeming inclination to present themselves as if they belonged within an essentially novelistic narrative form. Their attempt to subjugate actions to words, or drama to narrative, illuminates the author's struggle between self-conscious adherence to Ibsenite dramatic theory and a natural instinct for parallelism and parody through theatrical spectacle.

"Preparatory to anything else" serves as an introduction to my study of selected episodes from the "Blue Book of Eccles" (*FW*: 179). I introduce the argument that *Ulysses* not only makes frequent use of techniques more conventionally associated with the drama than the novel, but that it also echoes, through parallelism and parody, various theatrical genres and even specific plays. In "Telemachus", "Cyclops", "The Oxen of the Sun", "Circe", and "Penelope", significantly diverse and developing lines of tension between narrative and drama are explored. Each of the five chosen episodes applies specific dramatic techniques, and/or incorporates aspects of existing plays by which they turn themselves – partly or wholly – into new, quasi-dramatic texts.

In "'Telemachus': Staged Irishmen", I examine the struggle of the narrative mode to deal with the usurping ambitions of drama through a number of techniques, which include the subversive use of two dramatic texts: *Hamlet* and *Cathleen ni Houlihan*. The

use of Irish myth in the latter and the ‘classic’, near mythical status of the Shakespeare establish an ironic perspective on various beliefs and events staged at the Martello tower.

The “Cyclops” episode sees the gigantic ‘I’ of the realistic dramatic monologue struggling with a plethora of protean narrative parodies. These parodies, or narrative interruptions, rival the monologist’s dominance in the chapter, as well as mocking the story he is attempting to tell. Joyce’s early rejection of Greek dramatic “laws” (*OCPW*: 23) is underlined through the chapter’s partial parody of the choric figure who, traditionally, reports on actions the audience never see performed. Following “Telemachus” in this sense, “Cyclops” sets up a debate between narrative and drama on various levels; and, as with the earlier episode, a dramatic text – in this case, Shelley’s translation of Euripides’ *The Cyclops* (which has already established its own dialogue with the epic original) – joins Homer in presenting an ironic background to events in Joyce’s Dublin.

After examining the connection between character roles and the shape-shifting narrative performance in “The Oxen of the Sun”, “Shouts in the Street” moves into a different area: dramatisation. The coda of “Oxen” moves the episode from narrative to drama: while the look of the text on the page suggests chaotic colloquial narrative; the sound suggests demotic dramatic dialogue. Acting on this, and adopting a different approach for so different an episode, I have attempted to rewrite the coda as a dramatic script by allocating speeches to various named as well as unnamed characters.

With “Circe” being the chapter in which so many themes in *Ulysses* come to a head, the Nighttown episode suddenly transforms the novel into what seems like a play, staging the climax of the struggle between drama and narrative. As if complementing the earlier performance in *Giacomo Joyce*, *Hamlet* again provides a parodic framework

for this struggle of forms and subconscious release in “Circe” within the five act Shakespearean structure.

Joyce appropriated *Hamlet* in various ways in his work, in terms of both form and content. The final chapter of *Ulysses* is entirely given over to what is perhaps the most significant of the prince’s dramatic techniques: the soliloquy. Or is it a soliloquy? Should Molly’s speech more properly be called a monologue? If so, what is the significance of this distinction?[1] After briefly discussing the implications of the two forms in terms of audience, the chapter goes on to explore Molly’s role as both narrator and performer; as narrative and the dramatic merge in an episode with no recourse to the theatrical parody or parallelism we have grown used to over our long day in Dublin.

[1] With ‘monologue’ coming from the Greek and soliloquy from the Latin, is distinction simply a matter of derivation? Based on definitions provided by Patrice Pavis (Pavis 1998: 218, 342), these terms are discussed in chapter 4.5, “Penelope”: The Star Turn.

1. The Play's the Thing[1]

[1] *Hamlet* II. ii. 600. Joyce uses this quotation in "Ibsen's New Drama" (*OCPW*: 45).

As a young child, James Joyce certainly knew how to make an entrance: “Here’s me! “Here’s me!” he would announce all the way down the stairs to the whole house “at dessert-time” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 30). Indeed, *My Brother’s Keeper*, Stanislaus’ unfinished biography of his brother, begins with his memory of a childhood “dramatic performance” put on for their parents and nurse-maid “of the story of Adam and Eve”, in which Jim “was the Devil (…) wriggling across the floor with a tail probably made up of a rolled-up sheet or towel (…) with his instinctive realisation (…) that the most important part dramatically, which he reserved for himself, was that of the Tempter” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 27).

Joyce’s interest in performing continued at school and, in May 1898, his last year at Belvedere College, he appeared as the “thrash happy” headmaster, Dr. Grimstone, in F. J. Anstey’s farce, *Vice Versa*[2], with Stanislaus giving him a good review:

> He was quite deliberate and self-possessed on the stage, showing a surprising talent for acting, and added an unexpected interest to the part by improvising, to the coach’s horror, an excellent imitation of the rector of the College [who] seemed to enjoy it as much as his pupils among the audience did (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 102)[3].

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[2] *Vice Versa: A Lesson to Fathers* is a novel by F. Anstey (Thomas Anstey Guthrie), first published in 1882. Joyce would have performed in the stage version, published in 1883, by Edward Rose.

The plot runs as follows: Victorian business man, Paul Bultitude is sending his son Dick off to boarding school. The school is run by the fearsome headmaster, Dr. Grimstone. Bultitude, trying to calm his son’s fears says that schooldays are the best years of a boy's life, and that he wishes he was in Dick’s position. Thanks to the magic “Garuda Stone”, bought back from India by Dick’s Uncle, father and son change places. Mr. Bultitude goes off to boarding school in his son's body, while Dick gets a chance to run Bultitude’s business. After various adventures, they return to normal but with a greater understanding of each other’s lives (Novel accessed at Project Gutenberg).

Joyce’s long-term interest in the theme of father-son relationships, already strongly present due to his own domestic difficulties, would have been further nurtured by this farce.

[3] In “Circe”, Bloom remembers a cross dressing performance in a production of *Vice Versa* as a boy (*U*: 648-9).

Ellmann tells us that other schoolboys, aware both of his rather rebellious tendencies and talent for mimicry, had put him up to this (*JJ*: 56)[4]. Classic texts, even those dear to Joyce, were no safer from the manic parodies of his youth during Sunday evening japes in various homes. C. P. Curran has "painful recollections of [himself] as Master Builder Solness falling down the front of the house through rose bushes and thorns past the window of the drawing-room where the audience were, while [a female friend] sang of harps in the air" (Curran 1968: 22).

Another friend, Eugene Sheehy, tells the story of William Fallon strewing the floor with vegetables as mad Ophelia, while Joyce, as Gertrude, "performed all the motions of a woman 'keening' at an Irish wake in the very ecstasy of grief" (Sheehy (1967) 2004: 28). Stanislaus also testifies to his qualities as a comedian during evenings of charades at the Sheehys[5], when "Jim could keep people in fits of laughter with his dumbshow (...) always at an imbecile level". He adds, however, that "except during these light-hearted evenings (…) he did not indulge this vein" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 122).

In the light of such comic dumbshows, it is no surprise that Joyce appeared in Margaret Sheehy's one-act comedy *Cupid's Confidante*. It had been put together at first by a group of friends for a Grafton St. café performance on 21st March, 1900, but was later revived, with Joyce now in the cast, at the more prestigious venue of the Antient Concert Rooms on 8th January, 1901 (less than two weeks before he delivered his paper "Drama and Life" to the university's Literary and Historical Society). One of the author's descendants, Andrée D. Sheehy Skeffington has called it "a very slight amateur's playlet" (Skeffington 1984: 205) and Stanislaus, judging by his manner of

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[4] This encouragement later found its way into his fiction, although the actual imitation is not reproduced (*P*: 69-70, 79).

[5] Such evenings are described in *Stephen Hero*, in which the Sheehys appear as the 'Daniels'. On one occasion, Joyce was given 'Ibsen' to guess during a game of Who's Who?" (*SH*: 45-6).

replacing the character's names with archetypes in his summary[6], was of a similar opinion. He was, nevertheless, impressed once more by his brother's performance. He tells us:

> [Joyce] played the leading male part (…) a rake and an adventurer (…) Jim, who often found relief for his feelings in stark English, said that even the virgin cheeks of his arse blushed for his part in it. It certainly did not seem so. He appeared to be quite unconcerned as if he were acting in a more elaborate kind of charade. [In spite of Joyce's] inexperience of life (…) he acted exceedingly well the part of a handsome, polished, adroit, irresistible man of the world (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 134).

He also seems to have taken advantage of a comic opportunity that came his way. At a time when Irish nationalists were encouraging the population to support the domestic market (and this was around eight months before Joyce's less than nationalistic piece, "The Day of the Rabblement"), one of the highlights of his performance seems to have been when, unable to light a match, Joyce ad libbed: "Damn these Irish matches!" (*JJ*: 93).

A review appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* on 9th January 1901, praising Joyce's work as "a revelation of amateur acting" and that "he followed with extraordinary skill" the methods of "Robertson of 'Hawtree' fame". Joyce apparently kept the clipping for years afterwards (*JJ*: 93).

By the time he performed in *Cupid's Confidante*, Joyce had written his first play, *A Brilliant Career*, and had it politely and constructively rejected by the drama critic and Ibsen translator, William Archer. Archer's letter made Joyce "aware of many

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[6] "Geoffrey Fortescue, a rake and an adventurer, is paying his addresses to a wealthy girl, but just when he seems to be in the straight and winning comfortably, because Sweet Innocence has quarrelled with her True Lover, he is jockeyed out of position by the girl friend of Sweet Innocence, Cupid's Confidante (played by the authoress). She beguiles the rake into making love to her and unmasks his villainy. The True Lover is recalled from an imminent voyage to the antipodes, and all ends well" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 134).

deficiencies, for he thought seriously of abandoning his university studies and going on the stage in order to gain a practical knowledge of the production of dramatic works." He sometimes took *The Stage* and had already come up with 'Gordon Brown', as his stage name, after Giordano Bruno, whose essays he was reading at that time (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 132).

Although *Cupid's Confidante* seems about as far from the Ibsenite drama he was championing and trying to write at the time as could be imagined, there had obviously been something in his performance to remind the reviewer of *Caste* (first performed in 1867)[7]. As if acting on this hint, *Cupid's Confidante* was followed, "one Christmas" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 123; *JJ*: 93) at the Sheehys, by Joyce actually playing Capt. Hawtree in Thomas William Robertson's, *Caste*. Stanislaus was impressed that 'Jim' did it "without making the part a caricature of military stiffness" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 123).

On 7th May 1910, *The New York Dramatic Mirror* wrote on a revival of *Caste*, which opened at the Empire Theatre, New York, on 25th April 1910:

> A play of modern life that has outstripped two-score years can hardly be up to the fashion of to-day, any more than a bonnet of the vintage of the Civil War period. The little domestic story of the modernized Prince Charming, who in the person of the Hon. George D'Alroy throws caste to the wind and makes the daughter of a hopeless old inebriate and labor agitator his wife, is indeed little more than an infusion of weak tea to a sophisticated public which knows its Ibsen and Pinero.

Whilst not holding them remotely in the same esteem[8], Joyce certainly knew both authors and his contemporary theatre. *Caste* may have been somewhat dated by the end

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[7] Performed professionally in Dublin in October 1898 and July 1900 (Watt 1991: 205, 215), it is quite possible that Joyce saw one or even both productions.

[8] When W. L. Courtney wrote to accept "Ibsen's New Drama" for *The Fortnightly Review*, he asked that "a derogatory reference" to Pinero be cut, which Joyce did (*JJ*: 74).

of the century[9], but aspects of Robertson's plays were very much in keeping with what he admired in the contemporary realistic drama of both Ibsen and Hauptmann:

> While he drew heavily on the established Victorian predilection for realistic stage effects and scenery, Robertson rejected the mannered acting that often accompanied it. [His plays have] precise stage directions which insist on naturalness and, in Victorian terms, an effacing anti-theatricality. His style of drama was to earn the nickname of 'cup and saucer comedy' after a scene set in the kitchen in *Caste* (Hudston 2000: 225)[10].

If there was a review of Joyce's performance in *Caste*, it has not survived and, as for 'Gordon Brown', as far as we know he was left waiting in the wings. Joyce's acting career came to a close apparently, and unlikely as it seems, in the role of a British soldier.

In addition to his own accomplished performances (a skill inherited from his father)[11], Joyce was an enthusiastic audience member who "went to the theatre as regularly as he could afford it" (*JJ*: 54). Stanislaus remembers him spending some of his "Preparatory Grade" exhibition money on "frequent visits (…) to the cheaper parts of

[9] Yeats, however, was certainly unenthusiastic about the play, arguing that it "had not characters of any kind, being vague ideals, perfection as it is imagined by a common-place mind" with the audience being able to sympathise with them easily "without the labour that comes from awakening knowledge". Despite deserving some small credit for "putting what seemed to be average common life and average common speech for the first time upon the stage in England", Yeats felt Robertson had "made his revolution superficially" and that it was "in other countries" that the "intellectual drama of real life" had been created, of which Ibsen's later plays [were] the real fruit" (Yeats 1905: 7, 10).

[10] Robertson, to some extent, can be credited with anticipating the realism of 'kitchen sink drama' in British theatre of the late 1950s.

[11] Stanislaus writes that "it was in university theatricals [at Queen's College, Cork] that [his father] chiefly distinguished himself. I have seen a dozen or so cuttings from Cork daily papers containing flattering notices of Mr. Joyce's performances in various comic parts. Out of vanity he preserved them for years" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 45-6). One of the attributes of Stephen's father listed to Cranly is "amateur actor" (*P*: 217).

theatres" with the family to see comedies or, "if tickets could be had", Henry Irving or Beerbohm Tree (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 77)[12].

It seems he also became, like Stephen, "a constant 'god'" at the Gaiety Theatre (*SH*: 36) where, as a 9 year old, he may well have seen the pantomime, *Sinbad the Sailor* which he used, most notably of course, at the close of the "Ithaca" (*U*: 871). Joyce went to see music hall and musical comedies, "which had names like *The Gaiety Girl*, *The Circus Girl*, *The Singhalee.*" They "exercised only a passing attraction on him for a year or two" although "he found the frank vulgarity of the music hall less offensive than the falsity of most of the legitimate drama of his day: Jones, Pinero (…) and, most of all, Shaw" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 125). Joyce had his preferences; and he arrived at them by accumulating as much first-hand experience as was possible under his financial circumstances in the Dublin of that time.

Being paid for "Ibsen's New Drama", his review of *When We Dead Awaken*, in 1900 helped to broaden those horizons. He took a trip to London with his father, where they went to "theatres and music-halls, then in their heyday" and "my brother declared that the music-hall, not poetry, was a criticism of life" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 110)[13]. Nevertheless, the Ibsen review fee also paid for a copy of D'Annunzio's plays and poems, as well as French translations of some Sudermann plays and Maeterlinck in the original (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 111-2).

My aim in this chapter will be to examine how this interest in theatre, in all its forms, influenced Joyce's early development; especially in terms of the tensions between instinct and theory that these various and often contrasting influences created

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[12] Similar trips, but to the 'light' theatre of *Ingomar* or *The Lady of Lyons*, take place in *A Portrait* (*P*: 90).

[13] In Stanislaus' diary entry for 3rd April 1904, we also find that "Jim considers the music-hall, not Poetry, a criticism on life" (*DD*: 38).

in his critical writings. Theatre, whether literary or popular, was a major and life-long source of fascination for Joyce; much more so than the prose fiction of his contemporaries, it seems. One of the possibly surprising things revealed by the biographical material is, despite being one of the 20th century novel's major revolutionary figures, how little Joyce was interested in the genre as practised by other writers. Over the years, letters and reported conversations rarely contain more than passing references to or fleeting comments on the novel as a genre or on other fiction writers. Despite being, it seems, a voracious reader of fiction – he claimed to Budgen that he "had read every line of" Defoe and Flaubert (Budgen, (1934) 1960: 181), as well as all Ibsen and Ben Jonson) – this reading was generally widespread and an enthusiasm for a particular writer generally seemed to be quite short-lived. A teenage interest in Thomas Hardy (*JJ*: 53), for example, soon transformed into complaints about the author's "incredible woodenness" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 68), and the "sciolism" of his "psychological studies" when compared to Ibsen (*OCPW*: 46). By 1906, he was announcing to Stanislaus that "[w]ithout boasting I think I have little or nothing to learn from English novelists" (*SL*: 124).[14]

Non-English fiction writers seemed to fare considerably better under the Joycean critical eye. He always acknowledged D'Annunzio as an influence and, as a 19 year old, praised *Il Fuoco* (*The Flame of Life*) (1900) as "the highest achievement of the novel to date".[15] Nevertheless, he seems to have been even more struck by his plays[16]

[14] In 1928, Joyce, almost too graciously, declined to contribute to a special issue of the *Revue Nouvelle* on Thomas Hardy, saying that he had read the novels so long ago that "it would be singularly audacious for me to render the least judgement upon the venerable figure who has just disappeared". (*SL*: 329).

[15] The fact that *Il Fuoco* was on the Vatican Index of Prohibited Books would only have enhanced its appeal for young Joyce. When "The Day of the Rabblement" was rejected by *St. Stephen's*, the university magazine, C. P. Curran remembers being told that "the rejection turned on a single point – the reference to D'Annunzio's *Il Fuoco*" (Curran 1968: 20).

(especially as performed by Eleanora Duse[17]). His admiration for Tolstoy's fiction, however, was lasting. At 23, he had claimed "Tolstoy is a magnificent writer. He is never dull, never stupid, never tired, never pedantic, never theatrical![18] He is head and shoulders over the others"[19] (*SL*: 73). In 1935, he sent his daughter Lucia "volumes" by Tolstoy; telling her that "[i]n my opinion *How Much Land Does a Man Need* [*sic*] is the greatest story the literature of the world knows" (*SL*: 372). Such enthusiasm, however, was of a different order to his admiration for Ibsen and Hauptmann, and his ambivalent obsession with Shakespeare, as shown by his early critical and artistic ambitions.

A sense of the dramatic was evident even in his first attempts at the short story "at school" in the mid-1890s (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 74). Stanislaus records one of the now lost prose sketches that made up what the schoolboy Joyce called *Silhouettes*:

> [The narrator's] attention is attracted by two figures in violent agitation on a lowered window-blind illuminated from within, the burly figure of a man, staggering and threatening with upraised fist, and the smaller sharp-faced figure of a nagging woman. A blow is struck and the light goes out. The narrator waits to see if anything happens afterwards. Yes, the window-blind is illuminated again dimly, (…) and the woman's sharp profile appears accompanied by two small heads, just above the window-ledge, of children wakened by the noise. The woman's finger is pointed in warning. She is saying, 'Don't waken Pa' (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 104).

The realism obviously looks towards *Dubliners* but the scene is purely dramatic, with the narrator as the literal audience for the grim shadow puppetry. *Silhouettes* seems

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[16] Although Vicki Mahaffey does make a convincing case for the importance of D'Annunzio's novel, *Il trionfo della morte* (*The Triumph of Death*) in *Exiles* (Mahaffey 1990: 206-7).

[17] After seeing the actress in London, in 1900, in *La Gioconda* and *La Città Morta* (*The Dead City*), Joyce "wrote her an encomiastic poem which she did not acknowledge" (*JJ*: 77).

[18] This was a source of praise already discussed in "Drama and Life" (*OCPW*: 25). Joyce's personal debate concerning the 'theatrical' would later reappear, most conspicuously but not exclusively in *Exiles* and "Circe".

[19] Joyce also used the phrase to express his belief in Ibsen's superiority to Shakespeare when interviewed by Ole Vinding in Copenhagen, 1936 (*JJ*: 694).

to have come to nothing but, in 1900, he began to write his ‘epiphanies’[20], which are often similar in tone to what Stanislaus remembers of the earlier prose sketches. Of the 40 that have survived, 16 are short dramatic dialogues. As for the remainder, and though the distinction is not always completely clear, 12 could be classed as monologues in which a meditating ‘I’ expresses some “memorable phase of the mind” (*SH*: 188) with dramatic force. The remaining 12 belong more to the category of descriptive prose poems.

Bearing in mind Joyce’s main artistic inclination at the time, it is hardly surprising that the episode (he calls it a “triviality”) in Eccles St[21] giving Stephen the idea of collecting such examples of “sudden spiritual manifestation” (*Ibid.*: 188) had a clearly dramatic quality in its “vulgarity of speech or of gesture” (*Ibid.*: 188):

> A young lady was standing on the steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis. A young gentleman was leaning on the rusty railings of the area.[22] Stephen as he passed on his quest heard the following fragment of colloquy out of which he received an impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.
> THE YOUNG LADY: (drawling discreetly) ... O, yes ... I was ... at the ... cha ... pel ...
> THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN: (inaudibly) ... I ... (again inaudibly) ... I ...
> THE YOUNG LADY: (softly) ... O ... but you're ... ve ... ry ... wick ... ed … (*Ibid.*: 188).

Epiphany 36 was a “literary treatment” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 137) of a dream Joyce apparently had. The monologist talks about an old man “in a coat with tails and an old-fashioned high hat. (…) My goodness! how small he is! He must be very old and vain

[20] These “manifestations and revelations [were] brief sketches[,] very accurately observed and noted (…) which served him as a sketch-book serves an artist” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 134-5). See also Stephen’s definition of these “sudden spiritual manifestation[s]” (*SH*: 188).

[21] The significance of the episode may well have been a contributory influence to Joyce deciding to house Bloom in the same street.

[22] The setting for the *Silhouettes* sketches was “a row of mean little houses along which the narrator passes after nightfall” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 104).

… Maybe he isn't what I... (…) But then he's the greatest man in the world" (*PSW*: 196). The old man was Ibsen. No precise dates for the writing of individual epiphanies is available, but as Stanislaus discusses the above immediately before turning to Joyce's 'Ibsen Night', when he delivered his paper "Drama and Life", it seems reasonable to assume that the epiphany was written around the same time, in 1900. In moving from epiphany to revelation, Stanislaus records that in the late 1890s:

> [Joyce] came under what was to prove one of the dominant influences of his life, the influence of Henrik Ibsen. (…) One afternoon comes back to me distinctly, the afternoon when Ibsen's *The Master Builder* arrived from Heinemann's in William Archer's translation (…) with a vignette of Hilde Wangel, alpenstock in hand, on the outside. It was an event: my brother stayed up that night to read the play. [He] had been keeping vigil to hear the message from Norway of the younger generation that sooner or later comes knocking at the door[23] (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 98-9).

To remove any possibly doubts concerning the importance of "the old Norse poet", Stanislaus goes on to tell us that in 1898, his last year at Belvedere College:

> [Jim] was seized by an overwhelming admiration for Ibsen that was like a sudden wind in the sails of a becalmed yacht, like a rudder to a drifting bark. The other influences he had felt, though he had accepted them, had been imposed; this arose within him, keen and exultant, as if in answer to a call (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 101-2).

Joyce himself corroborates and elaborates upon this in a passage from *Stephen Hero*:

> [A]t this time [1898-99] Stephen suffered the most enduring influence of his life. [He] encountered through the medium of hardly procured translations the spirit of Ibsen. He understood that spirit instantly (…) Ibsen had no need of apologist or critic: the minds of the old Norse poet and of the perturbed young Celt met in a moment of radiant simultaneity. Stephen was captivated first by the excellence of the art: he was not long before he began to affirm, out of a sufficiently scanty knowledge of the tract, of course, that Ibsen was the first among the dramatists of the world.

[23] Stanislaus uses Joyce's closing words in "The Day of the Rabblement" (*OCPW*: 52) which, in turn, were a deliberate echo of Solness' reaction to the prospect of young architects coming to "thunder" at his door in *The Master Builder* (Ibsen (1892) 1907: 252).

Stephen continues with a description of Ibsen's character that strongly suggests the nature of the attraction was based on seeing in the dramatist what he wanted to see in himself:

> It was the very spirit of Ibsen himself that was discerned moving behind the impersonal manner of the artist:[24] a mind of sincere and boylike bravery, of disillusioned pride, of minute and wilful energy (…) a human personality had been found united with an artistic manner which was itself almost a natural phenomenon" (*SH*: 41-2)[25].

With no mention here of Ibsen's scandalising middle class audiences around Western Europe with his attacks on their traditional values,[26] it is tempting to see the young, rebellious Joyce looking for his own reflection in the Ibsenite mirror. In line with his view of Ibsen (and himself) as the solitary artist-hero, his alter-ego Stephen "solemnly" tells his brother Maurice (Stanislaus) that "[i]solation is the first principle of artistic economy" (*SH*: 34).

In the light of their complex future relationship, it is ironic that Yeats should have given Joyce his first opportunity to put his Ibsenite stance into some sort of practice. Although "if tickets could be had" was an issue once again, Joyce was in the gallery when the Irish Literary Theatre opened at the Dublin Antient Concert Rooms on 8th

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[24] The original passage after the colon was "Ibsen with his profound self-approval, Ibsen with his haughty, disillusioned courage, Ibsen with his minute and wilful energy". Joyce's changes certainly give a more sympathetic view of the dramatist, helped also by the (somewhat) less heavily rhetorical style.

[25] C. P. Curran wrote that "Joyce's delivery is clear in my memory. He spoke in a withdrawn, impersonal way; his clear enunciation, staccato, even metallic at times; his voice impassive and very deliberate as if coming from some cold and distant oracle." It reminds him of the "strange impersonal voice (…) insisting on the soul's incurable loneliness" (*D*: 102) of Mr Duffy in "A Painful Case" (Curran 1968: 13). In Paris, however, Sylvia Beach remembers that "Joyce's voice, with its sweet tones pitched like a tenor's, charmed me." She nevertheless echoes Curran in stating that his "enunciation was exceptionally clear. (…) He expressed himself quite simply but (…) with a care for the words and the sounds" (Beach (1956) 1991: 36).

[26] Although, when reviewing a French translation of Ibsen's early play, *Catilina*, in March 1903, Joyce does refer to the "breaking-up of tradition, which is the work of the modern era", he is focussing more on artistic than social tradition (*OCPW*: 72).

May 1899, with *The Heather Field* and *The Countess Cathleen*. The latter had already been attacked, on grounds of blasphemy, in the pamphlet "Souls for Gold! Pseudo-Celtic Drama in Dublin",[27] and a further objection was made shortly after the opening "in the name and for the honour of Dublin Catholic students of the Royal University [University College Dublin today]" which claimed that "[t]he subject is not Irish. It has been shown that the plot is founded on a German legend. The characters are ludicrous travesties of the Irish Catholic Celt [and the play] offers as a type of our people a loathsome brood of apostate."[28]

Opposition such as religion and nationalism was ideal for the young Ibsenite eager to spread his wings; and Joyce was a member of the first night audience along with "a few enthusiasts" (*JJ*: 67), clapping "vigorously" as a larger, mainly student group booed what they considered unpatriotic passages[29]. It is not by accident that his later refusal to sign a student petition against the play is praised by Stanislaus in Ibsenite terms. Like "hearty" Dr Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People*, Joyce, apparently, "was beginning

[27] "A writer [F. Hugh O'Donnell] who had a political quarrel with Mr. Yeats sent out a pamphlet in which he attacked The Countess Cathleen, on the grounds of religious unorthodoxy. The plot of the play, taken from an old legend, is this: during a famine in Ireland some starving country people, having been tempted by demons dressed as merchants to sell their souls for money that their bodies may be saved from perishing, the Countess Cathleen sells her own soul to redeem theirs, and dies. The accusation made was that it was a libel on the people of Ireland to say they could under any circumstances consent to sell their souls and that it was a libel on the demons that they counted the soul of a countess of more worth than those of the poor. At Cathleen's death the play tells us, "God looks on the intention, not the deed," and so she is forgiven at the last and taken into Heaven; and this it was said is against the teaching of the Church" (Gregory 1913: 20-21).

[28] Published in the *Freeman's Journal*, 10th May 1899 and quoted in *JJ*: 753-4.

[29] In *A Portrait*, Stephen is portrayed as "alone at the side of the balcony, looking out of jaded eyes at the culture of Dublin in the stalls and at the tawdry scene-cloths and human dolls framed by the garish lamps of the stage. (…) The catcalls and hisses and mocking cries ran in rude gusts round the hall from his scattered fellow students" (*P*: 204).

to experience (…) that the strongest man is he who stands most alone" (*MBK* (1958) 1982): 108)[30].

One of the clearest manifestations of this cultivated isolation was precisely the pose that he, alone in Irish academia, was championing Ibsen. Indeed on 7th March 1901, he wrote to the dramatist on his 73rd birthday (in Dano-Norwegian, also making an English version, which he kept and which alone has survived) saying that "I have sounded your name defiantly through a college where it was either unknown or known faintly and darkly. I have claimed for you your rightful place in the history of the drama" (*SL*: 6-7).[31]

Stanislaus, attempting to bolster his brother's implicit claim to be the lone champion of the dramatist, writes that on his 'Ibsen Night', when he delivered his paper "Drama and Life" at the university, "Ibsen was so little known then in Dublin's minor centre of culture" that when Joyce joked that he wanted Henrik Ibsen to preside at his reading, the Society's secretary "politely asked for his address. He had scribbled on his writing-pad the name 'Henry Gibson'" (*MBK* (1958) 1982): 137). Joyce was, undoubtedly, delighted.

Even acknowledging that Joyce only refers to "a college" (rather than 'a city' or 'country') as the setting for his evangelism – and admitting that student society secretaries there might not have devoted their full attention to the debates on literary

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[30] Apart from giving him the satisfaction of feeling he had consolidated his 'anti-rabblement' position, the play also introduced Joyce to the lyric "Who Goes with Fergus?" which he later set to music and played on the piano to his dying brother, 'Georgie' (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 143). In *Ulysses*, it is the song Stephen sang to his mother on her death bed and which haunts him throughout the day.

[31] In *Stephen Hero*, Ibsen is also presented as being a mysterious, threateningly exotic and probably banned figure to other students. Through Stephen's influence, however, they gradually "were somewhat impressed: many now began to say that though Ibsen was immoral he was a great writer and one of the professors was heard to say that when he was in Berlin last summer on his holidays there had been a great deal of talk about some play of Ibsen's which was being performed at one of the theatres" (*SH*: 42).

theatre at the time – the evidence against Joyce's implied isolation as an Ibsenite is conclusive.

In May 1899, in other words, two years before the birthday letter to Ibsen, the first issue of *Beltaine*, the official organ of the Irish Literary Theatre had a five page essay by C. H. Herford reprinted from the *Daily Express* on "The Scandinavian Dramatists". In his essay, Herford argued that "the extraordinary vogue of Norwegian drama" was mainly due to "Norway's dramatist of extraordinary power", Henrik Ibsen (Herford (1899) 1970: 14)[32]. In the same issue, Yeats ridiculed those who considered Ibsen "immoral" (Yeats (1900) 1970: 20) and, in *Beltaine* No. 2 (February, 1900), George Moore proposed that "a European masterpiece like [*Hedda Gabler*] be produced every autumn" (Moore (1900) 1970: 10).

Even Synge, the least likely Ibsenite of the Irish Literary Theatre (after, perhaps, Lady Gregory) had first read the "joyless and pallid works"[33] of the Norwegian (in German it seems) in Oberwerth in the 1880s during, in the words of Edmund Gosse, "a regular Ibsen boom"[34]. W. J. McCormack has also explored Synge's early play *When the Moon Has Set* ("underway by the mid-1890s" but unpublished in his lifetime) "as a rewriting of Ibsen's *Ghosts*" (McCormack 2000: 420).

The minutes of an Irish Literary Society meeting at which Yeats gave a lecture, in 1899, record his support for Ibsen and Bjornson in their attempts to establish a new type of theatre:

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[32] Herford, a Professor of English at Manchester University, translated *Brand* (1894) and *Love's Comedy* (1900). No evidence exists that Joyce had copies of these translations but he may well have seen them and they could, along with William Archer's, have figured among Stephen's (or Joyce's) "hardly procured translations" of the dramatist (*SH*: 41).

[33] Preface to *The Playboy of the Western World* (Synge (1907) 1958: 108).

[34] Quoted by W. J. McCormack (McCormack 2000: 161).

> The theatre of Scandinavia was the nearest approach to an ideal theatre in modern Europe. It was the only theatre whose plays were at once literary and popular (…) Ibsen and Bjornson respectively vice-president and president of the Scandinavian Society, a Society with the same objects as the society he was now addressing, warred against the cosmopolitan drama.[35]

He might have felt that his words came back to haunt him somewhat, when rather ruefully commenting that *The Heather Field*, Edward Martyn's play at the Irish Literary Theatre: "was a much greater success than *The Countess Cathleen*, being in the manner of Ibsen, the manner of the moment"[36] (Yeats (1955) 1980: 417).

London was also influential in terms of Dublin's awareness of Ibsen through the crusading of William Archer and the efforts of an Irishman in exile, Shaw, and his fundamental book, *The Quintessence of Ibsen* (1891), which Joyce had read (*JJ*: 54). Shaw also strove, along with Eleanor Marx Aveling, to introduce Ibsen to the general public through socialist theatre groups in London in the mid-1880s (Levitas 2002: 10).

Joyce, then, was by no means a lone Ibsenite. Far from being a solitary voice in the wilderness he was, and as much as he might wish to deny it, making his contribution to the debate within the Irish literary revival. Just one among many 'heretics', he was not performing a monologue, much less a soliloquy, but really an oblique dialogue.[37] As the young Joyce probably knew, Herford's article was, in fact, a contribution to an on-going debate – that Joyce must have followed closely – in the Dublin edition of the

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[35] *Irish Literary Society Gazette*, March 1899, reproduced in Pierce 2000: 50.

[36] Klaus Reichert mentions that Joyce also read Björnsen and Jacobsen, who were "very much en vogue, like everything Scandinavian at the turn of the century" (Reichert 1990: 77). Joyce had copies of their works in his library in Trieste (Ellmann 1977: 102, 114).

[37] All the participants of the debate would undoubtedly have been intrigued if not, perhaps, surprised to read the actress Fiona Shaw's recent comment that "when I went to play Hedda Gabler in Dublin, the gasps at her suicide showed that the audience did not know the play, a classic in Europe was new for Ireland" (Pilkington 2010: ix). Even allowing for inevitable generalisation, Shaw's experience is a reflection of the place Ibsen's work found in the memory of the general Irish theatre-going public.

Daily Express, primarily between Yeats and W. K. Magee (who used the pseudonym 'John Eglinton' and is referred to as such in *Ulysses*)[38]. The argument centred on the choice of subject for national drama: contemporary lives or epic traditions? The "orchestrated discussion", with Magee "self-consciously cosmopolitan" and Yeats "(for these purposes) jealously 'Celtic'" (R. F. Foster 1997: 197-8) began on 18th Sept. 1898 and largely focussed on Ibsen and Wagner. This debate must have underscored the importance of Wagner and Ibsen for Joyce, as reflected in his early critical writings.

Joyce discovered Wagner at around the same time he discovered Ibsen and perhaps, initially, with even greater fervour. With his fine tenor voice, inherited from his father; his intermittent training, including piano lessons from when he was nine; and, as Stanislaus remembers, the fact that he got through his schoolwork as quickly as possible to be able to read opera scores (Martin 1991: 6); Joyce was arguably better prepared to receive the composer than the dramatist. Very little Wagner, however, was staged in Dublin before Joyce left in 1904 (except in selections), and his first opportunity to see one of the operas may only have been during one of his brief stays in Paris in 1903 (*Ibid.*: 15-16). This meant that, as with Ibsen, Joyce first met Wagner in the pages of a book, as something to be read primarily, either through scores and librettos, critical works or as absorbed in the writings of already converted Wagnerites, such as D'Annunzio in *Il fuoco* and *Il Trionfo della morte*. Timothy Martin also points out that Joyce began collecting "Wagnerian material" in 1899 and that by 1920 "[o]nly Shakespeare occupied more space on [his] shelves" (*Ibid.*: 18). As with *The Quintessence of Ibsen*, Shaw was again a significant influence in the formation of

[38] George 'AE' Russell, and the poet William Larminie also took part and, as part of the Irish Literary Revival's promotional drive, the various articles were soon published in book form by Fisher Unwin, in May 1899, as *Literary Ideals in Ireland*.

Joyce's critical thinking. His copy of *The Perfect Wagnerite* (1898) "is heavily marked (…) with passages bracketed and difficult or unusual words underlined" (*Ibid.*: 11).

In an undated letter to August Roeckel (imprisoned after the 1849 revolt in Dresden, which also led to the composer's exile), Wagner told his friend that, frustrated in Germany:

> [He had felt] with my whole nature, both as man and artist, in absolute opposition to my work and my position, the only hope of deliverance was in a complete severance of my bonds. From the moment of that severance I felt that I had an important part to play; I realised that I was the only artist who as such had grasped the movement of the times. On this subject – *i.e.* on Art and its relation to life – I spoke out my views publicly as an author (…) and the constraint that I had to put on myself, had such a powerful influence on me and affected me so strongly that it brought on complete nervous prostration, and from that prostration I only recovered by a tremendous effort of will – a sort of act of desperation – which constrained me to turn my back on all my friends and to seek refuge amongst utter strangers (Wagner 1897: 44-46).

This must have been clearly attractive to the still young but future writer in exile, who would go on to write of an artist's necessary "isolation" (*SH*: 34); and, when warned by Cranly that his vocation will lead to him being "[a]lone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separate from all others but to have not even one friend", would answer: "I will take that risk" (*P*: 223). Wagner's declaration could not have been far from his mind when, in March 1901, he praised the 73 year old Ibsen for his "absolute indifference to public canons of art, friends and shibboleths" as he "walked in the light of [his own] inward heroism" (*SL*: 7).

As we shall see further on, these two artists were fundamental influences on Joyce and, in terms of their artistic practice, established (we might say) Scylla and Charybdis-like polarities that he was to struggle between before achieving a form of artistic synthesis and severing his largely self-imposed bonds.

Between January 1900 and October 1901, Joyce experienced the most creatively intense and varied contact with drama of his life, even bearing in mind the writing of *Exiles* (1914-15) and his ultimately fraught time with the English players in Zurich (1918-19).

In this period, he read his university paper "Drama and Life" on 20th Jan. 1900 and then published his article, "Ibsen's New Drama" in *The Fortnightly Review* of 1st April 1900. In the following summer, he wrote his first play, *A Brilliant Career*[39] and, probably still in 1900, at least started a second one, *Dream Stuff*. January 1901 saw him perform in Maggie Sheehy's *Cupid's Confidante*, at the Antient concert rooms and, during the summer, he produced his Hauptmann translations: *Before Sunrise* and *Michael Kramer*. Despite some uncertainty as to the precise date, the "one Christmas" when Joyce played Capt. Hawtree in T. W. Robertson's *Caste* was probably around this time. The period drew to an appropriately dramatic close with his privately published and circulated article, "The Day of the Rabblement" in October 1901. Joyce was attempting to enter the new century with an even more resounding "Here's me!"

"Drama and Life", dated 10th Jan. 1900, was delivered to the Literary and Historical Society of what is now University College, Dublin on 20th January 1900, with Joyce approaching his 18th birthday. It was a belated response to a paper by another student, Arthur Clery, on February 11th 1899, whose subject was "The Theatre, Its Educational Value". According to Ellmann, "[i]t was a mediocre discussion" in which Clery spoke of "the admitted deterioration of the modern stage", and announced that "[t]he effect of Henrik Ibsen is evil." He celebrated the Greeks and *Macbeth*, advocated revivals of Shakespeare's plays in general, and considered that "in affecting and

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[39] Stanislaus joked about him "beginning his dramatic career with the A.B.C." (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 129).

amusing us the proper end of the theatre should be to produce elevation."[40] If nothing else, these pronouncements "had the merit of annoying Joyce" (*JJ*: 70).

The paper was written seven months after the famous first Irish Literary Theatre season (featuring Yeats' *The Countess Cathleen* and Edward Martyn's Ibsenite *The Heather Field*) and a month before the already announced second season in February 1900 (with George Moore's *The Bending of the Bough* – which also owed something to the Norwegian dramatist – , Alice Milligan's *The Last Feast of the Fianna* and Martyn's *Maeve*, a rather uneasy mixture of Ibsenite realism and Yeatsian symbolism). Joyce had probably been encouraged by the production of a realistic play in the opening season and Moore's play seemed to offer some hope in the next. In local terms, therefore, "Drama and Life" aimed to encourage Moore and Martyn, albeit obliquely, in what he saw as their attempt to "put life – real life – on the stage" and attack, less obliquely, Lady Gregory, Yeats and their followers, who presented "the world of faery" (*OCPW*: 28). Local terms, however, were not of paramount importance in the paper. 20th January 1900 might, more accurately, have been called his "Ibsen-Wagner night" as the most obvious feature of the paper is Joyce's attempt to outline a critical theory based on Ibsen and Wagner as the "masons [who were] building for Drama, an ampler and loftier home" (*Ibid.*: 24).

As if to immediately contradict this idea of influence, however, Joyce begins his paper with an un-Wagnerian and un-Ibsenite dismissal of the Greeks and their restrictive conventions in which "[t]he conditions of the Attic stage suggested a syllabus of greenroom proprieties and cautions to authors, which in after ages were foolishly set up as the canons of dramatic art, in all lands (…) for good or bad, [Greek drama] has done its work (…) Its revival is not of dramatic but of pedagogical significance" (*Ibid.*:

[40] In *Stephen Hero*, this was set as "chief" among the critical "profanities" (*SH*: 74).

23). Norman Rhodes has written of Ibsen's "veneration for the Greeks" (Rhodes 1995: 43) and Wagner had proclaimed "better to be for half a day a Greek in presence of this tragic Art-work than to all eternity an un-Greek god!"; going on to ask "[b]efore what phenomenon do we stand with more humiliating sense of the impotence of our frivolous culture, than before these Hellenes?" (Wagner (1849) 1895: 13, 18). Joyce, in his turn, presents the Greeks as an encumbrance rather than a model[41].

The main thrust of the paper, however, is its emphasis on the individualism of the impersonal artist who, through his chosen form, "will be for the future at war with convention" with his "note being truth and freedom" (*OCPW*: 25) as he "forgoes his very self and stands a mediator in awful truth before the veiled face of God" (*Ibid.*: 26). Unlike literature, which "is a comparatively low form of art "and "flourishes through conventions in all human relations" (*Ibid.*: 25), "[d]rama has to do with the underlying laws first, in all their nakedness and divine severity, and only secondarily with the motley agents who bear them out" (*Ibid.*: 24).

Drama, then, focuses not on men and women in their particular social settings, but rather on the abstract forces at work below the social surface. This hardly appears to have much in common with what is commonly thought of as realism. According to Joyce, it is the "comparatively low" art form literature, not drama, which portrays human manners and morals in a particular situation, and at a certain time and place. The importance does not lie in the study of a specific society but in "changeless (…) underlying laws". This seems a more Wagnerian than an Ibsenite view of the drama, even allowing for the symbolism often present in the dramatist's work. Indeed, many of these ideas came directly from Joyce's reading of Wagner. For the German artist, "[i]n Drama, Man is at once his own artistic 'subject' and his 'stuff', to his very fullest

[41] Greek drama, epitomised by Eschylus (sic), was to receive no greater sympathy in *Stephen Hero* (*SH*: 89-90).

worth" (Wagner (1849) 1895: 28); whilst literature, with its "centuries of verse and prose, without once coming into the living world" was merely "the toilsome stammering of aphasia-smitten Thought" (*Ibid.*: 52)[42]. As for the idea of the impersonal artist, Wagner had also argued that the artist proves by the "surrender of his personality that he also, in his artistic action is obeying a dictate of Necessity which consumes the whole individuality of his being" (*Ibid.*: 96).

There are, however, some Wagnerian stances Joyce assumes that seem, in the light of his future work, more determinedly adopted than naturally his own[43]. For example, the view of tragedy as a "communal" art and drama stemming from a "common impulse" (*Ibid.*: 51, 53) lies behind Joyce's "[d]rama is essentially a communal art and of widespread domain (…) its fittest vehicle almost presupposes an audience, drawn from all classes" (*OCPW*: 26). Although in May 1905, he claimed to Stanislaus that his "political opinions" were "those of a socialistic artist" (*SL*: 61)[44], and later the shelves of his Trieste library "included especially books by socialists and anarchists" (*JJ*: 82); this pronouncement does not seem very much in keeping with the manner and practice of the young man who would shortly afterwards produce "The Day of the Rabblement"

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[42] This was later to be underlined in *Stephen Hero*, in which "Literature" was seen as "a term of contempt" (*SH*: 73).

[43] In response to critics claiming he had not fully exploited the musical potential of *Ulysses* in his "musical play", *Blooms of Dublin*, Anthony Burgess argued, in "A Prefatory Word", that he "was concerned with a deliberate limitation – the exploitation of the basic narrative of the book as a demotic music-hall experience. I think Joyce himself might have been more sympathetic to this than to a Wagnerian enlargement" (Burgess 1986: 9).

[44] In 1907, he would later tell his brother that he had "no wish to codify [himself] as anarchist or socialist or reactionary" (*SL*: 152). In 1904, however, Stanislaus had recorded that "Jim boasts (…) of being modern. He calls himself a socialist but attaches himself to no school of socialism" (*DD*: 49).

and go on to write (probably without irony at that stage in his career) that “[i]solation is the first principle of artistic economy” (*SH*: 34). Nor does it owe much to Ibsen.[45]

A similarly un-Ibsenite feature of “Drama and Life”[46], however, and one which owes its presence exclusively to Wagner, is the rather false note in Joyce’s rallying cry “to clear *our* minds of “cant”, “falsehoods”, “ferula and formula”. He calls on “*us*” to “criticise in the manner of free people” because “[t]he Folk is, I believe, able to do so much” in creating (and Joyce employs a Wagnerian term to underline his point) “human *artwork*” (*OCPW*: 25, my italics). For the Wagnerian artist, the folk were the “active witnesses and sole enablers of his artwork's Becoming” (Wagner (1852) 1893: 338). This ‘Folk Joyce’, however, is something of a contrast with the young man Yeats would describe in his account of their first meeting, in 1902, when he talked about his folk plays and tried to persuade Joyce that good art was based on popular tradition and, therefore, that the artist should merge himself in the folk mind. Otherwise, excessive individuality in his pursuit of perfection would make him artistically sterile. Joyce rejected this advice, commenting that Yeats was “deteriorating” and going on to make the possibly apocryphal declaration that the poet was too old for him to help (*JJ*: 101-103)[47].

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[45] See, for example, his famous letter to Georg Brandes (17th February 1871): Away with the State! I will take part in that revolution. Undermine the whole conception of a State, (…) Changes in forms of government are pettifogging affairs – a degree less or a degree more, mere foolishness. (…) Neither moral conceptions nor art-forms have an eternity before them. How much are we really in duty bound to pin our faith to? Who will guarantee me that on Jupiter two and two do not make five?” (Accessed at www.ibsen.net)

[46] Ibsen abandoned the folk drama after the *Vikings of Helgeland*, and later even parodied the tradition, of course, in *Peer Gynt*.

[47] In his journal entry for January 22nd 1919, Joseph Holloway gives AE’s account of his first meeting with Joyce whose “arrogance” he found “colossal in one so young”. He also gives AE’s version of Joyce’s famous meeting with Yeats. After W. B. explained the meaning of his poems “all Joyce said was,

If Joyce briefly parts company with Ibsen over concepts of ‘communal’ and ‘folk’ art; then he seems to do the same, but with greater significance, with Wagner when arguing for the realistic, small scale drama of ordinary, contemporary lives:

> Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama. It is a sinful foolishness to sigh back for the good old times, to feed the hunger of us with the cold stones they afford. Life we must accept as we see it before our eyes, men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery (*OCPW*: 28).

It is difficult to see how this can be reconciled with “[e]very race has made its own myths and it is in these that early drama often finds an outlet. The author of *Parsifal* has recognised this and hence his work is as solid as a rock” (*Ibid.*: 26).

Wagner’s works are praised for their mythic basis (and for Joyce, it seems, “the least part of Wagner” was “his music”[48] (*Ibid.*: 24))[49]. Myth as a basis for drama (as Wagner always referred to his operas), admittedly “early drama”, is approved of even though it surely conflicts with the tenets of realism.[50]

Nonetheless, approaching the end of his paper, Joyce happily groups works by the two “masons” who have had such an influence over him. *Lohengrin* “unfolds itself in a scene of seclusion, amid half-lights (…) not an Antwerp legend but a world drama.”

‘You’re past developing; it is a pity we didn’t meet early enough for me to be of help to you.’ Joyce at the time was the condensed essence of studied conceit” (Holloway 1967: 202-3).

[48] Although that in itself was a little too much for Bloom, as we see when Stephen and he “turned on to chatting about music, a form of art for which Bloom, as a pure amateur, possessed the greatest love (…) Wagnerian music, though confessedly grand in its way, was a bit too heavy for Bloom and hard to follow at the first go-off (*U*: 770).

[49] Joyce may have taken the following as his authority: “the error in the art-genre of Opera consists herein: that a Means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the End of expression (the Drama) has been made a means” (Wagner (1852) 1893: 17). Indeed, it is not unlikely that Joyce had Wagner’s work in mind when choosing a title for his paper.

[50] Joyce’s use of the name ‘Dedalus’ and the employment of a mythic structure in *Ulysses* seems to suggest that this approval was long lasting, even if he didn’t apply it to dramatic form, perhaps in some highly personal deference to Ibsen who had abandoned ‘mythlike’ drama after *Peer Gynt*.

Ghosts, whose "action" takes place "in a common parlour, is of universal import." The implication being that both, like branches "on the tree, Igdrasil" (*Ibid.*: 28-9) were rooted in the earth, whilst linked to the stars[51]. Both seem capable of the "naked drama" he would soon write about in his review of Ibsen's last play (*Ibid.*: 45). Praise of both Ibsen and Wagner is somewhat problematic in the context of his theories on dramatic realism and, as if aware at some level of this awkward stance, Joyce seeks to underpin his Ibsenite loyalties by launching a minor broadside aimed at Yeats and Lady Gregory (and their wealthy, ascendancy origins). Using a typically Ibsenite image of climbing a mountain (where idealist artist-heroes go for isolation, individuality, creativity and sometimes death)[52], Joyce argues that in searching for ultimate reality through art, the artist must deal with solid reality like "an alpenstock"[53] (or perhaps an ashplant?) rather than the impractical, pampered and dreamlike world of "a clouded cane" or "dainty silks" (*Ibid.*: 29). This position brings to mind the conversation on 'poses' in Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*:

> SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: You prefer to be natural?
> MRS CHEVELEY: Sometimes. But it is such a very difficult pose to keep up.
> SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: What would those modern psychological novelists, of whom we hear so much, say to such a theory as that? (Wilde (1895) 1966: 487).

Regardless of the extent to which Joyce should be included among "those modern psychological novelists", this determined adherence to realism, which denied his instinctive tendencies derived from an early exposure to more popular forms of theatre,

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[51] Cf. Wagner's "Tree of Life" (Wagner, (1849) 1895: 93).

[52] Joyce would also set himself on "mountain-ridges" and defy his enemies in "The Holy Office" (*PSW*: 99).

[53] A common enough Ibsen prop and the first Joyce saw. When he received his copy of *The Master Builder*, "Hilde Wangel, alpenstock in hand", was on the cover (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 98-9).

suggests something of a "difficult pose". Nowhere is this more pronounced than in his refusal to grant language any type of privileged status in his theories.

In "Drama and Life", Joyce seems initially to praise Shakespeare for being "before all else a literary artist", whose work "was far from mere drama, it was literature in dialogue". However, after his "line of demarcation between literature and drama" (*OCPW*: 23), we are made aware of literature's lowly status (*Ibid.*: 25). And "[y]et", as Stanislaus tells us, "he seemed to know by heart many passages and most of the songs" in Shakespeare. Language was what they had in common (though not a "mastery of words" at this stage in Joyce's career). Instinct, however, was bound by adopted theory. His attitude to Shakespeare "was vitiated by his cult of Ibsen" and, based on "his preference (…) for the artistic tenets of classicism in the drama", he "had attacked *Macbeth* vigorously for its formal deficiencies" in a university essay. Stanislaus, nevertheless, believed his real objection was not on formal but ideological grounds. For Joyce, in his brother's opinion, Shakespeare had no firm convictions or faith and was a "time-server (…) but gifted with a mastery of words that made him the mouthpiece of mankind" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 113).

Shakespeare was a man of no ideals – lying somewhere between Peer Gynt and Odysseus, perhaps? – which allowed him to disappear into his plays so that any beliefs and ideals were no longer apparent. Ironically, it seems he suffered from too much artistic impersonality for Joyce's taste. Ibsen had ideals but Shakespeare had only words. Ibsen, as I have suggested earlier, was revered for what Joyce saw in him of himself. Shakespeare was rejected through Joyce seeing in him what he wanted to reject in himself. Here, Shakespeare seems to the victim of another problem created by Joyce's theory: how do you remain impersonal and put forward your beliefs at the same time?

Joyce, of course, loved paradoxes and going against commonly held artistic opinions. Claiming Shakespeare was inferior to any dramatist, let alone one who was still living, like Ibsen, would have been a sure sign of individuality and intellectual superiority for the young man; a proud defiance of the claims of the "rabblement." Could it be, however, that Ibsen's superiority for Joyce was ultimately based on little more than temperamental parallels and his having dealt directly with issues with which Joyce was concerned? The problems of the artist, which are highlighted in the later plays, for example. In Shakespeare, *Hamlet* is paramount in dealing with a sensitive, alienated and "thought-tormented" soul (*D*: 173, 183) and, by implication for Joyce, the problems of the artist. It was not by chance that Joyce lectured on it and used it so extensively in his work.

As regards Joyce's "artistic tenets of classicism", carefully avoiding any possible confusion with the Greeks, Stephen argues that:

> Classicism is not the manner of any fixed age or of any fixed country: it is a constant state of the artistic mind. It is a temper of security and satisfaction and patience. The romantic temper (…) is an insecure, unsatisfied, impatient temper which sees no fit abode here for its ideals and therefore chooses (…) to disregard certain limitations. Its figures are blown to wild adventures, lacking the gravity of solid bodies (…) The classical temper (…) ever mindful of limitations, chooses rather to bend upon these present things and so to work upon them (…) that the quick intelligence may go beyond them to their meaning which is still unuttered (*SH*: 73-4).

In his 1903 review of Ibsen's early play, *Catilina*, Joyce contrasted the early, poetic, romantic Ibsen with the classical Ibsen of the later prose plays (*OCPW*: 72). His preference is clearly for the Ibsen of *Hedda Gabler* and the later plays[54], concerned with

[54] When listing the dramatist's works in "Ibsen's New Drama", Joyce chose the 11 plays "all dealing with modern life" (*OCPW*: 30), thus leaving out the 1850 dramas (e.g. *Vikings at Helgeland*); the satirical *Love's Comedy* (1862); the verse plays *Brand* (1866) (although he mentions "a reminder" Ibsen gives of his "will-glorification" (*OCPW*: 36)) and *Peer Gynt* (1867), as well as *Emperor and Galilean* (1873).

"these present things" rather than "the monstrous and heroic" of *Peer Gynt* and his earlier productions[55]. In fact "all Ibsen's later work", Joyce implies, "all but transcends criticism" (*Ibid.*: 26). A more immediate source of his preference may well have been, as mentioned above, that these later works often feature the problems of the artist (for example, Lövborg in *Hedda Gabler*, Solness in *The Master Builder* and, even more centrally, Rubek in *When We Dead Awaken*); and it was on these that the young Joyce, in search of parallels for his own artistic struggle, based his critical theories.

Joyce's debut as a public speaker with "Drama and Life" was soon followed, on 1st April, by his debut as a published writer when *The Fortnightly Review* accepted his review of *When We Dead Awaken*.

Stanislaus tells us that Joyce "had written the article rapidly after having read a French translation" of the play. He was then sent the proofs of the English translation "either by Archer or Heinemann" so as to be able to quote. He goes on to mention that his brother was "greatly amused" by a *Punch* parody of the Ibsen as "[h]is admiration had no need to live a sheltered life" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 109)[56]. In turning to the content of the review, Stanislaus points out that Joyce praises Ibsen for "those qualities that he himself was to possess in such high degree": independence, focussing on everyday lives and developing inner conflict rather than depending on plot.[57]

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[55] "Greek drama", however, "is heroic, monstrous" in *Stephen Hero* (*SH*: 89).

[56] Although I have, to date, been unable to obtain a copy of this parody, *Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen; a collection of some of the master's best-known dramas condensed, revised, and slightly rearranged for the benefit of the earnest student* by F. Anstey (Thomas Anstey Guthrie) appeared in 1893 and contained parodies of *Rosmersholm*, *A Doll's House*, (*Nora; or The Bird-Cage*), *Hedda Gabler*, *The Wild Duck* and *The Master Builder* (*Pill-Doctor Herbal*). That F. Anstey was also the author of the novel, *Vice-Versa* (on which his play at Belvedere College had been based) was the sort of coincidence Joyce always appreciated. He had also apparently enjoyed J. M. Barrie's 1891 parody, *Ibsen's Ghost* (*LIII*: 453).

[57] In "The Ideas of Richard Wagner", Arthur Symons argues that Wagner's theoretical writing, "the criticism of a creative artist", was the "building up of scaffolding for the erection of work to come" (Symons (1925) 1992: 283-4). Joyce, presumably, considered he was doing the same.

"Ibsen's New Drama" echoes these and various other observations given in "Drama and Life"; such as the impersonal, Godlike artist[58] treating everything "with large insight, artistic restraint, and sympathy (…) steadily and whole, as from a great height, with perfect vision and angelic dispassionateness"[59] (*OCPW*: 46); the redundancy of criticism (*Ibid.*: 48) – with a most un-Joycean unawareness of irony – and the treatment of realism, with Ibsen being praised for having "chosen the average lives in their uncompromising truth" and for refusing to replace "the *bourgeois* by the legitimate hero". He has "never sought to embellish his work after the conventional fashion" or "to trick it out in gawds or tawdriness" (*Ibid.*: 45).

Nevertheless the article, largely plot summary and extensive quotation, is a fairly pedestrian affair, as he seemed to acknowledge himself[60]. In addition to moments of ridiculous, if understandable, excess from an 18 year old writer; such as when declaring that Ibsen "seems to know [women] better than they know themselves" (*Ibid.*: 46); Joyce often displays a rather surprising lack of critical discipline. Theme rather than

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Joyce certainly shared Wagner's obsessive attitude to his art: "In Wagner's theoretical writing" Symons goes on to state, "everything is a matter of focus; that once established, nothing is seen except in relation to it. He is literally unable to see things in unrelated detail" (*Ibid.*: 314). One can't help thinking here of Frank Budgen's (admittedly untheoretical) story concerning "the fierce pounding of an electric piano garnished with coloured lights" which interrupted his café conversation with Joyce on one occasion in Paris. "'Look!' said Joyce. 'That's Bella Cohen's pianola. What a fantastic effect! All the keys moving and nobody playing'" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 228).

[58] This concept of the impersonal dramatic artist would reappear in *Stephen Hero*: "dramatic art is the art whereby the artist sets forth his image in immediate relation to others" (*SH*: 72) and, more explicitly, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* where Stephen envisages "[t]he artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (*P*: 194-5).

[59] Cf. "Ibsen has the temper of an archangel" (*SH*: 86).

[60] In March later that year, Joyce wrote to Ibsen, with modesty that was perhaps not entirely false, that "[o]ne thing only I regret, namely, that an immature and hasty article should have met your eye rather than something better and worthier of your praise" (*SL*: 7). Apparently, Joyce "almost from the first spoke slightingly of the article, not from false modesty, to which he was not prone, but from a vigilant self-criticism, to which he was strongly inclined" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 108).

character is important, he has argued, as Drama deals with "the opening up of a great question, or a great conflict which is almost independent of the conflicting actors" (*Ibid.*: 45). He nevertheless, spends most of his essay in detailed discussion of Rubek, Irene, Maia and Ulfheim, choosing "to outline characterisation" rather than "examine into every detail of dramaturgy" (*Ibid.*: 45) or fully analyse any "great truth (…) great question, or (…) great conflict" that the play offers up. Similarly, after having observed that the "trim garden" of the hotel is "slowly made the scene of a gradually growing dramatic struggle" (*Ibid.*: 37), he announces that "surroundings are nothing to Ibsen" (*Ibid.*: 45). Further contradiction seems to follow later, when he comments on the later works' "tendency to get out of closed rooms" (*Ibid.*: 47). Apologising for this example of supposed "ultra-Boswellian fanaticism", he defends himself by claiming that "this feature (…) does not seem to me altogether without significance" (*Ibid.*: 48). He does not, however, attempt to explain what this "significance" might be.

Three particular aspects noted here by Joyce would, however, feed directly into his own art. His admiration for Ibsen's compression of time ("the comparatively short space of two days" in *When we Dead Awaken*, and "one night and up to the following evening" in *The Master Builder* (*Ibid.*: 31-2)) was retained and the technique used, most notably, in *Ulysses* (a day) and *Finnegans Wake* (a night).

Further on, *Exiles* particularly (but not exclusively among Joyce's works) comes to mind when he comments that Ibsen's plays "do not depend for their interest on the action, or on the incidents" but rather "the opening up of a great question" (*Ibid.*: 45); as opposed to "Circe", which seems to open up everything.

Praise in 1900 for the fact that "[i]n his characters Ibsen does not repeat himself" (*Ibid.*: 45) was later contradicted in a remark made in 1908 that "Ibsen has persisted in writing what was essentially the same drama over and over again. I suspect that Ibsen

met the four or five characters whom he uses throughout his plays before he was twenty-five" (*JJ*: 266).[61] Opinions can change, of course, especially after eight years. The same criticism, nonetheless (if criticism it was), could have been made about Joyce himself and, as Ellmann says, he "tended to find in the works of other writers anticipations of his own spiritual history" (*Ibid.*: 266).

After the awkward balance achieved between Wagner and Ibsen in "Drama and Life", there is no mention of the German composer in this review, save for the reference to *Lohengrin* in Ibsen's text (*OCPW*: 40). That Wagner is not mentioned in such a review may not be so surprising, of course: one master per review is more than enough to deal with. On the other hand, the excessive praise[62] and contradictions suggest the work of someone who, basically, is trying too hard, not necessarily to impress the powers that be at *The Fortnightly Review*, but perhaps rather to combat his own natural inclinations. In this review, Joyce labours to confirm his status as a disciple of realism, as an Ibsenite; the door to the appeal of the more "spectacular" aspects of Wagner's work being, at this stage, firmly closed.

On 16th April, a highly surprised Joyce received a letter from William Archer to say that the dramatist had read the review and found it "very benevolent". Joyce wrote in reply that "the words of Ibsen I shall keep in my heart all my life" (*SL*: 6).

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[61] In his March 1903 review of *Catilina* for *The Speaker*, Joyce would write that "even critics, while they assert their admiration for Ibsen's 'unqualified objectivity', find that all his women are the same woman renamed successively Nora, Rebecca, Hilda, Irene – find, that is to say, that Ibsen has no power of objectivity at all" (*OCPW*: 71-2).

[62] "On the whole, [the play] may rank with the greatest of the author's work – if, indeed, it be not the greatest" (*OCPW*: 49). According to his 1911 introduction to the play, William Archer did not share Joyce's enthusiasm. "How remote is this (…) from his principles of art and from the consistent, unvarying practice of his better years! (…) To pretend to rank it with his masterpieces is to show a very imperfect sense of the nature of their mastery" (Archer 1911: xxviii).

After taking his parents to see Mrs Patrick Campbell's production of Sudermann's *Magda*, [*Heimat*, or 'Home', in the original], in March 1899, Joyce declared they would, as in the play, soon witness "genius breaking out in the home and against the home." Stanislaus tells us that it was around this time that, for Joyce, "the drama had become a thing of supreme importance, what the Mass had been", and he felt that "he belonged to the elect company of those who mould the conscience of their race." It would seem that this 'company' would do so through drama and his "[a]mbition to be a dramatist began to take shape", with Joyce writing "critiques of every play he went to see" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 102). Why "critiques" rather than, as far as we know, plays? It seems, however, that the Archer letter may have planted a seed of some kind, although he only wrote *A Brilliant Career* a few months later; on a kind of summer holiday in Mullingar with his father and (if the closing pages of *Stephen Hero* are anything to judge by) with perhaps little else to do.

In giving his "little recollection" of the plot of Joyce's first play, Stanislaus vaguely remembers it being "a rehash of ingredients borrowed, unconsciously I am sure, from *When We Dead Awaken*, *A Doll's House* and *The League of Youth*[63]:

> A young doctor, Paul, for the sake of his career, throws over a girl, Angela, with whom he is in love, and marries someone else. He renounces the valiant purposes of his youth, and becomes a time-server. His career is a great success, and, still young, he has been elected mayor of the town, unnamed, in which the scene is laid. There is a serious outbreak of plague in the port (there were some sporadic cases of bubonic plague in Glasgow that year) and the town is thrown into a state of panic. The doctor-mayor copes with the situation energetically, and in a short time the threat of epidemic is eliminated. From the outbreak of the plague till the end a woman has been organising assistance for those stricken with plague, and after a public manifestation of gratitude to the mayor, the woman comes to see him. She is Angela, the girl the doctor had jilted. She, too, is

[63] Ellmann suggests that *A Brilliant Career* also owed something to the "municipal theme" of Moore and Martyn's play, *The Bending of the Bough*, which Joyce had seen in February 1900 (*JJ*: 88). Both this play and Martyn's *The Heather Field* were, however, clearly influenced by Ibsen.

> unhappily married to a jealous husband. The doctor realises that his brilliant career is dust and ashes (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 126-7).

Stanislaus goes on to say that his memory of the play and "especially of the end of it, is vague. It ended in psychological disaster, though not in tragedy. After bitter recriminations Angela goes out, leaving the doctor to his thoughts. I seem to remember that the curtain for the last act was that, after Angela had gone, a servant comes in to announce dinner" (*Ibid.*: 126-7).

Having finished the play, Joyce decided on a highly personal dedicatory note, which a disapproving Stanislaus considered "too flamboyant" (*Ibid.*: 129): "To / My own Soul / I dedicate the first / true work of my / life[64]. He then sent the manuscript to William Archer who replied, at length, on 15th September. His letter (reproduced in *MBK* (1958) 1982: 127-8) confirms Joyce's inherent struggles in trying to produce realistic drama, which would surface again in *Exiles*. Indeed, Archer's comments suggest that the play had little in common with Ibsen's technique, despite what he'd written in "Drama and Life" and "Ibsen's New Drama".

Despite the critic believing that Joyce had "talent – possibly more than talent", he argues that the play is "wildly impossible" for the "commercial stage, at any rate" and is rather "a dramatic poem". Having too many (and insufficiently distinguished) characters, he found "the canvas too large for the subject" and "a gigantic breadth of treatment", with the characters and main interest only beginning to clarify in the third of the four acts. The final scene between Paul and Angela is "curiously strong and telling" but is not "led up to"; nor does it lead "to anything definite."

As Ellmann has pointed out, some of the faults identified by Archer ended up as successful patterns in Joyce's later work. In "The Dead", *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*,

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[64] This dedication survives as William Archer, undoubtedly somewhat surprised by its idiosyncrasy, wrote it down on the back of Joyce's letter to him of 30th August 1900 (*JJ:* 755).

"a large, turbulent scene" gives way to "the isolated relations of a man and a woman"; and a return to the "dreary disorder of life which has been temporarily heightened in the direction of tragedy" takes place in various stories in *Dubliners* (*JJ*: 80).

Stanislaus' plot summary above certainly suggests Ibsen. Paul, despite having something of the artist-hero about him, renounces the solitary path of the superman to achieve material success and the acclaim of the 'rabblement'. Like Rubek[65], in *When We Dead Awaken*, he has failed to fulfil his potential; and if Paul is a Rubek figure, then Angela is an echo of Irene, his rejected soul-mate. Nonetheless, the vast cast on a large canvas (apart from the fundamental flaw of confusing the reader) bares little resemblance to the Ibsen of the later plays Joyce so admired. In these works, the dramatist would treat major questions in a small scale manner. Joyce, who would at least apply this lesson of scale when he came to write *Exiles*, would comment in his *Catalina* review that "Ibsen is known to the general public as a man who writes a play about three people – usually one man and two women" (*OCPW*: 71). If the scale of *A Brilliant Career* suggests any Ibsen at all, it resembles the large canvases of the early and perhaps similarly "wildly impossible", non-realistic *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*; neither of which was intended for the stage. The tension between the realistic and non-realistic – an issue, it seems, Joyce was as yet unable to resolve – was touched on in the brothers' discussion of the play:

> I said that I thought that the weakness of the play was principally that the crisis was a plastic creation of the imagination with no basis in actual experience. (…) There are realities of the imagination, too, said Jim (…) Yerrah, what reality of experience do you think I could have in this city? (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 130).

[65] Ellmann, thinking of the parallel between the outbreak of plague and the sewage problem in Ibsen, suggests Paul is like Stockman in *An Enemy of the People* (*JJ*: 80).

Judging from Archer and Stanislaus' comments, Joyce's interest in Ibsen here seems to have been more thematic than in terms of technique: there is insufficient focus, main events are unprepared for and, hardly unusual in the Joycean world, there is no clear resolution. Although Archer attempts to lead him to the narrower canvases of the later Ibsen, it seems Joyce allowed his naturally expansive instincts for variation, elaboration and ambiguity to have free reign: "The Dead", *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* all take a simple situation and elaborate upon it to varying degrees, probably without coming to conclusions that would always have satisfied Archer.

Ellmann borrows from the *Wake* to suggest the play was "Ibcenest nansence!"[66] (*JJ*: 79) more than anything else but, despite Joyce's obvious attempts to follow Ibsen, there are enough differences highlighted by Archer's letter to suggest that Joyce's natural creative tendencies were struggling to break free.

Joyce replied to Archer's letter, "with some delay", saying (probably to Archer's surprise and certainly to Stanislaus' exasperation) that he "thought less of *A Brilliant Career* than Archer did, but for a different reason. Jim did not specify the reason" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 131). This reason, whatever it was, proved sufficient for Joyce to destroy the play in 1902 (*JJ*: 80)[67]. Nevertheless, as we have seen, the correspondence with Archer did lead Joyce to consider, however briefly, getting practical experience and production knowledge by considering that 'Gordon Brown' should set foot on the professional stage.

It is possible, however, that the play's lack of success with Archer did shake Joyce's confidence in his theoretical beliefs as, shortly afterwards, he wrote his second

[66] *FW*: 535.

[67] All that survives are four lines from the gypsy song, sung during the celebrations after the plague has been defeated. Although the form is quite alien to him, it seems almost a parody of a typical Synge theme: "We will leave the village behind / Merrily, you and I, / Tramp it smart and sing to the wind / With the Romany Rye" (*PSW*: 75).

dramatic text, the intriguingly titled verse play, *Dream Stuff*[68] (*JJ*: 80-1). This was an abrupt shift in direction: completely different from Ibsen and equally remote from the theories Joyce had put forward in "Drama and Life" and "Ibsen's New Drama". Despite the Wagnerian echo of 'stuff' in the title[69], *Dream Stuff* was more in line with the Maeterlinck and early Yeatsian symbolism he had adopted in *Chamber Music*; marking a return to his only literary production to date: poetry.

Joyce's early dramatic productions, then, reveal surprisingly little or nothing (in the case of *Dream Stuff*) of Ibsen in regard to their technique, even though they were produced at the time when he was supposedly most completely under the dramatist's influence.

Despite the undoubted disappointment of Archer's reaction to *A Brilliant Career* in September, Joyce still remembered the critic's earlier letter giving Ibsen's reaction to his review of *When We Dead Awaken*. As we have seen, the influence of Wagner and his commitment to Ibsen had already drawn his sights to the continent before that letter arrived, so whether Ellmann is completely right in arguing that "[b]efore Ibsen's letter Joyce was an Irishman; after it he was a European" (*JJ*: 75) is open to some debate. That Joyce, despite the practical failure of *A Brilliant Career*, was still (perhaps even more) determined to proclaim himself an Ibsenite is attested to by his next critical foray: "The Day of the Rabblement".

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[68] All that has survived are the following seven lines: "In the soft nightfall / Hear thy lover call, / Hearken the guitar!" / Lady, lady fair / Snatch a cloak in haste, / Let thy lover taste / The sweetness of thy hair" (*PSW*: 86).

[69] In "Drama and Life", Joyce also wrote that "there is always the artstuff for drama" (*OCPW*: 27). His choice of vocabulary almost certainly came from the word's frequent appearance in William Ashton Ellis' translations of *The Art-Work of the Future* (e.g. Wagner (1849) 1895: 65) and *Opera and Drama* (e.g. Wagner (1852) 1893: 131).

At a time when he, like Stephen, "had begun to regard himself seriously as a literary artist: he professed scorn for the rabblement[70] and contempt for authority" (*SH*: 112). These feelings were brought into sharp focus in the third of his major early critical statements, which was apparently written "rapidly" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 151) during the morning of 15th Oct 1901 and published, with his friend Skeffington's article on equal rights for women at university, on 21st Oct 1901[71].

The article is a reaction to the 3rd year of the Irish Literary Theatre, when early promises to put on classics of European theatre had not been kept. Long before the seed for the Irish Literary Theatre was planted in 1897, Yeats had stated in his lecture, "Nationality and Literature" delivered at the Molesworth Hall, in Dublin, 1893 that "we must not imitate the writers of any other country, we must study them constantly and learn from them the secret of their greatness" (R. F. Foster 1997: 131). What better way to study and learn from them than to stage them? He had made similar 'promises' in more recent lectures and articles[72] but, at this stage, there seemed to be no intention of them ever being kept. This, at least, was how it appeared to the young Joyce, who fulminated against Yeats' "floating will" and "treacherous instinct of adaptability" (*OCPW*: 51). R. F. Foster argues that "[f]rom the beginning, the Irish Literary Theatre

[70] As with 'stuff', Joyce quite probably owes this word to William Ashton Ellis' translations, where "rabble" is used on ten occasions in *The Art-Work of the Future* (e.g. Wagner (1849) 1895:16, 68) and once in *Opera and Drama* (Wagner (1852) 1893: 131) . It is also used to describe the crowd supporting Laertes in *Hamlet* (IV. v. 102).

[71] Intended for but rejected by the university's new literary magazine *St Stephen's*, Joyce and Skeffington published their articles together as a private pamphlet (see footnote 15 in this chapter).

[72] In his Nobel Lecture in 1923, Yeats would recall that "[w]hen I wrote that we would like to perform 'foreign masterpieces', a Nationalist paper [Arthur Griffith's *United Irishman*] declared that 'a foreign masterpiece is a very dangerous thing' (Yeats (1955) 1980: 566). He added, in his Nobel Banquet speech, that he did not "think that our Irish theatre could have ever come into existence but for the theatre of Ibsen and Bjørnson." As far as his own dramatic contribution was concerned, Yeats was probably thinking more in terms of Bjørnson's folk tales and heroic sagas and Ibsen's early 'romantic' plays than *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder*.

[founded at the end of 1898] trod a difficult path between its claims of 'national' politics, its avant-garde ambitions, and the patronage of the establishment" (*Ibid.*: 206). Despite being unhindered by official censorship (unlike London), the group seemed to Joyce to have given in to popular taste, afraid of what the European theatre might stir up. In October 1901, the Irish Literary Theatre decided to put on Douglas Hyde's *Casadh an tSúgáin* (or *The Twisting of the Rope*) and Moore and Yeats' *Diarmuid and Grania*. This decision, for Joyce, was a sign that the movement had betrayed its early principles and become narrowly nationalist in its programming and politics.

Joyce complains that Ireland is a "nation which never advanced so much as a miracle play [and so] affords no model to the literary artist, and he must look abroad" (*OCPW*: 50). He harks back to his earlier challenge, "shall we put life – real life – on the stage?"; and wants to see "men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery" (*Ibid.*: 50). The undergraduate burned with the desire to show how he had broken away from what he considered the folksy, pseudo-Irishness of the Irish Literary Theatre (which would become the Abbey in 1904) led by Yeats and Lady Gregory and which involved, at different stages, almost all the young Irish writers with one significant exception. In the Dublin *Daily Express* of 14th January 1899, Yeats, echoing Vitor Hugo[73], had claimed that "in the theatre, a mob becomes a people." For Joyce, it seemed that "that mumming company"[74] had "surrendered to the popular will" (*OCPW*: 50)[75]; and if theatre had transformed the 'mob' into some kind of 'people', that people was a mere 'rabblement' nonetheless. In

[73] Quoted in Kiberd 1996: 204.

[74] From "The Holy Office" (*PSW*: 97).

[75] "The Holy Office" can to some extent be seen as a more ferocious re-writing of "The Day of the Rabblement". Interestingly, Yeats was one of the few figures ridiculed in the poem to whom a copy was not sent; the others being Lady Gregory and the Abbey's English patron, Annie Horniman. Joyce knew well enough when discretion was the better part of valour.

true Ibsenite fashion, with "trolls" and all, he argued that such a surrender made art impossible because "if the artist courts the favour of the multitude [or 'the Rabblement'] he cannot escape the contagion of its fetishism (…) and if he joins in a popular movement he does so at his own risk. Therefore the Irish Literary Theatre by its surrender to the trolls has cut itself adrift from the line of advancement" (*OCPW*: 51-2). Nevertheless, "[h]e, at least, though living at the farthest remove from the centre of European culture (…) would live his own life according to what he recognised as the voice of a new humanity, active, unafraid and unashamed" (*SH*: 174).[76]

The 1901 pamphlet, however, intended to offer a remedy for what Joyce would later call "frivolities" and "gold-embroidered Celtic fringes" (*PSW*: 97). "The Day of the Rabblement" closes with the crusading appeal that:

> [T]here are men who are worthy to carry on the tradition of the old master [Ibsen] who is dying in Christiania. He has already found his successor in the writer of *Michael Kramer* [Hauptmann], and the third minister will not be wanting when his hour comes. Even now that hour may be standing by the door (*OCPW*: 52).[77]

The actor and co-founder of the Abbey Theatre, Frank Fay, responded to Joyce's pamphlet in terms that were unlikely to appease him:

> Mr Joyce accuses the Irish Literary Theatre of not keeping its promise to produce European masterpieces. If he will read *Samhain* he will see that the Irish Literary Theatre still hopes to do that. That it has not done so, is mainly a matter of money.[78]

To Joyce, this must have seemed like another promise not to keep. Despite the clear hint in his pamphlet, "the third minister" was not to be Joyce; not at the Abbey

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[76] Cf. "The Holy Office" in *PSW*: 99.

[77] Both the tone and content of Joyce's closing words here suggest an unacknowledged debt to Yeats' statement in *Beltaine* Nº 2 that "Progress is miracle, and it is sudden (…) Scandinavia is, as it seems, passing from her moments of miracle; and some of us think that Ireland is passing to hers" (Yeats (1900) 1970: 23).

[78] In the *United Irishman* 2nd November 1901.

anyway. The "first minister", Ibsen, had yet to set foot on that stage, and Joyce's translations of two Hauptmann plays *Before Sunrise* and *Michael Kramer* were rejected by Yeats with the words that Joyce was not "a very good German scholar" and that "[w]e must get the ear of our public with Irish work" (*JJ*: 178).[79]

Before Sunrise is available.[80] As for the translation of *Michael Kramer*, well, we can only speculate. When last seen, it was in Mr Duffy's desk, with the stage directions "written in purple ink."[81]

Joyce enjoyed the idea of playing the Stockmann-like outsider[82]. Although his championing of Ibsen and Wagner gave him, as we have seen, only a false sense of being a lone 'heretic', his distancing of himself from Gaelic or Anglo-Irish literary revival projects, by putting forward European texts rather than anything Irish as models for Irish writers, would have given his solitary bent considerably more satisfaction. Nevertheless, the disdainful aloofness of "The Day of the Rabblement" may well have been something of an exaggeration:

> [Dublin: at Sheehy's, Belvedere Place]
> HANNA SHEEHY – O, there are sure to be great crowds.

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[79] Joyce's lifelong friend, C. P. Curran said that Joyce, as "he was interesting himself in German" did the Hauptmann translations as an "exercise" (Curran 1968: 25); and that he considered them worthless, claiming that Hauptmann "would have a fit if they were published. I too" (*JJ*: 87). Whether this was an objective judgement or was made still feeling the smart of Yeats' rejection is, of course, a matter of conjecture. The fact that Joyce waited until 1904 before actually offering them to Yeats might well suggest some lack of belief in their worth.

[80] See *Joyce and Hauptmann: Before Sunrise* (1978), edited by Jill Perkins, San Marino, The Huntington Library.

[81] Stanislaus remembers seeing the manuscript for *A Brilliant Career* in Joyce's "neat firm handwriting with the stage directions in violet ink" – similar to those of Mr Duffy in his translation of *Michael Kramer* (*D*: 98) – and that (clearly dissimilar to Joyce's later ones) there was "hardly a correction in the whole manuscript" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 129).

[82] To his mother, in a letter of 20th March 1903, he proudly passed on Gogarty's report that 'John Eglinton' had said "There is something sublime in Joyce's standing alone" (*SL*: 19).

> SKEFFINGTON – In fact it'll be, as our friend Jocax would say, the day of the rabblement.
> MAGGIE SHEEHY – (*declaims*) – Even now the rabblement may be standing by the door! (*PSW*: 177)

Here, in Epiphany 17, presumably written at around this time, Joyce seems happy to record his solemn views being ridiculed by two long-term friends on whom, at least, his point has been registered. As with the Ibsenite Epiphany 36, and so much of his later writing, Joyce seems capable of both celebration and irony in the same moment; with the celebration and irony here clearly focussed on himself.

The fact that Joyce's break (before he even became a 'member') with the Irish Literary Theatre was, then, perhaps simply another 'pose', another example of 'amateur theatricals' that can be supported by later events. Years later, on seeing Carlo Linati's Italian translations of *The Countess Cathleen* and *The Playboy of the Western World* in a Zurich bookshop in 1918, Joyce wrote to Linati, sending him a copy of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and hoping he would translate it. In this letter, Joyce referred to Yeats and Synge, with some licence, as "two friends of mine" and congratulated Linati on translating their work "rather than the dull novels which the English public devours" (*LI*: 121). When, in 1919, Linati decided to translate *Exiles* instead, believing it was part of the theatre movement, Joyce agreed with his decision:

> "[A]s you observe, my work enters in the infamy of the movement founded and conducted by [Yeats and Synge] (…) I am a personal friend of Yeats and knew Synge in Paris" (*LI*: 133)[83].

This was a complete reversal of his bitter portrait of the Irish literary world in "The Holy Office" (1904), when he was the heroically "indifferent" figure "unfellowed,

[83] He wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver, on 23rd Feb 1920, that "*Exiles* will come out in an Italian version next month in Milan the translator being Mr Linati who finds that book more suited to introduce my writings than the novel or the stories" (*SL*: 249).

friendless and alone", and would "flash [his] antlers on the air" (*PSW*: 99). Now, apparently, he was not only Yeats and Synge's friend but also a member of the Irish theatre movement. The rich irony of his audacious use of "infamy" (harking back both to the various disturbances at Irish Literary Theatre performances, and at the same time (perhaps inadvertently) to his own attacks in "The Day of the Rabblement" and "The Holy Office") was probably lost on Linati.

This seemingly sudden and rather surprising identification with the theatre movement can, in fact, be dated back to a list of "biographical items" Joyce prepared for a publisher in 1916. Under the heading "Irish Literary Theatre"[84], he wrote that "[Yeats] invited me to write a play for his theatre and I promised to do so in ten years." The implication was that *Exiles* had fulfilled that promise and was his contribution to the theatre movement.

Even before *Exiles*, however, he had thought of himself as belonging to the theatre movement. In August 1912, during his final visit to Ireland, he wrote to Nora in high spirits and *Portrait* mode that he could "get passes for the theatres (…) The Abbey Theatre will be open and they will give plays of Yeats and Synge. You have a right to be there because you are my bride: and I am one of the writers of this generation who are perhaps creating at last a conscience in the soul of this wretched race. Addio!" (*SL*: 204)

As Joyce seems here to be directly linking his literary future to the Abbey, it appears that future, for him, was implicitly based on drama, and presumably realistic drama, as the seed of *Exiles* (set in the summer of 1912) had already been planted. His self-confidence remained intact, despite the failure of *A Brilliant Career* and, we naturally assume, of the symbolist *Dream Stuff*.

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[84] "The Day of the Rabblement" is rather coyly, but not untruthfully, described here as "a pamphlet on the Irish Literary Theatre" (*SL*: 222-24).

In "Drama and Life", Joyce had argued that drama like Ibsen's "of so wholehearted and admirable a nature (…) cannot but draw all hearts from the spectacular and the theatrical, its note being truth and freedom" (*OCWP*: 25). His ties with such "spectacular" and "theatrical" forms, however, were strong and lasted all his life. We noted earlier how much of Joyce's theatre-going in his youth had, in addition to opera, been to pantomimes, the music hall and other forms of popular theatre that left their mark.

There was certainly little realistic or serious contemporary drama on the Dublin stage when he was growing up. And, as we have seen, Joyce quite happily performed in the "slight" *Cupid's Confidante* during the period when he seems to have been working most intensely on his critical theories. The example given in *Stephen Hero* of Stephen and Cranly's nights at the Gaiety, and other theatres specialising in popular entertainment, also shows his ability, or at last willingness, to inhabit contrasting artistic worlds simultaneously. The young men often sat "in the pit of a music hall, and one unfolded to the other the tapestry of his poetical aims while the band bawled to the comedian and the comedian bawled to the band" (*SH*: 114).

In this respect he was, somewhat ironically, playing out on his personal stage what was happening in the early years of Ireland's national theatre. Christopher Fitz-simon has written that:

> [T]he literary and theatrical strains which had their bearing on what was to become Ireland's national theatre came very much from outside Ireland. The jockeying for position between the followers of Ibsen and the realistic drama of everyday life, and the followers of Maeterlinck and the symbolic drama of inner life, was a feature of the early years of the Abbey Theatre. (…) Plays of the local and contemporary world jostled with plays that were otherworldly. It was a theatre of opposites (Fitz-simon 1983: 136).

