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JAMES JOYCE' ULYSSES AND VICO'S "PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITY".

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JAMES JOYCE' ULYSSES AND VICO'S "PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITY"

by
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Anyone who writes on Joyce today is indebted to the many scholars, critics, and friends and associates of Joyce who have contributed to our understanding of both the man and his works. Specific indebtedness is indicated in the notes, but a more extensive and elusive indebtedness can only be acknowledged here in general.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS		ii
INTRODUCTION		1
Chapter		
I.	THE PROBLEM OF MEANING	15
II.	VICO'S NEW SCIENCE	36
III.	ESTHETICS	57
IV.	THE KEY	87
V.	RELIGION	110
VI.	MARRIAGE	132
VII.	BURIAL	155
VIII.	DIVINE PROVIDENCE: ARCHITECT OF HUMAN HISTORY	169
CONCLUSION		212
LIST OF WORKS CITED		215

INTRODUCTION

More than forty years have passed since the publication of Ulysses. During this forty year period Joyce's reputation has advanced steadily. The self-exiled and once-banned writer has become an Irish institution. The Dublin cleaning establishment, Prescott's, now commemorates the anniversary week of the birth of James Joyce in a newspaper advertisement dominated by a brooding portrait of Joyce and proudly announcing that "Prescott's . . . are signally honoured by being mentioned twice in James Joyce's world-famous novel Ulysses." The Martello tower, scene of the opening action of Ulysses (and at one time actually occupied by Joyce and Oliver St. John Gogarty, the prototype of Buck Mulligan), is now a James Joyce museum. Outside of Ireland, particularly in the United States, Joyce's fame has long been attested by all the marks of literary eminence. Universities have been happy to accept collections of his manuscripts, letters, books, notes, and family mementoes. The Slocum collection at Yale; the collection of manuscripts, family portraits, mementoes, and books from his personal library at the Lockwood Memorial Library of the University of Buffalo (where a large room is devoted exclusively to a display of the family portraits and mementoes and the personal library); the collection of photographs

in the Croessman collection at Illinois Southern University; the Joyce collection at Cornell University; all attest to Joyce's eminence. A James Joyce Society has been founded. Two books in the Yale Studies in English have been devoted to Joyce. Books, doctoral dissertations, scholarly articles in literary quarterlies and learned journals appear in increasing numbers each year. Numerous memoirs by his associates have appeared. Joyce has attained a virtually unquestioned place in literary history and more on the basis of Ulysses than any other of his works. Yet fundamental aspects of the novel--questions of structure, techniques, intention, and meaning--are still matters of controversy. And the division of critical judgment on these issues can be extreme. Consequently a work dealing with any of these central aspects should make clear the specific problem with which it deals and how this problem is related to scholarship and criticism dealing with Ulysses.

The problem taken up in this study is one of the most persistent problems in the criticism of Ulysses, one of intention and meaning: to what extent is Ulysses an indictment of Dublin (and by extension the modern world) and to what extent is it, on the other hand, an acceptance--or even a celebration--of humanity? That is to say, what is Joyce's implicit view of the characters in the novel, particularly Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, and Molly Bloom? And what is his view of the society of which they are a part?

Ezra Pound was one of the first critics to read Ulysses as

social criticism. In Ulysses, Joyce continues the art of Flaubert from where Flaubert left off in the unfinished Bouvard et Pécuchet.[1] Like Flaubert's book, Ulysses satirizes the "received ideas" of a society. Only Flaubert and Rabelais had previously attacked a whole century, "setting them against a whole idiotic encyclopedia!"[2] Joyce is in their class.[3]

Hugh Kenner has elaborated upon the view of Pound. He also sees Ulysses as a satire of received ideas, but he goes beyond Pound in seeing the satire as based upon the values of pre-Romantic Christian humanism. In the materialistic society of the twentieth century "the Mystical Body has rotted,"[4] and the disintegration is represented by a "split man," Stephen-Bloom, Stephen the alienated esthete and Bloom the despiritualized worshipper of science.[5]

Richard Ellmann occupies the extreme position among those who see Ulysses as a celebration of humanity. Bloom is "the Divine Nobody": "The divine part of Bloom is simply his humanity--

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[1]Ezra Pound, "James Joyce et Pécuchet," Mercure de France, CLVI (1922), translated and reprinted in Shenandoah, III, (1952), 9.

[2]Ibid., p. 13.

[3]Ibid., p. 17.

[4]Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce (London: Chatto and Windus, 1955), p. 234.

[5]Ibid., p. 170-172.

his assumption of a bond between himself and other beings."[6] Stephen has affinities with Bloom, the main difference between them being that Stephen has to make a conscious effort to be what Bloom instinctively is: "a sceptic . . . committed to wordly experience."[7] Joyce is a neo-pagan who celebrates humanity and has no need for a belief in the supernatural.[8]

S. L. Goldberg takes a position close to Ellmann's but not quite as extreme. He is moderate enough to point out the obvious shortcomings of Bloom but adds that "it is probably more accurate to stress his moral stature (despite his limitations) than his limitations (despite his moral stature)."[9] Stephen, at any rate, "senses in his companion the concealed identity of the substance of God."[10] And "Ulysses is most impressive as a criticism of life in its comprehensive and uncensorious vision of humanity."[11]

These few summaries illustrate the extreme critical positions in regard to the problem that this study is undertaking to consider. A glance at several moderate positions should "place" the problem suffi-

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[6]Richard Ellmann, "Ulysses, The Divine Nobody," Yale Review, XLVII (Autumn 1957), 67.

[7]Ibid., p. 59.

[8]Ibid., p. 61.

[9]S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper: A Study of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1961), p. 137.

[10]Ibid., p. 169.

[11]Ibid., p. 142.

ciently. William Schutte takes a position superficially similar to Kenner's, namely, that Stephen and Bloom represent a split man (a widespread view in Joyce criticism), but the complementary qualities are quite different from those Kenner sees. If this split man, as Kenner sees him, were joined, he would be a monstrosity. Schutte sees both Stephen and Bloom as paralyzed but not lacking in virtues: They "carry the potentialities for the regeneration of their common life in Ireland. If they could act, if they could communicate, they might make a new and healthy world."[12] W. Y. Tindall's view of Ulysses is generally that Joyce is offering a celebration of the forces of life. It does not seem to bother Tindall that the forces of life exist in disintegration: "if we take Mrs. Bloom and Stephen and combine them with Mr. Bloom, we compose something like the ideal man":[13] Harry Levin sees the novel as critical of the society it depicts. Joyce shows the artist and citizen as being destroyed by the implacably destructive forces of the city.[14] Levin also points out that the meaning of Ulysses lies in the immobilized, paralyzed figures of Stephen and Bloom, each of whom represents part of that personality which the fully integrated person must possess, Stephen representing "esthetic

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[12]William M. Schutte, Joyce and Shakespeare: A Study in the Meaning of "Ulysses" (Yale University Press, 1957), p. 15.

[13]W. Y. Tindall, James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World (New York: Scribners, 1950), p. 38.

[14]Harry Levin, James Joyce: A Critical Introduction (London; Faber and Faber, 1944), p. 95.

feeling" and Bloom "civic sense."[15]

The diversity of critical positions in regard to the problem outlined above and the distance separating some of them is sufficient to indicate the desirability that the problem be further explored. The fact that previous students of Ulysses have either failed to read the novel in the light of Vico's New Science or have done so only to a limited extent or without adequate consideration of its relation to meaning is the justification for this additional study of the problem. For in the light of the New Science one can see how Ulysses can be both an indictment of the modern world and an acceptance of life (if not a celebration) without either doing violence to the manifest facts of city and citizen or ignoring Joyce's sympathy and compassion, difficulties none of the readings summarized above completely escape.

The record makes it clear that Joyce became well acquainted with Vico's New Science long before beginning Ulysses in 1915. By 1905 Joyce had already "read and digested" Vico's work.[16] In Trieste he was a student of the New Science particularly.[17] From 1911 to 1913 one of Joyce's students in Trieste was at the same time

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[15]Ibid., pp. 84-98.

[16]H. M. Fisch and T. G. Bergin, trans., "Introduction," Autobiography of Giambattista Vico (Cornell University Press, 1944) p. 97. (Mentioned in the course of pointing out that Joyce drew upon Vico in the writing of Ulysses.)

[17]Herbert Gorman, James Joyce: A Definitive Biography (London: John Lane, 1941), p. 329.

studying Vico and he and Joyce often engaged in discussions of Vico's philosophy in which Joyce was "passionately interested,"[18] Walton Litz, who has made a close study of Joyce's manuscripts, notes that Joyce had been preoccupied with the major themes of Finnegans Wake for years before he began work on the novel and that Vico's view of history is present in Ulysses.[19]

That Joyce applied Vico in the writing of Ulysses, at least to some extent, is not really in question. As Adaline Glasheen has noted, the only question is "how and why."[20] Stuart Gilbert, writing under Joyce's aegis, was the first to point out the connection between Vico and Ulysses (which he said, contained the germ of the Viconian hypothesis)[21] and he did so by remarking that the Homeric content is itself Vichian:

> National heroes were for [Joyce], not so much pre-eminent individuals, accidentally born out of their due time, as the embodiment of actual tendencies of their nations as a whole. They were led rather than leaders. Thus, as the past renews itself and civilizations rise and wane, the figures of antiquity will, mutatis mutandis, be

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[18]Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 351.

[19]Walton Litz, "The Making of Finnegans Wake," A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd series, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Southern Illinois University Press, 1959).

[20]Adaline Glasheen, "Joyce and the Three Ages of Charles Stewart Parnell," A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd series, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 160

[21]Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses (New York: Vintage Books, 1955), p. 41.

> reproduced. It does not, of course, follow that each avatar of a hero of legendary times will attain equal eminence. A Nestor may reappear as an elderly pedagogue, a Circe as the "madam" of a one-horse brothel. As the cycle of history turns the light of fame may touch now one, now another, facet of the whole. But there will always be a substantially exact reproduction, a recall, of a set of circumstances which have already existed and of those personalities who, in a remote past, expressed better than their fellows the spirit of their age.[22]

In spite of his statement that Joyce's use of Homer was itself an application of Vico, Gilbert contented himself with pointing out the Homeric correspondences without inquiring whether Joyce might have been applying Vico as well as Homer thematically. He did not elaborate upon the implication of the above passage: that Vico might have suggested to Joyce a way of fulfilling his purpose: "to transpose the myth sub species temporis nostri."