Maeterlinck, whose "characters are less often dramatic personalities than disembodied broodings and longings" (Wilson (1931) 1993: 42), was certainly a major

influence on the Joyce of *Chamber Music*. It was perhaps his basic interest in character that would ultimately draw him more towards Wagner as a resource for his own relatively unsymbolic "drama of inner life". Maeterlinck did, nonetheless, figure in Joyce the Symbolist's early relations with the theatre. When asked by a journalist about "'that writer … what's this you call him … Maeterlinck … I was reading, *The Intruder* I think was the name of it … Very … curious play'"; Stephen, wanting to avoid conversation, comes up with a "noncommittal banality" and offers "'[i]t would be hard to put it on the stage.' 'Oh yes… next to impossible…'" replies the newspaper man. We are then told that "[a]llusions of such a kind to what he held so dear at heart wounded Stephen deeply" (*SH*: 40).

Stephen's supposedly random "banality" does, in fact, point to something significant: the practical issue of staging plays; especially, it seems, Joyce's own. Stephen, like the journalist and Joyce himself, had clearly only read the Maeterlinck. Whilst being a confidant performer, Joyce seems to have lacked the degree of "theatrical instincts" (*OCWP*: 23) he acknowledged in Shakespeare; and he certainly had little practical understanding of the theatre or emotional inclination to create Ibsenite drama. Despite trying to develop literary theories based on the Norwegian's realism, they do not, with all their previously discussed contradictions, represent a carefully formulated thinking about a literary genre. They are a means by which Joyce can justify and rationalise his personal attraction to a specific artist: a 'master builder' he saw as "a symbol of the defiant, misunderstood artist" (Magalaner and Main 1962: 139). As the Nietzsche of 1888 felt in relation to Wagner[85], Joyce's relationship with Ibsen perhaps owed more to the artist as a young man than to Ibsen himself[86].

[85] "Taking everything into consideration, I could never have survived my youth without Wagnerian music. For I was condemned to the society of Germans. If a man wishes to get rid of a feeling of

That Joyce, perhaps beginning to realise this, was moving towards a release from his self-imposed Ibsenite confines was indicated by his 1907 paper on the 19th century Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan: "a stranger in his country, a rare and bizarre figure in the streets" (*OCPW*: 131). He had written on Mangan in 1902 (*Ibid.*: 53-60) but the changes in the 1907 paper, with Joyce now living in Trieste, suggest a bridge being built away from Ibsen towards the kind of art to which Joyce was more naturally inclined. There was still a connection with the "old master" (*Ibid.*: 52), but the dramatist's domain was no longer held up as an artistic island to aspire to.

Although Mangan was no realist, but rather a poet along romantic/symbolist lines, the paper implicitly links him to Ibsen and Joyce through his independent, solitary stance; having nothing to do with "the rabble". Joyce's status as an 'exile' now, in his own mind at least, enhanced the connection. For Joyce:

> [Mangan] refused to prostitute himself to the rabble or become a mouthpiece for politicians. He was one of those strange aberrant spirits who believe that the artistic life should be nothing other than the continuous and true revelation of the spiritual life; who believe that the inner life is of such worth as not to depend on any popular support, and so abstain from offering confessions of faith; one who believes, finally, that the poet is sufficient unto himself, inheritor and preserver of a secular heritage, and has therefore, no need to be strident, preachifying, or cloyingly sweet (*Ibid.*: 134).

He had suffered, like Ibsen, at the hands of the critics (*Ibid.*: 131) but there is something else in Mangan that stirs the essentially non-Ibsenite Joyce. There is clearly a fascinated delight in evidence when Joyce turns from Mangan's life to his poetry in a

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insufferable oppression, he has to take to hashish. Well, I had to take to Wagner" (Nietzsche (1908) 1927: 43).

[86] Indeed, Joyce's use of "*Boy*rut season" for Bayreuth (*FW*: 229, my italics) may well be a clue that Joyce wanted to suggest the same idea. Sylvia Beach, however, believed this was just reluctance to admire "voguener" (Wagner) (*FW*: 577), an artist who had become too fashionable, perhaps, for Joyce's taste. When comparing Paul Valéry and Joyce in this context, she said that Valéry "was a Wagnerian and, unlike Joyce, owned up to it" (Beach (1956) 1991: 162).

passage which leaves the marvelling innocence of the narrator in "Araby" far behind and stretches out towards the darkling enticements of "Circe":

> It is a savage world, a world of eastern nights. The mental activity brought about by the opium has strewn this world with marvellous and horrible images: the whole orient, recreated by the poet in his fevered dreams (which are the paradise of the opium-eater) pulsates through these pages in phrases and similes against apocalyptic landscapes (*Ibid.*: 133).

Here, talking of Mangan, Joyce also leaves the dictates of his early papers far behind and seems to look to the variety of styles and techniques to be found in his own later works:

> There are certain poets who, in addition to the virtue of revealing aspects of the human consciousness to us that were unknown until their age, also possess the more questionable virtue of embodying in themselves the thousand conflicting tendencies of their age, of turning themselves into, so to speak, storage batteries of a new energy (*Ibid.*: 127).[87]

To reproduce "the thousand conflicting tendencies of their age" an artist would need as many means as possible at his disposal. And it is here that we return to "Drama and Life" and Wagner. More than myth, probably what appealed to Joyce (albeit at an instinctive level at the time) was Wagner's concept of *Gesamtkunstwerk*, a total theatre attempting to present universal dramas on stage using everything an artist could draw on: words, action, setting, costume, lighting, singing, acting and music. Wagner's dramas appealed to Joyce as "spectacular" forms in which he could find the imaginative release from the demands of realism in which his Ibsenite arguments seemed in danger of trapping him.

On thus returning to Joyce's early writings, we will find an idea which is complementary to, if not directly influenced by Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*. In his

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[87] This had already been partly anticipated in *Stephen Hero*: "The poet is the intense centre of the life of his age to which he stands in a relation than which none can be more vital. He alone is capable of absorbing in himself the life that surrounds him" (*SH*: 75).

essay on Munkascy's *Ecce Homo*, Joyce had posited – and it was an argument he was to repeat, virtually verbatim, in "Drama and Life" (*OCPW*: 25) – that:

> However subdued the tone of passions may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play or a work of music or a picture presents the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of humanity, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama (*Ibid.*: 17).

It is therefore "a mistake to limit drama to the stage; a drama can be painted as well as sung or acted" (*Ibid.*: 18). Drama is not strictly a genre but rather a way of treating a theme. This, crucially for Joyce, opened fiction up to the dramatic. What he had effectively formulated so early on, but which took him some years to apply in practice, was that the dramatic potential of any situation could be brought out by the right treatment. If this was as true as it seemed simple, then he would be released from his struggle with those practicalities of the stage which seemed to draw him inevitably towards an Ibsenite realism he had no real sympathy with. Without the constraints of the realist stage, he was free to create theatrical forms that could remain on the page. After all, when forming his ideas on drama and Ibsen, Joyce had little or no experience of the dramatist in the theatre. Apart from an amateur production of *A Doll's House* in 1903 (*JJ*: 135), he had to rely on printed texts of Ibsen's work[88]. Even his piece on *When We Dead Awaken* for *The Fortnightly Review* was essentially a book review. Joyce, in fact, never actually saw the play performed.

This reliance is made explicit in "Ibsen's New Drama", when he argues that "it is foolish to expect that a problem, which has occupied Ibsen for nearly three years, will unroll smoothly before our eyes on a first or second *reading*" (*OCPW*: 48, my italics). Indeed, as described by Joyce, the intellectual demands made by Ibsen would seem

[88] Similarly, it seems, he never saw a Dublin performance of 'his' Hauptmann plays: *Before Sunrise* and *Michael Kramer*. Stephen Watt's "Dublin Theatrical Calendar, 1898-1904" has no entries for Hauptmann plays (Watt 1991: 201-39).

beyond the capacity of any audience, and are far more appropriate for readers of fiction. Although he was later to state that "[d]rama is the art of significant action" (Power (1974) 1999: 45), the young Joyce believed that Ibsen's plays "demand a stage (…) because they are so packed with thought." Presented with "some chance expression the mind is tortured with some question, and in a flash long reaches of life are opened up in vista, yet the vision is momentary unless we stay to ponder it." Readers of fiction can do this easily; for audiences, it is more difficult. However, "[i]t is just to prevent excessive pondering that Ibsen requires to be acted" and "[s]o it is better to leave the drama to plead for itself" (*OCPW*: 48). 'Readers think, audiences feel' seems to be the summary of this argument based, almost exclusively, on his reading of Ibsen's work.

With only his charades at the Sheehys and some amateur performances to his credit, Joyce's practical experience of the stage was actually very limited. Despite being a keen theatre-goer when his finances would allow, as we have seen, his initial experience of theatre – especially realistic theatre – was predominantly as a reader rather than as a member of an audience, which led him towards an instinctive sense of drama as a genre to be read rather than performed. His theories on drama predominantly arose out of his reading, with realism in the theatre having little or no practical meaning for him: he saw very few of the plays he was most interested in. This, at an unconscious level, prepared the way for his definitive move away from formal drama after *Exiles* into fiction[89] bearing, nonetheless, all his dramatic sympathies and interests with him.

It was a move that brought Joyce creative release through the realisation that the dramatic could exist on the page and not just the stage. The *Ecce Homo* essay and his 'literary' experience of theatre had partly prepared the way for this but other long-standing influences were still at work. Joyce would give greater freedom to his natural

[89] And this transition might even be called into question, especially if we recall the old Dublin literary joke about 'the fella' who's working on a *dramatisation* of *Exiles*.

inclinations towards a literary form of Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*, in combination with his wide experience and enjoyment of popular theatrical forms whose importance, as Cheryl Herr (1986) and Stephen Watt (1991) have pointed out, steadily increased in his work. Indeed, "Drama and Life", "Ibsen's New Drama" and "The Day of the Rabblement" contained what were essentially Joyce's first and last attacks on popular culture[90]. Even then, as Stephen Watt points out, those youthful writings amounted "less to a condemnation of the popular than to an exposition of his doctrine of an unfettered artistry and an independent artist" (Watt 1991: 29). As part of that declaration of independence from what he had then seen as "the rabblement", however, his early theories had led him to put forward those methods and techniques with which, as we have seen, his natural tastes and creativity were at odds. This was no longer to be the case.

In "Eumaeus", "Stephen thought to think of Ibsen, associated with Baird's the stonecutter's in his mind somehow in Talbot place" (*U*: 706). This is the only direct reference to Ibsen in *Ulysses*. The association comes from his walk to university in *A Portrait* (*P*: 160). Maybe the stonecutter brings to mind Rubek, the sculptor, from *When We Dead Awaken*? Be that as it may, the self-consciousness of Stephen's "thought to think of Ibsen", even in his drunken and battered state, shows him trying to maintain his Ibsenite pose. A failed epiphany, not remotely spontaneous, it reveals his sense of duty, as an artist and disciple. That moment is not about what Stephen feels but about what he

[90] For Joyce, in Patrick Parrinder's view, popular culture was "something to be collected and exhibited", with his work fulfilling the role of "a library or archive which confers permanence on the material deposited in it" (Parrinder 1984: 4). Cheryl Herr, furthermore, argues that Joyce "did not discriminate in his works between the value of an allusion to the popular and a reference to a work of higher social status" (Herr 1986: 15). Indeed, within the pages of *Ulysses*, for example, references to Mrs Bandmann-Palmer's *Hamlet* are given no greater significance than posters for the music hall performances of Marie Kendal and Eugene Stratton.

believes he should be thinking. In that respect, it mirrors Joyce's self-consciously taken positions in the critical writings.

When Joyce tried to channel his creativity largely, but far from exclusively[91], according to Ibsenite realism in *Exiles*, we witness to some extent (and as he had described the 20 year old Ibsen of *Catilina*) "an original and capable writer struggling with a form that is not his own" (*OCPW*: 73). Stephen tells us that "[a] man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery" (*U*: 243). However, as Hugh Kenner has pointed out, though Joyce "would affirm to the last his faith in [*Exiles*], he never tried anything like it again" (Kenner (1978) 2007: 26).

So essentially different in so many ways, *Exiles* is perhaps similar to "Circe" in that it is also "a drama of internalised action" (Benstock 1984: 377): drama which, by definition, an audience cannot see or, at least, is difficult to convey on stage. In "Circe", and perhaps using the earlier play as a 'portal of discovery', Joyce made a virtue of showing this "internalised action" (indeed, as the chapter progresses, it is often difficult to distinguish between internalised and external action). This was something that *Exiles*, due to his basic chosen form, would not fully allow him to do.

His most successful work arguably stems from allowing his creative imagination to flow into forms which are not governed by the demands of creating a realistic, exterior world but by the use of "spectacular" linguistic and narrative "theatrical" effects formed by the interior worlds of characters; most directly, but far from exclusively, applied in "Circe". In the Nighttown episode, 'they' would certainly get the

[91] We shall see in a later chapter that there were other highly significant influences acting on the play. Nevertheless, they are very much internalised within the Ibsenite shape of the 19th century well-made play. This, depending on the particular values of individual productions, could make them almost invisible to an audience but, in an ironic echo of Joyce's early experience of literary theatre, more easily identified by readers.

"steeplechase"[92], to say the least. The embryo of such drama – its "filly foal" (*GJ*: 3) perhaps – can be seen in Joyce's only 'exiled' text: *Giacomo Joyce*[93].

[92] Disappointed by the German reception of the first production of *Exiles* in Munich 1919, Joyce complained to Ettore Schmitz (Italo Svevo): "Did they want a steeplechase?" (*JJ*: 463).

[93] 'Exiled' in the sense that not only is it the only prose work not directly set in Dublin, but also because, until recently, calls for "a serious consideration of its value" have been "largely ignored" (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 31).

2.

Coming to Theatrical Terms with *Giacomo Joyce*.[1]

[1] Although I am indebted for my title to Fritz Senn's, "On Not Coming to Terms with Giacomo Joyce" (Senn (2002) 2006: 20-25), what follows is not intended as a response. That article, however (and to use a phrase from it) has proved, in the best possible sense, to be a "happy hunting ground" (*Ibid.*: 21). (Due to what we shall see later in this chapter, the possibility arises that Senn may have deliberately used this phrase as an indirect hint concerning Giacomo's state of mind. See *U*: 320.)

Back in 1991, in an article on *Giacomo Joyce* for the *James Joyce Quarterly*, Henriette Lazaridis Power asked "What exactly is its genre? Should it be considered an essentially verbal or visual text? And (…) is it part of what might be called the Joyce canon?" (Lazaridis Power 1991: 623). Around the same time Vicki Mahaffey, writing on Joyce's "shorter works" (which naturally included *Giacomo Joyce*) argued that as well as being "humourless", except in terms of some bitter comedy and irony, they are "denuded of the variable styles and elaborate contexts that make *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* seem inexhaustible." They are "easily dismissed as derivative of both Joyce's experience and his reading" (Mahaffey 1990: 185).

Compared with Joyce's major works, there is no refuting the accusation of *Giacomo Joyce* being relatively lacking in humour. Though not lacking in irony, it is not a funny book in the way that the two major works, in particular, can be (although the eccentric comedy of its deflating final line is hard to resist[2]); and there can obviously be no argument against it being more swiftly 'exhaustible' than *A Portrait*, *Ulysses* or (and especially) *Finnegans Wake*.

Although the relatively recent publication of the collection of essays, *Giacomo Joyce; Envoys of the Other* (*GJEO*)[3] has gone some way to 'incorporating *Giacomo Joyce*' in the 'canon' (to borrow from Lazaridis Power), *Giacomo* is still something of an 'exile'.

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[2] "Envoy: Love me, love my umbrella" (*GJ*: 16). Nora hated umbrellas (*JJ*: 694) and Molly "disliked them" but would use one when prompted by an "[i]ndirect suggestion implicating self-interest". Bloom, like Giacomo perhaps, "liked woman with umbrella" (*U*: 804). Let it remain "furled" for now. We'll return to it later.

[3] *Giacomo Joyce: Envoys of the Other*, (2002) 2006, edited by Louis Armand and Clare Wallace, Prague, Litteraria Pragensia.

In this chapter I hope to respond, implicitly rather than directly, to the issues raised by Lazaridis Power and Mahaffey; focussing particularly on the text's range of reference and, finally, on its concealed structure.

Giacomo Joyce is "a seduction piece" (Mahaffey 1990: 198) in various senses. The plot, such as it is, concerns a failed attempt at seduction (an attempt, however, that barely warrants the description). A more successful seduction is that carried out on the reader, who is both teased and seduced by the quantity and use of fictional and possibly biographical allusions. As we read and experience some moments of recognition, followed by confirmation (or not) through the notes in the various editions, we find we have been drawn into the game of finding quotations and allusions which seem to have slipped through the editorial net. The more echoes we are told of, the more echoes we hear; as we explore Giacomo's fantasised and highly ambiguous relationship with his girl student within the framework of inter-textual reference.

Attempting to answer Lazaridis Power's initial question concerning genre is no easy matter, as *Giacomo Joyce* rather defies clear categorisation, lying somewhere between the prose poem and the dramatic monologue. The former allows Giacomo great technical freedom in presenting his own attempt to experience "[t]he Pleasure that abideth for a Moment" (Wilde (1894) 1990: 863); while the latter, and here we remember Joyce's distinctions between personal lyrical art and impersonal dramatic art, "enables the poet to inhabit a range of personae that may, as opposed to the confidential, earnest lyric 'I', open a space for doubt and ambivalence around the speaker" (Wallace 2006: 10)[4]. Giacomo himself can even be seen as something of a precursor to Jean-Pierre Sarrazac's concept of the 'playwright rhapsode'. A 'rhapsode' was the ancient Greek professional reciter of epic poems and, going back to the Greek origins of the

[4] A detailed exploration into the connections between *Giacomo Joyce* and these two genres, despite being a potentially stimulating discussion, lies outside the immediate concerns of this study.

word (*rhapto* meaning stitch and *oide* meaning ode or song), Sarrazac's 'playwright rhapsode' assembles various theatrical texts and elements in order to create a new work:

> stitching together texts for the theatre as well as by literally quoting or allusively referring to fragments of traditional dramatic genres, aesthetic categories or theatrical conventions and staging solutions (Borowski and Sugiera 2006: 21).

Empowered by Joyce with this *rhapto* ability, Giacomo Joyce multiplies fictional images of himself and those around him. His imagination stages an internalised drama of joy and pain for him to enact his guilty urges and desire for self-aggrandisement in relation to the anonymous girl, who is necessarily also cast in a number of roles. Part of these elaborate identity games is the frequent blurring of roles, at times leading to deliberate confusion over who is being cast in a particular part. Joyce enters this game himself, mischievously creating ambiguities regarding the use of his name and apparently straightforward biographical hints.

Fritz Senn has written of

> ripple of excitement early in 1968 when a smallish, limited, expensive edition of a book called Giacomo Joyce presented itself to the reading public as a second posthumous work by Joyce, after the considerably longer fragment of Stephen Hero. There was a new, unknown work and uncharted territory (Senn (2002) 2006: 20).

A dramatic interior monologue, occasionally seeming to recreate snatches of dialogue, there is no evidence to suggest that Joyce ever considered publishing *Giacomo Joyce*. An apparently more private text than Joyce's other works at first glance, it is tempting to see *Giacomo* as a diary or highly personal notebook. However, as John McCourt has rightly pointed out, with its "heightened awareness of form, its ample use of poetic methods (…) its inter-textual nature (…) it has the (…) conscious artistry of a creative work rather than a diary" (McCourt (2000) 2001: 197). Left in Trieste with his

brother Stanislaus when Joyce fled the city in 1915, it was seemingly abandoned[5] and appears to have only ever been designed for an audience of one: the author himself.

Senn reminds us that Richard Ellmann, who edited and annotated the 'new' text, "had already offered extracts and commentaries in his biography of 1959" (Senn (2002) 2006: 20). How exactly Ellmann came across the text seems open to question. Louis Armand mentions the "widely believed" story that Ellmann discovered it in 1956, among Stanislaus' possessions in Trieste, "supposedly then facilitating its acquisition by an 'anonymous' collector." Armand goes on, however, to quote another "less oblique" version given by the Triestine Joyce critic, Stelio Crise, as reported by Vicki Mahaffey:

> When Stanislaus died on June 19th 1955, his widow received no pension, so [Ottocaro] Weiss helped her sell off the Trieste library, in return for which she gave him *Giacomo Joyce* (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 4).

Such doubts, regardless of how much importance we attach to them, are quite in keeping with the world of *Giacomo Joyce*. "Hanging mists" (*GJ*: 6) cover a range of issues, including the date of its composition.

Probably finished in the summer of 1914 (*Ibid.*: xv)[6], between the finishing of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the drafting of notes for *Exiles* and the beginning of *Ulysses*; the text concerns an English teacher's "erotic commotion" (*Ibid.*: xii) over one of his female students. The relationship seems largely a creation of Giacomo's imagination and a large part of the tension in the text derives from our guessing, for the most part, the extent of the student's awareness of and attitude towards the "commotion" she has triggered. Unlike Gerty McDowell in the "Nausicaa" chapter of

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[5] Although Richard Ellmann and others have shown how Joyce returned to *Giacomo Joyce* during the writing of *A Portrait*, *Exiles*, *Ulysses* and various poems. See, for example, *PSW*: 223-224.

[6] See also Walton Litz (1961) 1964: 142.

Ulysses, with whom she invites comparisons[7], and despite her speech being, it seems, reported on several occasions; this shadowy lady is denied an autonomous presence in the text. We only really see her from Giacomo's point of view.

Who is this 'She'? The girl is never named; but a young Triestine Jewess, Amalia Popper, was Richard Ellmann's candidate for the main model[8]. Born in 1891, she attended Trieste's *Liceo Femminile* which she completed, with top marks, in 1908. Before entering university, "she spent two years preparing for the entrance exams and studying the required subjects. It was during this period (presumably 1909-1910) that Joyce became her English tutor"[9] According to her husband, Michele Risolo, she was Joyce's student between 1907 and 1908. He claimed she did not see Joyce again after 1909 (*Ibid.*: xiii) and always denied Amalia was the model for the girl in *Giacomo* (*JJ*: 775)[10]. It now seems most likely that 'she' was created out of a number of various

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[7] A recent example of such comparative work is Aaron Winslow's "Notes on *Giacomo Joyce* and "Nausicaa" (Winslow 2007: 812-14). As various other critics have noted, the two glimpses of the student's legs: "the short skirt taut from the round nobs of the knees. A white flash: a flake, a snowflake" (*GJ*: 4) and "A skirt caught back by her sudden moving knee; a white lace edging of an underskirt lifted unduly; a legstretched web of stocking" (*GJ*: 4) are remembered and expanded in Bloom's watching Gerty McDowell on the beach in "Nausicaa": "She leaned back far to look up where the fireworks were and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking up and there was no one to see only him and her when she revealed all her graceful beautifully shaped legs like that (…) and he could see her other things too (…) on account of being white and she let him and she saw that he saw (…) because he couldn't resist the sight of the wondrous revealment half offered" (*U*: 363-4).

[8] It was only after her death, in 1967, that Ellmann probably felt able to publish *Giacomo Joyce*.

[9] This information comes from "A list of Joyce's friends, colleagues and acquaintances in Trieste" available at the Joyce Museum Trieste website, http://www.retecivica.trieste.it/jy/.

[10] Clare Wallace, among others, has called these dates into question. She also refers to Renzo Crivelli's suggestion of the 'she' being Annie Marie Schleimer, who was Joyce's student between 1905 and 1906, but was not Jewish. Schleimer, "unlike Popper", was apparently fascinated by umbrellas and, again unlike Amalia, had had her appendix removed (Wallace (2002) 2006: 212). John McCourt quotes an account of her relationship with Joyce given by Koren Skerk, who boarded in Annie's home in the 1950s. Skerk claims that Annie told her herself that Joyce had been ready to leave Nora for her and there was, it seems, even a proposal of marriage. However, the threat of her father, who would never have consented to his

young women Joyce taught during his time in Trieste[11]. Whilst never totally conceding his point, Ellmann wrote in 1982 that "[s]ince the events in it which can be precisely dated occur over several years, it is possible Signorina Popper lent herself only as part of a composite figure of a Jewish pupil" (*Ibid.*: 775). Her part of the composite character, as a keen student of literature, would suggest more than simple sarcasm in Giacomo describing her as "a lady of letters" (*GJ*: 12)[12]. Signora Risolo, formerly Signorina Popper, was later to translate *Dubliners* into Italian. This seems to have been "the only favour she conferred on Joyce" (*JJ*: 348 n). 'She', nevertheless, remains anonymous and as elusive for us as she is, ultimately, for Giacomo.

In commenting on the recycling of Giacomo's Trieste morning (*GJ*: 8) into Stephen's description of Paris (*U*: 52), "which appears to be equally evocative and locally coloured in the changed setting", Fritz Senn argues that "[i]magination, it seems, generally takes precedence over observed reality" (Senn (2002) 2006: 24). We may search for models but, as Senn suggests earlier, citing "E. C." and the Temptress of the

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daughter marrying "a poor little bit of an English teacher", meant Annie "retreated into the shade". She died a spinster and the collection of letters Joyce apparently wrote to her is now lost (McCourt (2000) 2001: 202).

[11] The Joyce family were there from 1905 to 1915; apart from a generally unhappy period in Rome (where he worked in a bank between July 1906 and March 1907) and a stay in Dublin (October 1909-Jan 1910, when he was the agent for a Triestine consortium to open the first, and short-lived, cinema in Dublin, the 'Volta').

[12] The phrase reappears in the "Proteus" chapter, in a passage which even borrows something of the *Giacomo* style: "She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jess of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park, with a grief and kickshaws, a lady of letters" (*U*: 61). "She, she, she" even seems an emphatic answer to the "Who?" with which *Giacomo Joyce* begins. A summarised answer, we might say, as that 'Who?' is answered by a 'she' 20 times in the text (indeed, the pronoun also appears 'concealed' within other words, such as "flushed" (*U*: 4), "sheathed" (*U*: 7) and 'ravishers' (*U*: 9), on another 8 occasions).

Villanelle in *A Portrait*, “the prototypes are (…) wholly irrelevant. In some essential way, there is no Amalia Popper in *Giacomo Joyce*” (*Ibid.*: 23).

Despite the traditional critical view being that *Giacomo Joyce* is highly personal what, in terms of Senn’s comment, should we then make of the ‘I’ in this text? After all, Gabriel Conroy is and is not Joyce, so is Richard Rowen, so is Stephen, so is Bloom, so is Shem, so is Earwicker and, inevitably, so is this English teacher in Trieste.

‘Giacomo’ is, of course, Italian for ‘James’ but the translation immediately presents a layer of fictionalisation, “an othering of Joyce” (Armand (2002) 2006: 2), which is then immediately embroiled in a struggle for dominance with the familiar surname. Which one are we to believe in: the ‘Giacomo’ or the ‘Joyce’? To what extent is translation ‘betrayal’ here? And what are we to make of a Giacomo who, at first glance, doesn’t seem able to speak Italian correctly?[13] We do not actually have to venture into translation to come across ‘other’ Giacomos. The speaker attempts to calm himself down with ‘Easy now, Jamesy’ (*GJ*: 6) and, towards the end of the text, someone calls out (to him, we assume) “Jim, love!” (*GJ*: 15) Who is this hero: ‘Giacomo’, ‘Jamesy’ or ‘Jim’? Well, whoever he is, he has, for some reason, been divided into an Italian and Anglophone self.[14] As with Fritz Senn’s take on the Amalia Popper ‘controversy’, perhaps the issue is “wholly irrelevant”? Regardless of its degree of relevance, the amount of naming and apparently autobiographical information in *Giacomo Joyce* becomes increasingly suspicious, as we shall see. The student has no name; her teacher seems to have too many. It is no surprise that *Giacomo Joyce* begins

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[13] Concerning “*Si pol?*” (*GJ*: 9), Ellmann (*PSW*: 288-9) points out that “Se pol?” is the form (in good Triestine) of the standard Italian “Si può?” (‘May I?’). I have been informed by the Joyce Museum in Trieste, however, that the ‘Si pol?’ used in *Giacomo Joyce* is a common variant.

[14] This looks forward to Jute and Mutt’s difficulties over language and identity: “You spigotty anglease? Nnn. You phonio saxo?” (*FW*: 16).

with the question "Who?" The question is asked again and again but is never fully answered.

Giacomo Joyce: is the title even actually Joyce's? As far as we know, he never referred to the text by that or any other name. This title comes from the fact that "On the upper left-hand corner of the front cover, the name 'Giacomo Joyce' is inscribed in another hand" (*GJ*: xii). Compared with the "best calligraphic hand" (*Ibid.*: xi)[15] with which Joyce wrote out the text, this 'other' hand is something of a childish scrawl. Bernard Benstock has suggested that:

> [T]he possibility might occur to us that since James Joyce is 'celebrating' a clandestine Triestine love affair, he himself might be the masked amanuensis of his own manuscript, a disguised hand, lefthanded.[16]

Joyce then, might well have been pretending to be someone else writing what seems to have been his own name but was, in fact, just a rarely used translation. Carla Marengo Vaglio cites Joyce signing (among other playful variants) "as Jacomo Zois, Jacomo de l'oio and (...) Giacometo" (*Ibid.*: 7). Although Joyce "was often referred to as Giacomo", he never, it seems, signed or referred to himself as such until long after *Giacomo Joyce* had been written (McCourt (2000) 2001: 198). This included "Giacomo Giocondo" ('James Joyful'), rather than his customary 'Babbo', in a letter to the sadly less than 'gioconda' Lucia in April 1935 (*LIII*: 353).

Apart from the Giacomo-James connection, why else might the name 'Giacomo' have been chosen? John McCourt also mentions that Joyce was "greatly amused at the

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[15] Handwriting has taken on a certain importance as regards *Giacomo Joyce*. The character of the student herself is first mentioned due to her "[c]obweb handwriting, traced long and fine with quiet disdain and resignation: a young person of quality" (*GJ*: 1). The significance of calligraphy, how something is written, perhaps finally transforms into the importance of what is written with Giacomo's ambivalent "Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for?", which affirms the written word whilst apparently devaluing it through an implied comparison with action.

[16] Quoted by Louis Armand (Armand (2002) 2006: 7).

various Triestine echoes and nuances it carried" (McCourt (2000) 2001: 198). Bearing in mind the text is a tale of a romance which failed, despite almost certainly being solely the creation of the speaker's imagination; the name could well represent an increasingly ironic reference, at the speaker's own expense, to a more successful namesake: Giacomo Casanova. Somewhat more successful in affairs of the heart, Casanova was also, of course, a writer and exile that waited in Trieste for the call that never came to return to Venice.

Another Giacomo, Puccini, was one of Joyce's favourite composers[17] and he had the opportunity to see Trieste performances of *La Bohéme*[18], *Madame Butterfly*[19] and *La Fanciulla del West*[20], with their contrasting and fascinating female leads between 1908 and 1913. A further candidate for contributing to the "composite" Giacomo figure is Count Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837) mentioned by Joyce in his 1902 piece on James Clarence Mangan.[21] McCourt cites him as "one of the few Italian poets Joyce

[17] Coincidently, another composer called Giacomo would also be important to Bloom. It is perhaps its theme of religious persecution that touches him, as much as the music of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*: "La causa è santa! Tara tara. Great chorus that. Tara. (…) Meyerbeer. Tara: bom bom bom" (*U*: 213). The vaguely similar composers' names and thematic link, together with his tiredness, is probably why Bloom mixes it up with Giuseppe Mercadante's *Seven Last Words on the Cross* in "Eumaeus" (*U*: 770).

[18] Joyce bought the libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and attended the opera eight times during the first fortnight of its run (McCourt (2000) 2001: 130).

[19] Nora, angry over Joyce's imminent return to Ireland over the Cinema Volta project, "disappointed" her husband because of her soul failing to sway "with langour and longing" during "Un bel di vedremo" in Act II (*SL*:174).

[20] As Ellmann has pointed out (*PSW*: 254), Joyce used the 'return' motif from the aria, "Aspettera ch'oi torni" ("Let her await my return") in his poem, "Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba" (*PSW*: 52).

[21] Joyce's 1907 Italian version of the essay, published in the Trieste newspaper *Il Piccolo della Sera*, was, of course, entitled "Giacomo Clarenzio Mangan". C. P. Curran says that in 1901, a year before his first paper on the Irish poet, Joyce was reading Leopardi for his Italian course at university (Curran 1968: 120). According to Joyce's 1902 piece, Mangan is "[w]eaker than Leopardi, for he has not the courage of his own despair" (*OCPW*: 58). Neither does Giacomo Joyce. A sense of 'despair' thus forms another link, a reversed mirror image, between Giacomo Joyce and the Italian poet. Richard Ellmann lists Leopardi's *Poesie* as one of the books Joyce left behind in his flat in Trieste in 1920 (Ellmann 1977: 116).

had any time for" and detects an echo of the Count's "[v]anity, vanity! In human life there is only youth" in Giacomo Joyce's remembering Jans Pieter Sweelinck's air, "*Youth has an end*" (McCourt (2000) 2001: 197-8);[22] which is also mentioned as "*Youth here has end*" by Stephen to Bloom in "Eumaeus" (*U*: 773). For Giacomo, it "makes all beauty seem quaint and far" (*GJ*: 16); or harmlessly distant. The initial, possibly unconscious omission of 'here' by Giacomo makes the statement general rather than personal. Removing the 'here', with the inevitable implication of 'now', harking back to "[t]hat age is here and now" from which he is "loth to depart" (*GJ*: 9) could be seen as another distancing, defensive move by the subject. But he soon returns to the quotation and, in a sense, restores the missing word; giving it greater emphasis than it has in its original setting: "Youth has an end: the end is here." This represents the beginning of Giacomo's ultimate acceptance of the reality of the relationship, even if he is still unable or unwilling to abandon his self-dramatisation in the lines that follow.

Fritz Senn reflected, when looking closely at this 'new' work, that "[a]ctually there was nothing quite new" (Senn (2002) 2006: 20). It was 'new' when first written, of course. Only published in 1968, however, we inevitably approach the text by way of the rest of Joyce's work, with all its ineluctable connections with *Giacomo* strangely making the earlier text seem the recycler rather than the originator of images and phrases. "Ghosts in the mirror" (*GJ*: 6), his other writings haunt this Triestine tale: literally, as well as thematically, through the author's direct borrowings and adaptations. Therefore the obviously self-dramatising 'Jamesy' inevitably takes us to Molly Bloom's "O Jamesy let me up out of this" (*U*: 691). Uncomfortable on her chamber pot, Molly is

[22] This association between an overwhelming sense of the vanity of existence and the end of youth had already figured in Dubliners, through the boy narrator in "Araby" tearfully seeing himself "as a creature driven and derided by vanity" (*D*: 31) over his unrequited fascination with a friend's sister, who (as in *Giacomo Joyce*) is given no first name. The friend's name, of course, is Mangan.

using “Jamesy” rather than “Jesus”, like Mulligan’s use of “Jay” (*U*: 13). Is this usage, however, just a standard exclamation (albeit with this particular author’s tongue firmly in his cheek) with the ‘Jamesy’ as anonymous as ‘Mike’ in “for the love of Mike” (*U*: 926)? Or could the speaker, calling the reader’s bluff in a sense, be directly addressing himself? The cumulative effect of the doubts stirred by the various Anglo-Italian versions of the author’s name is that we are not quite so prepared to take things at face value as we might have been at the beginning of the text. Even the straightforward domesticity of “Jim, love” comes under greater scrutiny.

Such doubts continue when some of Joyce’s later works are explicitly named. Even the reference to *The* (rather than *A*) *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (*GJ*: 12) creates, by implication, a certain doubt as to whether *the* James Joyce is a character in this text, or whether we are dealing with *a* partly or wholly imagined Joyce. Would Joyce really have been so careless with his title?[23] The switch to the definite article only serves to make the situation – somewhat ironically – more indefinite. Further doubts arise from the reference: How much of *A Portrait* had been written at this stage? Would Joyce really have given it to his student to read?[24] Giacomo certainly gave her his ‘version’:

> She says that, had *The Portrait of the Artist* been frank only for frankness' sake, she would have asked why I had given it to her to read (*Ibid.*: 12).

What are we to make of this comment? Her reported hint that she is aware of the possibility of an alterior motive in Giacomo lending her the text excites her listener

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[23] Pound, admittedly, made the same mistake. He also wrote to Joyce of “The Exiles” (Pound, (1967) 1970: 142, 56).

[24] Ellmann notes that in June 1914, Joyce had the third chapter typed and copied to be sent for serialistion in London (*GJ*: xv). Chapter 3 features Stephen’s trials of conscience concerning religion and sex and, therefore, if chapter 3 of Giacomo’s *The Portrait* mirrored James’ in *A Portrait*, it would justify his later comment that if the student had indeed read the chapter, “[t]hose quiet cold fingers have touched the pages, foul and fair, on which my shame shall glow for ever” (*GJ*: 13).

who, we assume, comments to himself: "O you would, would you? A lady of letters" (*Ibid.*: 12). The boldness of the student's comment is unmatched anywhere else in the text until that gently dismissive "[b]ecause otherwise I could not see you" (*Ibid.*: 16). Uniquely in this text, and in Joyce's published work as a whole, however, Giacomo's "Why?" and her response appear in "perverted" commas (*LIII*: 99) rather than his preferred dashes. This is odd in that even during the publication wrangles over *Dubliners*, Joyce had pronounced these punctuation marks "unsightly (…) an eyesore"; feeling they gave "an impression of unreality" (*L1*:75). What is the significance of this? An oversight? "Unlikelihud" (*FW*: 21).

My view is that the showing of *The Portrait* and her comment on it are only staged in Giacomo's head. In these terms, *Giacomo* is a kind of trial run for what Joyce was to do in "Circe", in those many moments when we're far from sure what, if anything, was actually said by and to whom[25].

The *Portrait* episode is consistent with the rest of the text and is thus, likewise, something Giacomo controls. Her later comment, amounting to a kind of rejection, is something exterior, beyond his imagination, over which he has no power but feels it emotionally and artistically right to include. His tale needs a conclusion which, if he is to play out his particular version of the heroic to the end (as we shall see further on),

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[25] Hugh Kenner sums up what must be some readers' reaction to this complexity, when commenting on a brief exchange between Bloom and Zoe:

> ZOE: How's the nuts?
>
> BLOOM: Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier I suppose. One in a million my tailor, Mesias, says. (*U*: 599).

"Bloom wouldn't have said that" argues Kenner, "though what Zoe says was presumably said. Yet it's in his mistakeable idiom. He thought it? Then he said something else. What? This is bottomless" (Kenner (1978) 2007: 92).

requires a form of (non-tragic) defeat[26]. He needs to be released but only words from the outside world can do so. The punctuation here is different because it is the only dialogue in *Giacomo Joyce* that is actually spoken. The "unreality" of the inverted commas highlights this distinction and conveys Giacomo's initial inability to deal with the significance of her words, made clear by his garbled immediate reaction.

Continuing with the device of deliberately unclarifying biographical material appearing in the text, *Ulysses* and Gogarty make an entrance too (*GJ*: 15). Gogarty seems to be visiting Joyce in a "narrow Parisian room (…) *Ulysses* is the reason". Gogarty, however, never visited Joyce in Paris; or in Trieste, for that matter.[27] This is a totally imagined encounter. Gogarty has come "to be introduced" to the girl student, as they are both to figure in *Ulysses*, under other names and slightly differing circumstances. The presentation of Gogarty is in keeping with how we meet everyone and everything else within the impressionistic, fragmented world of *Giacomo Joyce*. There is, in fact, nothing within the text itself to suggest his visit is less real than anything else we have been told so far. We only realise it is a fictitious visit from information that we bring from the exterior. If we take Giacomo on his own terms, we can believe everything we read actually happened; once we apply our extrinsic

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[26] The words of Richard and Beatrice from *Exiles* might work as a guideline for Giacomo's ultimately bloodless performance:

RICHARD: (…) It cannot be so tragic.

BEATRICE: (Calmly.) O, not in the least tragic (*E*: 21).

[27] As Ellmann argues, "[n]o such meeting is recorded, and Gogarty's own testimony was that he last met Joyce in 1909. If it had occurred, it would have been of great significance to both men, and somebody would have mentioned it" *New York Review of Books*, 20th June 1968.

Furthermore, the fact that he visits Paris on a "*raw* veiled spring morning" (*GJ*: 10, my italics) distinctly echoing the earlier "Trieste *rawly* waking" (*Ibid.*: 8, my italics) adds another, however slight, doubt concerning the reality of the situation we are presented with, as Fritz Senn has pointed out (Senn (2002) 2006: 24). This is compounded when, in the same "raw (…) morning" Paris section, the text visits the scene of Christ's capture on a "*raw* mist-veiled morning" (*Ibid.*: 10, my italics).

knowledge, we begin to deconstruct his fantasy. Along with his use of names, this is part of the game Joyce is playing. As early as *Giacomo Joyce*, it seems he was already thinking about how to "keep the professors busy" (*JJ*: 521).

The amount of naming and apparently autobiographical information in *Giacomo Joyce* becomes increasingly suspicious because it should, we might imagine, go hand in hand with a similar degree of genuine self-revelation. This, however, is not the case. On the contrary, the game seems elaborated on the contrast between Stephen's "applied Aquinas" in defining the art of the lyric "whereby the artist sets forth his image in immediate relation to himself" and the dramatic "whereby the artist sets forth his image in immediate relation to others" (*SH*: 72). *Giacomo Joyce* operates on the tension established between the essential self-centredness of the lyricist[28], and the attempted impersonality of the dramatist in coming to terms with what seems to be the real relationship between the teacher and the student. In attempting to compose his own version of this relationship, Giacomo puts himself in the position of the artist but fails to fully assume such status if we strictly apply the definition put forward in *Stephen Hero*:

> The artist, he imagined, standing in the position of mediator between the world of his experience and the world of his dreams – a mediator, consequently gifted with twin faculties, a selective faculty and a reproductive faculty (*SH*: 73).

Giacomo Joyce certainly deals with a subject trying to 'mediate' "between the world of his experience and the world of his dreams" but in terms of the "twin faculties", we could be forgiven for feeling that Giacomo is rather lacking. The

[28] "She walks before me along the corridor and as she walks a dark coil of her hair slowly uncoils and falls. Slowly uncoiling, falling hair. She does not know and walks before me simple and proud" (*GJ*: 11) is, of course, very much in keeping with the tone of many moments in *Chamber Music*.

apparently random or at least highly "enigmatic"[29] nature of the text might suggest a rather dysfunctional "selective faculty". It seems to have been constructed from moments erupting from the subject's impassioned consciousness rather than rationally selected by an artist who "forgoes his very self" (*OCPW*: 26) and "remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible" (*P*: 194-5). The "reproductive faculty" likewise seems at fault. We might argue, like Vicki Mahaffey, that this 'artist' is 'reproductive' to the point of being "derivative" (Mahaffey 1990: 185); his text being full of echoes and allusions to the art, most frequently the dramatic art, of others. Having said this, however, it is vital to remember that it is Giacomo who is, in this sense, the derivative artist here, rather than Joyce.

Stephen Dedalus[30], Richard Rowan[31] and Leopold Bloom[32] are all prone to self-dramatisation within their respective fantasy worlds with, like Giacomo, varying levels of associated guilt. They always figure, nonetheless, recognisably as themselves. In *Giacomo*, Joyce presents us with a figure, whose imaginative life seems dependent on the adoption of theatrical prototypes; by invoking a character or context from the stage, rather than merely creating an 'original' if fictionalised version of himself.

Joyce, as he was doing with Stephen and would do later, to a lesser extent with Bloom, tantalisingly introduced aspects of himself through the figure of Giacomo who,

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[29] A word, in its various parts of speech, used to describe Stephen and his writing style in *Stephen Hero* (*SH*: 30, 36). The Joyce of the later works still found it attractive enough to use when boasting about the "many enigmas and puzzles" of *Ulysses* (*JJ*: 521).

[30] Having "pored over a ragged translation of *The Count of Monte Cristo*", the young Stephen "returned to Mercedes and, as he brooded upon her image, a strange unrest crept into his blood. Sometimes a fever gathered within him and led him to rove alone in the evening along the quiet avenue. (…) He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld" (*P*: 60).

[31] When talking to Robert, Richard confesses that "in the very core of my ignoble heart, I longed to be betrayed by you and her – in the dark, in the night – secretly, meanly, craftily' (*E*: 87).

[32] Bloom's various desires (unconscious or otherwise), largely concerned with politics and sex, are revealed throughout the "Circe" chapter.

in turn, dramatises a part of his inner world. This, however, is always balanced by the character's awareness of the ridiculous, ultimately impossible nature of his ambition even as he attempts to realise it. In dressing himself and the object of his passion in these theatrical "borrowed robes" (*Macbeth*: I. iii. 109) and creating fictional selves, Giacomo can enjoy these fake parallels with major theatrical figures from his theoretically safe standpoint as 'writer/director'. Joyce can therefore observe and implicitly comment on both the girl – who by her composite nature is also safely distanced from reality – and his other self: someone called 'Jim', 'Jamesey' or 'Giacomo' and who, possibly, has a wife called Nora.

Peter Ackroyd expresses a similar idea when discussing the spell-like effect of Eliot's "La Figlia Che Piange" [The Weeping Girl];[33] arguing that "the incantation itself is so evidently concocted that it deliberately invites scepticism about its nature. When the poet seems most himself, he is an actor watching his own performance" (Ackroyd (1984) 1985: 80).

The care taken by Joyce in copying out *Giacomo* seems distinctly at odds with what he rather dismissively described as "sketches" in a letter to Pound and left in an (admittedly) locked drawer in Trieste (*SL*: 225):

> Joyce wrote the work in his best calligraphic hand, without changes, on both sides of eight large sheets (…) The sheets are of heavy paper, oversize, of the sort ordinarily used for pencil sketches rather than for writing assignments (*GJ*: xi).

John McCourt has called *Giacomo Joyce* "an interior 'visualogue", comparing it to the "Proteus" episode in *Ulysses* (McCourt (2000) 2001: 197); and the first impression of this text is similarly visual. For a moment, *Giacomo Joyce* seems something to be looked at rather than read. We are faced with the text unequally divided

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[33] In which there is also a girl who "turned away, but (…) Compelled my imagination many days, / Many days and many hours: / Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers" (Eliot (1963) 1974: 36).

between long and short paragraphs, as well as several single lines cast adrift in an ocean of white. From a slight distance, the ‘patches’ of dark print, often surrounded by large, blank expanses, are reminiscent of pictures on a gallery wall: frozen instances, directly or indirectly connected, which are to be observed. These pages – black surrounded by white – appear almost as photographic negatives of the second sentence in the text; in which we have the “pale face” of the girl framed by, presumably, dark fur. The appearance of the text initially, and however briefly, makes a spectator of the reader; just as the author is a spectator of its content, Giacomo is a spectator of himself and the girl; with she being the most inscrutable spectator of all. This aspect comes together with Giacomo’s voyeurism to underline the text as, what Mahaffey has called, “an affair of the eye” (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 38). As the student shares features with Gerty, so if *Giacomo* were a chapter of *Ulysses*, it would surely have to share that organ in the schemata with *Nausicaa*.

This textual arrangement, however, soon moves from the visual to the spoken. As we read, the separation of the text creates a rhythm, the rhythm of Giacomo’s monologue as he frames particular experiences. He is carried away on waves which vary between being “easy” or “dark” (*GJ*: 1, 3). At other times, he is hesitant about verbalising the significance of a gesture or word. As he moves between the longer passages – broad canvases of recollection – , and the shorter – miniatures focusing briefly on intense feelings stirred by highly significant moments – , the white spaces can be seen as emphatically punctuating gaps waiting to be filled by action: voids awaiting, vainly it seems, an active hero[34].

[34] These effects are particularly noticeable in the original 1968 edition which is “a page-for-page transcription in type”. The text is reproduced in a more ‘economical’ fashion in *Poems and Shorter Writings*, with the consequent lessening of such typographical significance.

Like the faint echo of another 'hero', it seems that Giacomo goes in search of "[t]he only way of expressing emotion in the form of art (…) a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events, which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion" (Eliot (1919) 1975: 48). To what extent, however, is Giacomo, like Eliot's Hamlet, "dominated by an emotion which cannot be expressed because it is "in excess of the facts as they appear" (*Ibid.*: 48)?

This is, perhaps, "the rub" (*Hamlet*, III. i. 65) for Giacomo, as he composes his "love poem which is never recited" (*GJ*: xi). The "facts" of his relationship with the student, "as they appear", are meagre to say the least. This is why Giacomo's "emotion (…) is inexpressible" (Eliot (1919) 1975: 48) without the theatrical characters he draws on and the situations they imply. They are the "set of objects" which allow him to perform (only appearing to act) in his fantasy.

According to Declan Kiberd Jim/Jamesy/Giacomo would, in this respect, be clearly distinct from his author:

> For Joyce, *Hamlet* the play as well as Hamlet the character was a dire warning that interior monologue might displace action rather than enable it. His soliloquies immobilise Hamlet: instead of doing, he theorises about doing, in ways that just deepen his depression (Kiberd 2009: 332).

Stephen and Bloom experience both advantages and disadvantages from displacing action though interior monologue. Giacomo Joyce, who only exists within one, goes in search of the "objective correlatives" which structure that world (the text); and which allow him to create, enjoy and distance his "erotic commotion" (*GJ*: xii).

Vicki Mahaffey has argued that *Giacomo Joyce* represents "an opposition between inner and outer reality" and "how that opposition breaks down". For Mahaffey, the text prepares the way for the "drama and fantasy" of the "Circe" chapter in *Ulysses* (Mahaffey 1990: 188). Giacomo's "objective correlatives" is the means of at least

partially satisfying his inner self and, at the same time, protecting his relationship with the exterior world; thus ensuring that this "opposition" actually remains intact. The distinction between revealing self-knowledge and revelling in self-dramatisation is similarly often blurred: "[d]id you never walk the streets of Dublin at night sobbing another name?" (*GJ*: 6). In his awareness of the contrast between the real and the imaginary, however, a touch of self-irony is added to the mix:

> It will never be. You know that well. What then? Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for? (*GJ*: 16)

The thrill of even an imaginary chase is, nevertheless, not to be dismissed too lightly.

Joyce's initial artistic drive had, as we have seen, been towards the theatre with *A Brilliant Career*, *Dream Stuff*, the Hauptmann translations and his early critical writings. In *Giacomo Joyce*, we have clear evidence of the importance theatre still had for him, in that even having completed *Dubliners* and being fully engaged on *A Portrait*, he has his character turn to dramatic texts to provide what he is lacking or unwilling to present in real life. References, characters and lines from existing dramas come pre-packaged with emotion, meaning he is not required to produce any himself. They are the means, to adapt Joyce's phrase from "Drama and Life"[35], which enable Giacomo to both condition and control this emotional "scene". They are the external facts shaping his internal fiction. They can also sweep across Giacomo's stage to provide a protective curtain. Throughout the text, when his recounting of an episode seems to be moving towards some form of emotional climax, it is expressed or curtailed

[35] For the young Joyce, drama was "strife, evolution, movement in whatever way unfolded; it exists, before it takes form, independently; it is conditioned but not controlled by its scene" (*OCPW*: 24).

by way of a direct theatrical reference[36] or allusion[37]. Fictional emotions and, thus, fictional consequences replace real ones. When this is not the case, an emotionally charged and dangerously open ended paragraph/episode is immediately followed by the speaker taking refuge in some kind of performance, an act through which Giacomo can escape the personal.[38] At a critical moment, when it seems all control may be lost, both techniques are used:

> A skirt caught back by her sudden moving knee; a white lace edging of an underskirt lifted unduly; a legstretched web of stocking. *Si pol?* (*GJ*: 9)
>
> I play lightly, softly singing, John Dowland's languid song. *Loth to depart*: I too am loth to go. That age is here and now (*GJ*: 9).

"Si può" is used by the deformed buffoon Tonio, asking permission to begin the prologue, and thus the performance, of *I Pagliacci*. As passion rises, Giacomo once again retreats into the world of fiction but, as in *'The' Portrait* reference discussed earlier, the slight change in the Italian makes us question exactly what world we are in. The expression establishes a parallel between Giacomo and Tonio, and is the question of a servant rather than a "maestro inglese"(*GJ*: 5). Giacomo is therefore casting himself in a very particular, though, at first glance, hardly a starring role here. As her teacher, of course, he is a kind of servant. He provides a service for which her family pays. With his financial difficulties and a growing family of his own in Trieste, Joyce would only have been too aware of the politics of the teacher-student situation. Identified with the

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[36] For example, the erruption of Hamlet's "Hillo! Ostler! Hilloho!" following "the meek supple tendonous neck, the fine-boned skull. Eve, peace, the dusk of wonder" on (*GJ*: 3).

[37] For example, the allusion through "[c]rossed in love?" to Romeo and Juliet, "the star-cross'd lovers" on (*GJ*: 5); which seems a defensive measure by a Giacomo feeling overwhelmed by the Polonius/Capulet figure of her father.

[38] Giacomo's outburst that "[h]er flesh recalls the thrill of that raw mist-veiled morning, hurrying torches, cruel eyes. Her soul is sorrowful, trembles and would weep. Weep not for me, O daughter of Jerusalem!" is immediately followed by a restoration of emotional order through by "I expound Shakespeare to docile Trieste" (*GJ*: 10).

deformed buffoon, and turned into a Triestine by “Si pol”; Giacomo clearly sees himself as her social, though not intellectual inferior[39]. It is a role which shields him from expectations and commitment, whilst drawing on a certain traditional sympathy; except, of course, that this clown, Tonio, is a sexually frustrated, would-be schemer and a major role in the opera. Somewhat ironically identifying himself with the Iago-like (though less diabolical) villain of the piece , Giacomo has actually set himself centre stage again. The self-irony continues in that Giacomo is well aware of how little of a scheming villain he is:

> I rush out of the tobacco-shop and call her name. She turns and halts to hear my jumbled words of lessons, hours, lessons, hours: and slowly her pale cheeks are flushed with a kindling opal light. Nay, nay, be not afraid! (*GJ*: 4).

In the context of posing and performing, it should be remembered that *I Pagliacci* is, of course, an opera about the interaction between the lives of the actors and what they are acting. In his prologue, Tonio asks the audience to remember that clowns are humans too. Giacomo reverses the situation by trying to escape from life into art; by deliberately avoiding the expression of a human passion through the imaginative staging of a fictional one. However, if there is a parallel between the two, Giacomo is a much paler, much less dramatic (more typically human, perhaps) and certainly less destructive version of the hunchback, “il gobbo”. Tonio’s amorous advances are unequivocally rebuffed by Nedda, whip in hand, and his desire for vengeance ultimately brings about the deaths of Nedda and her lover, Silvio. Leoncavallo originally gave Tonio the final line of the opera: *La commedia è finita!* ("The play is over!"). It is, however, traditionally said by the betrayed husband, Canio. Giacomo’s “play” never truly begins

[39] This distinction is obviously important to Giacomo (and it’s a characteristic he undoubtedly shares with Joyce). As he seems unable to make this girl pay him such a compliment, even in his fantasy, the only other student appearing in the text appears on the first page to praise him: “*Che coltura*” she “purrs in boneless Viennese Italian” (the accent of the ruling Habsburgs) (*GJ*: 1).

in earnest. His scheming, even within the impassioned freedom of his inner life, never really progresses beyond "Si pol?"

The amount of white space before the Dowland paragraph begins is an indication of the time required for Giacomo to compose himself: space here represents time[40]. When he dares to speak again, his feelings are framed by the "languid song" which he plays "lightly" and sings "softly". He has fled the dangerously passionate waters of the Italian lyric tradition ushered in by "Si pol?" to take comparative shelter in the gentle melancholy of an Elizabethan air. Nonetheless, such lyricism complicates the creative activity of a 'dramatic artist' like Giacomo. Even now, from the comparative calm of distant Elizabethan England, the effort required to maintain control, to keep what in the context could be termed 'artistic distance' is almost palpable; and his grammatically defensive measure of the adjective and the two adverbs is reinforced culturally. Despite being a near quotation, he has just used Italian for his own purposes (rather than report the statements of others) for the only time in the text and, if only in his fantasy, addressed his student directly. Now he retreats to English. His professional if perhaps not mother tongue and, thus, the language which gives him a certain implicit authority as this "*figlia ha una grandissima ammirazione per il suo maestro inglese*" (*GJ*: 5). The end of the Italian phrase suggests that Joyce is English[41], rather than Irish. It is has none of the ambiguity of a phrase such as "her English teacher", which could refer to nationality or profession.

If we assume that Giacomo, who has memories of "sobbing" in the streets of Dublin (*GJ*: 6) is Irish, we can also probably assume that he shares the tradition of

[40] This paginated connection between time and space suggests a contrastive pre-echo of Stephen's "very short space of time through very short times of space" (U: 45).

[41] Joyce was, of course, a British citizen at the time and, as now, it was not unusual for 'English' to be used as a synonym of 'British'.

Hiberno English with Joyce. Giacomo, nevertheless, seems to use standard English throughout, creating another layer of fiction, another move in the identity game. Here his refuge in things English even seems to include a temporally distant example of Anglophone culture. There is a slight twist here in the choice of Dowland. The Renaissance composer, generally, considered English, was also claimed by the small Irish town of Dalkey, just outside Dublin. Joyce was, apparently, aware of this claim (*PSW*: 289). The reference allows Giacomo, or that part of him that may be Joyce, to defend both his emotions through the shield of performance and, indirectly, his nationality.

"Si pol?", with its social connotations, is an Italian underlining of what has been touched on earlier, in English. His pupil is "a young person of quality" and the archaic diction of "[t]here is one below would speak with your ladyship" (*GJ*: 1) allows Giacomo to see himself as a romantically lowly figure loving above his station. On the other hand, his imagining of "young wives (…) gaily yielding to their ravishers" (*GJ*: 9) uses similarly period diction to luxuriate in sensuality. Seen as a distant, lofty figure or, even more so, as an adulterous wife, Giacomo weaves fantasies around his student that are at a considerable remove from the reality of their situation in terms of both status and epoch. The inner world, once more, is satisfied at no risk to the exterior.

The student is interested in the theatre, or at least attends it. We hear that "[s]he is dressing to go to the play. There are ghosts in the mirror" (*GJ*: 6). Looking "upward from night and mud" into her dressing room this "one below" – both physically and socially – imagines being in her room. Watching his imagined self watching the girl, Giacomo can see her mirror, but not very clearly. She and the others only appear as indistinct reflections, "ghosts".

In his fantasy, a word which Vicki Mahaffey reminds us derives from the ancient Greek for "a making visible" (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 34), the student is passive, silent and seems unable or, perhaps, is simply unwilling to dress herself. "She cannot", he almost gasps, "no, she cannot. She moves backwards towards me mutely" (*GJ*: 7). So he proceeds to help her, his burgeoning excitement conveyed by a quickening stream of 's', 'sh' and 'th':

> [H]er lithe body sheathed in an orange shift. It slips its ribbons of moorings at her shoulders and falls slowly: a lithe smooth naked body shimmering with silvery scales. It slips slowly over the slender buttocks of smooth polished silver and over their furrow, a tarnished silver shadow.... Fingers, cold and calm and moving.... A touch, a touch (*GJ*: 7).[42]

Finally (and typically) he withdraws, as climax is near, into a theatrical reference; the direct quotation, rather than echo, from *Hamlet* fictionalising the action which even in his imagination he is unable to realise. The self-irony Giacomo so often uses to undercut his fantasy appears again in the opening line of the very next paragraph. He reports the debilitated physical state this passion has reduced him to, in which 'ess' and 'th' sounds mockingly echo his previously increasing sexual excitement: "[s]mall witless helpless and thin breath"[43].

Although his imagination is undressing the girl at this moment, Giacomo is far more intrigued by the idea of 'dressing' her. We have already seen how he is addressed by many names which, rather than fulfil their conventional role of identifying him, effectively add layer after layer of uncertain anonymity. This student, already a composite character, it seems, is given further layers through theatrical identities, as

[42] "A touch, a touch" cannot fail to bring Laertes' comment to mind (V. ii.289).

[43] Sibilants will return – "not single spies, / But in battalions" (*Hamlet* IV. v. 78-9) to taunt him during his major crisis: "Sliding-space-ages-foliage of stars-and waning heaven-stillness-and stillness deeper-stillness of annihilation-and her voice" (*GJ*: 16).

Giacomo makes her, quite literally, a "lady of letters" (*GJ*: 12). How does he dress the girl? It is not 'how' but as 'who', that word again, with which we are concerned.

As her "pale face surrounded by (…) furs" (*GJ*: 1), like a framed blank canvas, seems to be awaiting an artist's touch, so Giacomo's "coltura" (*Ibid.*: 1) fires his imagination as the text unfolds. The director of her imagined performance, as well as his own, Giacomo can cast her as he likes.

As we shall see, this mysterious female 'who' is variously dressed as Hilda Wangel (*Ibid.*: 7) from *The Master Builder*; Hedda Gabbler (*Ibid.*: 8); Ophelia (*Ibid.*: 10); Beatrice from Shelley's *The Cenci* (*Ibid.*: 11); and possibly Nora from *A Doll's House* (although that name will obviously always create some ambiguity in a Joycean context) (*Ibid.*: 15). She is also associated with the non-dramatic roles of Dante's Beatrice (*Ibid.*: 11) and Hester Prynne from *The Scarlet Letter* (*Ibid.*: 16)[44] .

In so doing, of course, Giacomo casts himself, by implication, in the roles of the male counterparts in the various texts. If she is "Hedda! Hedda Gabler!" (*GJ*: 8), then he is – however briefly, and if only in his own eyes – the attractively unconventional, artist-intellectual Lövborg; rather than the George Tesman figure he may well suspect he actually is[45]. Although it seems he does outdo Tesman in one respect by 'giving' this Hedda the "saddle-horse" denied to the Ibsen original. That she cannot have it is, for

[44] Vicki Mahaffey argues convincingly that "[h]er arms: casque, gules, and blunt spear on a field, sable" is "an ironic allusion to the heraldic emblem emblazoned on the common tombstone of Hester Prynne and her secret lover, the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale" in the last line of Hawthorne's novel. She goes on to remind us how "Joyce was sometimes mistaken for a minister when he was a young man in Dublin" (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 43-44 and 64-65). Stephen, of course, had considered becoming "[t]he Reverend Stephen Dedalus S.J." (*P* :146) and is called "Parson" in Oxen of the Sun" and "Circe" (*U*: 556, 563).

[45] The young Joyce would probably have proudly agreed with his brother's assessment, in 1904, that "Jim is Eilert Lövberg" adding that he was also "the oracular authority on Hedda in Britain" (*DD*: 31). A later entry in the same year, however, states that "Jim *used* to think Ibsen meant Eilert Lövberg for a genius" (*Ibid.*:71, my italics). This possible reduction in Lövberg's status may, when it came to writing *Giacomo Joyce*, have become a veiled criticism of Giacomo's aspirations.

economy-minded Tesman, "as clear as daylight!" (Ibsen (1890) 1907: 60-61).[46] In Giacomo's candlelit shadow world, however, anything is possible: "[p]ure air and silence on the upland road and hoofs. A girl on horseback. Hedda! Hedda Gabler!"

Giacomo and his pupil, however, scarcely have a present 'intimacy' let alone a past one. Like his pupil, admittedly, Hedda had a strong father who was deceived by his daughter and Lövborg (*Ibid.*: 98). Perhaps Giacomo and she could do the same? In calling her Hedda, Giacomo stirs another theatrical echo: Juliet's "[d]eny thy father, and refuse thy name" (II. ii. 34). In this reversal of roles, and unlike Romeo, the student will never hear the statement or be aware of this echo. This monologue will only ever be an interior one.

Just as Giacomo's 'passion' is probably never very clearly declared, let alone consummated, the implications of the quotation do not seem to have been thought through to their logical outcome: Hedda Gabler commits suicide rather than accept the dilemma of her new domestic situation with her husband and Judge Brack. The quotation is a fragment, and its consequences are never fully embraced by Giacomo: he is merely posing, performing.

One of Giacomo's most melodramatic outbursts, in which he makes his most striking character change, is "[p]lease, mister God, big mister God! Goodbye, big world!" (*GJ*: 7). In a Joycean context, particularly, "Bygmester" is unmistakable; especially as the diction in this passage is so different from anything else in *Giacomo Joyce*. In Ibsen's play, the loss of his children led Harvard Solness to defy his God (Ibsen (1892) 1926: 353). When he climbs the tower, driven on by Hilda, he is climbing to his punishment. Giacomo's "mister God!" exclamations can be seen as a distorted, childish version of the master builder's crisis, his fear of "retribution" (*Ibid.*: 350).

[46] This conversation leads directly into the first mention of the General's fatal pistols with which Hedda will be able to "kill time" (Ibsen (1890) 1907: 61).

Alternatively, or even in combination, they may be Giacomo's attempted fantasy of the student's adoration and submission, in which he is "mister God!" Unprepared to risk attempting "the impossible" like Solness (*Ibid.*: 352) or to risk asking for it, like Hilda, Giacomo recognises the ridiculous nature of his outpourings here too. His self-irony alerted once again, he rejects them through taking on an uncharacteristically aggressive persona: "[a]*ber das ist eine Schweinerei!*" (*GJ*: 7)[47]. Just as he changed diction in attempting a different strategy; so Giacomo now changes language in this violent dismissal. This unique use of German in the text, the language of the ruling Habsburgs in Trieste, gives ironic emphasis to his own sense of helplessness. There is some "retribution", nevertheless. Hilda Wangel, a "wild bird of the woods" and a "bird of prey" in the Ibsen (*Ibid.*: 303, 333), is tamed here: reduced to a "sparrow under the wheels of Juggernaut". The parody then spreads through the text, as student Hilda is also seen as a "pampered fowl", a "twittering" bird and a "frightened" "black pullet" (*GJ*: 9, 11, 12). Even in Giacomo's imagination, she is a vulnerable but still unassailable temptress figure[48].

The literary convention of lovers gazing at their ladies fair, and "gentlewomen", not always "kind", who are "wooing from their balconies" (*GJ*: 9) is most famously depicted in *Romeo and Juliet*. Of course, the story of Michael Furey and Gretta Conroy

[47] This abrupt switch into "Schweinerei", with its connotation of a piglike 'dirty trick', cannot help but send us forward to "Circe": a chapter which is full of sudden character changes and appearances; as well as some 'dirty tricks'.

[48] "Homer never said that the Sirens were birds with the faces of beautiful women but the idea – seen on vase paintings – was firmly rooted by the time of Apollonius Rhodius [in the 3rd century BC]" (Stapleton 1978: 194). Bird-sirens also existed in ancient Egyptian mythology (Cooper 1978: 153). F. Guirand, however, reminds us that Sirens were also "later depicted as women whose bodies terminated in fish tails" (Guirand (1959) 1968: 148), which brings the student's "silvery scales" (*GJ*: 7) to mind.

in “The Dead”, a transformation of an episode in Nora’s pre-Joycean life with a boy named Michael Bodkin[49], adds another layer of significance to Giacomo’s vision of:

> Moving mists on the hill as I look upward from night and mud. Hanging mists over the damp trees. A light in the upper room (*GJ*: 6).

Apart from his physical location in frequently looking up at the girl,[50] naturally suggesting *Romeo and Juliet*, there is a distinct echo of Romeo’s “what light from yonder window breaks? / It is the east, and Juliet is the sun” (II ii 2-3) in Giacomo’s “Here, opening from the darkness of desire, are eyes that dim the breaking East” (*GJ*: 9).[51] The moment also returns us to *The Master Builder*, when Solness tells Hilda that she is “like a dawning day. When I look at you – I seem to be looking towards the sunrise” (Ibsen (1892) 1926: 304).

The clichéd nature of Giacomo’s statements here suggest not so much paucity of reference (he has less common ones in abundance, as we have seen), so much as a growing desperation or dwindling creativity that has led him to set himself imaginatively, or perhaps even physically, in such a position.

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[49] See *SL*: 201 note 9. There may even be a parodic vestige of this lover’s perspective in the head to toe sleeping arrangements of the Blooms (*U*: 870).

[50] See *GJ*: 1, 6, 13 (although in this last example it is unclear where he is in relation to her, he cannot be too far away, as he can see her “langour-flooded eyes”) and 15. Even when he is physically above, in the theatre (*GJ*: 12), he is in a socially inferior position: in the cheaper seats. Nevertheless, the physically superior position he has in the “Loggione” is parallelled by the imaginative superiority provided by his theatrical fantasies.

[51] Giacomo has previously described her siren-mermaid like “naked body shimmering with silvery scales” (*GJ*: 7). As he now adapts this description by talking of those eyes with “their shimmer the shimmer of the scum that mantles the cesspool of the court of slobbering James”– whose rottenness invokes echoes of Elsinore – , he underlines the earlier ambivalence. The student’s eyes, with their “burning needleprick” and “liquorish venom” elsewhere, now “shimmer” like the surface of “scum” as Giacomo tries to distance himself from what here seems a clearly guilt-ridden attraction. He does this temporally, by transporting her to the court of King James (in whose reign *Hamlet* was written); as well as physically, through the grossness of the terms he employs. The shimmer of the rotting matter, however, seems to have its own strange, coruscating allure for this other “slobbering James”, who is clearly delighting in such language.

The difference in physical and social levels between Giacomo and the girl is given further significance by Joyce's allusion to *The Master Builder* in an intriguing reversal of roles. In the Ibsen, of course, it is the girl, Hilda, who encourages Bygmester Solness to climb one last time to build his "princess" a "castle in the air" that she claims he owes her (*Ibid.*: 337). By the end of the first page in the Joyce, Giacomo has 'built' his 'princess' a castle and, despite having nothing airy about it except for a "wintery" feel, it is no less a symbol of the unrealistic nature of the relationship in question than that of Solness' castle. Both Giacomo and the Master Builder are aware they are facing "the impossible": only one of them, however, actually attempts to do it. Hilda has watched, and will watch one last time, Solness climb heavenwards; the thrill she feels, a mixture of admiration and a perverse excitement fuelled by the danger. She is a willing passive spectator. Giacomo, like Hilda, certainly finds it "frightfully thrilling" (*Ibid.*: 317) to watch and wait, free from the responsibility of acting, for a metaphorical fall.

The cry "Nora!" (*GJ*: 15), possibly a response to the "Jim, love!" in the previous paragraph is normally assumed to be Nora Barnacle[52]. After "Hedda! Hedda Gabler!" and "big mister God!", however, it is impossible not to feel at least the partial presence of Nora Helmer: a momentary merging of the inner and outer worlds of Giacomo and Joyce. As well as being the dreaming Giacomo's expressed desire to escape the seductive 'coiling'[53] approaching him, might not "No. I will go. I will" also be the echo of Nora Helmer's internalised resolution?

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[52] Ellmann argued that "Giacomo's dream calls up a scene later in time, when his pupil would be married and full of unexpectedly progressive sexual notions ("adultery of wisdom," he calls them) as well as of infernal designs upon him. As the notion of being fatally involved with her grips him, he wakes, with the cry "Nora!", to reality and marital reassurance" in *New York Review of Books*, 20th June 1968.

[53] It is possible that Giacomo's "A starry snake has kissed me: a cold nightsnake. I am lost!" (*GJ*: 15) owes something to Beatrice Cenci's "What is this whispers low? / There is a snake in thy smile, my dear; / And bitter poison within thy tear" (V. iii. 135-137). They both, nevertheless, take us back to the death of Hamlet's father.

These worlds combine the familiar wifely call of “Jim” with the student, doll-like in Giacomo’s fantasy, who is urged to take on the fictional guise of the Ibsen character, shedding her domesticity and giving herself to what seems like full sexual abandon in the “narrow Parisian room” (*GJ*: 15). There is a simultaneous attempt to fulfil the needs of both an inner and outer world through these two Nora’s: one real, one fictional. As with the Hedda echo, however, Giacomo’s invocation of Ibsen has not been quite thought through: Ibsen’s Nora leaves her home and family, but not for a lover.

Giacomo strongly resents the student’s father; although he is hardly the main obstacle to a relationship with her. Observing him with his daughters, Giacomo perversely describes him as “the Grand Turk and his harem” (*GJ*: 4)[54] Another attack is made through the exaggeratedly long list of the patriarch’s “perfect blend”, which becomes more and more bitingly ironic as it rolls on.[55] Joining Ophelia as further fictional parallels to the student in Giacomo’s mind at least, Hedda Gabler and Nora Helmer both suffered, if only indirectly, at the hands of their fathers.[56] Solness, suffering from no longer being a father, is arguably more of a father figure[57] (and one who will also leave emotional scars) than a potential lover for Hilda, about whose own father we know nothing except that he is alive (Ibsen (1892) 1926: 234). When we meet

[54] Ellmann suggests that this father, like the daughter, is also probably a composite creation rather than a faithful recreation of Signore Popper (*PSW*: 222).

[55] If the father was Amalia Popper’s, his business may well have been in Joyce’s mind when it came to naming his modern Ulysses: Leopold Bloom. Leopoldo Popper came to Trieste and established the company, Adolf Blum & Popper in 1885: “A list of Joyce’s friends, colleagues and acquaintances in Trieste” available at the Joyce Museum Trieste website.

[56] Hedda Gabler inherited the strong personality of her father, the General, as well as his pistols. Before her marriage, Nora Helmer had already been treated like a doll by her father. After his death, she forged his signature to obtain the loan that proved ‘fatal’ to her marriage. Nora’s forgery may even find an echo in the doubts concerning the scrawled title of *Giacomo Joyce* discussed above.

[57] Solness: We have no child. But now you can be the child here, for the time being.

Hilda: For tonight, yes. I shall not cry. I mean to sleep as sound as a stone (Ibsen (1892) 1926: 234).

Shelley's Beatrice Cenci, condemned to death for the murder of her abusive parent, we have the most direct example of father-daughter conflict invoked by Giacomo's theatrical imaginings.

Padraic Colum remembers Joyce in Dublin singing Beatrice's song, "False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep / When my life is laid asleep?" from the last act of *The Cenci* (V. iii. 130-145) (Colum 1959: 24); and a film version of Shelley's play was shown at the opening night of Dublin's first cinema, with which Joyce was involved, on 20th December, 1909 (McCourt (2000) 2001: 145). It was, therefore, both a story and a text with which Joyce was clearly familiar and which suited the needs of his Triestine tale. Giacomo sees "a dark coil of [his pupil's] hair" (*GJ*: 11) uncoil and fall and is reminded of Beatrice's death speech in Shelley's play, in which she asks her stepmother to "bind up this hair / In any simple knot" (V. iv.160). This, however, is not the only physical parallel between Shelley's Beatrice and Giacomo's student. The Machiavellian Orsino is a priest and therefore cannot have Beatrice; just as the student is forbidden to Giacomo, her teacher, as well as a married man; or at least someone who the student knows has a daughter[58]. Orsino, however, is 'loth to depart' the romantic scene:

> I were a fool, not less than if a panther
> Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,
> If she escape me (I. ii. 89-90).

This is echoed in *Giacomo Joyce*, shortly after the direct quotation from Shelley, by "I see her full dark suffering eyes, beautiful as the eyes of an antelope." The vocabulary is borrowed but the purpose of the speech is reversed. Giacomo may feel he is a fool, but he knows he is no panther. Eyes and the visual, as we have already noted, have a crucial role in this text. Looking (rather than doing) seems to be the rule. When the student "greets [him] wintrily and passes" on the staircase "darting at [him] for an

[58] See also 'A flower given to my daughter', dated Trieste 1913 (*PSW*: 53).

instant out of her sluggish sidelong eyes a jet of liquorish venom” (*GJ*: 15), the image owes something to Marzio, the murderer of Beatrice’s father, who informs on her but cannot withstand her look:

> O dart
> The terrible resentment of those eyes
> On the dead earth! Turn them away from me! (V. ii. 29-31).

The way Beatrice glares at Marzio would seem here to parallel the way the student looks at Giacomo who, nonetheless, finds its danger attractive. The “venom” becomes just a little less deadly by being described as “liquorish”.

Beatrice has two brothers: Bernardo is the younger and remains more “stainless” (*GJ*: 11) than his sister. Her older brother joins her in the plot to kill Count Cenci but, unlike his sister, is unable to resist and confesses his guilt under torture. His name is Giacomo.

This Giacomo seems to share his Joycean namesake’s half excited, half fearful attitude to his own imagination, albeit in a radically different context:

> the unwilling brain
> Feigns often what it would not; and we trust
> Imagination with such fantasies
> As the tongue dares not fashion into words,
> Which have no words, their horror makes them dim
> To the mind’s eye (II. ll. 82-87).

Furthermore, when Giacomo Cenci asks, “Are we the fools of such contingencies? / And do we waste in blind misgivings thus / The hours when we should act?” (III. ii. 35-7), it is possible to imagine Giacomo Joyce voicing the same complaint. It is possible to imagine, but no more than that. He is totally incapable of acting on his desires in the manner of the various theatrical figures he has invoked.

Nowhere is this more clearly shown than through the text’s only piece of dialogue:

"Why?"

"Because otherwise I could not see you" (*GJ*: 16).

What follows is a textual breakdown, unlike anything else in the work, mirroring Giacomo's state:

> Sliding-space-ages-foliage of stars-and waning heaven-stillness-and stillness deeper-stillness of annihilation-and her voice.

What has caused this state, this "stillness of annihilation"? Whether it is through direct or indirect theatrical echoes, *Giacomo Joyce* puts far more emphasis on reactions than on their cause. The 'reactor' rather than the actor comes more closely under the spotlight. It is ultimately a text about being a spectator. And here a further irony rings out in the student's statement through her use of 'see'. Giacomo has 'seen' her as so many figures but never as herself; and it is only now, we suspect, that she believes she is seeing him for the first time. Giacomo, in his turn, seems unable to look at her, literally, at that moment. It is not the expression on her face but "her voice" that he bows to.

Here we are given the reaction to the most dramatic moment of the story. Reading between the lines, as we must, it seems that Giacomo must have finally made some kind of declaration to the student. She has rejected his advances and, probably, asked him not to speak of the matter again, giving her reason which is, rather ironically, the only implicitly affectionate thing she says to Giacomo (or indeed by anyone to anyone else) in the entire text. In fact, her statement is really more of a correction than a rejection. Even the drama of proper rejection is denied Giacomo, as it has to be. For his rejection to be dramatic, his advances would have to have been those of a genuinely potential lover. Giacomo does not record his declaration; not even disguised by a theatrical

quotation or allusion. Perhaps the memory of those moments are simply too painful to report?[59]

Whatever he said to her may well, after all, have simply been delivered (or taken) as the tepid declaration of "an attendant lord"[60]. By the student's calm, rational response, it appears she did not feel particularly threatened (and was perhaps not even surprised) by what he probably considered his revelation. A further possibility is that so overt an action cannot be fitted into the grand fictional-theatrical framework he has been trying to fashion. It has no place in a tale so largely performed within the confines of the imagination.

Her decidedly untheatrical response to the theatre of his inner world was significant enough (if it was really said to Joyce) or prized enough (if solely created for Giacomo) for its echo to be authorised later.[61]

It would be easy for this brief dialogue, enveloped in so much fiction, to slip past us on a first reading were it not for the clear force demanded from Giacomo to transcribe the question and answer. Like Bloom, he knows he is "no more young" (*U*:

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[59] At the moment in which his performance collapses, this omission could also, and somewhat ironically, be a further, though possibly unconscious, theatrical borrowing: a legacy of Ibsen or classical drama, in which the main or defining action often happens offstage, or even before the play actually begins.

[60] "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (Eliot (1963) 1974: 17). "Prufrock" and *Giacomo Joyce* have a number of things in common. They were both written in the second decade of the 20th century and concern men coming to terms with the awareness of their own ageing (Prufrock explicitly, Giacomo implicitly); as well as their preoccupations in terms of culture, communication, relationships with women and self-esteem. Joyce received a copy of *Prufrock and Other Observations* from Pound shortly after its publication in 1917; see letter to Pound (*SL*: 228). Joyce seems to have used the poem in, inevitably, *Finnegans Wake*: "A paaralone! A paaralone! (…) We'll sing a song of Singlemonth and you'll too and you'll. Here are notes. There's the key. One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wibfrufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin!" (*FW*: 236).

[61] Signifying a male defeat here, the phrase is partially used to suggest an ambiguous male sexual supremacy in *Exiles*. Beatrice Justice uses it to Richard Rowan to explain why she comes to the house, only for him to torment her with its repetition later in the play (*E*: 18, 125-6).

642) and so braces himself to write down the exchange that confirms that "end" (or as much of it as he can bear); admitting to himself:

> It will never be. You know that well. What then? Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for? (*GJ*: 16).

This is the only time he addresses himself directly with no potential ambiguity of reference or allusion. Some self-dramatisation inevitably lingers – can the 'Leopardi' change his spots? – but now he will perform the role best suited to him: he will write. And, of course, he did indeed 'write it'. We have the proof before us. Somebody – Joyce or Joyce as Giacomo – wrote the text, now confident and surely happier in this safer role. He filled it with references to drama, to acting: a highly theatrical record of an ultimately rather undramatic series of events. This performance, played out in Giacomo's inner world, allows his desires to remain just that. His situation is lent an exciting grandeur by the associations he makes with tragic, heroic figures from the world of drama; with an absolute minimum of actual, personal risk. After all, it's all in his head.

Throughout *Giacomo Joyce*, the various characters are theatrical "ghosts in the mirror": aggrandising, fantasy-satisfying distorted reflections of the student which, as mentioned above, perform an associative transformation upon her admiring teacher. This "nameless one"[62] is given a series of identities which, whilst making her more attractive to both man and artist, remove her from reality and its potentially dangerous repercussions. And what reflections of himself does the speaker see in this mirror? Giacomo Cenci, for example, is no tragic hero; whilst the end of Ibsen's Lövborg is, ultimately, more pathetic than anything else.

[62] The subject in Mangan's poem is actually male but his "veins ran lightning" that "No eye beheld" (MacDonagh and Robinson 1958: 44). Giacomo is similarly unlikey to learn the extent of his student's passion.

The “hic et ubique” presence of theatrical references in *Giacomo Joyce* conjures up other ‘ghosts’; other characters here lurking from another text that informs *Giacomo Joyce*. Between November 1912 and February 1913, Joyce gave a series of 12 lectures, now lost, on *Hamlet*[63], at the Università del Popolo, in Trieste. When Joyce began them he was, like Hamlet, 30 and considered himself both an exile and something of an “embittered idealist” (*GJ*: 10). The Prince and the play must, therefore, still have been very much in his mind during the writing of *Giacomo Joyce* (they were still very much in his mind, after all, when writing *Ulysses*); and Giacomo himself confirms this biographical link by announcing: “I expound Shakespeare to docile Trieste.” He is a critic, an intellectual, a privileged spectator; appropriately distanced from the character and play through these public addresses. The assumed critical distance, however, clearly screens a highly personalised ‘study’. This moment is given (consciously or not) a central position in the text: *Giacomo Joyce* has 288 lines and this *Hamlet* ‘section’ appears between lines 157-162, in other words, just over halfway through the text.

Giacomo is the first but not the last character in Joyce to see something else in a mirror. When he sees himself “cleft by a crooked crack” (*U*: 5) in the “the cracked looking-glass of a servant”, Stephen considers it “a symbol of Irish art” (*Ibid.*: 6); and when, in “Circe”, he and

> Bloom gaze in the mirror. The face of William Shakespeare, beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall (*U*: 671).

Shakespeare has been in their thoughts throughout the day and as they look, each man is reflected in terms of his subconscious fears and desires. Bloom, who has “a

[63] Joyce’s fellow student and friend, C.P. Curran tells us that “*Hamlet* belonged to our Second Arts year, 1901” (Curran 1968: 26). Although this may have been Joyce’s first close contact with the text, it is also possible he already knew the play by then. There were productions of Hamlet in Dublin in April 1898, February, May, September and October 1900, and in October 1901 (Watt 1991: 202, 213-4, 216, 222).

touch of the artist" about him (*U*: 302), looks at the antlers crowning this reflected artist before him and sees himself as a cuckold. Stephen sees himself as the artist replacing Shakespeare, the significance of the antlers already a fond image for the young artist, symbolising his independence and defiance[64].

Shakespeare's line to Bloom ("Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze."), which shrewdly alludes to his secret wish to have been a spectator at the "adultery of wisdom" (*GJ*: 15) in 7 Eccles Street, also works as a statement of Giacomo's intent.[65]

Giacomo likewise finds what he both fears and desires through his invocation of his no less theatrical "ghosts"; on whom he practises his not always "dignified ventriloquy" (*U*: 671). The quotation from Polonius which announces *Hamlet's* explicit appearance at the virtual centre of *Giacomo Joyce* seems used more self-referentially to draw attention to its own significance than to connect conventionally with the text around it: "Marked you that?" (*GJ*: 10). But marked you what, exactly, in the immediate context? What exactly are we supposed to have marked? The quotation, as used here, is not really to or about any of the characters. Are we not being invited to 'mark' that reference to *Hamlet* and begin the hunt for others? Right in the middle of the text, centre stage as it were, having identfied the reader as a kind of voyeur, watching him watching the girl, Giacomo seems to be asking us to abandon that passive role and put on our

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[64] Stephen, like Joyce in his 1904 paper, "A Portrait of the Artist" (*PSW*: 212), was prepared to face "the pack of enmities" and "flung them disdain from flashing antlers" (*SH:* 36); a sentiment echoed in "The Holy Office" (written around the same time) where Joyce saw himself standing / the self-doomed, unafraid, / Unfellowed, friendless and alone, / Indifferent as the herring-bone, / Firm as the mountain-ridges where / I flash my antlers on the air (*PSW*: 99).
In his 1912 article, "The Shade of Parnell", Joyce also portrayed the deposed "uncrowned King of Ireland" as "a hunted hind" (*OCPW*: 196).

[65] The fact that a woman then appears with an umbrella (a "marqueeumbrella") is nonetheless interesting for being what is presumably a coincidence (*U*: 671).

'quizzing glasses' (*GJ*: 1) in order to go hunting: "Hilloho!" as Giacomo/Hamlet cries (*GJ*: 3). This direct challenge to the reader, through the summoning up of *Hamlet*, seems to mark a change in Giacomo. The ghost of Shakespeare arrives and, like Hamlet's father, drives the protagonist into action.

Following this, he actually approaches her house and finds out about her operation and the trip to the theatre. An emboldened Hamlet, his fantasy now seems to move into a more public realm.

The anonymous student, like Ophelia and, indeed, Hamlet himself, would seem to have an oppressive father figure. Obsessed with this Triestine father-daughter relationship, Giacomo immediately focuses on Polonius and Ophelia, employing the play to suit his own concerns and desires. Lacking the temerity and, in fact, having no actual reason to abuse the student's father, he vicariously acts 'through' Hamlet[66]. The Prince, according to Giacomo, "is rude only to Polonius" (*GJ*: 10). Well, that's not true. He's rude, very rude, to lots of other characters as well, including Ophelia, who should surely be numbered among the "gentle and simple" (*Ibid.*: 10) people to whom the Dane is significantly less than "most courteous" (*Ibid.*: 10).[67] As William H. Quillian has also noted, Hamlet's conversations with Polonius (in II. ii.) were clearly of particular interest to Joyce, with the Prince's calling Polonius "old Jephthah" (II. ii. 399) receiving special

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[66] In this, Giacomo could be seen as lending some support to Haine's glib "Shakespeare is the happy huntingground of all minds that have lost their balance" (*U*: 320).

[67] That Joyce continued to be intrigued by some of the ideas in *Giacomo Joyce* if not, perhaps, by their direct inspiration is shown by the fact that "[p]erhaps, an embittered idealist, he can see in the parents of his beloved only grotesque attempts on the part of nature to produce her image" becomes in *Ulysses*' "*Hamlet* chapter": "The images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or repeat himself" (*U*: 196). Another instance of the connection between *Giacomo Joyce* and *Hamlet* is that, after listing nouns creating the girl's father's "perfect blend", Giacomo says "Iganatius Loyola, make haste to help me!" In *Ulysses*, Stephen makes the same appeal just before saying "the play begins" and embarking on his *Hamlet* 'lecture' in "Scylla and Charybdis" (*U*: 188).

attention. In his notes for the *Hamlet* lectures, Joyce transcribed both the full biblical story of father and daughter from *Judges* 11: 30-40; as well as the song, from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, that Hamlet sings part of to Polonius (II. ii 403-4, 412-14) (Quillian 1974-5: 50-1). Quillian, following Ellmann in identifying the student as Amalia Popper, argues for Joyce's feeling of "a personal identification with Hamlet" (*Ibid.*: 13)[68]: his triangle with Amalia and Leopoldo, mirroring that of Hamlet, Ophelia and Polonius.[69] If we follow Joyce's interest in the Jephthah reference, there is the possibility that it was used ironically, clearly at Giacomo's expense, at other moments in the text. The old judge of Israel agreed that if the Lord gave him victory over "the children of Ammon" than "whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return (…) I will offer it up for a burnt offering."[70] It is his unnamed daughter who comes out first.

Fritz Senn has puzzled over the fact that "a marginal figure is given a factual and next to pointless identity" (Senn (2002) 2006: 24), when Giacomo mentions his coming out of "Ralli's house" (*GJ*: 15). This was Baron Ambrogio Ralli, a prominent figure in

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[68] Stanislaus Stanislaus claims JJ had "a vague Hamlet complex" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 53). A lighter example of this enduring sense of connection with the Dane comes in a letter, from 1925, to Harriet Shaw Weaver. After a lengthy poetic parody of Gertrude Stein, Pound and Robert McAlmon, Joyce returns to his own voice and more serious business with the 'stage direction': "Re-enter Hamlet" (*SL*: 308).

[69] There is, however, a further triangle initiated at this stage, that of the Hamlet-Christ-Giacomo identification. Made quite clear at the end of the text (*GJ*: 16), as we shall see further on, it is first suggested through Giacomo's "[w]eep not for me, O daughter of Jerusalem" immediately preceding the direct reference to *Hamlet*. Reduced to the singular here, this is the phrase Christ uses to the lamenting women on his way to the Crucifixion according to *Luke* 23:28. Giacomo is thus a martyr to his passion; with the further irony that there seems little likelihood of this particular "daughter of Jerusalem" weeping for him.

[70] This Jephthah story may well have been in Joyce's mind when adapting "the story about the cat of Beaugency" (a traditional French folk tale) for his grandson, Stephen, many years later and better known as 'The Cat and the Devil'. The Devil agrees to help the bridgeless people of Beaugency in exchange for the first person to cross the bridge he provides. He ends up receiving a cat for his trouble (*SL*: 382-84).

the town and one of Joyce's most illustrious students (*JJ*: 255). Giacomo is perhaps hoping that this precise localisation will, like "the tobacco-shop" earlier (*GJ*: 4), lend some of its concrete reality to his abstract relationship with the girl. Giacomo "cometh forth" twice, so to speak, from buildings. On both occasions, he sees his student and has to face some kind of emotional danger. On the first, he rushes "out of the tobacco-shop" (with, remembering Jephthah, its possibly ironic associations of the pleasures of domesticated fire) to talk to her; and his "jumbled words" make her burn with embarrassment: "her pale cheeks are flushed with a kindling opal light" (*GJ*: 4). The contrasting second occasion is when Giacomo leaves Ralli's house and they meet, as it were, in a flash: "I come upon her *suddenly*" and she "answers my *sudden* greeting by turning and averting her black basilisk[71] eyes." (My italics). The student's "black basilisk eyes" give the sense of danger emanating from her an almost mythical force as, a potential threat from the start with the "burning needleprick stings" of her eyes (*GJ*: 1), she likewise moves from passivity to activity. As Vicki Mahaffey has suggested, she seems to be changing from a kind of "victim" into what is almost an "aggressor" (Mahaffey (2002) 2006: 42); appearing to be in the process of switching roles with Giacomo. And so the enthusiastic welcomer coming onto the street meets a deadly force. Remembering the Jephthah story, Giacomo is given the daughter's role and the student that of the sacrificer.

In these examples of the blurring of roles that occurs elsewhere in the text, Giacomo becomes both victim and destructive force (ironically the dual role of the classical tragic hero). The consequences in the comedic world of *Giacomo Joyce* do not, naturally, go beyond the faintly ridiculous.

[71] Bella/o was later to fix Bloom "[w]ith a hard basilisk stare" (*U*: 644).

Returning to the *Hamlet* lectures, it is tempting to see Giacomo's "expound" transformed into "expand"; in the sense that with his imaginative agency the play flows over the battlements of Elsinore and spreads through the streets of Trieste. The "quoth I" used when first mentioning Hamlet works both to self-dramatise but mainly to self-ironise the speaker (and we have just seen a similar example in the Jephthah echoes). The 'ghost' of *Hamlet* will appear in the Giacomo mirror perhaps, but the reflection will be distorted. Even as he invokes the parallel, Giacomo ultimately acknowledges Polonius' Delphic advice about self-knowledge.[72] As we have seen with his failed attempt at 'master building', his self-irony will out.

The direct mention of the play alerts us to the presence of the Shakespeare. The next stage of 'expansion' is through the unacknowledged quotations to be found.

In keeping with the theatrical allusions mentioned above, Giacomo's "Hillo! Ostler! Hilloho!"[73] is another example of his avoiding a genuine emotional climax through fictional replacement. Intricately linked with "Come, bird, come" in the same passage, it suggests a falconer recalling his bird of prey, which might stand for Giacomo's longing, but is also turning something serious into a jest. The "antic disposition" is "put on" (*Hamlet* I. v. 180) in order to disguise and thus protect the self.

"A touch, a touch"[74], as mentioned above, immediately brings Laertes to mind though, tellingly, Giacomo does not give "I do confess" which, in the second quarto,

[72] "To thine own self be true" I. iii. 78.

[73] A slight expansion on *Hamlet* I. v. 117-118.

[74]In the immediate context, as has been variously noted, this inevitably also acts as a pre-echo of Stephen's "[t]ouch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me" (*U*: 61); and Molly's "[g]ive us a touch, Poldy" (*U*: 110). Giacomo's attempts at creating his tale, however, also summon up Lenehan's comment that "[t]here's a touch of the artist about old Bloom" (*U*: 302). This echo seems particularly apt in its irony, in that we then immediately see Bloom "idly" turning pages of cheap pornography.

'completes' the statement[75] and of which Joyce, with his "upwards of a dozen books on Shakespeare (…) and several editions of the plays" would certainly have been aware (Ellmann 1977: 59).[76] Here, as the speaker fantasises about helping the student undress, he wants to touch her but the Shakespeare intervenes through the ambiguity of the potential physical or even spiritual wound this 'touch' may lead to. Furthermore, who is assigned these words? Who is touched? Who is Hamlet and who is Laertes: Giacomo or the student? Through such indistinct role playing, we are shown Giacomo's emotional confusion: the Laertes allusion presents the girl as a potential threat and further justifies Giacomo's linguistic/theatrical defensive strategy to himself, whilst simultaneously allowing him to play the Prince.

In the same way that we hear 'pre-echoes' of Joyce's other works so, as we read and (especially) re-read *Giacomo Joyce* in terms of *Hamlet*, echoes of words and themes make themselves heard.

Like *Hamlet*, *Giacomo Joyce* starts with the question word 'Who'. And as with the ghost in the Shakespeare, there is a mystery figure to pursue and discover in the "[w]intry air in the castle, gibbeted coats of mail, rude iron sconces over the windings of the winding turret." The "stones" in this "castle" are indeed "resonant".

On the same page, and in the same line, the word "brief" appears three times. They follow "Yes", an affirmation – with profound Joycean echoes – in an innocent context which Giacomo immediately expands through repetition to feed his fundamental doubts about the future possibilities of any lasting relationship between them. The Shakespearean echo we hear is from the play within the play. When Ophelia

[75] See *Hamlet* (Jenkins 1982: 412).

[76] Ellmann lists Macmillan (1910) and CUP (1911) editions of *Hamlet*, as well as an edition of the complete works (Frederick Warne 1890) which Joyce left behind in his flat in Trieste in 1920 (Ellmann 1977: 126-7).

comments on the length of the prologue, "[’t]is brief, my lord"; Hamlet replies "As woman’s love" (III. ii. 148-9).

The phrase "easy tepid speech", used to describe Giacomo’s classroom delivery, could also be used for the manner in which Claudius speaks to Hamlet in I. ii. Although her classmate, like the Danish court, seem to be impressed by his ‘coltura’, the student’s reaction, the pricks and stings of her eyes, suggest both the Prince’s tone to his uncle as well as recollecting the "serpent" that "stung" his father and Gertrude’s troubled conscience that will "prick and sting her" (I. v. 39, 88). As with "a touch, a touch" mentioned earlier, there is some blurring of roles here as the echoes send ripples between the texts. Who is Hamlet and who is Claudius? In casting himself, through tonal similarity, as Claudius, Giacomo reveals his sense of guilt over the feelings aroused by the student, in addition to revealing the rather ‘automatic’, ‘mechanical’ nature of his lessons; his thoughts being on other matters. Like Hamlet’s uncle, this teacher’s "words fly up" but his "thoughts remain below" (III. iii. 97).

These character parallels, are constantly shifting. The student’s "falsely smiling face" (*GJ*: 2) brings to mind Hamlet’s pronouncement on Claudius, "That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain" (I. v. 108). This girl is dangerous, and yet, in the same passage she is made a victim too. The "streaks of eggyolk yellow on the moistened brow" remind us, as we read it today in the context of Joyce’s complete works, of another poisoned father: Bloom’s; and, thus, by inevitable association Hamlet’s poisoned father too.[77]

The quotations and allusions which move Giacomo into parallel positions with various characters in *Hamlet* suggest his confusion and, like the prince, his

[77] Bloom’s father committed suicide and when the body was discovered, they "[t]hought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face" (*U*: 98).

unwillingness or inability to act. When, later in the text, Giacomo talks of a “sparrow” (*GJ*: 7) the accumulated Hamlet connections take us to

> There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all (V. ii. 215-218)

In addition to containing parodic allusions to *The Master Builder*, as we have already seen, this passage sets Giacomo’s panic in clear contrast to Hamlet’s apparently calm acceptance of his fate, as the teacher retreats into a foreign tongue, neither English, nor Italian, to dismiss his self-pity:

> A sparrow under the wheels of Juggernaut, shaking shaker of the earth. Please, mister God, big mister God! Goodbye, big world!....... Aber das ist eine Schweinerei! (*GJ*: 7)

After the climax of the piece, he feels “Unreadiness” (*Ibid.*: 16). The word, isolated and emphasised by being a single-word ‘sentence’, is so rarely (if ever) used in everyday English that it can only be there to contrast with the Shakespeare.

And yet perhaps, even after declaring his ‘unreadiness’, he is not quite prepared or able to break the hold the prince has over him. In one final, major affirmation of this theatrical connection, Giacomo continues his most audacious example of self-dramatisation (begun, earlier, with the clear allusion to Luke’s Gospel in “[w]eep not for me, O daughter of Jerusalem!”. The “stillness” which comes over Giacomo after the student’s “Because otherwise I could not see you” is perfectly in keeping with Hamlet’s last words: “the rest is silence” (V. ii. 363).This in turn, is reproduces the tone of “It is finished”, Christ’s final words. Any doubts that Giacomo Joyce is implicitly casting himself in the ironic role of a Christ figure are dispelled by the way he expresses his realisation that she has chosen another: “*Non hunc sed Barabbam!*”[78]. That he is aware

[78] “Not this man [Christ] but Barabbas!” *Luke* 23:18.

of the irony of this casting is shown by his inverted reference to *Hamlet* through "Unreadiness": both Hamlet and Christ were ultimately ready to face their fate[79].

This inversion of the Hamlet connection becomes parodic as Giacomo frees himself from a theatrical prop as if taking on the mantle of the Christian redeemer. Comparing himself and his current situation with Christ's is too huge a piece of self-deception, or conscious play acting, for Giacomo to continue. The spell is broken by excess. He would not have been 'ready' for the student's acceptance or total rejection; and was probably unprepared for her suggested compromise of, presumably, carrying on as purely teacher and student.

A variation of Giacomo's game continues, however, until the end. The closing scene presents us with objects on a "long black piano". Here we are confronted with a reduced, inanimate version of what we have been doing throughout the text. Just as Giacomo's imagination paired teacher and student with heroic, theatrical figures; so parallels are puzzled out between everyday objects and those from a bygone, heroic age. Drained by the drama of finding heroic equivalents for himself and the student, Giacomo decides to deal with objects: at once emotionally safer ground and all that he feels remains of their relationship. The girl has gone but her physical traces remain and he indulges himself in just a little more fantasy. *Hamlet*, nevertheless, is still an implicit point of reference:

> A long black piano: coffin of music. Poised on its edge a woman's hat, red-flowered, and umbrella, furled. Her arms: casque, gules, and blunt spear on a field, sable.
> Envoy: Love me, love my umbrella (*GJ*: 16).

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[79] Although there is some bitter irony in Hedda Gabler's "After this, I will be quiet" (Ibsen (1890) 1907:184); Beatrice Cenci also declares that "We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well" in the last line of the Shelley (V. iv. 165).

The "furled" umbrella matched by Giacomo to a "blunt spear" can, in addition to invoking Shakespeare's coat of arms[80], also be seen as either Hamlet's 'bated' or blunted duelling sword[81], or the richly ambiguous word 'foil' which Hamlet himself plays with before the duel.[82] The 'sable' piano clearly evokes the most iconic image of the mourning prince: the man in black.[83] Whilst any mention of a hat (matched with a casque, or visorless helmet) in the context of *Hamlet* brings to mind the prince's scene with the "water-fly" courtier, Osric, who irritates Hamlet by affectedly playing with his hat and, like Giacomo here, will not put objects to their "right use" (V. ii. 93). This is also the encounter in which Horatio, understandably frustrated by his forced role as audience to Osric's verbal affectations asks his the prince, "Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?" (V. ii. 125). Throughout the text, Giacomo has tried various 'tongues', with scant success.

Among other, perhaps more personal items, the student has left her umbrella; and a veiled appeal for simplicity in their relationship might be understood from the final line of the text: "Love me love my umbrella". In terms of grammar, syntax and vocabulary what could be simpler? And yet what, exactly, are its implications? Its linguistic simplicity produces another echo of the prince. What could be simpler in terms of language, and yet so complex in terms of ideas than "To be or not to be"?

Of the objects left on the piano, the umbrella is, at once, the most neutral in terms of gender and the most sexually symbolic. Symbolic or not, Giacomo may as well make

[80] The notes for the *Hamlet* lectures show that Joyce had noted John Shakespeare's 1596 application for a coat of arms, and that it was granted in 1599 (Quintillian 1974-5: 17).

[81] Laertes' sword was "unbated" (IV. vii. 137).

[82] "I'll be your foil, Laertes" (V. ii. 252).

[83] "I'll have a suit of sables", he cries out in III. ii. 127-8. Furthermore, when requesting a speech from the first player Hamlet performs "The rugged Pyrrhus" with his "sable arms" and "heraldry more dismal. Head to foot … total gules" (II. ii. 448, 452-3). Stephen Dedalus also sees himself pacing "the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood" (U: 55).

that the object of his affections. It is the most he can expect and, at least, it might protect him from the "[h]anging mists over the damp trees" (*GJ*: 6) should he continue his nightly roaming. The addition of 'envoy' from the lyric tradition, however, shows that Giacomo is still not totally resigned to non-referential simplicity, as well as still seeing the student as a "lady of letters". Nonetheless, he does seem to have achieved a measure of release from his role as a 'dramatic artist'. After all the theatrical allusions and references aimed at providing him with totally secure, if spurious, emotional and sexual excitement, it seems that Giacomo finally acknowledges:

> No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
> Am an attendant lord (…)
> At times, indeed, almost ridiculous –
> Almost, at times, the Fool (Eliot (1963) 1974: 17).

The entrance of such a mundane object is comically anti-climactic;[84] especially after being ceremoniously ushered in by the highly literary "Envoy". Giacomo metaphorically takes up the umbrella and uses it to poke fun at himself. Ultimately recognising and acknowledging the ridiculous nature of the situation, it seems he is attempting to laugh the situation off; as if reprising an earlier role. Giacomo ends his performance more as Tonio, "il pagliaccio" than Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Nonetheless, a kind of catharsis has taken place, with the various ghosts having been released from the mirror, in the sense that Giacomo's infatuation and its theatrically-based emotional charge seems to have come to an end.

And what of structure? Is there anything which seems more randomly constructed anywhere in Joyce? Flashes of narrative appear, giving us some notion of 'story', during rare instances in which the stream of dramatic consciousness abates. Moments of plot

[84] The line is possibly remembered in Bloom's "love me, love my dirty shirt" (*U*: 731) which graphically replaces high-flown notions of romance with the affection of unromantic daily commitment.

“bob up” – like the “man that was drowned” in “Telemachus” – to say “[h]ere I am” (*U*: 25) and then function as scene divisions and springboards for Giacomo’s theatrical imaginings. The paramount importance of theatre in the text, shown by the numerous verbal allusions and quotations, is further underlined by what we might call “structural quotation.” Structure, as implied above, may hardly seem an appropriate word to use in relation to *Giacomo Joyce*. The text, on a first reading, may well give the impression of being a thematically linked group of fragments more than anything else. Indeed, this is a view which the author seems to have endorsed.

In one of Joyce’s very few existing references to what we assume is *Giacomo Joyce*, he wrote from Zurich in 1917 to Ezra Pound (who was looking for magazine contributions) that:

> I have some prose sketches (…) locked up in my desk in Trieste. As regards excerpts from Ulysses, the only thing I could send would be the *Hamlet* chapter [“Scylla and Charybdis”], or part of it (*SL*: 225)[85].

The “prose sketches” must have been *Giacomo Joyce*. In “Scylla and Charybdis”, of course, Stephen expounds his Shakespeare theory to a not particularly docile audience in the National Library. The letter, even if coincidentally, underlines the link between *Giacomo Joyce* and *Hamlet*. I believe this connection ran deep and had already, if only subconsciously, conditioned Joyce’s structuring of the Triestine text creating a correspondence with the five act structure of the Shakespeare.

When Joyce came to write *Giacomo Joyce*, he had already begun to think about the possibility of presenting everyday experience through the framework of a classic of world literature. Ordinary Dubliners would be depicted through a free adaptation of *The*

[85] Another possible interpretation of the final line arises, ‘retrospectively’, out of this suggested connection. We learn in “Scylla” that a “brother is as easily forgotten as an umbrella” (*U*: 271). She has forgotten her umbrella. Could this act of forgetting and her comment (imagined by Giacomo, of course) be an indication of how she views their relationship: essentially fraternal and unmemorable?

Odyssey. *Giacomo Joyce* can be seen as a kind of prototype, a trial run in a sense, for *Ulysses*, in that it places a group of fairly ordinary Triestine inhabitants within a small-scale, oblique version of another classic text: *Hamlet*. We have already seen how Giacomo employed the Shakespeare for his particular ends, but Joyce himself drew more broadly on *Hamlet* to establish a hidden framework and provide the narrative progression which, initially, seems "more honour'd in the breach than the observance" (I. iv. 16). This scheme can be outlined as follows:

Act One runs, obviously, from "Who?" to "*And when she next doth ride abroad / May I be there to see!* (*GJ*: 4, paragraph 1). Act Two begins with "I rush out of the tobacco-shop" (*Ibid.*: 4, paragraph 2) and finishes with "Hedda! Hedda Gabler!" (*Ibid.*: 8, paragraph 2). Act Three starts with "The sellers offer on their altars the first fruits" (*Ibid.*: 8, paragraph 3) and closes with "O cruel wound! Libidinous God!" (*Ibid.*: 11, paragraph 3). Act Four opens with "Once more in her chair by the window," (*Ibid.*: 11, paragraph 4) and stops with the exclamation "Take her now who will!" (*Ibid.*: 14, paragraph 2). Act Five begins with "As I come out of Ralli's house I come upon her suddenly" (*Ibid.*: 14, paragraph 3) and, of course, runs to the end of the text.[86]

These acts match their Shakespearean counterparts quite closely not just in terms of content but also in terms of length. For example, the first act of *Hamlet* accounts for just over 22% of the play as a whole, whilst the 'first act' of *Giacomo Joyce* represents 20% of the number of lines in the text. The texts also share equivalent events. We have seen above how the first word in both texts, 'Who', introduces a mystery figure for the protagonist to pursue and discover within a castle like description "over the windings of the winding turret." As well as Giacomo's "easy tepid speech" inviting comparison with Claudius' general manner in the second scene in Act I.

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[86] This act division, along with my suggested parallels with *Hamlet* and the traditional Elizabeth-Jacobean five act structure, is summarised in Appendix I.

In 'Act II' of the Joyce, Giacomo rushes out of a tobacco shop to speak to his student but he is overexcited and can only produce "jumbled words of lessons, hours, lessons, hours: and slowly her pale cheeks are flushed with a kindling opal light. Nay, nay, be not afraid!" (*Ibid.*: 4). The artist has apparently begun to paint on the blank canvas suggested by her face at the beginning of the text. In addition to the possible echo of the Jephthah story mentioned above, this is a clearly a parodic mirroring of the account Ophelia gives to her father in the second act of *Hamlet*, when the Prince appears before her:

> As if he had been loosed out of hell
> To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
> POLONIUS: Mad for thy love?
> OPHELIA: My lord, I do not know
> But truly, I do fear it.
> POLONIUS: What said he? (II. i. 83-86).

Ophelia, however, is unable to say, and goes on simply to describe the prince's actions. According to this account, Hamlet said nothing to her. Whether Giacomo's student would have been able to give a significantly more detailed report of her teacher's incoherent outburst is doubtful. Be that as it may, the next paragraph begins with "Mio padre". In Giacomo's mind she has, like her Shakespearean parallel, gone straight to her father after the rather unfortunate event.

As the events in *Giacomo Joyce* are, according to Ellmann's relation of them to Joyce's life, "out of sequence as often as in" (*GJ*: xiv); so the *Hamlet* 'parallelisms', accordingly, do not match the order in which they occur in the Shakespeare. Although, in this sense, sometimes "the time is out of joint" (I. v. 196), episodes do "go together" (I. v. 198) nevertheless. Therefore, the graveyard scene, for example, which takes place in Act V of the Shakespeare, happens in Act II of *Giacomo Joyce*, where the "suicide

wife" is the cause of the visit. The student gives a flower in Act I; Ophelia distributes flowers in Act IV. She then, perhaps unconsciously, commits suicide.

Some of the connections are, naturally, more direct than others. In the third act of *Hamlet*, there is the performance of the play within the play, eventually followed by Hamlet running Polonius through with his sword. In the Joyce, Giacomo tells us of his only two public performances: his singing of Dowland's "Loth to depart" and the lectures on *Hamlet*; followed by his terrified, yet strangely graphic imaginings of the surgeon's knife operating on the student. Fascinated, yet passive and pacific as he ultimately is, this appropriation of the surgeon's healing knife is the closest Giacomo could ever come to an equivalent of the arras scene in the Shakespeare.

This rather macabre fascination is continued in the strong emphasis on physicality present in both fourth acts. In *Hamlet*, such references abound due to the search for Polonius' decaying body. In the Joyce, the same effect stems from intense thoughts about the girl's body and the oppressive physicality of the theatre-goers.

The fifth acts of both *Hamlet* and *Giacomo Joyce* feature rather surreal scenes or, at least episodes that seem slightly apart from the general tone and feel of their respective texts. In *Giacomo Joyce*, there is the hallucinatory "narrow Parisian room" scene in which Gogarty appears: a rather ambiguous friend to the author and self-conscious performer. In the Shakespeare, Hamlet meets the gravediggers and is 'reunited' with the court jester, Yorick.

There is also a kind of duel, which does not go according to the established rules, in both pieces. This is clear in *Hamlet* as the fencing match is a climactic, theatrical set-piece. In *Giacomo Joyce*, it takes place, probably in a whisper, off-stage. The cathartic explosion of physicality in the literal duel at Elsinore has, naturally, no direct equivalent

in Trieste as it is transformed into a verbal, metaphorical conflict. When we come across:

> Why?
> Because otherwise I could not see you (*GJ*: 16).

We are only suddenly aware that the confrontation, the 'duel' between student and teacher, implicitly promised since the beginning of the text, has actually taken place without our knowledge. As discussed earlier, we are, therefore, only presented with the consequences, the reaction; not the action itself.

At the close of *Hamlet* we are given resolution, dénouement, 'unknotting'; and "the rest is silence". *Giacomo Joyce* leaves us with "stillness"; the 'still life' of the framed group of objects on the black piano background presenting us with yet more mystery, another and final 'knot' to untie.

As with Hamlet and *The Mousetrap*, Giacomo Joyce finds release through the theatre; though like the Prince, the teacher is initially more of a spectator than performer. Torn between his attraction for a girl student and the guilt that attraction instils, Giacomo attempts to avoid the responsibility bound up with acting, whilst satisfying emotional and intellectual needs through imaginatively casting the girl in different roles from world theatre and taking on complementary, self-aggrandising and, of course, safely distancing roles himself. Hamlet talks about theatre holding a mirror up to nature, reflecting the truth or observed reality. Giacomo retreats into the mirror world of imagination, with the prince himself being the predominant reflected ghost, presenting the distorted reality Giacomo, at that safe distance, delights in seeing. His inner life is thus licensed to pose and perform with emotions of too dangerous a nature to hold any less ghostly a mirror up to. These theatrical allusions and moments of performance, initially used to provide a shielded stage for Giacomo's deeper urges,

gradually give way to a self-awareness that ultimately curbs his imaginative life and returns him, if perhaps none too happily, to quotidian Trieste. With a fundamental sense of self-irony forcing him to abandon his never very comfortably held fantasy role as a tragic hero, Giacomo finally acknowledges his “antic disposition” for what it is. He comes out from under his imaginative armour and, Bloom-like in this acceptance, settles for the reality of an umbrella.[87]

[87] Of course, if Giacomo shares the attitude of his author as an older man, this may be less of a defeat than it appears at first glance. When his Danish journalist friend, Ole Vinding partially supported Nora’s dislike of them by saying that he found umbrellas “comical”, Joyce (now in his mid-fifties) replied, “I don’t think so. I think the umbrella is a royal instrument. I know a young lord of Cambodia who lives in Paris; because of his rank his father has the right to carry seven umbrellas, and my noble friend himself walks with six umbrellas, suspended one over the other. Yes, the umbrella is a mark of distinction” (*JJ*: 694).

3.

Exiles

A Sense of Theatre-ship[1]

[1] My title, in keeping, I believe, with the spirit of Joyce's method in *Exiles*, is an adaptation. Joyce apparently dismissed sexual jealousy to Stanislaus, calling it "an outraged sense of theatre-ship", who duly noted the comment in his Triestine *Book of Days* for 17th April 1907. Thinking of the parts played by the clerk, Michael 'Sonny' Bodkin and the journalist, Roberto Prezioso in Nora's life, as well as the false claims of Vincent Cosgrave; John McCourt quotes this "rather flippant remark" which "must surely have come back to haunt" Joyce, in *The Years of Bloom* (McCourt (2000) 2001:138).

Exiles, when discussed at all[2], has been routinely categorised as an Ibsenesque play and often dismissed as an artistic failure and less truly dramatic than Joyce's fiction. Seemingly considered something of an Ibsenite itch Joyce had been trying to scratch since the failure of *A Brilliant Career*; the urge to write it has often been assumed to have come more from irritation than inspiration. In addition to looking at the arguments behind such a dismissal, this chapter aims to show how *Exiles* is a richer experience than is commonly granted through Joyce's weaving of Shakespeare and various theatrical genres into the text. In *Giacomo Joyce*, we have seen how the main character adapts various theatrical references and styles in attempting to control and convey his experience. In *Exiles*, I believe Joyce extended the deliberately referential theatricality of Giacomo's mind, with the "ghosts in the mirror" (*GJ*: 6) here being, on the whole, unconsciously reflected by various characters throughout the text.

Interest in the play, however, has often been seen as "inevitably extrinsic"[3]; its worth being based on what was assumed to be largely autobiographical material, rather than any intrinsic dramatic merit. Separating autobiographical from fictional content is never an easy matter with Joyce. It might be useful, therefore, to begin by trying to establish this distinction.

Joyce's "three cat and mouse acts" (*E*: 155) play with reader/audience expectations on various levels. The first example of this is that a play called *Exiles* opens with, to adapt Hardy, the return of the natives. Richard Rowan has recently arrived back in Ireland after a nine-year self-imposed exile in Rome; during which time he has published his first book. Returning with him is Bertha, the woman with whom he

[2] In a piece on Joyce for *The Picture Post* in May 1939, shortly after the publication of *Finnegans Wake*, Geoffrey Grigson made no mention of the play when listing the books that had brought the author "fame" (Grigson 1939: 54).

[3] *Irish Press* 15th June 1977.

went into exile, and their eight year old son, Archie. The couple are unmarried; and it seems that the death of Richard's mother, and the resultant inheritance from his father's will brought them back to Dublin three months before the play begins.

Back in comfortably suburban Merrion, Richard initially appears to have slipped fairly easily back into his former life and closest friendships: with Robert Hand, a journalist; and Hand's cousin and former fiancée, Beatrice Justice, who gives Archie piano lessons.

A significant part of Joyce's method in writing *Exiles* was, as I aim to show, that of allusion and adaptation. When we consider the autobiographical claims made for it, even such a brief glance at the opening circumstances shows us that the initial adaptation was, as always with Joyce, of his life story. These changes to various aspects of his biography can be seen as a combination of dramatic necessity and, probably, a certain wish-fulfilment.

We have, of course, a direct parallel with his leaving Ireland and the years in Italy with Nora. Giorgio was also born during the first year of 'exile'. Nora was unmarried and Giorgio unbaptised. Joyce's views of such matters were clear although, as he wrote to Stanislaus in 1905, not without some discomfort:

> I cannot tell you how strange I feel sometimes in my attempt to live a more civilised life than my contemporaries. But why should I have brought Nora to a priest or a lawyer to make her swear away her life to me? And why should I superimpose on my child [Giorgio was born on 27th July of that year] the very troublesome burden of belief which my father and mother superimposed on me? (*SL*: 61).

Joyce and his family moved from Trieste to Rome in July 1906, where Joyce took a job in a bank. Such a position was never likely to satisfy him and he blamed it for what was not just an inability to write but even, he claimed, to function as a thinking,

feeling human being[4]. The family generally spent a fairly miserable time in the capital before returning to Trieste in March 1907. Although this was not the first or the last city in which he and his family lived in such difficult conditions, the man who would "never be a model bank clerk" painted a bleak view of his Roman existence in an epiphany he sent to Stanislaus:

> Scene: draughty little stone-flagged room, chest of drawers to left, on which are the remains of lunch, in the centre, a small table on which are *writing materials* (*He* never forgot them) and a salt cellar: in the background, small-sized bed: on the bed sit a madonna and a plaintiff infant. It is a January day (*SL*: 142).

Joyce's notes on the play tell us that "Rome is the strange world and strange life to which Richard brings her" (*E*: 151). "That Joyce", in writing the play, "chose Rome to represent [his family's] many places of exile shows that the Eternal City, above all others, made them feel most foreign" (Maddox 1988: 103). Bertha did not even have to go out into "the strange world" of Rome to feel "foreign". Even at home there, "I was alone" she says (*E*: 143).

Their stay in Rome ended somewhat dramatically. When Archie, in *Exiles*, asks his father "Are there robbers here like in Rome?" (*E*: 55). Joyce must have had in mind being assaulted in "the Eternal City", when leaving a café and robbed of 200 crowns. He collected what money could be found at home, let Stanislaus know he was coming and then "packed Nora and Giorgio into a train and fled from Rome" (*JJ*: 242).

Unlike the Joyces, the Rowans return to Dublin in 1912. This was a significant year for Joyce as it was when he made his last trip (and alone) to Ireland from where, as

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[4] "I foresee that (…) to continue as I am at present would certainly mean my mental extinction. It is months since I have written a line and even reading tires me. The interest I took in socialism and the rest has left me. I have gradually slid down until I have ceased to take any interest in any subject. I look at God and his theatre through the eyes of my fellow-clerks so that nothing surprises, moves, excites or disgusts me. Nothing of my former mind seems to have remained. (…) I detest office work. I would prefer even work in a shipping office at a harbour where I could go in and out" (*SL*: 151, 153).

we have seen, he wrote to Nora optimistically about the Abbey Theatre and his being "one of the writers of this generation who are perhaps creating at last a conscience in the soul of this wretched race" (*SL*: 204). Wish-fulfilment is surely a factor here, as Richard Rowan seems to have returned home triumphantly; with the strong possibility (due largely, it seems, to Robert's ambiguously helping hand) of being given the university chair of Romance Literature.

His mother's illness brought Joyce back to Ireland from Paris, in the spring of 1903. His father lived on until 1931 (the year in which Joyce and Nora were married). Richard Rowan, however, was 14 when his father died, sending his son off to see *Carmen*[5] from his deathbed (*E*: 25)[6]. Although Joyce "withdrew" and "prepared to become great" (*JJ*: 144)[7] after his mother's death. His alter-egos, Stephen and Richard, react more demonstratively to their respective mothers' memories: the first haunted by guilt (*U*: 681) and the second, it seems, more by anger. Richard's rage against this "remarkable woman" (*E*: 24), first expressed "coldly" then "fiercely" (*E*: 23, 24), may well be a form of concealing something that *Exiles*, unlike *Ulysses* in Stephen's case, strongly suggests but never fully allows us to see:

> BEATRICE (Quietly) Did she send for you before she died, Mr Rowan? (…)
> RICHARD: (Coldly) She did not. She died alone, not having forgiven me, and fortified by the rites of holy church. (…) (Fiercely) How can my words hurt her poor body that rots in the grave? Do you think I do not pity her cold blighted love for me? I fought against her spirit while she lived to the bitter end. (He presses his hand to his forehead) It fights against me still – in here. (…) She drove me away. On account of her I lived years in exile

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[5] Arthur Power says that Joyce considered *Carmen* "the best opera ever written". It was, apparently, one of the three things about which "he was quite fanatical"; the other two being "the merit of Ibsen" and "the relative merits of restaurants" (Power (1974) 1999: 125).

[6] Presumably Richard's initiation, albeit vicariously, into the pains of sexual jealousy.

[7] Stanislaus, however, also records "that it was Jim who succeeded in calming" his 9 year old sister Mabel, ('Baby', who died at "about" 14) over their mother's death; telling her that their mother "was in Heaven" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 233).

> and poverty too, or near it. I never accepted the doles she sent me through the bank. I waited, too, not for her death but for some understanding of me, her own son, her own flesh and blood; that never came (*E*: 22-24).[8]

His praying to "be granted again[9] my dead mother's hardness of heart!" (*E*: 22) clearly reveals his tendency for self-dramatisation, in which he is not alone among these characters (and this is a point we shall return to).

The inheritance is substantial enough, it seems, to allow Richard and his atypically middle class family to live in typically middle class circumstances: in a spacious house with a garden, a traditionally long-term family servant in their employ and with their son taking piano lessons. All of this, it seems, without them requiring any employment themselves. In contrast, and perhaps with an ironic glance at the stereotypical Protestant work ethic, Robert and Beatrice, despite being neighbours, appear to have to earn their living. Such a bourgeois setting is not only the classic territory of Ibsen, especially in the plays of his last twenty years, where we see "men and women passing through different soul-crises" (*OCPW*: 31) in fairly comfortable material circumstances, but is also a far cry from the various residences of Joyce (and Stephen Dedalus) throughout most of his life. Similarities between his life and art are not lacking: that was part and parcel of Joyce's method. There are, however, major differences too. If the direct use of some and the free adaptation of other autobiographical material is to be applied as a single criterion to dismiss *Exiles*, then it must dismiss *Ulysses* too (and everything else

[8] John Joyce's mother strongly opposed his marriage to Mary Murray "and when her son, her only child, married, she went back to Cork. He never saw her again. She died alone" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 52). This is probably the source for Richard's estrangement from his mother, who also "died alone" (*E*: 23).

[9] Richard's use of 'again' is interesting here. When had he previously had such "hardness of heart"? When leaving Ireland and taking Bertha away from her home and family (although she admittedly went without being asked (*E*: 94))? Or, perhaps, when he left with something unsaid to Beatrice?

Joyce produced, with the possible exclusion of *Chamber Music*, which in fact shares many of *Exiles*' themes and even some of its style)[10].

Joyce wrote *Exiles* in 1914-15, when he probably wrote *Giacomo Joyce* and was also finishing *A Portrait* and embarking on *Ulysses*. Simultaneously published by Grant Richards in Ireland and Ben W. Huebsch in America, in 1918, it was premiered a year later in Munich. Although *Exiles*' single night in Munich proved something of a disappointment to Joyce, his play had at least been staged after having been turned down by Dublin's Abbey Theatre and the Stage Society in London[11]. After reading *A Portrait*, "a very great book", Yeats was enthusiastic to hear about a play by this new young writer[12] and wrote to Pound, in February 1917, saying that "[i]f it is at all possible the Abbey should face a riot for it"[13]. *Exiles* was, however, perhaps too much a play "of the new scientific kind" (R. F. Foster 2003: 71) for his taste. Having read it, he

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[10] Joyce's first published work echoes throughout *Exiles*. In his attempts to be "an ideal lover" (*E*: 76), Robert is in tune with much of the volume's tone and posing. In I (*PSW*: 13) the "fingers straying / Upon an instrument" are faintly caught in Robert's "strumming" of Wagner; whilst II (*PSW*: 14) tells us that "the old piano plays an air / Sedate and slow and gay". Remembering Stephen (*P*: 159), what we might call Robert's 'Hauptmann moment' concerning his memory of seeing Bertha among avenues of trees owes something to XXXII (*PSW*: 44). XVII (*PSW*: 29), with its theme of sexual rivalry, provides the subtext for that which is never spoken of between Richard and Robert; whilst XXX (*PSW*: 42) seems an almost ironic commentary on Bertha and Robert's meeting in Act II. The use of "despair" in the penultimate line of XXXVI (*PSW*: 48) invokes Richard who had always prided himself on his "wisdom". Bertha comes to his side through the last line of the poem, which paraphrases her final lament (*E*: 145).
Pomes Penyeach has also become part of *Exiles*' intertextual fabric. Joyce's note on the "[g]raveyard at Rahoon" (*E*: 151) is a far more illuminating explanation of the poem, "She Weeps Over Rahoon" (*PSW*: 54), written in 1913, than a note for the play.

[11] Joseph Holloway's journal entry for October 26th 1918 describes a meeting of the Dublin Drama League in the United Arts Club, with "those present posing as bohemians à la the Latin Quarter. (…) The league proposed to give plays of an 'unsavoury' nature such as Joyce's *Exiles* etc. (…) The air of artificiality was over all the proceedings" (Holloway 1967: 198). Obviously, nothing came of this proposal.

[12] With this, it seemed that the way was being prepared for Joyce to keep his promise, though somewhat belatedly, of writing a play for Yeats' theatre "in ten years" (*SL*: 223).

[13] Quoted by Ellmann (*JJ*: 401).

wrote to Joyce regretfully rejecting it as "a type of work we have never played very well. It is too far from folk drama"[14]. Collecting rejections, Joyce wrote to Carlo Linati that *Exiles* had been scheduled to be produced by the Stage Society in London but was cancelled "owing to a protest by Bernard Shaw, who found it 'obscene'" (*LI*: 133).[15]

With no apparent likelihood of staging *Exiles* outside of Switzerland, Joyce tried possibilities closer at hand. Turning to the English Players, he suggested Claud Sykes[16] play Richard. Sykes replied that as he would be directing, he couldn't take the lead part too. Why didn't Joyce play Richard? Joyce, however, refused; perhaps feeling he was too close to the character (*JJ*: 444). Indeed, if we consider the importance of concealment, the power of the past, betrayal and doubt in the play, a letter sent to Nora in 1904 could well be seen as providing the basis for a thematic guide to *Exiles*:

> We all wear masks. (…) When I was younger I had a friend [J. F. Byrne] to whom I gave myself freely – in a way more than I give to you and in a way less. He was Irish, that is to say, he was false to me. (…) You have left me again in an anguish of doubt (*SL*: 27)[17].

It was at this moment that the Austrian writer, Stefan Zweig stepped in. He wrote to Joyce saying that, despite his English not being perfect, he found *Exiles* "a great artistic revelation (…) and all what I can do for it on the German stage shall be done: I am sure that after the war a translation could be placed *immediately* on a first theatre"[18]

[14] Quoted by Ellmann (*JJ*: 402).

[15] Shaw sent a note to Sylvia Beach in 1950, in which he denies being responsible for the rejection. He claims that he "spotted a considerable youthful talent" and had only identified certain "unmentionable passages" to be "blue-pencilled" (*JJ*: 443).

[16] Sykes, encouraged by the British Consul-General, set up the English Players with Joyce, who suggested the company's name (*JJ*: 423).

[17] Joyce once asked Arthur Laubenstein, a young American organist whom the Joyces befriended in Paris, "Which would you say was the greater power in holding people together, complete faith or doubt?" When Laubenstein decided on faith, Joyce "was firm" in his contradiction: "No, doubt is the thing. Life is suspended in doubt like the world in the void. You might find this in some sense treated in *Exiles*" (*JJ*: 557).

[18] Letter to Joyce dated 12th Sept. 1918; quoted by Ellmann (*JJ*: 444).

It seems that Zweig was as good as his word and *Exiles* had its premiere in Munich on 7th August 1919. The *Münchnen-Augsburger Abendzeitung* said the play, whilst not being for general consumption, had "dialectical subtleties and original psychological observation". It was not, however, a success. The *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* review famously ended with "So viel Lärm um ein Irische Stew?" or "So much fuss about an Irish Stew" (*JJ*: 476). There was only one performance. Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver saying:

> As regards *Verbannte* [*Exiles*], I cannot find out what has happened. It seems to have been a stormy evening. The play was at once withdrawn. The management of the theatre wrote, saying that it was "a great success" and that they "were very glad to have been the first to produce it".

He had seen several

> articles about the performance – one contradicting the other. Now I hear it was withdrawn because the chief actor fell ill – perhaps as a result of my lines – and that it is to go into the autumn bill (*L II*: 450)[19].

Disappointed by the German reception, Joyce asked Ettore Schmitz (Italo Svevo) "Did they want a steeplechase?" (*JJ*: 463). This, together with the uncharacteristically self-denigrating irony of "perhaps as a result of my lines" suggests some defensiveness about the dramatic qualities of *Exiles*. Having already lamented to Budgen that "*Verbannte* appears to have gone under in Germany" (*SL*: 246), he wrote another letter to him, again referring to the play by its German title as "[t]hat splendid masterpiece" (*SL*: 250). He never adopted such a blatantly ironically boastful manner when talking about any of his other works. A clear need for reassurance (not uncommon for any artist, by hardly typical of Joyce) can also be seen in an accidentally comic exchange

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[19] Joyce's later clipped summary of the event to Sylvia Beach is not without humour: "Producer: Elizabeth Koerner. Complete fiasco. Row in Theatre. Play Withdrawn. Author invited but not present. German Foreign Office did not allow his entrance. Thank God" (*LIII*: 126).

cited by Ellmann. Having encouraged his friend, Jacques Benoîst-Méchin to read it, Joyce eagerly asked him: “Is it as good as Hauptmann?” “I find some scenes even worse”, was the reply (*JJ*: 575).

Moving to Paris gave little relief to the dramatist in Joyce. According to Sylvia Beach, *Exiles* “was one of the first problems” he brought her. It seemed, however, that resolution was at hand when, in 1921, Lugné-Poe, director of Le Théâtre de L’Oeuvre, seemed “eager to produce the play”. Joyce reciprocated his enthusiasm. The theatre ran an annual Ibsen season and the director’s wife, “a famous interpreter of Nora”, would be playing Bertha. The idea, however, came to nothing (just one among a number of French false starts for the play)[20]. Beach records that Lugné-Poe lamented that all his audience really wanted was “something that makes them laugh.” When she passed on this comment, Joyce apparently quipped “I should have made it funny. Richard should have had a peg leg!” (Beach (1959) 1991: 163-4)[21]. Instead of *Exiles*, Lugné-Poe put on Fernand Crommelynck’s farce *Le Cocu Magnifique* (“The Magnificent Cuckold”) which ran for months. Its main character is a village scribe called Bruno (not an unfamiliar name to Joyce), who wants to free himself from his fear of being cuckolded by arranging that he is actually cuckolded; first by his cousin, Petrus and then by all the men of the village. Eventually he and his wife, Stella, are separated when she is driven

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[20] The first French production was in Paris, at the Théâtre Gramont, in 1954 and, Sylvia Beach felt, “was so well done I regretted that Joyce was no longer there to see it (Beach (1959) 1991: 167).

[21] He was in less jocular form when writing to Harriet Shaw Weaver of the event: “The director of L’Oeuvre theatre who was so enthusiastic about *Exiles* and bombarded me with telegrams has just written a most insolent letter in slang to say that he was not such a fool as to put on the piece and lose 15,000 francs. My consolation is that I win a box of preserved apricots – a bet I made with Mr Pound (who was optimistic) after a cursory inspection of the director aforesaid. I signed a letter giving him *carte blanche* to do what he liked with the play, adapt it, put it on, take it off, lock it up etc” (*SL*: 283).

into exile from the village. The irony of such a coincidence was surely not lost on the author of *Exiles*[22]

There was some consolation on the *Exiles*' trail, however, in February 1925; when the first English language production took place at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York and ran for 41 performances. Ellmann notes that Bertha was played by an actress whose first name was 'Joyce' but even this seemingly auspicious coincidence and a respectable run did not "create the sensation for which he hoped" (*JJ*: 569). Geography, combined with health and economics of course, prevented Joyce from seeing the production. Perhaps this was just as well, as the reviews were few and mixed. Robert Benchley talked about *Exiles*' "ordinary writing. Very very ordinary writing" which was "pretty close to zero in stimulating drama"[23]. *The New York Times* reviewer found the play disappointing after the novels but also praised the "unusual transcriptions of intense emotional analyses that are presented" and especially Bertha's "extraordinary final speech".[24]

Attempting to throw some light on her "problem" play, Sylvia Beach quotes Ben W. Huebsch's letter to the New York producer, Helen Arthur. The American publisher of *Exiles* presents an apology for the play, arguing that:

> [T]he great difficulty of putting on a play of that kind lies in conveying to an audience the unspoken thoughts and emotions of the characters and in making the actual speeches an index of such hidden thoughts without dulling the subtlety of the words. The difficulty becomes complex in that each character must be realized from the point of view of what

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[22] For Frank Budgen, "it was not difficult to see the family likeness in Leopold Bloom and Richard Rowan when it was pointed out to me." Joyce, naturally, did the pointing: "it was *Le Cocu Magnifique* that took the wind out of the sails of *Exiles*. The jealousy motive is the same in kind in both cases. The only difference is that in my play the people act with a certain reserve, whereas in *Le Cocu* the hero, to mention only one, acts like a madman. Make all the necessary allowances, and you'll see that Bloom is of the same family" (Budgen (1959) 1960: 315).

[23] *Life*, 12th March 1925.

[24] *The New York Times*, 20th February 1925.

> he permits the audience to hear and from what he permits the audience to infer, and more complex in that the audience must get a notion of what the characters think of each other without depending entirely upon what they say to each other.
>
> To present a conflict in the crisis of souls for an evening's entertainment (that sounds raw, but most people do go to the theater for entertainment) is a very hard task and particularly so in such a play as *Exiles* which does not act itself but requires actors. I should think that the real actor would love Joyce's parts just because they are so severe a test. You cannot walk through those parts – you have to act or fail (Beach (1959) 1991: 167-8).

Huebsch highlighted the play's dependence on its performers (and, by implication, its directors). Whether *Exiles* was "an absorbing play in its own right" or merely a springboard for "excellent interpretation"[25] would become, as we shall see below, a recurrent theme in its critical reception.

The New York production was followed by a poorly received London premier by the Stage Society at the Regent theatre on 14th and 15th February 1926. Somewhat ironically, this production was directed by W. G. Fay who, along with his brother Frank, had played a significant role in the early days of the Abbey Theatre and had crossed swords with Joyce over "The Day of the Rabblement" a quarter of a century earlier. This Irish connection seemed to be of little avail, as far as the reviewers were concerned. As a variation from detecting echoes of Ibsen, the *Daily Sketch* critic pronounced the characters "more melancholy than Tchekhov's [*sic*] without possessing any of their interest or personality".[26] *The Observer* reviewer complained that he felt as if he had "strayed into the consulting room of a psycho-pathologist";[27] whilst the *Liverpool Post*'s dismissal, invoking Olive Schreiner, brings to mind some early

[25] *Nation*, 11th March 1925.

[26] *Daily Sketch*, 16th February 1926. For Joyce, an admirer of Chekhov (Power (1974) 1999: 68-9), this would have been a particularly bitter pill to swallow.

[27] *The Observer,* 21st February 1926.

reactions to *Waiting for Godot*:[28] "The play never moves. It is simply a series of dreary dialogues, 'a striving and striving and ending in nothing'".[29] Joyce once again missed the premier, due to a recent eye operation but received full reports from Harriet Shaw Weaver, Claud Sykes and Ettmore Schmitz. According to these witnesses for the defence, the audience was "laudatory" during the first two acts but found the third "puzzling" (*JJ*: 575).

As a preface to his survey of reviewers' reactions to major productions of *Exiles* between 1919 and the late 1970s, whose research I gratefully draw on throughout this chapter, John MacNicholas suggests that there is general agreement "perhaps especially among Joyceans, that *Exiles* is a bad play, opaque to both reader and viewer" (MacNicholas 1981: 9). Various reasons have been given over the years to justify such an opinion. We have already seen how the argument that Joyce was not sufficiently able to separate his life from his art, thus making interest in *Exiles* "inevitably extrinsic", cannot really be sustained.

Other criticisms have been that Joyce was a prose writer who could not "adapt himself to his form [realistic drama]"[30] and, probably the most common, that Joyce was

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[28] *Liverpool Post*, 16th February 1926. In "Godotmania", an article written for *The Guardian*, Peter Hall writes that on the first night of his 1955 production of *Waiting for Godot* "[t]here were cheers, but there were also what are known as counter-cheers. On the line, "Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes. It's awful", a very English voice said loudly: 'Hear! Hear!' The critics next morning were not reassuring. Bafflement and derision were everywhere. 'The language is flat and feeble,' said Philip Hope-Wallace in *The Guardian*." Hall goes on to quote the then major critic and columnist, Bernard Levin, who was considerably less than impressed: "'Mr Samuel Beckett (an Irishman who used to be Joyce's secretary and who writes in French, a combination which should make anybody smell a rat) has produced a really remarkable piece of twaddle'" *The Guardian*, 4th January 2003. Despite such similarity of critical reaction, *Exiles* has yet (and is unlikely) to be seen as another *Godot*.

[29] An admiring and, perhaps, rather amazed, Samuel Beckett wrote to Pinter on 21st April 1969: "You're a brave man to take on *Exiles*. I understand your excitement. I often wondered how it could be done" (from Pinter's personal archive. Quoted at www.haroldpinter.org – Exiles).

[30] Levin (1948) 1963: 254.

too greatly in thrall here to Ibsen's influence, which had put a "straitjacket"[31] on his creativity. Whether through Ibsen's perceived straitjacketing influence or not, the play has been called "inert" due to what has been seen as excessive intellectual debate stifling its dramatic possibilities[32]. Hugh Kenner even denied *Exiles*, "not much of a play", any significant autonomy; arguing that it was merely a kind of exercise Joyce needed to carry out to close the door on *A Portrait*[33] and begin *Ulysses* in earnest.[34]

Despite reservations, which he duly expressed, Ezra Pound attempted to support Joyce by promoting the play whilst also, admittedly, using *Exiles* "as a stick for beating the modern stage" (Magalaner and Main 1962: 144). Ironically, several of the arguments put forward against *Exiles* over the years can actually be traced back to Pound: the difficulties of a novelist trying to adapt to drama; the excessive influence of Ibsen and the predilection for intellectual problem solving over action.

As Pound put it himself, in his 1916 article for *The Drama*[35], "Mr James Joyce and the Modern Stage", *Exiles* "is not so good as a novel; nevertheless, it is quite good enough to form a very solid basis for my arraignment of the contemporary theatre". He went on to be idiosyncratically supportive by claiming that he did not "believe that any

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[31] Irving Wardle in *The Times*, 22nd April 1967.

[32] The *Vogue* critic in March 1926 had complained that the characters "talk endlessly about their difficult situation". In his review for the *Daily Express* (13th November 1970), Herbert Kretzmer was more poetic when bemoaning a "morass of words which sucks all in like quicksand, draining the play of all life."

[33] Through *Exiles*, "the image of the artist as imposer of order, lawgiver to his limp materials, [could be] lived to the dregs and discarded" (Kenner 1956: 180).

[34] Joyce "needed to treat the theme of infidelity in a way that would discharge his own feelings and suspicions, so he could handle it calmly in the novel" (Kenner (1978) 2007: 23-4). In other words, getting close to Richard would prevent him from getting too close to Bloom. He required, perhaps unconsciously, some 'externality' and "the extreme externality (…) is the stage" (Kenner *Ibid.*: 24)".

[35] Before the article was accepted by *The Drama*, Pound wrote to Joyce (on 12th September 1915) that he hoped it "may stir up something, if not a [theatre] manager, at least a publisher. (…) If they swallow the article they might even be lured into printing "The Exiles" (*sic*), but I am afraid [the article] is a bit too outspoken for them" (Pound (1967) 1970: 56).

manager would stage it nor that it could succeed were it staged.” Pound found it “distinctly a play (…) the acts and speeches of one person work into the acts and speeches of another and make the play an indivisible, integral whole”; even though “most of the (…) excellences of this play [are] purely novelist’s excellences”. Nevertheless, *Exiles* was “dramatic. Strong, well-wrought sentences flash from the speech and give it “dramatic-edge” such as we have in Ibsen (…) I mean sentences dealing with fundamentals” (Pound (1967) 1970: 50). The play was “not unstageable because it deals with adultery (…) or because Mr Joyce once mentions a garter [*E*: 20].” It was “unstageable” because there was no “Ibsen stage in full blast” in the contemporary theatre. For Pound, at his most merciless, the then current theatre world only served up the “trivialised Ibsen” of “Mr Shaw, the intellectual cheese-mite”. Ibsen, however, “was a true agonist, struggling with very real problems” (Pound (1967) 1970: 51). So was Joyce in *Exiles*:

> [T]he trouble with Mr Joyce’s play [is that] he is at prise with reality. It is a “dangerous” play precisely because the author is portraying an intellectual-emotional struggle, because he is dealing with actual thought, actual questioning, not with clichés of thought and emotion.
> It is untheatrical, or unstageable, precisely because the closeness and cogency of the process is, as I think, too great for an audience to be able to follow… under present conditions.
> (…) So Mr Joyce’s play is dangerous and unstageable because he is not *playing* with the subject of adultery, but because he is actually driving in the mind upon the age-long problem of the rights of personality and of the responsibility of the intelligent individual for the conduct of those about him, upon the age-long question of the relative rights of intellect, and emotion, and sensation, and sentiment” (Pound (1967) 1970: 52,56).

Almost three years later, Pound would continue his defence of the now published but still unperformed text in “A Serious Play”[36]. This defence ran largely along similar lines to his stance in *The Drama* article:

> “Exiles” by James Joyce (…) is a play perhaps unstageable, but infinitely more worth staging than the banalities which the once active Stage Society now indulges in. We find the most brilliant of our novelists here trying the inferior form. He has not, to my mind, a sufficient sense either of the public dullness or of the limitations of the play-house” (Pound (1967) 1970: 141).

Pound’s argument, however, then moves towards the position that Joyce has basically been wasting his time, distracted by the ghost of Ibsen; as *Exiles* loses its ‘play’ status and becomes “the book” and a seemingly frustrated novel:

> One is troubled by the feeling that the main ‘point’ would not come over the footlights, and even a play that one reads must give one the feeling (even though it be incorrect) that it would ‘go’ on the stage. The book could not to be turned into a novel because of its construction.
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> At hazard one would say that Joyce had been deflected rather from the main course of his work (as shown in “Dubliners”, “The Portrait of the Artist” (*sic*) and “Ulysses”) by a continental post-Ibsen influence” (Pound (1967) 1970: 142).

Reading Pound’s articles must, at moments, have given Joyce a feeling akin to that experienced by Richard when reading Robert Hand’s ambiguous article in the play itself (*E*: 127). Pound’s final point was, it seems, already a concern when we read Joyce’s note that:

> Europe is weary even of the Scandinavian women (Hedda Gabler, Rebecca Rosmer, Asta Allmers) whom the poetic genius of Ibsen created when the Slav heroines of Dostoyevsky and Turgenev were growing stale. On what woman will the light of the poet's mind now shine? Perhaps at last on the Celt. Vain question. Curl the hair how you will and undo it again as you will (*E*: 157).

[36] In *The Future* II, 11 (November 1918).

Pound's basic argument, however, was that contemporary theatre audiences were not yet ready for the demands Joyce was making of them (not unlike many contemporary readers of his short stories and, particularly, his novels). This would undoubtedly have stirred the glow of 'non serviam' within him.

As we can see from Pound's comment about the "continental post-Ibsen influence", the critical commonplace concerning *Exiles*' Ibsenite debt dates back virtually to its origins. This question has received detailed discussion from various writers and from different viewpoints over the years[37], so it is not my intention to dwell on it extensively here. Nonetheless, a brief something should be said about what the play shares and does not share with Ibsen's work in general, before moving on to other issues.

When critics argue that *Exiles* is basically a play of lifeless characters overburdened by ideas, they frequently allocate responsibility for this to the negative influence of "the old master" (*OCPW*: 52). It can certainly be argued that the young Joyce was certainly over-zealous and somewhat confused at times in his adherence to what he believed he saw in Ibsen. In 1900, the Norwegian was praised for creating plays that "do not depend for their interest on the action, or on the incidents. Even the characters, faultlessly drawn though they be, are not the first thing in his plays." The idea, "the perception of a great truth, or the opening up of a great question" was the thing (*OCPW*: 45). He nevertheless went on to argue that these characters "may be bores, but the drama in which they live and move is invariably powerful" (*Ibid.*: 47). It is therefore neither the action (or "incidents"), nor the characters which are of prime

[37] In his introduction to the play, Padraic Colum argued that critics "have noted that *Exiles* has the shape of an Ibsen play and have discounted it as being the derivative work of a young admirer of the great Scandinavian dramatist." However, "in *Exiles* the situations, being motivated by a Catholic and not a Protestant conscience, are different from the situations in an Ibsen play" (*E*: 7-8).

important in Ibsen. That doesn't really leave anything else through which the theme or "great question" can be 'opened up'. This suggests some confusion which, as we have seen, was not untypical of his early critical writing; and which perhaps still hadn't been clarified by the time he wrote *Exiles*. Challenging though "Circe" often is, its electrifying balance between "powerful" characters and "incidents" show that Joyce would resolve this confusing dichotomy of his own making in a unique manner.

Such a resolution, however, implying a full release from Ibsenite ideas would only come later. The parallel with the Norwegian's 'New Drama', *When We Dead Awaken* is long established (e.g. Gorman (1939) 1971: 104), with the plot of both plays deriving, almost too neatly,[38] from blurred boundaries in the relationships between an artist and his wife (or common law partner) and another couple. The two groups of characters in each play, however, have little in common. Richard is an artist whose career seems to be just beginning; Rubek has come to the end of his, and has to deal with the possibility that he has been a failure both as an artist and as a man. The drama in the Ibsen is inextricably linked to the fact Rubek is an artist; in *Exiles*, Richard's problem has only the faintest connection to his production as a writer.[39] If he were the milkman giving Archie a ride in the morning – with the same attitude towards sexual fidelity – his predicament would be the same. Similarly, whilst Robert and Ulfheim[40] are sensual

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[38] Harry Levin argued that without "skilful characterisation" it ran "the danger of becoming mechanical" (Levin (1948) 1963: 253).

[39] Comments such as Robert's "You have made her all that she is" and Richard's "I tried to give her a new life" (*E*: 83) do conjure up the artist Pygmalion and his Galatea, of course. Whilst Bertha's own complaint "Do you think I am a stone?" would appear to enhance this idea; the womanly, almost maternal pride of "I made him a man", spoken a few lines later (*E*: 128) seems to claim something of Pygmalion for herself, as Suzanne Henke has noted (Henke 1990: 96). If we look into the mirror of these statements, we may see the reverse situation of Rubek and Irene reflected. Nevertheless, this is not the issue on which the main drama in *Exiles* is centred.

[40] Possibly an example of the "bores" described above. Joyce was presumably using the word in the now rather old fashioned sense of unsophisticated and slightly brutish.

beings, their essential character and attitude to their 'rival' and life in general could hardly be more different. Finally, when Bertha and Beatrice are compared to Ibsen's more obviously assertive women, Maia and Irene, there is no doubt about "the incertitude[41] of the two female characters" (*E*: 155) in *Exiles*.

According to the Joyce of "Ibsen's New Drama", the setting of *Exiles* is not in keeping with late Ibsen: "One cannot but observe in Ibsen's later work ["since *Hedda Gabler*"] a tendency to get out of closed rooms" (*OCPW*: 47). Nevertheless, as noted above, the bourgeois circumstances of the characters in *Exiles* are very much so. Moreover, *Exiles* presents a small group of characters and the ensuing psychological battle between them, highlighting the theme of moral freedom. There is a strong emphasis is laid on the effects of the past with the main or defining action often having taken place before the play actually begins (as in *Ghosts* or *John Gabriel Borkman*). The real action in *Exiles* has, of course, already happened when Joyce invites us into Merrion's "green plush" (*E*: 13). The action of the play is based on consequences: those of the exile to Rome and those involving the circumstances of the decision to return to Dublin.

These consequences are inextricably linked with the idea of adultery and the problems of sexual fidelity in marriage, along with the real or potential sexual entanglements of the four characters and the crisis provoked by possible seduction. All of these themes and situations are generally absent from Ibsen's plays (Capt. Alving's past promiscuity in *Ghosts* and what amounts to a kind of sexual paralysis in Hedda Gabler being the major exceptions). Joyce told Arthur Power that:

[41] A phrase which brings to mind Stephen's statement "that no-one served the generation into which he had been born so well as he who offered it, whether in his art or in his life, the gift of certitude" (*SH*: 72). When the play closes, it is clear that not just Bertha and Beatrice but, in fact, none of the characters has been offered this "gift". Each remains with his or her own particular "deep wound of doubt" (*E*: 144).

> a writer must maintain a continual struggle against the objective: that is his function. The eternal qualities are the imagination and the sexual instinct, and the formal life tries to suppress both. Out of this present conflict arise the phenomena of modern life (Power (1974) 1999: 86).

He might well have been talking about the central "conflict" in *Exiles*. Furthermore, and unlike Borkman for example, Richard does not commit the unforgivable sin in Ibsen of the mercenary marriage. In this respect, the Joyce of *Exiles* has clearly moved away somewhat from Ibsen since the lost *A Brilliant Career*, in which a woman is abandoned for a public career and reappears to confront the successful figure.

A final significant difference lies in the nature of *Exiles*' ending. It is certainly true that Ibsen leaves some matters unresolved and his audience with questions (*An Enemy of the People*, *The Wild Duck* and *Little Eyolf* certainly do so, to differing degrees). However, most of his later plays finish conspicuously more conclusively than Joyce's and many finish on a significantly more dramatic note: Rubek and Irene, Rosmer and Rebecca, Borkman, Hedda and Solness die; syphilis softens Oswald's brain; Ellida stays and Nora leaves. In his review of Pinter's celebrated production, which stood out in critical ranks as being unfavourable, Nicholas de Jongh wrote praising the play itself as "an early example of interior drama which treats profound and personal emotion realistically: no towers or vine leaves, no crutches or mountain tops".[42]

Good reviews of *Exiles*, however, generally suggest "that the play itself is unusually dependent upon acting and directing skills to be effective" (MacNicholas

[42] *The Spectator*, 227, 16th October 1971.

1981: 22).[43] There is a suggestion that Joyce sensed the possible need for enhancement through performance when advising future directors and actors that:

> In the last act (or second) Robert can also suggest that he knew from the first that Richard was aware of his conduct and that he himself was being watched and that he persisted because he had to and because he wished to see to what length Richard's silent forbearance would go (*E*: 156).

What would probably strike professional practitioners most here is Joyce's apparent lack of practical stage experience. How exactly might an actor go about wordlessly conveying all of that? It would certainly represent the sort of "severe (…) test" that Huebsch mentioned. Perhaps attempting to facilitate matters in such areas, Joyce went on to confess, in what seems more like a note to himself, that:

> The dialogue notes prepared are altogether too diffuse. They must be sifted in the sieve of the action. Possibly the best way to do this is to draft off the next act (II) letting the characters express themselves. It is not necessary to bind them to the expressions in the notes (*E*: 157).

This point, taking us back to Huebsch's belief that, in *Exiles*, "[y]ou cannot walk through those parts – you have to act or fail" (Beach (1959) 1991: 168) is clearly shown

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[43]Although Katherine J. Worth, for example, felt reading *Exiles* was unrewarding, she found Pinter's production a moving experience. Having verified that he had scrupulously followed Joyce's text and, concerning the stage directions, made sure "to bind [the actors] to the expressions in the notes" (*E*:157), she says that "[o]ne notices the importance of pauses and silences in the text after having seen the production, but it would be easy to overlook them without that help." "Joyce via Pinter", in *Revolutions in Modern English Drama* (1973), London, G. Bell & Sons, pp. 46-48, quoted by MacNicholas (MacNicholas 1981: 19).

In Paul Taylor's article for *The Independent*, 1st August 2006, James Macdonald, who directed the play at the National Theatre, London, suggested simply that *Exiles* is so rarely performed because "it's a difficult read. It plays a lot better than it reads." Vincent Dowling, who directed the first (and generally well-received) Irish production, in 1973, at the Peacock Theatre, Dublin, had also found the play "a stiff, intellectual, non-theatrical piece" when he first read it in the 1950s. On reading it again in 1973, however, he found that "[h]ere was emotional conflict indeed" (Dowling 1990: 147-8).

through the contrasting reviews of two productions by *The Times'* theatre critic, Irving Wardle.

In his review (one of the very few) of Zack Walton's 1967 production Wardle, lamenting what he saw as Joyce confined by the Ibsen "straitjacket", argued that "[*Exiles*] is an inert and hardly speakable exercise that conveys neither [Joyce's] comic range nor his exploration of the unspoken".[44] The second production received far more attention. This was Harold Pinter's 1970 "landmark production" (Billington 1996: 211) at the Mermaid Theatre, which Wardle praised as showing "the kind of insight which only one creative artist can perform in the service of another."[45] He also argued that:

> *Exiles* is customarily dismissed as an unsatisfactory exercise in the Ibsen manner. That view is demolished by the Mermaid production which banishes the shade of Ibsen and reveals an extraordinary affinity between Joyce and Pinter (…) An Ibsenite play could well be fashioned from this material, showing the jaws of the past engaging on the present. But that is not Joyce's way: there remain large areas of mystery, and a complete indifference to finding neat solutions (…) The characters have practically have no room for manoeuvre; they weigh every word they speak, and make not one superfluous gesture. Very little happens, but the effect is one of intense passion, fear, and danger.[46]

This change of opinion about the play – in the space of three years it had gone from being "an inert and hardly speakable exercise" to being a text in which "[v]ery little happens, but the effect is one of intense passion, fear, and danger" – can only be due to the differences between the two productions.

This tendency can also be seen in reviews of the most recent major staging of the play: James Macdonald's production for the National Theatre in London, in 2006. Craig Raine, in a lengthy article for the *Times Literary Supplement*, called *Exiles* "a deceptive

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[44] *The Times*, 22nd April 1967.

[45] B. A. Young went further: "Mr Pinter has grafted on to Joyce's fundamentally unconversational dialogue ... something of his own, orchestrating the talk with beautifully judged pauses that bring out its nuances effectively" *The Financial Times*, 13th November 1970.

[46] *The Times*, 13th November 1970.

play. It feels simple only because its exposition, its build-up, is so steady, so gradual. This is a dramatic sleight. In fact, it is thick with absorbing complication.” For Raine, it is “a bold, patient play that, for the most part, is written in a level, clear – and shocking – whisper”; and Macdonald’s production – “brilliantly calm, quietly acted, subtly paced” – did “thorough justice to (…) Joyce’s muted tone”.[47]

Susannah Clapp, on the other hand, began her review for *The Observer* with “James Joyce's only play is getting its first London production since Harold Pinter directed it 36 years ago. James Macdonald's staging is exquisite (…) but it shows all too clearly why the play is rarely performed.” Like Wardle in 1967, “as drama” she found the play “inert”:

> The great tumble of words which in Joyce’s fiction mingles description and talk, inner and outer landscapes, is here cut up into dialogue that’s as clogging and elaborate as a sequence of prose poems. Events are anticipated, enacted and then dissected: why write a play rather than a novel if the action does nothing but creep along, showing what is said?

Macdonald’s “rendering” is praised but, and unable to resist a Nora-based pun, Clapp ends her review by proclaiming that “the play itself is a Barnacle on Joyce's bum”.[48]

One of the reasons for the generally uneven nature, to say the least, of *Exiles*’ reception is that both critics and audiences have often found it too much of “a densely written cerebral drama”.[49] According to the minutes of the Irish Literary Society meeting in 1899, at which Yeats’ lectured in support of introducing a more Scandinavian type of theatre to Ireland, the poet seemed unwittingly to provide some

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[47] *The Times Literary Supplement*, 9th August 2006.

[48] *The Observer*, 6th August 2006.

[49] An expression actually used by Nicholas de Jongh to praise *Exiles* in *The Spectator*, 227, 16th October 1971.

defence for Joyce's decidedly 'unmodern' modern drama in its future troubles with theatre critics:

> The modern drama was all action, the ancient drama was all words about action. Nothing at all happened in many of the greatest Greek plays, and it was Hamlet's soliloquies and not his duel that were of chief importance in the play.[50]

Roughly seven years later, however, and still several before *Exiles* was written (and rejected by him), Yeats was even more deeply involved in Irish folk tales and the work of Lady Gregory and Synge in particular. This is implicitly reflected in an essay entitled "The Play of Modern Manners", in which he wrote that:

> [O]f all the artistic forms that have had a large share of the world's attention the worst is the play about modern educated people. Except where it is superficial or deliberately argumentative it fills one's soul with a sense of commonness as with dust. It has one mortal ailment. It cannot become impassioned, that is to say vital, without making somebody gushing and sentimental. Educated and well-bred people do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves and they have no artistic and charming language (…) and no powerful language at all, and when they are deeply moved they look silently into the fireplace.[51] (…) Ibsen understood the difficulty and made all his characters a little provincial (…) The happiest writers are those that (…) keeping to the surface, never show anything but the arguments and the persiflage of daily observation (Yeats (1907) 1970: 16-18).

He continued his disparagement of plays "about modern educated people" in "Has the Drama of Contemporary Life a Root of its Own", from the same collection, arguing that they suffered from "meagre language" and "action crushed into the limits of possibility" (Yeats (1907) 1970: 18).

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[50] *Irish Literary Society Gazette*, March 1899, reproduced in Pierce 2000: 51.

[51] *Exiles* has a fireplace but at least no one looks silently into it (and not just because the play is set in the summer). Yeats went on to argue that "[t]he novel of contemporary educated life [like *A Portrait*, for example, a work in progress at the time] is (…) a permanent form because having the power of psychological description it can follow the thought of a man who is looking into the grate" (Yeats (1907) 1970: 18).

Quite what Yeats' meant by "artistic and charming language" is debatable, although the journalistic suavity of Robert Hand comes to mind as a possible example. However, no-one in *Exiles* could really be accused of being "gushing and sentimental". Critics and audiences, however, may well have been generally more receptive had those characters worn "their hearts upon their sleeves" in a more conventional manner. Joyce, though, was still unprepared to be, in his view, "the artist making terms with the rabblement" (*OCPW*: 50).

In addition to debate over its language and action, an area that has made *Exiles* "an awkward play"[52] for some is that of form. *Giacomo Joyce* and "Circe" raise questions more obviously in this field but classifying *Exiles* has also created some perplexity. Did Joyce, some critics have implicitly asked, know exactly what kind of play he was writing?

Some time after the publication and success of *Ulysses*, Joyce would tell Arthur Power that "[d]rama is the art of significant action and except you are Shakespeare you should not attempt to smother it in language (…) Ibsen's dialogue is always slim and purposeful" (Power (1974) 1999: 45). For Padraic Colum, when Joyce was writing *Exiles* he had yet to practise what he later preached. A rather ambivalent admirer of the play, Colum saw it as "a series of confessions" in which the dialogue, rather than being "slim and purposeful", "has the dryness of recitals in the confessional" (*E*: 10). Confession is not just a theme but is also transformed into a device in Joyce's theatrical exploration. It is this device that has brought accusations that the play is, for example, "intangible and undramatic"[53]. As if consciously taking Yeats' words of 1899 as a warning, Joyce's "modern drama" refused to be "all action". Like "the ancient drama", it would be "all words about action." Believing that "it was Hamlet's soliloquies and not

[52] *The Guardian*, 19th November 1970.

[53] *New York Times*, 14th March 1957.

his duel that were of chief importance in the play"[54], Joyce would make his "modern educated people", talkers rather than doers. Only Archie, as he "scrambles" in through windows (*E*: 27, 141), and goes off joyfully on the milkman's round (*E*: 117) seems able to balance words and actions. The others seem to be in danger of having taken their adult wordiness too far, of having forgotten their childlike "simplicity" (*E*: 64) which only Bertha, partially, seems to have retained: the adults may have all the ideas, but Archie has all the life. Confessions, concerned as they are with past events, turn actions into words, drama into narrative as those events are recalled. This 'confessional' approach to experience – words before actions – dominates all these "modern (…) people" (Yeats (1907) 1970: 16).[55]

This necessarily leads us back to Pound's comment that "most of the (…) excellences of this play [are] purely novelist's excellences" (Pound (1967) 1970: 50). Pound doesn't go into details about what he means but his comment raises the issue of creative tension between theatricality[56] (more often than the dramatic[57]) and narrative form in the play. These characters confess and reflect on the past. Basically, they tell stories rather than carry out actions. Such obsessive reflection on the narrative of their previous lives seems to prevent them from fully performing in the present; with drama naturally inhibited by such narrative intrusion. Here Joyce is deliberately subverting convention and refusing to satisfy the expectations of an audience, who have come to

[54] See footnote 50 in this chapter.

[55] Including Molly Bloom, as we shall see later in "Penelope".

[56] As Patrice Pavis argues, the term 'theatricality' is "overly general (…) it covers too much ground" (Pavis 1998: 395). When directly or implicitly contrasted with 'dramatic', I shall be using 'theatrical' solely in its pejorative sense, as defined by Pavis, as something that "[a]ims for an easy, i. e. artificial and affected, effect on the spectator" (*Ibid.*: 394).

[57] I use 'dramatic' in its basic sense of an event that "unfolds before us, in an immediate present (…) confined to exceptional moments of human activity (crises, passions) (…) with the illusion of real action (Pavis 1998: 114).

see an example of "the art of significant action". This also affects spectator-character relations, and nowhere more apparently than with Richard. As he attempts to set himself up as the director of proceedings and manipulator of emotions, whilst maintaining his own 'artistic distance', the spectator is prevented, or at least inhibited from fulfilling part of the traditional dramatic 'contract': establishing a bond with the protagonist[58]. In this respect, Richard is more of a would-be epic character, in the Brechtian sense of making the spectator constantly aware of the theatrical artifice[59], than a dramatic schemer.

As Edna O'Brien has noted, Bertha "is no Hedda Gabler, no schemer, she does not pitch one man against the other, credulous to the idea that she can bring them closer

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[58] Richard's real or affected coldness may owe something to Joyce's idea of Parnell. In his article, "The Shade of Parnell" (16th May, 1912), Joyce mentions several aspects – not least ideas of betrayal and adultery – that he would, perhaps unconsciously, make use of when writing *Exiles* and developing Richard's character in particular. Perhaps Joyce also saw Richard (or, more likely, Richard saw himself) as an "uncrowned king" with "mild, proud, silent and disconsolate sovereignty"? (*OCPW*: 194). He talks of Parnell's "cold, polite behaviour" and claimed that "[n]either praise nor criticism perturbed the forlorn serenity of his character"

Finding a parallel with Richard's proclaimed beliefs in total liberty in "Parnell's tactic (…) to avail himself of any one of the English parties, Liberals or Conservatives, according to his pleasure" may be going too far. Joyce makes Gladstone's Liberalism, however, sound like Robert's manoeuvrings: reacting to "the political pressure of the moment" in search of "personal advantage". Both men seem to have "an elastic quality" (*OCPW*: 193-4).

Parnell's fall from his "quaint-perched aerie" through betrayal was the subject of a poem by the nine year old Joyce. "Et Tu, Healy" (*PSW*: 71) is his earliest surviving piece of writing. The older Joyce's talk of Parnell's Christ-like "hour of need" and sadness at being "betrayed" by his "disciple" in the Irish Parliamentary Party, Tim Healy (*OCPW*: 196) are echoed, respectively, in "A Distinguished Irishman" (*E*: 126), much to Richard's chagrin, and in some verbal fencing between Robert and him (*E*: 51).

Finally, despite the apparent contrast with Richard's "deep wound of doubt" (*E*: 144); "[t]o have fought until the very end with this desolating certainty [of ultimate betrayal] in his soul is his first and greatest claim to nobility" would be an epitaph Richard, in his self-appointed martyr's role, would be unlikely to reject (*OCPW*: 196).

[59] Richard probably sees himself in the role of the epic theatre narrator who "is not caught up in the action, but retains full freedom of manoeuvre to observe and comment on it" (Pavis 1998: 114).

together".[60] Initially, she appears to have become fairly accustomed to what seems like the verbalisation of their relationship's every detail. Nonetheless, as a being based on emotions and actions ("I do things" (*E*: 94) she says) rather than on concepts and thoughts, she struggles against this seemingly exclusive narrativity; eventually crying out in frustration, if only to Beatrice, (and ironically seeming to pre-echo a certain tradition of *Exiles*' reviewers) "Ideas and ideas!" (*E*: 128). When she finally attempts tells Richard "[y]ou do not understand anything in me – not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger!" (*E*: 133); our expectations are that the high point of the play, the crucial confrontation is about to take place. That, however, would imply decisive acting for Richard; and so the moment comes to nothing. It passes by as, effectively, just another piece of narration; another confession that no-one engages with and transforms into part of a fully dramatic dialogue. Joyce deliberately delays the climax the spectator thought had arrived. Robert enters and Richard returns, of course, to his study. Bertha does not follow him. Would Hedda have allowed Lövborg, let alone Tesman, to walk away from her so, at such a moment? In *Exiles*, however, this is far from unusual, as we shall see later. When it comes to genuine confrontational action the main characters here, like Giacomo Joyce, have all developed their own avoidance strategies. Unlike, Giacomo's however, the strategies of these 'exiles' are more often narrative-based than dramatic.

Richard attempts to eliminate all artificiality, all theatricality, from his life. Everything is immediately textualised; transformed into that over which he feels he has most control: words. Nonetheless, his attempts through this 'confessional narrative' to

[60] *The Guardian*, 29th July 2006.

attain the impersonal creation Joyce argued was the mark of the dramatic medium[61] is never fully achieved.

Even inclining towards narrative, there is often a theatricality (rather than drama) to these confessions. In narrating his Roman infidelity, for example, Richard's comment – when "lost in thought" – that in confessing to Bertha he "was feeding the flame of her innocence with my guilt" has a theatricality stemming from the artificially lyrical quality of personal emotion he was seeking to suppress: the potentially contagious artificiality of Robert's journalism which flows over into his life, and which Richard would keep at a remove.

Just as Richard never fully achieves the control over events he desires, nor is completely triumphant in "mastering his emotions" (*E*: 88)[62], so the flicker of the theatrical within the confessional narrative is never quite extinguished. Robert is, in a sense, Richard's "disciple" (*E*: 51) in this respect too. His story-telling concerning the cottage and even his account of events on the night before he departs into (temporary) exile are, whilst being narratives, performances nonetheless.

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[61] See *OCPW*: 103, *SH*: 72 and *P*: 194 for the variations on this idea.

[62] When it is clear that Robert has commenced the 'battle', Richard's studied calm vanishes, if only briefly:

> RICHARD: (Bounding to his feet): O yes! Quite clear!
>
> BERTHA: What?
>
> RICHARD: (Striding to and fro): A liar, a thief, and a fool! Quite clear! A common thief! What else? (With a harsh laugh) My great friend! A patriot too! A thief – nothing else! (He halts, thrusting his hands into his pockets.) But a fool also!
>
> BERTHA: (Looking at him) What are you going to do?
>
> RICHARD: (Shortly): Follow him. Find him. Tell him. (Calmly) A few words will do. Thief and fool (*E*: 62).

Hand is a "well-trained animal" (*E*: 133)[63] for whom borrowing other people's words has become as much of a habit as, perhaps, borrowing other people's wives (or partners). His clichéd gestures and language bring a broad but hollow theatricality to his acts and urges. This is never more evident than when a declaration to Richard that could basically be expressed as "I want to sleep with Bertha even if she is your wife. Will you let me?" is, "[w]ith growing excitement", elaborately transformed into a quasi-supernatural challenge:

> A battle of both our souls, different as they are, against all that is false in them and in the world. A battle of your soul against the spectre of fidelity, of mine against the spectre of friendship. All life is a conquest, the victory of human passion over the commandments of cowardice. Will you, Richard? Have you the courage? Even if it shatters to atoms the friendship between us, even if it breaks up for ever the last illusion in your own life? There was an eternity before we were born: another will come after we are dead. The blinding instant of passion alone – passion, free, unashamed, irresistible – that is the only gate by which we can escape from the misery of what slaves call life. Is not this the language of your own youth that I heard so often from you in this very place where we are sitting now? Have you changed? (*E*: 88)

As a persuasive tactic, he also admits that he is borrowing "the language" of Richard's "youth". When 'confessing' to future adultery with your friend's 'wife', why not confess to present possession of his words too? What does it matter when it's all wrapped up in "the spectre of" mumbo-jumbo?

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[63] Joyce, who had been at least partly driven by economics to do some journalism on Ireland and Irish matters in this period, probably enjoyed satirising the nature of Robert's 'professionalism'. Some idea of his journalism is given by the exchange immediately following Robert's assertion that Bertha is not Richard's equal, in which he attempts a kind of editorial retraction:

> ROBERT: Excuse me, Richard, that is not my opinion nor my language. I am simply using the language of people whose opinions I don't share.
>
> RICHARD: Writing one of your leading articles, in fact.
>
> ROBERT: Put it so (*E*: 45).

Richard, on the other hand, uses language to focus (with some aggrandisement too, at times[64]) and hone the simplicity of both his confessions and his response to those of others. In answering Robert's 'battle cry', he states: "Together no. Fight your part alone. I will not free you. Leave me to fight mine" (*E*: 88). These controlled but impassioned nineteen syllables suggest something, obviously quite unwittingly, of the condensed allusiveness of Basho and his school. If Robert is, as we shall see, often operatic, pseudo-Wagnerian, in his language and pose, it may not be too fanciful to see Richard vainly desiring events to unfold in charged, haiku-like simplicity. Such matters, however, are anything but simple in Joyce's "three cat and mouse acts" (*E*: 155).

Richard follows the course of events and even oversees the meeting with Bertha in 'their' cottage. He is not, however, their actual author:

> BERTHA: (...) He wrote the address for me.
> (She (…) returns to him with the slip of paper.)
> RICHARD: (Half to himself) Our cottage.
> BERTHA: (Hands him the slip) Here.
> RICHARD: (Reads it) Yes. Our cottage.
> BERTHA: Your...?
> RICHARD: No, his. I call it ours. (Looking at her) The cottage I told you about so often – that we had the two keys for, he and I. It is his now (*E*: 60-1).

This slightly blurred area of ownership extends to the plan for what is to take place within the cottage: the plan and location are basically Robert's but Richard has invested

[64] Brigid tells Bertha that, when younger, if Richard "had to meet a grand highup person he'd be twice as grand himself" (*E*: 115). That area of the 'language of his youth' has not been completely abandoned:

> ROBERT: (…) I saw the vice-chancellor this morning. He has the highest opinion of you, Richard. He has read your book, he said.
> RICHARD: Did he buy it or borrow it?
> ROBERT: Bought it, I hope.
> RICHARD: I shall smoke a cigarette. Thirty-seven copies have now been sold in Dublin. (He takes a cigarette from the box on the table, and lights it.)
> ROBERT: (Suavely, hopelessly): Well, the matter is closed for the present. You have your iron mask on today (*E*: 43-4).

in both. His major struggle is to make his investment in the current situation an intellectual rather than emotional one. When Skeffington once asked Joyce if he had ever been in love, he replied:

> How would I write the most perfect love songs of our time if I were in love? (…) A poet must always write about a past or future emotion, never about a present one. If it is a regular, right-down, honest-to-God, 'till-death-us-two-part' affair, it will get out of hand and spoil his verse. Poetry must have a safety valve properly adjusted. A poet's job is to write tragedies, not to be an actor in one (*MBK*, (1958) 1982: 155).