With the exception of one explication,[23] the other studies of Vico and Ulysses--and there are only a few--emphasize Vico's cycles and see them as contributing primarily to the structure of the novel. A. M. Klein confines his discussion to the Nestor episode and seeks to demonstrate that in it there are thirty-six Vichian cycles (that is cycles of successively theocratic, heroic, and human ages).

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[22] Ibid., pp. 40-41

[23] Margaret Church, "Joyce's Ulysses," Explicator XIX, No. 66. An explication of "Dr. Tipple's Vi-Cocoa," which appears in the Eumaeus episode, as representing the circular pattern of Vico, appearing as it does in a section of the novel devoted to return.

He bases his identification of these cycles on sequences of motifs.[24] Tindall relates Vico's cycles to the entire novel but very summarily:

> The general structure of Ulysses is cyclical. Mr. Bloom leaves his home and returns to it. Meanwhile, incidental references form epicycles upon the main design or help to indicate its shape. Stephen is always quoting "As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be," but Mr. Bloom takes a livelier interest in these matters. The dance of the hours personifies for him the cycle of day and night. The process of eating, digesting, and excreting is another circle. Squads of policemen march out and back, the trams and racing cyclists make their rounds as, musing on life and death, he concludes that "both ends meet." One dies, another is born, a cityful passes, another takes its place--"cycles of cycles of generations." Such thoughts occur to him in the cemetery and maternity hospital. After Gerty MacDowell limps away, his thoughts of sameness find expression in the phrase "History repeats itself." His thoughts of going and return evoke the image of Rip Van Winkle. These cyclical patterns suggest the philosophy of Giambattista Vico.[25]

Neither Klein nor Tindall shows how Vico contributes to the meaning of Ulysses.

The only other study of Joyce's use of Vico and the only extended study is an unpublished dissertation by Ellsworth Mason.[26] It similarly emphasizes Vico's cycles, but attempts to show how they contribute to the meaning as well as to the structure of the novel. It has as its purpose establishing the fact

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[24]A. M. Klein, "A Shout in the Street," New Directions, XIII (1951), 327-45.

[25]Tindall, p. 70.

[26]Ellsworth Mason, "James Joyce's Ulysses and Vico's Cycles," unpublished dissertation (Yale University, 1948).

> that in Ulysses, Joyce is writing chapter by chapter in Viconian terms; that, within the limits of the subject, it points toward a meaning of the novel and a study of the novel as a structure.[27]

Mason attempts to demonstrate that there are five complete Vichian cycles in the novel, that is, that the chapters progress in order through Theocratic, Aristocratic, and Democratic ages and that this pattern is repeated five times. He sees the last chapter, Molly's stream-of-consciousness, as analagous to the period of flux between cycles. The order turns out to be not exact. Three theocratic chapters succeed each other at one point. At another point there are two successive democratic chapters. And there are two combination chapters, "theocratic-aristocratic" and "theocratic-democratic." The anomalies are not shown to be related to any structural requirement nor to any pattern of meaning.

Another stated purpose of the dissertation is to show "that Joyce manipulated characters and themes to produce the Viconian pattern."[28] That is to say, Joyce placed certain characters in certain chapters because they are associated with certain ages in order to construct the particular succession of chapter motifs which in turn mark the analogy to the Vichian cycle. Vichian themes which are associated with the various ages are also manipulated in order to achieve a succession of chapters analogous to the Vichian succession of the ages.

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[27] Ibid., p. i.

[28] Ibid.

Mason's dissertation also maintains that the Vichian analogy influenced "Joyce's rearrangement of the original order of the Homeric parallels."[29]

Most of the dissertation is given over to this attempt to demonstrate that Joyce manipulated characters and themes, and changed the Homeric order of episodes in order to establish a Vichian structure, specifically a succession of chapters representing five complete Vichian cycles plus an era of flux between the cycles.

Some attention is given to the meaning of Ulysses. There is the contention that the particular structure discovered in the novel is itself a contribution to meaning. That is, the fact that there are five cycles in the novel, each more or less recapitulating a progression through Theocratic, Aristocratic, and Democratic ages, is suggested as signifying the unity of all times and all places. At the same time, Mason credits Ulysses generally with making a moral criticism of the modern world, although he does not relate this aspect of the meaning of Ulysses to the Vichian structure he observes. He also gives, in passing, some details of that criticism: religion has lost its meaning, marriage has disintegrated, and burial has become meaningless.

The emphasis throughout is upon discovering motifs which can be associated with particular Vichian ages. The result is a view of the structure of Ulysses which certainly goes too far in the direction of a meaningless pattern. The only meaning assigned to the structure is that

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[29] Ibid.

it establishes the unity of all times and all places, which in itself might be plausible as a theme of Joyce's later fiction, although certainly more arguable in Finnegans Wake than in Ulysses. But how this aspect of meaning is related to Ulysses as a moral criticism of the modern world is not explained.

Mason's explanation as to how he approached his task of explication may throw some light upon how he could have been led to construct such an improbable pattern of meaning:

> It was obvious . . . that the Viconian analogy was anchored to some fundamental element in each chapter . . . . Consequently, a search for analogies was made in the central situation, the technique, and the symbolic organ and art of each chapter. . . . Once the analogy to a specific Viconian age was determined by other factors, the verbal element of the chapter was scrutinized for corroboration.[30]

This approach, one feels, could prevent one from seeing the forest for the trees. The results nevertheless satisfied Mason: "The occurrence of Viconian themes in a definitely Viconian pattern was considered conclusive evidence that Joyce was consciously using Vico's cycle in his novel."[26]

The pattern seems forced even if the use of Vico is established by Mason beyond question. And even if the two aspects of meaning derived by Mason from his study of structure and motif were not left unreconciled, there would still remain the question of why Joyce,

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[30] Ibid., p. iii.

[31] Ibid., p. iv.

if he were going to construct a succession of Vichian cycles, would not make the succession at least regular. Certainly, however, Mason deserves credit for making the pioneer study of Joyce and Vico and for establishing in that study, at the very least, the fact that Joyce did consciously and extensively draw upon Vico in the writing of Ulysses.

This study would agree that there is an element akin to moral criticism in Ulysses. This aspect of Mason's study is incidental and but slightly developed and, puzzlingly, it is not related to Vico's "principles of humanity." This present study, agreeing that the institutions of religion, marriage, and burial have lost their meaning in Ulysses, gives full development to Joyce's treatment of these institutions and sees them operating together as a Vichian norm by which Joyce is, in a sense, judging Dublin. Also, this study develops the Vichian view of divine providence as the ruler of the civil affairs of man, missing from Mason's study, and shows that this view along with the analysis of the "principles of humanity" constitutes a truly paradoxical view of modern man. Also this study treats of the principle of authority as Vico defines it and as it appears in Ulysses in order to show how, through this principle, Joyce demonstrates the relationship of divine providence to humanity. And, finally, this present study also discusses the similarity of Vico's theory of the imagination to Joyce's theory of the imagination and shows how this similarity reinforces the meaning of the novel otherwise demonstrated. While it is believed by

the present writer that Mason's study is a most convincing demonstration of the fact that Ulysses is pervasively Vichian, it is likewise believed that the way in which it is Vichian is not accurately or even plausibly demonstrated. The present writer, while not presuming to say the last word as to how Joyce used Vico in the writing of Ulysses, believes that the way here set forth is in its main outlines the way Joyce actually did use Vico.

CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM OF MEANING

A General View of Joyce's Use of Vico as an Aspect of the Meaning of *Ulysses*

The purpose of this dissertation is to show that the principal philosophical and historical theories of Giambattista Vico provided Joyce the means whereby he was able to subsume virtually all important human relationships under one coherent system.[1] Furthermore, the system was general enough in its categories to be applicable to all societies, and it was applicable by virtue of its immanence rather than its transcendence. Through this immanent Vichian system Joyce was able to epitomize the modern world in Dublin, but more importantly he was able to relate what he saw in Dublin to a norm that was outside himself and yet was in no way narrow or sectarian or prescriptive. He had found a modern system befitting a modern epic. What Scripture and Scriptural legend had been to Milton and what scholasticism had been to Dante, the detached

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[1]The inclusiveness of *Ulysses* was noted early and has frequently been pointed out: see, e. g., Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's "Ulysses,"* (New York: Vintage Books edition, 1955), p. 42 (originally published in 1930); Ford Madox Ford, "*Ulysses* and the Handling of Indecencies," *English Review*, XXXV (1922), 539; and L. A. G. Strong, *The Sacred River: An Approach to James Joyce* (London: Methuen and Co., 1951), p. 11.

anthropology of Vico was to Joyce. Vico was a pious Catholic and he saw in Catholicism an order of faith that transcended history. But his system as such, aside from his personal faith, had no special place for Christianity. It was in spirit at least a scientific system, as the name of his major work, The New Science, indicates, and as such beyond any subjective coloration. It was intended to be a strictly historical system and as such subject to historical fact.

A fairly detailed outline of Vico's system will be given in the next chapter and that chapter will be followed in turn by chapters which detail Joyce's use of specific aspects of the system. But before going into such specific matters, a general view of the problem of meaning in Ulysses and how the Vichian system has a bearing on it will be presented.

Joyce draws upon these principal Vichian historical theories: Divine Providence as the ruler of the civil universe; religion, marriage, and burial as the primary and essential human institutions, without which civilization is not possible; authority as both Divine and human, human authority being the temporal manifestation of divine eternal idea. These Vichian principles illuminate corresponding themes in the novel, and when all the themes are considered at the same time in the light of these principles, our understanding of the total meaning of the novel is advanced.

This dissertation will also show the similarity of Joyce's esthetic to Vico's esthetic. It will show specifically that Joyce's theory

of the poetic imagination parallels that of Vico. This similarity of Joyce to Vico does not contribute directly to our understanding of the meaning of the novel, but it does suggest a view of Joyce's esthetic principles which reinforces that meaning.