This is the attitude Richard attempts to take in relation to the unfolding events. Furthermore, by verbalising the ambiguity he feels over Bertha's fidelity, he probably feels he is securing "the greater power in holding people together"[65]. We know that Richard guiltily wishes to be openly betrayed by her, not "secretly, meanly and craftily" (*E*: 87). This is a strangely deceptive echo of Stephen's "silence, exile and cunning" (*P*: 222); and Dedalus' motto could quite possibly sum up Richard's view of his state and adopted tactics in Merrion.[66]

Confessions are made in order to gain forgiveness or, at least sympathy; and, in a non-religious context, often in the expectation of provoking a dramatic reaction of some

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[65] See footnote 17 in this chapter.

[66] This might not just be an idiosyncratic moral stance but also a "cunning" means of storing up material for his future writing. It was certainly suggested about Richard's creator.

When Joyce was in Dublin with his son Giorgio, in 1909, Vincent Cosgrave told him that he had been seeing Nora at the same time as Joyce in 1904. This led to anguished, accusing letters from Joyce to Nora in Trieste (*SL*: 157-9). Joyce, however, soon found out it was a "blasted lie" from J. F. Byrne (*SL*: 159). See also *JJ*: 160 and 279 on Cosgrave's attempts first to win Nora and then to ruin her relationship with Joyce. Nevertheless, it seemed to Nora at one stage that 'Jim' (with Vincent Cosgrave forgotten, it seems) wanted her "to go with other men," as she tearfully told Frank Budgen, in 1918, so he'd "have something to write about" (Budgen in *Myselves When Young* 1970, OUP: 188, quoted in *JJ*: 445). Ellmann, however, also quotes a letter from Nora to Joyce, from the same interim period between the publication and first production of *Exiles*, addressed 'Dear Cuckold' which, he argues, "indicates that it had now become a marital game to tease him about a subject once inexpressibly tender" (*Ibid.*: 445). The fact that Joyce, presumably, no longer took such a possibility seriously allowed him greater artistic distance when it came to Bloom and Molly, as Kenner suggested (see footnote 34 in this chapter).

kind. They are always primarily about 'I'. Ego is certainly at the centre of all the confessions we witness in the play and Vicki Mahaffey has argued that "*Exiles* relentlessly exhumes the self-interest buried in conventions of love and friendship" (Mahaffey 1990: 200).

As with, for example, *The Observer* reviewer, Susannah Clapp, who was disappointed in her expectation of something more akin to the "great tumble of words which in Joyce's fiction mingles description and talk, inner and outer landscapes"[67], Mahaffey goes on to argue that "critical assessments of the promise or disappointment of the play" depend largely on our expectations and "that is fundamentally what the play itself is about: the discovery that betrayal is only meaningful in response to a prior expectation" (*Ibid.*: 201)[68]. Indeed, all the major characters seem disappointed in their expectations of others and, in some cases, of themselves: Beatrice did not expect Richard's actions to have such an effect on her; whatever expectations she and Robert had when getting engaged were obviously disappointed or false to begin with; Bertha is wrong about Beatrice's relationship with Richard and about the effect her behaviour

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[67] *The Observer*, 6th August 2006.

[68] Pinter took this idea even further in *Betrayal* which begins with the resolution and works backwards, reversing the conventional focus of expectations: we know how things end, but how did they begin? Billington also talks of a thematic connection between Joyce and Pinter who, immediately after directing Exiles "a play which deals with the omnipresence of past moral conventions", wrote *Old Times*, which "shows how we create the past as a weapon of psychological domination" (Billington 1996: 205-6). *Old Times*, first performed in June 1971, also deals with two people (Anna and Deeley) competing for a third (Kate) in circumstances in which 'the truth' is continually called into question. Indeed, Anna's statement that "[t]here are things I remember which may never have happened but as I recall them so they take place" (Pinter 1971: 32) carries an echo of Robert's "And that is the truth – a dream? (…) In all my life only that dream is real. I forget the rest" (*E*: 135-6)[68]. Billington goes on to argue that the Joyce play "also planted seeds which were to germinate many years later in *Betrayal*" (Billington 1996:211) in which the lover, Jerry, ultimately feels he has been more deceived than deceiving. It is perhaps more of an ironic nod to Joyce than a coincidence that Pinter's 'betrayed' husband is called Robert; and who, as a publisher, works with words as commodities.

towards Robert will have on Richard; Robert fails to interpret and predict Richard and Bertha's actions and reactions; and Richard, more than by anything or anyone else, is betrayed in his expectations by the effect his own 'mousetrap' has on him.

Just as the characters do not always meet each other's expectations during the course of the play; another disturbing factor, as suggested above, is the play's (or Joyce's) refusal to meet the expectations of the audience or reader. Perhaps most problematic of all for spectators is the fact that responsibility for any ultimate judgement is placed firmly in their hands: "the doubt which clouds the end of the play" (*E*: 157) envelops characters and audience alike. J. C. Trewin wrote that "Joyce ends on a deliberate note of doubt, and presumably we are to come from the theatre in energetic discussion." A dissenting critical voice, as far as *Exiles* was concerned, Trewin would not be among that discussion group: "would this talkative play be analysed so closely if it were the work of an untried James Finnegan?"[69] Of course there are also expectations about an author; and, sometimes, they are disappointed too.

Similarly to their audience, as Colum argued, "Bertha, Beatrice Justice and Robert Hand have been taken, as Richard Rowan took himself, beyond the accepted moralities and to where they have to make choices for themselves" (*E*: 7). As Bertha "closes her eyes" (*E*: 145), we clearly see that the "luminous certitude (…) or an illusion as luminous" (*E*: 79) of the past has faded before the "incertitude and scepticism" (*E*: 157) of the present. The often inarticulate, certainly incomplete, confessions of these exiles "in all their loneliness and pain" (Yeats (1962) 1974: 56) began "before they came onto the stage and will go on (…) just as dramatically after they have left it" (Power (1974) 1999: 85).

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[69] *The Illustrated London News*, 257, 28th November 1970.

This, I believe, is "the main 'point'" that Pound was worried "would not come over the footlights" (Pound (1967) 1970: 142). He told his readers to remember that "all the real problems of life are *insoluble* and that the real dramatist will be the man with a mind in search; he will grope for his answer and (…) his groping will be the keener, the more far-reaching, the more conscious, or at least the more articulate" (*Ibid.*: 56, my italics).

Is a final "note of doubt", however, such an unusual aspect of Joyce's work? Bernard Benstock, for example, wrote of "an inconclusiveness that is characteristic of almost all of Joyce's narrative closures" (Benstock 1984: 373). Certainly, if we look at *Dubliners*, most of the stories come to unresolved or at least ambiguous endings. *A Portrait* seems to come to a decisive conclusion, although we may suspect that Stephen's plan of "silence exile and cunning" may not be the all purpose artistic remedy that he believes it is. In *A Portrait*, we have seen each chapter end with an apparent solution to a problem, only for a new problem to arise in the following one[70]. Is there any reason to believe that Stephen's final choice will be more definitive? *A Portrait* does not conclude with a general resolution of all conflict, it concludes by completing its revelation of Stephen as a young man, still trying to find his way. Suspicions about the success of Stephen's plans are indeed confirmed in "Telemachus", where we see that not only are his basic problems unresolved but have, maintaining the *Portrait*

[70] This rhythm of question – answer – new question can be very briefly summarised as follows: in chapter one, young Stephen is faced with how to deal with the world of adult power through politics and religion. His brave stance before the rector, however, seems a significant approach towards resolution. In chapter two, Stephen has become a brilliant student but, having reached puberty, is increasingly subject to carnal desires. Resolution is at hand in the form of a prostitute. Chapter three sees Stephen plagued by guilt, due to his such visits to prostitutes. He seeks to resolve this problem at his school's religious retreat. In chapter four, the solution of entering the priesthood is considered but ultimately rejected; with university becoming the next answer on Stephen's list. As chapter five, and the novel, comes to a close, university has been found wanting and Dedalus prepares to become an artist abroad.

‘rhythm’, even been added to in the form of his mother’s death. *Ulysses* sees Bloom and Stephen ending the day in pretty much the same general state as they began it; and in *Finnegans Wake* attempts to resolve are faced with acts that revolve, as things simply start again, and again.

Though belonging to a different universe in so many respects, *Exiles* actually has a certain *Wake*-like quality to it, in the sense that the central situation, the relationship between Richard and Bertha, ends virtually where it began as the “culmination of their tensions brings the Rowans to a stasis in a drama marked by its non-tragedy, a drama of convalescence” (Benstock 1984: 376).[71] Nothing much has happened in the play except for the partial and essentially acting-out of long-established repressed conflicts continued more intensely when the exiles returned but still effectively unresolved (acting, as we have seen, is not these ‘narrators’ strong point). Nothing has changed significantly, and even Richard determines that, despite his “deep wound of doubt”, nothing much will change for a while. Joyce, perhaps deliberately leading us astray, attributed “mental paralysis” solely to Bertha (*E*: 147) but Richard’s “wound” – as he lies “inert”– is the paralysing effect of ‘doubt’, a paralysis which even supposedly prevents the ‘act’ of despair. With genuine action now more of an impossibility than ever, theatricality surges again in Richard’s “I will remain. It is too soon yet to despair” (*E*: 143). Beatrice responds in kind, her own form of theatricality cementing the bond between them.

This bond is strengthened by yet another distorted theatrical echo. Although we shall meet other “ghosts in the mirror” (*GJ*: 6) before we arrive there, Synge is the last to appear in the text. The end of *Exiles* is a subdued, almost drained version of the close

[71] There is a certain irony here in the fact that Beatrice Justice, to some extent the forgotten character in *Exiles*, provides the key vocabulary for Benstock’s formulation (*E*: 21).

of *The Playboy of the Western World*:[72] two three act plays featuring male characters making their way in the world through the power of words rather than actions.[73] The focus in this parallel, however, falls largely on the main female characters, as we remind ourselves of how the two plays come to a conclusion: Christy, Pegeen Mike's supposed lover, leaves victoriously; preparing to "go romancing through a romping lifetime". Shawn, her originally intended partner, has no doubt about their long term future and is looking forward to a conventional marriage. He has suffered a wound but all will be well, when Christy's "vicious bite is healed". Pegeen gives him "a box on the ear" demands he "quit [her] sight" and breaks "out into wild lamentations":

> Oh, my grief, I've lost him surely! I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World!" (Synge (1907) 1958: 167)

Once more in Joyce, the parallels are ironically set: Robert, Bertha's supposed lover, leaves defeated. Richard, her original partner, casts some doubt on their long term future but remains. He has suffered a "wound" which "tires" him and "can never be healed". "He stretches himself out wearily along the lounge. Bertha holds his hand" and speaks "very softly" to him:

> Forget me, Dick. Forget me and love me again as you did the first time. I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him. You, Dick. O, my strange wild lover, come back to me again!
> (She closes her eyes) (*E*: 145).

[72] Joseph Holloway reports a conversation, in 1909, with Joyce: "Joyce has an admiration for Synge's work, but does not like *The Playboy*; he thinks the last act taken from *The Master Builder*. He likes 'Pegeen Mike'" (Holloway 1967:129).

[73] For Pegeen, Christy has "as much talk and streeleen (…) as (…) the poets of the Dingle Bay (…) fine fiery fellows with great rages when their temper's roused" (Synge (1907) 1958: 121). There is an echo of this in Robert's account of Richard's and his "wild nights long ago – talks by the hour, plans, carouses, revelry" (E: 47).

In "[p]utting her shawl over her head" and beginning her keen-like wailing, Lionel Pilkington argues that Pegeen "has changed from individual to generic peasant" (Pilkington 2010: 49). If Pegeen has become "generic", she has become a type and, thus, more theatrical. There are vestiges of this in the Joyce, as Bertha sorrowfully closes her eyes. A further ritualistic theatrical parallel is established through their gestures. Both women bring their respective plays to a conclusion: Pegeen's "Quit my sight" effectively, and Bertha's shutting her eyes literally close the spectacles. This creates the sensation, however strange and certainly fleeting, that the worlds we have been observing existed not just in terms of but actually through the agency of these two women.

Both plays return to their points of departure, from where the characters will carry out their respective attempts at "convalescence"; although we suspect that nothing in the Mayo "shebeen" will ever be quite the same again for Pegeen Mike. The characters in *Exiles* are all part of a potentially "new Ireland" (*E*: 50) which, as the play comes to a close, doesn't seem terribly different from the one they left behind. There is some comfort for them, nonetheless, in this basic maintenance of the status quo. Richard's half-joke to Bertha, "Welcome back to old Ireland!"(*E*: 90) has some pleasure mixed with the irony.

As mentioned above, an Ibsenite quality of *Exiles* is the almost stifling pressure of the past. The very noun runs through the play like echoes from the characters' memories[74]. None of them, and fundamentally Richard, is able or even genuinely

[74] 'Past', as a noun, comes up 14 times in the play (plus twice more as a clock time, and once each as an adjective and an adverb). Richard uses it 4 times and is also the first to mention it, when talking of his refusal to "break" with it. This seems to stand as a general motto for the rest of the play. Bertha uses it twice, Robert uses it 7 times and Beatrice, having used it once as an adjective, is the last character to use the noun when she mentions having been in love.

willing to "break with the past" (*E*: 23) (despite the unwitting additional connotation that it may 'break' them). When discussing the strong possibility of Richard receiving the university post, he naturally asks about the "conditions". When Robert responds, "Conditions? You mean about the future?" It is symptomatic of the play as a whole that Richard answers "I mean about the past" (*E*: 44). For him, "all future plunges to the past" has the literal seriousness of a "dagger" definition (*U*: 238).

That Robert should name the future rather than the past is, of course, understandable in the immediate context. At a subconscious level, however, it is part of his theatrical make up; his pose. Although Richard reflects excessively on the past, Robert actually appears to continue to inhabit it. Still living with his mother, he seems to maintain the cottage for the same purpose as when he and Richard used it. He also continues to combine borrowings from the language of Richard's youth (*E*: 88) with romantic clichés of yesteryear. He is clearly a victim of the paralysis that Joyce, at one time at least, considered typically Irish (*SL*: 83). Indeed, Robert could well join "Skeff. and Dick Sheehy" (Francis Sheehy-Skeffington and, coincidently, *Richard* Sheehy) who, to Joyce seemed "to have just been taking a walk around themselves since October 1904" (*SL*: 147).

Perhaps not surprisingly then, Robert mentions the word more times than any other character (9); even if he often appears to be dismissing it: "Well, it is past. It will

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In addition, 'love' comes up 20 times; being used 6 times each by Richard (who mentions it first) and Bertha (who mentions it last). Robert mentions it on 9 occasions. Beatrice never uses the word. In contrast, 'jealous' is used once by Richard (who is also the only character in the play to use 'jealousy') and once by Bertha. She says the word first and both use it in questions during the same sequence (E: 60). Richard uses 'jealousy' in a negative statement (*E*: 64). Neither Robert nor Beatrice uses either word.

Although too much can be made from such numerological considerations, of course, bearing in mind that *Exiles* has been seen, rather loosely to say the least, as a play in which "[e]verybody is in love with everybody else's wife" (*Vogue*, March 1926), such numerical differences perhaps reveal something about Joyce's main areas of interest in the play.

be a lesson to me for all my life." (*E*: 74-5). "Look here, Richard. We have said all there is to be said. Let the past be past" (*E*: 86). Only when Bertha unwittingly uses his own words against him is his true attitude to the history of these exiles revealed:

> BERTHA: (Looking at her watch) Past is past, Robert. And I think I ought to go now. (…)
> ROBERT: (Firmly) No, no. There is no *must* now. We were left here for this. And you are wrong, Bertha. The past is not past. It is present here now (*E*: 106, 107).

Robert might well have borrowed "[r]omantic Ireland's [not] dead and gone" from "September 1913" (Yeats (1962) 1974: 55).

Bernard Benstock saw *Exiles* as a particular kind of legacy from Joyce's past; arguing that the play "represents a survivor from his probational period as a young writer searching for his medium" (Benstock 1984: 362). It appears to be an Ibsenite "document of 'stage realism'" but with the truth-dream duologue between Robert and Bertha at the expected moment of resolution "the supremacy of dream over truth (or the identification of dream as truth) disturbs [the play's] adherence to literal reality". He goes on to suggest that the entrance of the fish-woman (*E*: 136-7) establishes a "pervasive atmosphere of functional unreality (…) Nothing in *Exiles* prepares us for this blatant interference of external and unrelated reality, making something as mundane as a fish vendor an element of mysterious inclusion" (Benstock 1984: 375).

It is an odd moment and the mystery of this "inclusion" is augmented by the possibility that, "as she passes along the road outside" (*E*: 136), her cries may come from the direction of the strand, where Richard walks and hears the voices of his demons. The text does not specify, but we inevitably connect and speculate on these seemingly disembodied voices.

An alternative view could see it as a deliberately attempted comic moment. Suzanne Henke puts forward the idea that it may be a "punning" way of Joyce

suggesting that there is something "fishy" about Robert's story. It may indeed, like the fish woman's wares, be a 'red herring' (Henke 1990: 103). This is possible; but would surely be an unnecessary and clumsily unique piece of stagecraft.

Another possible reading of this moment, which can be quite startling in an actual theatre[75] is that it illuminates the relationship between the main characters and the outside world.

There is, in fact, an event that parallels the fish woman earlier in the same act, in that it shows, however trivially, the outside world concretely acting upon these 'exiles'. The noise of the milkman doing his rounds, with Archie helping, is a sign that the characters are still connected to everyday reality – if only through Archie (who manages to straddle the divide by later, somewhat ironically, wanting a fairy story from Robert). By the time the fish woman comes, the divorce of these people from everyday affairs seems so complete that she is felt to be completely incongruous. For that heightened moment, we are linked directly to their consciousness – as if Joyce was conducting a sudden, swift trial run for Nighttown[76] – and feel how the bridge between them and day to day life seems to have collapsed.

Benstock's suggestion that there is a hint of indeterminate form in *Exiles* due to Joyce still "searching for his medium" is taken further by Suzanne Henke, who argues that in this search "for an appropriate form, Joyce vertiginously mixes conventions and swerves from one dramatic genre to another. What begins as a comedy of manners quickly moves in the direction of romantic parody, melodrama, moral parable, and

[75] When watching the National Theatre's 2006 production in London, "[f]resh Dublin bay herrings!" actually made me jump. As well as bringing out a lot of the comedy in Joyce's text, Macdonald's production had obviously generated a certain amount of tension too.

[76] In "Circe", where thoughts are immediately materialised the moment they occur, this point could be made by the fish woman simply and suddenly appearing in the scene; or a fish might even appear briefly, like the "bar of soap" (*U*: 571).

farce" (Henke 1990: 232 n.1). Although Henke does not explore this list in particular depth, there are various moments in *Exiles* where we can clearly trace the contours of a number of different genres within the text. In creating this varied landscape, Joyce moves the tensions between drama, theatricality and narrative onto a different level.

With *Exiles* centred on a man's attempt to persuade his partner to be unfaithful with his more than willing best friend, there is no lack of irony in the fact that the oldest feature of this theatrical landscape is the morality play.[77] As has been variously noted, some of the names in the play, with their symbolic or aural associations, suggest the atmosphere of the medieval morality plays. Robert's surname, Hand, is quite fitting for so tactile and physical a character. It also has connotations of trickery and duplicity (as in 'the quickness of the hand deceives the eye' – and there is no greater 'I' in *Exiles* than Richard). A pragmatic journalist, Robert is, as Hugh Kenner remarked, "the commercialized parody of Richard". He "is a 'Hand' not a mind" (Kenner 1956: 85). Beatrice[78], her mind "an abandoned cold temple" (E: 152), is surnamed 'Justice'; and appropriately so. It was this sense that would not allow a commitment to a relationship with Robert that she instinctively knew was based on pretence: both knew the other was only a substitute (*E*: 21). It also now prevents her from trying to come between Richard and Bertha; and it is the consequences of this sense that seem to have dried up her life force, as she effectively fades out of the play in Act 3. If Richard has killed the

[77] Joyce makes his own subversive use of the moral parable of the "Prodigal Son" in an attempt to both illustrate and satisfy his own sense of grievance against his native land. As he stated in his notes: "A nation exacts a penance from those who dared to leave her payable on their return. The elder brother in the fable of the Prodigal Son is Robert Hand. The father took the side of the prodigal. This is probably not the way of the world – certainly not in Ireland (*E*: 148).

[78] She is at least partly named for the pure, dead muse of the *Divine Comedy*, who died at the age Beatrice is now: 27. This, of course, would make Richard her Dante.

“virginity” of anyone’s soul (*E*: 83) it is possibly, and equally unjustly, Beatrice’s rather than Bertha’s.

With the echoes of ‘birth’ and ‘earth’ in her name, Bertha is the most powerful life force in the play. Not only does she “do things” (*E*: 94), she tells us, but she is also the inspiration for the rare, significant actions carried out in the play. Bertha has given birth to a child (a richer act of creation than Richard’s “book”, Robert’s journalism certainly, and Beatrice’s (we suspect) rather half-hearted piano lessons) and has drawn Richard and Robert closer together (*E*: 77, 156). Nevertheless, Richard Rowan’s “wife” (*E*: 74) is the only main character who does not have a surname: her own is not given and, unmarried to Richard, she doesn’t bear his either. She is given no profession or status in the list of characters. This is another source of ambiguity in the play. Has she been stripped of status, conventional social meaning by her relationship with Richard? Alternatively, and to use what might be considered a rather Richard-like argument, can this be seen as a kind of freedom and a more complete individuality than the others have? To what degree does the absence (or loss) of surname break her moonlike “satellitic dependence” (*U*: 823)?

Such questions, let alone the possible answers, would probably have been of little interest to the *Yorkshire Post* reviewer; who was possibly expecting something more along the lines of a traditional comedy of manners, with its standard satirising of social habits and customs, and the essentially conventional presentation of the amorous adventures of the fashionable. Instead, there was only “pretentious twaddle about the sex relation”, with the writer claiming that “Mr James Joyce is entirely destitute of a saving sense of humour”. The play would, apparently, have been more successful if it

had developed the “familiar but amusing comedy situation of the unmasking of the faithless friend by a conspiracy between husband and wife”[79].

If we are willing and able to read between the lines, however, we can see with Suzanne Henke that Joyce was subverting various “familiar” theatrical situations. Robert laments he is “no longer (...) an ideal lover. Like my roses. Common, old” (*E*: 75-6); and rather proves it by descending into what seems like almost deliberate romantic parody. His attempt, earlier in the play, at the seductive ‘poetry’ of love falls flat when Bertha responds to being called “a wild flower blowing in a hedge”[80] with smiles and tells him “I am wondering if that is what you say – to the others” (*E*: 35). Robert doesn’t always have his finger on the pulse of his audience – a significant flaw in a journalist[81] – and his subsequent mock indignation, just as “common” and “old” as his roses, can only confirm her suspicions. If Richard’s motivations are largely opaque to her, Bertha, at this point at least, finds Robert transparent; and it is a sign of her “simplicity” (*E*: 64), affection for Robert and perhaps even loyalty to Richard that she

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[79] *Yorkshire Post,* 16th February 1926.

[80] Joyce wrote, more successfully, to Nora that she was his “beautiful wild flower of the hedges” (*SL*: 180) His version of this metaphor has more life to it than Robert’s (as does the letter as a whole, which moves from flowers to become considerably ‘earthier’ – see footnote 91); with the plural “hedges” suggesting a freer existence for Nora than Bertha, who seems to be fixed in a specific location by the image. Perhaps an awareness of Nora’s knowing smile led Joyce to ground his poetic flight, mixing self-irony with some genuine pride, by adding “[y]ou see I am a little of a poet still.” There is some memory of this moment in Bloom, with impassioned simplicity, calling Molly his “flower of the mountain” (*U*: 931, 932). Molly adapts this to “mountain flower” (*U*: 933); her delight being clear in the way she repeats and reshapes the phrase.

[81] Does Robert also misjudge tone in his article? *A Distinguished Irishman* could be seen to suggest that Richard was one of those who left Ireland “in her hour of need” only to return “on the eve of her long-awaited victory” (benefiting from the efforts of others) to an Ireland “whom in loneliness and exile they have at last learned to love” (*E*: 126). Although Richard is sardonically alive to the possibility, whether this implied criticism is accidental or deliberate is another of the play’s ambiguities.

remains in the cottage, tending to him as much as tolerating his rather poor performance.

A would-be tragic hero, as well as an unsatisfied and unsatisfactory ‘poetic’ lover, Robert’s ‘fall’ has nothing to do with the gods or a fatal flaw; just his own inability to keep drama from plunging into the theatricality of melodrama. His desire for a Wagnerian *liebestod*-like fate “in the arms of the woman I love – the sea, music and death” (*E*: 40) is comically undercut in Act 2, as he enters “drenched” from the rain (where he has been hiding in the garden) and is actually mothered by Bertha, his would-be Isolde (or Senta, or even Elizabeth), before safely returning with his ironically sea-coloured “darkgreen velvet jacket” (*E*: 100)[82]. When, however, the idea of his actually committing suicide possibly occurs to Bertha in her nervous state, his down to earth reply, on finally understanding her fear, could hardly be less romantic. His instinctive rejection of such a notion is even manifested by his sending the idea back to Bertha,

[82] Willard Potts has also found connections, far from Wagnerian parody, between Robert’s language and that of Flaubert’s Rodolphe in *Madame Bovary* [Flaubert (1856) 1968: 177 and *E*: 111]. He also notes that Joyce clothed Robert in Rodolphe’s green velvet jacket [Flaubert (1856) 1968: 157 and *E*: 100] (Potts 2000: 130). Another significant aspect of the story of green in *Madame Bovary* is the green silk cigar-case, found by Charles, and the inspiration for Emma’s romantic day dreams (Flaubert (1856) 1968: 72-73): she would have been a far more willing audience for Robert’s borrowed poses than Bertha. Flaubert also tells us that around Yonville “the country is like a great unfolded mantle with a green velvet cape” (Flaubert (1856) 1968: 86). It is possibly this that leads Charles to order “a large piece of green velvet” to be placed over her coffin (Flaubert (1856) 1968: 397). That Joyce had the novel in mind when writing *Exiles* is clear from his notes (*E*: 149). It is perhaps no coincidence that a clearly unromanticised amorous encounter is dreamt of in the pages of *Giacomo Joyce*, in which a “soft crumpled *peagreen* cover drapes the lounge” (*GJ*: 15, my italics). The scene takes place in a “narrow Parisian room”, the romantic city of Emma’s fantasies. An equivalent Parisian scene in *Ulysses* transforms the “peagreen cover” into the even less attractive “froggreen wormwood” (*U*: 52).

with the expected exclamation having been transformed into an oddly formed question (rather challenging, again, for an actor): "What an idea?" (*E*: 100).[83]

By the close of the play, he is no longer able to see himself as a romantic figure except ironically. It is Robert who undercuts his own potentially grand romantic gesture of exile in "foreign parts". He is, he tells Bertha and then Richard, going to his cousin's "in Surrey. He has a nice country place there and the air is mild" (*E*: 134). Going "[p]erhaps for a fortnight. Perhaps longer" (*E*: 138), Robert is no Sonny Bodkin or Michael Furey; let alone a Tristan (or a Dutchman, or a Tannhäuser). It is with comic appropriateness that we last see this man, whose various attempts to fictionalise himself have ended harmlessly but pathetically, going off to tell Archie a fairy story (*E*: 142).

Without noting the Wagnerian undertones (to which we shall briefly return further on), Pound picked up on this subversive comic note in Act 2 when writing that Joyce "adds a sense of possible comedy in a scene furnished with a perfume sprayer [*E*: 71]" (Pound (1967) 1970: 142). Although it was probably not the "possible comedy" of *Exiles* that earned Joyce the title of "Jim the comedian"[84], the sight of Robert "pulling out a pump from behind the piano" and then roaming around the room "ejecting from it into the air sprays of perfume" (*E*: 71) before his less than 'secret' assignation does take us into a comic world. If there is one particular form of comedy that Joyce has chosen to employ and to some extent subvert in *Exiles*, possibly drawing on his Gaiety Theatre days as a young and "constant 'god'" (*SH*: 36), it is farce. If we take just a step or two back and look at the play, surely the basic situation of *Exiles* is a farcical one? We begin with what is ultimately the minor triangle between Richard, Beatrice and Bertha, but

[83] Her nervous start when Beatrice later talks of having "heard a noise" in her cousin's room (*E*: 120) suggests that she is perhaps susceptible to a little dramatising of situations herself or, at least, does not fully understand the basically pragmatic nature of Robert's character.
[84] In Canto LXXIV (Pound 1975: 164).

soon focus on the major one between Richard, Bertha and Robert. The minor one, nonetheless, is still inextricably linked to the major, however; which complicates the geometry considerably.

Although a "slow and deliberate" production style, such as Pinter's, which is "acted for every moment, every twist, without an idea 'thrown away' in the cause of 'pace'"[85] would have completely shackled the traditionally "breakneck" speed of the genre; there are various examples in the text of Joyce turning farce tropes on their head. As we have seen, Robert hides in the garden during the conversation between Richard and Bertha. In a typical farce, it would be in the wardrobe or even squeezed under the bed. Here, however, he is outside and actually hiding from his supposed lover, in the rain of course, whilst her husband prepares his rival's entrance. A few moments earlier, we had Richard playing the outraged husband to the rather tongue-tied 'lover' of his "wife", as Robert eventually calls her, in a comic moment of stress in which neither man seems certain of the script and struggles to find the right words:

> ROBERT: (Looks down, then raises his head) (…) I admire very much the personality of your... of... your wife. That is the word. I can say it. It is no secret.
> RICHARD: Then why did you wish to keep secret your wooing?
> ROBERT: Wooing?
> RICHARD: Your advances to her, little by little, day after day, looks, whispers. (With a nervous movement of the hands) Insomma[86], wooing (*E*: 74).

This is the most obvious occasion on which the journalist's facility with language falters; although, in Act I, language has already led to some equally comic confusion between Robert and Bertha:

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[85] *The Village Voice*, 16 (18th November 1971).

[86] Richard's use of Italian may be a distancing device to control his emotion or, more interestingly in terms of the theatrical conventions in play, a half-hearted attempt to present himself as the hot-blooded, jealous Latin male. Richard's behaviour in this situation could hardly be more different from stereotyped Italian machismo or, for that matter, the explosive, God-fearing stage Irishman.

ROBERT: (Tenderly) (…) I will kiss you, then, long long kisses – when you come to me – long long sweet kisses.
BERTHA: Where?
ROBERT: (In tone of passion) Your eyes. Your lips. All your divine body.
BERTHA: (Repelling his embrace, confused) I meant where do you wish me to come? (*E*: 41).[87]

In his review of Pinter's generally praised production, Julian Exner reacted against what he considered the frequent and abrupt exits which were needed to leave two people alone to talk more intimately.[88] The play is indeed based on duologues. There are eighteen: five in the first act between the major characters (and three more involving Brigid and Archie); three in the second and seven in the third. Archie and Brigid are, occasionally, involved in duologues, although they normally serve as bridges between them.[89]

Fast and frequent entrances and exits are the hallmark of farce. Reviews praising productions of the play, however, such as Irving Wardle's in 1970 and Craig Raine's in 2006, have habitually commented approvingly on the slow and careful nature of the performances; and, to some extent, *Exiles* can be seen as a farce played at half-speed. Even if we do not share Julian Exner's irritation, his observation was accurate. People seem to be forever coming and going in *Exiles*: in order not to meet each other as part of a general avoidance strategy (e.g. Beatrice avoiding Robert; (*E*: 129); or dither about whether to meet them or not (e.g. Bertha and Beatrice; (*E*:118); or briefly stand in doorways before supposedly making (what is traditionally called) a 'dramatic entrance'

[87] This was obviously a joke which Joyce enjoyed. This contrast here between the practical female and the sexually aroused male was adapted and 'neutralised' in Molly's "confession when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool" (*U*: 875).

[88] *Luzerner Neueste Nachrichten*, 30th November 1970.

[89] In contrast, there are only six dialogues with three or more of the major characters: three in the first act; none, tellingly, in the second; and three in the third.

(e.g. Richard "observing" Beatrice; (*E*:125); enter and observe others who are (perhaps) unaware of their presence (e.g. when Robert "waits for Bertha to see him", (*E*: 95); and Bertha "watching" Richard; (*E*: 130).

The following sequence is a more sustained example of this farce-like technique; and could easily be a pre-echo of one of Brian Rix's mid-twentieth century Whitehall farces. Richard arrives to surprise Robert. Bertha knocks and – for some reason, it seems – surprises Robert, if not Richard. Robert goes out but comes back for his umbrella and goes out again. Bertha enters and is slightly disturbed, if not exactly surprised, to find Richard there. When Richard leaves, Robert enters to surprise Bertha, despite her knowing he was there. It ends as follows:

> BERTHA: (Catching sight of him, starts back: then, quickly) Robert!
> ROBERT: Are you alone?
> BERTHA: Yes.
> ROBERT: (Looking towards the door on the right) Where is he?
> BERTHA: Gone. (Nervously) You startled me. Where did you come from?
> ROBERT: (With a movement of his head) Out there. Did he not tell you I was out there – waiting?
> BERTHA: (Quickly) Yes, he told me. But I was afraid here alone. With the door open, waiting. (*E*: 156).

The pace of delivery would be decisive, of course, but here there is surely more than a suggestion that "traditional farce [which] moves over the boards with the label of comedy affixed to it" (*OCPW*: 24).

In addition to the use of such theatrical forms listed by Suzanne Henke, I believe there are parallels, echoes and subversions of specific texts in the play. These create various levels of the characteristic Joycean irony not immediately apparent to the reader and unlikely to be picked up on in the theatre; and that some critics suggest may be absent from *Exiles* altogether (e.g. Mahaffey 1990: 201).

In a play whose prominent themes are exile, friendship and the tension between sensual and spiritual love, it is hardly surprising that Wagner should be another source of parallel and subversion. Is it not also appropriate in a work through which, it seems, Joyce was ambivalent about liberating himself from "a continental post-Ibsen influence" (Pound (1967) 1970: 142), that he should also free himself from Wagner through an ambiguously echoing tribute? Richard is, after all, called 'Richard'. Joyce alerts us further to this influence, or rather his ironic use of this influence, by comparing Robert's half-selfish, half-selfless attempts to "advance" Richard to Wotan's ambivalence towards Siegfried[90]; as well as by linking Bertha to her "sister-in-love Isolde" in his notes to the play (*E*: 152, 156). Joyce clearly admired *Tristan and Isolde*, setting it against Dante's *Inferno* in a contrast between, for him, the two pinnacles of modern and renaissance art) (*OCPW*: 189). In his lecture on Defoe and Blake, however (roughly a month before this comparison with Dante), Joyce implicitly contrasts *Tristan and Isolde* with the novelist's realism, which "defies and surpasses the magical artifice of music" (*Ibid.*: 173). The chamber music of *Exiles'* realism was undoubtedly likewise intended to defy and surpass some of the more overtly theatrical pieces he saw, as he waited in hope for his play to be produced, and that he would later tell Djuna Barnes had "[n]o drama behind the hysterical raving" (Barnes 1922: 65)[91].

We have already looked at a brief instance of Robert's ultimately comic Wagnerian ambitions. In Act II (an act of the night, as is the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*), Robert is "strumming out Wagner" (*E*: 72) in his culturally casual manner as he

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[90] Another name for the rowan tree is the ash, from which Stephen Dedalus's walking stick is made. It is also the tree in which the magical sword, 'Nothung' (first wielded by Siegmund in *The Valkyrie* and then reforged and used by his son, Siegfried) was buried for years.

[91] Joyce the 40 year old was referring specifically to Strindberg's plays; all of which he had seen in 1917 (*JJ*: 412). As a 19 year old, however, he had actually *praised* them for their "fierce, hysterical power" (*OCPW*: 51).

awaits Bertha.[92] Perhaps his playing of Wolfram's "Song of the Evening Star" from the last act of *Tannhäuser* is a way of gently preparing himself for the performance to come? Wolfram is, of course, an ironic choice here. He is faithfully devoted both to Tannhäuser – another traveller who is ultimately unfulfilled by his time in Rome – and his beloved, Elizabeth; with the piece conveying Wolfram's presentiment of her death. The beauty and source of the piece must satisfy, at one level, Robert's romantic, *liebestod* notions (*E*: 40). At another level, however, the music may well, as a potential instrument of seduction, have a closer association for him with "what the subtle Duns Scotus calls a death of the spirit" (*E*: 138) than he would be comfortable admitting[93]. The struggle between spiritual and physical love depicted through Robert and Richard can, in part, be traced back to *Tannhäuser*. In this, however, *Exiles* can be seen as another ironic reversal of a classic text. Neither Bertha nor, for that matter, Beatrice are Elizabeth figures exalted in their noble self-sacrifice. Whilst acknowledging the value of spiritual love, Joyce seems to be insisting on the necessity (and perhaps the superiority) of earthly, physical love.[94] In thus abandoning *Chamber Music* and youthful idealism, he was preparing the way for *Ulysses*.

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[92] His mentioning this to Richard, perhaps in a misjudged and certainly mistimed attempt to enhance his status as a cultured figure, would probably be to little avail if the Joyce figure in the play shared the later views of his creator. Although as a younger man he had praised the composer of *Tristan* as "a great modern artist [who] wishes to set the sentiment of love to music" (*OCPW*: 189), he told Oscar Schwarz in 1915 that "Wagner stinks of sex" (*JJ*: 382).

[93] In Act I, Richard has, in relation to physical love, referred to "what some old theologian, Duns Scotus, I think, called a death of the spirit." At this stage, Robert "eagerly" contradicts him with "A death. No; it's affirmation! A death! The supreme instant of life from which all coming life proceeds, the eternal law of nature herself" (*E*: 84). By the time Robert echoes this reference, it seems that the ambiguity of events during the last twelve hours or so have made him less affirmative.

[94] In the previously mentioned 1909 letter to Nora (see footnote 80 in this chapter), Joyce begins by describing her as his "dark-blue, rain-drenched flower" but soon informs her that "side by side and inside this spiritual love I have for you there is also a wild beast-like craving for every inch of your body"; which he goes on to describe in some detail (*SL*: 180-1).

Some years later, in 1929, Joyce saw (or claimed to see) the Minnesinger's struggle between the sacred and profane as ridiculous: "What sort of a fellow is this Tannhäuser who, when he is with Saint Elizabeth, longs for the bordello of Venusberg, and when he is at the bordello longs to be with Saint Elizabeth?" (*JJ*: 619).[95]

Finally, with its ghostly exile's going ashore every seven years to try and find a faithful wife transformed into Richard's return to Ireland after nine years to, in a sense, rediscover his common law wife, *The Flying Dutchman*, as Timothy Martin has shown[96] also takes its place among these echoes.

The play is full of echoes; and another teases us as Richard asks "But what is this that seems to hang over you? It cannot be so tragic" , to which Beatrice "calmly" answers, "O, not in the least tragic[97] (*E*: 21)? The diction is strange, with that "seems to hang over you" having a distinctly archaic ring; archaic yet strangely familiar. The echo is from *Hamlet*:

> CLAUDIUS: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
> HAMLET: Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun (I. ii. 66-7).

Without wishing to take the comparison too far, in the same way that Claudius knows perfectly well what is upsetting his nephew; so Richard must have a fairly good idea of Beatrice's problem. His ironic and rather unkind use of "tragic" is thrown back at him by Beatrice with an irony that is not so very far removed from the prince's.

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[95] Nevertheless, he had on occasion, like Richard (*E*: 82) and Tannhäuser, returned to his "madonna" (*SL*: 142) to make his confession about having betrayed her "with another" (*JJ*: 294).

[96] Martin discusses further connections between *Exiles* and *The Flying Dutchman* (Martin 1991: 62-4); and *Tannhäuser* (*Ibid.*: 89-91) (arguing that, as regards its resolution, *Exiles* is "a disappointed *Tannhäuser*") and *Tristan and Isolde* (*Ibid.*: 95-97).

[97] Looking at her own story and the stories of those around her, Beatrice perhaps shared Ibsen's verdict that "Life is not tragic. – Life is ridiculous – And that cannot be borne" Notes to *Hedda Gabler* (accessed at www.ibsen.net)

The situation, of course, is not tragic[98]; in a literal sense. Beatrice has undergone no Aristotelian calamity. In the play as a whole, although Richard's "wound of doubt" could be seen as a kind of 'fall', there is no catharsis through the traditional climax outlined by the Greek. In fact, we could argue that the lack of resolution is clearly anti-cathartic, as both characters and spectators are ultimately left in a kind of purgatory rather than any alleviating purgation.[99] Although Bertha and Robert may feel 'contrite', in a rather loose sense, it is difficult to see the play's end as a genuine, in Colum's phrase, "act of contrition" (*E*: 10). Despite Beatrice's both ironic and literally corrective response to Richard's imprecise use of 'tragic' – of which the young Stephen Dedalus would certainly not have approved (*P*: 185-6) –, she is later guilty of the same exaggerated application herself when, laughing "nervously" she states that:

> I arrived only an hour and a half ago. I thought of sending a telegram but it seemed too tragic (*E*: 30).

Though a detail and a not uncommon idiomatic usage, we have here a further indication (even through Beatrice's claim not to do so) of how these characters theatricalise their lives.[100]

We do not really have to embark on so detailed an analysis to detect the influence of Shakespeare in *Exiles*, of course. Two more of his plays were more obviously in Joyce's mind as he worked on it. If we have to search for distorted echoes of *Hamlet, The Tempest* is more instantly recognisable, through a slightly adapted quotation in the

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[98] Pound did note, however, (and with his tongue – one suspects – very much in his cheek) that "[t]he action takes place in less than twenty-four hours, in two rooms, both near Dublin, so that even the classical unities are uninjured" (Pound (1967) 1970: 50).

[99] *Exiles*, in this sense, has also much in common with the 'problem' plays of Shakespeare, such as *Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida*, which culminate in ambiguous resolutions to problems dealing with love and fidelity set in motion by powerfully manipulative characters.

[100] According to Molly, Bloom (another 'exile' in the eyes of some of the Dubliners we meet in *Ulysses*) shares this tendency for exaggeration: "if his nose bleeds youd think it was O tragic " (*U*: 872).

text itself (*E*: 125) and *Othello*, of course, is actually mentioned in Joyce's notes (*E*: 147).

A further connection is that like *Exiles*, and as we have discussed in connection with Ibsen above, the drama in each of the three plays springs from an event taking place before the curtain rises: Hamlet's father is murdered; Prospero is sent into exile; and Othello woos and weds Desdemona. Other existing correspondences are, as in *Giacomo Joyce*, not always direct; and, certainly, the stakes Joyce's characters could be seen to be playing for are significantly lower than those of Shakespeare's. Not having to deal with death, the survival of the state and solitary exile on some far-flung island, these Merrion suburbanites come across, like Giacomo Joyce before them, as comfortable figures in "green plush" (*E*: 13) Shakespeare.

In a context that is already so self-consciously literary and allusive, with such a sense of theatre-ship, the fact that *Exiles* is called "three cat and mouse acts" (*E*: 155) inevitably brings Hamlet's adaptation of *The Mousetrap* to mind: a play within a play in which the protagonist is ultimately not fully capable of dealing with the complications he has set in motion. Richard also displays something of the dichotomy between thinking and doing that afflicts Hamlet.

Supposedly like Stephen's "God of creation", he should withdraw "within or behind or beyond his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (*P*: 187). Either because of his ego, which forces him to assert his ungodlike existence (in Stephen's terms) by appearing at the cottage, or perhaps because Bertha is right is accusing him of being "after all (…) like all other men" (*E*: 90), Richard is unable to 'refine himself out of existence' and allow the actors to play out their scene, without some final words from their director, alone.

Having announced his knowledge of the situation and clearly reminded them of exactly what is at stake; Richard then finally does abandon his actors. Bertha and Robert are left alone on stage now. However, after such an intervention, they are suddenly rather farcically (as we have seen) unsure of their roles and even their lines (*E*: 95).

On Richard's return to Dublin, he finds Robert waiting to present himself as a Horatio-like figure to him, a kind of disciple[101] (*E*: 51). In *Hamlet*, Horatio arranges for Hamlet to meet the authority figure of the ghost; a meeting that will lead the prince to an awareness of the truth of his situation. By ironic contrast, Robert, a false Horatio, sets up a meeting for Richard with the vice-chancellor of the university; a meeting whose consequence was, supposedly, Richard's being deceived but, in fact, is a significant factor in Richard 'discovering' the truth.

In relation to Bertha, Robert is a would-be usurper.[102] This is a term that obviously calls up echoes of Claudius. They share a number of other features in addition to their power of seduction. Robert's fondness for "long cigars", black coffee and whiskey (*E*: 50) suggests another form of sensuality that Claudius manifests in his fondness for drinking (e.g. I. ii. 125 and I. iv. 8-20; and as an appropriate part of his death, V. ii. 330-1). The journalist's suave use of language also has much in common with that of Hamlet's uncle. Claudius' blandly insensitive "you must know your father lost a father, / That father lost, lost his (…) We pray throw to earth / This unprevailing woe" (I. ii. 89-90, 106-7) carries the same tone as Robert's glib "I think you look too deeply into life. (He rises, pressing Richard's arm slightly.) Be gay. Life is not worth it" (*E*: 51). Similarly, the King's attempts to win Hamlet over through the promise of

[101] In a letter to Joyce, dated 12th September 1915, Pound wrote that "The master's trust in the disciple' etc. [*E*: 51] stand out as a rememberable (*sic*) sentence" (Pound (1967) 1970: 58).

[102] Robert's characterisation owes much to Oliver St. Gogarty (*JJ*: 277) and he is clearly a preparatory exercise for Buck Mulligan, that other "usurper" (*U*: 28).

power and position find a match in Robert's attempt to persuade Richard to meet the vice-chancellor. Claudius, in an attempt to appeal to the public and the private, announces:

> let the world take note
> You are the most immediate to our throne (…)
> And we beseech you bend you to remain here
> Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
> Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son (I. ii. 108-9, 115-17).

Robert tries to do the same in a similarly rhetorical flourish:

> Now, Richard, you must go there. That is all. I feel tonight will be the turning point in your life. You will live here and work here and think here and be honoured here – among our people (*E*: 49).

Leaving aside other considerations, part of Hamlet and Richard's resentment at such enticement, "egoarch" (*FW*: 188) as each one is, would stem from being offered what they already knew (in Hamlet's case) or felt (in Richard's) was theirs by right.

So Hamlet returns to Denmark, as Richard returns to Ireland. Hamlet goes to Wittenberg to find himself and – perhaps – returns attempting to "forge the uncreated conscience" of his race with, as is bloodily obvious, only mixed success. Richard left, like Hamlet, and like Stephen; but now returns, with his published book, perhaps to attempt the same. Both, in different terms, have conscience issues of their own to deal with.

Joyce thought it "would be interesting to make some sketches of Bertha if she had united her life for nine years to Robert – not necessarily in the way of drama but rather impressionist sketches" (*E*: 149). What would have happened if Hamlet had left with Ophelia, returning to Denmark with her and their child nine years later? We might even speculate on Joyce moving towards another Dedalus-like theory of *Hamlet*, seeing the

Prince taking on the unlikely roles of father and husband. Richard has taken on those conventional roles to which he seems hardly suited by nature (*E*: 63-4).

Nevertheless, Richard – like Hamlet – finds his Ophelia waiting for him. His physical departure made Beatrice seriously ill, just as the Ophelia's being 'exiled' from the prince in his "antic disposition" (I. v. 180), drove her mad. Letters were exchanged between Richard and Beatrice (*E*: 18), and Ophelia has a collection of "remembrances" that she has "longed long to redeliver", suggesting a relationship of some duration (III. i. 93-4). Hamlet has also written her at least one letter (II. ii. 109-123) which, despite being filled with "doubt" (II. ii. 115-118), possibly "expressed" as did his "character and life as well, something in [Ophelia's] soul which [she] could not – pride or scorn" (*E*: 20).

Richard apologises for hurting Beatrice: shy, defensive and Ophelia-like in her vulnerability and sense of decorum[103]. The discussion of their life before Richard's 'exile' and her significance to him once there feels almost like an "afterplay" – to borrow Brien Friel's title[104] – between Hamlet and Ophelia.

"Get thee to a nunnery!" Hamlet tells the maid (III. i.121). In *Exiles* it is Beatrice, a 'Protestant Ophelia', her "mind (…) an abandoned cold temple" (*E*: 152) who, responding to a Richard briefly in gentler mode, would contemplate withdrawal, if such institutions existed in her religion:

> RICHARD: (Gently) Does nothing then in life give you peace? Surely it exists for you somewhere.
> BEATRICE: If there were convents in our religion perhaps there. At least, I think so at times.

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[103] Along with this sense of decorum, Beatrice also shares the fact that she wears glasses with Giacomo Joyce's 'Ophelia' (*GJ*: 1).

[104] In *Afterplay* (2002), Brien Friel takes Andrey Prozorov (from *The Three Sisters*) and Sonya Serebriakova (from *Uncle Vanya*) and has them meet twenty years after the events of the original plays.

RICHARD: (Shakes his head) No, Miss Justice, not even there. You could not give yourself freely and wholly (*E*: 22).

Richard's comment on Beatrice's inability to give herself "freely and wholly" chimes with the central conflict in the play, as well as creating an accidental irony when we consider the alternative, colloquial meaning of 'nunnery' in the Shakespeare. Instinctively retreating from Richard whose presence in the flesh (rather than in letters) might, she fears, stir her into some action, it is appropriate that it is she, in contrast with her Shakespearean 'original', who suggests retreating to the cloisters. There are, however, no cloisters for her, as she says herself. This lady, like Ophelia, is not one to "protest too much" (III. ii. 225), and knows she has already been sent to her metaphorical "nunnery". Like Richard, she has her own "wound", her own form of paralysis which acts on her. "[T]oo soon yet to despair", she "will remain" (*E*: 144) to continue narrating her past rather than acting to change her present. She will finally fade away from the Merrion world and drift, appropriately, into the past. In ironic contrast with Ophelia, whose disappearance spurs *Hamlet* to its bloody climax, Miss Justice, "disengaging her hand" (*E*: 130), exits the play in a manner that is, indeed, "not in the least tragic".

If Beatrice is a possible Ophelia figure, where does Bertha fit into this scheme? Always at Richard's side, but often unable to fathom his "philosophy" (I. v. 175), she has several affinities with Horatio. Considering that something is at least disturbing, if not actually "rotten" in 'the state of Merrion', through the demands and apparent needs of the man she loves, the following interchange between Horatio and Hamlet could well serve as the epigraph to Bertha and Richard's return to Dublin:

Horatio: O day and night, but this is wondrous strange
Hamlet: And therefore as a stranger give it welcome (I. v. 172-3).

As a woman who does not understand and, at times, barely recognises her lover[105], however, she is another version of Ophelia. Baffled by her Hamlet, she bursts out to Beatrice that she cannot be happy:

> When I do not understand anything that he writes, when I cannot help him in any way, when I don't even understand half of what he says to me sometimes! (*E*: 125).

Shortly afterwards, she attempts to "affront" (III. i. 31) Richard himself:

> You are a stranger to me. You do not understand anything in me – not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger! (*E*: 133).

Here we have a woman who no longer recognises the man she loves and feels powerless to do anything to resolve the situation by easing both his suffering and her own. The words may be different but the spirit and tone of these outbursts bring Ophelia's distraught soliloquy to mind:

> O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown
> And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
> Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, (…)
> Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
> T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see (III. i. 152, 157-9, 162-3).

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[105] Although Richard's relationship with Bertha is inevitably partly based on Joyce and Nora's, Joyce also possibly drew on William Blake's choice of bride: "Blake, like many other men of great genius, was not attracted by cultivated and refined women. Either he preferred simple women with sensual and nebulous minds [Joyce describes Bertha's mind as "a grey seamist" (*E*: 157)] to those (if I may borrow a commonplace of the theatre) endowed with all the drawing-room graces and a light and broad education; or else, in his unlimited egoism, he wanted the soul of his loved one to be entirely a slow and painstaking creation of his own, liberating and purifying itself daily before his eyes" Neither Nora nor Bertha were illiterate; nor did they follow Catherine Blake is being "neither very pretty nor intelligent." However, they also differed from Mrs Blake in not playing significant, practical roles in their partners' art – Bertha complains that she "cannot help [Richard] in any way" (*E*: 125) – "since within a few years [Catherine] was helping him with his engravings, retouching his drawings, and cultivating the visionary faculty in herself" (*OCPW*: 177).

Furthermore, as a conscience figure who is also, albeit unwillingly, the source of a "deep wound of doubt" (*E*: 144), she has a role that, to some degree, parallels that of the ghost. Her demanding of Richard that he "remember" her words (*E*: 67) certainly recall the ghost's parting words to Hamlet in (I. v. 91); with both speakers, though in different senses, appealing to the fidelity of their listeners.

Just as there are many aspects to her life with Richard, so Bertha is figuratively cast in a variety of literary roles. Bertha acts, apparently. "I do things", she tells Richard (*E*: 94), with the implication of course that Richard, like Hamlet initially, does not. She acts without always thinking, whilst he thinks and rarely acts. It is possible that, unlike Beatrice, this "lady doth protest too much" in this case, however. For Bertha is ultimately as subject to "words, words, words" (II. ii. 192) as the other characters. She acts in going to the cottage, admittedly, but then seems unable to decide whether to stay (and if so, why?) or leave. This "mental paralysis" (*E*: 147) is the basis for the doubt we (and Richard, it seems) are left with at the end of the play concerning events at the cottage.[106]

The general pattern in *Exiles* is that characters withdraw into language, especially the confessional narrative, when the situation seems to be leading towards physical action. We have seen Giacomo Joyce do the same thing with theatrical allusions and references. If we attempt to put Robert into this pattern he will fit, unsurprisingly, somewhere between Bertha and Robert. Mr Hand is, of course, highly tactile, but is also extremely verbal (both professionally and in private). Not unlike Polonius, however, he is a wordy plotter who is ultimately out-plotted; with, of course, significantly less fatal consequences.

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[106] Even Joyce seemed unsure about Bertha. "He asked Paul Suter [brother of the sculptor, August] one day whether he thought Bertha (…) was unfaithful or not, and Suter, perceiving that Joyce was uneasy about his answer, avoided giving one" (*JJ*: 445).

Bertha's desire to act is ultimately restricted, ironically, by the world of Richard's words and lack of action, which create a framework within which she cannot find her place. The final moments of the play, in which we see and hear her attempting, physically and verbally, to connect to Richard in his supine passivity are painfully appropriate. This final image of *Exiles* inverts a creation of Richard's "moral fear":

> Listen. She is dead. She lies on my bed. I look at her body which I betrayed – grossly and many times. And loved, too, and wept over. And I know that her body was always my loyal slave. To me, to me only she gave... (He breaks off and turns aside, unable to speak) (*E*: 85).

Even without knowing the cause of this 'death', Bertha has become Desdemona to Richard's Othello in an ironic reversal of the end of Shakespeare's tragedy. Richard's image of her lying thus on his bed, and knowing then "that her body was always my loyal slave. To me, to me only she gave" inverts Othello's situation[107]. Bearing in mind the storyline, there seems to be regret mixed with pride in Richard's imagined grief: a suggestion of regret for preventing adultery – "To me, to me only she gave" – rather than Othello's murderously jealous rage at being unable to prevent it: "O cursed slave!" he cries (V. ii. 277); though not about Desdemona. Richard's rhyming of 'slave' and 'gave', even if coincidental, nevertheless brings us closer to Shakespeare when we hear the suggestion of an iambic pentameter in the rhythm.

Self-dramatisation is as much a feature of the Moor as the Dane and Richard, as we have seen, indulges in it too. In this case, his unconscious echoing of Othello, even in this distorted form, creates a comparison that enables him to obtain the critical distance required to assess his current situation. As with the earlier 'confessions',

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[107] If Richard's image summons up Othello and Desdemona, it is difficult to keep Hamlet and Yorick out of our thoughts after hearing Robert's somewhat lighter but equally self-dramatising response:

> If my best friend lay in his coffin and his face had a comic expression I should smile. (With a little gesture of despair) I am like that. But I should suffer too, deeply" (*E*: 79).

actions have been turned into a tale that is told; a literary narrative this time, in which Richard, in the style of *Giacomo Joyce*, partially assumes a character. Whilst generating the vicarious excitement of fiction, emotions are channelled into a more easily controllable state.

Richard's "I did not make myself. I am what I am" (*E*: 131) draws, primarily, on God's words to Moses: "I am that I am" (*Exodus* 3:14). However, this phrase, consciously ironic in its comic bravado, also recalls Iago's "I am not what I am" (I. i. 65) by way of contrast. At this moment of pain and frustration, Bertha claims that "[e]very word you say is false." Indeed, as the play proceeds, "honest" Iago's statement seems to be the guiding principle for a man who seems to be trying so hard to blur any mirror held up to his true nature. Richard is someone who, at some stage during his time in Rome, does seem to have said with a young man's "frenzy, / Myself must I remake" (Yeats (1962) 1974: 183). One attempted change at least is clear when he tells Robert, who at that moment is something between schemer and sentimentalist, that he has abandoned "the language of [his] youth" (*E*: 88).

Though Robert is as much Richard's "ancient" as Iago is Othello's, *Exiles* is no tragedy and Hand, a mildly successful schemer and deceiver at best, is no "demi-devil" (V. ii. 302). Iago, so adept with language, ends his participation with

> Demand me nothing, what you know, you know,
> From this time forth I never will speak word (V. ii. 304-5).

More garrulously Gogarty than Iago to the last, and always a far happier narrator than actor, Robert leaves the play with the promise, as we have noted above, of telling a story.

Hugh Kenner saw Richard "in his role as lonely deity"; whilst believing that he "catechizes everyone: (…) because he must on principle dominate everyone" (Kenner 1956: 84).

As suggested earlier, Richard can be seen as a would-be director, a Prospero figure; but one who isn't quite in control of the action, never *quite* managing to "dominate everyone" and perhaps not even fully sure of why he wants to do so in the first place and what he ultimately wants. Richard and the three Shakespearean figures are all involved in setting up situations about whose outcomes they harbour differing degrees of ambivalence[108]. Does Prospero genuinely wish to "drown his book" (V. i. 57), leave his island and see Miranda married? Hamlet stages *The Mousetrap* knowing that it may set a fatal sequence of events in motion. Othello allows himself to be the spectator of Iago's machinations both fearing and driven by the idea of what he might see.[109] Richard gives Robert and Bertha "freedom" but is then unable to deal with his "doubt".

Richard and Prospero are both men who have lost touch with the immediate world around them through an obsession with their art. Prospero came from a "higher world" and was deprived of his dukedom while "neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated / To closeness and the bettering of my mind" (I. ii. 89-90). So Richard, obsessed with his writing, has lost touch with those around him. Now back in Ireland, his study, like Prospero's library, is "dukedom large enough" (I. ii. 110).

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[108] Prospero, of course, stages a spectacle which, in celebrating the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, could hardly be more different in tone, as well as form, from the performances organised by Hamlet and Richard. Rowan's 'play within a play' lies midway between the magical innocence of the one and the murderous adultery of the other.

[109] That Joyce may not have recognised this masochistic tendency in Othello may possibly be the reason behind his describing the play as an "incomplete" study of jealousy (*E*: 147). Although we have no detailed information, this criticism may have featured in Stephen's student essay which was "a profuse, downright protest against the 'masterpiece'!" (*SH*: 35).

Exiles' debt to *The Tempest* is implicitly acknowledged through Richard's adaptation of Caliban's "The isle is full of voices" (*E*: 125). Richard's replacement of 'noises' with 'voices' seems almost to have been prepared for at the beginning of act three, when the two words are brought together in another of those rare intrusions from the exterior world. As Archie goes off on his milkround adventure, "a slight noise of voices and cans is heard" (*E*: 117).

Robert, however, is a better candidate for the Caliban role than Richard: a more physical, sensual presence than any of the other characters. As he says himself:

> You have fallen from a higher world, Richard, and you are filled with fierce indignation, when you find that life is cowardly and ignoble. While I (…) (Archly) I have come up from a lower world and I am filled with astonishment when I find that people have any redeeming virtue at all (*E*: 50-1).

Robert's self-assessment brings to mind Caliban's misplaced worship of Stephano and Trinculo, whilst underlining Richard's role as a Prospero figure. There is something of Ariel, who is literally "from a higher world", in Richard too. The "airy spirit" is not subject to human emotions. Richard appears to aspire to such a state, frequently affecting a 'cold' manner.[110]

If we continue casting the characters of *Exiles* in *The Tempest*, Bertha and Beatrice represent two aspects of Miranda, a bewildered, yet passionate subject of her father's magic; and an almost muse-like, unworldly figure that Prospero both does and does not possess. With Robert as both a Caliban and Ferdinand figure, we have extreme correspondences for the two poles of his personality: the sensual and the would-be poetic. The four characters then play out their own particular versions of the Ferdinand-Miranda-Prospero triangle.

[110] Of the 12 occasions 'cold', 'coldly' and 'coldness' are used in the play, 5 are by or about Richard; the other occasions are thinly spread among the rest of the characters.

Near the close of the play, as Robert is struggling to distinguish between dream and truth, like an actor without a script, Bertha seems momentarily to take up Prospero's book in coming to his aid:

> ROBERT: (Catching her hands) Bertha! What happened last night? What is the truth that I am to tell? (He gazes earnestly into her eyes) Were you mine in that sacred night of love? Or have I dreamed it?
> BERTHA: (Smiles faintly) Remember your dream of me. You dreamed that I was yours last night.
> ROBERT: And that is the truth – a dream? That is what I am to tell?
> BERTHA: Yes.
> ROBERT: (Kisses both her hands) Bertha! (In a softer voice) In all my life only that dream is real. I forget the rest. (He kisses her hands again) And now I can tell him the truth. Call him (*E*: 135-6).

Ironically, when Robert leaves for Surrey and crosses the water between Ireland and England, this comic Tristan will finally sail the "dreaming sea" of Wagner's opera (*Tristan and Isolde* prelude to Act I).

This truth-dream duologue does not just invoke the Prospero of "Our revels now are ended (…) / We are such stuff / As dreams are made on" (IV. i. 148, 156-7) but also implicitly conveys something of "As you from crimes would pardon'd be, / Let your indulgence set me free" (Epilogue, 19-20). Richard's supposed "indulgence" has made none of them free, of course. As the play ends, they are all greater "exiles" from each other and from their initial idea of themselves than they were at the beginning.

Exiles, therefore, draws on and adapts various references and motifs from other theatrical texts and genres. Incorporated within the framework of a lingering Ibsenite legacy, their integration creates thematically significant ironic allusions and echoes. The "spectacular and the theatrical" (*OCPW*: 25) exist within *Exiles* through Joyce's subtle introduction of subversive forms. Joyce's commitment to the realistic tradition in the play, however, largely controls these borrowings and their potential for theatrical

exuberance which, nevertheless, do occasionally rise up to disturb the layer of dramatic realism they underlie. At this stage, however, Joyce's "continental post-Ibsen influence" (Pound (1967) 1970: 142) was clearly opposed to such exuberance; as well as to the full expression of his natural inclination towards overt parody and linguistic inventiveness: two of the fundamental creative bases of his later work.

The struggle in Joyce between theatrical theory and instinct is reflected in his characters' attempts to subjugate their actions to words, or drama to narrative. Seeming consciously to struggle against the genre in which they exist, the Merrion suburbanites appear to aspire to be "far from mere drama" and produce "literature in dialogue" (*OCPW*: 23). For those who have yet to free themselves fully from the paralysis Joyce initially condemned through *Dubliners* – and in this respect nine years, whether in Rome or Dublin, seem to have done little to release these people – actions can be difficult, doubtful states. Attempting verbally to control a past, whose repercussions they are still dealing with, the characters aim to apply the same principle to the present. In primarily 'narrating' their own stories as they live them, the resultant emphasis for the characters' lives falls on verbalising rather than doing. This futile attempt to make the present seem like the past – a state that cannot be acted but only talked about, like a tale that is told – may bring the characters some sense of being in greater control of their own destinies, and possibly desires, but it is clearly a denial of natural instincts. This denial creates an unresolved struggle between saying and doing which manifests itself in outbursts of theatricality: a distorting compromise which, ultimately, satisfies neither the need to say nor the need to act. As the situation at the end of *Exiles* shows, however, the tension of trying to live out what are essentially a "novelist's excellences" (Pound (1967) 1970: 50) is almost stifling.

In *Ulysses*, we will see the gradual resolution of this creative tension between action and word, drama and narrative. Joyce, now far less concerned with the strictures of realism and more open concerning a "basis in actual experience", sought to explore "realities of the imagination" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 130). He would adopt an even more voraciously acquisitive method, and greater flexibility in terms of form. This was not just true of "Circe", which appropriates almost every theatrical genre (whilst notably making scant use of realism), but of the novel's general intertextuality and continued miscegenation of genre.

4.

Ulysses

Preparatory to Anything Else[1]

[1] *U*: 704.

In October 1958, after having seen *Ulysses in Nighttown* (an adaptation of 'Circe'), Frank O'Connor announced that "[i]f ever there was an undramatic book it is *Ulysses*"[2].

According to Stanislaus Joyce, however, his brother's original idea was "to expand his story "Ulysses" into a short book and make a Dublin *Peer Gynt* of it."[3] Although Joyce's idea presumably centred more immediately on some variation of the picaresque traveller's tale than the theatre; the prospective blending of such distinct characters understandably puzzled Richard Ellmann. In the first edition of *James Joyce*, he pondered over how "*Ulysses* was to be a *Peer Gynt* (…) except that the hero was to sample all aspects of Dublin life". He also complained that how this hero "could be at once the clear-eyed Ulysses and the self-deceived Peer Gynt is also unexplained" (Ellmann 1959: 274-5). Nevertheless, we are left with the clear indication that the novel was at least partly conceived in response to drama.

The world of *Ulysses* is a world imbued with theatre. As they go about their relatively undramatic Dublin lives, characters are rarely far from the theatrical, whether literary or popular, in their thoughts or words: Stephen's thoughts range, for example, from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Gondoliers* (*U:* 48) to the theory he has formed on *Hamlet*, which he ultimately claims (creating his own slight *coup de théâtre*), not to believe in (*U*: 274). Bloom thinks of Shakespeare too (*U:* 192), misquotes him (*U*: 192)[4], remembers a night at the theatre with Molly (*U:* 367) and later his report to her

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[2] "Joyce-Colum-Johnson-Meredith", in *Theatre Arts*, 42 (1958), quoted in Lanters 1988: 76.

[3] From Stanislaus' diary entry for 10th November 1907 quoted in *JJ*: 265. In Joyce's 1903 review of a French translation of Ibsen's *Catilina*, he'd claimed Ibsen's "manner", by "recognising its own limitations and pushing lawlessness to its extreme limit", had achieved "a masterpiece" in *Peer Gynt* (*OCPW*: 73).

[4] *Hamlet* I. v. 9-10 runs: "I am thy father's spirit, / Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night." Bloom's version has the ghost name Hamlet and uses 'time' instead of 'term': "*Hamlet*, I am thy father's spirit, / Doom'd for a certain *time* to walk the night." (my italics). Stephen later (*U*: 241) also misquotes "Hamlet,

"included mention of a performance (…) of *Leah* at the Gaiety Theatre", whilst neglecting to inform his wife of his own less literary 'drama' in Nighttown (*U:* 868). Not surprisingly, Molly finds this explanatory performance unconvincing (*U:* 872). Others see musical hall posters as they make their way among the "Wandering Rocks" (*U*: 285, 298, 326) or, like Tom Rochford, invent a device for showing the music hall audience which 'turn' is on next (*U:* 297).

Characters talking about drama or theatre does not in itself, of course, make a novel dramatic or, much less, theatrical.[5] Such a plethora of references to plays and performance, however, inevitably leads us to explore whether a novel that seems so intrigued by theatre may not, on occasion, have borrowed some of the art's features and techniques itself. To begin with the most obvious example, nothing else in *Ulysses* so patently proclaims itself to be a piece of theatre as "Circe". Yet Joyce did make other episodes dramatic, and employed a variety of techniques in order to do so.

Karen Lawrence has written of the "the initial narrative promises to the reader made in the novel [that] will be broken later on."[6] The promises *Ulysses* breaks concern the continuation of an apparently straightforward narrative style established in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: the type of third-person narration and dialogue that sets readers in relatively familiar territory and provides them with a certain security. Whilst not wishing to take O'Connor's comment to the opposite extreme, there is a sense – at which Ellmann more than hinted (*JJ*: 73), as we have seen – in which the dramatic is never very far away in Joyce. I shall be arguing that not only does *Ulysses* make frequent use of techniques more typically found in the drama than the novel, but

I am thy father's spirit" by naming the prince. This is another significant link between the two characters in terms of one of the thematic foundations of *Ulysses*: lost parents and children.

[5] I shall continue to distinguish between the terms as defined by Patrice Pavis (Pavis 1998: 114, 394). See footnotes 56 and 57 in the previous chapter.

[6] Lawrence 1981: 38.

that it also echoes, through parallelism or parody, various theatrical genres and even specific plays.

If we look at "Hades", for example, the actions of the funeral which are, of course, ritually performed by 'all', increasingly blur divisions between the social and the dramatic. We could almost be watching the performance of an ancient Greek chorus: "All waited. (…) All waited. (…) They waited still" (*U:* 108). "All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers" (*U:* 109). "All raised their thighs" (*U:* 111). "All walked after" (*U:* 126). Indeed, Bloom's following suit in the church is a totally self-conscious performance:

> Mr Bloom stood behind near the font and, when all had knelt dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and, holding its brim, bent over piously (*U*: 130).

Some of the newspaper headings in "Aeolus", such as "Erin, Green Gem of the Silver Sea" (*U:* 156), "Links with Bygone Days of Yore" (*U:* 176) and "A Man of High Morale" (*U:* 178) seem to look forward to the epic theatre banner techniques used by Brecht in commenting on and distancing the action; whilst others (e.g. "In the Heart of the Hibernian Metropolis" (*U:* 147), "Short but to the point" (*U:* 158) and, especially, "Exit Bloom" (*U:* 164)) are basically stage directions.

William M. Schutte and Erwin R. Steinberg have similarly argued that there are "suddenly inserted statements" in parts of "Wandering Rocks", such as information about Father Conmee in the Stephen Dedalus' section (*U:* 311), which "are much like stage directions" and "are designed to let us know that certain events are occurring simultaneously" (Schutte and Steinberg 1970: 170-1). "Scylla and Charybdis", already dominated by the *Hamlet* discussion, even briefly turns into a play, at least typographically (*U*: 268-9); and "Sirens", of course, presents literal and metaphorical musical performances from both the characters (e.g. Ben Dollard's "The Croppy Boy'

(*U:* 365-70)) as well as the narrative itself – most strikingly, of course, in the 'overture' (*U:* 328-330), as well as the tour de force on Pat the Waiter:

> Bald Pat who is bothered mitred the napkins. Pat is a waiter hard of his hearing. Pat is a waiter who waits while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. Hee hee. A waiter is he. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. While you wait if you wait he will wait while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. Hoh. Wait while you wait (*U*: 362).

Such borrowings and references to various stages can be found throughout the novel. This section on *Ulysses* focuses on five episodes – "Telemachus", "Cyclops", "The Oxen of the Sun", "Circe", and "Penelope" – and explores how particular lines of tension between narrative and drama are developed within them. Each episode applies theatre techniques and references in a very specific approach: either by incorporating existing plays or turning themselves – partly or wholly – into new theatre texts.

4.1

“Telemachus”

Staged Irishmen

It is not by chance that Stuart Gilbert’s introduction to “Telemachus” tells us that the “opening *scene* is *enacted* on the platform of the [Martello] tower” (Gilbert 1930: 94, my italics). In *Joyce’s Voices*, Hugh Kenner took Gilbert’s hint further in talking of “Joyce staging the first scene of *Ulysses* atop a tower” (Kenner (1978), 2007: ix) and arguing that “[t]he English novel’s heritage from the English stage is appreciable here, (…) where everyone is acting: stage-Irishman, stage-Englishman, stage-poet” (Kenner *Ibid.*: 69).[1] Fritz Senn, granting Buck Mulligan greater versatility than Hugh Kenner apparently did, has argued that *Ulysses* “begins like a play, with stage directions in the first paragraph and an opening speech” by a character “with a flair for imitation. (…) We first witness mimicry, mummery and mockery; the first voice we hear is put on and it continues to change” (Senn 1984: 125). Martin Puchner has also noted that the “choreography of the [opening chapter] represents isolated and identifiable gestures and movements that come close to stage directions” (Puchner 2002: 98).

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[1] Kenner was probably using Wyndham Lewis’ dismissal of *Ulysses* against him here. This antagonism was based, at least partly, on the book’s theatrical undercurrent (although Lewis called it “a susceptibility” to “cliché”); as he had written of Joyce’s “stage Jew (Bloom), a stage Irishman (Mulligan), or a stage Anglo-Saxon (Haines)” (Lewis 1927: 90).

To talk about “Telemachus” in terms of theatre is, therefore, to join a well-established tradition. With what often seem like set speeches, narrative information reading like stage directions and a sense that the three major figures spend much of the time ‘performing’ their chosen characters, the chapter does indeed often read like a play on the page.

It would be patently ridiculous to suggest that an author using adverbs immediately becomes dramatic; and *Ulysses* is obviously far from being the first or last narrative to employ such means to describe its characters’ actions. Nevertheless, the vast and seemingly excessive number of adverbs and adverbial phrases in the early pages of *Ulysses* suggest, as Karen Lawrence has noted, that “something strange is taking place in the narrative” (Lawrence 1981: 45).

From literally the very first word, the abundance of these parts of speech supports the idea of Joyce’s “narrative (young)” – as allocated to “Telemachus” in the scheme Joyce provided for Gilbert – , suggesting a rather naïve or even insecure narrative voice that needs to spell everything out to the reader; and, by extension, gives us a wealth of what really seem like stage directions. By far the most active and ‘actorly’ of the three men in the tower, most of this grammar attaches itself to Mulligan. Intent on dominating his audience, Mulligan seems to have succeeded in dominating the narrative voice as well, with little or nothing the Buck does being left to our imagination. For instance, we are famously told that he enters “[s]tately”. Soon afterwards, he “called up coarsely”, “covered the bowl smartly”, “said sternly”, “added in a preacher's tone” and “peered sideways up” (*U*: 1). He then “cried briskly”, “looked gravely” although, “[m]ercurial Malachi” that he is, a “pleasant smile” also “broke quietly over his lips” and “he said gaily” and “pointed his finger in friendly jest”, “laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight”, “began to shave with care”, “he said frankly” (*U*: 2), “shaved warily”,

“began to search his trouser pockets hastily”, “cried thickly”, and “wiped the razorblade neatly” (*U*: 3).

Stephen, less demonstrative, does things “quietly” and follows the Buck “wearily”, but finally speaks “with energy and growing fear”.

The possibly baffling effect of the almost ‘Cyclopean’ list I’ve just produced is not completely alien to the sense of strangeness created in the reader by this adverbial avalanche as it appears in the text. Nowhere else in *Ulysses* (except perhaps for the exhausted “Eumaeus”) do we find such deliberately pedestrian usage. These adverbial stage directions can also expand into what Hugh Kenner called “a predilection for eloquent dumbshow” (Kenner 1978: 69): “[s]olemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower” (*U*: 1) and “Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. (*U*: 3).

With, therefore, almost every action, every speech provided with an adverb or adverbial phrase, in effect, a stage direction, readers are almost transformed into spectators: watchers and listeners to what is paraded before us, high on the Martello stage. As in a play, we are shown what and how characters do things without being fully told why.

The narrative, seemingly unsettled by this usurping dramatic activity, moves between the traditional third person narrator, free indirect discourse or narrative – close to what Hugh Kenner has designated ‘applying the Uncle Charles Principle[2]’ – and interior monologue. In the following section, we can clearly see the interplay of such movement:

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[2] This ‘principle’ argues that the 3rd person narrator can be linguistically influenced by the character being described or that “the narrative idiom need not be the narrator’s”. It “entails applying the character’s sort of wording to the character” (Kenner (1978) 2007: 18, 35).

> His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead
> And no more turn aside and brood
> Upon love's bitter mystery
> For Fergus rules the brazen cars.
> Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.
> A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.
> Where now? (*U*: 9-10)

The opening sentence here belongs to that of the traditional third person narrator, introducing Mulligan's direct speech. The associations of his quotation generate a lyrical passage of free indirect discourse from a Stephen in reflection. His emotions, however, cannot ultimately be contained within the existing, relatively impersonal narrative; and so he turns away into the comparative release and perfect solitude of 1st person interior monologue. Such variation in technique in the face of the dramatic devices highlighted above seems to hint not just at a 'young' but also an unsteady narrative form which is ripe for dramatic usurpation.

What we are presented with in "Telemachus" is the co-existence and frequent superimposition of drama on narrative. This is hardly surprising when we see that in the Linati Schema for "Telemachus,"[3] the 'technics' allocated are "Dialogue for 3 & 4, Narration and Soliloquy". Indeed, it might almost be expected by those remembering the young Joyce of the critical writings and through the pronouncements of Stephen in

[3] Richard Ellmann reproduced the full text of both the Linati and Gilbert versions in *Ulysses on the Liffey* (Ellmann (1972) 1984: 187*ff*).

Stephen Hero and *A Portrait* that the opening chapter of his great novel should, in so many respects, read like a play.

A significant part of what we witness in "Telemachus" is the cross-fertilisation of genres still vying for supremacy within Joyce. In 1913, he was drafting notes for *Exiles*, shortly before beginning *Ulysses* (and he began with the first three chapters, the Telemachiad). He later suspended work on the novel in 1914 to complete his play; but when *Exiles* was completed, in 1915, *Ulysses* was already very much a work in progress (Walton-Litz 1961: 142).

In *James Joyce: His First Forty Years*, Herbert S. Gorman argued that Joyce was "only secondarily a playwright" and that his "great function in letters [was] fictional narrative" but that it was "very plain to see that he [had] absorbed a deal of knowledge concerned with drama" (Gorman (1939) 1971: 103-4) The implication here is that drama was a thing of the past. Joyce, however, was never a man to let the past go lightly, if ever, and the knowledge that he had absorbed "concerned with drama" would be put into practice, if only indirectly.

Gorman had noted, or been directed to note, "that Joyce could handle dramatic situations with a keen sense of affect. Certain of the scenes in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* proved this, as did some of the sketches in *Dubliners*" (Gorman (1939) 1971: 106)[4]. These earlier moments in Joyce's work share the clear air of performance around "Telemachus".

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[4] In *A Portrait*, Gorman was probably thinking of scenes such as the Christmas dinner (*P*: 28-37) and the retreat sermons (*P*: 100-103 and 108-114). In *Dubliners*, though considerably more than a 'sketch', much of the "Grace" text at Tom Kernan's bedside (*D*: 145-157) works perfectly as dramatic dialogue and stage directions. Thinking along similar lines, at the Twelfth Annual Joyce Summer School in Trieste, Clare Hutton presented "a dramatic reading" almost, it seems, "a staging" of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" using male volunteers from the audience and the narrative as stage directions (Hutton 2008: 416). The fact that Joyce wrote to Grant Richards, on 20th May 1906, that this was the story that pleased him most may owe something to its dramatic quality (*SL*: 88).

When Mulligan murmurs "to himself" that Stephen is "a lovely mummer (…) the loveliest mummer of them all" (*U*: 4), his "lancet" (*U*: 6) is jabbing ironically at what he feels is Stephen's performance of the mourner's role rather than actually mourning[5]. This strikes home more deeply, perhaps, than Mulligan realises, as Stephen's unwillingness to pray, to perform the expected role in the ritual, even at his dying mother's bedside, still haunts the young poet. Mulligan has chosen his word carefully – especially bearing in mind their tensely stilted conversation – in that traditionally and etymologically a mummer is an actor who communicates entirely by gesture and, when not masked, facial expression; never speaking.[6] Mulligan, in fact, is only too willing to provide his 'mummer' with any number of 'masks' in this opening section: "fearful jesuit" (*U* :1), "an ancient Greek" (*U*: 2); "jejune jesuit", "my love" and someone with "the real Oxford manner" (*U*: 3); "Kinch, the knife-blade", "bard" (and a "dreadful" one (*U*: 5)), "poor dogsbody" (*U*: 5) and, finally, "impossible person" (*U*: 9). In terms of the more current, looser definition of 'mummer' – simply meaning an actor – , Mulligan, as he presents himself in his various fictions, is obviously more deserving of the title than Stephen.

In an episode whose final word is "usurper" (*U:* 28), however, Mulligan's comment also seems like a wink to the reader, a highly self-conscious acknowledgment of the dramatic usurpation of novelistic narrative that has threatened to take place on these pages.

In *Giacomo Joyce* and *Exiles*, we have seen how a general inclination for theatre was manifested – by both the author and his characters – in the use of existing dramatic

[5] In his musical version of *Ulysses*, *Blooms of Dublin*, Anthony Burgess picked up on this idea. After Stephen has ranted aloud to the ghost of his mother, Burgess impishly has Haines (of all people) ask him: "Amateur dramatics, eh? You rehearsing for something?" (Burgess 1986: 17).

[6] The *OED* traces it to Middle English, from the Old French *momer*: to wear a mask, to mime.

texts. Is there a text or texts to be discovered at the base of so much Telemachian theatre? One text, almost inevitably with Joyce, immediately springs forward to be recognised: *Hamlet*. Ignoring the various labels Mulligan would assign him, Stephen, terse and dressed in black for his opening scene, has loftier aspirations; clearly seeing himself as a variation on the Prince of Denmark.[7] In a manner reminiscent of Giacomo's 'expounding' of the Shakespeare, Stephen's relationship with *Hamlet* is highly personalised despite his attempts to achieve, or perhaps to an extent even affect, some intellectual distance through his 'theory'.

To what degree, however, is "Telemachus" (and to use what seems to be Mulligan's favourite word) a 'mockery' of *Hamlet*? There is clearly more than a trace of the Shakespeare – if only reflected in a "crack'd looking glass" (*U*: 6) – in the opening chapter of *Ulysses*.

Haines, in his "ponderous Saxon" manner (*Ibid.*: 6), is left to state (complete with quotation[8]) the connection the text hints at:

> I mean to say, Haines explained to Stephen as they followed, this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. That beetles o'er his base into the sea, isn't it? (*U*: 21).

"For Joyce" as Ellmann wrote, "no individual is so unusual and no situation so distinct as not to echo other individuals and situations" (*JJ*: 550). Whether the individuals and situations are real or fictional makee no difference. The opening scene of *Ulysses*, therefore, presents us with a figure appearing by a parapet, his shaving foam forming a 'mockery' of a helmet and his razor almost wielded as a weapon. The strange vision on the Martello tower then summons up a younger figure that approaches

[7] Molly, at least, fondly remembers him "like a prince on the stage" (*U*: 921).

[8] This is, perhaps, subject to a touch of mockery in "Proteus" through Stephen's "Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base" (*U*: 45). Shortly after, he imagines himself, Dane-like: "in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood" (*U*: 55).

hesitantly. The parallel is established and their conversation turns partly on the young man's mother. Mulligan – no longer in mockery – appeals, like Hamlet's father, to filial duty and strikes the raw nerve of Stephen's guilt with "[y]ou could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you" (*U*: 4); just as the ghost strikes Hamlet's with his "List, list, O list! / If thou didst ever thy dear father love" (I. v. 22-23). Haines can even be seen as a kind of distorted Horatio, whose condescending admiration provokes Stephen/Hamlet into an increasingly theatrical stance, if not quite "an antic disposition" (I. v. 180), which he later despises in "Nestor":

> A jester at the court of his master, indulged and disesteemed, winning a clement master's praise. Why had they chosen all that part? Not wholly for the smooth caress. For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard, their land a pawnshop (*U*: 29-30).

Mulligan then turns from mocking ghost to mocking Claudius, though carefully staged:

> His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof.
> – Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding (*U*: 9).

From the top of the tower, the scene changes to the kitchen – "fumbling at the damned eggs" (*U*: 13) rather than "omelette on the belly" (*U*: 673) – where we shall meet the next most important characters in the chapter: Haines the 'stage-Englishman' and the unnamed milk woman. Taking three pages to deliver and be (partially) paid for her milk, why is this old woman given so much time and space?

The anticipation of her arrival certainly allows Mulligan to perform his 'old mother Grogan' (*U*: 13-4) which, like his "Ballad of Joking Jesus" performed later in the chapter, we suspect has become one of the Buck's standard routines, possibly likewise performed "[t]hree times a day, after meals" (*U:* 23). At the mention of the old woman's approach, he immediately moves into stage Irish mode (with the now habitual adverbial phrase in attendance): "The blessings of God on you, Buck Mulligan cried,

jumping up from his chair." As well as bringing Haines, the Gaelic speaking coloniser into contact with the colonised native, who can't even recognise her own language (we might wonder how well Stephen and Mulligan speak it); the old woman obviously allows Joyce to contrast Mulligan's glittering verbal mummery with the apparent simplicity of the old woman. With stereotypical 'peasant' craftiness, she can, nevertheless, rattle off exactly how much she is owed for her milk in a flash:

> Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.
> Buck Mulligan sighed (*U*: 17).

This is as fine a performance from a character as anything we have seen in the novel so far. Firstly, there is the fake surprise at the notion of a bill to be paid, which interrupts her exit. There is a moment's apparent uncertainty, after which she produces the relatively complicated account without taking a breath. After 'well', the next pause (or comma) she takes is before the mock humility of her 'sir'. No phrase is complete for her, it seems, without this punctuating 'sir'. Like Stephen, we are unsure whether she is there "[t]o serve or to upbraid" (*U*: 15) silently. This supposed mark of respect is completely automatic and the more the word is repeated, the emptier it becomes: she has a role to play and dutifully performs it.

As a fellow 'performer', briefly forced to become a member of her audience, perhaps it wasn't just the having to pay up that made Buck Mulligan sigh? The milk woman's performance, more rooted in everyday reality, serves to highlight the superficiality of Mulligan's 'old mother Grogan' (funny though it is); just as the brief

appearance of the rather timid priest at the end of the chapter[9] serves as a counterpoint to the Buck's overblown religious theatricals as the novel begins.

Stephen, naturally, holds up his "cracked mirror" to the old woman and sees her reflected as a Mother Ireland figure:

> Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal (…) a messenger from the secret morning (*U*: 15).

This "wandering crone" leads us to Yeats. The poet has already been introduced by Buck Mulligan's quoting the poet Aleel's song ("Who goes with Fergus now?") in the original 1892 version of *The Countess Cathleen*:

> And no more turn aside and brood
> Upon love's bitter mystery
> For Fergus rules the brazen cars (*U*: 9).

It was a poem that had a particular relevance for both Stephen and Joyce.[10] When Stephen calls the milk woman, "the poor old woman", he brings to mind Yeats' other dramatic Cathleen. This is the translated title of the traditional Irish ballad, "The Shan Van Vocht" in which an anonymous old woman celebrates the coming of the French to

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[9] As the "elderly man" who has just been swimming in the forty-foot passes, Mulligan identifies him as a priest by "glancing at Haines and Stephen" and crossing himself theatrically rather than "piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone" (*U*: 26). Shortly afterwards, Stephen sees "The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly" (*Ibid.*: 28).

[10] In *Ulysses*, this is the song Stephen sang to his dying mother, as she reminds him in "Circe": "You sang that song to me. *Love's bitter mystery*" (*U*: 681), which haunts him throughout the day. According to his brother Stanislaus, Joyce had actually "sat down at the piano and sang the melancholy chant to which he had set the verses" to his dying brother George (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 143). Although Mulligan probably knew Stephen had set the verses to music, he presumably didn't know of their link with Stephen's mother. If he did, he'd be taking a major risk with such a seemingly insensitive quotation. It is his own phrase – "moody brooding" – that has presumably brought the Yeats back to him.

help in the ultimately ill-fated Irish rebellion of 1798. This ballad served as the basis for Yeats and Lady Gregory's *Cathleen ni Houlihan*[11].

In a further "mockery", therefore, of how English Haines and Irish Stephen, both rather serious on this Thursday morning, are partially brought together by the ironic jestering of Mulligan; so "jocoserious" Joyce (*U*: 791) now balances English *Hamlet* with Irish *Cathleen*; undercutting the earnestness of both through parody.

In *Cathleen ni Houlihan*[12], performed by the Irish National Dramatic Society in 1902, a 'Poor Old Woman' arrives at the home of an Irish peasant family preparing for the marriage of their oldest son, Michael to a neighbour, Delia. The mother, Bridget, is a highly superstitious country woman and the father, Peter, is obsessed with his future daughter-in-law's hundred pound dowry. She tells the family her "four beautiful green fields" (Yeats (1902) 1982: 81) have been taken from her, and also sings about Irish

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[11] Lady Gregory wrote "All this mine alone" on the earliest surviving draft, from the start up to Kathleen's entrance (Grene 1999: 64). Yeats later acknowledged that the play was written "with Lady Gregory's help" (Yeats (1955) 1980: 451). Originally called *Kathleen ni Houlihan* in 1892, Yeats changed the 'K' to a 'C' in 1895 (Yeats (1964) 1974: 2).

[12] In his letter dedicating *Plays for an Irish Theatre* (1903) to Lady Gregory, Yeats wrote of how the idea for the play came to him: "One night I had a dream almost as distinct as a vision, of a cottage where was well-being and firelight and talk of a marriage, and into the midst of that cottage there came an old woman in a long cloak. She was Ireland herself, that Kathleen ni Houlihan for whom so many songs have been sung and about whom so many stories have been told and for whose sake so many have gone to their death" quoted in Grene 1999: 63.

Roy Foster suggests other possible sources of 'inspiration' for *Cathleen*: "The symbolism (…) was inspired by Martyn's *Maeve*; and the nationalist moral was a response to a direct challenge" (Foster 1997: 248-49). The "challenge" had come from Frank Fay who, in *The United Irishman* of 4th May 1901, had criticised Yeats' *The Countless Cathleen* and *The Land of Heart's Desire* as plays that "do not inspire; they do not send men away filled with the desire for deeds". There were some, however, who wondered if *Cathleen ni Houlihan* rose to Fay's challenge too well. Stephen Gwynn, in a well-known comment, "went home asking (…) whether such plays should be produced unless one is prepared for people to go out and shoot or be shot" (Gwynn 1936: 158-59). Yeats himself, when thinking back on the Easter Rising of 1916 and feeling that he would "never get the answers right", asked in "The Man and the Echo": "Did that play of mine send out / Certain men the English shot? (Yeats (1939) 1974: 204).

heroes that have given their lives for her. Ultimately, this strange figure persuades Michael to give up thoughts of marriage and join the rebellion against the English. After he has left with her, the younger son Patrick, who has just returned, tells the family that he saw no "old woman going down the path" but just "a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen" (*Ibid.*: 88). The certainty of Michael's blood sacrifice has already rejuvenated the 'Poor Old Woman'.[13]

Despite telling us that *Cathleen* "was received with rapturous applause", Stanislaus Joyce stresses the fact that his brother "was scornful and indignant that Yeats should write such political and dramatic claptrap" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 187).[14]

In 1904, Joyce had had attacked the members of the Abbey Theatre in "The Holy Office", a satirical broadside written around the time the theatre received its patent, in August of that year (*PSW*: 260). The Abbey (originally the Irish Literary Theatre and then the Irish National Dramatic Society) was run by Yeats and Lady Gregory and involved, at different stages, almost all the young Irish writers… with one significant

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[13] The motif of the *puella senilis*, of an old woman transformed into a young girl through such a blood sacrifice, has its source in Celtic myth. See Greene 1999: 63.

[14] Joseph Holloway felt, in 1902, that "the piece was admirably played" and "made a deep impression. Most of the sayings of the mysterious "Cathleen" (a part realised with creepy realism by the tall and willowy Maud Gonne, who chanted her lines with rare musical effect, and crooned fascinatingly, if somewhat indistinctly, some lyrics) found ready and apt interpretation from the audience who understood that Erin spoke in "Cathleen", and they applauded each red-hot patriotic sentiment right heartily, and enthusiastically called for the author at the end, and had their wish gratified" (Holloway 1967: 50-51).
After seeing the 1904 production, he was even more enthusiastic about the play which was "exquisitely enacted and all present were thrilled by the weird beauty and intense pathos of Miss Maire nic Shiubhlaigh's embodiment of 'Cathleen'. Anything more strangely pathetic than her chanting as she leaves the cottage I have never heard. Her words sunk into one's very soul! A painful joy enveloped my senses and left me in an ecstasy of misery that was good to feel. Of all the 'Cathleens' I have seen, this was the truest embodiment. The sorrows of centuries were on her brow and in her eye, and her words pierced the heart with grief at her woe!" (Holloway 1967: 50-51). As to the success or failure in 1902 and 1904 of the Gillian family, whether as characters or in terms of the actors playing them, Holloway is silent; totally besotted by the central character.

exception. For Joyce, it appeared, "that mumming company" (*PSW*: 97) had "surrendered to the popular will" (*OCPW*: 50). This made art impossible because "if the artist courts the favour of the multitude he cannot escape the contagion of its fetishism (…) and if he joins in a popular movement he does so at his own risk. Therefore the Irish Literary Theatre by its surrender to the trolls has cut itself adrift from the line of advancement" (*Ibid.*: 51-2). Nevertheless, "[h]e, at least, though living at the farthest remove from the centre of European culture (…) would live his own life according to what he recognised as the voice of a new humanity, active, unafraid and unashamed" (*SH*: 174).[15]

The young Joyce had burned with the desire to show how he had broken away from what he considered the folksy, pseudo-Irishness of "giddy dames' frivolities" and "gold-embroidered Celtic fringes" (*PSW*: 97) and from those who in their "foolishness (…) sigh back for the good old times" (*OCPW*: 28): the times encapsulated, for him, in a play like *Cathleen ni Houlihan*.

In "Telemachus", a more mature and accomplished Joyce than he of "The Day of the Rabblement" and "The Holy Office" nevertheless took the opportunity to put his taste for personal and literary revenge at the service of his art (with, by implication, drama taking a further step towards a possible usurpation of narrative) through incorporating a brief, parodic take on Yeats' play within the framework of his novel. By setting "Cathleen" before his "cracked mirror", he was able not only to explore an ironic echo of various tensions between the colonised Irish and the colonising Englishman; but also to ridicule the romanticised view of Ireland presented by much Celtic Revival

[15] See also "The Holy Office" in *PSW*: 99.

writing – including drama – at the time *Ulysses* was set (and which would extend well beyond the time in which it was written and published).[16]

In *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, there is much mystery and tension created by the knowledge that an old woman has been seen in the area. Joyce's Cathleen is similarly given a rather ominous entrance as, with the three men in expectation, the "doorway was darkened by an entering form" (*U*: 13). Instead of arriving to take the lifeblood of the countryside, however, this "entering form" is simply bringing sustenance – milk – for the town dwellers' tea. Unlike Cathleen, she seems pliant and is uncomplaining. So far from being the figure of Mother Ireland, she doesn't recognise her own language and feels there is nothing unnatural in the fact (further irony lies in the fact that Joyce has her think that Haines was speaking French). Mulligan's obvious unwillingness to pay mirrors Peter's obsession with the dowry (the mirror is cracked, needless to say); and he is further linked to the father in *Cathleen* by offering the milk woman a cup of tea. This is pure gesturing on Mulligan's part, of course; as he knows full well such socialising would probably only make her feel more uncomfortable. (*U*: 14.) In the play, it is Cathleen who makes the residents feel ill at ease[17]. The old woman in "Telemachus" brings a kind of calm to the Martello tower, if only as a distraction: Mulligan targets her rather than Stephen or, furtively, Haines. A strained situation, tense with unnatural conversation, is briefly made more normal, more commonplace with the old woman's

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[16] Joyce was not alone in this. Such parody was another aspect of his rivalry with Synge. *The Playboy of the Western World* "is a devastating critique of the rural west that so many of the Revivalists idealised. It is as full of violence, illusion, futility and sexual frustration as any of Martin McDonagh's wicked parodies of the traditional Irish play" (Eagleton 2011: 23).

[17] "The matter-of-fact ways of the household and the weird, uncanny conduct of the strange visitor make a very agreeable concoction" (Holloway 1967: 17).

entrance. Cathleen, on the other hand, disrupts a realistic setting[18] and turns it into something other worldly. The other worldly in "Telemachus" is either turned into something grotesque and terrifyingly accusatory:

> In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.
> Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down (*U*: 10-11).

Or cheaply parodied:

> Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried:
> – A miracle! (*U*: 17).

Peter tells his wife to "[g]ive her a drink of milk, and a bit of the oaten bread" which is, perhaps, a more genuine offer than Mulligan's; although he is clearly is ill at ease with this strange visitor and wants to maintain some distance from "Poor Old Woman". When Cathleen is offered milk, she refuses (Yeats (1902) 1982: 84). Milk is one thing, but although Peter is as reluctant as Mulligan to part with his money, his wife Bridget persuades him to offer the Poor Old Woman "a shilling" which Cathleen won't accept either (*Ibid.*: 83, 84) – the possible echo of 'taking the king's shilling', meaning to enlist in the British army, not making it anymore attractive. Cathleen ni Houlihan will strike no bargains, unlike her heroic namesake, the Countess Cathleen, or the initially unlikely but ultimately business-like milk woman in "Telemachus". Without actually invoking the Yeats, Declan Kiberd refers to another parodic Cathleen ni Houlihan in "Wandering Rocks": Mrs M'Guinness, a pawnbroker, who has "such a queenly mien"

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[18] Nicholas Grene argues that the "representativeness of the Gillanes as a peasant family gives to the play its popular and populist quality" (Grene 1999: 70). By having his 'Cathleen' meet the highly unrepresentative Mulligan, Dedalus and Haines, Joyce turns this idea completely upside down.

(*U*: 282), according to Father Conmee. A pawnbroker, even when she is "stately" and "silverhaired", could hardly be more opposed to the ideal of Cathleen and, like the old milk woman, "she is just another example of the Gaelic *aisling*[19] gone wrong" (Kiberd 2009: 158).

For Mulligan, this "ma'am" (*U*: 15, 16) (repeatedly and exclusively used by Michael when addressing Cathleen (Yeats (1902) 1982: 82, 83 and 84)) is a source of condescending amusement. Only he calls her this (and her excessively reiterated 'sir' – by which she addresses them all – is a sly *touché* to him). For Haines, she is a specimen for his cultural studies. The Englishman is, of course, one of the "too many strangers in the house" Cathleen talks of (Yeats (1902) 1982: 81), although all three men in the Martello 'house' are, superficialities aside, essentially 'strangers' to each other. Stephen (who barely speaks in this section) is the only one of the three who asks her a genuinely interested question: "Do you understand what he says?" Furthermore, it is Stephen who actually lays Mulligan's florin "passed along the table towards the old woman (…) in her uneager hand" (*U*: 17).

Michael is spellbound by Cathleen, even though she treats him as a subject and commands or pronounces rather than ever speaking to him in a natural way. In contrast, Stephen feels the milk woman "slights" him, possibly because unlike Mulligan (and Haines to a lesser extent), he does not command or pronounce. Perhaps like Haines (according to Mulligan) she thinks Stephen "is [therefore] not a gentleman" (*U*: 2). He does not play the superior role she expects, he doesn't speak in a "loud voice" (*U*: 16) and is, therefore, somewhat dismissed. He, however, like Michael and the French in

[19] Kiberd defines the term as "that vision-poem in which an exiled prince returns over the water to free an occupied state and liberate his beloved from bondage" (Kiberd 2009: 294).

Cathleen, is drawn to her.[20] Stephen has, after all, just 'landed' from France and he'll soon follow her out of this particular 'house' forever. She however, unqueenly in her curtseying, will assuredly not be transforming into a young girl to lead him off to sacrificial glory[21].

The old milk woman has neither the temperament nor time for "those big words" about symbols or causes "which make us so unhappy" (*U*: 38). She stands at an ironic distance from both the Old Gummy Granny conjured up in "Circe", and Yeats' dream-vision symbol. Although Stephen will later follow her literal trail, he rejects the symbolic path of the mythical figures she faintly shadows. No avatar of earlier uprisings, he does not go to put "strangers out". In fact, it is the 'stranger' Haines who is at least partly responsible for a "putting [him] out" (Yeats (1902) 1982: 84). This lack of complete, genuine resolution in terms of the stranger in the house motif is actually in keeping with the Yeats as seen from Nicholas Grene's perspective:

> The stranger French are necessary catalysts for the expulsion of the stranger English. What then? The power of *Kathleen ni Houlihan* derives not only from the potency with which it imagines revolution as a miraculous transformation, but the skill with which it leaves unanswered the question of what is to follow the revolution (Grene 1999: 71-2).

In the Nighttown hallucination, Stephen's "intellectual imagination" (*U:* 682) connects the Old Gummy Granny with the ghost of Hamlet's father: two spectres both

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[20] Clothes are a further link between the two young men: Mulligan's lending Stephen clothes and continued fussing over his rather shabby, mourning apparel parallels the concern in the Yeats over Michael's wedding clothes. "God, we'll simply have to dress the character", as Mulligan says (*U*: 19).

[21] In discussing Mangan and Joyce, C. P. Curran argues that "[f]or Mangan, a lover of death, Caitlin ni Houlihan [*sic*] is a queen, but for Joyce an abject queen upon whom also death is coming" (Curran 1968: 16). Mangan, of course, composed a highly political tribute to the "Poor Old Woman" in true *aisling* fashion. For example:

> Think not her a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen;
> Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
> Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
> Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

desiring vengeance and threatening to bring destruction on youth following their path.[22] When, however, she "[t]hrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand" (*U:* 696) he, unlike Michael in *Cathleen*, ignores the offer of force[23]; as he does the offer of his "stick": "[s]tick, no Reason. This feast of pure reason" (*U*: 696). His 'daggers', as we have seen earlier in the day, are those of 'definitions' (*U*: 238). He thus strengthens his bond with Bloom (*U*: 427, 432), even as he seems to reject his help.

Mulligan parallels, in his own mocking manner, Michael's family in their vain attempts to stop him joining the French at Killala. Directly or indirectly, the Buck is continually disparaging Stephen's French experience. When the "jejune jesuit" suggests drinking black tea with lemon, Mulligan snaps: "O, damn you and your Paris fads (…) I want Sandycove milk" (*U*: 13) Later,

> A limp black missile flew out of his talking hands.
> And there's your Latin quarter hat[24], he said.
> Stephen picked it up and put it on (*U*: 19).

Furthermore, of course, Milligan goes on – no doubt pointedly – to remind the assembly company that the tower they are in was built by "Billy Pitt (…) when the French were on the sea[25]" (*U*: 20).

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[22] "Aha! I know you, gammer! Hamlet, revenge! The old sow that eats her farrow!" (*U*: 692).

[23] Hugh Kenner, however, has argued that the source of Stephen's "[h]urt my hand somewhere" in "Circe" (*U*: 668) may well have been his use of force against Buck Mulligan, who had irritated him all day, in what Bloom describes as a "[s]cene at Westland Row" (*U*: 579). Kenner believes Stephen punched Mulligan at the train station (Kenner 1980: 116). There was certainly some incident as Bloom, concerned about where Stephen will sleep, adds "[w]alking to Sandycove is out of the question and, even supposing you did, you won't get in after what occurred at Westland Row station" which, since "Circe", has become "the very unpleasant scene at Westland Row terminus" (*U*: 713). Alternatively, Suzette A. Henke has suggested that, in facing the demons of his past, Stephen feels "once more, the pain of father Dolan's stick" (Henke 1978: 198). Another possibility I would put forward, in a similar vein to Henke's, is that it is the memory made immediately physical of when "sixteen years ago [he] twenty-two tumbled" (*U*: 668).

[24] This, of course, becomes his "Hamlet hat" in "Proteus" (U: 59).

As for settling the milk bill, it is Haines who brings it up and insists on Mulligan paying: anticipated proof of Deasy's "I paid my way" being the "proudest boast" of the Englishman in the following chapter (*U*: 37). The payment of the money, as we have seen above, reanimates the old milk woman; parodying the rejuvenating effect of Michael's sacrifice on Cathleen. Having served these men, the milk woman receives her payment (less twopence and without, it seems, much enthusiasm for what she does get). Cathleen, in contrast, refuses "silver" (Yeats (1902) 1982: 84) and says the heroes who will die in serving her "will think they are well paid" (Yeats *Ibid.*: 86).

Both the milk woman and Cathleen leave on the theme of payment and to the sound of singing. Cathleen goes out proudly promising immortality to her heroes, as she sings:

> They shall be remembered for ever,
> They shall be alive for ever,
> They shall be speaking for ever,
> The people shall hear them for ever (Yeats (1902) 1982: 86, 88).

And, shortly afterwards, comes the famous line that Patrick saw no old woman but "a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen" (Yeats (1902) 1982: 88)[26].

The milk woman even curtsies, heavily stressing her (possibly mock) subservience, and leaves quietly, still owed the twopence, but "followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant":

> Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give. (…)
> Heart of my heart, were it more,
> More would be laid at your feet (*U*: 17).

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[25] Mulligan here is using the opening line of "The Shan Van Vocht" (O'Lochlainn 1984: 120).

[26] Carol Loeb Shloss quotes Patrick Collins' description of Lucia after she had been "tramping" around Dublin for 6 days (in 1935, when she was 28). She was a woman "of great scope" who had walked "as if she owned the whole bloody world" (Loeb 2005: 349). This, naturally, is no more than an interesting coincidence; but one to which Joyce himself would possibly have had an ambivalent reaction.

Cathleen's heroic Irish have given everything and considered that rich payment in itself, it seems. This modern day Cathleen's Irishmen excuse themselves for leaving her short. No rejuvenating sacrifice for this "Poor Old Woman" and, for the time being, only words follow her out the door.

By the time the milk woman has left, Joyce's subversion of *Cathleen ni Houlihan* is complete. He has also transformed novelistic narration into a dramatic experience. Looking at the three pages involving the old woman, we see that they would work perfectly well on stage: the dialogue and stage directions are clearly there. The formal tensions, however, the inconstant narrative technique mentioned earlier is also clearly present. For in the middle of our dramatic scene, we find two lengthy narrative passages. The first begins with traditional third person narration but ends with a blurring into a strong suggestion of Stephen's free direct discourse: "He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers" (*U*: 15). By the end of the paragraph, there is no doubt whatsoever:

> They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour (*Ibid.*: 15).[27]

A little further on (*Ibid.*: 16), third person narration blurring again with free direct discourse due to the echo of 'scorn' slips almost immediately into interior monologue:

> Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicine man; me she slights (*Ibid.*: 16).

"Telemachus", therefore, not only presents us with interweaving narrative styles but also reveals layers of dramatic technique aiming to usurp this prominence.

[27] This is the complete opposite of Michael's immediate fascination with Cathleen.

Furthermore, through the use of Yeats and Gregory's *Cathleen ni Houlihan,* it also creates another perspective not only on Irish nationalism but also on the world of myth.

Mulligan's performances and the use of *Cathleen* signal Joyce's clear tendency towards parodic theatricality and the dramatic. On later entering Barney Kiernan's pub and the world of excess that is "Cyclops", we see that what was initiated in the morning has, by late afternoon, been taken considerably further.

4.2

"Cyclops"

Tall Talk at Barney Kiernan's

Our casual entrance into the "Cyclops" episode, "just passing the time of day" (*U*: 376), does little to prepare us for what is to come. We soon realise, however, that this fictional world has changed.

The episode's first significant step towards exploring the struggle between narrative and drama is to dispense completely with the traditional 3rd person narrator. By this stage in *Ulysses*, of course, we are used to switches between the 1st and 3rd person, as well as other narrative techniques. Events have been recounted and commented on in highly distinctive and various ways; and, in the previous two chapters ("Wandering Rocks" and Sirens"), we have seen the action of the novel from various other points of view than just Bloom and Stephen's. In going "around to Barney Kiernan's" (*U*: 378), we meet, for the only time in *Ulysses*, a sustained but anonymous 1st person narrative persona (clearly an altogether different character from Bloom, Stephen, Gerty McDowell – in the first part of "Nausicaa" – and Molly).

The 'I' of "Cyclops" is "a collector of bad and doubtful debts" (with this information self-dramatisingly prefaced by "How are the mighty fallen!" (*U:* 376)). The

narrator is traditionally called the 'Nameless One' (a tribute of sorts to both James Clarence Mangan and naturally the 'Noman' trick Ulysses played on Polyphemus. As Frank Budgen tells us:

> He knows no good of anybody, and the bad that he knows has been collected by way of keyholes, torn curtains, thin partitions, waste-paper baskets and scraps of gossip. To him all heroes are blockheads, all saints are rogues, and he looks at the gods only to see if their clay feet are cracking up nicely. He communes at times with a kindred soul, Pisser (Andrew) Burke (…) and should the Nameless One himself not be present to witness their shame and discomfiture, then the ubiquitous Pisser Burke will be on duty at the worst angle, and "I" will add the piece to his scurvy repertoire at their next meeting (Budgen (1934) 1960: 154).

On the other hand, there is something initially reassuring about this 'I', talking directly to us and happy to share everything he knows. Ushering in a familiar narrative style, he seems to represent a reassuring return to the early promises apparently made (Lawrence 1981: 38), and swiftly broken, in "Telemachus": especially after such abdication from convention in, most markedly, "Aeolus", "Wandering Rocks" and "Sirens". The style may, at first glance, be comforting; the 'stylist', a "snarling Thersites" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 154) ultimately, is not; despite often being, as Budgen goes on to argue (*Ibid.*: 154) an irresistibly funny performer (as is Shakespeare's Thersites). His keen ear has provided him with a certain talent for imitation (an advantage for any oral narrator) even if it is a touch exaggerated at times, as here, when Bloom is asked what he'll have to drink:

> Bloom saying he wouldn't and couldn't and excuse him no offence and all to that and then he said well he'd just take a cigar (*U*: 392);

or Blazes Boylan's father avoiding his civic duty:

> Old Whatwhat. I called about the poor and water rate, Mr Boylan. You what? The water rate, Mr Boylan. You whatwhat? (*Ibid.:* 414).

Neither does the Citizen escape this cynical and knowing nameless eye. After he has proclaimed his drunkenly mawkish vision of when “the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with our own flag to the fore (…) three crowns on a blue field, the three sons of Milesius”; the Nameless One is only too ready to put his patriotism in perspective:

> All wind and piss like a tanyard cat. Cows in Connacht have long horns. As much as his bloody life is worth to go down and address his tall talk to the assembled multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose with the Molly Maguires looking for him to let daylight through him for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant (*U*: 424-26).

Democratic as well as demotic, his thoughts leave no-one out. A clear survivor in Dublin’s pubs, he’s not only well-served by his ready wit; as when dealing with Garryowen:

> Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen, sneering.
> No, says I. But he might take my leg for a lampost (*U*: 403);

but also by his arsenal of idiomatic expressions:

> So anyhow in came John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan with him with a face on him as long as a late breakfast (*Ibid.:* 420).

His ‘gift of the gab’ seldom, it seems, goes unrewarded[1]:

> And says Joe:
> – Could you make a hole in another pint?
> – Could a swim duck? says I (*Ibid.:* 405).

His clearly oral and naturalistic bar room monologue is frequently interrupted, however, by flights of fancy connected, like the “Aeolus” headlines – determinedly non-

[1] Although the well does seem to run dry for him in Barney Kiernan’s eventually. His last drink, as far as we can tell, is from Joe; just after Bloom has gone to look for Martin Cunningham (*U*: 433). In the last order of the chapter, he isn’t offered anything by Ned Lambert (*U*: 439). By this time, of course, although he only recalls “two pints off of Joe and one in Slattery's off” somebody else, he claims that he “must have done about a gallon” over the day so far (*U*: 435).

fanciful – to events or statements in the text. In keeping with the chapter's governing 'technic' of 'Gigantism' (allocated in the Gilbert schema), these usually trivial events and statements that are often no more than casual comments, find themselves taken up and inflated with disproportionate significance. For example, the Citizen "taking out his handkerchief to swab himself dry" produces:

> The muchtreasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish facecloth attributed to Solomon of Droma and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh, authors of the Book of Ballymote, was then carefully produced and called forth prolonged admiration (*Ibid.:* 430)

with the "admiration" being "prolonged" for another thirty lines or so.

When the Citizen starts talking to 'his'[2] dog "in Irish [with] the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera", the narrator is interrupted by an announcement that there is to be a

> really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy[3] given by the famous old Irish red wolfdog setter formerly known by the sobriquet of Garryowen and recently rechristened by his large circle of friends and acquaintances Owen Garry (*Ibid.:* 403).

The "marvellous exhibition" will actually be "a recitation of verse" in Irish. The writer "subjoin[s] a specimen which has been rendered into English", and that parodies contemporary attempts at Gaelic verse in English translation. "Owen's" performance

[2] The Nameless One, typically, knows it's actually "old Giltrap's dog". In "Nausicaa", Gerty McDowell's imagined future domestic bliss includes having "the photograph of grandpapa Giltrap's lovely dog Garryowen that almost talked it was so human" (*U*: 458). Whilst this confirms ownership and Garryowen's 'talent', it also casts further doubt on both the Nameless One's and her own reliability as narrators.

[3] Sam Slote points out, citing the *OED*, that 'cynanthropy' is "a species of madness in which a man imagines himself to be a dog". He comments, however, that the "reversal is appropriate since this burlesque was preceded by the Citizen conversing, or attempting to converse, in Irish with Garry" and thus, in a way, becoming "dog-like" (Slote 2009: 551). Both the anonymous reporter's imprecise usage, as well as the Citizen's quasi-cynanthropy further illustrate the theme of "shoneens that can't speak their own [or anybody else's] language" (*U*: 402) that runs through the chapter.

will, we are told, be delivered from the stage of Lowry's music hall[4], an undoubtedly suitable setting for such a burlesque performance. The newspaper 'puff' for this upcoming event even prefaces the "specimen" with some tips for the uninitiated:

> Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly increased if Owen's verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.
> The curse of my curses
> Seven days every day
> And seven dry Thursdays
> On you, Barney Kiernan,
> Has no sup of water
> To cool my courage,
> And my guts red roaring
> After Lowry's lights (*Ibid.:* 404).

These departures from the naturalistic text have far greater freedom and variety than the Aeolian newspaper headlines and "expand before our eyes [to] give an exaggerated version of the 'original' story" (Lawrence 1981: 102). In a similar vein, André Topia has argued that the Nameless One is obsessed with a "ceaseless search for origins and guarantees outside himself [e.g. Pisser Burke]. And in this, his discourse is pure echo, and even the echo of an echo" (Topia 1984: 121). Extending Topia's line of thought, the parodies could, perhaps, be seen as the narrator continuing this echoing process and creating his own porter fuelled, severely distorted versions in line with Joyce's techniques of "Gigantism", and the "Alternating Asymmetry" of the schema sent to Linati. Like the doubled schemata, the chapter is a twice-told tale. We hear the first version from the narrator with his single, unique voice; and then get a multi-voiced

[4] Various characters pass posters advertising the "charming soubrette" Marie Kendall at Lowry's in "Wandering Rocks" (*U*: 298, 326).

(or 'polyphemic') version in various literary and non-literary styles[5]. Deliberately excessive (both stylistically and, often, in length), any opportunity to mock the characters and their various preoccupations is swiftly taken up: John Wyse Nolan's concern for Irish woodland and the Citizen's sentimental "[s]ave the trees of Ireland", for example, are expanded into the arboreal high society "wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley" (*Ibid.:* 424-5); just as the Citizen's later appeal to Saint Patrick is answered by a three page procession of religious figures and their accessories (*Ibid.:* 440-42). Being a minor character is no protection: pathetic Bob Doran's drunken lament over the demise of Paddy Dignam assumes mock-epic proportions as "mournful and with a heavy heart he bewept the extinction of that beam of heaven" (*Ibid.:* 391).

Is, however, the Nameless One really echoing himself? The idea of the parodies being the narrator's asides, flowing from his consciousness, can only work through the acceptance of a break with the naturalistic convention established through his voice, as well as a major character change in terms of the breadth of his cultural background: something that does sometimes happen to characters in *Ulysses*, but only in "Circe"[6]. Alternatively, we could accept the attractive idea of an overall, controlling 'polyphemic' narrator, for whom the 'I' is simply another voice, along the lines of David Hayman's

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[5] We should remember, of course, that Polyphemus, the name of Homer's Cyclops, translates literally as 'Many voiced'. Furthermore, the use of the various literary styles or 'voices' in the chapter clearly looks forward to "The Oxen of the Sun".

[6] This happens to various Nighttown characters (and even objects). For example, Biddy the Clap and Cunty Kate, transformed as they ponder Bloom's calling Stephen a 'professor', suddenly produce the King's English (as it was then) with a capital 'K':

> BIDDY THE CLAP: Did you hear what the professor said? He's a professor out of the college.
> CUNTY KATE: I did. I heard that.
> BIDDY THE CLAP: He expresses himself with much marked refinement of phraseology.
> CUNTY KATE: Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy (*U*: 688).

‘arranger’[7]. A further possibility, and the basis of my argument, is that these parodic interruptions are the legacy of the traditional third person narrator we met in “Telemachus”. The narrative form here is striving to reassert itself against the usurping dramatic monologist in Barney Kiernan’s.

What becomes more than apparent, nevertheless, through the Nameless One’s oral narrative is that he is a performer, as he puts on an impressive range of low Dublin voices and verbally stages situations for his audience. Much of his story is poured out through long streams of dialogue; in which the ‘stage directions’ are often as minimal as “says he”, “says Joe”, “says Bloom”, with virtually no narrative interruptions. Passages such as the Nameless One’s opening dialogue with Joe could have come directly from a play, for example:

> Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?
> Soot's luck, says Joe. Who’s the old ballocks you were talking to?
> Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfare with his brooms and ladders.
> What are you doing round those parts? says Joe (*Ibid.*: 376).

When the first parody intervenes in this dialogue, it is working as a corrective to ‘I’’s attitude to his work who has, after all, ended up parodying his Jewish ‘client’, Moses Herzog. The legal language of the interruption is correct (even in its highly inflated ‘legalese’) and acts as a counterbalance to the Nameless One’s (equally inflated) theatrical banter[8]. The parody in this case is, ironically, attempting to restore the order of a narrative norm:

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[7] The ‘arranger’ is “a creature of many faces (…) a larger version of his characters with a larger field of vision and many more perceptions to control” (Hayman (1970) 1982: 93).

[8] His ranting includes the information that “a big foxy thief” has “lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar” from the shopkeeper. This “thief” – an “old plumber” who has failed to pay back his debt at three shillings a week – is, apparently, “the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day’s walk and [as

> For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraghty, Esquire, of 29 Arbour Hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser [and the 'document' continues for another twenty lines] (*Ibid.*: 377).

Although this directly 'corrective' element is never seen again so clearly in these narrative interruptions, the absurdity of how the legal transaction is recorded establishes the fundamental aspect of the relationship between the narration and the parodies in "Cyclops".

Hayman called these interruptions "a jumble of mocking asides" (Hayman 1974: 243). 'Mocking'[9] they clearly are and something of a 'jumble' too. Are they, however, technically dramatic asides? An aside is, of course, meant just for the speaker and, more importantly, the audience. For Patrice Pavis, it is "distinguished from the monologue by its brevity and the fact that it is part of the dialogue" (Pavis 1998: 29)[10]. On the grounds of lack of "brevity" (in most examples) and clearly existing outside the naturalistic dialogue, what we have in "Cyclops" are not, strictly speaking, asides. These departures from the narrator's monologue are all burlesques; parodic written accounts or alternative versions of the actions we have just been told about. By giving us extra information, even if it is distorted or exaggerated, about what happened or is happening, they are narratives, in the broadest sense. These, among others, include Celtic legends

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barbed, irrelevantly personal touch] the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain" (*U*: 376-77).

[9] The term deliberately brings Buck Mulligan to mind, as the word or the same radial is used by him or of him 6 times in "Telemachus". Mulligan would undoubtedly appreciate the parodies of this secret artist.

[10] Indeed, we are later given a highly theatrical lesson in how to use the device by Virag in "Circe":

> VIRAG (Severely, his nose hardhumped, his side eye winking.) Stop twirling your thumbs and have a good old thunk. See, you have forgotten. Exercise your mnemotechnic. La causa è santa. Tara. Tara. (Aside) He will surely remember (*U*: 630-31).

We see later in "Eumaeus" that Bloom's "mnemotechnic"' requires greater "exercise" when it comes to Mercadante and Meyerbeer (*U*: 770).

(*U*: 384, 386-87), a theosophical séance (*Ibid.*: 389-90), medical journalese(*Ibid.*: 394), 19th century sentimental fiction (*Ibid.*: 406), parliamentary reports (*Ibid.*: 409), and a range of popular journalism (*Ibid.*: 396-402, 412-14, 447-48).

According to Pavis' definition, the nameless narrator frequently gives recognisably standard asides. They are brief digressions, oral footnotes as it were, to his own tale: the short, sharp "straw" observation (*Ibid.*: 410); or the ridiculing of Bloom's use of "Phenomenon".[11] In abrupt contrast, the lists of trees, saints and so on are not only alien to our monologist's consciousness but completely explode this conventional dramatic technique; just as "Circe" will both exaggerate and subvert the function of stage directions.

The Nameless One, an oral narrator producing a naturalistic monologue[12], dramatically drives the text into direct competition with narrative convention. This leads to a kind of reciprocal parodic disruption.

The struggle between narrative and drama is never greater in *Ulysses* than in this chapter. As the Nameless One attempts to establish his dramatic performance, his monologue, he is interrupted by and forced to compete with a narrative form still refusing to be usurped within the pages of what is, ostensibly, a novel. The narrative 'arranger', we might say (to invoke David Hayman's figure once again), picks up moments from the monologue and, with the full range of forms at its disposal, transforms naturalistic drama into a rainbow of parodic narratives. Their function is not

[11] Despite ridiculing his use of 'phenomenon', the Nameless One – a man who lives off his power to master words – possibly harbours an admiration for Bloom's use of language. 'Phenomenon' leads him into his lengthy tale about Bloom and "the cracked loodheramaun of a nephew" (*U*: 395) in which he displays his own verbal resources; as well as ironically providing a challenging partial rhyme to Bloom's Phenomenon with his 'loodheramaun'.

[12] He does this, admittedly, through a highly unnatural feat of memory. Nonetheless, we should not discount the possibility that, in telling his story, he would be prepared to make up what he might have forgotten or tailor details to suit the immediate needs of his audience.

dissimilar to what Hugh Kenner described as the "pasting of captions across the pages of "Aeolus" in such a wise as to render impossible a straightforward vocal *performance* of that talk-ridden episode" (Kenner 1980: 65).

The narrative position, framed as it is by the dramatic monologue of the Nameless One, is nonetheless, vulnerable to usurpation; and some of the parodies have a strong suggestion of the theatre, even though they are not written out as dramatic dialogue. Paddy Dignam's return from beyond (*U*: 389-90), for instance, is really a play in reported speech; as is that "perfect skit, complete with comic song and mock sentiment" (Hayman 1974: 273), the parody of Robert Emmet's execution:

> The nec and non plus ultra of emotion were reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be launched into eternity for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly Sheila, my own. Encouraged by this use of her Christian name she kissed passionately all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy who went to his death with a song on his lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in Clonturk park (*U*: 400-01).

This suggestion of the dramatic is taken further when, on three occasions, the supposedly disruptive narratives seemingly betray their genre and appear as dialogue-based parodies: the exchange, in 19th century sentimental style, between Bob Doran and Bloom concerning Paddy Dignam (*Ibid.*: 406); the parliamentary debate over the outbreak of foot and mouth (*Ibid.*: 409); and the pastiche of medieval romance with the King's messengers calling on the initially reluctant landlord (*Ibid.*: 436-7). All three seem to anticipate "Penelope", in the sense of needing to be heard more than read.

I mentioned reciprocity above and, balancing the narrative parodies' attempt to usurp the monologist's position, the ultimate reciprocity is that of the narrative's interventions having to take place within the dramatic framework of the monologue.

They, therefore, end up assuming the role of vastly expanded and highly theatrical asides. Narrative stakes its claim in “Cyclops”, but it does so by parodying drama from within the framework of an imposed theatrical device.

From the inter-generic, we now move to the inter-textual. After our meeting with the old milk woman in “Telemachus”, the Citizen’s impassioned invocation of “the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan” (*Ibid.*: 428) reminds us of how Yeats and Gregory’s play underlies part of the opening chapter. In terms of the struggle between the dramatic and narrative, “Cyclops” reverses what happens in “Telemachus”. Its presentation of narrative attempts to undercut monologue is the reversed image of the earlier episode’s attempted usurpation of narrative’s dominant role by dramatic texts and techniques. This contrastive connection is now underlined by the embedding in “Cyclops” of a dramatic text which, rather than being based on an Irish myth, comes “from the Greek” (*Ibid.*: 70).

Unlike Greek philosophy (and, in particular, “the mind of witty Aristotle” (*PSW*: 97), there is little direct evidence that Greek drama ever worked strongly upon Joyce’s mind or influenced his art. It was, in fact, “[t]reated”, according to the President of the College, “very summarily indeed” (*SH*: 89) in the opening section of Stephen’s (and Joyce’s) paper, “Drama and Life”:

> In speaking of Greek drama it must be borne in mind that its rise dominated its form. The conditions of the Attic stage suggested a syllabus of greenroom proprieties and cautions to authors, which in after ages were foolishly set up as the canons of dramatic art, in all lands. Thus the Greeks handed down a code of laws which their descendants with purblind wisdom forthwith advanced to the dignity of inspired pronouncements. (…) It may be a vulgarism, but it is a literal truth to say that Greek drama is played out. For good or bad it has done its work, which, if wrought in gold, was not upon lasting pillars. Its revival is not of dramatic but of pedagogic significance (*OCPW*: 23).

Four years later, in his broadside, "The Holy Office", Joyce's basically dismissive attitude remained the same, judging from his implied ridicule of AE's classical enthusiasm which:

> tried so hard to win for us
> The long-lost works of Eschylus (*PSW*: 98).[13]

Aeschylus, who does not even seem to deserve a proper rhyme here, was directly mocked, along with the formal conventions of Greek tragedy (in this case, his use of the recognition device) in *Stephen Hero*. Electra, in *The Choephori*, realises her brother Orestes has returned by the fact that footprints by Agamemnon's grave match her own (Vellacott (1956) 1959: 111)[14]; and so, in Stephen's "pseudo-classical catechism", we have:

> Question: What great truth do we learn from the *Libation-Pourers* of Eschylus?
> Answer: We learn from the *Libation-Pourers* of Eschylus that in ancient Greece brothers and sisters took the same size boots (*SH*: 173).

After which, he looks away "wearily".[15]

Synge, who always stirred mixed feelings of envy and admiration within Joyce, was accused (with some relief, it seems) of failing in an assumed attempt at a certain 'Greekness'. In 1903, Joyce wrote to his brother and informed him that the dramatist had

> written four plays – one of which, *Riders to the Sea*, Arthur Symons and WB Yeats admire very much – Yeats told me it was quite Greek: and I suppose Synge will be

[13] AE was perhaps also remembered in *Finnegans Wake* during the comic routine between Butt and Taff, in which we learn of "a greak esthate phophiar (…) explaining aposteriorly" about "all (…) the tragedoes of those antiants" (*FW*: 343).

[14] A further example of this convention is the lock of Orestes' hair Electra finds by the grave, just before she discovers the footprint. R. J. Schork (Schork 1998: 221) suggests that this is recalled in *Finnegans Wake*, with a play on 'curl', by "the kerl he left behind him" (*FW*: 234).

[15] This is not the only time the Greeks have such an effect on Dedalus. In "Telemachus" he follows "Hellenic" Malachi Mulligan, who has just picked up on his "absurd name, an ancient Greek", in similar fashion. (*U*: 2).

> boomed now by the Irish Theatre. [He] gave me the MS of *Riders to the Sea* and I have read it: it is a play of Aran in peasant dialect. I am glad to say that ever since I read it I have been riddling it mentally till it has [not] a sound spot. It is tragic about all the men that are drowned in the islands: but thanks be to God Synge isn't an Aristotelian (*SL*: 17).

As Stanislaus explained, Joyce "objected that, owing to the lack of action, [Synge's play] could not be called a tragedy. It did not fit in with the Aristotelian definition of tragedy, and that for my brother then was final. He called *Riders to the Sea* a tragic poem."[16] Ellmann, following Herbert Gorman's notes, tells us that the Aristotelian "corner" was one "Joyce had for himself" (*JJ*: 124)[17]. This being the case, he objected to the play's brevity as well as its catastrophe, because it was brought about by a simple pony rather than by the majesty of the sea.[18]

André Topia has noted that the "Cyclops" chapter obeys "all the conventional laws of a dramatised oral tale: unity of place (the pub), of characters, of time, of action (with even an element of suspense: how is Bloom going to get out of it?)" (Topia 1984:

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[16] Although, as Stanislaus also notes, despite this apparent lack of sympathy, Joyce had learnt some of Maurya's speeches by heart back in 1902, and recited them to an Italian friend as examples of "the musicality of language". Furthermore, we are told that "many years before the First World War", Joyce translated the play into Italian (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 214). He even visited the Abbey in 1909 to obtain the original music for the keening of the grieving women. The text, however, was never performed due to problems with the Synge estate.

Despite Joyce calling it "a tragic poem", *Riders to the Sea* was performed by the English Players in Zurich in 1918. Although his programme note for the piece echoes the earlier criticism, it is in a significantly milder form, with Synge now being granted unequivocal status: "Whether a brief tragedy be possible or not (a point on which Aristotle had some doubts) the ear and the heart mislead one gravely if this brief scene from 'Poor Aran' be not the work of a tragic poet" (*OCPW*: 209). Joyce was a non-performing member of the company, and persuaded Nora to take the minor role of Cathleen. She had never acted before but her Galway accent lent the production greater authenticity and Joyce trained the other actors to imitate Nora's speech (*JJ*: 440).

[17] Furthermore, in an MS note to an entry dated 13th August 1904, Stanislaus states that Joyce "upholds Aristotle against his friends, and boasts himself an Aristotelean (sic)" (*DD* 1962: 48).

[18] Bartley, Maurya's last surviving son, is drowned: "The grey pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks" (Synge (1907) 1958: 28).

117). Joyce had already experimented with such unities in *Dubliners*. "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" could easily be cited as an example of low-key, naturalistic one-act drama. With its complete unity of time, place and action, (and predominant dialogue) it could be staged virtually as it stands. The unities, through Renaissance readings of Aristotle, came to be considered the most classically Greek of that "code of laws" which had been "handed down" to "their descendents" (*OCPW*: 23). Young Joyce's dismissal of such "laws", was transformed into their parodic application by the more mature Joyce. After all, do we not effectively have, in the Nameless One, a Greek choric figure who tells us about the action we never see on 'stage'? The parodies, in their own way, similarly operate as Greek choric interludes 'commenting' on the Nameless One's reports of the protagonist and the various antagonists' actions. The gigantic 'I' of the monologue struggles with this group of relatively short but multiform, anonymously scripted narrative parodies, which not only compete for predominance in the chapter but also satirise the tale he is trying to tell on every possible occasion.

It was in a brief ancient Greek text with a conventional "lack of action" and produced precisely to make fun of the "heroic [and] monstrous"[19] that Joyce may have found some additional features to add to his Homeric parody.

In the *Cyclops* of Euripides, the traditional roles of hero and monster are playfully undercut: a game with archetypes that Joyce was, of course, to take even further.

The appendix listing Joyce's library in Trieste in Richard Ellmann's *The Consciousness of Joyce* (Ellmann 1977: 128) shows that he had Thomas Hutchinson's 1912 Oxford edition of Shelley's *Complete Poetical Works*, bought in Trieste, as well as an undated edition of *The Poetical Works* edited by Milner and Sowerby, to which he

[19] Stephen's description of Greek drama (*SH*: 89).

would have referred for *The Cenci* passages in *Giacomo Joyce* (*U*: 236)[20]. These editions included the poet's 1819 verse translation of the Euripides (which, like Joyce, uses the hero's Latin name, 'Ulysses' rather than the Greek 'Odysseus'). Despite feeling they were "on the wrong track" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 178). Joyce did find "much beauty in *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*", and Joyce may well have agreed with Russell (A.E.) who "oracled out of his shadow" that "[t]he deepest poetry of Shelley (…) bring[s] our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom" whilst having Aristotelean reservations about Russell locating its source in "Plato's world of ideas" (*U*: 236). The combination of Shelley and Euripides, however, with its mixture of classical convention and irreverence, to add to his own very particular variety, would have been more to Joyce's taste and certainly suited his parodic mythical purposes. With his attraction to Homer's epic, and interest in Shelley's verse[21], it seems unthinkable that Joyce would not have at least glanced at the poet's translation *The Cyclops*[22], and all my quotations

[20] It is, perhaps, not just because *Hamlet* is uppermost in his mind that Stephen spares Shelley and, in responding to Russell, imagines Aristotle, "once Plato's schoolboy" (*U*: 237), reacting to the philosopher Prince in Stephen's dismissive terms: "That model schoolboy, Stephen said, would find Hamlet's musings about the afterlife of his princely soul, the improbable, insignificant and undramatic monologue, as shallow as Plato's." Indeed Stephen, if only to slip out of John Eglinton's "stern task", uses Shelley's metaphor of the mind being "a fading coal" in the "intense instant of imagination" (*U*: 249) as the potential inspiration behind a possible full awareness of himself. Whether he believes this theory either, we do not know.

[21] As Frank Budgen tells us, the "Circe" chapter can "justly" be "compared with the Walpurgisnacht in Goethe's *Faust*" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 246). The Hartz Mountains' adventure is among the few scenes from the Goethe which Shelley translated. As Joyce, presumably, read Shelley before Goethe (a likely assumption which seems to be justified by *My Brother's Keeper* (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 112)), it may even have been the English Romantic's translation which led the adolescent Joyce to the German author.

[22] Further strengthening the Shelley connection, in her notes on the "Cyclops" chapter for the Oxford World Classics' edition, Jeri Johnson argues that the appearance of Prometheus as one of the models for Bloom in the 'Cyclops' chapter (in the Linati schema) owes less to Aeschylus and the traditional Greek myth than to Shelley's 'unbound' character who claims "I wish no living thing to suffer pain" (*Prometheus Unbound,* I. 305) and who, Bloomlike, "triumphs over the tyranny of his antagonist, Jupiter, by countering it, not with force or power but with love" (Johnson 1993: 883):

from and references to Euripides' text will be based on Shelley's translation. *The Cyclops*, the only surviving complete satyr play is, by definition, a parody of Book IX of *The Odyssey*[23].

In the Homer, Ulysses and his companions arrive on the island of the Cyclopes, carrying some wine as a gift, as they have some notion of what awaits them. With the Cyclops out pasturing his sheep, the Greeks enter a cave and see his provisions and livestock. Ulysses' companions want to take what they can and leave, but their leader decides to wait and meet the owner.

After arriving with his animals, Polyphemus, the Cyclops, seals the cave with a huge stone slab, which Ulysses and all his men would be unable to move. He then asks the strangers who they are. Ulysses explains that they are Greeks from Troy who need his help, invoking the divine laws of hospitality. The Cyclops, dismissing both Zeus and laws of hospitality, snatches up two men and devours them. He then goes to sleep, leaving Ulysses to ponder the situation.

The next morning, the Cyclops eats another two men and leaves the cave with his flock, closing the entrance with the stone. Ulysses and his men cut an olive tree into a pointed spike, which they then hide.

When Polyphemus returns, he eats two more men. Ulysses offers him his special wine, which he accepts; promising to eat the Greek leader last, as a reward. He asks Ulysses his name, and is told it is 'No-man'. The wine then takes effect and Polyphemus falls into a drunken sleep.

– But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

– What? says Alf.

– Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred (*U*: 432).

[23] Coincidentally (or possibly not, Joyce being Joyce), 'Cyclops' is the ninth chapter of the middle section of the novel, which is known as 'the Wanderings of Ulysses'.

The Greeks char the point of the spike in the fire and ram it into the Cyclops' eye. In agony, Polyphemus roars for his brothers. They soon come running and ask, from outside the cave, what has happened. The blinded Cyclops tells them that 'No-man' has hurt him. The other Cyclopes say it is a matter between Polyphemus and the gods, and leave.

Even blind, he can't ignore the needs of his flock; so the next day he lets them out, feeling the fleece on each as it passes, to make sure no Greeks leave. Ulysses and his companions, however, get out by clinging to the thick wool of the sheep's bellies. They escape and make off with the flock.

Once safe on board his ship, as he thinks, Ulysses taunts Polyphemus who hurls a bolder in his direction. The Greeks race away and urge Ulysses not to incite the giant, but Ulysses ignores them and boastfully tells the Cyclops his name. Polyphemus then prays to his father, Poseidon, to make the sea an enemy to Ulysses and that, when he does eventually reach home after losing all his companions, he will find danger and disorder in Ithaca.

The chapter, twice-told in terms of story-telling techniques – once by the Nameless One and once through the parodies – , has the twice told tale of the Cyclops too: by Homer and by Euripides. This doubling continues through the schemata, with a certain "Gigantism" to be found in Euripides' parody through the frequently inflated manner in which Silenus and Polyphemus speak. The Linati scheme's "Alternating Asymmetry" is also evidenced by the epic and dramatic treatments of the same theme available to Joyce, as well as the fact that, in terms of the inter-relationship between *The Cyclops* and "Cyclops", correspondences between characters are not fixed; as we have seen with echoes of, most notably, *Hamlet* in *Giacomo Joyce* and *Exiles*. There are, most significantly, aspects of both Polyphemus and Silenus, who Euripides brings into

the story, in the Citizen, the narrator and several other denizens of Barney Kiernan's; and Ulysses is not exclusively mirrored or parodied by Bloom (as we shall see further on). Similarly, events in the classical play are sometimes turned on their heads. Although in Homer, Ulysses remains inside the Cyclops' cave with his companions until they all escape, Euripides (due to "[t]he conditions of the Attic stage" (*OCPW*: 23) and its rejection of interior scenes) escapes into the open and then, after some brief soul-searching, decides to return again to help his surviving comrades:

> I might escape,
> Having got clear from that obscure recess,
> But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
> The dear companions who sailed here with me (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 479-482).

Bloom, having left the pub to go round to the courthouse in search of his companions (Martin Cunningham et al.) returns to 'the cave' of Barney Kiernan's to find that they have just arrived. He doesn't arrive to save them; in fact, it's the other way round. He arrives in time, as it were, to be rescued by companions who have entered the 'cave' to save him. On the other hand, the brute physicality and sensuality of Polyphemus firstly taking Ulysses and his men into the Cave, and then going in with Silenus as Ganymede (*Ibid.*: ll. 479-482) ll. 343 and 367 and l. 593 ff.) finds a correspondence reduced to more commonplace scale in the polyphonic "Goodbye Ireland, I'm going to Gort" sequence (*U*: 435-6).

Just as Joyce approached Homer in the spirit of a somewhat relaxed fidelity, so he explored and exploited Euripides in the same flexible manner.

Euripides too felt free to take some liberties, and there are significant differences from Homer in his telling of the tale: his Ulysses decides not to drink (like Bloom); and the characterisation of the hard drinking barflies in Barney Kiernan's may well owe something to Euripides' introduction of Silenus and the satyrs (absent in *The Odyssey*)

with their "[w]ild, seditious, [verbal] rambling!" (such as when, for example, the satyrs lambaste their flock[24] (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 58). The satyrs' strophe and epode sing of Bacchus "of race divine" and comment on their idyllic surroundings but troublesome flocks, apart from that "[m]inister in misery", the Cyclops (*Ibid.*: ll. 45-72). There is a parallel in the Joycean parody presenting the idyllic setting of "land of holy Michan" which includes "the herds innumerable of bellwethers and flushed ewes and shearling rams and lambs". In this idyllic setting there are, it seems, no "man-destroying Cyclopses" (*Ibid.*: l. 25); only "the mighty dead" (*U*: 378) and O'Connell Fitzsimon, "a chieftain descended from chieftains" who "takes toll" of "all herds and fatlings and first fruits of that land" (*Ibid.*:379). On p. 1347 of Thom's *Dublin Directory* (1904), O'Connell Fitzsimon is listed as the "Superintendent of Food Market" (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 261). This 'chieftain', then, performs a similar function to Silenus who is responsible for the Cyclops' provisions. Joyce parodically aggrandises Fitzsimon, while Silenus naturally aggrandises himself.

We are also told that from the various flocks and herds in "holy Michan", "there is ever heard a trampling, cacklng, roaring, lowing, bleating, bellowing, rumbling, grunting, champing, chewing, of sheep and pigs and heavyhooved kine" (*U*: 380). When we consider the various motions, roars, whines and whispers carried out or issued by the characters in both texts, this collection of sounds provides a kind of selective

[24] When considering the chorus' "wretched goat-skins" and remembering the *kothornos*, the boot or buskin worn by the ancient Greek and Roman actors in tragedies, and probably at least partly made from goatskin; it is tempting to imagine a further Joyce parody where, in keeping with Euripides' satyr play, the tragic becomes the comic as we are told of "that bloody old pantaloon Dennis Breen in *his bath slippers* (…) and the wife *hotfoot* after him, unfortunate wretched woman (…) traipsing all round Dublin" (*U*: 385-6, my italics]. Here we have Breen bleating about his fate (the anonymous postcard bearing 'u.p.: up') with his wife following him, perhaps not unlike the chorus chasing after their "troublesome flocks".

overture, not unlike the opening of "Sirens" (*Ibid.*: 328-30)[25], to both "Cyclops" and *The Cyclops*. Both the Euripides and the Joyce begin with characters rather dejectedly trudging around their respective locales ("trampling") and variously making wise cracks ("cackling"). Over the course of the two texts, we hear tempers being lost, complaints and attempts at persuasion, general moaning and exclamations of disgust, as well as disgusting exclamations being issued ("roaring", "lowing", "bleating", "bellowing", "rumbling" and "grunting").The "champing" and "chewing", of course, looks forwards to the Cyclops' literal and the Citizen's metaphorical attempt to devour the outsider(s). In a similar vein, the closing section of the Michan interlude, with its stress on "superabundance", sets the pattern not just for the inflation and excess of the future parodies but also the discourse and behaviour of various characters in Barney Kiernan's[26]

If the two texts have one thing in common, it's that their characters love to talk: Silenus and Ulysses have several set speeches, in keeping with classical Greek convention. Even the Cyclops, in contrast to the general state of his Homeric original, is willing and able to do more than roar. Silenus, however, who has earlier termed the Greek hero "wordy and shrewd" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 96), darkly suggests that Polyphemus could benefit in this regard from Ulysses: "If you should eat his tongue / You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops" (*Ibid.*: ll. 298-300).

[25] The difference being that the actions and sounds we are likely to meet are presented, rather than actual phrases taken from the chapter in the Ormond Hotel.

[26] The parody closes with a celebration of the agricultural (and linguistic) cornucopia to be found along the banks of "the inaccessible and lordly Shannon the unfathomable". The various livestock roam free with "their udders distended with superabundance of milk and butts of butter and rennets of cheese and farmer's firkins and targets of lamb and crannocks of corn and oblong eggs, in great hundreds, various in size, the agate with the dun" (*U*: 380).

There is ample evidence of Bloom's pacific predilection for speech over action throughout *Ulysses*, and we hardly need the Nameless One's testimony – no miser himself when it comes to words – that

> I declare to my antimacassar if you took up a straw from the bloody floor and if you said to Bloom: Look at, Bloom. Do you see that straw? That's a straw. Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady (*U*: 410).

In the Shelley, Ulysses says he has seen: "Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words, / But not to be believed as being done" (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 368-9). Words can be spoken and heard but are not, necessarily, tied to the fact of an action. Actions, of course, take place off stage in Greek tragedy and are then described on stage. The Greek convention lends itself well to "Cyclops", as mentioned above, in which the power of words and saying rather than doing is a central idea. In this episode, the main, perhaps only, significant action worthy of the name is when we see an old man, after all his "tall talk" (*U*: 425), "waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the dropsy" (*Ibid.*: 444) and throw an old biscuit tin which – as if in parody of the thrower's general instability – goes "clattering along the street" (*Ibid.*: 446) after Bloom, who (the narrator tells us) is escaping in a horse drawn carriage. Words are clearly more potent than action here, as we finally realise how physically pathetic the Citizen is. Martin Puchner has noted (Puchner 2002: 88 and 195-6n) how in "Scylla and Charybdis" Joyce also seems to anticipate and question J. L. Austin's concept of 'speech acts' through Stephen's weary attempt to rally his forces: "Speech, speech. But act. Act speech. They mock to try you. Act. Be acted on" (*U:* 271).

Austin argued that a speech act such as a "performance utterance"[27] in drama does not have the same power as in real life. It will be

[27] Sentences which are not just statements but actually perform some action, such as naming a ship or pronouncing marriage vows.

in a peculiar way hollow or void if said by an actor on the stage, or if introduced in a poem, or spoken in a soliloquy. (…) Language in such circumstances is (…) used not seriously, but in ways parasitic upon its normal use" (Austin (1962) 1976: 22).

In both the Euripides and the Joyce, we have numerous characters that spend their time performing in this "hollow or void" manner. They talk rather than do, verbally perform rather than act. We are told about things that characters have done or will do but do not see them happen. Classical Greek tragedy conveyed information through diegesis, of course: actions happened offstage and were then reported by the actors: words seem to replace deeds.[28]

In the Euripides we have, for example, the Chorus telling us what the Cyclops does to his victims – and what Ulysses has just witnessed (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 343-66) – followed by Ulysses commenting on it himself, at great length, with brief interjections from the Chorus (*Ibid.*: ll. 367-436). The chorus' version is horrific enough but then Ulysses gives a seemingly inflated, highly artificial (in the sense that it's clearly a conventional set speech) version of the event. Following this account - already heightened by the artifice of conventionally stylised emotion - by another whose excessiveness or even distortion takes the subject into parody is how Joyce often works in "Cyclops"; seeking a comic effect in a more obvious and extreme manner (to our modern eyes at least) than Euripides does. "The last farewell" sequence (*U*: 396-402), for instance, is narrated until "the stern provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell ffrenchmullan Tomlinson" has a direct speech (in comically undercutting cockney) which closes the parody and takes us back into the pub. Similarly, the brief

[28] Convention dictated that the chorus would not intervene directly in the action, their role being limited to commentary. This can make them seem hesitant or passive to the modern reader / audience. When the chorus of old men in *Agamemnon*, for example, hear their king cry out for help, they stand around debating what to do instead of acting (Vellacott (1956) 1959: 89-90). Euripides no doubt enjoyed ridiculing this convention, which also allowed him to depict the satyrs as rather cowardly creatures who are long on talk but short on action.

account of “flogging on the training ships at Portsmouth” is transformed into “They believe in rod, the scourger almighty” (*U*: 426-7).

In “Cyclops”, the parodies ridicule the scale and significance of the actions undertaken by the characters through the exaggeration, or ‘gigantism’, of their language. What we witness in these retellings by Euripides and in *Ulysses* seems more an ironic take on what the young Joyce had praised as “mastery” in Ibsen: the “apparently easy dialogue [with which] he presents his men and women passing through different soul-crises” (*OCPW*: 31) and from which the drama begins to rise. Later, in *Exiles*, the coda of “Oxen of the Sun” and especially in “Circe”, we find Joyce carrying out “a sea-change in special circumstances” (Austin (1962) 1976: 22): using language which goes beyond its function as an instrument of communication to become a mode of action.

Any influence the Euripides’ play may have had on Joyce was less in terms of content and structure (that, essentially, had already come to the dramatist from Homer) than in providing an irresistible opportunity to add layers to his own modern version through a classical, satirical version of the myth (with the added flavour of Shelley’s “fading coal” (*U*: 249)) which is, whilst still being drama, essentially spoken rather than acted. Euripides largely follows the Homer and, therefore, as R.J. Schork has pointed out[29], an immediate danger when looking at Joyce’s possible use of the satyr play is to fall into the trap of ‘discovering’ parallels, similarities and borrowings between Joyce

[29] Schork’s main criticism in this respect is aimed at “a little known article” in which H. D. Rankin “pointed out twenty-two ‘similarities and parallels’ between Euripides’ *Cyclops* and Joyce’s ‘Cyclops’ chapter in *Ulysses*. Even a cursory examination of the evidence cited reveals that Rankin’s outlandishly phrased claim of “‘isotropic’ eruptions of similarity cannot be sustained” (Schork 1998: 202). Despite my sustained efforts, I have been unable to obtain a copy of Rankin’s "James Joyce's Satyr-Play: The 'Cyclops' Episode in Ulysses." *Agora* 2.2 (1973): 3-12. Aware of his caveat, I hope to have avoided the kind of failings about which Schork is so scathing.

and Euripides that are, in fact, between Joyce and the Homeric original[30]. There is a similar danger of awarding particular significance to what is really a simple coincidence. When Silenus tells us that he "must scrape up the littered floor / With this great iron rake" (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 37-8) there may be a possible echo in the sweep's brush at the beginning of "Cyclops" (*U*: 376) but, obviously, only the very faintest.

Although Euripides is generally faithful to *The Odyssey*, there are significant exceptions; and it is these that might have intrigued and could well have influenced Joyce when it came to sending his Dublin Ulysses into the cyclopean setting.

One of the major differences between the classical dramatist and epic poet comes with the first character we meet on the island. Euripides presents us with Silenus, bemoaning his current situation and recalling somewhat unlikely heroic deeds in the service of the god, Bacchus. The god has been captured by pirates[31] and, in searching for him, Silenus and the chorus of his satyr sons, disciples all, have been caught and

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[30] It is, for example, tempting to see a parodic parallel between the self-pitying, self-dramatising Silenus, enumerating his "world of toil" in his serving of Dionysius, at the beginning of the Euripides (*Ibid.*: l.1) with the Nameless One's story about trying to find and collect from Geraghty at the start of "Cyclops". The parallel certainly exists. If, however, we look at the opening of Book IX in *The Odyssey*, we realise that Euripides had already established the parallel by using Silenus' speech to parody Ulysses' complaints about his epic sufferings to Alcinous: "How shall I rank my sorrows, to put this first, that afterwards?" (Lawrence (1932) 1992: 121).

[31] The story of Dionysius/Bacchus being captured by pirates is told in the "Homeric Hymn to Dionysius". Using his divine powers, the God freed himself, and the pirates "leapt out overboard one and all into the bright sea, escaping from a miserable fate, and were changed into dolphins. But on the helmsman Dionysus had mercy and held him back and made him altogether happy" (Loeb Classical Library E-text at www.theoi. com. Trans. H. G. Evelyn-White 1914).

In "Cyclops" we find "(t)he milkwhite *dolphin* tossed his mane and, rising in the golden poop, the *helmsman* spread the bellying sail upon the wind and stood off forward with all sail set" (*U*: 443, my italics). Although Jeri Johnson (Johnson 1993: 897) follows Gifford and Seidman (Gifford and Seidman, 1974: 308) and glosses this as a parody of 19th century translations of medieval romance, there might also be a slight but deliberate echo of the 'Homeric' original.

enslaved by Polyphemus. This lamentation and belief in the general unfairness of life is continued by the satyrs who, complaining about Polyphemus, argue that they "keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 30). Both texts are deeply interested in the laws of humanity, whether they are of civil rights, property or the unwritten laws of hospitality and treating one's fellow beings with respect. Both Ulysses and Bloom find themselves, like A. E. Housman's figure, "a stranger and afraid / In a world I never made".[32]

"Lawless" Polyphemus later affirms his rejection of laws that restrict basic appetites and needs, claiming that "those / Who complicate with laws the life of man, I freely give them tears for their reward" (*Ibid.*: ll. 323-25). Legal complications and discussions abound in "Cyclops", ranging from Moses Herzog's "moneys" (*U*: 377), Breen's 'u. p.: up' postcard (*Ibid.*: 386), the insurance money for Dignam's widow (*Ibid.*: 405) and the "Canada swindle case" (*Ibid.*: 417). The Nameless One deals with such issues every working day and his handling of the dispute between Geraghty and Herzog is perfectly in keeping with the Cyclops' 'philosophy' of "tears for their reward" as Herzog, "with his shirt out", almost weeps in frustration (*Ibid.*: 376-8).

The "Canada swindle case" digression among the drinkers brings a further opportunity for legal (and anti-Semitic) conversation and parody later with the story about Sir Frederick Falconer, "the old recorder" being 'codded' or deceived "up to the two eyes" by "poor little Gumley" when taken to court by one Reuben J.. Silenus, of course, uses a similar and no less ridiculous technique to stay in favour with Polyphemus (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 241-6), with his "race of fishes" summoned up like Gumley's apparent "squad of kids".

[32] From Last Poems, XII ("The Laws of God") (Houseman 1939: 111).

In Homer, of course, there is no Silenus and no satyrs in this or any other episode. This major difference radically alters the dynamics of the central relationship. In Homer, we are presented with the polar opposition of the Greek hero and the Cyclops: brains versus brawn. Euripides introduces the third, intermediary factor of the crafty Silenus and his satyr offspring. If we think of Bloom and the Citizen as two extremes, the other drinkers in Barney Kiernan's mediate in a similar way.

David Hayman's comment, when talking of the chorus of drinkers at Barney Kiernan's, that "none of this faint-hearted crew is guilty of outrage though each in his own way contributes to the chaos" (Hayman 1974: 252) is perfectly applicable to the Chorus in Euripides who may taunt, and certainly talk, but take no action beyond pasturing the Cyclops' flocks. Naturally following the conventions of the Greek chorus, Euripides does not individualise his satyrs as Joyce does his barflies. Hayman noted how Joyce has these "dramatis personae" enter at intervals, often in pairs, (not unlike mini-choruses) to inject new energy or a new theme, underlining an aspect of the Citizen's character or to introduce something "to gradually tip the scales in Bloom's favour" (*Ibid.*: 252). Some are already 'on stage' when Bloom arrives, others enter later. The Euripidean Chorus has entered before the arrival of Ulysses but, following classical convention, has periods of silence balancing its spoken 'entrances' throughout the text, which similarly 'tip the scales' towards Ulysses and prepare us for their final decision to accompany the Greek hero away from the island.

When Ulysses comes ashore, he meets the satyrs who are taking care of Polyphemus' animals and provisions and offers an exchange of wine and, later, gold for food. Unlike the Homeric original, this Ulysses has no thought of theft. The Chorus (partly spurred into action by Silenus having falsely sworn on their lives (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 248-9) undoubtedly) tell the Cyclops the truth (happily swearing, in turn, on

Silenus' life) about Ulysses not having stolen provisions (*Ibid.*: ll. 250-1)[33]. Nor does Ulysses express any sexual desire, despite the promptings of the satyrs and Silenus (*Ibid.*: l. 158 and ll. 160-65); who are keen to hear salacious tales regarding Helen. Bloom, of course, does slightly slip, when talking of Dignam's insurance policy:

> So the wife comes out top dog, what? [says Joe]
> – Well, that's a point, says Bloom, for the wife's admirers.
> – Whose admirers? says Joe.
> – The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom (*U*: 405).

He is, nevertheless, like Euripides' Ulysses (and unlike Polyphemus and Silenus), in control of (or is managing to control) his appetites (at least until his brief, distanced, encounter with Gerty on the beach in "Nausicaa"); and shares none of the satyr-like delight of Barney Kiernan's clientele when, for example, reading of the "misconduct of [a] society belle" (*Ibid.*: 420).

Nonetheless, Ulysses' first words are about drinking (water) and looking for drink (*Ibid.*: l. 87-8). Joe and the Nameless One are, of course, thinking along similar lines as they enter the pub. Here they see "the citizen up in the corner (…) and he waiting for what the sky would drop in the way of drink" (*Ibid.*:380). We soon learn that Polyphemus is absent:

> ULYSSES: The Cyclops now where is he? Not at home?
> SILENUS: Absent on Aetna, hunting with his dogs (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 122-3).

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[33] The chorus' testimony finds a parallel in Martin Cunningham's information about Bloom's advising Arthur Griffiths. In both cases, the potential victim is shown to have at least attempted to perform an action for either the victimiser's direct good (Ulysses has offered to pay for whatever provisions he receives) or for the good of a cause in which the victimiser professes passionately to believe ("[I]t was Bloom gave the idea to Griffith for Sinn Fein" (*U*: 436)). The choric intercession works for neither Ulysses nor Bloom: Polyphemus argues that Silenus is "juster far / Than Rhadamanthus [one of the judges in the Underworld]" (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 253-4), while the Citizen's response (perhaps he is lost for words at the notion?) goes unrecorded.

Although the citizen and his singular dog (in more ways than one) are 'at home' in the pub, they too are out 'hunting', if only for free food and drink.

Ulysses' observance of etiquette, in saying "First let me greet the elder" (*Ibid.*: l. 93) is matched by Joe[34] who, on entering Barney Kiernan's and in keeping with his plan (*U*: 378), addresses the Citizen before anyone else in an ironically elaborate greeting or, as the Nameless One classifies it, "Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill". Soon fed up with this "bloody codding", however, the narrator swiftly changes the current of conversation towards alcohol:

> – Stand and deliver, says he.
> That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.
> – Pass, friends, says he.
> Then he rubs his hand in his eye and says he:
> – What's your opinion of the times?
> Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.
> – I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his fork.
> So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:
> – Foreign wars is the cause of it.
> And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:
> – It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.
> – Arrah, give over your bloody codding, Joe, says I, I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown.
> – Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.
> – Wine of the country, says he.
> – What's yours? says Joe.
> – Ditto MacAnaspey, says I (...)
> – Three pints, Terry, says Joe (*U*: 381).

The opening exchange between Ulysses and Silenus follows the same pattern (even if the formality of their greeting lacks the obvious irony of "Cyclops"):

ULYSSES: Hail!

SILENUS: Hail thou, O Stranger! Tell thy country and thy race.

[34] Bearing in mind that correspondences between characters are not fixed, Joe Hynes – also something of a wanderer – could perhaps be considered cunning enough to be a minor avatar of *polytropos* Ulysses.

ULYSSES: The Ithacan Ulysses and the king Of Cephalonia (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 93-96).

As well as the similarly swift, single line dialogue exchange, their conversation also touches, more expansively, on domestic issues (in this case, the Cyclopes and their habits) and economics (bargaining for provisions) before quickly settling on the business of drinking:

ULYSSES: I would see all before I bargain.
SILENUS: But how much gold will you engage to give?
ULYSSES: I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.
SILENUS: Oh, joy! Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine. (…) Have you it now? Or is it in the ship?
ULYSSES: Old man, this skin contains it, which you see. [After Silenus has drunk]
Did it flow sweetly down your throat?
SILENUS: So that it tingled to my very nails (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 132-3, ll. 337-8 and ll. 150-151).

The pleasure and physicality of drinking shown by Silenus here finds a kindred spirit in the Nameless One's: "Ah! Owl! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click" (*U*: 385). Alcohol, and its effects, plays a major role in both texts (in the Homer too, of course, but less so due to the absence of Silenus and company). The Cyclops, Ulysses and Silenus dwell on Bacchus and wine at some length (*Ibid.*: ll. 525 to 587), with Ulysses' "The wine is well accustomed to my hand" (*Ibid.*: l. 576) underlining his earlier claim that "I am well skilled / In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink" (*Ibid.*: ll. 526-27).

This finds a parodic echo in Joyce, in the aggrandising of the whole drinking process (*U*: 386-7) through the "divine" activity of "Bungiveah and Bungardilaun"[35],

[35] Lord Iveagh and Lord Ardilaun owned Guinness' brewery. 'Bung' was contemporary slang for someone who served watered down rum, or 'grog' (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 271).

the “lords of the vat” whose “foaming ebon ale” Terry (elevated into ‘Terence’) “did (…) hand forth, as to the manor born” (*Ibid.*: 386-7).

A further similarity is that both texts enhance characters’ expectations and aggrandise the practice of drinking though what almost seem the delaying tactics of interspersed narrative and parody.

In Euripides, the divine origins of the wine are given and the fact that Ulysses has some at hand is not immediately made clear. In “Cyclops”, origins are also an issue as the drinkers have, as it were, to wait until the parodic introduction to the Citizen has been made (*Ibid.*: 382-84), which is then followed by the first mention of Bloom and the reading of names listed under “births and deaths in the Irish all for Ireland Independent and (…) marriages” which, in keeping with the Citizen’s presentation parody, are of dubious Irish descent.

A further distorted connection is forged between wine (not just a source of problems and solutions) as a theme of debate in Euripides and Bloom’s being a Jew. Ulysses argues with the Cyclops over the divinity of a god who lives within a wineskin:

> CYCLOPS: What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?
> ULYSSES: The greatest among men for joy of life.
> CYCLOPS: I gulped him down with very great delight.
> ULYSSES: This is a God who never injures men.
> CYCLOPS: How does the God like living in a skin?
> ULYSSES: He is content wherever he is put.
> CYCLOPS: Gods should not have their body in a skin.
> ULYSSES: If he gives joy, what is his skin to you? (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 528-535).

Joyce transforms this into the Citizen’s raging against being told that his God is a Jew:

> the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.
> – He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.
> – Whose God? says the citizen.
> – Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.

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

– By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will (*U*: 445).

The point is surely that put forward by Ulysses: "If he gives joy, what is his skin to you?"

In terms of descent, Silenus says that "wordy and shrewd" Ulysses is the son of cunning and deceitful Sisyphus rather than Laertes (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 96-7), which a rather embarrassed Ulysses meekly acknowledges: "I am the same, but do not rail upon me" (*Ibid.*: l. 98). Polyphemus naturally goes to the other extreme, amazed at the idea of these Greek "rascals" not knowing that he is "a God, sprung from the race of heaven" (*Ibid.*: l. 210). Bloom, as we might expect, takes a central line between these two reactions; stating his nationality with neither pride nor shame; but with considerable courage under the circumstances, and "without deviating from plain facts" (*U*: 745)[36]:

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

– Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland (*Ibid.*: 430).

When the theme moves from nation to race, it develops into Bloom's only major confrontation from which he only just manages to withdraw in time:

– And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted[37]. Also now. This very moment. This very instant. (…) Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction off in Morocco like slaves or cattle.

– Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the Citizen.

– I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom (*Ibid.*: 431-32).

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[36] Euripides' Ulysses is, like Bloom, prepared to argue his case. Concerning the debate about the provisions, he therefore wants the opportunity to have his say: "Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other *side*" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 232, my italics)[36]. Pondering on the possible positions of Silenus and Ulysses in relation to Polyphemus, it is difficult not to feel a slight echo of this phrase in the Citizen's "The friends we love are by our *side* and the foes we hate before us" (*U*: 396, my italics).

[37] As Fritz Senn has pointed out, this speech "is exceptional for Bloom (it becomes the rule in "Circe", but "Cyclops" serves in many ways as a rehearsal for the later chapter)" (Senn 1984: 152).

His lineage is, needless to say, not only questioned behind his back:

> Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist? says Jack Power.
> – Not at all, says Martin. Only namesakes. His name was Virag. The father's name that poisoned himself. He changed it by deed poll, the father did (*Ibid.*: 438);

but is also the object of some 'railing':

> Mr Bloom with his argol bargol. And his old fellow before him perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bagman, that poisoned himself with the prussic acid after he swamping the country with his baubles and his penny diamonds (*Ibid.*: 436).

Unlike Bloom's father (if we are to take the highly dubious word of the Nameless One) and Homer's Ulysses, who intended to get "the guest's-present" and everything else he could from Polyphemus (Lawrence (1932) 1992: 126), Euripides' character is comparatively honest and willing to trade. There are admittedly no satyrs in Homer to guard the provisions, or for Ulysses bargain with; and by introducing these figures, Euripides can explore this more practical, essentially more human aspect of Ulysses. In the following, he is more merchant than classical hero:

> ULYSSES: Bring out: I would see all before I bargain.
> SILENUS: But how much gold will you engage to give?
> ULYSSES: I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice. (…) And in addition I will give you gold.
> SILENUS: Let gold alone! Only unlock the cask.
> ULYSSES: Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 130-32 and ll. 152-4).

This is not the stuff of the Epic. Traditional classical heroes do not bargain and trade. Drawn into the more human-bound dramatic genre, *polytropos* Ulysses, as he is described in *The Odyssey's* original Greek, is similarly 'unheroic' – in conventional terms – due to the cunning manner in which he way he deals with Polyphemus. Though this last point is true whether we are speaking of Euripides' or Homer's creation.[38]

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[38] *Polytropos* can be variously translated as 'much travelled', versatile' or even 'shifty' (Senn 1984: 28-9).

In *Stephen Hero*, Stephen describes Greek drama as "heroic, monstrous" (*SH*: 89); and Joyce argued that "[e]ven the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama" (*OCPW*: 28). In *The Cyclops* Euripides, whilst not exactly abandoning the 'monstrous', pays little more than lip service to the 'heroic'; with Ulysses and Polyphemus both appearing as relatively more "commonplace" than in Homer. Joyce, of course, takes this approach even further in *Ulysses*, and in "Cyclops" particularly, in keeping with his statement in "Drama and Life".[39]

For the various 'heroes' propped up in Barney Kiernan's, Bloom's refusal to drink and only accept a cigar diminishes his masculine status (*U*: 392 and 405)[40]. Furthermore, the fact that he doesn't buy any drinks would also reduce his 'manhood' in their beam-inhibited view (the Citizen and the Nameless One being simply the most blatant examples of the reluctance to put your hand in your pocket among Kiernan's customers). This is not meanness in Bloom but rather a natural attitude towards an action that simply would not occur to him, so alien is it to his habits. He would be as likely to start dancing a jig as to get involved with any kind of drinking party as either host or guest. He is heroic in facing the Citizen, however; though neither in the classical nor the traditionally Ulyssean manner.

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[39] Ellmann claimed that this phrase was a "prophecy of the coming of Bloom" (*JJ*: 72n).

[40] If this wasn't bad enough in the eyes of these barflies, Bloom's masculinity is later held up to further ridicule on various fronts:

> – O, by God, says Ned, you should have seen Bloom before that son of his that died was born. I met him one day in the south city markets buying a tin of Neave's food six weeks before the wife was delivered.
>
> – En ventre sa mere, says J. J.
>
> – Do you call that a man? says the citizen.
>
> – I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.
>
> – Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.
>
> – And who does he suspect? says the citizen.
>
> Gob, there's many a true word spoken in jest. One of those mixed middlings he is. Lying up in the hotel Pisser was telling me once a month with headache like a totty with her courses (*U*: 439).

In tandem with the grandeur of heroes being reduced to the practicality of everyday mortals in both texts, there is the frequent further descent from the grandiose into the ridiculous, or the revelation of the intrinsic ridiculousness of much that is supposedly ‘grand’. Euripides, like Joyce, essentially performs this feat through language with rhetorical balloons inflated to bursting point. A clear example of this is Silenus’ false oath to Polyphemus about not having bargained with Ulysses, in which the grandeur of the figures invoked gradually diminishes, in direct proportion to the speaker’s increasing desperation, until it all but dwindles away into bathos:

> Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
> By mighty Triton and by Nereus old, Calypso and the glaucous Ocean Nymphs,
> The sacred waves and all the race of fishes
> Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
> My darling little Cyclops (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 241-6).

This is an obvious and constant feature of “Cyclops” beginning with the list of Irish heroes (*U*: 382-3) – some more heroic and indeed more Irish than others – which, despite the speaker’s insistent tone, suffers the same diminishing grandeur and relevance.

Another major difference between the Homer and the Euripides lies in the portrayal of Polyphemus himself. Homer portrays him as little more than a monstrous animal, with the contest between him and Ulysses based on cunning and physical force. Euripides’ boastful, brutal Cyclops delights in devouring human flesh. Paradoxically, he is portrayed, like Joyce’s Citizen, not simply as a monster but often as a pseudo-Epicurean who has simply taken things too far:

> I well know
> The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
> To eat and drink during his little day,
> And give himself no care (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 320-23).

These are the words of one who may live on excess but hardly seems, despite all we know, a complete beast. Even Ulysses, when describing the "[h]orrible things" he witnessed being done to his men in the cave admits that Polyphemus "killed them in a kind of measured manner" (*Ibid.*: l. 390). Furthermore, although the Greeks might criticise his attitude towards Helen and the Trojan War as failure to appreciate what they would consider the needs of honour, Polyphemus can also be seen as showing simple common sense (and a rejection of epic convention) on the matter; with which we, today, can readily sympathise:

> Oh, basest expedition! sailed ye not
> From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake? (*Ibid.*: ll. 263-4).

Such criticism finds a distorted echo in the Citizen's misogynistic rant that "A dishonoured wife (…) that's what's the cause of all our misfortunes" (*U*: 420). A further distortion lies in the fact that Ulysses responds to the Cyclops' criticism with an excessively lengthy, parodic speech attributing responsibility to "the Gods' work – no mortal was in fault" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 265). The Joycean 'chorus' in Barney Kiernan's, however, intervenes at the equivalent moment with matters only too mortal:

> And here she is, says Alf, that was giggling over the Police Gazette with Terry on the counter, in all her warpaint. – Give us a squint at her, says I (*U*: 420).

Further on, Polyphemus' somewhat surprisingly self-aware "Silence is a hard task to him who drinks" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 578) would be useful food for thought for not only the Citizen but a number of his cronies (as would his admission that "wine is strong and hard to struggle with" (*Ibid.*: l. 687): a major factor both in his undoing and the Citizen's ultimately becoming a laughing stock).

Ulysses argues that "[a] drunken man is better within doors" (*Ibid.*: l. 543) but this hardly seems to be the case when the "doors" are those of Barney Kiernan's. It is also true, however, that there is a certain sentimental, quasi-poetic vein, absent from

Homer's giant, in some of the outpourings of Joyce's Cyclops and Euripides' Polyphemus.

The Nameless One records the Citizen's beer-blurred, sentimental vision of a divine-aided Irish mercantile and naval renaissance, when there shall once again be

> Spanish ale in Galway, the winebark on the winedark waterway [when] with the help of the holy mother of God (…) says the citizen, clapping his thigh. Our harbours that are empty will be full again when the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with our own flag to the fore, none of your Henry Tudor's harps, no, the oldest flag afloat, the flag of the province of Desmond and Thomond, three crowns on a blue field, the three sons of Milesius (*U*: 425).

Despite the difference in content, this is not so very far removed in tone and vocabulary – with foreign drink coming from over the waves – from "museless"[41] Polyphemus waxing lyrical about wine and brotherhood under the influence of the "Bacchic power" (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 454):

> Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
> Heavy with the joy divine,
> With the young feast oversated;
> Like a merchant's vessel freighted
> To the water's edge, my crop
> Is laden to the gullet's top (*Ibid.*: ll. 505-10).

The chorus of satyrs are clearly sociable creatures, initially suggesting an apparent similarity to the drinkers in Barney Kiernan's, including the, at best, ambivalent attitude of the groups towards Silenus and the Citizen respectively. Whichever text we look at, it is no tall order to find characters commenting on one another in what is rarely complementary fashion. The satyrs, who have little fondness for Silenus have, needless to say, no love for the Cyclops; and their ridiculing of his speech: "A most hideous discord humming. / Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling" (*Ibid.*: ll. 487-9) is in quite

[41] According to the satyrs (Shelley (1824) 1912: l. 489).

the same vein as the Nameless One's comment that the Citizen's "tall talk" is "[a]ll wind and piss like a tanyard cat" (*U*: 425).

Polyphemus' lyric continues, although hardly in the manner described by this satyr chorus (which is just as unreliable as Joyce's):

> The fresh meadow grass of spring
> Tempts me forth thus wandering
> To my brothers on the mountains,
> Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains
> Bring the cask, O stranger, bring! (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 511-15).