The original full title of Vico's major work, the New Science, was Principles of a New Science of the Nature of Nations, from which are Derived New Principles of the Natural Law of Peoples. One of the purposes of this study is to establish that Joyce examines Dublin by the light of Vico's "new principles of the natural law of peoples," or simply "principles of humanity," as Vico also called them. In examining Dublin by the light of these principles, Joyce passes implicit judgment on the personae of the novel, and the judgment often seems a harsh one. But Joyce places his examination and implicit judgment, in turn, alongside Vico's theory of the providential direction of human affairs, a theory which has as one of its corollaries a cyclic theory of history according to which every civilization passes through the stages of birth, growth, maturity, and decay. Since the individual Dubliner, as it turns out, is living in a period of decay, he is as much victim as protagonist. Consequently Joyce goes beyond the indignation and condemnation apparently implicit in his judgment to sympathetic consideration.

This dissertation, then, will demonstrate two related aspects of the meaning of Ulysses and show how they are related. The first aspect, that under which Joyce judges Dublin, would make Ulysses

purely and simply a didactic novel if it existed alone. If the values of modern Dublin are shown to be antithetical to the soundness of those institutions upon which a civilization is built and which a civilization requires in order to exist, Joyce would seem to be writing a novel moralistic in its assumptions and didactic in its intent. And, indeed, a society and a civilization are shown as having gone into an abyss. Spiritual integrity and vitality are almost non-existent. Fathers are divided from sons, wives cuckold husbands, friend distrusts friend. Above this stratum of sterility and despair, Dublin men-about-town raise their voices in sentimental song, but the sentiment and gaiety are in the songs, not in the men and not in their voices. Father O'Hanlon and his parishioners raise their voices in supplication to the Virgin in the ancient hymn Tantum Ergo while in a way its author, St. Thomas Aquinas, never intended, "novo cedat ritui," newer rites of grace prevail, as a Dublin virgin tantalizingly swings her leg in and out in time to the music while Leopold Bloom gazes at her. Religion and sentiment are not on the surface in Dublin; they hang over it like spectral remembrances as Hugh Kenner correctly saw but implausibly explained in his penetrating but misguided study of Joyce's work. Ulysses is not "a parody of the once vital to enact a null apprenension of the null."[2] There is a great deal of parody and there is satire, too, but it is erroneous to see these aspects of the novel as exhausting Joyce's intention. Such a reading reduces the novel

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[2]Kenner, Dublin's Joyce, p. 19.

to a crabbed, doctrinaire critique of society that patently ignores the spirit of sympathy with which Joyce suffuses his creations. Joyce's treatment of the "once vital" has in it more than compassion than Kenner's reading provides for.

Alongside the apparent satire and didacticism there is another aspect of the novel which neutralizes them. Although Joyce continually presents us with persons in situations in which they seem to be performing free acts of the will by which they may be judged, there is continually present the counter-implication that they are not altogether free. Joyce shows us types, stereotypes even, who, taken together, suggest the range of society. There are the artist, the man of science, the business man, the housewife. There are sons and fathers, wives and mothers. Highly individualized, they yet observe the requirements of decorum as much as even a classical critic of the eighteenth century would require. The Citizen is not even named. Each character is not only an individual person but also a representative of his group. Yet Joyce does not refer to his characters as puppets. They do not act as we see them acting because Joyce is pulling strings which are hidden from us; they act as they do because Joyce sees them simultaneously in their individuality and in their commonalty. Each person is an individual entity, separate from all other things; but each person is also a human thing and as such is drawn into patterns of humanity as inevitably as shavings of iron sprinkled onto a sheet of metal are drawn into a pattern when that sheet is held over a magnet.

This second aspect of Joyce's work has been as much the cause of misunderstanding as his presumed satire. It was this aspect that led Ellmann and Goldberg to read Ulysses as a paean to humanity. There is sufficient warrant in the novel for such a reading if one excludes that aspect of the novel emphasized by Kenner. But like Kenner's reading, this one is also partial and does as little justice as Kenner's to the full scope of the novel. Joyce is more sceptical regarding the divinity of humanity than Ellmann and Goldberg are willing to recognize.

Actually the readings of Kenner on the one hand and Ellmann and Goldberg on the other are complementary rather than contradictory. Ulysses subsumes both, although not in exactly the way that either sees them. Kenner is correct in seeing that Joyce does employ a standard by which to judge Dublin, and Ellmann and Goldberg are correct in recognizing that man's humanity evokes the sympathy of Joyce and that man's humanity is in some way related to divinity. But this relationship of man to God requires a different explanation from the one they provide. Joyce may have been a modern and a heretic, but his heresy was much more old fashioned than modern. Only superficial reading or special pleading can place Joyce among those who give the most favored place in the cosmos to man. He is closer to Sabellius and Arius in his questioning of the order of things--or at least closer to Manichaeus--than he is to Freud and Marx. The failure to define precisely the relationship of man to God in Joyce's

fictive universe lies partly in a failure to see how Joyce applied Vico.

According to Vico, man is a finite creature of Infinite Cause. As such he participates in a scheme that he but dimly, gradually, and never perfectly comprehends. He may, en masse, attain to such a state of harmonious existence as to give evidence of approaching the providential design for man. At some other time,he may, en masse, live in a state that is worse than bestial, failing to exercise his reason sufficiently to achieve effective harmony. In the first case, the individual person is most fortunate and to be congratulated as much for his good fortune as for his virtue. In the second case the individual person is most unfortunate and as much to be viewed with compassion as condemned. Providential design is only a blueprint: it exists in man as potential, as possibility, and comes into existence to the extent that it does with painful slowness. Each person receives his illumination, not immediately like Moses on Mt. Sinai, [3] but mediately, through his gross senses, his selfish acts, his bruising interaction with other persons. His illumination, his instruction in the divine idea, comes from experience. Through a multiplicity of particular experiences on the part of the aggregate of a society over a long period of time, an approximation to the divine idea may evolve. And if it does evolve, it will be in spite of rather

[3]Vico confined his study to gentile history, believing in the uniqueness of the Judeo-Christian revelation. Joyce, repudiating that belief, applies Vico's principles without distinction.

than because of the conscious ends that the particular members of the society or the society in the aggregate set for themselves. If a person happens to be born into a time when the collective experience of his society has advanced it but a short way toward the realization of the divine idea or if a person is born into a society which has realized to a considerable degree harmony with the divine idea but has now lost that harmony and is degenerating into chaos, that person's opportunity to participate in the divine idea will be accordingly lessened.

In Ulysses this limitation of man's freedom forestalls the adverse judgment that is otherwise implicit in a character's violation of the values requisite for civilization. To borrow Joyce's own terminology, one might say that Joyce unites the reader with the "secret sufferer," in this case mankind, and with the "secret cause," nothing other than the ways of God to man. Joyce's own artistic goal of stasis is thereby achieved. By avoiding the over-simplification of human conduct assumed by Kenner, Joyce avoids the rock of didacticism; by avoiding the over-simplification of human conduct assumed by Ellmann, Joyce avoids the whirlpool of sentimentality. Through an accurate and complete vicarious experience of the human condition, the reader is purged of pity and terror. The reader is left then with a feeling of joy, the joy of imaginative awareness of man's position in the eternal order of creation. [4]

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[4]The stasis Joyce sought in his art, beyond both loathing and desire, was simply the joyful contemplation of some good, such as knowledge or truth.

Ulysses, then, is neither a Swiftian satire of sinful, aberrant man; nor is it a celebration of muddled good will and sensuality. It is neither and it is both. If this means that it is paradoxical, it does not mean that it is paradoxical in a merely "literary" way. Joyce's dualism has nothing to do with the paradox of Oscar Wilde, as good as that is, nor with literary conceits. It is just as paradoxical and no more paradoxical than man himself. It is the paradox of man who is both creature of God and, through the free operation of his will, creator of himself. It is the paradox of man with almost god-like reason and rationality and almost beast-like senses and sensuality. It is the paradox, that is, of man whose humanity is a matrix of contrarities: of his individuality and commonalty, of his sensuality and rationality.

If, then, man's will must exercise itself within the limitations of that common sense implanted by divine providence as the promulgation of the divine plan for humanity, and if that divine plan is not seen as anything so clear as a blueprint but, on the contrary, emerges only gradually and dimly through the common experience of mankind, a comprehensive view of mankind will be dualistic. If, as this theory of the providential direction of human affairs would have it, a cyclic course of history is inevitable[5] and every civilization must pass through the stages of birth, growth, maturity, and decay; and if, as it turns out,

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[5]Vico's philosophy of history, including this concept of inevitability, will be explained in some detail in the next chapter.

the individual Dubliner of Ulysses is living in a period of decay, while it may be true that this individual Dubliner transgresses the laws of humanity, he is, as it were, as much sinned against as sinning. He is both transgressor and victim, and a comprehensive view will see him as both simultaneously.

Some critics have gone further than Kenner and have misread Joyce's analysis of spiritual decay in Ulysses as an expression of nihilism.[6] They have taken Joyce's exposure of the decay of values to mean an absence or even a negation of values. Joyce is not nihilistic but rather negativistic. This negativism is a logical corollary of his Vichian view of history and of the location of Dublin and the rest of the modern world in history. His negativism and pessimism are merely applied Vico. Corruption and decay are as inevitable in the body politic as in the human body. Unlike the human body it will phoenix-like[7] rise from its own dissolution, but not altogether as the consequence of purposeful human activity. There is no panacea to the ailments that afflict society. In its own time and in its own way, society will revive and begin again the laborious, but virtually unwitting, growth to a new maturity and a new harmony. During the thirties

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[6]See, e. g., Henry Miller, The Cosmological Eye (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1939) and Carl Jung, "Ulysses, A Monologue," Nimbus, II (1953), 7-20. (In Jung's view, "thoroughly hopeless emptiness is the dominant note of the whole book. It not only begins and ends in nothingness, but it consists of nothing but nothingness. It is all infernally nugatory." (p. 7.)

[7]In Finnegans Wake the phoenix is a recurring emblem of the Vichian cycle.