This aspect provides a further contrast with the Homeric original: Euripides' Cyclops needs society, expressed in the desire to share the "wine's sweet fountains" with his "brothers", and seems to bear significantly more good fellow-feeling than the satyrs. This need is also shown by the fact that he has Silenus and his children with him (his general manner in talking to them, especially Silenus, suggests the relationship is not as simple as master-servants). In the Joyce, company (or an audience more properly speaking) is the life blood of both the Citizen and the Nameless One. Without this society, without such an audience, they would be unable to function. Their thirst is not just for Guinness but for talk and good listeners. For Bloom (as he later comments in "Nausicaa") such "[d]runken ranters (…) [o]ught to go home and laugh at themselves. Always want to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two" (*U*: 496).

Citizen Polyphemus needs an audience too; for he shows he can be something of a performer when responding to Ulysses' invocation of Jove and the laws of hospitality. His speech beginning "Wealth, my good fellow" seems to provide its own stage directions: "a pretence and boast" (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 299-301). It certainly ends

with a self-consciously theatrical flourish which could have come flowing from the garish mouth of a pantomime monster:

> And that I may be quit of all demands,
> These are my hospitable gifts; fierce fire
> And yon ancestral caldron, which o'er-bubbling
> Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
> Creep in!

To which Ulysses responds unheroically, but with pantomime appropriateness: “Ai! ai!” (*Ibid.*: ll. 328-33).

An ironic echo of this “Creep in!” can be heard in the Citizens’ taunting encouragement to Bloom, with the supposed reassurance being almost as menacing as the Cyclops’ invitation:

> Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom that was skeezing round the door.
> – Come in, come on, he won't eat you, says the citizen.
> So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog (*U*: 391).

It also brings to mind Polyphemus’ comically reassuring response at the idea of eating a perhaps not terribly convinced Silenus:

> CYCLOPS: Are the bowls full of milk besides?
> SILENUS: O'er-brimming;
> So you may drink a tunful if you will.
> CYCLOPS: Is it ewe's milk or cow's milk, or both mixed?
> SILENUS: Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.
> CYCLOPS: By no means (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 197-199).

Later when, as Shelley’s ‘Nobody’, Ulysses blinds Polyphemus, it is the satyrs who mockingly respond to the Cyclops’ cries and “jeer” him (*Ibid.*: l. 683), instead of the puzzled concern of the other Cyclopes in Homer. The children of Silenus are not puzzled in the least, and take full advantage of seeing the tables turned on their former oppressor:

CHORUS: What are you roaring out, Cyclops?
CYCLOPS: I perish!
CHORUS: For you are wicked.
CYCLOPS: And besides miserable.
CHORUS: What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?
CYCLOPS: 'Twas Nobody destroyed me.
CHORUS: Why then no one
Can be to blame.
CYCLOPS: I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.
CHORUS: Why then you are not blind (*Ibid.*: ll. 675-80).

This finds a similarly mocking (though possibly less malicious) echo in the crowd encouraging and commenting on the biscuit tin throwing of the Citizen who by the end, and like Polyphemus, has little clear idea of what is happening. In the Euripides, the satyrs fein ignorance and deliberately enrage Polyphemus by their affected calm and rational responses to his cries. In the Joyce, there is a contrast between Jack Power and Martin Cunningham's genuine attempts to calm Bloom and the mixture of incitement and fake attempts to calm things down by the other bystanders, who are enjoying the ridiculous spectacle to the full, underlined by the Nameless One's continued commentary and parodic narrative interruption (*U*: 444-48).

After the climatic presentation of such mockery and emotion both *The Cyclops* and "Cyclops" race to comically abrupt endings. Euripides, of course, was writing for an audience that knew the various myths brought into the play. They knew Ulysses would escape but that his troubles were far from over. In addition to this, it allows for some comedy through the way the satyrs immediately attach themselves to the Greeks, proclaiming themselves "the shipmates of Ulysses now"; whilst pledging to "serve our Bacchus all our happy lives" (Shelley (1824) 1912: ll. 717-718). Like Ulysses, they have just heard Polyphemus state that:

> Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished;
> It said that I should have my eyesight blinded
> By your coming from Troy, yet it foretold
> That you should pay the penalty for this
> By wandering long over the homeless sea (*Ibid.*: ll. 705-709).

Neither Ulysses nor the satyrs seem to have taken this in. Unlike the Cyclops, there has been no enlightenment; simply the blind faith of Ulysses that he is going to "drive [his] ship / To [his] own land, o'er the Sicilian wave" and the satyrs' belief that all will be well throughout "all [their] happy lives." There is a contrast here with the Joyce, in which there is nothing to suggest the Citizen will gain any particular enlightenment from the episode, whilst Bloom, typically, does ponder over the event later on the beach (albeit with only intermittent "[c]harity to the neighbour" (*U*: 439)):

> What I said about his God made him wince. Mistake to hit back. Or? No. Suppose he hit me. Look at it other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not to hurt he meant. Three cheers for Israel. Three cheers for the sister-in-law he hawked about, three fangs in her mouth. Same style of beauty (…) Imagine that in the early morning at close range. Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow (*Ibid.*: 496)[42].

The abrupt change at the end of the concluding Elijah parody from the biblical language of revelation into the demotic Dublin of "like a shot of a shovel" (*Ibid.*: 448) is not unusual in a chapter episode full of, or even based on such juxtapositions. Unlike the perspective of Euripides' hero and chorus, after the aggrandising excess in

[42] Bloom is reminded of the Citizen by Skin-the Goat's "lingo" in "Eumaeus". Briefly succumbing to the story-telling atmosphere of the Cabman's shelter, he summarises and adapts his role in the episode in an attempt to impress Stephen as much as anything else:

> He had heard not so long before the same identical lingo [as Skin-the-Goat's] as he told Stephen how he simply but effectually silenced the offender.
>
> – He took umbrage at something or other (…) I let slip. He called me a jew and in a heated fashion offensively. So I without deviating from plain facts in the least told him his God, I mean Christ, was a jew too and all his family like me though in reality I'm not. That was one for him. A soft answer turns away wrath. He hadn't a word to say for himself as everyone saw (*U*: 744-5).

"Cyclops" there is a return to reality, no matter how unpleasantly it may be presented by the Nameless One. Reality is also approaching Ulysses and the satyrs as they set off across the waves; they just haven't spied it yet[43].

This ending also operates as a further exploration of the tension between narrative and drama, of telling and doing. The action here is swallowed up in the contrasting forms of telling, as the fact of Bloom's departure is alternately offered to us as biblical epic or working class slang. His final action seems entirely dependent on the style of the words chosen to describe it. And here, in this aspect of language (in this case narrative language) sidestepping or even ignoring the reality of the situation, the end of "Cyclops" does not seem so very far removed from the patently fragile 'happy ending' of Euripides.

As in "Telemachus", "Cyclops" therefore presents the debate between narrative and 'usurping' drama on various levels. The Nameless One's conflict with the narrative agent of the 'satyrical' (*sic*) parodies is paralleled through the struggles witnessed in the Euripides (a dramatic text which has already created its own stance in relation to the myth adopted and adapted by Joyce) operating at a sub-textual level.

In terms of this struggle, the chapter ends, as we have seen, in what might be termed 'a reciprocal arrangement'. The debate is unfinished, however, and after further tensions on the beach in "Nausicaa", it will boldly re-emerge to forge one of *Ulysses'* most challenging chapters: "The Oxen of the Sun".

[43] A possibly worse fate awaits the satyrs, as literary characters, than anything threatened by Polyphemus: they are to disappear from Ulysses' tale completely.

4.3

"The Oxen of the Sun"

Shouts in the Street

In a letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated 16th Feb. 1931, Joyce complained that "such an amount of reading seems to be necessary before my old flying machine grumbles up into the air" (*LI:* 300). This, in J. S. Atherton's phrase, "shows Joyce's own awareness of one of the salient oddities of his talent (…) he needed a basis of some other writer's work on which to compose his own. He seems to have considered it as a sort of literary runway necessary to gain momentum before creative work could begin, and he always seems to have needed this stimulus" (Atherton (1959) 2009: 72).

Although Joyce's letter was written in reference to *Finnegans Wake*, the theatrical echoes already explored in this thesis clearly show, as Atherton suggests, that this feeling applied to other works; and nowhere does "such an amount of reading" seem to be more obviously "necessary" in *Ulysses* than in the literary archaeology undertaken to produce "The Oxen of the Sun".[1] Here Joyce, in another letter, so well-known that it has

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[1] Stanislaus Joyce told Richard Ellmann, in a 1954 interview, that his brother had studied George Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm* (1912) (*JJ*: 475 and 785 n.). Saintsbury's *A Short History of English Literature* was also in Joyce's Trieste library (Ellmann 1977: 126). Atherton also argues that Joyce used W. Peacock's "little anthology" *English Prose: Mandeville to Ruskin*, first published in the World's Classics series in 1903 (Atherton 1974: 315).

become almost a "sacred (…) part of the "text" of *Ulysses*" (Lawrence 1981: 125), informed Frank Budgen (*SL*: 251) that he was "working hard" to produce:

> a nineparted episode without divisions introduced by a Sallustian-Tacitean prelude (the unfertilized ovum), then by way of earliest English alliterative and monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon ('Before born the babe had bliss. Within the womb he won worship.' 'Bloom dull dreamy heard: in held hat stony staring') then by way of Mandeville ('there came forth a scholar of medicine that men clepen etc') then Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* ('but that franklin Lenehan was prompt ever to pour them so that at the least way mirth should not lack'), then the Elizabethan chronicle style ('about that present time young Stephen filled all cups'), then a passage solemn, as of Milton, Taylor, Hooker, followed by a choppy Latin-gossipy bit, style of Burton-Browne, then a passage Bunyanesque ('the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore whose name she said is Bird in the Hand') after a diarystyle bit Pepys-Evelyn ('Bloom sitting snug with a party of wags, among them Dixon jun., Ja. Lynch, Doc. Madden and Stephen D. for a languor he had before and was now better, he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy and Mistress Purefoy there to be delivered, poor body, two days past her time and the midwives hard put to it, God send her quick issue') and so on through Defoe-Swift and Steele-Addison-Sterne and Landor-Pater-Newman until it ends in a frightful jumble of Pidgin English, nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel. This progression is also linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development in the embryo and the periods of faunal evolution in general. The double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive recurs from time to time ('Loth to move from Horne's house') to give the sense of the hoofs of oxen. Bloom is the spermatozoon, the hospital the womb, the nurse the ovum, Stephen the embryo.
> How's that for high?[2]

Such elation over the chapter was not a constant. 5 days earlier, part of his persuasive package to entice Budgen to Trieste was that "You will see ME. You will hear (till you get sick) the bloody Oxen of the bloody Sun" (*SL*: 250). He had also told

[2] There is surely an echo of this in Shaun accusing Shem of plagiarism, or "stolentelling": "Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of Heaven. The lowquacity of him! (…) The last word in stolentelling! And what's more right-down lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. (…) He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How's that for Shemese?" (*FW*: 424-25).

Harriet Shaw Weaver that the chapter was “the most difficult in an odyssey, I think, both to interpret and to execute” (*SL*: 249); and would later write with undisguised relief to Budgen, but without great adjectival variation, that “The oxen of the bloody bleeding sun are finished” (*LII*: 464).

Nonetheless, Joyce seems almost to have anticipated some of this “high” plan for “The Oxen of the Sun” in an 1899 school essay, "The Study of Languages"[3]. As a 17 year old inspired by Ruskin’s description (*OCPW*: 290 n1) of the allegorical frescoes in the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, he had argued that:

> in comparing the speech of to-day with that of years ago, we have a useful illustration of the effect of external influences on the very words of a race ... the names we meet in the literature of our language are handed down to us as venerable names, not to be treated lightly but entitled beforehand to our respect. They are landmarks in the transition of a language, keeping it inviolate, directing its course straight on like an advancing way, widening and improving as it advances, but staying always on the high road, though many byways branch off it at all parts and seem smooth to follow (*Ibid.*: 15)[4].

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[3] Stanislaus tells us that James conducted “a diligent study of style, which he began at school and continued at the University”. He would write essays which were “sometimes (…) deliberate imitations of Carlyle, Newman, Macaulay, De Quincey and others. He knew by heart long passages from the stylists he most admired” (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 104).

[4] This essay may also have provided the seed for an idea that developed into the final section of the chapter: “How frequently it happens that when persons become excited, all sense of language seems to forsake them, and they splutter incoherently and repeat themselves, that their phrases may have more sound and meaning. Look, how great the difficulty that many have in expressing their ideas in correct English” (*OCPW*: 15).

If the end of “The Oxen of the Sun” seems to illustrate such a state; the virtual collapse of the rules of English grammar and syntax possibly provides an ironic echo at the expense of the schoolboy. In the essay, we are told that in “the seven earthly Sciences”, the first is the ‘Art of Letters’ “oftener called ‘Grammar because it refers more directly to that branch of ‘Letters’” (*OCPW*: 12). The young Joyce also talks about “Arithmeticians” and hopes that “they will grant that it is essential for a man, who wishes to communicate in the ordinary way with his fellow-man, that he should know how to speak.” There is a lighter irony here, in that all those “off for a buster” (*U*: 555) seem to be more focussed on the precise accountancy of their drinking than linguistic clarity.

Despite the apparent straightforwardness of Joyce's imitations (helped by Saintsbury and Peacock) in the examples he sent to Budgen, his use of these "landmarks" quite often strayed from "the high road", with all of the early anonymous styles and most of the authors[5] imitated being parodied through many ironic "byways". For example, pastiche 14th century prose turns the memory of young Dr. Dixon treating Bloom's bee sting into

> the traveller Leopold [being] sore wounded in his breast by a spear wherewith a horrible dragon and dreadful dragon was smitten him for which he did make a salve of volatile salt and chrism as much as he might suffice (*U*: 504).

Just after this passage, we are told of a miraculous

> vat of silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange fishes withouten heads though misbelieving men nie that this be possible thing without they see it nathless they are so (*Ibid.*: 505).

This is actually a simple tin of sardines; obfuscated through a deliberately over-written version of Mandeville.

Indeed the traditional role of narrative, setting down events and telling the story clearly, is so increasingly and deliberately disrupted through Joyce's stylistic gymnastics in this chapter (even by the standards of *Ulysses*) that, as Anthony Burgess commented, we "have to go to the next chapter to find out what has happened in this" (Burgess (1965) 1968: 140)[6]. As Hugh Kenner pointed out, in "Cyclops" "'real' events, whether or not accurately reported, [are] referable to a consistent narrative voice, the

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[5] The exception being Newman. See footnote10 in this chapter.

[6] Most notably, how Stephen and Lynch were separated from the rest of the group and ended up in Nighttown. Burgess, however, went on to say that "And yet, of all the episodes of *Ulysses*, this is the one I should most like to have written (…) It is an author's chapter, a dazzling and authoritative display of what English can do" (Burgess (1965) 1968: 140). On a simpler note, in terms of vocabulary, 'Pflaap!' is only unequivocally confirmed as being the sound of the fire brigade (the alarm or, perhaps, the rush of wind as they pass at speed) in "Circe" (*U*: 617).

interruption of which by ‘fantasy’ [is] signalled by a marked stylistic break.” By “The Oxen of the Sun” reality is “growing difficult to recover from the text” (Kenner 1980: 121). In the same section, Kenner illustrates this by discussing the difference between Mulligan’s ‘gothic’ description of how Haines’ had appeared earlier at George Moore’s literary soirée, and what we presume actually happened. Through this distorted echo of the gothic novel, we learn that, apparently:

> Malachias' tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back and in the recess appeared ... Haines! Which of us did not feel his flesh creep! He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the other a phial marked POISON. Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted on all faces while he eyed them with a ghastly grin (*U*: 539).

“In reality”, Kenner argues, “we surmise” that Haines presumably came in through the door and was probably holding a whiskey bottle, “if anything”.

In “The Oxen of the Sun” narrative virtually abandons its traditional function of moving the story forward. It becomes the framework within which style rather than action comes to the fore (and here we remember Stanislaus’ comment on James that “[a]s late as our meeting at Salzburg after the First World War [in 1928], he could tell me that the only thing that really interested him was style” (MBK (1958) 1982: 104)). The stylistic change seen in the interpolations of “Cyclops” becomes the norm, and the characters, whose story this supposedly is, are increasingly less easy to recognise. Their names are altered[7] but it is in the various styles in which they speak or in which their words are reported that traditional narrative seems to be relaxing its grip, becoming more difficult for the reader to follow (the example of the ‘gothic Haines’ is a reminder

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[7] If we consider just the main characters: Bloom becomes, for example, “the traveller Leopold” (*U*: 504), “childe Leopold” (*U*: 505), “sir Leopold” (*U*: 506), “Mr Cautious Calmer” (*U*: 518), “Leop. Bloom of Crawford’s journal” (*U*: 519) and “The stranger” (*U*: 552); whilst some of Stephen’s transformations are into, “young Stephen” (*U*: 510), “Boasthard” (*U*: 516) and “Mr Coadjutor Deacon Dedalus” (*U*: 538).

of how unreliable it has become). Story telling has become the "stolentelling" (*FW*: 424) performance of a staggering range of styles. Budgen, perhaps with Joyce's comments on "Circe" in mind[8], commented that the chapter is "a parade of costume styles, resembling an historical pageant" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 218). As this "pageant" continues, characters are increasingly formed by the style they are allocated. As Karen Lawrence has argued, with a nod to Budgen, "the costume changes in the chapter are all we have. Joyce is at pains to show that style confers a role on character; when the style changes, a new fictional role is created" (Lawrence 1981: 131). Although, of course, the way characters speak changes our perception of them to some extent, perhaps Lawrence has gone a little far here in stating that the "costume changes (…) are all we have". The characters we have been hitherto familiar with do not become total strangers lost, irretrievably, in various styles. We are normally given their names, or variations of their names. Even without this help, despite the language their thoughts and expressions are couched in, we can still recognise the personalities and typical subject matter of the characters met prior to "The Oxen of the Sun". When Joyce pastiches Bunyan, for example, instead of Bloom and Stephen, we have the allegorical "Mr Cautious Calmer" and "Boasthard"; with both characters portrayed as enhancing those particular features. Such features, however, are already an intrinsic and recognisable part of their respective natures. "Calmer's words", therefore, and his talk of the thunder (perfectly in tune with the Bloom of "Cyclops here (*U*: 393-4)) being "a hubbub of Phenomenon" are unable to 'vanquish' "Boasthard's fear... And would he [Boasthard] not accept to die like the rest and pass away? By no means would he" (*U*: 516).

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[8] "Circe is a costume episode. Disguises. Bloom changes clothes half a dozen times" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 228). As we shall see later, however, Bloom's number of costume changes is considerably higher.

Shortly afterwards, the Buck entertains the company with some Goldsmithian clowning:

> Lawksamercy, doctor, cried the young blood in the primrose vest, feigning a womanish simper and with immodest squirmings of his body, how you do tease a body! Drat the man! Bless me, I'm all of a wibbly wobbly. Why, you're as bad as dear little Father Cantekissem, that you are! (*U*: 531)

This can easily be traced to his performance of "The Ballad of Joking Jesus"; after which he

> capered before [Stephen and Haines] (…) fluttering his winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdsweet cries (U:23).[9]

Similarly, we read of Lenehan – in the style of Walter Savage Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* – bemoaning his ill-fortune on the race track:

> The gods too are ever kind, Lenehan said. If I had poor luck with Bass's mare perhaps this draught of his may serve me more propensely. He was laying his hand upon a winejar: Malachi saw it and withheld his act (*U*: 545).

It is recognisably Lenehan and a distorted echo of his earlier attempt at consolation in "Cyclops":

> – Twenty to one, says Lenehan. Such is life in an outhouse. *Throwaway*, says he. Takes the biscuit, and talking about bunions. Frailty, thy name is *Sceptre*.
> So he went over to the biscuit tin Bob Doran left to see if there was anything he could lift on the nod, the old cur after him backing his luck with his mangy snout up. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.
> – Not there, my child, says he (*U*: 422).

Nevertheless, by the time we arrive at the final section of the chapter, this tendency to partially blur character through style has become a norm taken to the extreme.

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[9] He also revives his "droll mimic of Mother Grogan" (*U*: 528) from the first chapter (*U*: 13-4).

The narrative informs us that '[t]he high hall of Horne's house had never beheld an assembly so representative and so varied nor had the old rafters of that establishment ever listened to a language so encyclopedic' (*U*: 546). Whilst the first part of the statement is a comic exaggeration in keeping with the generalised ironic tone of the chapter, the "encyclopedic" description of the language is hardly wide of the mark. The idea is later paraphrased, with the entire chapter being declared a "chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle. Astounding!" (*U*: 554). The closing section of "The Oxen of the Sun" (from "All off for a buster" to the end, *U*: 555-561) underlines the "encyclopedic" nature of the chapter's language; with the emphasis being firmly on the "chaffering" (haggling or bandying words) and "farraginous" (a random mixture or hotchpotch). This coda presents us with "ten paragraphs that are the literary equivalent of drunkenness" (Atherton 1974: 334). The reader is thrown into a "pandemonium of ejaculations in every form of dialect, jargon, slang, ancient and modern" (Gilbert (1930) 1963: 268); in which "we can hear nothing but the noise of their voices and can barely understand the import of a word" (Kenner 1980: 109). What has happened here? How have we moved from such highly crafted and controlled writing, in which the presence of a writer is almost oppressively clear, to this wave of blurred dialogue and formal challenge in which we are almost driven to cry out with one of the 'bustering' voices – Mulligan, I suspect – "where's that bleeding awfur?" (*U*: 556).

The growing abandonment of narrative convention and the increasingly signalled autonomy of character finally bursts (or 'busts') the novelistic banks and flows directly, if seemingly chaotically, towards the world of Nighttown and "Circe". This preparation operates not solely in terms of style but also thematically. Thematically, we are ushered into the workings of consciousness and conscience in Bella's establishment some time before the coda by the imitation of Newman, which talks of the

sins or (…) evil memories (…) hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart" which "a chance word will call (…) forth suddenly and they will rise up to confront him in the most various circumstances, a vision or a dream (*Ibid.*: 552).[10]

Particularly apposite in Stephen's case, we are told this may happen "at the feast at midnight when he is now filled with wine" and will come "shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful" (*Ibid.*: 552). Focussing on a specific aspect of how characters deal with their pasts, Robert Spoo has discussed such supernatural prefiguring in terms of the gothic scene with Haines (*Ibid.*: 539) as well as parodies of Charles Lamb where we read of things "now of the past" for Bloom (*Ibid.*: 540-1); and De Quincey in which Molly and Milly are "phantoms", "twilght" and "sad" in Bloom's memory (*Ibid.*: 542). Spoo argues that the "cumulative effect of these images prepares the reader for the apparition of Stephen's dead mother in the next episode" (Spoo 1994: 153)[11]. And what of stylistic and formal preparation? An episode that had, at least partly, been a painstakingly written celebration of "venerable names" in the history of English narrative form is violently usurped by the characters' raucously oral rebellion of "frightful jumble of Pidgin English, nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel" (and Joyce impishly (and typically) chose to name by no means all of the oral explosions to be found in the chapter's coda (See Gifford and Seidman 1974: 362-368 and Atherton 1974: 334)).

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[10] Declan Kiberd, for example, has also pointed out this preparation (Kiberd 2009: 228). He seems wrong, however, to call the passage "a parody"; as Joyce stated that "where all the other authors are parodied" in "The Oxen of the Sun", "Newman alone is rendered pure, in the grave beauty of his style. Besides, I needed that fulcrum to hold up the rest" (quoted in Potts 1979: 217). Evidence of such admiration dates back, of course, to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (*P*: 73-4).
Under the Circean convention of the materialisation of the immaterial, these "sins or (…) evil memories" actually appear later as "The Sins of the Past" (*U*: 649).

[11] Although "Telemachus" introduces Stephen's mother in ghostly form (*U*: 4 and 10-11), these 'literary' phantoms do prepare us for other, far less ghoulish apparitions; such as Bloom's parents (*U*: 569-60).

Once the characters pour out of the hospital and onto the street, there is no narrator to guide us. All we have are voices, virtually disembodied through their chaotic variation of oral styles, to give us some idea of what they are doing. It is almost, as Bernard Benstock argued, “an exercise in reading blind” (Benstock 1991: 638). These voices, revolting against the literary shape shifting of the earlier sections, explode into a rainbow-like oral performance; the very opposite of the earlier chorus accompanying the imagined journey of the “wafted” soul, in which the “voices blend and fuse in clouded silence” (*U*: 541-2).

We’ve moved, effectively, from narrative to drama, despite the page layout still ostensibly suggesting narrative prose: the visual suggests narrative; the sound suggests drama. We listen to, more than read[12], the ten main adult male voices, a gang of street kids, a barman and, it seems, some other customers (the identification of the last group is made even more complex by their not having been part of the earlier assembly in the maternity hospital)[13]. We feel abandoned: left alone to try and work out not only what is actually being said and to whom, but who is saying it. Indeed, the section seems to be an extreme illustration of how a novel “orchestrates all its themes (…) by means of the social diversity of speech types and by the differing individual voices that flourish under such conditions” (Bakhtin (1975) 1981: 263).

As in dramatic performance, we now only know the characters names when other characters use them and, on occasion, we cannot be sure that they have identified them and commented on them correctly. A clear example of this is the man “in the

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[12] As we shall see later with “Penelope”, the coda is easier to understand when read out loud.

[13] Bloom, Stephen and Lenehan, the municipal leech; as well as the ‘medicals’: Dixon, Lynch, Crotthers, Punch Costello, Madden, Bannon and Buck Mulligan. On leaving the hospital, they do seem to be briefly harassed by the “Denzille lane urchins”. In Burke’s there is the barman as well as Bantom Lyons and his friend, the “railway bloke” (*U*: 558). I shall also argue that the Nameless One from “Cyclops” possibly puts in an appearance, bringing his tour of Dublin watering holes to a close for another day.

macintosh" (*U*: 138) who also seems to have ended up in Burke's pub. His presence being noticed is the immediate cue for some quickfire gossip, Western style: "Golly, whatten tunket's yon guy in the mackintosh? Dusty Rhodes". This, needless to say, is almost certainly not his real name[14] and, unhelpfully, a supposed nickname is later added: "Bartle the Bread we calls him." The gossipmonger continues to affirm that Dusty (or Bartle) spent some time, rather dubiously (for "[t]rumpery insanity"), "in the Richmond", a mental hospital. Like the hero in the rhyme, "The House that Jack built", he apparently was a "[m]an all tattered and torn that married a maiden all forlorn." We are then told that she "[s]lung her hook, she did" to turn him into (and rounding off the Western sequence) "[w]alking Mackintosh of lonely canyon" (*Ibid.*: 560). Generally, when someone 'slings their hook", they leave; but we know from "Hades" that this figure was visiting a grave and in "Cyclops" we are at least told that "[t]he man in the brown macintosh[15] loves a lady who is dead" (*Ibid.*: 433). It is also possible, nonetheless, that the "maiden all forlorn" committed suicide. Bloom must mention that he saw the man at Glasnevin cemetery (though his words go unrecorded), as we then have "Pardon? Seen him today at a runefal?" with the instant anagram of 'funeral' appropriately producing 'rune': a mysterious language to be decoded. Being the victim of such transforming gossip on his life and identity, there is an appropriateness in his taking revenge (solely identified by his 'costume') in "Circe" by warning us to believe

[14] Dusty Rhodes was not only a tramplike American cartoon character from c.1900 (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 367) but also "a gifted cricketer" (Kiberd 2000: 1121). Such a punning name ('Dusty Roads') for a figure clearly tramping the streets would appeal not only to these "right witty scholars" (*U*: 507) but also, of course, to Joyce himself.

[15] Even the earlier spelling of 'macintosh' changes to 'mackintosh' in this chapter, as if to raise further doubts about identification. Joe Hynes, of course, when reporting on Dignam's funeral had already transformed him into M'Intosh (*U*: 142), as well as turning Bloom into "L. Boom" (*U*: 751).

nothing Bloom says, bringing his identity into doubt, and even implicating him in the fire that broke out towards the end of "Oxen":

> THE MAN IN THE MACINTOSH: Don't you believe a word he says. That man is Leopold M'Intosh, the notorious fireraiser. His real name is Higgins[16] (*Ibid.*: 607).

As in "Circe", so here in the closing section of "The Oxen of the Sun", no clear narrative voice – responsible or otherwise – attempts to put them, and us, right. To adapt Kenner's comment on style[17] in the chapter (Kenner 1980: 110), if narrative has previously been an irritant, we would be grateful for some now. Furthermore, Stephen and especially Bloom, those voices we are most familiar with in *Ulysses*, hardly speak in the coda. Most of the dialogue, "picked up as if by an unseeing microphone" (*Ibid.*: 110), is carried on by Mulligan, Lenehan, and the relatively unknown and barely distinguishable voices of the 'medicals': Bannon, Costello, Crotthers, Lynch (who is closest, whilst not being close to Stephen), Madden and Dixon and some other barflies in Burke's. The "mike held up to nature, like the mirror, records chaos" (*Ibid.*: 110).

In this new, dramatic mode, we are presented with a situation in which the "personality of the artist passes into the narration itself, flowing round and round the persons and the action like a vital sea". In perfect harmony with Stephen's dramatic artist, the narrative voice here "refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak", becoming "invisible" and apparently "indifferent" (*P*: 194-95); with the controlling agency fulfilling (however briefly) Stephen's earlier claim in "Nestor" that God is "a shout in the street" (*U*: 43). The journey towards this state was begun earlier in "Oxen", when "the voice of the god is heard outside – a noise in street" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 216), as the sudden crash of thunder scares Stephen:

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[16] Higgins, of course, was the maiden name of Bloom's mother, Ellen.

[17] And here we are reminded of T. S. Eliot's view of *Ulysses* as showing up "the futility of all the English styles" (Woolf (1953) 2003: 49).

> A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled back. Loud on left Thor thundered: in anger awful the hammerhurler. Came now the storm that hist his heart (*U*: 515)[18].

The Joycean connection between such noise and deity can be traced back to *Stephen Hero* and the raucous behaviour of Stephen[19] and the other 'gods' often to be found in the gallery of the Gaiety Theatre (*SH*: 36)[20]; thus partly preparing the way for the dramatic mode "The Oxen of the Sun" has now embarked upon.

Since my own involvement with adaptations for the stage of the "Circe" and Cyclops" chapters first performed in the 1980s[21], I have had a tendency to look for the theatrical in *Ulysses*. The coda of "The Oxen of the Sun" has long been, despite its frankly formidable nature, a strong source of interest in those terms. I was therefore

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[18] There is also some flavour of the final section's style in "Telemachus", through Stephen's imagining of Clive Kempthorpe's "debagging" at Oxford. The appearance of a 'calf' and an 'ox' in the passage do nothing to detract from the japes of these "oxy chaps" (*U*: 6) being a pre-echo of the later Holles St. antics:

> Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another, O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A scared *calf's* face gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy *ox* with me!
>
> Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. (*U*: 6-7, my italics).

[19] Cheryl Herr refers to a conversation she had with the expert on Irish music hall, Matthew Murtagh, in 1981. Murtagh told her of Oliver St. John Gogarty "being thrown out of Dan Lowrey's (...) a sort of rite of passage for the students who flocked to [music halls] for a cheap evening of jokes, songs and drink. To Murtagh, that Joyce would have been among them is a foregone conclusion" (Herr 1986: 189).

[20] We do also hear about Stephen and Cranly sitting "in the pit of a music hall, and one unfolded to the other the tapestry of his poetical aims". However, as this was "while the band bawled to the comedian and the comedian bawled to the band" (*SH*: 114), it is possible that young Dedalus may well have had to raise his voice a few decibels to get his poetic sensibilities across.

[21] *Circe* was devised and performed by the university group, the Cambridge Mummers at the Cambridge in 1982 and won a Fringe First at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 1983. *Cyclops* (initially under the title *Citizens*) was originally performed by the Balloonatics theatre company at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 1985. It has since been performed in Britain and Ireland, as well as in various other western European countries.

intrigued to read a report by Amanda Sigler that "Clive Hart and Harald Beck had transformed [the final section] into the sort dramatic script "Circe" offers. Circulating their typescript, they led the group in determining how remaining gaps and uncertain lines could be attributed" (Sigler 2007: 20).

Anxious to learn more about this "sort of dramatic script", I contacted Clive Hart by email and received the following courteous and perfectly understandable reply:

> Many thanks for your email, and for your interest. I fear that my comment is going to be somewhat disappointing. First, it is not the case that the Oxen coda is a transformation into a script. Amanda has rather mispresented (in *JJQ*[22]) what we have tried to do. In the introduction we have made clear, we thought, that our typescript is absolutely NOT a play or playlet. In fact it is the text, word for word, of the last ten paragraphs of Oxen – with no alterations whatever. We have written notes and commentaries every line or so. At first sight the typescript may look like a playlet simply because we have presented it dramatically because it follows something like the style of Circe.
> Furthermore, I should say that I'm afraid we would not be happy to distribute the typescript yet. Although we have done a lot of work at it, it is still very much a work in progress; we fiddle with it every now and then. We have no idea when or ever it will get published, not least because the ten last paragraphs of Oxen are of course in copyright.
> Sorry – but with the best of wishes,
> Clive Hart

This led me to attempt my own transformation of the coda into a script[23]. My approach, like that of Clive Hart and Harald Beck, was not to adapt or dramatise it for some actual future performance; but rather to see – "with no alterations whatever" – whether, firstly, lines could be attributed to particular characters and, secondly, whether this would justify my view of the coda as a predominantly oral performance.

[22] The *James Joyce Quarterly*.

[23] The results of this attempt can be seen in Appendix II.

Before moving on to the reasoning behind my attributions, a basic outline of what happens in this final section may be useful[24].

After leaving the maternity hospital, Bloom, Stephen, Mulligan, Lenehan and the six "medicals" go off to Burke's pub. Stephen (paid by Mr Deasy earlier in the day) buys the drinks until they are later turned out at closing time. Whilst still in the pub, the rest of the group meets Bantom Lyons who is drunk, has shaved off his moustache, as Bloom saw earlier (*U*: 105), and is carrying a bunch of flowers. Although there is a gossipy implication that they are for some extra-marital encounter later in the evening[25], it also seems that they could be for his wife.[26] He seems to be having a conversation with "a railway bloke" (*Ibid.*: 558) which, after Lyons' drunken attempts to sing "The Colleen Bawn", focuses on Bloom's role in Bantam's betting in the Gold Cup. Lyons' nameless, and ultimately rather rabid, crony may well be the "friend of Lyons" who is part of the "hue and cry" pursuing Stephen in "Circe" (*Ibid.*: 685). Lenehan is anxious not to be seen by him as he dissuaded Lyons (*Ibid.*: 435) from betting on the outsider *Throwaway* (a 'tip' inadvertently given by Bloom (*Ibid.*: 106)) in the Ascot Gold Cup earlier in the day. He slopes off to another part of the bar as discreetly as possible.

Bannon has been telling Mulligan about a girl (Milly) in a photographer's shop he's met in Mullingar. When he suddenly realises that Bloom is Milly's father, he and Mulligan slip out. Shortly after their departure, the man in the macintosh is noticed and gossiped about.

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[24] In producing both this plot summary and the coda script in Appendix II, I have greatly benefited from the work of J. S. Atherton, Bernard Benstock and Frank Budgen in the studies referred to above. Articles by Alan M. Cohn (Cohn 1967: 194-201) and John Noel Turner (Turner 1997: 83-111) have likewise been extremely helpful.

[25] "Look at Bantam's flowers. Gemini. He's going to holler. The colleen bawn. My colleen bawn (…) O, lust, our refuge and our strength" (*U*: 558-9).

[26] "Comeahome, our Bantam (...) Dinna forget the cowslips for hersel" (*U*: 559).

In the street, after closing time, most of the group rush off after the fire brigade, which is heading to a fire in nearby Mount St. Only Stephen, Lynch and, at a distance, Bloom remain. Stephen invites Lynch (and Bloom, it seems,) to go with him into Dublin's red light district, Nighttown. Lynch readily agrees but wants to know who Bloom is. Stephen implies he is a Jew and goes on to link the fire with both the end of the world and Bloom. The Scriptures are being fulfilled by such events, Stephen adds. The two students move on, followed by Bloom, and see a poster advertising the American Evangelist, Alexander J. Dowie.

Looking forward to "Circe" which, of course, "The Oxen of the Sun" immediately flows into, and where the border between stage directions and narrative is often more than blurred (as we shall see in my following chapter); it could be argued that some lines in the coda (the "All off for a buster, armstrong, hollering down the street"[27] opening, for example) act as stage directions: despite having lost its conventional narrative form and being far from easily comprehensible, the text still attempts to indicate and direct events A case of severe orality has broken out and, overturning the rigid dictates of literary prose down the ages, infected the remaining pages of the chapter. Any conceivably 'narrative stage directions' can, I believe, be taken as comments, orders or rallying cries from one or more of the disassembled company. I have also scripted the coda assuming that it has proved impossible, during this outbreak of orality, for the anonymous amanuensis to record everything the characters say (indeed, there may even have been transcription mistakes – though that line of enquiry is probably best left for another research occasion). Perhaps rather than an amanuensis, we should think of Hugh Kenner's microphone (Kenner 1980: 110) that only picks up a

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[27] Imagining him watching the disappearing group, I have given these phrases to Bloom. In "Aeolus", he has made a similarly phrased comment on a less raucous group going off for a drink: "A bit nervy. Look out for squalls. All off for a drink. Arm in arm" (*U*: 186).

percentage of the conversation in a room and sometimes in a distorted form, as people move closer or further away or raise and lower their voices. I have therefore taken the liberty of using a few stage directions to fill what I consider 'gaps' in the dialogue.

My attribution of lines to Bloom, Stephen, Mulligan and Lenehan is naturally based on what we have seen and know of them in the novel to date. Their characters have been well-established by this point and a few brief notes will, I hope, suffice to justify my allocation of particular types of dialogue to them.[28]

Bloom is concerned about Stephen ("for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon and to this his son young Stephen" (*U*: 507)), and is keen to try and prevent things from getting out of hand (hence his earlier Bunyanesque role as "Mr Cautious Calmer). When he accepts alcohol, he drinks as little as possible putting "the more part of it in his neighbour glass and his neighbour wist not of his wile" (*Ibid.*: 506); and attributes a lack of "proper breeding" to "those who create themselves wits at the cost of feminine delicacy" (*Ibid.*: 533).

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[28] Nonetheless, it is important to bear in mind that, as John Noel Turner points out, "the language here at the end of the episode is mannered just as it was earlier in "Oxen" [it] may be particularly suited to the drunken students, but it is not a naturalistic record of what they say" (Turner 1997: 101). Taking up this caveat, and leaving aside what I believe to be deliberate jokes and the conscious imitations of various accents and dialects – Dixon's deliberate parody of the Scottish "Hoots!" (*U*: 559) for example – , I have allocated some lines on the basis of their content or essential spirit, rather than any direct correspondence with the characters' vocabulary and dialogue elsewhere in *Ulysses*. The speeches that convey Stephen's basically unsympathetic response to Bloom's (presumed) question about Macintosh will perhaps illustrate this idea. Dedalus' first response – "See him today at a runefal?" (*U*: 560) – could, in fact, be "a naturalistic record". The anagram 'runefal' from 'funeral' could well be one of his standard jokes (and very much in his mind still due to his mother's death) which, despite his drunkenness, is instantly triggered when Bloom mentions 'funeral'. His further response, however, conveys his lack of sympathy in an unnaturalistic manner. Due to his current mood and, I imagine, complete lack of interest in either Macintosh or Dignam, he may well have been sorely tempted to spout at Bloom: "Did urns blubble bigsplash crytears cos fries Padney was took off in black bag?" (*U*: 560). We assume, however, that that is not what he actually said.

Like Bloom, Stephen is unusually quiet in this final section. This is probably at least partly due to the fact that of all the drinkers in the hospital common room "reserved young Stephen (…) was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead (*Ibid.*: 507). There is also a certain distance in his general attitude, due to his earlier problems with Mulligan at the tower, as well as his haunted state regarding his mother's death. After his stay in Paris, he speaks good French and has been much given to religious based Latin in the novel so far (a tendency that continues into "Circe" and beyond).

Mulligan attempts to guarantee a certain intellectual status, balancing or even enhancing his clowning mimicry, by displaying his linguistic and cultural knowledge of the Classics (*Ibid.*: 527). He is still, ironically, in this chapter of so many styles and tongues, "Chrysostomos" (*Ibid.*: 1) or 'golden mouthed'; although the gold is now a touch on the tarnished side. He is antagonistic towards Bloom, possibly resenting his interest in Stephen; as we have noticed earlier when he refers to Bloom "the sheeny" (*Ibid.*: 257). He arrives late with Bannon, and hears of his flirtatious relationship with a girl we know to be Milly Bloom. No longer comfortable in Stephen's company after the morning's incidents (despite a tense truce during Scylla and Charybdis"), he is keen to disappear back to the Martello tower without him.

In addition to being a disappointed Gold Cup tipster, obsessed with punning and perverting the French language; Lenehan lives off his wits and the scandalous titbits[29] he can always provide in order to get by in Dublin. The Defoe section of the chapter neatly summarises his character:

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[29] Looking ahead to the comment on Molly Bloom having "a prime pair of mincepies, no kid" (*U*: 557), Lenehan has already told a salacious story in "Wandering Rocks" about becoming sexually excited when squeezed into a carriage next to her one evening: "She has a fine pair" (*U*: 301).

> He was a kind of sport gentleman that went for a merryandrew or honest pickle and what belonged of women, horseflesh or hot scandal he had it pat. To tell the truth he was mean in fortunes and for the most part hankered about the coffeehouses and low taverns [where] he picked up between his sackpossets much loose gossip. He took his ordinary at a boilingcook's and if he had but gotten into him a mess of broken victuals or a platter of tripes with a bare tester in his purse he could always bring himself off with his tongue, some randy quip (*Ibid.*: 520)

More detailed notes, based on their participation in the earlier part of the chapter, are required to support the allocation of lines to those rather sketchy figures who only appear in "The Oxen of the Sun" (Madden, Bannon, Costello, Crotthers and Dixon; although they are also phantasmagorical presences in "Circe" (*Ibid.*: 613-4 and 626)). Vincent Lynch, who only appears in "Oxen" and "Circe" (but whom we have met on various occasions in *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait*), also comes into this category. Lines are also given to a group of street urchins, "the Denzille lane boys" (*Ibid.*: 556)[30], who briefly harass the revellers; and to the barman in Burke's. There are also, in terms of speaking parts, Bantam Lyons and his friend, "a railway bloke". Just before the barman calls "Time all" (*Ibid.*: 560) and the revellers pour onto the street, however, we get a brief but intense snatch of monologue on the following day's Gordon Bennett Cup car race in Germany, which then seamlessly switches into a blast on the Russo-Japanese war (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 367). Finding it unlikely in the mouths of any of the remaining "medicals", I've allocated it to the anonymous "a railway bloke". Disgruntled by the exchange about the Gold Cup with Lyons – we've seen his earlier anti-semitic outburst: "Vel, I ses, if that aint a sheeny nachez" (U: 559) – he is now left on his own to prop up the bar (Lyons has left and, perhaps, gone home). Possibly browsing through

[30] Although this was also an alternative nickname for 'The Invincibles', a Fenians' splinter group who assassinated the Chief Secretary of Ireland and an under-secretary in the Phoenix Park in 1882 (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 72 and 362), it is a group of street urchins from the lane itself that is, with some irony no doubt, referred to here.

a newspaper, his interest (as someone who seems to deal with machines) might well be caught by the article on the car race; and the xenophobic tendencies exhibited in his earlier mockery of Jews might well react to the war report as he continues to flick through the paper. The fact that his rant seems to be aimed at nobody in particular (there certainly seems to be no obvious recorded response) possibly implies the barman himself is on the receiving end of it; which probably adds a certain determination to his bringing the evening to a close.

Another possible speaking presence is that of the Nameless One from "Cyclops". His appearance in Burke's is supported by the clear echo of routine phrases which, presumably, work as 'passwords' among the low Dublin drinking establishments: "Stand and deliver" (*U*: 557) and "There's hair" (*Ibid.*: 557)[31]. In Barney Kiernan's that afternoon, the Nameless One certainly heard the first (*Ibid.*: 381), as he reports it; and actually says the second (*Ibid.*: 420). Although "Stand and deliver" may seem rather too authoritative, too assertive for the Nameless One (it's the Citizen's line in "Cyclops", after all), it could be that by this stage of the evening he has drunk himself into a slightly greater boldness. It doesn't seem unlikely that he would end up in Burke's, especially with the possibilities it offers of titbits of news and scandal provided by the medical students. Mulligan's 'Password' would presumably not have been aimed directly at him but he either takes the opportunity to try and ingratiate himself by

[31] John Noel Turner suggests that "[s]tand and deliver is an obstetrical joke" and that "[t]here's hair (...) may refer to the appearance of the hairy head of the infant at the moment of birth" or "the patient's pubic hair" (Turner 1997: 87).

responding directly to the Buck or, equally in keeping with the character revealed to us in Barney Kiernan's, uses the phrase to snipe at the goings on from a distance. [32]

Perhaps overhearing the response, Mulligan underlines his status by deciding to cast Swinburne before swine, as it were; as well as indirectly paying tribute to the medical profession surrounding him: "Ours the white death and the ruddy birth". Swinburne at this hour, and possibly by way of one of the Buck's most frequent quotations[33] is too much for a Dedalus the worse for wear, and he spits in anger. The subject of capturing "the attic note" (*Ibid.*: 320) was of course brought up at the very start of their long day in "Telemachus" (*Ibid.*: 2-3) and, after what has probably been a surfeit of Mulligan's cracks and company for one day, it's likely that Stephen has reached his limit. If someone does literally spit, and if that someone is Stephen; then we are brought closer to the "[s]cene at Westland Row" (*Ibid.*: 579) and Hugh Kenner's idea of Stephen having punched Mulligan at the railway station[34]. Dixon seems the most likely peacemaker on hand, jokingly pacifying Stephen by calling him 'boss'; whilst also gently bringing him "to heel" (*Ibid.*: 683): "Hi! Spit in your own eye, boss" (*Ibid.*: 557).

Finally, sound effects are bestowed upon an anonymous "chap puking" in the street, whom the revellers have to dodge, whilst keeping an eye out for the "hawks" (*Ibid.*: 560) or, the *OED* tells us, the police. The Alexander J. Dowie climax presents a different kind of problem. Although Stephen and Lynch may begin a bravura improvised performance inspired by the poster featuring Alexander J. Dowie, this does

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[32] Seemingly not included in the group's rounds, he disappears from the conversation as swiftly as he entered. We can probably safely assume, however, that the events in Burke's will have been observed from afar, becoming another Cyclopean tale by tomorrow afternoon.

[33] This comes from Swinburne's "Genesis" in *Songs Before Sunrise*. Mulligan quoted the line earlier in the day to Haines in "Wandering Rocks" (*U*: 320).

[34] See chapter 4.1, footnote 23.

not seem much in keeping with their mood and energy levels at this stage of the evening. Having already signalled a blurring of dialogue, stage direction and narration in “Oxen”, I believe Joyce uses these final lines to prepare us for another aspect of “Circe”. The following chapter takes us into a world in which objects take on a life of their own: a bar of soap can sing (*Ibid.*: 571) and wreaths can chant (*Ibid.*: 580). Furthermore, a hollybush can ask a question (*Ibid.*: 616) and Yew trees literally whisper (*U*: 655)[35]. Therefore, if a flybill can talk in “Circe” (*Ibid.*: 638), it seems appropriate preparation for a poster to advertise itself here in its own booming voice. A phantasmagoric Dowie will, of course, literally appear to speak for himself in the Nighttown chapter (*Ibid.*: 612, 625).

As the inanimate blur their boundaries with the animate, so the conventionally animate find their definitions less distinct. Just as in “The Oxen of the Sun”, Bloom and Stephen seemingly become allegorical figures straight out of *A Pilgrim’s Progress* (*Ibid.*: 518); in “Circe”, Bloom becomes, for example, “Leopold the First” (*Ibid.*: 604) and, later, is even capable of bearing “eight male yellow and white children” (*Ibid.*: 614). Neither is Stephen immune to such transformation. When Simon Dedalus “appears in the doorway”, father and son seem finally to find each other, ironically merged through religion as “Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus (…) with large wave gestures and (…) bloated pomp” (*Ibid.*: 638-39).

As “The Oxen of the Sun” gathers pace, there is a burgeoning sense of both character and voice being endlessly changeable and completely at the mercy of style. The chapter culminates in the shouts in the street, which look forward to Mutt’s “waast

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[35] It is no surprise (in the Viconian scheme of things) that it is Bloom, most frequently the target of such animated objects in Nighttown, who introduces the idea of this ‘phenomenon’ in “Aeolus”. When talking of the ‘sllting’ printer and door, he tells us with typical sympathy that they are doing their “level best to speak (…) Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt.” (*U*: 154).

wizzard all of whirlworlds" (*FW*: 17); leading us into an "ineluctable modality" of both voice and character.

In the spirit of "risky cruxes", this policy has also been applied to the filling of "remaining gaps" and attribution of "uncertain lines" (Sigler 2007: 20).

William Madden, with his "squat form" (U: 546), is probably the most shadowy of the medical students. He doesn't seem to have much in common with the Madden of *Stephen Hero* who is "spokesman" for the Irish "patriotic party" and argues with Stephen about the identity of "our peasants", as well as the Irish language (*SH*: 40 and 53-4). The Madden we meet in "The Oxen of the Sun" is basically distinguished through religion.

In the context of the debate on whether to save the mother or the child in difficult births, Madden tells the story of a woman who died in such circumstances:

> for holy religion sake by rede of palmer and bedesman and for a vow he had made to Saint Ultan of Arbraccan her goodman husband would not let her death whereby they were all wondrous grieved (*U*: 508).

Although Madden "had conscience to let her die", the vow of the "goodman husband" was honoured and the baby was saved instead of the mother. In a similar vein, when Stephen

> the braggart boaster cried that an old Nobodaddy was in his cups it was muchwhat indifferent and he would not lag behind his lead (…)Master Madden, being godly certain whiles, knocked him on his ribs upon that crack of doom (*Ibid.*: 516).

In fact, when giving brief descriptions of the medical students, Frank Budgen limited himself to "Madden is a medical student with frequent fits of piety" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 219). Joyce, however (at least in descriptive terms), makes his piety less recurrent with him being, as we have seen, only "godly *certain whiles*".

"Mr Sometimes Godly" (*Ibid.*: 517) does, nevertheless, have a more worldly side. He happily drinks with his cronies and, in the Ascot Gold Cup, "lost five drachmas on Sceptre for a whim of the rider's name". The jockey's name was O. Madden, and it may be Mulligan who later has a drunkenly clumsy attempt at a pun: "Madden back Madden's a maddening back" (*Ibid.*: 559).

Alec Bannon arrives later in the proceedings with Mulligan. He is from rural Mullingar and we are later told that

> the figure of Bannon in explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues contrasted sharply with the primrose elegance and townbred manners of Malachi Roland St John Mulligan (*Ibid.*: 547).

Bloom's daughter, Milly, works in a Mullingar photographer's shop, and Bannon has some kind of on-going flirtation with her, "a skittish heifer, big of her age and beef to the heel" (*Ibid.*: 519)[36]. Needless to say in this chapter of much talk but few facts, the precise nature of the relationship is unclear. We are told, however, that he "had late come to town, it being his intention to buy a colour or a cornetcy in the fencibles and list for the wars" (*Ibid.*: 525)[37]. As there is no other mention of his enlisting in the military, let alone purchasing a title, this is quite probably a code for condoms (they all begin with 'co', as well as being things that, literally or figuratively, are put on or worn)

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[36] This, ironically, is just how Milly herself has described Mullingar women in her letter to Bloom (in which she also mentions Bannon by name): "We did great biz yesterday. Fair day and all the beef to the heels were in" (*U*: 80). Perhaps, under Bannon's influence, Milly is starting to pick up some Westmeath slang.

[37] Shortly afterwards, Bannon announces that "I know of a *marchand de capotes*, Monsieur Poyntz, from whom I can have for a *livre* as snug a cloak of the French fashion as ever kept a lady from wetting." Nevertheless, we are informed, "One umbrella, were it no bigger than a fairy mushroom, is worth ten such stopgaps. No woman of any wit would wear one." Indeed Lynch informs the company that "My dear Kitty told me today that she would dance in a deluge before ever she would starve in such an ark of salvation" (*U*: 529-30). The slang use of "umbrella" and "wetting" seems to suggest that Bannon's search for a condom continues en route to Burke's: "Any brollies or gumboots in the family?" (*U*: 556).

with Bannon about to engage in sexual ‘warfare’. Immediate evidence for this is provided by the fact that

> Mr Mulligan was civil enough to express some relish of it all the more as it jumped with a project of his own for the cure of the very evil that had been touched on. Whereat he handed round to the company a set of pasteboard cards which he had had printed that day at Mr Quinnell's bearing a legend printed in fair italics: *Mr Malachi Mulligan, Fertiliser and Incubator, Lambay Island* (*Ibid.*: 525).

Whether Bannon’s “project” directly concerns his “Photo girl” (*U*: 26) or not, the relationship has developed sufficiently[38] for him to feel the need to make a quick exit from Burke’s after realising that Bloom is Milly’s father. His reaction to this fact, however, seems more amused than fearful (“Photo's papli, by all that's gorgeous!”) and it may well be the older, more astute Mulligan who suggests beating a quick but calm retreat: “Play low, pardner. Slide.” (*Ibid.*: 559).

Frank ‘Punch’ Costello apparently got his nickname from being an “erewhile” boxer (*U*: 507). Possibly as drunk as Stephen, he lacks the wit of his comrades and is the most overtly coarse member of the group. Indeed for Bloom, as we learn later in the urbane style of the 18th century essay (spiced by more than a suggestion of Shakespeare’s *Richard III*):

> the word of Mr Costello was an unwelcome language (…) for he nauseated the wretch that seemed to him a cropeared creature of a misshapen gibbosity, born out of wedlock and thrust like a crookback toothed and feet first into the world, which the dint of the surgeon's pliers in his skull lent indeed a colour to, so as to put him in thought of that

[38] Bannon seems to believe that he has already missed an opportunity for sex with Milly: “Maledicity! he exclaimed in anguish. Would to God that foresight had but remembered me to take my cloak along! I could weep to think of it. Then, though it had poured seven showers, we were neither of us a penny the worse” (*U*: 529).

missing link of creation's chain desiderated by the late ingenious Mr Darwin (*Ibid.*: 533)[39].

When Dixon impishly attempts to draw Costello on the scheme of nature that Stephen has alluded to (and which may well include evolution), he manages drunkenly to announce that no woman was safe from him when sexually aroused:

> he had overmuch drunken and the best word he could have of him was that he would ever dishonest a woman whoso she were or wife or maid or leman if it so fortuned him to be delivered of his spleen of lustihead (*Ibid.*: 508)[40].

In unsteady action again later, he "dinged with his fist upon the board and would sing a bawdy catch *Staboo Stabella*"[41]; and when the elderly nurse Quigley told them

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[39] This idea, together with Costello's proficiency in French, is picked up and developed in "Circe", in which a "hobgoblin in the image of Punch Costello, hipshot, crookbacked, hydrocephalic, prognathic with receding forehead and Ally Sloper nose, tumbles in somersaults through the gathering darkness.

> ALL: What?
>
> THE HOBGOBLIN: (His jaws chattering, capers to and fro, goggling his eyes, squeaking, kangaroohopping, with outstretched clutching arms, then all at once thrusts his lipless face through the fork of his thighs.) Il vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit! L'homme primigene! (He whirls round and round with dervish howls.) Sieurs et dames, faites vos jeux! (He crouches juggling. Tiny roulette planets fly from his hands.) Les jeux son! faits! (The planets rush together, uttering crepitant cracks.) Rien n'va plus. (The planets, buoyant balloons, sail swollen up and away. He springs off into vacuum)" (*U*: 623-24).

[40] Their banter continues later when Costello teases Dixon about being involved with nurse Callan: "Strike me silly, said Costello, a low fellow who was fuddled. A monstrous fine bit of cowflesh! I'll be sworn she has rendezvoused you. What, you dog? Have you a way with them?" He goes on, in music hall cockney, to suggest even worse: "May this pot of four half choke me, cried Costello, if she aint in the family way. I knows a lady what's got a white swelling quick as I claps eyes on her." On hearing this, Dixon leaves the room with the apology that he is "needed in the ward" (*Ibid.*: 531). After this slight on the character of a second nurse, a "murmur of approval arose from all and some were for ejecting the low soaker without more ado, a design which would have been effected nor would he have received more than his bare deserts had he not abridged his transgression by affirming with a horrid imprecation (for he swore a round hand) that he was as good a son of the true fold as ever drew breath" (*Ibid.*: 532).

[41] This was an unpublished and now lost bawdy ballad by Gogarty (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 343). The 'boo' and 'bella', conjuring up Bloom and Bella with their endings, seem already to be pointing us towards the "bawdyhouse" (*Ibid.*: 561) in "Circe".

off for being noisy "her hortative [did not] want of it effect for incontinently Punch Costello was of them all embraided and they reclaimed the churl with civil rudeness". Indeed, it seemed about to turn nasty until "good sir Leopold" calmed them all down "advising (…) the time's occasion as most sacred and most worthy to be most sacred. In Horne's house rest should reign" (*U*: 512). Undeterred, it seems, Costello "roared out" part of another song later; after which, again, some did "mock and some jeer and Punch Costello fell hard again to his yale" (*Ibid.*: 515). Punch is truly "the eccentric" (*Ibid.*: 546) here, in the literal sense of not being at the centre. Never fully integrated, and the only character who is impersonalised by a nickname, he is constantly in danger of being expelled completely through his own words and deeds.

As with Lenehan, the Defoe pastiche provides an overview of Costello's character in which we learn that he "had been indentured to a brandyshipper that has a winelodge in Bordeaux and he spoke French like a gentleman too." We are also informed, however, that "[f]rom a child this Frank had been a donought". His father had tried to get him to study but he "was more familiar with the justiciary and the parish beadle than with his volumes."[42] Apparently living a dissolute life in various fields, Costello "had been off as many times as a cat has lives and back again with naked pockets as many more to his father the headborough who shed a pint of tears as often as he saw him" (*Ibid.*: 520-1). Some of the French and much of the rougher language has therefore found its way into the "Dutch oven" (*Ibid.*: 558)[43] of Punch Costello.

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[42] Although we are later told that "Francis was reminding Stephen of years before when they had been at school together in Conmee's time. He asked about Glaucon, Alcibiades, Pisistratus. Where were they now? Neither knew" (*U*: 543). Either Costello is just drunkenly running off names from his befuddled memory or, as we have seen earlier with the 'gothic Haines' section, we can never completely take this text at face value.

[43] This was contemporary boxing slang for 'mouth' (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 365).

“Crotthers of Alba Longa” is not averse to a ballad, especially of a bawdy nature, as he happily “sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn” (*U*: 508). This “Scotch student [is] a little fume of a fellow, blond as tow” and, speculating on the exaggerated politeness with which he asks for and then offers a drink to “the young gentleman” Bannon[44] (“a whole century of polite breeding had not achieved so nice a gesture” (*Ibid.*: 528)), he may well, in fact, be rather a rough character. He certainly displays little nicety of speech or gesture when praising Mina Purefoy’s husband:

> I must acquaint you, said Mr Crotthers, clapping on the table so as to evoke a resonant comment of emphasis, old Glory Allelujurum was round again today (…) preferring through his nose a request to have word of Wilhelmina, my life, as he calls her. (…) 'Slife, I'll be round with you. I cannot but extol the virile potency of the old bucko that could still knock another child out of her. All fell to praising of it, each after his own fashion, though the same young blade held with his former view that another than her conjugial had been the man in the gap, a clerk in orders, a linkboy (virtuous) or an itinerant vendor of articles needed in every household (*Ibid.*: 534).

He is credited however, though perhaps ironically, with some degree of eloquence. In commenting on Crotther’s discussion of the post-natal death rates among mothers and infants, the narrator tells us “Mr J. Crotthers (Disc. Bacc.)” (*Ibid.*: 548) (or ‘Bachelor of Discourse’):

> attributes some of these demises to abdominal trauma in the case of women workers subjected to heavy labours in the workshop and to marital discipline in the home but by far the vast majority to neglect, private or official, culminating in the exposure of newborn infants, the practice of criminal abortion or in the atrocious crime of infanticide.

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[44] Bannon arrives in a state of high excitement, anxious to spread the news about his progress with Milly Bloom: “The young gentleman (…) overjoyed as he was at a passage that had late befallen him, could not forbear to tell it his nearest neighbour [Crotthers]” who “congratulated in the liveliest fashion with the young gentleman and, interrupting the narrative at a salient point” asks Bannon “the narrator as plainly as was ever done in words if he might treat him with a cup of it. Mais bien sûr” says Bannon “cheerily” before adding with clear significance, “et *mille* compliments” (*U*: 528, my italics).

> Although the former (we are thinking of neglect) is undoubtedly only too true the case he cites of nurses forgetting to count the sponges in the peritoneal cavity is too rare to be normative (*Ibid.*: 548-9).

This last point could perhaps be seen as aligning him with Punch Costello, in having little respect for nurses.

Like Costello, but to a lesser extent, Crotthers is also something of an outsider. The only non-Irish member of the medical group, we are left in no doubt that he is Scottish. His nationality is alluded to virtually every time he appears, with the narrative at one point even dressing him in "striking Highland garb, his face glowing from the briny airs of the Mull of Galloway" (*Ibid.*: 546). This is intriguing but problematic when it comes to allocating lines in the final section. There are various examples of Scottish dialect in the coda. Should they all be given to Crotthers? Is this how he really speaks, once freed from the stylistic restraints of English prose down the ages? Or does he, in his state of inebriated excitement, consciously or unconsciously occasionally move (or lapse?) into his native dialect? Is it pride or self-parody, or simply another externally imposed exaggerated manner of speech? The dialect is so strong, however, that given the general mood of banter, might it be that his friends (many of whom, as we have seen, have already adopted different 'voices' in the chapter) are making fun of their "alba longa" acquaintance? Furthermore, many of the Scottish lines are, in fact, literary; being quotations from or allusions to Robert Burns. Again, is Crotthers moving into possibly ironic patriotism when quoting from his 'national poet'? Are other members of the group displaying their literary knowledge either at Crotthers' expense, or are such moments simply part of the seemingly chaotic medley of references to various cultural forms and thus part of "The Oxen of the Sun" preparing us, once again, for "Circe"?

It seems somebody offers Crotthers a drink in the exchange, "Here, Jock braw Hielentman's your barleybree. Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil!" (*Ibid.*:

557). The first sentence is based on Burns' "The Jolly Beggars"[45]. The second sentence, thanking the giver in broad Scots can only be Crotthers. Lynch has already quoted Burns' "A man's a man for a' that" (*Ibid.*: 525) – although this is a quotation well-known to many – and in the coda (*Ibid.*: 558), he again uses Burns (as well as other authors)[46] to allude to his adventure with a girl on "the Malahide road". As Lynch himself has already informed the company (*Ibid.*: 544), the end of the epilogue of the event was witnessed by Father Conmee in "Wandering Rocks" (*Ibid.*: 287). It does not seem in keeping with "Mr Vincent's" personality to offer a drink to anyone, however. The literary and linguistic playfulness (with the 'Germanification' of 'highland man's into 'Hielentman's') could well be Mulligan's, especially considering the speaker's self-assurance in using the patronising and conceivably dangerous generic name for Scotsmen: 'Jock'.

My allocations in this context have therefore been based on the premise of others quoting Scottish dialect and Crotthers demotically employing it, perhaps as a counterblast against the literary stereotyping of his nation (which has its connections with the use of language and literature in the chapter as a whole).

We have already found some clues to Dixon's character in his relationship with Costello, and Bloom seems to think it was worth the pain of the bee sting to meet him: "Still I got to know that young Dixon who dressed that sting for me in the Mater and now he's in Holles street" (*Ibid.*: 206). Indeed, it is that "young learningknight yclept

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[45] "We are nae fou" (We're not that full/drunk), used later in the section, is also from a Burns' song, "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 364 and 365).

[46] "Hauding Sara by the wame" comes from "Ken ye ought o' Captain Grouse?" "On the road to Malahide" parodies Kipling's "Mandalay", and "If she who seduced me had left but the name" is a distorted echo of Moore's "When he who adores thee" (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 364).

Dixon" who invites Bloom to join the medicals' social gathering, to "go in to that castle for to make merry with them that were there" (*Ibid.*: 504).

Dixon may well be a "young learningknight", but he is on duty that evening and takes his work seriously, having a more responsible bearing than the other young men at the maternity hospital.

We learn later from Molly that her attempted long-distance flirtation with a "medical", who lived across the street from the Blooms' former residence ("in the opposite house"), fell on stony ground. She remembers with annoyance:

> that medical in Holles street the nurse was after when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show I was going out not a notion what I meant arent they thick never understand what you say (…) he didnt recognise me either when I half frowned at him outside Westland row chapel" (*Ibid.*: 898). Under the influence of Burke's, he is happy to see recount what he saw through the window (*Ibid.*: 557).

David Hayman intriguingly claims that this "medical" was Dixon (Hayman 1970: 105-07). As he provides no supporting evidence for this idea[47], I have allocated the more salacious lines about Molly in the coda to Lenehan[48]. It seems to me that such comments about Molly would be unlikely to come from him due to Dixon's generally sympathetic attitude to Bloom. Bloom reciprocates and, moreover, would in all likelihood be standing close to Dixon in Burke's, for want of other company. Lenehan, with no such qualms, would probably have found himself a little corner for his gossiping.

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[47] I haven't been able to track down any unequivocal proof elsewhere either. The perhaps tempting "Master Dixon of Mary in Eccles" (*U*: 512) won't work here because of Molly's Holles St. reference. Hayman, however, seemed certain on the matter, and maintained the idea in the second edition of *Ulysses: The Mechanics of Meaning* (Hayman (1970) 1982: 32-3).

[48] See footnote 29 in this chapter.

If Dixon is serious, however, he is not solemn. We have already seen how he engages Mulligan[49] in banter and seems to be the only character in *Ulysses* to make (an admittedly very drunken) Stephen actually laugh.

Bloom is asked, in late Medieval prose, whether, in the event of a birth going wrong, mother or baby should be saved. "Dissembling", he avoids committing himself by saying that "it was good for that mother Church belike at one blow had birth and death pence. (…) That is truth, pardy, said Dixon, and, or I err, a pregnant word. Which hearing young Stephen was a marvellous glad man" (*Ibid.*: 509).

Indeed, Dixon is able to poke fun at a sensitive area of Stephen's life[50] without, it seems, suffering serious repercussions:

> Master Dixon of Mary in Eccles, goodly grinning, asked young Stephen what was the reason why he had not cided to take friar's vows and he answered him obedience in the womb, chastity in the tomb but involuntary poverty all his days (*Ibid.*: 512-3).

Dixon is also able to bandy literary references about, although he shows less of the "Mr Dainty Dixon" (*Ibid.*: 517-8) when it comes to his rather laboured pun on Beaumont and Fletcher: "better were they named Beau Mount and Lecher for, by my troth, of such a mingling much might come" (*Ibid.*: 513). Similarly, his "farmer Nicholas" tale is punctuated by "a farmer's blessing, and with that he slapped his posteriors very soundly" (*Ibid.*: 522). If Dixon can stir the sympathies of Bloom and

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[49] Before he turns the tables on Mulligan in Bloom's defence, he is sufficiently 'one of the boys' to be keen to find out about Mulligan's fertilising "project"; well aware that some ribaldry is to follow: "Well, let us hear of it, good my friend, said Mr Dixon. I make no doubt it smacks of wenching."
Having heard Mulligan out, he responds in kind to such excessive comic machismo. The Buck's project "was very favourably entertained by his auditors and won hearty eulogies from all though Mr Dixon of Mary's excepted to it, asking with a finicking air did he purpose also to carry coals to Newcastle" (*U*: 527).

[50] This takes us back to a crucial passage in *A Portrait*, when we know that he will not become "The Reverend Stephen Dedalus S. J." (*P*: 146).

Stephen, as well as defending the honour of "the amiable Miss Callan, who is the lustre of her own sex and the astonishment of ours" (*Ibid.*: 532); he has a foot in the Mulligan and Costello camp too. When the "dedale of lusty youth (…) are out, tumultuously, off for a minute's race, all bravely legging it, Burke's of Denzille and Holles their ulterior goal" and "Nurse Callan taken aback in the hallway cannot stay them (…) Dixon follows giving them sharp language but raps out an oath, he too, and on" (*Ibid.*: 554).

Vincent Lynch "whose countenance bore already the stigmata of early depravity and premature wisdom" (*Ibid.*: 546) is Stephen's "embittered and envious" supposed friend (Budgen (1934) 1960: 219). As Mulligan and, to some extent, Blazes Boylan were based on Gogarty; so Lynch is partly Joyce's revenge on his former friend, Vincent Cosgrave, who "did his best to take Nora away from Joyce" saying that "Joyce's love wouldn't last and that in any case the man was mad" (*JJ*: 160)[51].

Nora ignored Cosgrave and although Joyce did not forget, he integrated revenge into his art. The generally impassive "Mr Vincent" more than holds his own in this company when stirred, showing himself to be witty and able in his bantering parable with Dixon based on the strife between "lord Harry" (the English monarchy) and "farmer Nicholas" (the papacy) over the centuries (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 349). He is also willing to share his lady friend's opinions on contraception (possibly the same "Kitty" he meets again in Bella Cohen's brothel) (*U*: 530-1); debate "the juridical and theological dilemma created in the event of one Siamese twin predeceasing the other" with Madden (*Ibid.*: 538); as well as the apparent randomness of infant mortality (*Ibid.*: 549).

[51] See chapter 3 footnote 66.

However, Lynch essentially continues his role – and his predilection for 'yellow' cursing (*Ibid.*: 561 and 565)[52] – from *Stephen Hero* and, especially, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* of supplying comically deflating and mildly aggressive responses to Stephen's attitudes and statements.[53] "Master Lynch", for example, is less than sympathetic to Stephen's fear of thunder, which he describes as "hellprate and paganry" (*Ibid.*: 515). He also provides the only critical assessment (however brief) of Stephen's writing in *Ulysses*:

> You [Costello] have spoken of the past and its phantoms, Stephen said. Why think of them? If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard, am lord and giver of their life. He encircled his gadding hair with a coronal of vineleaves, smiling at Vincent. That answer and those leaves, Vincent said to him, will adorn you more fitly when something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father. All who wish you well hope this for you. All desire to see you bring forth the work you meditate, to acclaim you Stephaneforos. I heartily wish you may not fail them (*Ibid.*: 543).

Stephen looks to Lynch for support and is not only reminded of his scant production but also receives the damningly faint praise of "*light* odes" (my italics). Although he still invites him to go to Nighttown (everyone else, save Bloom, has gone), Lynch as "Judas" (*Ibid.*: 696 and 707) is probably already forming itself in Dedalus' mind.

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[52] When, in *A Portrait*, Stephen offers Lynch a cigarette (reversing the roles from a scene in *Stephen Hero* (*SH*: 124)) and says "I know you are poor"; Lynch answers with "Damn your yellow insolence". Stephen responds by saying "It was a great day for European culture (…) when you made up your mind to swear in yellow" (*P*: 185).

[53] For example, Stephen's fundamental pronouncement (referred to above) that "[t]he artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" is countered by "[t]rying to refine them also out of existence" from Lynch (*P*: 194-5).

After what ultimately feels like a final grandstand performance, “a dazzling and authoritative display of what English can do” (Burgess (1965) 1968: 140) in its traditional prose form at least (and how open it can be to abuse[54]), the coda of “The Oxen of the Sun” moves *Ulysses* into spheres which, if not completely oral (we still have, after all, written pages before us), have more to do with the spoken word. As Declan Kiberd has pointed out, after “The Oxen of the Sun”, the “succeeding chapters (…) place a high premium on orality” (Kiberd 2000: 1101). Although traditional prose does make an exhausted attempt at recovery – half-hearted at best – in that “contrived stylistic disaster” “Eumaeus” (Kenner 1978: 35); it is followed by stylised orality in the catechistic to and fro of voices in “Ithaca” and then the fully authentic speaking voice transcribed in “Penelope”. Prose narrative techniques would seem to have had their day – and what a day – in “The Oxen of the Sun”; and what follows is the exploration and very particular exploitation, not to say explosion, of traditional drama in “Circe”. We could, therefore, be excused for thinking that the tension between the two forms has come to an end. Well; “[j]ust you try it on” (*U*: 561).

[54] J. S Atherton (Atherton 1974: 332) noted Bloom’s “solecisms” in his description of the label on a bottle of Bass beer (*U*: 545-6). Like Joyce’s other examples of prose style, these were also apparently taken from a source book: W. B. Hodgson’s, *Errors in the Use of English* (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1885).

4.4.

“Circe”

Five Acts at Bella’s Playhouse

What is a play, and a long play at that, doing just over halfway through a narrative text claiming to be a novel loosely based on a classical epic poem? Well, Hugh Kenner claimed that “no book concerned with the Dublin of 1904 – the year the Abbey Theatre opened – would be complete without a play” (Kenner 1980: 118). Maria Tymoczko, considering the theatre as “the most illusionary art of the twentieth century” (Tymoczko 1994: 214), has argued that “[j]ust as the fugal form of episode 11 is an objective correlative of the song of the Sirens, the dramatic form of episode 15 may be viewed as the objective correlative of the enchantments cast by Circe” (*Ibid.*: 213, fn 48). Is “Circe” the most patent example of the polyphony required to gain *Ulysses* a place among Franco Moretti’s “modern epics”?[1] Or is it simply another example of *Ulysses* being “immense in daring” (Woolf (1925) 1948: 297)?

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[1] Franco Moretti’s concept of the ‘modern epic’ identifies a polyphonic genre (“from Goethe to García Márquez”) that goes beyond the novel in containing a wide range of heterogeneous elements and genres, including the novel itself. On the whole, with Pound’s *The Cantos* and Döblin’s *Berlin Alexanderplatz* being examples of exceptions, the dramatic dominates his list of such works (Moretti 1996: 58). Goethe’s *Faust*, Wagner’s *Ring*, Flaubert’s *The Temptation of Saint Antony*, Kraus’s *The Last Days of Mankind* all, at least, look like dramas on the page. *Ulysses*, which contains both the ‘Shakespearean’ section in “Scylla and Charybdis” (*U*: 268-9) and “Circe”, and *Moby Dick* are also on the list. The most obvious and

The form and presence of "Circe" in clearly touches on all of the above, in differing degrees. However, after the dramatic borrowings, the subversion and subverting of narrative, and the theatrical gestures of *Giacomo Joyce*, *Exiles*, "Telemachus", "Cyclops" and "Oxen of the Sun"; there is a certain ineluctable feel to our now arriving on the Nighttown stage for what appears, at first glance, to be the fruition of drama itself in the form of "Circe".

Joyce's "costume episode" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 228) is, of course, presented as a play and we are led to believe that, after so many earlier attempts at generic usurpation, narrative finally appears to have completely yielded to dramatic performance. In terms of the relationship between drama and narrative, "Circe" represents the highest as well as the clearest moment of Joyce's explorations into dramatising prose.

As has been noted on various occasions (for example, Cixous 1975: 387; Herring 1977: 191; Brown 1992: 86), "Circe" works as the climax of many themes in *Ulysses*. This "polytropical reconjugation of familiar elements met before" (Senn 1984: 132), staged "in the brothel, the house of climaxes" (Ellmann 1974: 145), brings together and extends major aspects of *Giacomo Joyce*, *Exiles* and, in particular, the three chapters of *Ulysses* that this study has focussed on. The 'staginess' of the Martello Tower events in "Telemachus"; the contrast in "Cyclops" between real events and parodic interpolations (including a 'gigantic' procession (*U*: 602-4)); and the stylistic exaggerations of "The

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extensive dramatic section in the Melville is "Midnight, Forecastle" (chapter 40); but several other sequences (for example, chapters 120-22 can also be seen as dramatic monologues or dialogues.

Oxen of the Sun", making it difficult to be sure of what is actually being said or done in the maternity hospital, are all echoed and surreally amplified in Bella Cohen's brothel.[2]

I have a two-part aim in this chapter. Firstly, I intend to discuss the usurpation of form: the continuing tension between the dramatic and the narrative which causes us to rethink, from the first page, our belief that we are now dealing with a play. My second aim, maintaining attention of this formal struggle from a different angle, explores the possibility that "Circe" complements Joyce's earlier performance in *Giacomo Joyce* with the basic form of the Elizabethan-Jacobean five act structure, (with Book X of *The Odyssey* also very much in mind) and, not surprisingly by this stage of *Ulysses*, a highly particular use of *Hamlet*.[3]

Hugh Kenner argued that

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[2] Jacques Mercanton tells us that Joyce informed him that the "Circe" "hallucinations" were "made up out of elements from the past, which the reader will recognise if he has read the book five, ten, or twenty times" (quoted by Potts 1979: 207).

[3] The idea of a possible 5 act structure for "Circe" occurred to me during work on adapting the text for a university production by the Cambridge Mummers in 1982 and, over the years, it has slowly taken shape during various returns to the chapter. Daniel Ferrer has noted that "the major hallucinatory sequences are carefully set off from each other and the chapter is artfully subdivided into dramatic acts and scenes" (Ferrer 1984: 102); although he does not specify where such changes occur.

Since arriving at my act division, I have discovered work on the chapter by two scholars in the 1960s which followed a similar line. Firstly, Mary Parr, as part of her exploration of similarities between Bloom and Chaplin's 'Little Tramp' character in *James Joyce: the Poetry of Conscience* (Parr 1961: 104-112), analysed "Circe's" structure as a series of five film 'reels'. Secondly, Henry Ward Swinson, in his unpublished doctoral dissertation at the University of Illinois, *Joyce and the Theater*, also divided the chapter into 5 acts (Swinson 1968: 267-71). Parr and Swinson's basic division of the episode into sections is similar, whilst not identical to mine. Although, for reasons of space, I do not intend to present a discussion of their divisions here, it should be said that neither put forward a clear guiding logic for what can thus be seen as a rather arbitrary division of the text; although Swinson does state that "[t]he overall structure of the five acts, then, is based upon Bloom's pursuit of Stephen; the internal structure of each of the acts consists of a series of visions or group of characters which have some internal connection" (Swinson 1969: 268). As all three divisions were arrived at independently, however, I take our general agreement as confirmation of this existing structure.

> printed words on a page – any words, any page – are so ambiguously related to each other that we collect sense only with the aid of tradition: this means, helped by prior experience with a genre, and entails our knowing which genre is applicable (Kenner 1980: 3).

The elaborate use Joyce makes of such signals, learnt through our "prior experience", throughout *Ulysses* is played out in terms of thematic reference and genre. It could even be argued that June 16th 1904 in Dublin, as portrayed by Joyce, was something of a catalogue of misread signs: from Bantam Lyons' misreading of Bloom's "I was just going to throw it away" (*U*: 106) en route to bet on the Ascot Gold Cup; to Mulligan's malicious misinterpretation of Bloom's interest in Stephen as sexual, "the sheeny (…) O, I fear me, he is Greeker than the Greeks" (*Ibid.*: 257). The overturning of our expectations based on genre signals, however, is nowhere more startlingly executed than in the theatre of "Circe"[4].

We have already seen how "The Oxen of the Sun" both thematically prepares the way for the Nighttown episode (through the Newman passage (*Ibid.*: 552); and, to some extent formally, as the coda operates as a blurring of various distinctions in which we are no longer sure of what is being said and who is speaking to whom. Although, nevertheless, we know we are in a scene which is dramatic rather than narrative.

It is probably only in retrospect, however, that we are aware of such preparations, especially in terms of form. For, as Kenner noted, when we leave the bewildering

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[4] Although an excessive taste for a particular kind of theatre has also led to misinterpretation earlier in the day. As Stephen Watt points out, Gerty McDowell "totally misreads Bloom, constructing him by way of the conventions that typically operate in the staging of romantic drama" (Watt 1991: 133). As we read on in "Nausicaa", however, we find that Bloom, another enthusiast, seems to have been seeing Gerty in a similarly theatrical light; connecting such encounters with theatre and role playing: "See her as she is spoil all. Must have the stage setting, the rouge, costume, position, music. The name too. *Amours* of actresses" (*U*: 482). In addition to his natural human sympathy and probable sense of shame, this retrospectively adds another layer – one of literal disillusionment – to his "[t]ight boots? No. She's lame! O! (…) Glad I didn't know it when she was on show" (*U*: 479).

thoroughfares round and about the maternity hospital and enter "[t]he Mabbott Street entrance of nighttown" (*Ibid.*: 561), our first impression – despite the strange, shadowy figures in movement – is one of relief; as we meet "a page laid out with reassuring typographical controls", which "looks very like a play" (Kenner 1974: 341). 'Play', in another sense, is important here; for the game concerning expectations and conventions Joyce began at the expense of his readers' "prior experiences" at the start of *Ulysses* continues. Is it not, for example (and with no intended moralising), just a little strange that as we leave a place where children first see the light of day and move into the shadow lands of brotheldom, he should make us feel relief? Admittedly, it takes readers some lines (and possibly pages) to realise the precise nature of the surroundings they have followed the characters into but the sense of relief suggested by Kenner[5] picks up on what might be understood as our preference or, at least, greater confidence in recognisable form over content. The challenge to find reassuring form in the midst of this seemingly chaotic content is part of what Joyce is presenting to his readers, particularly sharpened after the coda in "Oxen", as they wander deeper into the chapter and "the consciousness" not just of Stephen and Bloom but "of *Ulysses*" itself (Gaiser 1979: 505).

"Circe" certainly allowed Joyce something of a return to the form that first stimulated him as an artist. Revisiting drama could also be seen as going back to the first principles of his early essays and articles. Drama for Joyce, around twenty years earlier, had been the highest form of art because it presented life in action created by a disciplined, distanced artist who allowed his characters to live for themselves. The "writer of dramas must remember now more than ever a principle of all patient and

[5] I felt this myself on first reading the novel: a feeling, indeed, that was almost like being able to re-commence reading.

perfect art which bids him express his fable in terms of his characters" (*OCPW*: 72-3). Ibsen was, as we have seen, the early model; treating "all things, with large insight, artistic restraint, and sympathy (…) steadily and whole, as from a great height, with perfect vision and angelic dispassionateness" (*Ibid.*: 46).

In the traditional drama, nothing is more 'dispassionate', more objective than stage directions, which are "not interpretative, or even descriptive, but prescriptive" (Ferrer 1984: 132). This is quite in keeping with Stephen's view of drama and the artist as an Ibsen-like "God of the creation" who "remains (…) indifferent, paring his fingernails" (*P*: 194-5).

In addition to this apparent advocacy of objectivity, "Circe's" stage directions also suggest the revisiting of an early influence: Richard Wagner. Wagner's "scenes of narration [and] epic construction (…) do not diminish his commitment to total theatricality, they testify to it, because they attempt to drag onto stage that which exceeds the spatial and temporal boundaries of a given scene" (Puchner 2002: 41). Joyce's episode likewise seems to defy the limits of time and space. The "technic" of the chapter in the Gilbert schema is 'hallucination'. There is an often seamless blending of real events and hallucinatory experiences with their almost countless animate and inanimate characters (e.g. a bar of soap sings a song (*U*: 571) and kisses fly around Bloom "twittering, warbling, cooing" (*Ibid.*: 598)); sudden transformations (e.g. Bella becomes Bello (*Ibid.*: 644) and Bloom has 28 lightening costume changes – some more elaborate than others); and the kinds of logistical and technical demands (e.g. the grand procession (*Ibid.*: 602-4) and the scene of Dublin burning (*Ibid.*: 694-5)) which seem impossible to stage in terms of time, space and, quite simply, human capacity without the aid of high-tech special effects. "Circe" shows Joyce creating a dramatic form relying on the "strife, evolution [and] movement" he had advocated in "Drama and

Life" (*OCPW*: 24), but which is closer to the "fierce, hysterical power of Strindberg" mentioned in "The Day of the Rabblement" (*Ibid.*: 51) than to the deliberately distanced discussions and psychological revelations of Ibsen.[6]

In Paris, in the 1920s, he was to tell Arthur Power that

> a writer must maintain a continual struggle against the objective: that is his function. The eternal qualities are the imagination and the sexual instinct, and the formal life tries to suppress both. Out of this present conflict arise the phenomena of modern life (…) Sensation is our object, heightened even to the point of hallucination (Power (1974) 1999: 86).

At Bella Cohen's, a dingy palace of sensations, we see drama being "conditioned [thematically] but not controlled [theatrically] by its scene" (*OCPW*: 24) in this hallucinatory flow of impossibly theatrical moments.

If "Circe" is a play, it was not one ever intended to be performed. It is published drama and, after all, part of a novel. The episode distances itself from ideas of actual performance because, in contrast to *Exiles*, Joyce freed himself from the practical constraints of stagecraft to create a dramatic experience that could only exist on a page.

We remember Stephen's "banality" in response to the journalist's Maeterlinck question: that *The Intruder* "would be hard to (…) put on the stage" (*SH*: 40). Coming shortly after the announcement of his paper "Drama and Life" and just before his introduction to the "enduring influence" of Ibsen's plays, it is easy to understand how "[a]llusions of such a kind to what he held so dear at heart wounded Stephen deeply" (*SH*: 40-1). At the same time, the 'throwaway' nature of his comment arguably shows how the staging of the play was, perhaps, the least important aspect of its artistic life to Stephen (and, therefore, in all probability) to Joyce.

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[6] Ibsen is there in spirit (of a kind), nonetheless. The parody of the rise and fall of Bloom the great man and courageous reformer are at least thematically linked to *The Master Builder* and *The Enemy of the People*.

Like any dramatic piece, however, whether intended to be read or not, “Circe” includes stage directions which give potential readers the information that a live audience receives when the play is staged. When a play is published, stage directions are no longer just authorial hints or instructions to actors and directors (which can be ignored or obeyed), they are an integral part of a literary text for the reader.

In these terms, “Circe” places Joyce alongside Yeats and Shaw, who were among the innovators in the field of dramatic literature in arguing that anything worth staging was worth being published as written literature (for example, Yeats (1899) 1970: 7 and Shaw (1946) 2000: 11). Joyce had experienced this at first hand with *Exiles* being published (1918) before it was staged (1919).

Shaw’s plays are, of course, almost notorious for their extensive stage directions which, often seeming like continuations of his lengthy prefaces[7], not only guide the director but also further turn the works into reading texts in order to help readers visualize the drama. Joyce, of course, was more than familiar with this textual feature through his immersion in continental European authors, particularly Ibsen and Hauptmann.

He exploits the stage directions in “Circe” – a large percentage of the text and “of Ibsenian amplitude, not Shakespearean sparseness” (Kenner 1980: 123) – and uses them to do far more than what would be expected from their conventional role. They present information that would normally be the responsibility of a traditional narrator; and even this role can be seen as a disguise, under which greater subversion of form is at work.

Although, therefore, I shall argue that Joyce both does and does not have a ‘narrator’ in the episode, early drafts of “Circe” show that he began with a clearly

[7] “This letter [to Harriet Shaw Weaver] begins to remind me of a preface by Mr George Bernard Shaw. It does not seem to be a reply to your letter after all. I hate pose of any kind” (*SL*: 284).

'conventional' or, at least, recognisable one within the dramatic structure. Here is an example from the opening of draft V. A. 19, which is dated between October 1919 and July 1920:

> A child is heard crying. The oaths of a man are roared out indistinctly. They die away. A girl's voice sings out, high (…) still young, from a lane:
>
> I gave it to Molly
> Because she was jolly
> The leg of the duck
> The leg of the duck,
>
> Three redcoats, swaggersticks (…) tight in their oxters, turn about and towards the voice (…)
> A redhaired girl seated with a friend on a doorstep draws her shawl rapidly across her nostrils as she relates / narrates rapidly: – And says the one: I seen you Faithful place with your squarepusher in the come-to-bed hat. (…) That's not for you to say, says I. / You never seen me in the mantrap with a highlander, says I. And her walking with two fellows the one time.
>
> *Lynch*
> So that?
> *Stephen*
> So that the art of gesture visible not the lay sense but the first formal rhythm (Herring 1977: 211-2).

This is a very embryonic dramatic form. It is more the case of a novelistic narrator who is interrupted by the dialogue of the speakers. Nonetheless, the narrator does speak in the present tense, which is more usual in stage directions, rather than the conventional past tense of third person narration. So, leaving aside the decisions that Joyce still seemed to be in the process of making over genre (with the narrator here both introducing and quoting direct speech) and typography (although most speakers' names are centred in the draft as a whole); we do have a central voice that is already oriented towards the theatre. By the time a completed version of the episode was sent to Pound

for the *Little Review*, in April 1921[8], such indecision had been removed in favour of drama, with italicised stage directions appearing between closed brackets and all characters' names centred on the page.

In "Circe", however, the nature of the hallucinatory experience: the borders between the objectivity and subjectivity of the main characters – between what they see and what they think they see; even between what they think and what they feel – are confused (and deliberately confusing). Joyce applies this same blurring of boundaries to the traditional role of stage directions and narrative.

The distance of "Circe" from the real possibilities of the stage is most obvious in passages when the stage directions are clearly given a narrative function, exceeding their prescriptive (let alone descriptive) role of stating what is happening in a scene. Information about events is often given in the form of summaries leaving us with no idea as to what we actually see on stage. We are told at the height of Bloom's fantasised dictatorship, for example, that "[t]he instantaneous deaths of many powerful enemies, graziers, members of parliament, members of standing committees, are reported" (*U*: 607). Shortly afterwards, "Bloom explains to those near him his schemes for social regeneration. All agree with him" (*Ibid.*: 611). However, we are left none the wiser concerning both the details of the reported deaths and Bloom's explanation for advancing society. Both events would, presumably, take some time to be performed on stage but the stage direction makes no attempt to depict them. Furthermore, this means of providing information would also fall short of any reader's expectations in a conventionally narrated novel. "What exactly happened? What did he say?" Neither a traditional reader nor a traditional audience could be satisfied with such a technique.

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[8] This information is taken from the chronological table compiled by A. Walton Litz and reproduced in *JJ*: 442.

Earlier in the chapter, Bloom delivers “a bogus statement” (*Ibid.*: 587). Joyce, in this topsy-turvey Nighttown world, having drawn in both narrative and stage direction now deliberately abandons the conventional functioning of both means of providing information. Bloom’s “bogus statement” is not just ‘bogus’ because there are doubts as to its veracity. It is ‘bogus’ because, flowing between the two, it is true neither to the narrative nor the dramatic tradition. Bloom’s speech, like so much of this episode, cannot be trusted either in terms of content or form.

This set piece is the clearest example of stage direction becoming narrative, in what is perhaps Joyce’s most wilful subverting of dramatic form and convention. To begin with, the defence speech of a major character would, traditionally be the highest moment of dramatic tension in any courtroom drama. Instead, Joyce flouts tradition by reporting it, or seeming to report it as a stage direction. That is to say, it starts as a stage direction before, as we shall see, gradually transforming into third person indirect discourse. The distinction between what we are told by the stage direction and by the character is blurred. The narrator is supposed to be giving us a report of what Bloom said and did, but the feeling we increasingly receive (and which takes us back to the “promises” of “Telemachus”) is that these are Bloom’s own words, thinly disguised.[9]

With the opening – “Bloom, pleading not guilty and holding a fullblown waterlily” – we have an external description which is clearly a stage direction. He then “begins a long unintelligible speech”. Here, we are moving towards a summary, as the

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[9] In *A Dublin Bloom*, Dermot Bolger’s stage adaptation of *Ulysses*, Bloom is also, but unambiguously, denied his dramatic moment by swift cutting to J.J. O’Molloy’s speech (*U*: 588-9):

> SECOND WATCH: Order in court! The accused will now make a bogus statement.
>
> *As Bloom prepares to speak, BARRISTER in grey wig and stuffgown appears.*
>
> BARRISTER: (Voice of pained protest.) My client is an infant, a poor foreign immigrant who started scratch as a stowaway. The trumped up misdemeanour was brought on by hallucination” (Bolger 1995: 76).

stage direction takes on the narrative responsibility of attempting to make it intelligible to the reader. As the assembled company "would hear what counsel had to say in his stirring address to the grand-jury", the defence continues, presenting a narrative voice blending with Bloom's:

> He was down and out but, though branded as a black sheep, if he might say so, he meant to reform, to retrieve the memory of the past in a purely sisterly way and return to nature as a purely domestic animal. A seven months' child, he had been carefully brought up and nurtured by an aged bedridden parent (*Ibid.*: 587).

By this stage, phrases such as "if he might say so" clearly mark the discourse as Bloom's voice thinly disguised as a narrator, with the supposed stage direction having virtually lost its traditional function. The speech carries on in the same vein until the defence of this "acclimatised Britisher" (and engine driver[10], it now seems) turns into the reminiscences of what he had supposedly seen

> that summer eve from the footplate of an engine cab of the Loop line railway company while the rain refrained from falling glimpses, as it were, through the windows of loveful households in Dublin city and urban district of scenes truly rural of happiness of the better land with Dockrell's wallpaper at one and ninepence a dozen, innocent British born bairns lisping prayers to the Sacred Infant, youthful scholars grappling with their pensums, model young ladies playing on the pianoforte or anon all with fervour reciting the family rosary round the crackling Yulelog while in the boreens and green lanes the colleens with their swains strolled what times the strains of the organtoned melodeon Britannia metalbound with four acting stops and twelvefold bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain ever (*Ibid.*: 587-88).

Bloom's statement has now overflowed into a chaotic kaleidoscope of scenes – underscored, like his day, by an intermittent musical accompaniment – in which the urban and rural, the sacred and the profane, and even the time of year are merged. His

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[10] Here we have a (possibly coincidental) blurring of Bloom with Bantam Lyon's interlocutor in "Oxen", the "railway bloke" (U: 558). Perhaps this connection derives from the fact that Bloom was a 'friend' to Lyons in unwittingly providing the 'tip' about Throwaway? (*U*: 106).

attempt to ‘advertise’ his innocence has been transformed – as his real life as an advertising canvasser begins to intrude on this fictional one – into the most mundane of campaigns. Indeed, it is when he is talking of the “greatest bargain ever...” that he is interrupted in mid-sentence by the conventional stage direction: “(Renewed laughter. He mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that they cannot hear)” (*U*: 588). Bloom’s speech claiming his innocence is thus interrupted by an authorial admission as to what has been going on: only speeches are ‘interrupted’ or separated by stage directions, not stage directions themselves.

Bloom’s defence climaxes with a complete reversal in functional roles, as dramatic dialogue operates as a stage direction calling up a stage direction to fulfil its function. An attempt at narrative does continue within parentheses, like a stage direction, obediently and literally “in bits” that might have been torn from ‘Longhand’s’ notebook. Like a mirror of Bloom’s confusion at this moment, the very text breaks down into neither “fish nor flesh” (*Ibid.*: 416); as both the narrative and the dramatic fail to provide a valid solution to the “unintelligible”:

> ([Bloom] mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that they cannot hear.)
> LONGHAND AND SHORTHAND: (Without looking up from their notebooks.) Loosen his boots.
> PROFESSOR MACHUGH: (From the presstable, coughs and calls.) Cough it up, man. Get it out in bits.
> (The crossexamination proceeds re Bloom and the bucket. A lace bucket. Bloom himself Bowel trouble. In Beaver street. Gripe, yes. Quite bad. A plasterer’s bucket. By walking stifflegged. Suffered untold misery. Deadly agony. About noon. Love or burgundy. Yes, some spinach. Crucial moment. He did not look in the bucket. Nobody. Rather a mess. Not completely. A Titbits back number) (*Ibid.*: 588).

This frenetically abbreviated attempt to sum up narrative events – another example of “Circe” putting earlier parts of the novel on stage – is paralleled later in the episode. As the pianola’s performance of “My Girl’s a Yorkshire Girl” culminates, and Stephen

announces “Dance of Death” (*U*: 680), Cheryl Herr has noted that the stage directions present a “social ballet, a sort of “Wandering Rocks” in miniature” in which “phrases from the song interlace with references to church and state [and] bring back to us scenes from the narrative” (Herr 1987: 210-11).

In our immediate context, what this section also shows is the narrative/stage direction attempting to forge an autonomous role within the dramatic mode. No longer content to dramatise the traditionally reported acts or words of a character, the stage direction here actually attempts to free itself of its textual function and become an actual character. Not only creating the rhythm and atmosphere of the wild dance, it attempts to be that dance. Mallarmé – whose ‘closet dramas’ were, like “Circe”, never intended for public performance – has already been evoked on various occasions in *Ulysses* (U: 239, 665 and 673), and the spirit of Hérodiade’s dance surely has its place in this passage, as does an embryonic *Finnegans Wake*:

> (Bang fresh barang bang of lacquey's bell, horse, nag, steer piglings, Conmee on Christass lame crutch and leg sailor in cockboat armfolded ropepulling hitching stamp hornpipe' through and through, Baraabum! On nags, hogs, bellhorses, Gadarene swine, Corny in coffin. Steel shark stone one handled Nelson, two trickies Frauenzimmer plumstained from pram falling bawling. Gum, he's a champion. Fuseblue peer from barrel rev. evensong love on hackney jaunt Blazes blind coddoubled bicyclers Dilly with snowcake no fancy clothes. Then in last wiswitchback lumbering up and down bump mash tub sort of viceroy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Baraabum!) (*Ibid.*: 680).

This is the climax in the struggle between the narrative and the dramatic. The struggle and crisis of form and genre now fully subjugates itself to the personal crises of the characters: Stephen is to face his mother’s ghost and Bloom has to take on his role as surrogate father. As Bloom and Stephen’s struggle culminates and they become active (with the stress on ‘act’) in at least facing, if not totally defeating their respective demons, so the relatively more ‘passive’ genre of narrative (a genre in which we are told

that people do things, rather than seeing them actually do them) leaves the stage. From here on stage directions, despite some moments of further 'gigantisms' (*Ibid.*: 684-6, 694-5 and 701) which underline "Circe's" ultimate destiny as being to remain on the page, report and describe the unfolding events, whether realistic or surreal. With this issue seemingly resolved, we move towards the final calm of Bloom, Stephen and Rudy.

This formal tension has been building on the "Telemachus" performances of Mulligan and Stephen (and even Haines, with his Oxford manner (*Ibid.*: 3), to some extent), together with a "Dialogue for 3 & 4, Narration and Soliloquy"[11] that frequently has the feel of the stage about it. Earlier in the day, "Scylla and Charybdis" – that episode of opposing forces – has already touched on experimentation with this blurring of genre in its use of narrative and drama. Here, interwoven with Stephen's internal commentary on the library proceedings, are his attempts to direct his own performance through stage directions which are, to cite Kenner's phrase once more, "of (…) Shakespearean sparseness": "Persist" (*U*: 236), "Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices" (*Ibid.*: 241), "Listen" (*Ibid.*: 246) and "Flatter. Rarely. But flatter" (*Ibid.*: 267). At times, he supplies himself with a role model to create a desired effect: "Smile. Smile Cranly's smile" (*Ibid.*: 235); and even provides unvoiced stage directions for others, emphasising the young man's egocentricity: the others in the library are not just his audience but his cast: "Bear with me" (*Ibid.*: 248)[12].

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[11] The 'technic' allocated to the chapter in the Linati Schema.

[12] Hence his increased resentment of Buck Mulligan, a very different type of performer, who enters for the "Entr'acte (…) blithe in motley" (*U*: 252-3). Mulligan, nevertheless, does provide Stephen with an opportunity to escape from the library and, perhaps more importantly, from his increasingly tortuous argument.

The library scene, centred on the discussion of Shakespeare and Stephen's theory of *Hamlet*, also builds on the opening episode's use of the play, in which we have antagonistic figures in a fortification discussing a dead parental figure: one domineering and attempting to make light of the situation, whilst showing a certain ambiguity towards the dead parent (Claudius/Ghost/Mulligan); the other equally self-consciously in mourning black and struggling with feelings of guilt and offence (Hamlet/Stephen). Narrative is literally turned into drama in "Scylla and Charybdis" with Shakespeare acting as the frame, when a short section of the Shakespeare discussion is typographically presented as a play (*Ibid.*: 268-9). Declan Kiberd argues that a "sudden shift, well into the episode, from narrative prose to dramatic form is Stephen's attempt to see whether another genre would serve his purpose better, picking up on his feelings of being "theatricalised" by Haines in the tower" (Kiberd 2009: 139). Stephen's imaginative "shift" also seems to be an anticipated parody (just after Stephen has denied believing in his own theory of Shakespeare) of the well-meaning but rather tiresome librarian's later suggestion:

> Are you going to write it? Mr Best asked. You ought to make it a dialogue, don't you know, like the Platonic dialogues Wilde wrote (*U*: 274).

This brief, dramatic "entr'acte"[13], of a kind, works as a dress rehearsal for some of the 'cast' as well as a hint to the reader. We are being prepared for some later event. Although it can easily almost go unnoticed at the time of reading, we later realise (as we

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[13] Joyce had "thought of an *Entr'acte* for Ulysses in middle of book after 9th episode *Scylla & Charybdis*. Short with absolutely no relation to what precedes or follows like a pause in the action of a play. It would have to be balanced by a *matutine* (very short) before the opening and a *nocturne* (also short) after the end. What?" (SL: 273). Nothing seems to have come of this idea.

have seen elsewhere) that it is another aspect of the novel that reaches its climax in "Circe".[14]

In her article, "Circe: The Mousetrap of *Ulysses*" in which she compares "Circe" to *The Murder of Gonzago* in *Hamlet*, Marguerite Harkness argues that:

> [i]n this episode, the drama form is used to crystallize the concerns and themes of the novel and to provide the framework of understanding that leads to whatever resolution *Ulysses* offers. It is Act III of a drama, the act in which fates are sealed, the truth revealed, and doubts vanquished to the extent that these things happen in the novel. (…) "Circe" is, moreover, the culmination of the *Hamlet* references and motifs of the novel (Harkness 1975: 259)

I would take Harkness's argument further. The Nighttown episode certainly provides a certain "resolution" for the various tensions that have built up during the day in the earlier chapters. Indeed, "Circe" drives them to an explosive crescendo bringing calm and some equanimity to Bloom and Stephen (undoubtedly enhanced by their physical exhaustion), which remains with them until the conclusion of their roles in the novel. They have been forced to face their feelings of guilt; have begun the process of resolving their unconscious father-son quest and, in Bloom's case, been confronted by and purged of secret desires. With a similar tranquillity to that which produces "Ripeness is all" in *King Lear* (V. ii. 11) and "The readiness is all" in *Hamlet* (V. ii. 218), at the close of the chapter, they are both ready to move on. By the time Bloom "(Wonderstuck, calls inaudibly) Rudy!" (*U*: 703), the traditional dramatic requirements of climax have been satisfied.

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[14] It is probably no coincidence that "Scylla and Charybdis" has such a significant role in preparing the way for "Circe". Although "Scylla" is the tenth and "Circe" the fifteenth chapter of *Ulysses*, the scene in the National Library is the sixth and central chapter in the "The Odyssey" section of the novel, which ends with the Nighttown episode.

"Circe" also enabled Joyce to present some of the dramatic qualities he had already admired in Ibsen and also found in a very different dramatist: Anton Chekhov. In conversations with Arthur Power, Joyce argued that Chekhov's "drama is not so much a drama of individuals as it is the drama of life and that is his essence, in contrast, say, to Shakespeare, whose drama is of conflicting passions and ambitions"[15]. Furthermore, for Joyce:

> [Chekhov] brought something new into literature, a sense of drama in opposition to the classical idea which was for a play to have definite beginning, a definite middle, a definite end. (...) But in a Chekhov play there is no beginning, no middle, no end, nor does he work up to a climax; his plays are a continuous action in which life flows onto the stage and flows off again, and in which nothing is resolved, for with all his characters we feel that they have lived before they came onto the stage and will go on living just as dramatically after they have left it. (…) [A]ll is muffled and subdued as it is in life, with innumerable currents and cross-currents flowing in and out, confusing the sharp outlines, those the sharp outlines so loved by other dramatists (Power (1974) 1999: 68-9).

Whilst 'muffled' and 'subdued' are not words which immediately spring to mind when talking of "Circe"; the "innumerable currents and cross-currents flowing in and out, confusing the sharp outlines" and the understated climax of Rudy's appearance do seem to establish links between Nighttown and Chekov's Russia.

A stronger, clearer link, however, exists with another, older playwright, of course; despite Joyce's rather disparaging comparisons. We have seen, throughout this study,

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[15] This and, to some extent, what follows echoes the assessment of Ibsen given in the turn of the century essays and articles. For example, "Human society is the embodiment of changeless laws which the whimsicalities and circumstances of men and women involve and overwrap. The realm of literature is the realm of these accidental manners and humours (…) Drama has to do with the underlying laws first, in all their nakedness and divine severity, and only secondarily with the motley agents who bear them out" (*OCWP*: 23).

how he (consciously and sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously) made structural and thematic use of *Hamlet*, perhaps partly due to his "competitive relationship"[16] with Shakespeare. It is a truism that without the Bard (and the Dane in particular), Joyce's works would have been significantly different; and a significant manifestation of how the *Hamlet* references in *Ulysses* culminate in "Circe" can be seen, I believe, through Joyce's adoption and manipulation of the Elizabethan-Jacobean five act structure – just as Shakespeare's image and language is distorted in Bella Cohen's mirror (*U*: 671). This superimposition of a traditional (and, in Joyce's terms, anti-Chekovian) structure, with its "definite" beginning, middle and end, on "Circe" which, despite its climactic and culminatory aspects, is not the beginning or the end (much less the middle) of *Ulysses*, is, however, in keeping with Joyce's "very orderly" mind (O'Brien, (1951) 1991: 174). Moreover, it allowed him to continue his fascination with both using and 'abusing' or, at least, subverting Shakespeare[17].

The idea of a five act scheme may well have come, as I have suggested above, from *Giacomo Joyce*. Various authors[18] have shown how Joyce was prepared to re-use material from his Triestine work. Could he, however, have also been moved to use this structure through his study of Homer's treatment of the "Circe" episode?

If we look at Joyce's main source for the chapter, the events in Book X of *The Odyssey*, after the adventures of Odysseus and his companions on the floating island of Aeolus and among the Laestrygonians, we see that Circe performs five particularly significant, structuring acts: 1. She transforms Odysseus' men into pigs. 2. She invites

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[16] Harold Bloom in *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry* (1973), quoted in Bonapfel 2010: 340.

[17] Both recognising this fascination and performing some subversion of his own, Flann O'Brien suggested the following title for a piece on the artist: "*Was Joyce Mad?* by Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" (O'Brien, (1951) 1991: 169).

[18] See chapter 2, footnote 5.

him to her bed. 3. She turns his comrades back into men. 4. She tells him that he must go to the underworld and seek the prophecy of Tiresias before he can go home. 5. Finally, she sends Odysseus' on his way with fair winds and a black ram and ewe to sacrifice. Bearing in mind Joyce's susceptibility to the idea of coincidence (*JJ*: 1982: 23 and 490, for example), could these 5 defining acts have been an additional prompt? Branching out from this possibility, can the Homeric episode be structured in terms of a five act play following the Shakespearean pattern?[19] In what is presented below, I preface each of Homer's 'acts' with a summary of the basic function of the corresponding act within the traditional Elizabethan-Jacobean structure.

Act I introduces the main characters as well as a problem or conflict. The audience is thus prepared for the action of the play.

In what I shall call Homer's Act I, Odysseus and his men land on the island of Aeaea, Circe's island. They pull into the cove and rest. After a day, Odysseus leaves with his weapons to inspect the landscape. From a high vantage point he sees smoke coming from the middle of a dense wood: Circe's home. He decides not to approach it without companions. As he returns to the ship, he kills a buck with his spear and drags it to his companions.

Act II advances the plot by introducing further circumstances or problems related to the main issue. The central conflict starts to develop and characters are presented in greater detail.

At dawn, Odysseus addresses his men and tells them about the house. They are hesitant because of recent experiences during their voyage. Odysseus, however, encourages them and sends half the crew off to search the house and explore. There are wild beasts (wolves and lions) all around Circe's house but they do not attack. They

[19] This summary is based on the T. E. Lawrence translation (Lawrence (1932) 1992: 139-51).

come up to the men like pets. A woman is singing inside and they can hear her loom as she weaves. One of the leaders, Polites, says to his companions that it must be the house of a kind weaver; therefore, there is no need to be cautious and they should call to her. When she hears them, she comes out. She is beautiful and invites them in. Everyone apart from Eurylochus goes into the house and drinks with Circe, who turns them all into pigs. Eurylochus runs back to the ships and tells Odysseus this.

During Act III, a crisis occurs during which the deed is committed that will directly lead to the final outcome, marking an abrupt change in the course of the plot.

Odysseus takes his weapons and asks Eurylochus to lead him back. He is too afraid to return so Odysseus goes alone. Hermes then appears and gives him various pieces of advice, including not to attack Circe. He also gives him a herb (“Moly”) that will protect him from the sorceress’ magic. Having entered her house, neither Circe’s potion nor her wand affects him. He then pretends to attack her with his sword, as Hermes had advised him, and she submits. Circe assumes he is a god or, at least, some great man. When she discovers who he is, she invites him to her bed. Again following Hermes’ advice, Odysseus makes her swear that if he goes to bed with her she will do him no harm. Circe's four maids attend and bathe him. When they bring him food, he won't touch any of it. Circe asks him why this is and he tells her that he cannot eat when his men have been turned into pigs. She transforms them back into men and they are overjoyed to see Odysseus.

Act IV creates new tension, in that it delays the final outcome by further events.

Circe tells them to get the rest of the men from the ship. They stow the ship, but Eurylochus is against this plan thinking it to be further trickery. Odysseus, furious, comes close to attacking him, even though he is his brother in law. Circe tells Odysseus to think of joy rather than the misfortunes of their journey home from Troy.

In Act V, the conflict presented in the play is resolved. After a year on the island, his crew become restless and want to return home. Odysseus goes to Circe and begs her to let them leave. He holds her to her promise to tell him how best to get back to Ithaca. Circe tells him that he must go to the underworld and seek the prophecy of Tiresias before he can go home. Odysseus is upset by this news, but Circe tells him how to get to the underworld and what sacrifices to make there. As they prepare to leave Elpenor, who had fallen into a drunken sleep on the roof, falls and dies. The men weep as they go to the ship, fearful of the journey to come. Circe gives them a black ram and a black ewe to sacrifice when appropriate, as well as conjuring up a wind to take them to the edge of the world.

Homer's treatment of the Circe episode can, therefore, possibly be adapted into what is ultimately a five act comedy, as can Joyce's "Circe". The sorceress' five individual acts listed above do not always correspond precisely to the act divisions I have suggested here. However, we do not always find strict equivalents in the text Joyce directly based on the Homer, of course. I simply present the hypothesis that, in addition to the seed planted through *Giacomo Joyce*, this classical framework may have convinced Joyce, who had long trailed the thread of *Hamlet* through his own textual labyrinth, to use the structure of the dominant theatrical influence on *Ulysses* in his own most ambitious dramatic/narrative venture.

In returning to *Hamlet*, it is not my intention to undertake a detailed comparison between the two works: this has been carried out extensively in numerous other studies[20]. My aim, as with the suggestion concerning Homer and particularly as I have done with *Giacomo Joyce* in chapter 2 of this thesis, is to put forward a possible

[20] See, for example, Kenner (1956) 1987: 179-197 and Ellmann 1977: 45-73.

structural parallel between the Shakespeare and the Joyce. As with *Giacomo*, I do not believe that Joyce restricted himself to a rigid parallelism between the respective characters and sequence of events. Shakespeare, the most constant of Joyce's "ghosts in the mirror" (*GJ*: 6), is finally reflected under his own name in Nighttown. Like all the theatrical phantoms summoned up since Giacomo's performance in Trieste, however, he has undergone a transformation "through", as Stephen puts it in the National Library, "change of manners" (*U*: 240); and what greater 'change of manner' could there be than "Circe"? The echoes here work as parallels and parodies of particular moments and themes in the Shakespeare, as Joyce applies so formal a structure to the "innumerable currents and cross-currents" of "Circe"; and finds, at times distorted, correspondences between Elsinore and Nighttown.[21]

Act I (*U*: 561 – 99)

Both *Hamlet* and "Circe" begin with apparitions or apparition-like figures either creating or symptomatic of a rupture in normality that will extend until their final pages. Act I of the Joyce contains three groups of hallucinations which are brought on by Bloom's sense of sexual and filial guilt: Bloom's parents and Molly (*Ibid.*: 569-71); and women who have stirred Bloom's amorous passions at different times and to differing degrees (Bridie Kelly (*Ibid.*: 572), Gerty (*Ibid.*: 572) and Josie Breen (*Ibid.*: 572-78). In this last group, these are, respectively, his first sexual experience, his most recent source of sexual excitement and an old flame that was and, judging by the length and nature of

[21] As with *Giacomo Joyce* and *Hamlet* in Appendix I, the parallels between the traditional five act scheme, "Circe" and *Hamlet* are summarised in Appendix III.

the dialogue arising out of Bloom's subconscious, is still something of a rival to Molly[22].

After a brief interlude through a realistic street scene, Bloom has a monologue in which he shows his concern for Stephen who Bloom hopes, consciously or subconsciously, may come to fill the gap in his life left by Rudy's death. Such emotion sends him (and us) back into the surreal and, after being taken "to the station" (*Ibid.*: 583) by the 'watch', Bloom is put on trial for sexual offences; being confronted by 'ghosts' from his past and fantasy figures who accuse him of acting improperly, in various senses. This is a constant theme in this act, although Rudolph and the women, needless to say, focus on different forms of impropriety. Bloom is momentarily unable to defend himself and is – in what seems a brief 'rehearsal' for the close of the episode – only able to "talk inaudibly" (*Ibid.*: 588). "If", as J. J. O'Molloy proclaims, "the accused could speak he could" like King Hamlet (I. v. 15) "a tale unfold" (*U*: 589).

In the first act of *Hamlet*, the night watchmen of Elsinore and Horatio bring the prince before the ghost of his dead father – a confrontation with his past – who urges him to act 'properly', according to his rules of honour, by avenging his murder. Hamlet's filial love and loyalty, as well as his physical and moral courage is, like Bloom's, put on trial here. This distorted mirroring of child-parent relations and appropriate action between the two texts sets the focus on Bloom and Hamlet's sense of guilty confusion over acting improperly or not acting at all.

Whilst Rudolph's stern treatment of his son (*Ibid.*: 569) obviously echoes the tone of Hamlet's father and contrasts with the unctuous words of Claudius, it clearly parodies the imparting of Polonius' paternal wisdom to Laertes, in scene iii. Both

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[22] Josie, as we shall see in the following chapter, receives a lot of Molly's attention in these terms throughout "Penelope". She receives, in fact, much more attention than any other woman.

fathers begin their lectures by accusing their sons of being ‘wasters’: Laertes of time and Leopold of money:

> POLONIUS: Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
> The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
> And you are stay'd for (I. iii. 55-57).
> RUDOLPH: Second halfcrown waste money today. I told you not go with drunken goy ever. So. You catch no money.

Rudolph’s financial concern also finds a rhyme with Polonius’:

> Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry (75-77).

Similarly, Rudolph’s “I told you not go with drunken goy ever” chooses to emphasise the reverse side of Polonius’: “Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, / Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel” (62-3). Unpleasant memory and platitudinous advice are also opposed in the fathers’ respective sartorial comments, with Rudolph’s recollection of Leopold’s state after his race against ‘goy’ or non-Jews – “[m]ud head to foot. (…) Nice spectacles for your poor mother! – balanced by Polonius’ stress on the importance of dressing to impress the French:

> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
> And they in France of the best rank and station
> Are of a most select and generous chief in that (70-74).

One of the “spectacles” Rudolph refers to was an injury young Bloom sustained while sprinting: “Cut your hand open”[23]; which, again, seems an ironic echo of

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[23] This, as Stephen notes, is another connection between Bloom and himself:

> BLOOM: (Points to his hand.) That weal there is an accident. Fell and cut it twenty-two years ago. I was sixteen.

Polonius' warning that Laertes should "not dull thy palm with entertainment / Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged courage" (64-5).

Towards the end of the Joyce's first 'act', stern paternalism is lightened by the comic, if "ghouleaten"[24], appearance of another Ulyssean father figure:

> Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list! (*U*: 597).

Although the return of Paddy Dignam is hardly as portentous as that of Hamlet's father, it does seem to 'bode' "some strange eruption" (I. i. 72):

> Once I was in the employ of Mr J. H. Menton, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits, of 27 Bachelor's Walk. Now I am defunct, the wall of the heart hypertrophied. Hard lines. The poor wife was awfully cut up. How is she bearing it? Keep her off that bottle of sherry. (He looks round him.) A lamp. I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me (*U*: 597).

Paddy here is, nevertheless, a parodic version of both Rudolph and King Hamlet who, even as ghosts, are still primarily concerned with their former status and, secondly, the current state of their former wives. Joyce uses Dignam to introduce further comic parallels, particularly with Hamlet's father. Dead King Hamlet, banished by the light, follows the signal of the "glow-worm" which "shows the matin to be near, / And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire (I. v. 89-90); but Paddy, despite his ghostly condition, actually calls for a "lamp". Here, in momentarily reminding us of Claudius' "[g]ive me some light!" as *The Murder of Gonzago* is disrupted (III. ii. 263), he thus combines parodies of both brothers in an instant. Furthermore, neither ghost's human appetites seem to have fully abated. Old Hamlet must return "to fast in fires" (I. v. 11) whilst Dignam,

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> ZOE: I see, says the blind man. Tell us news.
>
> STEPHEN: See? Moves to one great goal. I am twenty two too. Sixteen years ago I twentytwo tumbled, twentytwo years ago he sixteen fell off his hobbyhorse. (He winces.) Hurt my hand somewhere (*U*: 668).

[24] Disfigured Paddy looks back to the earlier 'entrances' of Stephen's mother in "Telemachus" (*U*: 4, 10-11), and her later, and equally grotesque, manifestation in Nighttown (*U*: 680-81).

who broke his “fast” in “Cyclops” (*U*: 389), “must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me”. Hamlet’s father was poisoned by his brother. Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam’s “pa” (*Ibid.*: 323), about to ‘erupt’ as a result of the buttermilk, seems to have ‘poisoned’ himself. His “wall of the heart hypertrophied” possibly through being, according to Molly, “always stuck up in some pub corner and [Mrs Dignam] or her son waiting Bill Bailey wont you please come home” (*Ibid.*: 920). There is a final ironic echo here; for just as Old Hamlet talks of Gertrude’s “falling-off ” (I. v. 47) in terms of her lack of abstinence concerning his murderer – also brought to mind by Dignam’s “animal need” – ; so Paddy, perhaps considering the source of his own demise, warns his listener to keep his widow “off that bottle of sherry.”[25]

In its turn, Laertes’ own advice to Ophelia on how to conduct herself as regards Hamlet is reversed by the attitudes and accusations of Bloom’s upper class harpies. In stressing that Hamlet, as heir to the throne, may not choose his own bride, Laertes strongly implies the social difference between them. For Mrs Yelverton Barry, Mrs Bellingham and The Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys, however, the fact that Bloom is a “plebeian Don Juan” (*U*: 593) is, despite their supposed indignation, a major part of the attraction. Furthermore, Ophelia is warned to keep “[o]ut of the shot and danger of desire” (I. iii. 35) – with this ‘anti-military’ advice also being turned on its head by the ‘sisters’ sadistic yearnings –; whilst for both the fantasy women, and Bloom of course, the social and physical distance between them is the vital factor. We know Hamlet has written to Ophelia (III. i. 93-99) and for Bloom and his ladies, it is in letters that the titillation lies (*U*: 591-92).

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[25] Drink, of course, plays a significant role in the fate of both Gertrude (V. ii. 295) and Claudius (V. ii. 330-31).

And what of Dedalus? Stephen's brief, but drunkenly verbose appearance in this act is an introductory, ironic take on Hamlet's "[t]here are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, / Than are dreamt of in your philosophy" (I. v. 174-75); with Lynch presenting Horatio's reverse image, like a photographic negative: "Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburg street! (…) Ba!" (*U*: 564-65).

Act II (*U*: 599-620)

The second act begins with "[a] man's touch. Sad music. Church music"; as Stephen, with deliberate irony in his religious musical selection, is playing the piano in Bella's brothel (*Ibid.*: 599). It is framed by two short conversations Bloom has with the English whore, Zoe. After the first, the text moves into a single extended hallucinatory sequence showing Bloom's ultimately frustrated attempts to rise above his insignificant position in life. In the midst of this "festivity" or "sacrament", depending on one's point of view (*Ibid.*: 610), in which Bloom's rapid-fire ascendancy harks back to the "[r]oman candle" explosiveness of "Nausicaa" (*Ibid.*: 477); we have "[t]he Court of Conscience" (*Ibid.*: 609). There seems to be an attempt to "catch the conscience" of 'King' Bloom; just as Hamlet will seek out Claudius' at the court of Elsinore. Here, through his highly public fantasy performances, we suspect that Bloom's secret public ambitions are being played out (he was, as we have seen, unusually vocal and even oratorical in the climax of "Cyclops" (*Ibid.*: 431-2 and 444-5). Secret public desires are gradually stripped away to reveal more personal, possibly guilty secrets (*Ibid.*: 614). Bloom rises in the vision only to undergo a sudden fall which conjures up Parnell (*Ibid.*: 605); reminding us of the fickle nature of the "rabble" in *Hamlet* who switch allegiance to Laertes (IV. v. 102-08). The act ends with Bloom and Zoe entering Bella Cohen's.

The themes of performance and public roles are prominent in the second act of the Shakespeare, with Claudius' dealings with Voltemand and Cornelius; and Polonius

sending Reynaldo to check on Laertes activities in France[26]; as well as the arrival and brief, initial performance of the players.

Zoe, as an underling in the court of Queen Bella Cohen, undercuts such herarchical structures – epitomised by Reynaldo; and, particularly, the subservience of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the Shakespeare – through her unsubmissive attitude to Bloom. Furthermore, their bantering picks up something in the tone of the dialogue between Hamlet and Polonius in scene ii. Despite his denial, Polonius has a general preference for "art" over "matter" (II. ii. 95-99). He was, in youth, "accounted a good actor" (II. ii. 100-101) and is performing still. In this exchange, however, he is forced into a supporting role:

> POLONIUS: What do you read, my lord?
> HAMLET: Words, words, words.
> POLONIUS: What is the matter, my lord?
> HAMLET: Between who? (II. ii. 191-94).

In "Circe", we have Zoe-Hamlet giving the awkward replies and Bloom playing the politician:

> BLOOM (Fascinated) I thought you were of good stock by your accent.
> ZOE And you know what thought did?
> BLOOM (Draws back, mechanically caressing her right bub with a flat awkward hand) Are you a Dublin girl?
> ZOE (Catches a stray hair deftly and twists it to her coil.) No bloody fear. I'm English (*U*: 600).

The comparison, of course, cannot be pressed very far; especially, as we can see from the stage directions, these words are more to cover silent activity than to engage in

[26] Polonius tells Reynaldo he may say of Laertes that "'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' *Videlicet*, a brothel, or so forth" (II. ii. 60-1); suggesting what the Joycean father figure has just seen?

genuine conversation. Nevertheless, there is something of "[t]hese tedious old fools" (II. ii. 219) in Zoe's "[g]o on. Make a stump speech[27] out of it" (*Ibid.*: 601).

Another central perspective on performance is obviously given by Hamlet putting on his very public "antic disposition" (I. v. 180). Bloom similarly adopts a number of manic personae, which include various types of leader: notably a 'player king', "Leopold the First" (*U*: 604). Like the prince, and indeed echoing the 'exiles' of Merrion, he talks much about 'acting' without actually 'doing' (his commands being carried out, as we have seen, in perfunctory fashion by similarly 'antic' stage directions).

Moreover, there is much debate in the court about Hamlet's character, as Bloom's is variously discussed and described in 'Act II' of "Circe". Bloom's uncharacteristically flirtatious and possibly only imagined dialogue with Zoe (Kenner (1978) 2007: 92) can be seen as another "cracked looking-glass" (*U*: 6) parallel of Hamlet's approach to Ophelia (II. i. 79-100). Like Hamlet, Bloom has the opportunity to perform his more melancholy side, in which he even quotes (or does he plagiarise (*U*: 611)?) the Dane's most famous line[28]:

> (With a tear in his eye.) All insanity. Patriotism, sorrow for the dead, music, future of the race. To be or not to be. Life's dream is o'er. End it peacefully. They can live on. (He gazes far away mournfully.) I am ruined. A few pastilles of aconite. The blinds drawn. A

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[27] A stump speech was a particular kind of comic music hall performance consisting of malapropisms and general nonsense. It was normally performed by a blacked up 'minstrel'-type artist. Hence, the double meaning of Zoe's later comment, "[t]alk away till you're black in the face" (*U*: 618).

[28] As if making his own contribution to the distortion of Shakespeare's text, Stephen later deliberately misquotes: "To have or not to have, that is the question" (*U*: 663). This is followed later by the more frenetic "omelette on the belly pièce de Shakespeare" (*U*: 673) (including a fragment of Mallarmé from the library discussion (*U*: 239) which he had tried to remember earlier (*U*: 665)), and his "Hola Hillyho!" (*U*: 674) echoing the calls of Marcellus and Hamlet (I. v. 117-8).

letter. Then lie back to rest. (He breathes softly.) No more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell. (*U*: 618).

As the hint given by Hamlet's line implies, we get another view of Bloom the actor here. Adapting what Stephen has, with deliberate perversity, described earlier in the National Library as "the improbable, insignificant and undramatic monologue", Bloom vicariously contemplates suicide – by imagining his father's last thoughts – and giving a personalised echo of "Hamlet's musings about the afterlife of his princely soul" (*Ibid.*: 237).

In this chapter bursting with all manner of experimentation, Bloom now attempts to explore the thoughts and sensations experienced during those moments in the hotel room in Ennis; in his own version of "the son consubstantial with the father" (*Ibid.*: 252).

Having just performed a parody of Synge – in whose most famous play a son's fame rests on his supposedly having killed his father – so Bloom stages his own play within a play: dramatising his father's final moments he, in a sense, 'kills' him again. As Hamlet prepares to stage *The Murder of Gonzago* both to test his uncle and gauge his own feelings; so Bloom plays the lead role in that tragic episode at the Queen's Hotel, in order to read more deeply "the book of himself" (*Ibid.*: 239).

Act III (*U*: 620 – 63)

This act fulfils its function as the turning point in the play. Stephen begins to take on a larger role; the visions become increasingly surrealistic; and Bloom has his major, defining confrontation with Bella/o. The opening section presents Stephen, Lynch (plus

cap[29]) and the three whores (*Ibid.*: 621-623) and runs until “Stephen turns and sees Bloom”. In Act III Hamlet, having vicariously opposed the king through the play, confronts his mother, with a focus on her moral degradation underlined by the language of gross physicality (III. iv. 91-94, 149-51). Having unwittingly killed Polonius in a frenzy, he is driven by his now widely spread feelings of guilt to face his father’s ghost again – the fourth authority figure in Hamlet’s life – , so as to “whet” his “almost blunted purpose” (III. iv. 111).

In “Circe”, Stephen and Bloom are plunged into a lengthy hallucinatory sequence with the appearance of various grotesque authority figures from diverse walks of life, including Bloom’s highly theatrical “Granpapachi”, Virag, complete with prompts and an aside (*U*: 630-31). Stephen’s encouraging music teacher, Almidano Artifoni, also makes a brief appearance (*Ibid.*: 634) and “His Eminence Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus” arrives to dominate the whole stage, as it were, with a performance straight out of the music hall (*Ibid.*: 638-40). There is then a short scene in which Bloom as Svengali-Napoleon-Master Mason tries to exorcise a devil: a customer he suspects is Boylan (*Ibid.*: 640-1). The second extended hallucinatory sequence begins with Bloom’s ultimate sexual degradation at the hands of Bella/Bello (*Ibid.*: 641-53); which, to some degree, is a reversal of the roles played by Hamlet and Gertrude in III. iv.: with the female character now accusing and ‘punishing’ the male.

Both vision sequences deal with forces trying to dominate one or other of the main characters. Stephen is taunted intellectually by figures from the National Library, (*U*: 626-7) and Philip Drunk and Sober (*Ibid.*: 635-37); whilst being subjected to an unholy

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[29] Lynch’s cap, covering his face and, therefore, seeming to talk (as if another example of the episode’s power to animate the inanimate), takes us back to Hamlet’s irritated request to Osric: “[y]our bonnet to his right use: ‘tis for the head” (IV. ii. 93).

trinity of implied paternal, sexual and religious ridicule by the Cardinal. Bloom is tormented sexually by the words of Virag (*Ibid.*: 628-34)[30] and by Bella in both word and deed (*Ibid.*: 641-55); until he faces the Nymph, "stone cold and pure" (*Ibid.*: 660), who berates him morally (*Ibid.*: 655-62)[31]. In this third act, both Bloom and Stephen's sense of guilt is dealt with both directly and indirectly.

Performance, such a key theme in both texts, is highlighted in Act III of the Shakespeare as it is in the Joyce. Just as *The Murder of Gonzago* provides, ironically, a form of release for the prince, so Bloom's repressed desires are set loose here by the change in genre, just as "the dark sex-smelling theatre unbridles vice" (*Ibid.*: 512)[32]. Hamlet, by organising a play performed at court, assures himself of the king's guilt. However, as Stephen is learning and Bloom, we suspect, discovered long ago, laying blame or confirming the guilt of another can often do little to soothe one's own

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[30] When taunted by Virag about his memory, Bloom asks him "Rosemary also did I understand you to say or will power over parasitic tissues. Then nay no I have an inkling. The touch of a deadhand cures. Mnemo?" (*U*: 631). Although "rosemary" directly reminds us of Ophelia's mad scene (IV. v. 173), of course, the tone of "nay no I have an inkling. The touch of a deadhand cures" also conjures up "[s]ay you? Nay, pray you mark" (IV. v. 28) and "[t]hey say the owl was a baker's daughter" (IV. v. 42-3). The first through sound and rhythm, and the second through its sense of portent.

[31] Although the actual context is one of Bloom's youthful and "precocious" indiscretions, the following exchange between the Yews and the Nymph could almost be a discussion of Old Hamlet's murder when he was "sleeping within [his] orchard" (I. v. 59):

> THE YEWS (…) Who profaned our silent shade?
>
> THE NYMPH (…) There! In the open air?
>
> THE YEWS (Sweeping downward.) Sister, yes. And on our virgin sward (*U:* 658).

[32] With the fact that 'bridle' is in his mind being far from a coincidence, as Bella/o knows (*U*: 646-7). Even Aristotle, "the allwisest stagyrite was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of love", according to Stephen (*U*: 565).

conscience. It is not by accusing Mulligan, or Blazes Boylan, or even cancer that the "agenbite of inwit"[33] will be silenced.

Just as Hamlet, through the play's 'success', is beginning to justify his earlier lack of action and feel some guilt lifting from his shoulders; he adds, in a state of frenzy, a much greater sin to his account by killing Polonius. There is possibly a twisted parallel here between Bloom's ambiguous refusal to prevent the adulterous meeting between Molly and Boylan (which seems to be another unconventional source of pleasure for him[34]), and then surrendering to his own adulterous – though ultimately and obviously inocuous – hallucination with Bella and her girls.

The most powerful area of distorted parallel is, nevertheless, in the direct male-female confrontations that occur in the two texts. The altering of roles in the Bloom and Bella/o section clearly both echoes and parodies the sexually charged meetings between Hamlet and Ophelia (III. i. 90-151 and III. ii. 110-149) and Gertrude and her son (III. iv. 7-219). The act ends with "kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor!", which can be glossed as "[k]eeper of a boarding house (not necessarily a brothel[35])! Seller of venereal diseases!" (*U*: 663). As Hamlet tells Gertrude, in a somewhat different context, at the end of act III: "O, 'tis most sweet / When in one line two crafts directly meet" (III. iv. 211-12).

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[33] Or "Remorse of conscience", a medieval prose "manual of virtues and vices" (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 13). Stephen first acknowledges its presence in the Martello morning scene: "[a]genbite of inwit. Conscience. Yet here's a spot" (*U*: 18).

[34] Casting himself in a humiliating role during Boylan and Molly's adultery scene, Bloom is as sexually excited as when being berated by Bella (*U*: 644, 671). Molly certainly suspects that Bloom derives some pleasure from her liaison with Blazes (*U*: 919).

[35] We have been reminded in "Cyclops" that Bob Doran's mother in law (as we know from "The Boarding House" in *Dubliners*) "kept a kip in Hardwicke street" and that "Bantam Lyons (…) was stopping there" a while ago (*U*: 391).

Act IV (*U*: 663 – 86)

This act shifts the focus slightly away from Bloom and onto Stephen. If we take Bloom to be our main character, he seems to be given the rest generally afforded to Shakespeare's tragic protagonists in Act IV, before the final flood of action and emotion. Throughout this act, relatively short hallucinatory and realistic sequences intermingle; becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish.

Music, never far from the footlights in "Circe" (or, indeed, in *Ulysses* as a whole, of course), is particularly prominent here. Short bursts of song in the most diverse styles add to the burgeoning frenzy of the piece in a consciously protracted parallel to Ophelia's "chanted snatches" (IV. v. 21-73 and 164-97). This builds to the climatic Dance of Death, heralding the theatrical appearance of Stephen's mother as she "rises through the floor in leper grey" (*U*: 680), perhaps as the ghost of Hamlet's father appeared in the Shakespeare (Jenkins 1982: 425)[36]. Bloom and Stephen's relationship develops as they have their first significant conversation which, ironically enough, is not about an artistic or spiritual issue, but – in keeping with the down to earth practicality of *Ulysses* – about money (*U*: 665-66). Their strategy to stop Stephen being cheated by the madam works as a small-scale, ironic parallel to the plot Claudius suggests to Laertes, in which Hamlet will be 'cheated' of his life. The fact that Hamlet finds comfort with pirates, whose original intention was material gain at his expense; whilst Stephen is almost robbed by those from whom he sought comfort (of a kind)

[36] Indeed, if we compare her other appearances (*U*: 4, 11) with this, we notice a cumulative intensification of both theatricality and the grotesque. Stephen's mother seems to be less and less real and yet more and more difficult for Stephen to deal with as the day progresses. This possibly reflects his guilt becoming more acute and, at the same time, perhaps more deliberately self-torturing. Even in his imagination, he cannot imagine her as a condemning, unloving figure; and, therefore, her manifestation must be more physically threatening in its grotesqueness. In contrast, the ghost of Hamlet's father seems to continue to affect his son to the same degree; and certainly maintains the same level of theatricality.

enhances the irony. Both of these acquisitively threatening groups, however, are obviously professionally programmed to exploit the respective protagonists: Stephen is, after all, a customer in a brothel; and Hamlet, having 'turned' the plot against Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, is "to do a turn" of a different nature for the "thieves of mercy" (IV. vii. 19-20).

The fact and physicality of death at this stage of *Hamlet* is also mirrored in Bella Cohen's by the brothel's purchasable corporeality. The idea of death, present since the start of the play through the ghost's words, is made physical, a tangible reality through Polonius' death on stage and the subsequent search for his decaying body. This connects with the Joyce when Molly's adultery with Boylan, hitherto an idea, is made physical – even if only in parodic, almost cartoon form – through the grossness of Boylan's boasting about his love-making.

Bloom is not the only character concerned with adultery. Shakespeare himself appears here and, the spirit of Othello rising within him, is similarly obsessed. Perhaps even more than his parody of Synge (*U*: 618), Joyce would have enjoyed turning the bard into a figure whose "dignified ventriloquy" seems to anticipate *Finnegans Wake*:

> SHAKESPEARE: (In dignified ventriloquy.) 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. (To Bloom.) Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. (He crows with a black capon's laugh.) Iagogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymomun. Iagogogo! (*Ibid.*: 671).[37]

[37] In Shakespeare's spluttering there is also, perhaps, the ironic remembrance of students being "forbidden to go to *Othello*" recorded in Joyce's early autobiographical essay, "A Portrait of the Artist" (*PSW*: 213). This incident was also used in *Stephen Hero*, in which Stephen is "amused" that the President "refused to allow" two students to see the Moor "on the grounds that there were many coarse expressions in the play" (*SH*: 32).

Nevertheless, in terms of his references, this further ghost in the mirror soon leaves Venice for Elsinore, albeit through his own garbled version of the Player Queen's "[n]one wed the second but who kill'd the first" (III. ii. 175):

SHAKESPEARE: (With paralytic rage) Weda seca whokilla farst (*U*: 672).

Joyce, after all, is operating the Shakespearean dummy here; and the general air of parody – it is not by chance that "farst" contains the sound of 'farce' – is summed up by Zoe, insinctively responding to Stephen's Wagner quotation with, perhaps, the only reference to 'high' culture at her disposal, by proclaiming, "Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet" (*Ibid.*: 667).

In the 4th act of *Hamlet*, the dramatic effect of the plot is reinforced by a number of incidents: Ophelia drowns, perhaps having committed suicide and her brother, Laertes, swears vengeance against Hamlet. This is to be realised through a duel that he and the Claudius arrange between Hamlet and Laertes. In 'Act IV' of "Circe", dramatic effects also accumulate as Stephen and Bloom conspire against Bella Cohen; Bloom assists his wife's lover; and Stephen, finally, confronts his own grotesque creation of his still loving mother's ghost. The act ends with Dedalus rushing from the brothel traumatised by the loss of a loved one, with the assembled company in pursuit. Act IV of *Hamlet* ends in similar fashion, with Laertes' fiery exit after the news of Ophelia's drowning and Claudius and Gertrude attempting to catch and calm him down.

Act V (*U*: 686 – 703)

Reality and hallucination are almost completely interwoven as a minor altercation in the street between Stephen and the two soldiers becomes not only a paradigm for Britain's recent battles around the globe against the Boers (*Ibid.*: 690, 693, 697) and the Zulus (*U*: 693) (as well as in terms of the red and the green of England and Ireland (*Ibid.*: 690)); but also of all conflicts (between classes, and intellectuals and non-

intellectuals (*Ibid.*: 697), between peasants and townsmen, and Protestants and Catholics (*Ibid.*: 696) and even between "Kings and unicorns" (*Ibid.*: 689). In the same way, the respective battles of Claudius, Hamlet and Fortinbras ultimately become the same battle for Denmark, though fought out on different planes.

As if we are returning to the dominant method of "Sirens", whilst inverting the rhythm of "Oxen of the Sun", this act climbs to a bewildering crescendo and then diminishes to a clear and simple coda or epilogue. Bloom is finally left alone with Stephen. Not quite alone: like Hamlet's death, which 'purifies' the court at the cost of his own destruction; the vision of dead, but uncorrupted Rudy replaces the infernal hallucinations of Nighttown.

Other parallels and inversions can be found. Hamlet's death is parodied by Stephen's fall at the hands of the soldiers – after a parodic duel wrongly assumed to be over a 'lady' – with Bloom now playing Horatio as he bends down to tend to the fallen hero. There is even a down to earth undertaker at hand, rather than a gravedigger, in the form of Corny Kelleher. Nobody actually dies of course, this is comedy and not tragedy: the ultimate distorted mirror image "Circe" presents of the Shakespeare. He may be subject to his own "intellectual imagination" (*Ibid.*: 682), but Stephen will not play Hamlet to the full by accepting the dagger 'thrust' at him by the Old Gummy Granny/Kathleen ni Houlihan figure; whom he connects, as we saw in chapter 4.1, with the vengeance-seeking ghost of Hamlet's father: "Aha! I know you, gammer! Hamlet, revenge!" The blood sacrifice of her young men may transform her into "a young girl" with "the walk of a queen" (Yeats (1902) 1982: 88) but for Stephen she is "[t]he old sow that eats her farrow!" (*U*: 692) and he will not, through "meditation or the thoughts of love (…) sweep to" any kind of "revenge" (I. v. 30-31).

Kneeling beside his fallen 'prince', Bloom doesn't recognise the Yeats' poem Stephen mumbles quotations from. He assumes, more conventionally, that it's a girl's name. Love is important, of course (it's probably "the word known to all men" (*Ibid.*: 682)), but to see romance as the solution to a young's man problems is something of a cliché; and somewhat wide of the mark in Stephen's case. In this respect, Bloom's conventionality, which prepares us for the deliberately clichéd and conventional "Eumaeus", is a mirror of the well-rehearsed politico-speak of that other new 'father figure', Fortinbras; as he assumes control and tries to make sense of the aftermath at the Danish court[38].

If, as Hugh Kenner argued, *Ulysses* "is proteiform yet bounded" (Kenner 1980: 173), it is surely never more so than in "Circe". The Nighttown episode not only suddenly seems to turn a novel into a play but, within that major protean act, it presents us with apparently infinite shape-shifting manifested during the continued tension between drama and narrative. And yet this often baffling amalgam of textual struggle and apparently chaotic content is framed, or "bounded", within the five act structure as used by Shakespeare.

Joyce's life suggests that his tendency was to want things on his own terms; there being more than a little of Stephen's – theatrically expressed but seriously meant – "Non serviam!" in the character of his creator. When Flann O'Brien suggested that "[his] was a case of Ars gratia Artist" (O'Brien (1951) 1991: 169), he was probably not too far from the truth. The fifteenth chapter of *Ulysses* gave Joyce a role in what was the most prominent manifestation of the Irish nationalist literary movement: theatre; whilst simultaneously subverting it. "Circe" allowed him both to create a drama of ordinary

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[38] A scene which Stephen, borrowing from *Macbeth* (IV. i. 123), had earlier called a "bloodboltered shambles" (*U*: 240).

Irish life and take a highly ironical stance. He did this in his own particular way, admittedly; but it was a way that was not really any more particular than Synge's. Although, at times, he ridiculed and seemed to distance himself from the author of *The Playboy* (Power (1974) 1999: 44-5), the "ruined" Abbey and Yeats ("a tiresome idiot: he is quite out of touch with the Irish people"[39] (*SL*: 147)); he was also capable of writing to Nora, in *Portrait* mode, of her "right to be [at the Abbey]" as she was the "bride" of "one of the writers of this generation who are creating at last a conscience in the soul of this wretched race " (*SL*: 204).

Between the alternate gloom and glare of Nighttown, not only do drama and narrative both figure through their struggle for control of the episode's conventions (before drama achieves a sort of pyrrhic victory that can only be fully enjoyed on the page), but the chapter's content and structure offers apparent chaos within the clearly defined structure of English renaissance theatre. So Joyce wanted it both ways. More generously and, I believe, more accurately, we might say he created an enhanced artistic standpoint from which he could avoid precise categorisation through the accumulation and ultimate assimilation of categories. This is the culminating act the episode performs; the ultimate culmination in this chapter of climaxes.

[39] Here we have a further example of Joyce seeming to want it both ways. There is more than a little irony in his criticising Yeats for not keeping in touch with the Irish people, when he had criticised him so strongly in "The Day of the Rabblement" for paying too much attention to them.

4.5.

"Penelope"

The Star Turn

The various potentially destructive tensions in the world of *Ulysses* – both formal and human – have been purged in "Nighttown". In moving to the Blooms' bedroom – the setting for the words and actions out of which so much of the novel grows – we find a resolution of sorts. "Penelope", in keeping with its role as the conclusion if not the climax of so much that has taken place on June 16th 1904, weaves the dramatic and narrative threads of *Ulysses* together: "[t]he last word (…) is left to Penelope" (*SL*: 278). Before the stage is left to Molly, however, what of the two chapters which move us from Bella's brothel to her bed?

With drama having seemingly prevailed in "Circe" (even if it is the drama of the page rather than the actual stage), "Eumaeus" sees narrative return to the fore; but in an episode far from being charged with the energy of its predecessor: hardly surprising, perhaps. It is not only the characters who need to dust themselves off and catch their breath. After the demands of

> the wildest, most fantastic set piece in modern literature, what can the writer do for an encore? The artistic solution, as Joyce discovered (…) was to (…) stumble with the characters on through the imaginative vacuum of "Eumaeus". In short, one does no encore but rather shuffles about the stage a bit and prays for a second wind" (Herring 1977: 191).

Hugh Kenner saw the "Eumaeus" phenomenon of narrative deflation in other terms, arguing that Bloom was allowed to be the hero of "an episode written as he would have written it", the result being "a contrived stylistic disaster" (Kenner (1978) 2007: 35). There is certainly no doubt that in "Eumaeus", Joyce deliberately offers a "tired" (*U*: 727) narrative[1] quite in keeping with the dialogue his now exhausted main characters still manage – barely, in Stephen's case – to produce. Even the attempted performance of Murphy, that "doughty [and 'doubted'] narrator", sags through the unintentional comedy of his clichéd bravado:[2]

> And I seen a man killed in Trieste by an Italian chap. Knife in his back. Knife like that. Whilst speaking he produced a dangerouslooking claspknife quite in keeping with his character and held it in the striking position.—In a knockingshop it was count of a tryon between two smugglers. Fellow hid behind a door, come up behind him. Like that. *Prepare to meet your God*, says he. Chuk! It went into his back up to the butt (*Ibid.*: 725).

Indeed, another of Murphy's exercises in self-dramatisation – a tired theatricality plugged firmly into the sentimental –, this time through the image of his "own true wife" who has been waiting seven years for him just makes Bloom think of the "number of stories there were on that particular (…) topic"[3] (*Ibid.*: 719)[4].

The sailor, however, is not alone in his lack of original energy. Gerald L. Bruns, in line with Kenner, has also noted "the heavily formulaic character of the narrator's

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[1] As either the word itself or variations on the root, 'tired' appears four times in the chapter, as does 'yawn'. 'Sleep' comes up six times and 'bed' twice.

[2] Unintentional as far as Murphy was concerned, of course. Joyce wrote to Budgen that he was "heaping all kind of lies into the mouth of that sailorman (…) which will make you laugh (*SL*: 279).

[3] One of them perhaps being *The Flying Dutchman*, as Murphy here unwittingly reverses the situation of that ghostly exile, who came ashore every seven years in search of his true love.

[4] Bloom's doubts increase as he "unostentatiously" examines Murphy's postcard – supposedly proof of his veracity – with its "obliterated address and postmark. It ran as follows: Tarjeta Postal. Señor A. Boudin, Galeria Becche, Santiago, Chile. There was no message evidently, as he took particular notice" (*U*: 722). He nevertheless enjoys the tall tales for what they are: well-rehearsed performances; and certainly far less stressful than Bella's 'theatricals'.

utterance" and that "Bloom's speech is rendered as a discourse composed of other bits of discourse" (Bruns (1974) 1977: 365-6). After their struggle in "Circe", it seems, both drama and narrative have allowed themselves to slump into banality and borrowings in "Eumaeus".

If they have been less than rigorous in using the over-familiar in the cabman's shelter, the genres come together in an estranging formal rigidity on entering 7 Eccles Street. Through its form "Ithaca" may, through the swiftest of first glances, seem to restart and reframe the struggle between narration and drama. The two voices implied in the formalised dialogue of the catechism create a potential for narrative or drama should those voices deviate from the traditional questions and answers, as they obviously do in "Ithaca". Deliberately presented in the "baldest coldest way" (*SL*: 278), however, "Ithaca" absorbs the two genres into the artificiality of its catechistical form: story-telling is restricted to what can be learnt or inferred from the deliberately stiff exchange, and neither drama nor dialogue (in their conventional senses) finds true breathing space within such apparently informative objectivity[5]. The presentation may be po-faced but this "ugly duckling" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 258) still gives us the occasional wink:

> What sound accompanied the union of their tangent, the disunion of their (respectively) centrifugal and centripetal hands?
> The sound of the peal of the hour of the night by the chime of the bells in the church of Saint George.
> What echoes of that sound were by both and each heard?
> By Stephen:
>
> *Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet.*
> *Iubilantium te virginum. Chorus excipiat.*

[5] Kiberd argues that "'Ithaca' is Joyce's parody of a world in which storytelling has been replaced by information" (Kiberd 2009: 354).

By Bloom:
Heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho.

Where were the several members of the company which with Bloom that day at the bidding of that peal had travelled from Sandymount in the south to Glasnevin in the north?

Martin Cunningham (in bed), Jack Power (in bed), Simon Dedalus (in bed), Tom Kernan (in bed), Ned Lambert (in bed), Joe Hynes (in bed), John Henry Menton (in bed), Bernard Corrigan (in bed), Patsy Dignam (in bed), Paddy Dignam (in the grave) (*U*: 826-7).

In terms of this struggle between genres, as well as of action or plot, "Ithaca" brings *Ulysses* to a conclusion. Joyce certainly believed so, writing to Harriet Shaw Weaver that "'Ithaca' (…) is in reality the end as *Penelope* has no beginning, middle, or end" (*L1*: 172)[6]. The final episode is, nonetheless, the point of balance where, along with so many other things in *Ulysses*, the extremes of "Eumaeus" and "Ithaca" meet. The exhausted but prolonged banality of the "Eumaeus" narrative is transformed into the constantly surprising restlessness of Molly's speech, whilst the "dryness"[7] of the dialogue form, at its "baldest" and "coldest", in "Ithaca" is warmed into the fertility of Molly's everyday speech[8].

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[6] This use of this phrase (already noted in the previous chapter) brings "Penelope" close, in Joyce's terms, to the plays of Chekhov which he admired so greatly. See Power (1974) 1999: 68-9.

[7] I am borrowing the word from Padraic Colum who, in his introduction to *Exiles*, perhaps had "Ithaca" partly in mind, when writing (as we have seen) of *Exiles* being "a series of confessions"; and that its dialogue "has the dryness of recitals in the confessional" (*E*: 10).

[8] This transcendence seems to have been predicted by part of an 'Aeolian' headline: "ITHACANS VOW PEN IS CHAMP" (*U*: 188). With 'pen' – the writing instrument –, of course, being a fairly common abbreviation for Penelope, there also seems to be some anticipation of the emphasis – as we shall see further on – placed by Molly on written correspondence in the final chapter, as well as on "Penelope" itself as a written text.

In a letter to Budgen, Joyce described the final chapter of *Ulysses* as "the *clou* of the book" (*SL*: 285); for which one of the possible translations is 'star turn'.[9] Budgen would later suggestively respond to this possible hint by telling us that, as this long day finally comes to an end, Molly remains "alone on the stage while all the rest sleep" (Budgen, (1934) 1960: 263). After such a rainbow of narrative styles, "Penelope", presents us with a single character's point of view or, rather, (and bearing in mind her frequent self-contradictions) the various points of view of a single character; and is "the only chapter with not one narrative interruption" (Kenner (1978) 2007: 98). None of Joyce's works, perhaps because of this, lend themselves so easily to performance; and none has been performed more often than "Penelope". In a book full of acting, Molly's speech is the performance of all performances.[10]

What kind of performance, however, is she giving? Furthermore, and at the risk of turning a touch 'Ithacan', what form or genre is employed in the last chapter of a book so seemingly of all forms?

In the schema Joyce gave Carlo Linati, "for home use only" in 1920 (*SL*: 270), 'soliloquy' is one of the 'technics' assigned to the first five chapters ("Telemachus", "Nestor", "Proteus", "Calypso" and "Lotus Eaters") but 'monologue' (along with 'resigned style') is given as the 'technic' for "Penelope". The Gilbert schema, however, which Joyce supplied in 1930 (a decision he later regretted (*JJ*: 519)), balances the 'monologue (female)' 'technic' of "Penelope" with the 'monologue (male)' 'technic' of "Proteus"; with 'soliloquy' disappearing completely.

[9] In other contexts, 'clou' can be a 'nail' and 'carbuncle'. It seems unlikely that polyglot, "jocoserious" Joyce (*U*: 791) was unaware of these possibilities.

[10] Fritz Senn has argued that "*Ulysses* is Joyce's *Metamorphoses*, a book of roles and guises, a game of identities, of transubstantiation. It is pantomimic in the sense of imitating everything. Molly Bloom tells us that her husband is "always imitating everybody" [*U*: 917]. But even without Molly's corroboration" we are aware of "all the parts that all the characters play in the book" (Senn 1984: 124).

Declan Kiberd, however, states that Molly's "fifty pages are commonly described as a soliloquy rather than a monologue" (Kiberd 2009: 261);[11] although critics have generally followed the schemata in calling "Penelope" a monologue.[12] Suzanne Henke seems to make no distinction and uses both 'soliloquy' (Henke 1978: 233) and monologue (*Ibid.*: 235) in the space of a few pages; as, more recently, has David Pierce (Pierce 2008: 290, 291)[13]. Nevertheless, after a brief, introductory explanation that Molly's "monologue is not a dramatic monologue which you might encounter on a stage or in a poem by, say, Robert Browning";[14] Pierce goes on to argue that "her monologue is in its own way a staging of female experience and it is personal or open to inspection – as if every part of her body is being attended to" (*Ibid.*: 290). Rebecca

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[11] The Internet, at least, would appear to support this view. When I searched for 'Molly Bloom monologue' through Google (in mid-September 2011), 146 000 hits came up. Searching for 'Molly Bloom soliloquy' produced 3 780 000.

[12] For example, Budgen (1934) 1960: 262); Hayman (1970) 1982: 119) and Kenner (1978) 2007: 99). Richard Brown talks about Molly's "inner monologue" as well as simply her 'monologue' (1992: 66, 93); and Derek Attridge, in basically the same line as Brown, uses "interior monologue" as well as 'monologue' (2000: 93, 100).

[13] In the light of his 'Peneloquence' coinage (Senn 1984: 157), and faced with this lack of terminological consensus, it is certainly tempting to follow Fritz Senn's hint and simply call the last chapter a 'Peneloquy'… or a 'Penelogue'.

[14] Tennyson and Browning's dramatic verse monologues in the first half of the 19th century paved the way, at least partially, for interior monologues in prose which, in turn, flowed into theatre monologue as the century drew to a close. As Clare Wallace has argued, monologue drama emerged "within the context of a changing discourse around selfhood and how to represent inner, psychological states" (Wallace 2006: 9). This monologue "and its close relative or sometimes twin form of monodrama (…) evolved very much influenced by the stream of consciousness technique, committed to the exteriorization of the mental flow of characters" (Carvalho 2009, awaiting publication). Carvalho goes on to quote from Nikolai Evreinov's 1908 lecture to the Moscow Academy of Arts and letters, "Introduction to Monodrama", which defined the form as representing the speaker's immediate, subjective experience of their world: "Now by 'monodrama' I mean to denote the kind of dramatic presentation which, while attempting to communicate to the spectator as fully as it can the active participant's state of mind, displays the world around him on stage just as the active participant perceives the world at any given moment of his existence on stage (quoted by Carvalho, *ibid*).

D'Monté has observed, when writing of recent women dramatists, that "[t]he theatrical monologue (…) has been another technique that focuses attention on the female voice and body" (D'Monte 2006: 209); and Joyce, in this respect, seems here to have straddled gender and been something of a forerunner.

Consciously or not, Pierce evokes, as D'Monte does directly, Hélène Cixous in *The Laugh of the Medusa*:

> Woman must write herself. (…) Woman must put herself into the text. (…) Censor the body and you censor breath and speech at the same time. Write yourself. Your body must be heard (Cixous (1976) 2010: 27, 32).

Although she is not specifically referring to Molly or *Ulysses* here, Cixous may well have had in mind Joyce's words to Budgen that he was "going to leave the last word with Molly Bloom – the final episode "Penelope" being written through her thoughts and *body*" (*SL*: 274, my italics)[15]. "Penelope" seems to have anticipated Cixous' manifesto.[16]

Returning to the – admittedly quite pacific – dispute over terms, however, what is implied by such a choice? Patrice Pavis has distinguished between the two as follows:

> A monologue is a speech by a character to himself, while a soliloquy is addressed directly to a interlocutor who does not speak (Pavis 1998: 218).

Assuming (surely safely) that we are not dealing with a problem of translation or cultural differences in usage, this distinction rather flies in the face of the *OED*

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[15] Cixous does actually refer to Molly later in the essay: "[w]e have no womanly reason to pledge allegiance to the negative. The feminine (as the poets suspected) affirms: "'And yes', says Molly, carrying *Ulysses* off beyond any book and toward the new writing; 'I said yes, I will Yes'" (Cixous (1976) 2010: 37).

[16] Shem the Penman would, it seems, say no; pointing out that she was under the strict command of her creator. For in "the penelopean patience" of Ulysses' "last paraphe (…) the vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex upandinsweeps [was] sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist" (*FW*: 122-23).

definition of soliloquy, which is "the act of talking when alone or regardless of any hearers" and is derived from the Latin for alone, *solus*, and speak, *loqui*.[17] Further on in the same entry, however, Pavis adjusts his original definition:

> [the monologue,] which does not depend structurally on a reply from an interlocutor, establishes a direct relationship between the speaker and the *it* of the world of which he speaks (…) the monologue communicates directly with all of society; in theatre, the whole stage becomes the monologist's discursive partner (…) as an accomplice and a watcher-hearer (*Ibid.*: 219).[18]

The idea of a 'discursive partner' is, naturally, a highly stimulating one in terms of "Penelope", marking as it does the essential difference between interior and dramatic monologue: the existence of a listener, an audience of some kind. Pavis pursues this idea by quoting Émile Benveniste's argument from *Problèmes de linguistique générale* that a monologue is an internal dialogue based on an "inner language", between a "speaking I and a listening I":

> Sometimes the speaking self is the only one to speak, but the listening self remains present nevertheless; its presence is necessary and sufficient to render significant the enunciation of the speaking self. Sometimes, as well, the listening self intervenes with an objection, a question, a doubt, an insult (Benveniste (1966) 1974: 85-86).[19]

Derrida seems to be pursuing this idea in "*Ulysses* Gramophone" when, concerning Molly's "nonstop monologue" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 264), he argued that:

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[17] In defining a monologue – derived, of course, from the Greek *monologos*, or 'speaking alone' – the *OED* provides us with "a scene in a drama in which a person speaks alone", "a dramatic composition for one performer", as well as "a long speech by one person in a conversation".

[18] Clare Wallace, noticing how this last point renders the earlier distinction between monologue and soliloquy "effectively erased" argues that "perhaps it is finally more useful to conceive of monologue as a *genre*, albeit a multifaceted one, and soliloquy as *dramatic device*" (Wallace 2006: 3-4). The issue is further confused by Pavis' later definition in the entry for soliloquy itself. Here, in what seems to be a 'return' to the *OED*, he states that a soliloquy "is a speech addressed by a person or character to himself" (Pavis 1998: 342).

[19] Quoted in Pavis 1998: 218-19.

> [n]othing is less a monologue than Molly's 'monologue,' even if, within certain conventional limits, we have the right to view it as belonging to the genre or type known as the 'monologue'. (…) [W]e can see why the appearance of a monologue imposes itself here, precisely because of the *yes, yes*. The *yes* says nothing and asks only for another *yes*, the *yes* of an other which (…) is (…) implied by the first *yes* (…) it opens up the position of the *I*, which is itself the condition for performativity (*Ibid.*: 299).

Such various views of the genre, and how it is used in "Penelope", all seem to end in the fundamental question of to what extent Molly is talking to herself or to 'an other' of some kind. In writing of "Molly's flow", Derek Attridge has argued that:

> Molly's monologue is much more explicit and transparent than real self-communing would ever be; by and large (…) it has the linguistic characteristics of an address to another person (Attridge 2000: 99 fn 10).

Much has been made of certain "linguistic characteristics" in Molly's utterances. Suzanne Henke, for example, presents us with a Cubist Molly who "wants to look at everything simultaneously [and] embrace the whole of experience." In *Ulysses*, only "Penelope" is (almost) timeless: Joyce allocated it no particular hour in the schemata.[20] This is perhaps why Molly "has no time for punctuation", which would be a sign "of a mental sequence that differentiates past from present, a completed thought from thought in process. Molly fails to recognise such a distinction. For her, life is continually in process, but always in the present" (Henke 1978: 238). She is "mixing / Memory and desire" (Eliot (1963) 1974: 63) in what she may well feel is her current 'wasteland', as

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[20] Whilst the Gilbert schema has simply a dash for 'Hour', the earlier Linati version has '00': a possibly reclining 8 which might suggest the chapter's eight somnolent sentences. Molly tells us "I never know the time even that watch he gave me never seems to go properly Id want to get it looked after" although, waiting for Boylan, she has presumably heard the chimes of the church strike 3.15 pm (*U*: 884). She later learns the time (as we do) from St. George's once again: "wait theres Georges church bells wait 3 quarters the hour wait 2 oclock well thats a nice hour of the night for him to be coming home at to anybody" (*U*: 918). Fifteen minutes later, she's still awake: "a quarter after what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out their pigtails for the day" (*U*: 930).

she laments that "youve no chances at all in this place like you used long ago" (*U*: 899). Adverbs of time and specific references such as "16 years ago" (*Ibid.*: 931) may suggest the passage of time but for Molly the events are all in the present, Henke argues. As with time so with space: Dublin and Gibraltar, Bloom, Mulvey[21], Boylan and the other men in her life are "present contemporaneously" (Henke 1978: 237); in a manner that harks back to Stephen's thoughts about Lessing (*U*: 45). She wants a new life but cannot abandon her old one. Restlessly wandering through her major experiences, between the attraction of imagined futures and her commitment to the past, Molly has chosen *nebeneinander* ('one thing next to another', coexistent actions) over the 'punctuated' *nacheinander* ('one thing after another', in successive actions). Although Henke's view of Molly living in the present generally holds good, there are moments – nothing ever seems absolute in Joyce – when the passage of time does genuinely seem to weigh on her and the present breaks down before the pressure of the past. When thinking of the Stanhopes, and Molly laments "I suppose theyre dead long ago the 2 of them its like all through a mist makes you feel so old" (*Ibid.*: 895), we can feel the spirit of *nacheinander* rising.[22]

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[21] As a girl in Galway, Nora had a brief relationship of some sort with a Willy Mulvey (*JJ*: 158).

[22] Perception of time is certainly another area inhabited by contradiction for Molly. Thoughts of Gibraltar elicit both "Lord how long ago it seems centuries" (*U*: 897) as well as "I declare to God I dont feel a day older than then" (*U*: 927). It all depends on Molly's mood at a particular moment. In the first, her memory of the sadness and boredom after the Stanhopes left colours her perception; in the second, it is the effect of the near fairy tale fantasy of young Stephen Dedalus, whom she remembers "like a prince on the stage" (*U*: 921), being under her roof.

Her recollection of Mulvey seems similarly contradictory: "Molly darling he called me what was his name Jack Joe Harry Mulvey was it yes I think a lieutenant he was rather fair he had a laughing kind of a voice so I went around to the whatyoucallit everything was whatyoucallit moustache had he he said hed come back Lord its just like yesterday to me" (*U*: 902-3). David Hayman argues that this shows "the quality of Molly's memory, which, though it mingles and associates, preserves the texture of an experience" (Hayman 1970: 127).

Punctuation has disappeared, with standard syntax being washed away in the verbal flood, and capitalisation seems chaotic.[23] Is this aspect, however, really so

[23] Joyce's (or Molly's) debt to Nora in this respect is long established. Commenting on Nora's "interpolated" and unpunctuated letter to Stanislaus, in 1906, Joyce – unsubtle in his irony on this occasion – praises her "gigantic strides towards culture and emancipation" (*SL*: 116). She wrote in similar fashion, later in the year that Stanislaus "ought to tell Jim not to be doing so much as he doesnt have a minute to himself Georgie is well thanks of all your kind inquiries for me Kisses from Georgie" (*SL*: 135). Brenda Maddox produces "an impassioned letter" from Annie, Nora's mother, about Nora's brother, Tom, enlisting during the First World War, which indicates a possible source for the seemingly spontaneous (though less prolific) appearance of Molly's capital letters: "Well Dear Norah i Did not Like to tell you in Last Letter i know you Will be sorry to here Tom Left his office Just Two Weekes Before Christmas Day and Went and joined the army he gave me a sad Christmas Dinner" (Maddox (1988) 1989: 188). Nora could, however, produce carefully punctuated writing when required by more formal circumstances. Maddox reproduces a letter to Pound in 1917 in which, we assume, the passage of eleven years has made a significant difference (Maddox (1988) 1989: 203).
Martha Clifford and Milly, the female letter writers in *Ulysses*, also show they are able to produce standard written English. Martha's letter, although it rejects paragraphing, has just the one slip of the pen when she writes 'world' instead of 'word' (*U*: 95): an understandable mistake in the Ulyssean world of words. Milly's letter (*U*: 79-80) similarly eschews paragraphs but is written in relatively standard English. She uses "splendid" and "swimming" instead of "splendidly" and "swimmingly", and doesn't capitalise "lough Owel" but makes no other grammatical mistakes. Milly really does seem "in a hurry", however, (and like her mother; and not just in terms of punctuation) when her excitement gets the better of her in the sequence about "a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls." Her "[e]xcuse bad writing" P.S. seems rather unnecessary, however, and may simply be affectation or, perhaps, an implied jab at her mother's literary prowess.
Indeed, an obvious way in which both Martha and Milly's letters are distinguished from Molly's "letter to the world" (Glasheen 1977: xxxviii) is by their use of the full stop. "Penelope" famously consists of eight unpunctuated sentences adding up to just over 24 000 words. It is as if both Milly and Martha are even using punctuation to stress how different they are from Molly (quite unwittingly in Martha's case, of course.) Milly writes 188 words in 18 sentences; whilst Martha writes 241 words in 24 sentences. We get the impression of a rather naïve style with a somewhat childish effort being made, except for a moment of excitement in Milly's case, to control a medium in which neither writer is totally secure.
A strange coincidence lies in those numbers of words and sentences when we remember that *Ulysses* has 18 chapters or episodes, and *The Odyssey* has 24 books (Shem also reminds us of this in *FW*: 123). It may not be entirely coincidental that Bloom receives Milly's 18 sentences when at home: the domesticated, middle class 'Ulyssean'; whilst reading Martha's 24 sentences when he is out and about in his full 'Odyssey' mode.

significant in the sense of making “Penelope” seem impenetrable? It may be somewhat so for the eyes but not the ears.

As Derrida reminds us, capital letters and apostrophes are only visible, not audible: “‘Yes,’ the last word (…) yields itself only to *reading* (…) what also remains inaudible, although visible, is the literal incorporation of (…) *yes* in *eyes*” (Derrida (1987) 1992: 274). We remember here, of course, that before she said that final ‘Yes’, Molly “asked” Bloom “with [her] eyes to ask again yes” (*U*: 933).

Anthony Burgess in *Joysprick* (Burgess (1973) 1975: 59) and Attridge (Attridge 2000: 95) have both pointed out that if we replace the missing punctuation and standardise the capital letters, we see that what Molly says is hardly transgressive, or even revolutionary, when compared to moments of more obvious linguistic experiment in *Giacomo Joyce*, as it leaps between moments and emotions, and *Ulysses* (especially if we think about the coda of “Oxen of the Sun)”; let alone in *Finnegans Wake*. If we listen to a prepared reading of “Penelope” or read it aloud ourselves, the difficulty in comprehension all but disappears. There is an awareness of “free mental energy” certainly, but no sense of “a marked transgression of the fixed laws of grammar or the capacity to take language into new realms of freedom and formlessness” (Attridge 2000: 96)[24].

Indeed, if we compare Molly’s thoughts and reminiscences with Stephen and Bloom’s strand soliloquies, we see that a beach would appear to have a more transgressive effect on mental transitions and syntax than a bed. Earlier in the day, as Stephen feels he is reading the “[s]ignatures of all things” and “walking into eternity along Sandymount Strand” (*U*: 45), his mental movements and highly particular

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[24] Derek Attridge clearly proves this point by re-writing the “I’d love to have a long talk (…) make his micky stand for him” passage (*U*: 928-29) with all the regular “graphic signs” (Attridge 2000: 96).

references are often far from easy to follow and, saving his "wavespeech" (*U*: 62), reading aloud in "Penelope" fashion will do little or nothing to enlighten the reader:

> seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see (*U*: 45).

Although we do not have to deal with Aristotle (the "master of those that know"), Dante (*Inferno* IV: 131) and Dr. Johnson (Gifford and Seidman 1974: 32-33), the reading of "Penelope" is complicated by the effect of simple sleepiness, the suggestion of which being partly the function of the absent punctuation. When a tired Bloom is on the beach at the end of "Nausicaa", however, the different areas of his mental world merge into a virtually indistinct mass of recent and long-held memories, momentary impressions and concerns about the immediate future: an almost *Wakean* turbulence in conventional, 'daytime' thought patterns more disruptive than anything presented in the final chapter:

> Short snooze now if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat long gone. Not even the smoke. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I won't go. Race there, race back to Ennis. Let him. Just close my eyes a moment. Won't sleep though. Half dream. It never comes the same. Bat again. No harm in him. Just a few.
>
> O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon señorita young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next (*U*: 498).

Stephen is wide awake and walking; Bloom seems to be rocking himself to sleep. More exhausted than Molly,[25] his thoughts are deliberately both confused and confusing as he begins to drift into sleep. Molly is not confused. She knows exactly who and what she's talking about. If it seems confusing to us, at times, we are confused primarily in our role as readers rather than listeners. Joyce creates no ambiguity as to whether Stephen and Bloom are talking to themselves. There is no sense of them trying to engage with a "listening I". In contrast, the language in "Penelope" is employed by a woman whose priority lies, despite the fact she is alone with the thoughts in her head, in being 'heard'.

The fact that we can hear Molly more easily than we can read[26] her already suggests a "discursive partner" or "listening I"; and when reading (or listening) more closely, we find this idea underlined by various comments Molly makes throughout the chapter.

If there is an assumed 'other' that does not respond, being merely a listener, that silent presence is an audience. If there is an audience – either an imaginary one or herself – then Molly is performing. She is not, however, performing the eternal feminine or the essential woman; nor is she "more symbolical than any other person in *Ulysses*" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 262). Joyce described Molly's monologue as turning "like the huge earth ball itself" (*SL*: 285). Frank Budgen, inferring excessively from this hint of symbolism, claimed that "[i]t is clearly in her symbolical character as fruitful mother earth that Molly speaks" (Budgen (1934) 1960: 263). She is not "fruitful mother

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[25] As we see in "Ithaca", Bloom responds to Molly's "catechetical interrogation" (*U*: 868) with "intermittent and increasingly more laconic narration" (*U*: 869). Molly, however, is restless; his late return has sparked off the speculations and memories we discover in "Penelope".

[26] There is something fitting in this for a character who has, for most of *Ulysses*, been heard of rather than seen.

earth" any more than Bloom is Ulysses; and should not be reduced to a female stereotype – as presented by the limited view of some male Dubliners we meet in *Ulysses* – and much less an archetype. Molly is, as Kimberly J. Devlin has pointed out, constantly undercutting stereotypical views of women and refusing the role of standard representative of her sex through performing "an elaborate series of 'star turns' that undermines the notion of womanliness" (Devlin 1991: 73). She presents herself in a variation of womanly roles – including jealous wife, anxious lover, mourning mother – conscious that their apparently contradictory nature are, again, evidence of some of the 'multitudes' that she and every woman, every person, contain. Molly is always a performer in "Penelope", and though she may, at times, stage a slightly exaggerated or even disingenuous performance, she is always essentially playing a part of herself.

Where does this impulse to perform, the seeming need of an audience come from? Part of the reason simply stems from the basic fact that Molly spends too much time on her own. She is "a lonely monologist, who hopes that somebody might be there and listening" (Kiberd 2009: 263).

In remembering when Boylan gave her hand "a great squeeze going along by the Tolka (…) I just pressed the back of his *like that* with my thumb to squeeze back" (*U*: 874, my italics), as well as when commenting on her thighs, "the smoothest place is right there between this bit *here*" (*Ibid.*: 915, my italics); she seems not just to be 'attending' to her body but actually demonstrating the action to someone. Her embarrassment over the chamber pot noise (*Ibid.*: 914, 915) is a similar moment: who's listening? This could be natural modesty at work[27] or is she worried about waking

[27] On another occasion, she was happy to be observed (as she suspects) when washing and it was "only when it came to the chamber performance I put out the light" (*U*: 906). This comes up again later when she imagines Stephen staying with them but, in her enthusiasm, is quickly dispatched: "he could easy have slept (…) in the next room hed have heard me on the chamber arrah what harm" (*U*: 927).