Marxists chided Joyce for not providing a positive view, preferably their own, along with his adverse criticism.[8] Aside from the unbridgeable chasm between the locus of Marxist values in matter and Joyce's concern for spirit, suggesting any modification of form in the institutions of society would simply have been illogical in one who saw historical movement as outside the control or influence of any particular person.

History, outside the control or influence of any particular person, is a "nightmare" to Stephen Dedalus. Ulysses does not present a "view" of providential design so much as a dialectical drama, at various levels of explicitness, between man and providence. In the case of Stephen, the exchange is very explicit. After battling against the church with the weapons of sin, especially blasphemy, and against the state in the person of Private Carr, Stephen points to his head and says that it is there he must kill the priest and king. Oppression comes not from outside, but lies within the mind and is implicit in the mind.[9] The impress of divine providence on the human mind points in two directions. It points toward human participation in the divine idea,

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[8]See, e. g., Alick West, Crisis and Criticism (London, 1937) and R. Miller-Budnitskaya, "James Joyce's Ulysses," Dialectics No. 5 (1938), pp. 6-26.

[9]Goldberg (The Classical Temper) sees the inwardness of this oppression and then explains its inwardness as being merely symbolic of exterior oppression: "The nightmare of history is within him . . . . it is within that he must kill the priest and king, symbols of spiritual tyranny and slavery." J. Mitchell Morse simply rejects Stephen's own protestation: "What repels him is not God, nor any possible absurdity, but the institutional coercion of the individual mind." (Underlining mine.) The Sympathetic Alien (New York University Press, 1959,), p. 4.

the direction emphasized in the orthodox religion; but it also points toward domination of the human mind by the divine idea. Stephen sees the impress of divine providence as domination and, like Lucifer, rebels against subjection.

But Joyce is not Stephen and in the broader context of the novel this impress of divine providence on the human mind is seen as the ultimate mystery cloaking the meaning of human action. "The ways of the Creator are not our ways," says Mr. Deasy with double-edged irony. Mr. Deasy really thinks he knows the ways of the Creator. Henry Morton Robinson has brilliantly suggested that the initials of Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, recurring in numerous other names and phrases throughout the novel, are from the words of consecration in the Mass, spoken when the priest changes bread into the body of Christ: "Hoc est enim corpus meum."[10] If Robinson is correct in his hunch, Joyce would seem to be suggesting in Finnegans Wake that Everyman is a kind of incarnation. The Black Mass of the Circe episode in Ulysses would seem to support Robinson's interpretation of the initials H. C. E. Mina Purefoy, who had given birth earlier in the day, now becomes a "goddess of unreason" and her swollen belly an altar. But the elevated host drips blood and the inescapable implication is that if Everyman is a kind of divine incarnation,

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[10]Henry Morton Robinson, "Hardest Crux Ever," A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd series, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), pp. 195-209.

he is incarnate as bloody sacrifice.[11] The fact of the Incarnation, God become man, is the central mystery of the Christian religion. The fact of incarnation, the impress of divine providence upon the mind of man, human participation in or domination by the Divine idea, is the central mystery of human existence. For though the bloody host may be emblematic of man and an emphasis upon bloody may point to a vampire god, yet there is the alternate possibility of emphasizing the gift of incarnation, accepting the terms as inscrutable, whatever their appearance, and this emphasis would point to a beneficent god.[12]

There is no disagreement then between Joyce and Vico in regard to divine providence as the ruler of the civil universe. But in Ulysses, as later in Finnegans Wake, there is a question of the terms of this rule and the position of man in the order of creation. How, it may be asked, if this is so, can Joyce employ as criteria for judging Dublin (and the modern world) Vico's "principles of humanity"? The answer is that a sceptical questioning of the relationship between man and god is itself a manifestation of a Vichian age in the last stage

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[11]Stephen broods on the "vampire god" of creation throughout the day.

[12]See T. J. Fitzmorris, "Vico Adamant and Some Pillars of Salt," Catholic World, CLVI (1943), 568-577. Speaking of Finnegans Wake, he says: "It is a significant distortion that as Vico's cycles end with a stress on the beneficence of Providence, there is often an opposite suggestion in Joyce." It would be more accurate to say that there is often an opposite suggestion in Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. The issue is present. Some characters see Providence as beneficent, others do not. This issue will be discussed more fully in Chapter VIII ("Divine Providence: Architect of Human History").

of decay. Joyce himself is traditionalist enough to question the relationship. He also recognizes that the more modern response is simply to deny God and hence any possibility of such relationship. Vico himself recognized that eras of such dissolution of conviction recur and he also noted that when they occur the institutions which are essential for civilization decay. Religion, of course, would logically be one of these. The others, marriage and burial, depend upon religion. Joyce examines the relationship of man to God, can arrive at no satisfactory description of that relation, notes the dissolution of social institutions, and is as convinced as Vico that authoritative order must be a religious order. The only thing he does not take from Vico, because it is not Vico's to give, is Vico's own religious certitude.

The norm by which Joyce judges the civilization of Dublin is not, then, as Kenner would have, the "once vital" language and values of pre-Romantic, Christian humanism, but rather the immanent "principles of humanity" of Vico, which subsume any possible civilization. The result is a view of Dublin, and by extension the modern world, that is grounded upon the most fundamental requirements of civilization. Joyce is not judging modern life by cultivated and sophisticated standards, but by the most primitive. He is expressing his sympathy, too, with the humanity he depicts, not on the basis of a sensitive sensibility, as sensitive as Joyce's sensibility is, but on the basis of the fundamental conviction that man's freedom to act is limited by the innate limitation of the human mind and by his particular time

and place.

That Joyce so used Vico does not mean that Vico was an unimaginative adapter of Vico's ideas, although he did once deplore what he alleged to be his lack of imagination.[13] His use of Vico was just as creative and imaginative as was his use of Homer. Indeed, even his use of Homer was very likely suggested to him by Vico's interpretation of Homer, by Vico's theories concerning the cognitive role of the early theological poets, and by Vico's theories concerning poetry in general. It is one thing to read and understand Vico's philosophy and quite another to apply that philosophy in a novel in such a way that the vitality of the characters and the verisimilitude of the action is enhanced. Ezra Pound once defined literature as "language charged with meaning" and great literature as "language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree." Joyce, more than most writers, wished to charge his writing with meaning to the utmost possible degree. We know that in his conversations with Frank Budgen he adverted to the arduousness of his work. He could, he told Budgen, turn out a novel every year as some novelists did, but he did not wish to do so. Joyce's use of Vico was simply part and parcel of his general approach to his later fiction: to draw widely upon literature; philosophy; history; esoteric and exoteric lore, Madame Blavatsky and Tit-bits, in order to charge his own writing to the utmost possible degree.

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[13]James Joyce, Letters, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber and Faber, 1957), p. 113.

In fact Joyce carried his technique, during the writing of Finnegans Wake, to the point which he called "hammer and tongs stratification."[14] At an other time he said: "I work as much as I can because these are not fragments but active elements and when they are more and a little older they will begin to fuse themselves."[15] Earlier, in the course of writing Ulysses, he had said much the same thing: "It is impossible for me to write these episodes [Sirens, Cyclops, Circe] quickly. The elements needed will only fuse after a prolonged existence together."[16] Shortly after Eliot's article on myth in Ulysses, Joyce wrote:

> I shall suggest to him when I write to thank him that in alluding to it elsewhere he use or coin some short phrase, two or three words, such as the one he used in speaking to me, "two plane."[17]

The elements that Joyce speaks of as gradually fusing together are not all borrowed from literary sources to be sure, but many of them are. Richard Ellmann points out that as early as Dubliners Joyce's method was far from being merely a transcription of life:

> His method was very like T. S. Eliot's, the imaginative absorption of stray material. The method did not please Joyce very much because he considered it not imaginative enough. He borrowed the ending for "The Dead" from another book.[18]

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[14] Ibid., p. 234.

[15] Ibid., p. 204.

[16] Ibid., p. 128.

[17] Ibid., Quoted in Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce, p. 180.

[18] Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 259.

Joyce's use of Shakespeare, Homer, and Aquinas is ample evidence that he did not use only stray material, but Ellmann's general point is certainly true. Joyce more than once deplored the fact that his writing required so much reading.

As for the intricacy of Ulysses, Joyce was explicit about that:

> It is an epic of two races (Israelite-Irish) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story (storiella) of a day (life). The character of Ulysses always fascinated me--even when a boy. Imagine, fifteen years ago I started writing it as a short story for Dubliners! For seven years I have been working at this book-blast it! It is also a sort of encyclopedia. My intention is to transpose the myth sub species temporis nostri. Each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the structural scheme of the whole) should not only condition but even create its own technique. Each adventure is so to say one person although it is composed of persons--as Aquinas relates of the angelic hosts.[19]

This is not the plan of a naturalistic transcriber of life. The focus is upon a structural scheme out of which will arise a multëity, to use Coleridge's term, a unity out of multiplicity. Young Stephen wanted "to reduce the abyss of the past to order by a diagram."[20] Joyce does not do that, fortunately, in Ulysses. The order is there, but it is a perceived, not an imposed, order.[21]

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[19]Joyce, Letters, pp. 146-147.

[20]James Joyce, Stephen Hero, ed. Theodore Spencer. Rev. ed. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1956), p. 38.

[21]For an opposite view see R. P. Blackmur, "The Jew in Search of a Son," Virginia Quarterly Review, XXIV (1948), 96-116. Blackmur contends that the order of Ulysses is an imposed order, that the novel belongs to the art for art's sake movement: the organization

If Vico is one of the elements which Joyce fused into the artistic whole that is Ulysses, why did he not arrange to have that explained in the way he had Valery Larbaud (before publication) and Stuart Gilbert (long after publication) explain the Homeric correspondence? Part of the answer is that in having the Homeric correspondence explained, he was at the same time having part of the Vichian aspect explained, for the way in which he used Homer was itself Vichian. Beyond that, it simply was not the nature of the writer who chose "silence, exile, and cunning" to say very much about the work. He concerned himself with arranging reviews of Ulysses when it came out and he guided the thinking expressed in those reviews, and later he arranged for the writing of the articles, explaining "Work in Progress," that were to appear in transition and which later appeared as Our Exagmination Round His Factifaction. He discussed the "making of Ulysses" with Frank Budgen while that novel was being written, and he gave assistance to Gilbert. In the course of all this, however, Joyce, when he was not simply unburdening himself to his friend Budgen, restricted himself to a minimal explanation, as in the Larbaud lecture, or to discussions designed to point up the seriousness of his intention, as in the Exagmination articles. Even after Joyce had allowed Gilbert to use Joyce's schema in writing his book on Homeric correspondence,

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is solely one of technique; there is no attitude behind that technique: "No more orderly book of fiction was ever written, and no book in which the principle of order, unless taken aesthetically, seemed so frivolous or impotent." (p. 101).

he wrote bitter letters to Bennett Cerf protesting the proposed inclusion of the schema in the Random House edition of Ulysses. Joyce, always on the qui vive for treachery among his friends, was bitter because Cerf had obtained a copy of the plan from someone he felt should not have released it without his permission; but it is clear from the letters that Joyce was also simply opposed to the further publication of his plan, particularly to its inclusion within the covers of the novel.[22]

Joyce was understandably opposed to the inclusion of the schema within the covers of the novel. It was designed to aid Joyce in his task of writing, not to provide answers to an "intellectual puzzle."[23] The terms in which Joyce compared Ulysses to Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island indicate the relationship of the plan to the novel: The Purple Island is purely descriptive. In Ulysses "the body lives in and moves through space and is the home of a full human personality."[24] The Purple Island is admirable in its synthesis of the disparate aspects of humankind but relationships are made too explicit. "I want the reader to understand always through suggestion rather than

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[22]For a review of this correspondence see H. K. Croessman, "Joyce, Gorman and the Schema of Ulysses," A James Joyce Miscellany, 2nd series, ed. Marvin Magalaner (Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), pp. 9-14.

[23]As Ernest Curtius called Ulysses in "Technique and Thematic Development of James Joyce," transition, No. 16-17 (June 1929), pp. 310-325.

[24]Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses" (Indiana University Press: Midland Books, 1960), p. 21.

direct statements."[25] Fletcher's aim would be Joyce's aim, but it would be fulfilled more fully and more suggestively. As Stuart Gilbert stated it "the Joycean method of fragmentary revelations corresponds to the matter in which Nature herself disposes the clues to her discovery."[26] Joyce wished his work, his art and artifice, to correspond to Nature. He abandoned "naturalism" early, but not the principle that art should imitate nature. The schema notwithstanding, Joyce's comments on The Purple Island indicate that Joyce did not intend, certainly, an art for art's sake Alexandrianism.[27]

The slow growth of Ulysses in Joyce's imagination would further contend against the view that Joyce's use of Homer and Vico was dry and schematized, the plan notwithstanding. The idea of Ulysses grew over a period of years. Begun as a proposed short story for Dubliners, it "never got forrader than the title" Joyce informed his brother Stanislaus by letter on Feb. 6, 1907;[28] but since he also said that it dealt with a cuckolded Dublin Jew named Hunter,[29] it must

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[25]Ibid.

[26]Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses," p. 41.

[27]For a presentation of this view see Francis Russell, Three Studies in Twentieth Century Obscurity (Aldington, Ashford, Kent: The Hand and Flower Press, 1954), pp. 7-44. Russell compares Joyce's Ulysses to Lycophon's Alexandra, contending that both works are remote from "common humanity," that both works are obscure, and that both employ a "fabricated language," and that consequently Ulysses is doomed to the same oblivion that befell the Alexandra.

[28]Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 239.

[29]Ibid., p. 238.

have begun to take shape within his mind. In the autumn of 1907 Joyce told Stanislaus that he was going to expand the story into a short book and make a Peer Gynt out of it.[30] On yet another occasion he announced that the book was to be an Irish Faust.[31] While the story was gestating, expanding and changing in Joyce's imagination over the years, Joyce made acquaintance with Vico. The story, it turned out, was to be not a Dublin Peer Gynt nor a Dublin Faust, but a Dublin Odyssey. That, as we shall see, was not an alternative to a Dublin Vico but rather a way of applying Vico.

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[30] Ibid., pp. 274-275.

[31] Ibid., p. 275.

CHAPTER II

VICO'S NEW SCIENCE

In 1725 Giambattista Vico, then an obscure professor at the University of Naples, published at his own expense the aforementioned Principles of a New Science of the Nature of Nations, from which are derived New Principles of the Natural Law of Peoples. In it Vico countered what he considered the excessive rationalism stemming from Descartes and Hobbes and continued by his own contemporaries, the more eminent of whom were Locke and Leibnitz. He was profoundly dissatisfied with a philosophical system which offered man only the questionable joy of manipulating clear and distinct ideas about a universe the reality of which was inscrutably opaque. Was there not somewhere a chink in that opacity through which a man could get a glimpse of something outside his own "clear ideas"? Beginning with the assumption that all real knowledge is a knowledge of causes, Vico accepted Descartes' view that man can never really know the physical universe, that having been made by God and not man. But man is the cause of some things; man has created some things. And man can know that which he has created. That the two concepts, verum, truth, and factum, that which is made, are reciprocal is the epistemological basis of the "new science." That which man has indisputably made is the

world of civil society. Having made the world of civil society, man can know it:

> In the night of thick darkness, enveloping the earliest antiquity so remote from ourselves, there shines the eternal and never-failing light of a truth beyond all question: that the world of civil society has certainly been made by men, and that its principles are therefore to be found within the modifications of our own human mind. Whoever reflects on this cannot but marvel that the philosophers should have bent all their energies to the study of the world of nature, which, since God made it, He alone knows; and that they should have neglected the study of the world of nations or civil world, which, since man had made it, man could hope to know. This aberration was a consequence of that infirmity of the human mind . . . by which, immersed and buried in the body, it naturally inclines to take notice of bodily things, and finds the effort to attend to itself too laborious. [1]

Like Descartes, Vico found a basis for certitude in the mind of man, but, as one recent student of Vico put it, not just in Descartes' "cognito," but "in feeling, intuition, imagination, common sense and reason as well."[2] The mind then becomes a means of "interpreting the whole gamut of human experience; a tool for perceiving, remembering, imagining, for inferring, for relating and for constructing an endless series of cumulatively significant facts.[3] Vico thus avoided the error of the Cartesian who is forced to ignore the multiplicity of human experience. "By transferring the rigid deductive method

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[1]Giambattista Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, trans. T. G. Bergin and M. H. Fisch (Cornell University Press, 1948), Sec. 331.

[2]Alfonsina A. Grimaldi, The Universal Humanity of Giambattista Vico (New York: S. F. Vanni, 1958), p. 81.

[3]Ibid.

employed in the formal sciences to the practice of social life," they judge by preconceived principles, "blind to the reality surrounding them."[4] In the place of this narrow and abstract rationalism, Vico was able to consider the full concrete experience of man as the maker of civil society.[5]

That aspect of reality, then, which became the object of Vico's study, an aspect virtually ignored by the Cartesians and scholastics, was human history. As Vico conducted his historical studies, an early scepticism regarding the possibility of certainty in the moral science underwent a change until he came to hold the opposite view, that nothing could be firmer than the foundation of the moral sciences. Man could have a perfect knowledge of the civil world, the world of human history, because man had created that world. The record of human behavior had been written by man and could be read by man. In studying this record of human behavior, man could do what he could never hope to do in the case of physical nature: discover its underlying laws.

Vico's "new science" then would be a science of the knowable, a science of humanity. It would "be at once a philosophy and a history of man: the ideal history of the eternal laws which govern the course of

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[4]Ibid., p. 68.

[5]Both Vico's recognition of non-logical mental operations as productive of truth and his concern for the full range of human experience are important in assessing Joyce's use of Vico. These Vichian positions will be explored in Chapter III, "Esthetics."

all nations' deeds in their rise, progress, points of rest, decline and fall."[6] Vico admired Grotius for Grotius had "embraced in a system of universal law the whole of philosophy and philology, including both parts of the latter, the history on the one hand of facts and events, both fabulous and real, and on the other the three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." But his work was flawed: he had attempted to discover the principles of natural law in the human mind alone, without recourse to divine providence.[7] Vico, on the contrary, places natural law within the context of divine providence. The nations

> by the sole guidance of divine providence, underwent with constant uniformity the successive variations of three kinds of laws corresponding to the three ages and languages of the Egyptians. The first law was divine, under the government of the true God among the Hebrews and of various false gods among the gentiles. The second was heroic, or peculiar to the heroes who stood midway between gods and man. The third was human, or peculiar to human nature as fully developed and recognized as alike in all men. Not until this last law already holds sway is it possible for philosophers to arise among the nations and perfect it by reasoning from the maxims of an eternal justice.
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> On this last point Grotius, Selden and Pufendorf have erred together. For lack of a critical method applicable to the founders of the nations, they believed them to be wise in esoteric wisdom and did not see that for the gentiles providence was the divine teacher of a common wisdom, out of which among them after the lapse of centuries the esoteric wisdom emerged.[8]

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[6]Benedetto Croce, The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico, trans. R. G. Collingwood (London: Howard Latimer, Ltd., 1913), p. 34.

[7]Giambattista Vico, Autobiography, trans. T. G. Bergin and M. H. Fisch (Cornell University Press, 1944), p. 134 et passim.

[8]Ibid., p. 172.

The crucial error of the natural-law philosophers whom Vico proposed to supercede was their failure to see that primitive men, the founders of nations, were not wise in "esoteric wisdom" but rather that "providence was the divine teacher of a common wisdom."[9] The New Science, Vico said

> must . . . be a demonstration, so to speak, of the historical fact of providence, for it must be a history of the forms of order which, without human discernment or intent, and often against the designs of men, providence has given this great city of the human race. For though this world has been created in time and particular, the orders established therein by providence are universal and eternal.[10]

Philosophers had previously considered the providence of God in the natural order, but in doing so had shown only part of it:

> The philosophers have not yet contemplated His providence in respect of that part of it which is most proper to men, whose nature has this principal property: that of being social. In providing for this property God has so ordained and disposed human affairs that men, having fallen from complete justice by original sin, and while intending almost always to do something quite different and often quite the contrary--so that for private utility they would live like wild beasts--have been led by this same utility and along the aforesaid different and contrary paths to live like men in justice and to keep themselves in society and thus to observe their social nature. It will be shown in the present work that this is the true civil nature of man, and thus that law exists in nature. The conduct of divine providence in this matter is one of the things whose rationale is the chief business of our Science, which becomes in this respect a rational civil theology of divine providence.[11]

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[9]Notice the relativity of "common wisdom." Joyce was to adopt substantially Vico's view of the role of divine providence in human affairs, but he applied that view in a way quite different from Vico's. Joyce's way of applying it will be discussed in Chapter VIII, "Divine Providence: Architect of Human History."