Bloom up? (Why would she be?) Whichever we choose, there is the implication of ‘an other’. She also talks, rather affectedly, about her “beauty sleep” (*Ibid.*: 894). Can such a comment be made without acknowledging the self-consciousness of the utterance? Such an air of pretence seems to be, once more, for the benefit of an unidentified presence. There are other occasions when, rather than inform or spare her listener, she appears to be attempting to persuade and explicitly appeals to her “discursive partner”. Josie Powell was “grigged (…) because she knew what it meant” when Molly teased her by sharing “a good bit of what went on between [Bloom and her] not all but just enough to make her mouth water”. However, she tells us, it “wasnt my fault” Josie virtually stopped visiting after the marriage (*Ibid.*: 879); and uses the same phrase, in anguish, concerning Bloom’s fertility and Rudy’s death: “was he not able to make one it wasnt my fault” (*Ibid.*: 926). There are further appeals, in a similarly quasi-defensive vein:

> can you ever be up to men the way it takes them (*Ibid.*: 887)
> he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest as a matter of fact (*Ibid.*: 910)[28].
> what else were we given all those desires for Id like to know I cant help it if Im young still can I (*Ibid.*: 925).

Concerning Bloom’s request for breakfast, however, she counts on a certain familiarity when moving onto the attack by quipping “did you ever see me running” (*Ibid.*: 927).

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[28] The ‘stern control’ of the “meandering male fist” (*FW*: 123) can, perhaps, be felt here. Curran remembered Joyce singing the Irish ballad, “Oh, Molly, I can’t say you’re honest” (Curran 1968: 41). Eugene Sheehy also recalled Joyce’s performances of the “half-comic, half-plaintive Irish love song” which [he had] heard from no other lips”. With its similarity to the Michael Bodkin/Nora episode, it’s possible Joyce enjoyed the opportunity to parody his earlier rival: “So I’ll throw up a stone at the window, / And in case any glass I should break, / It’s for you all the panes that I’m taking, / Yerra! What wouldn’t I smash for your sake?” (Sheehy (1967) 2004: 29).

Who, and where, are Molly's friends? She is famously ambivalent about her sex, of course. On the one hand, she tells us "I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it you wouldnt see women going and killing one another and slaughtering" (*Ibid.*: 926). Nevertheless, as a woman, it seems friendship is an impossibility with either sex as men "have friends they can talk to weve none either he wants what he wont get or its some woman ready to stick her knife in you" (*Ibid.*: 927). That earlier "I dont care what anybody says" seems to underline this latter suspicion of women. "[W]e are a dreadful lot of bitches" she says, only to exclude herself immediately in a further contradiction: "Im not like that" (*Ibid.*: 927). We possibly learn so little about her women friends in the chapter because, perhaps falling foul of a theatrical stereotype – that of the "prima donna" she deludes herself she might have become (*Ibid.*: 905) –, she is unwilling to share the stage with any type of rival except those she invites on, like Josie Powell, to belittle.

One of the few friends – female or male – she mentions is Hester Stanhope who, among other things, supplied Molly with what was probably her first serious reading material (*Ibid.*: 896). This, however, was when Molly was a girl in Gibraltar[29] and once the Stanhopes left 'the Rock', they lost touch as Hester "didnt put her address right on" the postcard she sent (*Ibid.*: 895, 896).

Who are her current friends? Does she have any? We don't really know but suspect her social circle is narrow. There was a friendship of a kind with Josie Powell

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[29] Although the chapter is full of Molly's impressions of the weather, nature and the inhabitants, in general, in Gibraltar; her memories of close friendships are reduced in the chapter to Hester Stanhope and Mulvey. Such gaps concerning a childhood and early adolescence spent without a mother and, it seems, without friends of her own age bring to mind Benjamin's idea of "the Penelope work of recollection", in which a life is not remembered "as it actually was, but (…) as it was remembered by the one who had lived it." Benjamin asked whether such Proustian *mémoire involontaire* (or 'involuntary recollection') is not "much closer to forgetting than what is usually called memory?" (Benjamin (1970) 1973: 204).

(now Mrs Breen). Bloom calls her "Molly's best friend" in "Circe" (*Ibid.*: 575) but, in that of all chapters, can we believe him? Earlier in the day, during their accidental meeting, Josie has asked: "How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages." (*Ibid.*: 197).[30] There does seem, however, to have been a parting of the ways between the women over Bloom, even though Molly claims it was only affected on her part:

> I know they were spooning a bit when I came on the scene he was dancing and sitting out with her the night of Georgina Simpsons housewarming and then he wanted to ram it down my neck on account of not liking to see her a wallflower that was why we had the standup row over politics (…) I knew he was gone on me (…) after that I pretended I had on a coolness with her over him (*Ibid.*: 878).

Was it really pretended? Doesn't she hate pretending (*Ibid.*: 875, 890)? Perhaps the position of the 'discursive partner' or 'listening I' is less privileged than we realised and she is pretending rather than confiding in us? When we look at her other comments on Josie, there seems to be ice rather than "coolness". This certainly seems the case with her recollection that "she used to be always embracing me Josie whenever he was there meaning him of course glauming me over" (*Ibid.*: 879); and in her memory of "M Bloom youre looking blooming Josie used to say after I married him" (*Ibid.*: 903), the use of the past tense, together with having recalled a greeting that she possibly considered barbed or at least mocking in its excessive gaiety, suggests that the friendship, however warm it may have been, has indeed cooled somewhat. Molly suspects, and we know from "Lestrygonians" (*Ibid.*: 198), "Circe" (*Ibid.*: 575) and "Ithaca" (*Ibid.*: 851), that the flame between Bloom and Mrs Breen hasn't been completely extinguished. As Molly ponders, "supposing he got in with her again" (*Ibid.*:

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[30] Molly tells us Josie "didnt darken the door much after we were married" (*U*: 878). The use of "darken the door" may be her simple assimilation of a cliché or may actually reflect the state of their friendship at the time.

878), Josie is the only named – and perhaps too swiftly dismissed – possible companion of Bloom's suspected amorous adventures that evening:

> Ill look at his shirt to see or Ill see if he has that French letter still in his pocketbook I suppose he thinks I dont know (…) I wonder was it her Josie off her head with my castoffs (…) no hed never have the courage with a married woman (…) yes its some little bitch hes got in with (*Ibid.*: 918-19).

The only current friend we hear of is Floey Dillon. How current she actually is, however, is open to speculation. She was, at least, given an off-stage role in some scenes during the early days of Molly's relationship with Bloom when, after their occasional disagreements, she needed to "get him to make it up". Bloom, apparently, "used to be a bit on the jealous side whenever he asked who are you going to and I said over to Floey and he made me the present of lord Byrons poems and the three pairs of gloves so that finished that" (*Ibid.*: 878). Apart from two other fleeting references (*Ibid.*: 899), we learn next to nothing about Floey. Her major entrance into these memories is when she made Molly "go to that dry old stick Dr Collins for womens diseases" (*Ibid.*: 915) about her unusual "omissions" (*Ibid.*: 915).

Derek Attridge has argued that Molly's language errors in "Penelope" are written mistakes made by someone who is not used or particularly comfortable writing (Attridge 2000: 103)[31]. Bloom, according to her, is no help as "he always tells me the wrong things and no stops to say like making a speech". She admits some of her spelling mistakes, such as "symphathy I always make that mistake and newphew with 2 double yous in". Concerning her note to Boylan about future plans, she probably wisely decides she'll keep it "short just a few words" rather than "those long crossed letters" by

[31] Following her afternoon with Boylan, however, it is also possible that Molly has fallen foul of a tendency that the young Joyce had noticed over twenty years before, in his student essay, "The Study of Languages": "when persons become excited, all sense of language seems to forsake them (…) [l]ook how great the difficulty that many have in expressing their ideas in correct English" (*OCPW*: 15).

her friend Atty Dillon (another of Matt Dillon's "bevy of daughters" (*U*: 492)) who "used to write to the fellow that was something in the four courts that jilted her after". Against Molly's advice, Atty got them "out of the ladies letterwriter (…) I told her to say a few simple words he could twist how he liked not acting with precipit precipitancy" (*Ibid.*: 899-900).

The sense of Molly's isolation is enhanced by the importance she gives to written correspondence in the chapter. She complains that 7 Eccles St. has

> no visitors or post ever except his cheques or some advertisement like that wonderworker they sent him addressed dear Madam only his letter and the card from Milly this morning see she wrote a letter to him who did I get the last letter from O Mrs Dwenn now whatever possessed her to write after so many years to know the recipe I had for pisto madrileno (…) since she wrote to say she was married to a very rich architect if Im to believe all I hear with a villa and eight rooms (*Ibid.*: 898-99).

Such emphasis is not new for Molly. When "so bored sometimes" in Gibraltar, with "the days like years not a letter from a living soul" (*Ibid.*: 898), she talks of having posted envelopes to herself "with bits of paper in them".

She seems to be almost more interested in written correspondence than further coition with Boylan, hoping that "hell write me a longer letter the next time if its a thing he really likes me" (*Ibid.*: 899). These things are just as important as sex to her and his previous written effort "wasnt much and I told him he could write what he liked yours ever Hugh Boylan" (*Ibid.*: 899). Words are important and this factor ultimately decides Boylan's fate: "hes right enough in his way to pass the time as a joke[32] sure you might

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[32] The possibility of Boylan making Molly pregnant has been a source of anxiety for both Blooms. Bloom's subconscious creation, Bella/o Cohen has taunted him over it in "Circe":

> BELLO: Can you do a man's job?
>
> BLOOM: Eccles Street.
>
> BELLO: (Sarcastically) I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world but there's a man of brawn in possession there. (…) He's no eunuch. (…) Wait for nine months, my lad! Holy ginger, it's kicking

as well be in bed with what with a lion God Im sure hed have something better to say for himself an old Lion would" (*Ibid.*: 924).

She needs verbal as much as physical romance: who it's from and whether it's true is of purely secondary importance. For Molly, the word is as good as the deed:

> I wish somebody would write me a love-letter his in Old Madrid silly women believe love is sighing I am dying still if he wrote it I suppose thered be some truth in it true or no it fills up your whole day and life always something to think about every moment and see it all around you like a new world (*Ibid.*: 899).

The person who has provided such verbal excitement which is – like their shared physical passion – long ago now but still alive in her memory is, of course, Bloom. When the "lion" finally moves on, as he is bound to, this parodic Miranda looking for "a [brave] new world" will still, at least, have Leo. As in so many ways, he has astonished her in this respect too:

> he wrote me that letter with all those words in it how could he have the face to any woman after his company manners making it so awkward after when we met asking me have I offended you with my eyelids down of course he saw I wasnt (*Ibid.*: 883).

The correspondence continued, to her obvious delight. Bloom was "writing a letter every morning sometimes twice a day I liked the way he made love then he knew the way to take a woman" (*Ibid.*: 884). The link between letters, physical gratification and sexual politics is firmly established in Molly's mind, with Bloom's written words –

> and coughing up and down in her guts already! That makes you wild, don't it? Touches the spot? (*U*: 652-3).

Molly's menstruation may complicate her plans for Monday with Boylan but it also shows her (and readers) that Boylan has not made her pregnant. What is probably Bloom's worst fear has not been realised. It could well be Molly's too. Is there not some relief in her "anyhow he didnt make me pregnant as big as he is" (*Ibid.*: 914), which the attempted casualness of 'anyhow' cannot disguise? The "big as he is", whether a deliberate joke, simple off hand comment or biological ignorance, undermines Boylan's potency. It also perhaps hints at a certain perverse dissatisfaction and implicitly ranks him below Bloom, who made her pregnant twice.

unlike Boylan's (*Ibid.*: 899) – having proved to be not only the source of sexual stimulation but also allowing her to play something of the coquette. He sent

> his mad crazy letters my Precious one everything connected with your glorious Body everything underlined that comes from it is a thing of beauty and of joy for ever something he got out of some nonsensical book that he had me always at myself 4 or 5 times a day sometimes and I said I hadnt are you sure O yes I said I am quite sure in a way that shut him up (*Ibid.*: 916).

The only conversations worthy of the name we hear of are with Bloom. Her husband, it seems, is the sole person she actually talks in any depth to; although even this area of her life is subject to her inclination to contradiction.[33] She is frustrated, at times, by his style of speech as, for example, with "that word met something with hoses in it and he came out with some jawbreakers about the incarnation he never can explain a thing simply the way a body can understand" (*Ibid.*: 893). As Bloom is "a madman", however, "nobody understands his cracked ideas but [her]" (*Ibid.*: 925)[34]. Her use of

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[33] In Suzanne Henke's words, "[l]ike Walt Whitman [in "The Song of Myself", sect. 51 ll. 6-7] and Buck Mulligan [*U*: 19] she feels that if she contradicts herself, well then, she contradicts herself. She contains multitudes" (Henke 1978: 236). Molly's contradictory statements about her understanding of Bloom also seem to mock the comments of another, but less self-secure, Joycean "Gea-Tellus" figure (*U*: 870): Bertha in *Exiles*. In a moment of despair concerning her relationship with Richard, Bertha cries out: "I do not understand anything that he writes (…) I don't even understand half of what he says to me sometimes!" (*E*: 125). Molly is no Bertha. She understands Bloom and when (multitudinously) she doesn't, it's his fault. They, nevertheless, differ when it comes to the extent of their partners' understanding of women. Bertha particularises accusingly: "You are a stranger to me. You do not understand anything in me – not one thing in my heart or soul. A stranger! I am living with a stranger! (*E*: 133); whilst Molly generalises approvingly: "that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is" (*U*: 932). Nora famously claimed her husband "knows nothing at all about women" (*JJ*: 629). Molly also believes men, in general, "dont know what it is to be a woman and a mother how could they" but, on this matter, and after so many contradictions throughout "Penelope", she never changes her opinion about Bloom.

[34] At one point, an exasperated Molly claims that Bloom's "beyond everything (…) if I only could remember the one half of the things and write a book out of it the works of Master Poldy yes" (*U*: 893).

"cracked" here links the Blooms even more closely when we later come to "Lord the cracked things come into my head sometimes" (*Ibid.*: 928) concerning her imagined scenes with Stephen.

Having seen the significance of written correspondence to Molly, perhaps we should not be surprised that when she finally has the opportunity to tell her story, it appears in written form – her "letter to the world" (Glasheen 1977: xxxviii), implying a reader as well as a listener – and with errors that, as we have already noted, are seen but not heard.

Sharing something of Anna Livia's "loonely in me loneness" (*FW*: 627), lonely Molly is probably used to talking to herself. It's not difficult to imagine her reading out loud or even reciting the letters and cards she has received over the years and still remembers; creating dialogue out of the monological correspondence.

Whether alone or in public, Molly is a woman who is used to various kinds of performances, with audiences to match. She enjoys her own, rather limited, idea of the glamour of the theatrical milieu: "Id like to sip those richlooking green and yellow expensive drinks those stagedoor johnnies drink with the opera hats" (*U*: 876); but is, nonetheless, crafty enough to realise that there are ways and means of entering that world. She remembers Bloom "got me on to sing in the Stabat Mater by going around saying he was putting Lead Kindly Light to music (…) thumping the piano lead Thou me on copied from some old opera" though it was, apparently, Molly herself that "put him up to that". This potentially promising door was closed, however, when "the jesuits found out [Bloom] was a freemason" (*Ibid.*: 886). She is also experienced enough to realise the kind of gossip professional 'favours' can generate. Her fleeting daydream of

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One could argue, perhaps, that "Penelope" itself is a rough draft for this opus. A complete *Ulysses* penned by Molly is certainly an intriguing notion.

elopement with Boylan on the Belfast tour is brought down to earth by an awareness of how tongues would wag: "suppose I never came back what would they say eloped with him that gets you on on the stage" (*U*: 885).

She has spent more time performing on the stage of her everyday life than at any concert; and before some very particular private audiences. Molly has been an unconscious 'performer' or has, at least, 'entertained' an uninvited audience on several occasions. She suddenly caught the Mayor of Dublin, Val Dillon, leering at her "with his dirty eyes" when arguably not at her best – "cracking the nuts with my teeth" – at a formal dinner (*Ibid.*: 887). Bloom's former employer, Mr Cuffe, also gave her "a great mirada once or twice" when she went to try and recover her husband's lost job and was fully aware of the effect she was having: "I could have got him promoted there to be the manager". She was wearing

> the old rubbishy dress (…) with no cut in it but theyre coming into fashion again (…) I could see him looking very hard at my chest when he stood up to open the door for me (…) without making it too marked (…) and me being supposed to be his wife I just half smiled I know my chest was out that way at the door when he said Im extremely sorry and Im sure you were (*Ibid.*: 891).

There are also occasions when the secret pride Molly takes in the idea of having, in a sense, 'performed' for furtive audiences that she believes were spying on her, is strictly secondary to the pleasure she derives from her own performance, as in Gibraltar when

that icy wind skeeting across from those mountains the something Nevada sierra nevada standing at the fire with the little bit of a short shift[35] I had up to heat myself I loved

[35] In 1903, Arthur Griffiths, the founder of Sinn Fein, had condemned Synge's *The Shadow of the Glen* as a "slur on Irish womanhood" (in *The United Irishman*, 31st October 1903). There was, however, worse to come. In Lady Gregory's words, "*The Well of the Saints* was let pass without much comment, though we had very small audiences for it, for those were early days at the Abbey. It was another story when, in 1907, *The Playboy of the Western World* was put on. There was a very large audience on the first night, a Saturday, January 26th. Synge was there, but Mr. Yeats was giving a lecture in Scotland. The first act got its applause and the second, though one felt the audience were a little puzzled, a little shocked at the wild language. Near the end of the third act there was some hissing. We had sent a telegram to Mr. Yeats after the first act – "Play great success"; but at the end we sent another – "Audience broke up in disorder at the word 'shift'." For that plain English word was one of those objected to, and even the papers, in commenting, followed the example of some lady from the country, who wrote saying 'the word omitted but understood was one she would blush to use even when she was alone'" (Gregory 1913: 111).

"It's Pegeen I'm seeking only, and what I'd care if you brought me a drift of chosen females, standing in their shifts itself, maybe, from this place to the eastern world?" (Synge (1907) 1958: 163). This was the famously provocative 'shift' line in Act 3 of the *The Playboy of the Western World*. Earlier in the play, Act 2 references to the Widow Quin being "without a white shift or shirt in your whole family since the drying of the flood" (*Ibid.*: 133), and the Widow herself talking of being "abroad in the sunshine darning a sock or stitching a shift" (*Ibid.*: 144) seem, however, not to have ruffled nationalist feathers particularly. It was not unusual, of course, for women of the period to wear this undergarment. The repeated use of 'shift' (on four occasions) in "Penelope", however, draws attention to the garment in a way that suggests a deliberate echo of *The Playboy*. The possibility seems strengthened by the fact that all the appearances carry an implicit or, more often, explicit sexual connotation. The first and relatively mild usage is when she "threw the penny to that lame sailor for England home and beauty (…) and I hadnt even put on my clean shift or powdered myself or a thing" (*U*: 884). This brings to mind the exchange between the Widow Quin and a "mighty huffy" Pegeen Mike in Act Two of *The Playboy*:

> PEGEEN: And what is it you're wanting, Widow Quin?
>
> WIDOW QUIN: (*insolently*) A penn'orth of starch.
>
> PEGEEN: (*breaking out*) And you without a white shift or a shirt in your whole family since the drying of the flood. (Synge (1907) 1958: 133).

(We see Molly's "generous white arm" (*U*: 288) twice in "Wandering Rocks", the closest she gets to leaving 7 Eccles St. on 16th June. On the second occasion, Molly's "plump bare generous arm shone, was seen, held forth from a white petticoatbodice and taut *shift*straps" (*U*: 289, my italics).)

The remaining appearances of 'shift' are all demonstratively sensual: "I used to be weltering then in the heat my shift drenched with the sweat stuck in the cheeks of my bottom on the chair when I stood up they were so fattish and firm" (*U*: 896); "that icy wind skeeting across from those mountains [and "the eastern world"] the something Nevada sierra nevada standing at the fire with the little bit of a short shift I had up to heat myself I loved dancing about in it then make a race back into bed Im sure that fellow opposite

> dancing about in it then make a race back into bed Im sure that fellow opposite used to be there the whole time watching with the lights out in the summer and I in my skin hopping around I used to love myself then stripped at the washstand dabbing and creaming (*U*: 906).

Or, less secretly, on "that night (…) the one and only time we were in a box (…) at the Gaiety (…) with that gentleman of fashion staring down at me with his glasses" (*Ibid.*: 914).[36]

Molly's vanity is normally sufficiently gratified by such ultimately harmless attention to be tolerant or even indulgent. However, there have been moments when a mixture of embarrassment and indignation has led to rather naively comical action; such as when she had

> a great breast of milk with Milly enough for two (…) all swelled out the morning that delicate looking student that stopped in No 28 with the Citrons Penrose nearly caught me washing through the window only for I snapped up the towel to my face that was his studenting (*Ibid.*: 893).

Occasionally, of course, the roles of audience and performer are inverted; and a member of Molly's 'audience' becomes a rather overly intrusive performer. Aware that "a lot of that touching must go on in theatres in the crush in the dark theyre always

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used to be there the whole time watching with the lights out in the summer" (*U*: 906); "I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a bit now and then mi fa pieti Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son pill forte Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him" (*U*: 929). It almost seems as if Joyce was trying to outdo Synge, or perhaps avenge him, through the insistent mentioning of this undergarment. He certainly seems to delight in the flaunting of it; almost as much as Molly herself does.

[36] Bloom remembers the episode in "Sirens": "She looked fine. Her crocus dress she wore, lowcut, belongings on show. Clove her breath was always in theatre when she bent to ask a question. (…) She bent. Chap in dresscircle, staring down into her with his operaglass for all he was worth" (*U*: 367). Nora too, it seems would spend time in the opera "listening to music, and observed by men" (*SL*: 203). It seems that Poldy himself was not averse to this alternative use of opera glasses. As a boy, we learn in "Circe", "Lotty Clarke, flaxenhaired, I saw at her night toilette through ill-closed curtains, with poor papa's operaglasses" (*U*: 659).

trying to wiggle up to you", Molly remembers "that fellow in the pit at the Gaiety for Beerbohm Tree in Trilby (…) every two minutes tipping me there and looking away hes a bit daft I think". When she later rejected her imposed passive role of audience and attempted to confront this unwelcome performer, who was then "trying to get near two stylish dressed ladies", she tells us, with a touch of disappointment in her tone, that "he didn't remember me" (*Ibid.*: 911).

Acknowledgement is, of course, important for any performer.[37] Even when remembering her confessions to Father Corrigan, Molly wonders "did he know me in the box I could see his face he couldnt see mine of course hed never turn or let on" (*Ibid.*: 890). The ritually impersonal response of a priest she can understand, but dealing with unresponsive secular 'audiences' is far more vexing. She tells us she was once

> looking out of the window if there was a nice fellow even in the opposite house that medical in Holles street the nurse was after when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show I was going out not a notion what I meant arent they thick never understand what you say even youd want to print it up on a big poster for them not even if you shake hands twice with the left he didnt recognise me either when I half frowned at him outside Westland row chapel (*Ibid.*: 898).

Boylan, too, though immediately interested in her 'waggling' feet in the D. B. C. – even "before he was introduced" – failed to read between the lines of her performance; although she tells us "he was looking when I looked back" (*Ibid.*: 881). She returned to the café on the following two days but, again disappointingly, he didn't appear. It seems, after all, that she is indeed her own best audience.

[37] Although by now we are well aware of Molly's tendency towards exaggeration, Bloom, it seems, was immediately her captive audience and she, for a while at least, was his: "the first night ever we met when I was living in Rehoboth terrace we stood staring at one another for about 10 minutes as if we met somewhere" (*U*: 916).

Even in her restlessly sleepy thoughts, however, she is a self-conscious performer; as we have seen earlier with her various appeals and attempts at persuasion directed towards her 'listening I'. This 'listening I' or 'discursive partner' is well-entertained, for Molly can certainly tell a good story:

> [W]hen I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but whereabouts on your person my child on the leg behind high up was it yes rather high up was it where you sit down yes O Lord couldnt he say bottom right out and have done with it (*Ibid.*: 875).

Molly is a singer, semi-professional at best, but not greatly in demand: it's been a year since her last concert (*Ibid.*: 885)[38]. Nevertheless, she seems to take her singing seriously (*Ibid.*: 904, 905) and is certainly also alive to sounds and rhythms. She imitates and then transforms a passing train[39] into a piece from her repertoire, "Love's Old Sweet Song"[40]: "frseeeeeeeefronnnng train somewhere whistling (…) like the end

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[38] Part of Molly's concern throughout the chapter about growing old is that she feels she is being, or perhaps has already been, replaced on the concert stage by the "little chits of missies they have now singing Kathleen Kearney" (*U*: 885). Kathleen Kearney, of course, features rather unfavourably in the *Dubliners*' story, "A Mother". Although Sean Walsh's relatively recent *Bloom* (2004) barely touches on Molly's singing, Joseph Strick's *Ulysses* (1967) presents us with the performance of a muted Molly – while her monologue continues in voiceover – who sings on, oblivious of her unimpressed accompanist, young, sniggering rivals in the wings and a bored audience that just about manages lukewarm applause at the end of her recital.

[39] Karen Lawrence has argued that although "Penelope" "is first-person narration that does shut out a third-person narrative voice (...) some narrative presence transcribes the sound of the train whistle" (Lawrence 1981: 203-4). Why, however, does a narrative voice enter at this point and for this function, and then never appear again? The chimes of St George's – another external noise – are reported rather than transcribed in a similar fashion. In the stillness of the night, I believe Molly hears a similarity between the train whistle and the song and, in her restlessness, begins silent experiments with the sounds. The imitation of the dog is more aural playfulness, as well as perhaps allowing her to release some pent up frustration concerning her mixed feelings towards Boylan and, especially, Bloom.

[40] Although Stephen refuses to sing it (*U*: 634) – another assertion of independence – , "Love's Old Sweet Song" runs through *Ulysses*; virtually becoming its theme song. Both Joseph Strick and Sean Walsh feature it in the soundtracks of their respective film versions.

of Loves old sweet synnnng" (*Ibid.*: 894). This playing with sounds connects with the memory of another imitative performance, when Bloom (or possibly Mulvey) "used to break his heart at me taking off the dog barking in bell lane poor brute and it sick" (*Ibid.*: 895). The dog teasing, this time performed in full, recurs shortly afterwards: "I loved rousing that dog in the hotel rrrsssst awokwokawok" (*Ibid.*: 902).[41] When another train passes, it triggers the same set of responses and her impromptu concert is repeated with a slight variation in the tail:

> Frseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefrong that train again weeping tone once in the dear deaead days beyond recall (…) ere oer the world the mists began (…) comes loves sweet ssooooooong Ill let that out full when I get in front of the footlights again (…) I wish hed sleep in some bed by himself with his cold feet on me give us room even to let a fart God or do the least thing better yes hold them like that a bit on my side piano quietly sweeeee theres that train far away pianissimo eeeeeeee one more song that was a relief wherever you be let your wind go free (*Ibid.*: 904-06).

Like Bloom's interior recital of Emmet's epitaph in "Sirens" (*Ibid.*: 376), Molly's musical performance culminates in flatulence.

Molly likes to perform on her own terms, her submissiveness to the bottom slapping Boylan is still rankling deep into the night (*U*: 876, 923). This is why, despite playing along at the time, she has ultimately got no lasting satisfaction from either Blazes "scrooching down on me like that all the time with his big hipbones hes heavy too with his hairy chest for this heat always having to lie down for them" (*Ibid.*: 887); or

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[41] There is a slight but intriguing crux here. Dublin has a 'Bell's Lane' (rather than Bell Lane) whilst there is a Bell Lane in Gibraltar. Does Molly mean 'Bell's Lane' in Dublin in the first dog teasing incident? Bloom, naturally, seems a far more likely candidate to "break his heart" over a sick dog than Mulvey (though it's true we don't learn much about Harry, if that's his name (*U*: 902)). However, judging by the size of Bell's Lane, it would always have been unsuitable for a hotel and I can find no record of there ever having been one there. Bell Lane in Gibraltar is a significantly larger and more commercialised thoroughfare. The most likely explanation is probably that the first incident was with Bloom and the second with Mulvey. Once again, Molly will be in no doubt as to what she means. We, faced with the text she has 'produced', are in a less privileged position; and reading out loud won't clarify the matter.

from Bloom's occasional role playing eccentricities in the bedroom. His "coalman" and "bishop" parodic catechism (*Ibid.*: 874), as well as his 'performance' as the German Emperor have just made her feel like he is "trying to make a whore of me what he never will (…) simply ruination for any woman and no satisfaction in it pretending to like it" (*Ibid.*: 875). She complains that Bloom is "always imitating everybody" (*Ibid.*: 917) but distinctly preferred his Byron in the parlour, performed largely for her pleasure, to his more self-centred 'Kaiser Bill' or even his Buddha in the bedroom (*Ibid.*: 917).

There is a tension within Molly between natural directness and what is ultimately rather conventional modesty. She rejects the translation of Rabelais Bloom brought her ("Master Francois somebody supposed to be a priest") because of such images and vocabulary as "a child born out of her ear because her bumgut fell out a nice word for any priest to write" (it is, admittedly, a far cry from "bottom"); as well as the prudery exhibited by "and her a–e[42] as if any fool wouldnt know what that meant I hate that pretending of all things" (*Ibid.*: 890).

She may reject pretence when she is its victim but Molly's imagination is an intriguing theatrical realm when she is in the director's chair. Apart from the re-living, or restaging, of the real life 'performances' we have seen above, "Penelope" allows Molly to fantasise about reinventing or, perhaps, stereotyping herself through imagined affairs, as well as becoming Mrs Boylan (*U*: 903) and Stephen's muse (*Ibid.*: 922-23). These rather unconvincing scenarios are merely games, just fantasies; as she acknowledges when imagining Stephen waking up in 7 Eccles St.:

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[42] The use of the '--' is rather strange. Why doesn't Molly say 'a, blank blank (or dash dash), e' in a similar way to her earlier "newphew with 2 double yous in" (*U*: 899)? Such a clearly typographical intrusion seems to suggest the written form of the monologue. Alternatively, could it be that Molly makes the gesture of two such lines in the air with her finger as she lies in bed?

I could do the criada (…) Id have to introduce myself not knowing me from Adam very funny wouldnt it Im his wife or pretend we were in Spain with him half awake without a Gods notion where he is dos huevos estrellados senor Lord the cracked things come into my head sometimes (*Ibid.*: 928).

Director of her own inner theatre, Molly can obviously present events in which things are said and done that will never take place in real life. She therefore stages a showdown with Josie Breen over Bloom (*Ibid.*: 878). Even if she doesn't believe, as she says, that Bloom is having an affair with Mrs Breen, she enjoys the idea of this imagined victorious confrontation due to their past relationship. A similar impulse lies at the heart of her confronting Bloom with Boylan's prowess:

Ill let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked yes and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times handrunning (*Ibid.*: 929)[43].

This can naturally be seen as bravado to cover her guilt and drown out that cry of "adulteress" from the theatre gallery during *The Wife of Scarli*, which she recalls twice (*Ibid.*: 914, 929). It also, however, reminds us of the impulse she represses, when having sex with Boylan, to "shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all" (*Ibid.*: 894). These are the only two occasions she uses 'fuck' in the chapter and create a further link between Boylan and Bloom.[44] Boylan is only really compared to Bloom as

[43] The steady increase in the number of times Molly says she and Boylan had sex during the afternoon has often been noted. This "infamous multiplication" (Henke 1978: 249) begins with "yes because he must have come 3 or 4 times" (*U*: 877); grows to "a swell with money that can pick and choose whoever he wants like Boylan to do it 4 or 5 times locked in each others arms" (*U*: 905) and culminates in "5 or 6 times handrunning" (*U*: 929). The idea that Molly is embellishing somewhat is enhanced by the use of the clichéd "locked in each others arms": a phrase far more deserving of what she says about Bloom's use of Keats. We might well guess that it was something that she in fact "got out of some nonsensical book" (*U*: 916), such as Bloom finds for her on the hawker's bookstall.

[44] In "Circe", Bella/o insults a blissfully submissive Bloom:

BELLO: (With a hard basilisk stare, in a baritone voice) Hound of dishonour!

BLOOM: (Infatuated) Empress!

BELLO: (His heavy cheekchops sagging) Adorer of the adulterous rump!

a lover, as are Gardner (*Ibid.*: 884) and Mulvey (*Ibid.*: 933): if the "earth ball" "turns (…) slowly surely and evenly round and round spinning" (*SL*: 285), it "turns" around Bloom. Of course, the fact that Molly imagines flinging these words in Bloom's face reveals that, if only subconsciously, there is still a desire for passion between them.

Her imaginative self-dramatisation, therefore, clearly allows her to release that "vaulting feminine libido" Shem talks of (*FW*: 123). In one long 'libidinous' sequence, she conjures up explicitly dramatic sexual scenarios involving sailors, gypsies and murderers:

> I was thinking would I go around by the quays there some dark evening where nobodyd know me and pick up a sailor off the sea thatd be hot on for it and not care a pin whose I was only to do it off up in a gate somewhere or one of those wildlooking gipsies in Rathfarnham had their camp pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to try and steal our things if they could I only sent mine there a few times for the name model laundry sending me back over and over some old ones old stockings that blackguardlooking fellow with the fine eyes peeling a switch attack me in the dark and ride me up against the wall without a word or a murderer anybody (*U*: 925).

The fact that she goes off on a brief laundry digression in the midst of this "hot" fantasy, however, reveals her real level of interest in it. These fantasies simply do not have the life of her genuine encounters. As David Hayman notes, compared with her "genuinely experienced (…) romantic-erotic moments (…) her imagined erotic

---

> BLOOM: (Plaintively) Hugeness!
>
> BELLO: Dungdevourer!
>
> BLOOM: (With sinews semiflexed) Magnificence (*U*: 644).

In "Penelope", we learn that Molly knows she can arouse Bloom sexually through obscenities and, had there been any doubt after "Adorer of the adulterous rump!", we now realise where Bloom's subconscious discovered Bella/o's vocabulary:

> I know every turn in him Ill tighten my bottom well and let out a few smutty words smellrump or lick my shit or the first mad thing comes into my head (*U*: 930).

Even this moment of supposed subconscious infidelity binds Bloom to Molly more closely, as she is blurred into Bella through the exaggeration of one of her assumed characteristics: a characteristic which is consciously adopted and just as theatrical as the fantasised madam's usage.

experiences are grotesque blanks" (Hayman 1970: 128). She implicitly recognises this herself, concluding the sequence with "only I suppose the half of those sailors are rotten again with disease". Soon afterwards, as if in tacit confirmation of the emptiness of these imagined adventures, she tells us that "a woman whatever she does she knows where to stop" (*U*: 926). In this case, Molly has instinctively known not to start.

Such "grotesque blanks" are rejected. It is the romantic fantasy of, in a sense, erotic 'blanks' that Molly wants; at least she seems to, lying restlessly in the small hours, with the young Gibraltar girl still yearning for the romance of "nonsensical books" (*Ibid.*: 916) within her:

> a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isnt there (*Ibid.*: 925).

An anonymous lover can, of course, be moulded by the imagination into any form desired. The "Ithcans" made Pen[elope] "champ" (*Ibid.*: 188); and we now suspect that Molly has always relied on romance that is written or 'recorded' (like that she transfers to the pages of the final episode) for her genuinely lasting satisfaction. No romantic reality will ever quite come up to scratch against her own fictitious dramas or the dramatising of her own memories. Ultimately content with the judgement of Antisthenes, she would never, in her Eccles St. life, exchange the 'pen' for the exclusively flesh and blood existence of Helen.

There is, nevertheless, a final underlying tension working within Molly whose resolution is more complex. Early in "Penelope", she sees no answer to her barren romantic life

> unless I paid some nicelooking boy to do it since I cant do it myself a young boy would like me Id confuse him a little alone with him if we were Id let him see my garters the new ones and make him turn red looking at him seduce him I know what boys feel with that down on their cheek (*Ibid.*: 874).

Here Molly is unconsciously attempting to resolve the major conflicts within herself as a frustrated lover who, it seems, must seek satisfaction in submission; and a mother who has lost her son almost before knowing him. She will dominate this “young boy” and initiate him into the world of love which, by implication, will – in an echo of Cathleen ni Houlihan’s blood sacrifice – rejuvenate and make her a significant part of his life forever. At the same time, there is a tenderness towards the child; a desire to understand his feelings. Her anticipated seduction through a look and a garter clearly lacks the aggression of much of her earlier language in similar contexts, whether imagined or remembered. Even the willingness to pay him suggests a concerned attitude that, at some level, may have something of the maternal.

Having put on so many performances, it is the part of mother that Molly no longer seems capable of fully performing in reality and never really approaches imaginatively in her monologue. Her ambiguous dealings with the “young boy” are the closest she gets to creating a fantasy of motherhood. Grown-up Milly, even through the similarity of their names, now seems as much a rival as a daughter[45] and Rudy she can barely think about.

In a rare moment in which she allows her “discursive partner”, her audience into truly sensitive territory, Molly talks about when she was “in mourning thats 11 years ago now yes hed be 11 though what was the good in going into mourning for what was neither one thing nor the other”. Perhaps worried where this line of thought may drag her, she then attempts to lighten the tone slightly by mocking Bloom, so as not to lose emotional control and continues her performance for the “listening I”: “of course he

[45] Molly is clearly ambivalent about her daughter being “well on for flirting too with Tom Devans two sons imitating me whistling with those romps of Murray girls calling for her can Milly come out please shes in great demand” (U: 910).

insisted hed go into mourning for the cat" (*U*: 921). The door into that very particular emotion, briefly held ajar, is then slammed shut: "Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more" (*Ibid.*: 927).

This is a subject, however, that is always raw for Molly and, resentful of the situation in the Dedalus family, she spits out "well its a poor case that those that have a fine son like that theyre not satisfied and I none" (*Ibid.*: 926). There is obviously a direct connection between Stephen and Rudy in Molly's mind. Her comment that Bloom would "go into mourning for the cat" is immediately followed by a memory of Stephen as a boy: "I suppose hes a man now by this time he was an innocent boy then" (*Ibid.*: 921); and her refusal to think herself "into the glooms about that any more" flows into "I wonder why he wouldnt stay the night" (*Ibid.*: 927).

Deep down, it is not as a potential lover that Molly thinks of Dedalus. Another implicit sign of their union as a couple, Bloom is not alone in looking for a surrogate son in Stephen.

Throughout *Ulysses*, characters have taken part in conscious or unconscious theatrical borrowings. In some cases, such fictional/theatrical support seems essential to them as they go about their daily lives (if the person 'underneath' stopped playing 'The Citizen', who or what would be left?). On other occasions, Joyce sets them within an ironic framework they know nothing about for illuminating parody.

Although we hear about her rather than see her for most of the novel, Molly is a major performer in this cast. Her monologue (rather than soliloquy) is for the benefit of her "discursive partner", her 'listening I', and comes out of a lifetime of being watched, or feeling/wanting to feel she's being watched: often by men who either do not or pretend not to recognise her, or who fail to understand the implications of her performance. Prone to exaggeration and with an allied tendency towards self-

dramatisation no doubt, she is always a self-conscious performer: “Lord the cracked things come into my head sometimes” (*U*: 928). Capable of ‘playing false’, in accepting Boylan’s unwelcome slap, as well as trying to deceive her ‘listening I’ by, for example, proclaiming her innocence; there are also times when her performance is less generous than it might be (there is surely more surrounding Rudy’s death than we are told).

Performance, of course, creates a certain distance; underlining her role as something of an outsider through her Gibraltar upbringing. Feeling somewhere between Bloom and Boylan, neither of whom completely satisfy her, does nothing to make Molly feel less alone. With Milly now in Mullingar, it is difficult to see who or what else life has to offer her. This is a question she has put to herself and, perhaps fearing the answer, she transforms and transfers it, in typical fashion, to Bloom. Putting the words in his mouth makes it easier for Molly to rise to a challenge fashioned by her own insecurity: “I suppose he thinks Im finished out and laid on the shelf well Im not no nor anything like it well see well see now” (*U*: 910). If she is alone, then she will perform herself for herself; for her “listening I”.

Various processes are at work in *Ulysses*. One of them is the working towards resolution, which I have approached through intertextuality and genre. “Penelope” deals with a new form of that process, presenting the attempted resolution of tensions, conflicts even, within a single personality and the single voice we hear over its final fifty pages or so.

Nothing is perfect except the chapter’s ultimate realism: these tensions and conflicts cannot all be resolved, and certainly not in one night, however long. The foundations of the past seem to promise some hope for the Blooms’ future together, in some form; so Molly and Bloom remaining under the same roof, with Boylan fading

from the scene, seems more than likely. As the novel closes, it is nonetheless an open question.

Just when it seemed that *Ulysses* itself is on the point of exhaustion, all played out through parody and parallelism; non-literary Molly Bloom gives the novel a new final impetus. She does, to borrow from Whitman again, contain “multitudes”; and in performing a selection from those multitudes during one particular night, for a very special audience of one, Molly neither requires nor receives any such authorially imposed devices. Given the stage more completely than any other character in *Ulysses* – Joyce does indeed “leave the last word with Molly Bloom” – Molly ultimately and decidedly fuses the narrative and the dramatic, both writing and playing herself.

Conclusion

“redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry
producer and daily dubbing of ghosters”

(*FW*: 219)

In the opening of an essay on *Exiles*, Bernard Benstock wrote that “James Joyce’s career as a dramatist was as vague as it was minimal” (Benstock 1994: 361). After his lost early dramatic attempts, and with his one published play seeming to spend much of its time trying to decide what sort of a text it actually is, one can see Benstock’s point.

Nevertheless, to the young Joyce and those who knew him (especially the Joyce prior to 1904), this would have seemed rather an unlikely prediction for his artistic future.

Although the prose sketches, *Silhouettes*, had been written and the epiphanies were a collection in progress, Joyce the student produced significantly more dramatic writing and writing on drama before he wrote the first short story (let alone the first novel) that would begin to make his name. The subsequent appearance of *Exiles* and the form of the “Circe” episode most obviously show that this early fascination never left Joyce, with the dramatic coming to significantly inform his prose fiction.

Through dramatic techniques and motifs as well as ‘sub’ texts within *Giacomo Joyce*, *Exiles* and *Ulysses* (which would all re-appear, along with myriad others, in *Finnegans Wake*[1]), Joyce reconciled his desire to create drama with the ultimate realisation that his most natural medium was narrative prose. As a result, Joyce was able to combine and explore the full possibilities of dialogue ranging from the most artificially high-flown rhetoric to the coarsest spoken informalities through his

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[1] Although, for reasons of practicality, *Finnegans Wake* lies beyond the scope of this thesis, I hope it may be the subject of further study at a later date.

dramatised prose. The statement that Joyce made "all his novels dramatic" (*JJ*: 73), however, goes even further than Richard Ellmann intended.

In 1912, Ezra Pound wrote to Harriet Monroe, that "good art thrives in an atmosphere of parody" (Pound (1950) 1971: 13). Certainly one aspect that this thesis has sought to underline is that a major feature of Joyce's art – in getting his "old flying machine (…) up into the air" (*LI:* 300) – was his readiness to adapt and parody the works of earlier authors: with it being no surprise that several dramatists feature strongly among them. By incorporating dramatic texts such as *Hamlet*, *Cathleen ni Houlihan* and Shelley's translation of Euripides' *The Cyclops* in his work, Joyce created what Eavan Boland has called "magical ironies and detachments" (Boland 1998: 16) through juxtaposition and parodic subversion.

Through this combination of the dramatic and the narrative, Joyce's creativity was allowed to act ungoverned by his early, self-imposed Ibsenite demands of creating a realistic, exterior world. The result of this release is frequent "spectacular" and "theatrical" linguistic and narrative effects (*OCPW*: 25) formed by the ironic setting of characters' fluid (and often interior) worlds within the framework of an imposed, existing dramatic structure. The most remarkable example of this (and whose foundations were partially laid by *Giacomo Joyce*) is the free flowing consciousness evident in "Circe" being channelled – ironically and parodically – through the five act structure of *Hamlet*.

Hamlet is, of course, the textual "ghoster" most frequently subjected to Joyce's "dubbing". As we have seen in *Giacomo* and the Nighttown episode, as well as in *Exiles* and "Telemachus", Joyce used the form and content of the Shakespeare in a variety of ways. Thematically, it most notably provided him with "ghosts in the mirror" (*GJ*: 6) providing various perspectives on his own explorations of child-parent relationships and

the ageless dichotomy between seeming and being which often specifically focuses on the role of the dramatic (and often theatrical) in quotidian existence. If Homer provides mythical, then *Hamlet* offers theatrical correlatives for Joyce's often ironic presentation of the everyday.

Rather than the mirror Hamlet holds up to nature, reflecting the truth or observed reality, Giacomo Joyce constructs a mirror world based on his theatrical imagination, with the prince himself being the predominant reflected ghost. As if pre-echoing Stephen's "cracked lookingglass" (*U*: 6), this mirror presents the distorted reality Giacomo, from his secure standpoint, delights in seeing. These theatrical allusions and moments of performance, initially furnishing protection under which Giacomo's guilty urges can flourish, gradually give way to a self-awareness that clouds the mirror of his imaginative theatrical existence.

As in *Giacomo Joyce*, there is more to *Exiles* than meets the eye. Despite the understandably frequent invocation of Ibsen's name in connection with the play, Joyce was far from being restricted to following the Norwegian in his only published dramatic text. The creative struggle in Joyce between the narrative and the dramatic, sketched in *Giacomo Joyce*, is more fully reflected in the approach to experience of characters in what might be termed Joyce's 'Merrion farce'. As if unwilling exiles from a narrative tradition, these men and women seem to struggle against the dramatic genre they have found themselves within, attempting to substitute words for actions, narrative for drama.

In harmony with one of the prominent methods of Joyce's prose fiction, *Exiles* adopts and adapts diverse theatrical techniques and references. Incorporated within an Ibsenesque framework, these dramatic allusions create thematically significant ironic allusions and echoes. In 1914-15, however, and despite what he had already written and was now producing in prose, Joyce was not ready to abandon his commitment to the

realistic tradition when it came to drama. This commitment led to *Exiles'* dramatic allusions and references being significantly more subdued than is generally the case in Joyce's narrative fiction. Nonetheless, parody and linguistic inventiveness – keystones to Joyce's creativity – do, at times, rise up to send ripples across the play's realistic surface. The type of disturbance would be of a clearly different nature when Joyce returned to drama through "Circe".

A part of what we witness in *Ulysses* is the gradual resolution of this creative tension between action and words, drama and narrative. The Joyce of *Ulysses* is an artist to whom the demands of realism call less loudly than those of his own creativity. The acquisitive method of *Giacomo* and *Exiles* is maintained but there is now (especially in comparison with the latter) a far greater flexibility of form, as genres blend and intertextuality becomes a fully Joycean norm.

The curtain opens on *Ulysses* with "Telemachus" which, in presenting a parodic *Hamlet*, establishes Stephen's major role playing in the novel, if only as reflected by the "cracked lookingglass" (*U*: 6). Here the dramatic weaves its way between a medley of narrative techniques. Its attempt to usurp narrative prominence in the episode is later underlined through Joyce's parodic use of Yeats and Gregory's *Cathleen ni Houlihan*. The struggle for dominance between the two forms is mirrored by the personal politics at work in the Martello tower. Power and nationalism, themes which loom large in both *Hamlet* and *Cathleen*, are thus put in parodic perspective by the veiled power struggles acted out against those theatrical backgrounds by the three men we meet in the opening chapter.

"Cyclops" resumes the contest initiated in "Telemachus" between narrative and 'usurping' drama on various levels. The Nameless One's conflict with the narrative agency of the parodic interruptions is paralleled through the struggles witnessed in the

Euripides operating at a sub-textual level. As with the mocked, as much as mock-heroic, conflict between Bloom and The Citizen which closes the episode, the outcome of the struggle between the forms is uncertain. It will re-emerge, however, in even bolder terms in "The Oxen of the Sun".

Narrative makes its most assertive statement in the maternity hospital, as the episode races us through the history of English prose. We are presented with breathless and breath-taking narrative in which characters become quick-change artists, clothed in different styles like actors rapidly dressed and re-dressed by a theatre's costume department. As we move onto the street, the pace barely slackens but we are confronted by an abrupt formal shift. In the coda of "Oxen", drama usurps narrative's position at the moment of its most spectacular performance. This episode has its own status; requiring, as it does, a significantly different approach from those taking up *Ulysses* than anything we have met hitherto. Though also representing clear changes in narrative technique, neither "Aeolus" nor "Sirens", for example, presents us with the same kind of challenge. Taking this as my lead, I therefore decided on a different approach to the dramatic soundscape of the coda. My attempt to present this last section of the episode as a play, distributing lines and trying to distinguish between parts and players was a fascinating exercise, and is clearly a work in progress.

Just as "Circe" moves between light and shadow, so drama and narrative continue their struggle, vying here for control of the episode's conventions. Nighttown, of course, presents subversion in various senses. Following hard upon the disorientating "Oxen" coda, our reassurance in formal terms is short-lived as we enter Mabbot Street. Narrative soon intervenes to undercut and, at times, even explode theatrical convention so that, as with *Exiles* (though for different reasons), we are often far from sure what kind of text we are dealing with. There is, however, a possibly surprising connection

between "Circe" and Joyce's play. *Exiles*, though on a lesser scale, is a text whose numerous subversive echoes and allusions are 'controlled' by the three act structure of the well-made play. "Circe", abounding in allusion and subversion, is similarly framed by one of the most traditional of dramatic structures: the five act structure as used in *Hamlet*.

Superficially the chapter of so much chaos and confusion, "Circe" is ultimately the episode of harmony. The harshness of the light and the threat of the dark along the Nighttown streets ultimately blend in the resolution of formal as well as personal tensions.

We have seen how various processes are at work in *Ulysses*. One of them is the working towards resolution, which I have explored through intertextuality and genre. In reaching "Penelope", *Ulysses* seems to have exhausted all the dramatic and narrative possibilities of parody and parallelism. With the reader by now accustomed to approaching the book as a highly allusive stage, "Penelope" surprises us by the absence of these devices and techniques. Molly Bloom takes the novel into a new day with a new impetus, and she does so without externally suggested literary or theatrical echoes or imposed artistic techniques. In the bedroom of 7 Eccles St., we witness a single personality with a single voice effortlessly merging drama and narrative in her attempt to resolve everyday tensions and conflicts. Left alone on the stage of *Ulysses*, Molly performs her own story freely drawing on both forms. And, finding her own parallels and parodies, she does perform. Her doubts and need for reassurance require a listener; an audience as she lies restlessly beside her sleeping husband. Having been given "the last word", as promised by her author (*SL*: 278), Molly both tells and performs her own story; and she performs it for herself.

Joyce's ultimate achievement of formal balance in *Ulysses* is the conclusion of a protean and constantly evolving line of creative tension throughout his work, in which boundaries are often blurred through the embedding of drama in narrative. His life-long connection to theatre as a whole increasingly blended, as he developed as an artist, with his fascination for multiplicity of form and genre, and his delight in the subversion of conventions. His use of the dramatic in counterpoint to narrative prose is both the most striking manifestation of these aspects of his creativity, as well as the manner in which his most perfect work came into being.

Appendices

APPENDIX I

Giacomo Joyce, *Hamlet* and the Elizabethan-Jacobean 5 Act Scheme*

Act Nº	Traditional Function	*Hamlet* (Total number of lines: 3 892)	*Giacomo Joyce* (Total number of lines: 250)
I	The main characters are introduced and, by presenting a problem or conflict, the audience is prepared for the subsequent action.	The play starts with 'Who' and is set within a castle. Hamlet is introduced and confronted with the ghost of his dead father, who urges him to act. This begins Hamlet's agonising as to whether to act on his feelings and suspicions or not. The deceptive suaveness of Claudius is made clear. Act I has 863 lines (22.17%)	The play starts with 'Who', which introduces a mystery figure for the protagonist to pursue and discover in a castle-like setting. Giacomo, his pupil and her father are introduced. The deceptive smoothness of public speech is made apparent. The problem presented is his fascination for her and her ambiguous reaction to him, in addition to her close relationship with her father. Act I has 53 lines (21.20%)
II	New characters and situations are introduced which relate to and modify the main issue. The primary conflict develops and previously known characters are presented in greater detail.	Ophelia tells Polonius of Hamlet's seemingly mad, half-undressed and certainly frightening approach to her. The prince presents himself as an introverted and melancholic character. He also pretends to be mad, in order to hide his plans from the king. Act II has 780 lines (20.04%)	He rushes out to speak to her but is unable to do so in a coherent way. The pupil is identified as Jewish and an erotic fantasy about helping her to dress as she prepares to go to a play is juxtaposed with the memory of standing by a suicide's grave in a Jewish cemetery. Act II has 51 lines (20.4%)

III	A crisis occurs which marks an abrupt change in the course of the plot. An action is carried out that will directly lead to the final outcome.	Rather than acting directly, Hamlet uses a performance to assure himself of the king's guilt. In a state of frenzy, he accidentally kills Polonius by stabbing him. Act III has 897 lines (23.5%)	He sees her stocking and takes emotional refuge in the performance of Dowland's "Loth to depart". She stands beside him and this time he retreats through remembering another performance: his lectures on *Hamlet*. He is terrified to discover that she has been taken to hospital to have an operation, imagining the action of the surgeon's knife. Act III has 58 lines (23.2%)
IV	Tension is increased by new events which delay and will alter the final outcome.	The questioning over and search for Polonius' body brings in many references to the senses and physicality. Ophelia drowns, possibly having unconsciously committed suicide, and there is a plot (between Laertes and Claudius) against Hamlet. Having escaped this plot, Hamlet returns to court. Act IV has 650 lines (16.7%)	Her body and the spectators in the theatre usher in a multitude of references to the senses and physicality. Act IV has 41 lines (16.4%)

V	The conflict presented in the play is resolved.	Hamlet experiences the strangely disjointed graveyard scene, in which he is 'reunited' with Yorick before Ophelia's funeral. The prince comes to a decision, a sense of readiness, and takes part in the duel. He 'purifies' the court but his own destruction is part of that process. The immediate problem is resolved but there is some ambiguity as to what will happen to Denmark in the hands of his successor. Act V has 702 lines (18.04%)	The speaker experiences the hallucinatory 'Parisian room' scene in which he is 'reunited' with Gogarty. He is in turmoil, as the struggle with his conscience reaches its peak. He then discovers that she has chosen another rather than him and he feels at once rejected and saved. The possibility of a guilt-ridden relationship, however faint, has been ended. Nevertheless, we are left with another 'knot' or puzzle to untie by way of the objects left on top of the piano and the 'envoy'. What the immediate future holds for them and their relationship is unclear. Act V has 47 lines (18.8%)

* *Giacomo Joyce* and *Hamlet* have been summarised in terms of their correspondences.

The number of lines given is according to the Arden edition, edited by Harold Jenkins in 1982. With *Giacomo Joyce,* I counted the number of lines in the 1968 edition referred to above. In terms of comparing percentages, I don't believe this difference in approach is significant.

APPENDIX II

The “Oxen of the Sun” coda[1]: a drama in dialogue

Some stage directions have been added and will, I hope, help to clarify the more difficult passages. They are, naturally, based on my interpretation of what is going on at particular moments and, as mentioned in chapter 4.3, on the assumption that not everything said by the characters has been transcribed in the chapter. In other words, the coda contains recorded responses to unrecorded but inferred statements.

BLOOM: All off for a buster, armstrong, hollering down the street.
MULLIGAN: Bonafides.
CROTTHERS: Where you slep las nigh?
LYNCH: Timothy of the battered naggin.
DIXON: Like ole Billyo.
BANNON: Any brollies or gumboots in the family?
MULLIGAN: Where the Henry Nevil’s sawbones and ole clo?
CROTTHERS: Sorra one o me knows.
MADDEN: Hurrah there, Dix!
DIXON: Forward the ribbon counter. Where’s Punch?
PUNCH: All serene.
THE DENZILLE LANE BOYS: Jay, look at the drunken minister coming out of the maternity hospal!
MULLIGAN: Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius.
THE DENZILLE LANE BOYS: A make, mister.
STEPHEN: The Denzille lane boys.
DIXON: Hell, blast ye!
BLOOM: Scoot.
MULLIGAN: Righto, Isaacs, shove em out of the bleeding limelight.

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[1] (*U*: 555-561).

DIXON: (To Bloom) Yous join us, dear sir?

MULLIGAN: No hentrusion in life.

DIXON: Lou heap good man. Allee samee this bunch.

LENEHAN: En avant, mes enfants! Fire away number one on the gun.

ALL (except Bloom): Burke's!

MULLIGAN: Thence they advanced five parasangs.

COSTELLO: Slattery's mounted foot

MULLIGAN: Where's that bleeding awfur? Parson Steve, apostates' creed!

STEPHEN: No, no. Mulligan!

LENEHAN: Abaft there! Shove ahead.

DIXON: Keep a watch on the clock.

BANNON: Chuckingout time. Mullee! What's on you?

MULLIGAN: Ma mère m'a mariée.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS: British Beatitudes!

MULLIGAN: Ratamplan Digidi Boum Boum.

BANNON: Ayes have it.

MULLIGAN: To be printed and bound at the Druiddrum press by two designing females. Calf covers of pissedon green. Last word in art shades. Most beautiful book come out of Ireland my time.

STEPHEN: Silentium!

COSTELLO: Get a spurt on.

DIXON: Tention. Proceed to nearest canteen and there annex liquor stores. March!

COSTELLO: Tramp, tramp the boys are

STEPHEN: (Attitudes!)

COSTELLO: Parching.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS and STEPHEN: Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops.

MADDEN: Whether on the scaffold high.

COSTELLO: Beerbeef trample the bibles.

MADDEN: When for Irelandear.

COSTELLO: Trample the trampellers.

LYNCH: Thunderation!

BANNON: Keep the durned millingtary step.

MADDEN: We fall.

(They arrive outside Burke’s)

MULLIGAN: Bishops' boosebox.

LENEHAN: Halt! Heave to.

CROTTHERS: Rugger. Scrum in.

MADDEN: No touch kicking.

MULLIGAN: Wow, my tootsies!

DIXON: You hurt?

COSTELLO: Most amazingly sorry!

(They enter Burke’s)

MULLIGAN: Query. Who’s astanding this here do?

LYNCH: Proud possessor of damnall.

CROTTHERS: Declare misery.

COSTELLO: Bet to the ropes.

LENHAN: Me nantee saltee.

MADDEN: Not a red at me this week gone.

STEPHEN: Yours?

MULLIGAN: Mead of our fathers for the Übermensch.

BANNON: Dittoh.

STEPHEN: Five number ones. You, sir?

BLOOM: Ginger cordial.

COSTELLO: Chase me, the cabby’s candle.

BLOOM: Stimulate the caloric.

MULLIGAN: Winding of his ticker.

BANNON: Stopped short never to go again when the old.

STEPHEN: Absinthe for me, savvy?

LENEHAN: Caramba!

BLOOM: Have an eggnog or a prairie oyster.

MULLIGAN: Enemy?

BANNON: Avuncular’s got my timepiece.

BLOOM: Ten to.

MULLIGAN: Obligated awful.

BLOOM: Don't mention it.

MADDEN: Got a pectoral trauma, eh, Dix?

DIXON: Pos fact. Got bet be a boomblebee whenever he was settin sleep in hes bit garten. Digs up near the Mater. Buckled he is.

LENEHAN: Know his dona?

DIXON: Yup, sartin, I do. Full of a dure.

LENEHAN: See her in her dishybilly. Peels off a credit. Lovey lovekin. None of your lean kine, not much.

MULLIGAN: Pull down the blind, love.

STEPHEN: (Ordering drinks) Two Ardilauns.

COSTELLO: Same here.

LYNCH: Look slippery.

LENEHAN: If you fall don't wait to get up.

DIXON: (Checking the order) Five, seven, nine. Fine!

LENEHAN: Got a prime pair of mincepies, no kid. And her take me to rests and her anker of rum. Must be seen to be believed. Your starving eyes and allbeplastered neck you stole my heart.

BLOOM: (Checking his shirt, which is sticky after “Nausicaa” and, at the same time, producing his potato to ask Dixon about its medical properties) O
gluepot.

MULLIGAN: (Overhearing Bloom’s question and intervening) Sir? Spud again the rheumatiz? All poppycock, you'll scuse me saying. For the hoi polloi. I
vear thee best a gert vool.

BARMAN: Well, doc? Back fro Lapland? Your corporosity sagaciating OK? How’s the squaws and papooses? Womanbody after going on the straw?

NAMELESS ONE: Stand and deliver.

MULLIGAN: Password.

NAMELESS ONE: There’s hair.

MULLIGAN: Ours the white death and the ruddy birth.

(Stephen spits)

DIXON: Hi! Spit in your own eye, boss.

MULLIGAN: Mummer’s wire. Cribbed out of Meredith. Jesified orchidised polycimical jesuit! Aunty mine’s writing Pa Kinch. Baddybad Stephen lead astray goodygood Malachi.

MULLIGAN: Hurroo! Collar the leather, youngun.

CROTTHERS: Roun wi the nappy.

MULLIGAN: Here, Jock braw Hielentman's your barleybree.

CROTTHERS: Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil!

LENEHAN: My tipple. Merci. Here's to us.

COSTELLO: How's that? Leg before wicket.

MULLIGAN: Don't stain my brandnew sitinems.

BANNON: Give's a shake of pepper, you there.

LENEHAN: Catch aholt. Caraway seed to carry away. Twig?

BANNON: Shrieks of silence.

STEPHEN: Every cove to his gentry mort.

MULLIGAN: Venus Pandemos.

COSTELLO: Les petites femmes.

MULLIGAN: Bold bad girl from the town of Mullingar. Tell her I was axing at her.

CROTTHERS: Hauding Sara by the wame.

LYNCH: On the road to Malahide. Me? If she who seduced me had left but the name.

COSTELLO: What do you want for ninepence?

MULLIGAN: Machree, Macruiskeen. Smutty Moll for a mattress jig. And a pull altogether. Ex!

COSTELLO: Waiting, guvnor?

BARMAN: Most deciduously.

MADDEN: Bet your boots on.

LENEHAN: Stunned like seeing as how no shiners is acoming, Underconstumble?

COSTELLO: He've got the chink ad lib.

CROTTHERS: Seed near free poun on un a spell ago a said war hisn.

COSTELLO: Us come right in on your invite, see? Up to you, matey. Out with the oof.

BARMAN: Two bar and a wing.

DIXON: You larn that go off of they there Frenchy bilks? Won't wash here for nuts nohow.

STEPHEN: Lil chile vely solly.

COSTELLO: Ise de cutest colour coon down our side. Gawds teruth, Chawley.

CROTTHERS: We are nae fou. We're nae tha fou.

LENEHAN: (To Stephen as he moves away to a different part of the bar) Au reservoir, Mossoo. Tanks you. (He spies Bantom Lyons) 'Tis, sure. What say? In the speakeasy. Tight. I shee you, shir. Bantam, two days teetee. Mowsing nowt but claretwine. Garn! Have a glint, do.

MADDEN: (Going to the toilet) Gum, I'm jiggered.

COSTELLO: And been to barber he have.

DIXON: Too full for words.

LENEHAN: With a railway bloke.

COSTELLO: How come you so?

LENEHAN: Opera he'd like? Rose of Castille. Rows of cast. Police! Some H2O for a gent fainted. Look at Bantam's flowers.

DIXON: Gemini, he's going to holler.

BANTAM LYONS: The colleen bawn, my colleen bawn.

COSTELLO: O, cheese it! Shut his blurry Dutch oven with a firm hand.

LENEHAN: Had the winner today till I tipped him a dead cert. The ruffin cly the nab of Stephen Hand as give me the jady coppaleen. He strike a telegramboy paddock wire big bug Bass to the depot. Shove him a joey and grahamise. Mare on form hot order. Guinea to a goosegog.

COSTELLO: Tell a cram, that.

LENEHAN: Gospel-true. Criminal diversion? I think that yes. Sure thing. Land him in chokeechokee if the harman beck copped the game.

MULLIGAN: (On Madden's return from the toilet) Madden back Madden's a maddening back.

STEPHEN: O, lust, our refuge and our strength.

LENEHAN: Decamping.

Railway Bloke: Must you go?

Bantam Lyons: Off to mammy.

LENEHAN: Stand by. Hide my blushes someone. All in if he spots me. Comeahome, our Bantam: Horryvar, mong vioo.

RAILWAY BLOKE: Dinna forget the cowslips for hersel. Cornfide. Wha gev ye thon colt? Pal to pal. Jannock.

BANTAM LYONS: Of John Thomas, her spouse. No fake, old man Leo. S'elp me, honest injun. Shiver my timbers if I had.

RAILWAY BLOKE: There's a great big holy friar. Vyfor you no me tell? Vel, I ses, if that aint a sheeny nachez, vel, I vil get misha mishinnah. Through yerd our lord, Amen.

LYNCH: You move a motion?

STEPHEN: Steve boy, you're going it some. More bluggy drunkables?

MULLIGAN: Will immensely splendiferous stander permit one stooder of most extreme poverty and one largesize grandacious thirst to terminate one expensive inaugurated libation?

STEPHEN: Give’s a breather.

COSTELLO: Landlord, landlord, have you good wine, staboo?

DIXON: Hoots, mon, wee drap to pree.

STEPHEN: Cut and some again. Right Boniface! Absinthe the lot. Nos omnes biberimus viridum toxicum diabolus capiat posteriora nostra.

BARMAN: Closingtime, gents.

STEPHEN: Eh? Rome boose for the Bloom toff.

BANNON: I hear you say onions? Bloo? Cadges ads? Photo’s papli, by all that’s gorgeous!

MULLIGAN: Play low, pardner. Slide.

BANNON: Bonsoir la compagnie.

MULLIGAN: And snares of the poxfiend. (Mulligan and Bannon leave.)

COSTELLO: Where’s the buck and Namby Amby? Skunked?

DIXON: Leg bail.

CROTTHERS: Aweel, ye maun e'en gang yer gates.

STEPHEN: Checkmate. King to tower. Kind Kristyann will yu help, yung man hoose frend tuk bungalo kee to find plais whear to lay crown off his hed 2
night.

MADDEN: Crickey, I'm about sprung.

DIXON: Tarnally dog gone my shins if this beent the bestest putties longbreakyet.

LENEHAN: Item, curate, couple of cookies for this child.

DIXON: Cot’s plood and prandypalls, none! Not a pite of sheeses?

STEPHEN: Thrust syphilis down to hell and with him those other licensed spirits.

BARMAN: Time.

STEPHEN: Who wander through the world. Health all.

LENEHAN: A la vôtre!

DIXON: Golly, whatten tunket’s yon guy in the mackintosh?

MADDEN: Dusty Rhodes.

CROTTHERS: Peep at his wearables.

MADDEN: By mighty! What’s he got?

COSTELLO: Jubilee mutton. Bovril, by James. Wants it real bad.

CROTTHERS: D'ye ken bare socks?

COSTELLO: Seedy cuss in the Richmond?

CROTTHERS: Rawthere!

COSTELLO: Thought he had a deposit of lead in his penis.

MADDEN: Trumpery insanity.

COSTELLO: Bartle the Bread we calls him.

CROTTHERS: That, sir, was once a prosperous cit.

COSTELLO: Man all tattered and torn that married a maiden all forlorn. Slung her hook, she did.

MADDEN: Here see lost love. Walking Mackintosh of lonely canyon.

BARMAN: Tuck and turn in. Schedule time.

COSTELLO: Nix for the hornies.

(Bloom, interested in Macintosh, tells Stephen he saw him today at Dignam's funeral.)

STEPHEN: See him today at a runefal?

CROTTHERS: Chum o yourn passed in his checks?

COSTELLO: Ludamassy! Pore picanninies!

CROTTHERS: Thou'll no be telling me thot, Pold veg!

STEPHEN: Did urns blubble bigsplash crytears cos fries Padney was took off in black bag?

COSTELLO: Of all de darkies Massa Pat was verra best.

CROTTHERS: I never see the like since I was born.

COSTELLO: Tiens, tiens, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes.

RAILWAY BLOKE: O get, rev on a gradient one in nine. Live axle drives are souped. Lay you two to one Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow. Jappies? High angle fire, inyah! Sunk by war specials. Be worse for him, says he, nor any Rooshian.

BARMAN: Time all. There's eleven of them. Get ye gone.

COSTELLO: Forward, woozy wobblers!

MADDEN: Night. Night.

LENEHAN: May Allah, the Excellent One, your soul this night ever tremendously conserve.

CROTTHERS: Your attention! We're nae thy fou. The Leith police dismisseth us.

COSTELLO: The least tholice.

DIXON: Ware hawks for the chap puking.

LYNCH: Unwell in his abominable regions.

CHAP PUKING: Yooka.

DIXON: Night.

CROTTHERS: Mona, my thrue love.

CHAP PUKING: Yook.

COSTELLO: Mona, my own love.

CHAP PUKING: Ook.

DIXON: Hark! Shut your obstropolos.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaap! Pflaap!

CROTTHERS: Blaze on. There she goes.

COSTELLO: Brigade!

LENEHAN: Bout ship. Mount street way. Cut up.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaap!

DIXON: Tally ho. You not come?

STEPHEN: Run, skelter, race.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaaaap! (The others go off after the fire brigade; leaving Stephen, Lynch and Bloom)

STEPHEN: Lynch!

LYNCH: Hey?

STEPHEN: Sign on long o me. Denzille lane this way. Change here for Bawdyhouse. We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is.

LYNCH: Righto, any old time.

STEPHEN: Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis. You coming long?

LYNCH: Whisper, who the sooty hell's the johnny in the black duds?

STEPHEN: Hush! Sinned against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaap!

STEPHEN: Ut implerentur scripturae. Strike up a ballad. Then outspake medical Dick to his comrade medical Davy.

LYNCH: Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gospeller on the Merrion hall?

STEPHEN: Elijah is coming washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

ALEXANDER J. DOWIE POSTER: Come on, you winefizzling ginsizzling booseguzzling existences! Come on, you dog-gone, bullnecked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed four flushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple extract of infamy! Alexander J. Christ Dowie,

that’s yanked to glory most half this planet from Frisco Beach to Vladivostok. The Deity ain't no nickel dime bumshow. I put it to you. That he’s on the square and a corking fine business proposition. He’s the grandest thing yet and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in King Jesus. You'll need to rise precious early, you sinner there, if you want to diddle the Almighty God.

FIRE BRIGADE: Pflaaaap!

LYNCH: Not half.

ALEXANDER J. DOWIE POSTER: He’s got a coughmixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his backpocket. Just you try it on.

APPENDIX III

"Circe", *Hamlet* and the Elizabethan-Jacobean 5 Act Scheme*

Act Nº	Traditional Function	*Hamlet* Total nº lines: 3 892	*Circe* Total nº lines: 4 952
I	The main characters are introduced and, by presenting a problem or conflict, the audience is prepared for the subsequent action.	Talk of an apparition has created a sense of abnormality. In the first act Hamlet is introduced and confronted with the ghost of his dead father who urges him to avenge him. The focus is thus on Hamlet's sense of duty and guilt. Act I has 863 lines (22.17%)	Act I (*U*: 561-599) The episode opens with what seem like other worldly figures disrupting the general sense of normality. Act I contains several visions: ghosts from the past The focus is on Bloom's sense of guilt (mostly sexual, though some filial). Act I has 1264 lines (25.53%)
II	New characters and situations are introduced which relate to and modify the main issue. The primary conflict develops and previously known characters are presented in greater detail.	Ophelia tells Polonius of Hamlet's mad, frightening approach to her. He presents himself as an introverted and melancholic character. Excited by the arrival of the players and the idea of performance, in which he'll "catch the conscience of the king", he pretends to be mad, in order to conceal his purpose. Act II has 780 lines (20.04%)	Act II (*U*: 599-620) The 2nd act is framed by two short conversations between Bloom and Zoe. An extended vision sequence then shows an increasingly frenetic Bloom taking on various roles which show his theatrical but frustrated attempts to accomplish his aims (by rising in the world). In the midst of which we have "The Court of Conscience". Act II has 728 lines(14.70%)

III	A crisis occurs which marks an abrupt change in the course of the plot. An action is carried out that will directly lead to the final outcome.	Reality and fiction are slightly blurred as the play within the play acts upon both Hamlet and the king. Having vicariously faced the king through *The Murder of Gonzago*, Hamlet then comes into various types of conflict with other authority figures: his mother, Polonius and the ghost. Act III has 897 lines (23.05%)	Act III (*U*: 620-663) This act is more complex in structure, with the visions becoming increasingly surrealistic. A lengthy sequence introduces various authority figures. This is followed by Bloom's ultimate sexual degradation at the hands of Bella/Bello. Act III has1405 lines(28.37%)
IV	Tension is increased by new events which delay and will alter the final outcome.	Hamlet appears less in this act than in any of the others. There are more and shorter scenes giving an impression of accelerated and rather bewildering pace to the action. It begins with the questioning and search for Polonius' body. Many references to the senses and physicality. Ophelia is drowned and there is a plot (between Laertes and Claudius) against Hamlet. Having escaped this plot, Hamlet returns to court. It ends with Claudius and Gertrude in pursuit of the uncontrolled Laertes. Act IV has 650 lines (16.7%)	Act IV (*U*: 663-686) This act turns slightly away from Bloom to concentrate on Stephen. A mass of short surreal and realistic scenes intermingle and are, at times, indistinguishable. With the 'Dance of Death' and Stephen's mother, there is an even greater emphasis on the senses and physicality. Bella's 'plot' to cheat Stephen of more money than he owes comes to nothing. The act ends with Bloom and the others going into the street after Stephen, who seems out of control. Act IV has 906 lines (18.30%)

V	The conflict presented in the play is resolved.	In the graveyard scene, and after a tone shifting meeting with gravediggers, Hamlet is ‘reunited’ with Yorick, before Ophelia’s funeral. He comes to a decision, feels a sense of readiness, and takes part in the duel. He ‘purifies’ the court but his own destruction is part of that process. The problem is seemingly resolved as Fortinbras arrives to usher in a new, supposedly incorrupt regime. Act V has 702 lines (18.04%)	Act V (*U*: 686-703) Reality and vision are now almost completely interwoven. The minor conflict in the street, a parodic duel - considered by one side to be over a ‘lady’ - becomes a paradigm for all conflicts building up to a crescendo which then diminishes - but not before Corny Kelleher, an undertaker has appeared and changed the tone of the situation, leaving Bloom alone with the prostrate Stephen. The vision of uncorrupted Rudy replaces the underworld visions of Nighttown. Act V has 649 lines (13.11%)

* *Circe* and *Hamlet* have been summarised according to their correspondences.

The number of lines given is according to the Arden edition, edited by Harold Jenkins in 1982. With *Circe,* I counted the number of lines in the 1960 Bodley Head text offset edition reissued by Penguin in 1992. In terms of comparing percentages, I don’t believe this difference in approach is significant.

Resumo alargado

Extended Abstract in Portuguese

Theatrical Joyce explora o modo como a influência do teatro teve um efeito central na escrita de Joyce, conduzindo a uma tensão criativa que atravessa toda a sua obra, entre o instinto dramático e o desejo igualmente inerente de explorar as diversas possibilidades da forma narrativa.

Na sua juventude, o futuro artístico de Joyce enquanto escritor de ficção em prosa estava longe de estar decidido. De facto, ao longo da vida, Joyce mostrou mais interesse pelo teatro, nas suas muitas variações, do que pelo género que iria revolucionar. Entusiasmava-se com o espectáculo em qualquer das suas formas: desde o teatro literário, à ópera, às pantomimas, ao *music hall* e ao teatro popular, apresentados em Dublin no final do século XIX e início do século XX, até aos diversos tipos de espectáculos que fruiu no continente nos anos posteriores.

Apesar das primeiras tentativas literárias terem sido em composições líricas em verso e curtos textos em prosa, as suas maiores ambições na área da escrita enquanto estudante universitário eram um reflexo do entusiasmo pelo teatro. As primeiras obras que Joyce publicou eram ensaios críticos exclusivamente sobre teatro, que ele proclamava ser a mais alta forma de arte.

Stanislaus Joyce fala de uma peça de teatro de juventude, agora perdida, *A Brilliant Career* que parece ter sido profundamente influenciada por Ibsen (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 126-31). Apesar de, como Ellmann sugere (*JJ*: 79), talvez ter sido um “Ibcenest nansence!” (*FW*: 535) mais do que qualquer outra coisa, é um sinal de como o “velho mestre” (*OCPW*: 52. trad. nossa) era mais importante para Joyce, nesses anos de juventude, do que qualquer outro artista, apesar de alguma influência wagneriana e a sombra sempre presente de Shakespeare.

Para além de frequentes idas como estudante ao teatro popular e ao *music hall*, Joyce cultivava o seu papel como artista solitário e supostamente único cruzado na causa do

dramaturgo norueguês. Contudo, devido à quase completa ausência de Ibsen dos palcos Dublin durante esses anos, a experiência que teve dessas obras foi fundamentalmente enquanto leitor. O contacto com Wagner foi semelhante porque, apesar de terem sido apresentados excertos de obras suas ao publico de Dublin, o espectáculo global da ópera wagneriana não foi oferecida nessa cidade durante a juventude de Joyce. O teatro sério foi, por isso, fixado primeiramente por Joyce como um texto para ser lido: os efeitos principais eram literários em vez de teatrais, e a encenação e as técnicas teatrais eram ignoradas ou vistas como questões secundárias.

Contudo, para as pantomimas e outros espectáculos populares no Gaiety e no Dan Lowry's Music Hall, essas 'questões secundárias' eram de importância fundamental, mas com uma diferença significativa. Ao contrário da forma literária, o teatro popular, com convenções menos rigorosas e um público talvez mais aberto à mudança e à surpresa, podia encenar praticamente o que quisesse e da forma que quisesse, sem os constrangimentos do realismo. O conteúdo estava longe de ser insignificante; e naquilo que era talvez mais do que um dito espirituoso, Joyce afirmou que "o *music hall*, não a poesia, é a crítica da vida" (*MBK* (1958) 1982: 110; trad. nossa). O gosto pelas formas populares, livres da responsabilidade do realismo, continuaram ao longo da vida de James Joyce.

A maior parte das teorias literárias de Joyce (tal como são expressas nos artigos e outros escritos de juventude) estão centradas no drama realista desenvolvido por Ibsen. Apesar do seu empenho intelectual nesse dramaturgo e no tipo de teatro que preconizava, Joyce não tinha grande conhecimento prático do drama realista, nem a inclinação emocional para o criar à maneira de Ibsen ou outra. Se *A Brilliant Career* e, em menor grau, *Exiles* provam essa falta de inclinação, "Circe" em particular pode ser considerada como reunindo as formas teatrais mais espectaculares – mais 'populares', mas também mais

wagnerianas do que ibsenianas na sua natureza 'global' – que intrigavam e fascinavam Joyce.

Pound escreveu a Harriet Monroe, em 1912, que "a boa arte desenvolve-se numa atmosfera de paródia" (Pound (1950) 1971: 13; trad. nossa). Um elemento fundamental da arte de Joyce – no "lançar a velha máquina voadora … para o ar" (*LI:* 300; trad. nossa) – era a sua capacidade de adaptar e parodiar as obras de autores anteriores: e não era surpresa haver vários dramaturgos entre eles. Mas ao incorporar na sua obra textos dramáticos como *Hamlet*, *Cathleen ni Houlihan* e *The Cyclops*, de Eurípides, em tradução de Shelley, Joyce criou aquilo a que Eavan Boland chamou "distanciamentos e ironias mágicas" (Boland 1998: 16; trad. nossa) através da justaposição e subversão paródica.

A utilização de técnicas dramáticas acompanhadas por 'sub' textos em *Giacomo Joyce*, *Exiles* e *Ulysses* (que iriam reaparecer, com um sem número de outros, em *Finnegans Wake*) permitiram a Joyce reconciliar o desejo de criar drama com a consciencialização de que o *medium* que lhe era mais natural era a prosa narrativa. Um elemento dessa prosa dramatizada era a capacidade de Joyce combinar e explorar a possibilidades do diálogo, desde a retórica mais artificial e exagerada às informalidades orais mais rudes. Joyce encontrou um conceito de drama que lhe permitia usar os efeitos "espectaculares e teatrais" (*OCPW*: 25; trad. nossa) que o atraíam, sem estar encarcerado numa forma que era essencialmente diferente das suas inclinações criativas básicas. Livre dos constrangimentos da encenação real ou da representação teatral literal, pode usar o dramático e explorar a tensão formal daí resultante dentro das páginas de um texto ostensivamente narrativo.

Através da combinação do dramático e do narrativo, Joyce pode deixar fluir a criatividade sem o controlo das exigências auto-impostas do ibsenisno de juventude e da

criação de um mundo exterior realista. O resultado desta libertação é, muitas vezes, efeitos narrativos e linguísticos "espectaculares" e "teatrais" formados pelo enquadramento irónico do fluir dos mundos (muitas vezes interiores) dos personagens numa estrutura dramática imposta e pré-existente. *Theatrical Joyce* tem como base o estudo de alguns desses textos que, em minha opinião, ilustram bem (mas não exclusivamente) esta tensão criativa.

O primeiro capítulo explora a forma como o interesse de Joyce pelo teatro influenciou o seu crescimento criativo na juventude. Tendo chamado a atenção para o efeito dos espectáculos em que participou (em contexto doméstico ou como amador) nas tensões entre o instinto e a teoria adoptada, o capítulo continua examinando a influência desse debate nos seus escritos críticos.

Giacomo Joyce, examinado no capítulo seguinte, atrai-nos para a busca do teatral dentro da narrativa à medida que a natureza da relação do protagonista com a aluna é explorada através da justaposição com um leque de alusões a textos dramáticos e, em particular, o enquadramento irónico dessa relação com a estrutura em cinco actos de *Hamlet*.

O capítulo sobre a única peça que Joyce publicou, *Exiles*, estuda o conflito entre os momentos de clara teatralidade no texto, através da utilização de vários géneros dramáticos e da aparente inclinação dos personagens para se apresentarem como se pertencessem a um texto essencialmente narrativo. A tentativa de subjugar as palavras às acções ou o drama à narrativa ilumina a luta do autor entre adesão auto-consciente à teoria dramática ibseniana e um instinto natural para o paralelismo e paródia através do espectáculo teatral.

"Preparatory to anything else" serve como introdução ao estudo de alguns dos episódios do "Blue Book of Eccles" (*FW*: 179). É apresentado o argumento de que *Ulysses*, não só utiliza com frequência técnicas convencionalmente mais ligadas ao drama do que ao

romance, mas também ecoa, através do paralelismo e da paródia, vários géneros teatrais e até peças de teatro específicas. Em “Telemachus”, “Cyclops”, “The Oxen of the Sun”, “Circe”, e “Penelope” são exploradas linhas significativamente diversas de desenvolvimento da tensão entre narrativa e drama. Cada um dos cinco episódios escolhidos aplica técnicas especificamente dramáticas, e/ou incorpora aspectos de peças de teatro existentes através dos quais se transformam – parcialmente ou na totalidade – em novos textos, quase-dramáticos.

Em “‘Telemachus’: Staged Irishmen”, é examinada a luta do modo narrativo para controlar as ambições de usurpação do drama, através de um conjunto de técnicas, que incluiu uso subversivo de dois textos dramáticos fundamentais: *Hamlet* e *Cathleen ni Houlihan*. A utilização do mito irlandês na segunda e o estatuto ‘clássico’, quase mítico, de Shakespeare estabelece uma perspectiva irónica nos vários acontecimentos e ideias que surgem na *Martello tower*.

O episódio “Cyclops” assiste ao gigantesco ‘Eu’ do monólogo dramático realista a lutar com um conjunto de paródias narrativas. Estas paródias, ou interrupções narrativas, rivalizam com o protagonista pelo domínio do capítulo, ao mesmo tempo fazendo troça da história que ele está a tentar contar. A rejeição anterior das “leis” dramáticas gregas (*OCPW*: 23) é sublinhada através da paródia parcial da figura do coro que, tradicionalmente, relata as acções que a audiência não vê representadas. Seguindo “Telemachus”, “Cyclops” encena um debate entre narrativa e drama em vários níveis; e, tal como no episódio anterior, um texto dramático – neste caso, *The Cyclops*, de Euripides, (que já estabelece o seu diálogo com o épico original) – adiciona Homero à apresentação de um cenário irónico para os acontecimentos na Dublin de Joyce.

Após examinar a ligação entre os papéis dos personagens e a narrativa espectacular, de um virtuosismo camaleónico em “The Oxen of the Sun”, “Shouts in the Street” passa

para uma área diferente, conduzindo o texto à dramatização. O *coda* de "Oxen" conduz o episódio da narrativa para o drama: a aparência do texto na página sugere uma narrativa coloquial caótica; o som sugere um diálogo demótico dramático. Agindo sobre essa ideia, e adoptando uma abordagem diferente para um episódio tão diferente, tentei reescrever esse *coda* como um texto dramático atribuindo falas a vários personagens, nomeados ou não.

"Circe" é o capítulo em que muitos dos temas de *Ulysses* chegam à sua conclusão. O episódio em Nighttown transforma o romance naquilo que, subitamente, parece uma peça de teatro, encenando o clímax da luta entre drama e narrativa. Como se complementando a *performance* anterior em *Giacomo Joyce*, *Hamlet* fornece de novo uma estrutura paródica para essa luta entre formas e a libertação dentro da estrutura shakespeariana em cinco actos.

Na sua obra, Joyce apropriou-se de *Hamlet* de várias maneiras, quer em termos de forma quer de conteúdo. O capítulo final de *Ulysses* é totalmente dedicada àquela que é talvez a mais significante da técnica dramática do príncipe: o solilóquio. Será mesmo um solilóquio? Será que o discurso de Molly deverá ser antes designado monólogo? Se o for, qual é o significado dessa distinção? Após um breve debate das implicações das duas formas em termos de audiência, o capítulo continua explorando o papel de Molly como, ao mesmo tempo, narrador e actor; à medida que a narrativa e o dramático se fundem num episódio sem recurso à paródia teatral ou aos paralelismos a que nos fomos habituando ao longo do nosso dia em Dublin.

A realização última do equilíbrio formal em *Ulysses* é a conclusão de uma linha de tensão criativa em constante evolução ao longo da obra Joyce, em que as fronteiras são muitas vezes vagas através da incorporação do drama na narrativa. A ligação ao teatro

foi, à medida que se desenvolvia como artista, fundindo-se com o fascínio pela multiplicidade de formas e de géneros, e o seu gosto pela subversão de convenções.

A utilização do dramático como contraponto da prosa narrativa é, ao mesmo tempo, uma manifestação notável desses aspectos da criatividade de Joyce.

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