[10]Vico, New Science, Sec. 342.

[11]Ibid., Sec. 2.

As Father Berry says, "Divine Providence is the Architetta divina of this world of the nations and it is under the guidance of this Architect that man builds this world."[12]

Vico accompanies his insistence upon divine providence as the central principle of humanity with explicit refutation of chance (or fortune) and fate as the arbiters of human destiny:[13]

> It is true that men have themselves made this world of nations . . . . but this world without doubt has issued from a mind often diverse, at times quite contrary, and always superior to the particular ends, that men proposed for themselves; which narrow ends, made means to serve wider ends, it has always employed to preserve the human race upon this earth. Men mean to gratify their bestial lust and abandon their offspring, and they inaugurate the chastity of marriage from which the families arise. The fathers mean to exercise without restraint their paternal power over their clients, and they subject them to the civil powers from which the cities arise. The reigning orders of nobles mean to abuse their lordly freedom over the plebeians, and they are obliged to submit to the laws which establish popular liberty. The free peoples mean to shake off the yoke of their laws, and they become subject to monarchs. The monarchs mean to strengthen their own positions by debasing their subjects with all the vices of dissoluteness, and they dispose them to endure slavery at the hands of stronger nations. The nations mean to dissolve themselves, and their remnants flee for safety to the wilderness, whence, like the phoenix, they rise again. That which did all this was mind, for men did it with intelligence; it was not fate, for they did it by choice; not chance, for the results of their always so acting are perpetually the same.

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[12]Thomas Berry, The Historical Theory of Giambattista Vico (The Catholic University of America Press, 1949), p. 103. The concept of providence as divine architect will be discussed in Chapter VIII, "Divine Providence: Architect of Human History."

[13]See Chapter VIII, "Divine Providence: Architect of Human History." Bloom is the spokesman in Ulysses for fate and chance as determinants of human destiny.

> Hence Epicurus, who believes in chance, is refuted by the facts, along with his followers Hobbes and Michiavelli; and so are Zeno and Spinoza, who believe in fate. The evidence is clearly in favor of the contrary position of the political philosophers, whose prince is the divine Plato, who affirms that providence rules the affairs of men.[14]

Divine providence appears as a design, an impress, upon the mind of man. But "the design of the 'architect' . . . must be implemented by the builder" before it can be "translated into concrete reality." Divine authority has its counterpart in human authority. Human authority, the builder of civil society, is the free use of the will. It is, Vico adds, "the property of human nature which not even God can take away from man without destroying him."[15] This relationship between design and builder, between divine authority and human authority, between a providentially ordained "common sense" and human will is not one of simple cooperation. Rather, as Caponigiri sees it, the human will tends to its own finite ends in opposition to the providential design which has an infinitely perfect end:

> What depends upon man's will must always be marked by . . . obscurity, and its movement toward an ideal goal be subject to the thousand alternalities which can sway that will. Under this aspect providence appears as the supreme rectifying principle of man's will . . . . It is the power which counteracts, in the total movement of history, all the distracting forces of interest, of passion, of failure of vision, to hold that movement, in its total advance, on an ideal course. It is, in the largest sense, the assertion of the pervasive presence of a

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[14]Vico, New Science, Secs. 1108, 1109.

[15]Vico, New Science, Sec. 388. The manifestations of human authority in Ulysses are discussed in Chapter IV, "The Key."

> supreme wisdom in man's affairs, a wisdom which in its total effects transcends his own, and in which the complex alternalities of history are finally mediated.[16]

Divine providence is a "rectifying principle." Vico makes it clear that this principle operates through "common sense" and that common sense is itself "determined by the necessary harmony of human things":

> The criterion our criticism employs . . . is that taught by divine providence and common to all nations, namely the common sense of the human race, determined by the necessary harmony of human things, in which all the beauty of the civil world consists. The decisive sort of proof in our Science is therefore this: that, once these orders were established by divine providence, the course of the affairs of the nations had to be, must now be and will have to be such as our Science demonstrates, even if infinite worlds were produced from time to time through eternity . . . .
>
> Our science therefore comes to describe . . . an ideal eternal history traversed in time by the history of every nation in its rise, progress, maturity, decline, and fall.[17]

Human freedom consists in the opportunity to conform to the necessary harmony of the civil world. The common sense of mankind, which is the impress of divine providence, will lead man to conform to this necessary harmony and lead him back to such conformity should he give himself over to anarchic behavior. Divine providence does not impose an arbitrary plan upon the nascent mind of man. Rather man is simply given the potential of understanding the "necessary harmony"

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[16]A. Robert Caponigiri, Time and Idea: The Theory of History in Giambattista Vico (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1953), p. 50.

[17]Vico, New Science, Secs. 348-349.

and the will, weak though it is, to work toward that harmony. Man is not an automaton, nor is he completely free. Man's freedom may be realized only in his aligning his activities with the order and harmony of the universe.

As is perhaps clear from the foregoing, the providence that rules the affairs of man in gentile history is immanent, not transcendent. Its mode and locus of operation is the common sense of mankind. As Berry remarks: "In his treatise Vico has neither denied nor transcended the view of history presented in the Christian religious tradition. Indeed he has passed to a lower realm of thought. The transcendent has given way to the immanent, the supernatural to the natural."[18]

The New Science is more than a philosophy, even more than a "science of humanity." It is history as well. Vico pioneered particularly in the historical reconstruction of primitive times. He pushed the domain of history into what had previously been "pre-history." This historical study formed the basis of his new science. In his own words:

> He discovers this science by means of a new critical method of sifting the truth as to the founders of the nations from the popular traditions of the nations they founded. Whereas the writers to whose works criticism is usually applied came thousands of years after those founders. By the light of this new critical method the origins of almost all the disciplines, whether sciences or arts, which are necessary if we are to discuss with clarity of ideas and propriety of

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[18]Berry, p. 109.

> language the natural law of nations, are discovered to be quite different from those that have previously been imagined.[19]

The "new critical method" discovered by Vico for penetrating what had previously been considered impenetrable consisted of the comparative mythology and genetic psychology mentioned earlier. This method in turn rested upon "the fact that the early gentile peoples, by a demonstrated necessity of nature, were poets who spoke in poetic characters."[20] Vico then went on to call this discovery, that the early peoples were poets who spoke in poetic language, "the master key of this Science."[21]

Philosophers and philologians previously had dismissed fables as being merely fictitious constructions, but Vico saw them as "true and trustworthy histories."[22] Mythologies were "civil histories of the first peoples."[23] Caponigiri points out that Vico noted

> that in the histories of all nations poetry appears as the first and primary mode of expression . . . and expresses, not the peripheral . . . dimensions of life, but the most intimate, stern and fundamental necessities of the life of the people, that is, their laws, their wisdom, their religious rites, their sacred formulas of birth, marriage and death, of initiation, of war and peace, and their rude speculations on the cosmos.[24]

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[19]Vico, Autobiography, p. 167.

[20]Vico, New Science, Sec. 34.

[21]Ibid.

[22]Ibid., Sec. 7.

[23]Ibid., Sec. 352.

[24]Caponigiri, p. 83.

Vico discovered, as Croce points out, that poetry is not merely a "harmless mental exercise for those who can do it"; on the contrary, "it is the primary activity of the human mind."[25]

The first poets were "theological poets"; that is, they "understood the language of the gods expressed in the auspices of Jove."[26] They were "wise men . . . who interpreted the mysteries of the oracles."[27] They were "properly called divine in the sense of diviners, from divinari, to "divine" or "predict." Their science was called Muse, "defined . . . by Homer as the knowledge of good and evil."[28] They "created the first divine fable, the greatest they ever created: that of Jove, king and father of men and gods, in the act of hurling the lightning bolt."[29] It is difficult for modern man with his civilized mind "so detached from the senses" to understand the poetic mode of these early poets:

> It is . . . beyond our power to enter into the vast imagination of those first men, whose minds were not in the

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[25]Croce, p. 48. Since, according to Vico, fables are accounts of actual history represented symbolically and since through this symbolistic presentation the most important events of human history have been preserved, Vico assigns a very high place to the symbol. (See Chapter III, "Esthetics.")

[26]Vico, New Science, Sec. 381. For a discussion of Stephen vis-a-vis the theological poet, see Chapter IV("The Key") and V ("Religion").

[27]Ibid., Sec. 34.

[28]Ibid., Sec. 365.

[29]Ibid., Sec. 379.

> least abstract, refined, or spiritualized, because they were entirely immersed in the senses, buffeted by the passions, buried in the body.[30]

These primitive men, who conversed among themselves by signs, "naturally believed that lightning bolts and thunder claps were signs made to them by Jove."[31] In line with the axiom that "minds once cowed are prone to superstitions,"[32] "these men attributed to Jove all they saw, imagined or even did themselves." False religions were born, not of imposture, but of credulity.[33] These early religions were frightful, for such religions of terror as that of Moloch, of human sacrifice, were necessary to tame the primitive gentiles.

Even in its most rudimentary form, as fear of the thunderbolt, religion is "the first of the three principles" that Vico has taken for his new science, the science of humanity.[34] "The world of peoples began everywhere with religion."[35] Although the earliest age was the opposite of a golden age of innocence, as the learned had held, the fanatic superstition, the fierce and frightful religions arising from terror, were the necessary beginning of civilization, the only means

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[30]Ibid., Sec. 378.

[31]Ibid., Sec. 379.

[32]Ibid., Sec. 183.

[33]Ibid., Sec. 191.

[34]See Chapter V, "Religion," for a development of the theme of religion in Ulysses.

[35]Vico, New Science, Sec. 176.

of constraining the fierce and savage men of early gentile history.[36]

Prior to his fearful awareness of divinity, early "cyclopean man" (as Vico called him, identifying him with the giants of legend) was, as Grimaldi points out, "motivated solely by the stirring of his senses" and "copulated promiscuously, constrained by no bond of affection."[37] But now along with his awareness of a divinity which he associates with the sky, he begins to feel a sense of shame and takes his mate into a cave out of sight of the divinity. Caponigiri adds: "This selection of fixed mates, into which the first men were driven by the shame . . . engendered by the sense of the divine presence, constituted the first act of marriage. . . . Thus were born the 'solemn nuptials' whence flowed the certainty of offspring and social identity."[38] Fear and shame lead man to take his mate into caves and in so doing man unwittingly founds the institution of matrimony. In this manner, as Vico says, the world of nations issues "from a mind widely different from, sometimes quite opposed, always superior, to the particular ends set before themselves by men: which restricted ends have been made means to wider ends, and employed to preserve the human race upon earth."[39]

And so, unwittingly, was brought into being the second

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[36]Ibid., Secs. 503, 518.

[37]Grimaldi, p. 153.

[38]Caponigiri, p. 208.

[39]Vico, New Science, Sec. 1108.

principle of humanity, marriage[40] under "solemn auspices." Marriage is defined as a "chaste carnal union consummated under the fear of some divinity," and when fear and shame caused men to drag their women into caves and keep them there "in perpetual company for the duration of their lives . . . . the act of human love was performed under cover, in hiding, that is to say, in shame; and they began to feel that sense of shame which Socrates described as the color of virtue. And this, after religion, is the second bond that keeps nations united, even as shamelessness and impiety destroy them."[41] Vico supports the importance he assigns to matrimony by both historical and rational observations:

> The opinion that the sexual unions which certainly take place between free men and free women without solemn matrimony are free of natural wickedness, i. e., do not offend the law of nature, all the nations of the world have branded as false by the human customs with which they all religiously celebrate marriages, thereby determining that this sin is bestial, though in venial degree. And for this reason: such parents, since they are held together by no necessary bond of law, are bound to abandon their natural children. Since their parents may separate at any time, if they are abandoned by both, the children may lie exposed to be devoured by dogs. If humanity, public or private, does not bring them up, they will have to grow up with no one to teach them religion, language, or any other human custom. So that, as for them, they are bound to cause this world of nations, enriched and adorned by so many beautiful arts of humanity, to revert to the great ancient forest through which in their nefarious feral wanderings once roamed the wild beasts of Orpheus, among whom bestial venery was practiced by sons with mothers and by

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[40]See Chapter VI, "Marriage," for a development of this theme in Ulysses.

[41]Vico, New Science, Sec. 504.

> fathers with daughters. This is the infamous nefas of the world, which Socrates by rather inappropriate physical reasons tried to prove was forbidden by nature, whereas it is human nature that forbids it; for such relationships are abhorred naturally by all nations, nor were they ever practiced by any save in their last stage of corruption.[42]

The third principle of humanity and the second of human things (following marriage) is burial.[43] With the institution of burial, the progression of mankind from savagery to humanity is essentially completed. It culminates a progression outlined by Croce as follows:

> Primitive man wanders over the earth alone, wild, fierce, without articulate speech, without a permanent mate, at the mercy of his unbridled and violent passions, a "brute" rather than a man . . . God has withdrawn himself to his chosen people, and has no dealings with the rest of mankind, the Gentiles. But this "brute" is still a man: God, while abandoning him, has left a spark of his own essence at the bottom of his heart. See! the sky lightens: the wild creature stands awestruck and afraid; in his mind arises the shadowy idea of something greater than he, something divine. So he conceives or rather imagines a first God, a Sky-god, a thundering Jupiter: and to this deity he turns to appease his wrath or invoke his aid. But in order to conciliate him and secure his help, he must shape his own life conformably to his purpose: he must humble himself before his God, overcome his own pride and arrogance, abstain from certain actions and perform others. Thus the conception of a deity lends power to that peculiar possession of the human will, the attempt, that is, the liberty, to control the movements communicated to the mind by the body and to annul or to redirect them simultaneously. With these acts of self-control, with freedom, morality comes into existence: the fear of God has laid the foundations of human life. Altars arise all over the earth: the caves of her mountains, whither the man now bears woman, ashamed as he is of gratifying his desires before the face of the sky, which is the face of God, preside at the first marriage-

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[42] Ibid., Sec. 336.

[43] For a full development of the theme of burial see Chapter VII, "Burial."

> rites and shelter the first families: her bosom opens to receive the sacred trust of the bodies of the dead. The first and fundamental ethical institutions--worship, wedlock and burial--have arisen.[44]

Burial had its origin first in the desire to remove the bodies of the dead to avoid their stench. Once the god-fearing giants had settled in fixed abodes, Vico reasons, they "must have become sensible of the stench from the corpses of their dead rotting on the ground near by, and must have begun to bury them."[45] Once begun, burial took on other meanings as well:

> They surrounded these sepulchers with so much religion, or divine terror, that burial grounds were called by the Latins religious places par excellence. Hence emerged the universal belief in the immortality of human souls . . . established above in the Principles as the third of those on which our Science is based.[46]

Man came to see burial as a means of keeping wild animals from devouring the bodies of the dead and also as a means of allaying the spirits of the dead. Vico says that to imagine "what a great principle of humanity burial is" consider a society without it:

> Imagine a feral state in which human bodies remain unburied on the surface of the earth as food for crows and dogs. Certainly this bestial custom will be accompanied by uncultivated fields and uninhabited cities. Men will go about like swine eating the acorns found amidst the putrefaction of their dead. And so with good reason burials were characterized by the sublime phrase "compacts of the human race" (foedera generis humani), and with less grandeur were described by Tacitus as "fellowships of

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[44]Croce, pp. 85-86.

[45]Vico, New Science, Sec. 529.

[46]Ibid., Sec. 529.

> humanity" (humanitatis commercia). Furthermore, it is an opinion in which all gentile nations have certainly concurred, that the souls of the unburied remain restless on the earth and go wandering about their bodies, and consequently that they do not die with their bodies but are immortal.[47]

Although, as previously noted every nation under the guidance of divine providence progresses through primitive necessity and utility from a beast-like existence to one in which the full potential of humanity is realized, the historical development of which the human age is the apex is, as Löwith notes, "a progression without end and fulfillment."[48] For nations after reaching the point of maturity do not stay there. They proceed through the stages of decline and fall. Vico is explicit: every civilization would proceed through all of these stages "even if . . . there were infinite worlds being born from time to time throughout eternity."[49] Every nation will fall into a state that is equivalent to but not identical with the savagery and barbarism out of which the thunderbolt first stirred primitive man. That first barbarism was of the senses; it was the simple, naked barbarism of man devoid of any developed, ratiocinative thought. It was the barbarism of a brute. But each cycle leaves its residue of thought, even if convictions decay, and so each barbarism after the first is a "barbarism of reflection." This barbarism is even worse than the first.

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[47]Ibid., Sec. 337.

[48]Karl Löwith, "Vico," Meaning in History (Phoenix Books; University of Chicago Press, 1949), p. 32.

[49]Vico, New Science, Sec. 1096.

The state of a nation in decline, on the verge of fall, is described by Vico:

> Such people, like so many beasts, have fallen into the custom of each man thinking only of his own private interests and have reached the extreme of delicacy, or better of pride, in which like wild animals they bristle and lash out at the slightest displeasure. Thus in the midst of their greatest festivities, though physically thronging together, they live like wild beasts in a deep solitude of spirit and will, scarcely any two being able to agree since each follows his own pleasure or caprice. By reason of all this, providence decrees that, through obstinate factions and desperate civil wars, they shall turn their cities into forests and the forests into dens and lairs of men. In this way, through long centuries of barbarism, rust will consume the misbegotten subtleties of malicious wits, that have turned them into beasts made more inhuman by the barbarism of reflection than the first men had been made by the barbarism of sense. For the latter displayed a generous savagery, against which one could defend oneself or take flight or be on one's guard; but the former, with a base savagery, under soft words and embraces, plots against the life and fortune of friends and intimates. Hence peoples who have reached this point of premeditated malice, when they receive their last remedy of providence and are thereby stunned and brutalized, are sensible no longer of comforts, delicacies, pleasures and pomp, but only of the sheer necessities of life. And the few survivors in the midst of an abundance of the things necessary for life naturally become well behaved and, returning to the primitive simplicity of the first world of peoples, are again religious, truthful and faithful. Thus providence brings back among them the piety, faith and truth which are the natural foundations of justice as well as the graces and beauties of the eternal order of God.[50]

Divine providence directs the movement of man in time toward patterns of ideal harmony and when man, through his selfish preoccupations destroys that harmony, divine providence again begins to lead man back to it. There is the inevitable course of nations and when that

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[50] Ibid., Sec. 1106.

course is run, when one cycle of history is completed, there is a ricorso, the cycle beginning again and again completing itself.[51]

Berry points out that for Vico the New Science "had a practical value for diagnosing the condition of a nation. . . . He tells us quite plainly that the Scienza Nuova was such that it recalled the nations to severity."[52] The significance of the cycle is that past patterns will recur and hence we can learn from the past and apply that learning to the present.

As is perhaps clear from what has been said of Vico's use of pre-historical myth, poetry occupies a central position in Vico's philosophy. As Croce points out, "for Vico mind is an eternal drama: and since drama is rooted in antithesis, his philosophy of mind is rooted in antithesis, that is in the real distinction and opposition between imagination and thought, poetry and metaphysic, force and equity, passion and morality."[53] Imagination plays as important a role as thought in this eternal drama of mind. One manifestation of imagination is myth, which is "not fable but history of such a kind as could be constructed by primitive minds, and strictly considered by them as an

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[51]Vico particularly had in mind the cycle of pagan Roman history followed by the ricorso of Christian Roman history. The early Christian era was a returned divine age; the middle ages, a returned heroic age, Vico's own age, a returned human age. When pagan Rome became corrupt and fell, Christianity arose.

[52]Berry, p. 143. As pointed out in Chapter I, Joyce uses the New Science to diagnose the spiritual condition of the modern world.

[53]Croce, pp. 60-61.

account of actual fact."[54] Vico's doctrine of myth, Croce continues, "is another aspect of Vico's vindication of the non-logical forms of knowledge as against the intellectualism which denied them."[55] The notion that poetry was a late development of civilization and one that presupposed reflective knowledge was categorically denied by Vico. On the contrary, poetry was the primitive mode of the mind.[56]

Vico's assigning a place of primacy to poetry, Caponigiri observes, "put an effective end to the estheticism which also had characterized western thought and which had assigned art either a peripheral or a transcendental value in the life of the spirit."[57] This estheticism which Vico's analysis of the poetic mode so effectively answered had taken two forms:

> There is, in the first instance, that aestheticism which would carry this dissociation of art from life to the extreme of a cult, making art a refuge from life, a realm into which the human spirit may retreat from the task of the discernment of values, of the real from the unreal. There is also that aestheticism (in reality a variant of the first) in which the relationship of art to life is conceived extrinisically, art is made an external appanage to life, with the function of pleasure, of instruction or edification, or finally perhaps simply of relaxation or amusement. By contrast to both, the Vichian theory of spirit would integrate art and life, recognizing in art the first movements of the spirit toward the idea and toward the fullness of its own being in total presence.[58]

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[54] Ibid., p. 64.

[55] Ibid., p. 65.

[56] The similarity between the esthetics of Joyce and the esthetics of Vico is discussed in Chapter III, "Esthetics."

[57] Caponigiri, p. 83.

[58] Ibid., p. 85.

In Vichian aesthetics, then, there is no place for either l'art pour l'art nor for a utilitarian didacticism. Art is truly cognitive. This cognitive aspect of art must be neither abdicated nor subverted. The power of the mind which makes poetry possible is God-like. This ingenium (or imagination), in the words of Grimaldi, is the "all-embracing, all-integrating power of the mind. . . . It is the actualization, intellectually and practically, of the order and harmony which are the divine rule of the universe and in which the spirit of man participates."[59] In the words of Vico himself: "God is the artificer of nature and man the God of things made artificially." And the primary instrument of man's creation is the poetic imagination. As Adams points out:

> Vico propounds a new art of poetry. Whoever would be a poet must forget the wealth of words that enables him to describe an event as it actually happened. He must confine himself to language that is sensuous and impassioned, and find out the means of saying in such a language all that he has to say, as primitive men were forced to do. He must disown the scientific and philosophical approach to life, must learn to think and feel as boys and rustics think and feel . . . . He must work, above all, with his imagination, must become a supreme phantast.[60]

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[59]Grimaldi, p. 115.

[60]Henry P. Adams, The Life and Writings of Giambattista Vico (London, 1935), p. 126. This summary of the New Science has emphasized those aspects of the work relevant to Ulysses. Consequently it has by no means covered the full range of content of the New Science. However, these aspects of the New Science relevant to Ulysses are also the main aspects of the work.

CHAPTER III

ESTHETICS

The purpose of this chapter is to demonstrate (1) that Joyce's esthetic in its principles and in its aims supports the Vichian interpretation of Ulysses presented in this thesis and (2) that this esthetic is in many respects itself Vichian. Vico developed his esthetic theory in the course of investigating prehistorical data. He paid particular attention to linguistic artifacts, i. e., the fables, legends, and myths of antiquity. His analysis of this poetry, which antedated historical documents, convinced him that it contained not incidental make-believe but, on the contrary, a true account of the values, institutions, and significant activities of pre-historical ages. Furthermore, in such a highly developed work as the Iliad or the Odyssey an entire age could be discovered in its values, institutions, and significant activities within a single work. It should not be surprising that since Joyce wished to be as comprehensive as "Homer" he would be attracted by the Vichian esthetic, inductively developed as it was through an examination of such comprehensive work as Joyce himself wished to create. Vico's New Science provided Joyce with the principles which enabled him to subsume an entire society under the experiences of a handful of Dubliners as they go about their business during a period of

approximately twenty-two hours.

As was mentioned in the preceding chapter, Vico believed his "new science" to be of diagnostic value in analyzing the ills of a civilization. Joyce transports the principles of the "new science" into the realm of fiction and uses them to reveal the spiritual decay and paralysis of will of an entire society. That Joyce would do so should not surprise us. He referred to Ulysses and Finnegans Wake as continuations of Dubliners. Though his fiction became increasingly complex, there is no indication that he ever gave up his original aim, which was to "betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city."[1]

Joyce knew what he wanted to do, but he was not sure that he had succeeded in doing it in Dubliners. He expressed his doubts in a letter to Stanislaus:

> The preface of The Vicar of Wakefield which I read yesterday gave me a moment of doubt as to the excellence of my literary manners. It seems so improbable that Hardy, for example, will be poken of in two hundred years. And yet when I arrived at page two of the narrative I saw the extreme putridity of the social system out of which Goldsmith had reared his flower. Is it possible that, after all, men of letters are no more than mere entertainers? These discouraging reflections arise perhaps from my surroundings. The stories in Dubliners seem to be indisputably well done but, after all, perhaps many people could do them as well. I am not rewarded by any feeling of having overcome difficulties. Maupassant writes very well, of course, but I am afraid that his moral sense is rather obtuse. The Dublin papers will object to my stories as to a caricature of Dublin life. Do you think there is any truth in this? At times the spirit directing my pen seems to me so plainly mischievous that I am almost prepared to let the Dublin critics

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[1]James Joyce, Letters, ed. Stuart Gilbert, (London: Faber and Faber, 1957), p. 55.

> have their way. All these pros and cons I must for the nonce lock up in my bosom. Of course do not think that I consider contemporary Irish writing anything but ill-written, morally obtuse, formless caricature.[2]

It may be instructive to turn for a moment to the preface to The Vicar of Wakefield:

> There are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

"Numerous errors" are but a trifle if the book is otherwise amusing. The hero, like Joyce's own Odysseus, is a "complete man"; but unlike Joyce's hero, he is also a completely fabricated man, a sentimental concoction. Yet a work of such blatant sentimentality has lasted to give delight to many generations. It has lasted in spite of the fact that its sentimentality flies in the face of a putridity in the social system (the arrangement of marriage on the basis of wealth) that is revealed on the second page but never explored. Are writers of fiction mere entertainers? Is amusement the ultimate literary value? Will

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[2]Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 216-217. (From a letter to his brother Stanislaus, July 19, 1905.)

Hardy, who attempted to deal with life realistically, last as long as Goldsmith? Is there any objective basis to Joyce's own bitter view of life in Dublin, or is his view idiosyncratic? Joyce is not sure.

"It may be surprising at first that Joyce would have been cast into doubt by the preface to The Vicar of Wakefield. But his dejection is less surprising when one reflects that The Vicar of Wakefield, romantic, sensationalist, and sentimental as it is, is much closer to the mainstream of fiction than Dubliners. Defoe (one of Joyce's favorite writers) was a "realist" of sorts, perhaps, but he was careful to dispense realism that was both sensationalist and entertaining. Tom Jones was a charming rogue. Jane Austen was an acute observer of the world, but this gift did not prevent her from finally seeing that sense moderated sensibility, that pride was humbled and prejudice finally informed. And so it went. In the mainstream of fiction, that is, realism was adjusted to the requirement that the reader be "pleased." Anthony Trollope attempted to place his novels in this mainstream more deliberately, perhaps, than any other novelist. As he saw it,

> the writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach whether he wish to or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers.[3]

Trollope's view is not necessarily definitive, but it may be taken as a fairly accurate statement of the chief principles and the chief problem of

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[3]Anthony Trollope, An Autobiography (London: Oxford University Press, 1950), p. 222.

the novelist up to the latter part of the nineteenth century when instruction and delight, in Trollope's sense, ceased to be the prevailing artistic imperative. The approach to fiction as a vehicle of high seriousness is something quite recent. The modern novelist no doubt hopes that the reader will be pleased, but pleased by the novelist's vision of reality rather than by a literary performance that fulfills his desire to be "entertained." Joyce, at any rate, one may infer, wished to be the kind of author Pirandello's six characters were in search of, an author who would do no violence to their integrity in the name of a literary (or theatrical) convention. But would a work of fiction that represented society as honestly (and profoundly) observed, with no concessions made to the desire of the reader to be "entertained," find continuing generations of readers? Were men of letters no more than "mere entertainers," and was the attempt to make fiction more than a vehicle of entertainment doomed to futility?

The state of mind expressed in the letter to Stanislaus is important because of what it led to. Joyce spoke of his later fiction, Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, as continuations of Dubliners; but beset as he was with doubts about the success of Dubliners it should not be surprising that he would attempt to forestall the kind of criticism he felt Dubliners at least open to, by providing more support to his views. He would not abdicate the power of his pen, but he would take greater pains to see to it that that power could not be successfully challenged. (And he would also take greater pains to allay his own self-doubt.) He

would "shore up" his personal vision of Dublin by objectifying it,

As pointed out in Chapter I, one story intended for Dubliners never got written, one about Mr. Hunter, a Dublin cockold. The fact that at one time Joyce saw the possibility of developing the story as a Dublin Peer Gynt and at another time as a Dublin Faust[4] suggests that Joyce was groping toward some external, objective schema by which to forestall such accusations of personal pique as he anticipates in the letter to Stanislaus (and perhaps also to control his own mischievous spirit). And, also, such a complex approach to the story of Mr. Hunter would give Joyce an opportunity to overcome difficulties.

However speculative the above inferences are, the fact is that Joyce's doubt about the fictional method of Dubliners was to be permanent. As pointed out in Chapter I the story of Mr. Hunter would be a complex, "two-plane," story, a Dublin Odyssey.

That in executing his Dublin Odyssey, he did so in Vichian terms was long ago pointed out. In doing so, Joyce was able to tell his story objectively and impersonally and yet with assurance that his way of seeing Dublin would be communicated to the reader; also by applying Vico's "theory of the law of history" he was able to forestall the feared and anticipated charge of personal pique:

> Ulysses deals with the theme of the conditions of freedom, but it would be improper to the method of art for the author to treat the theme "scientifically," to elucidate his theme in

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[4]Ellmann, James Joyce, pp. 239 and 274-75.

> abstract terms, to comment or explain. Instead he uses the method proper to the art of literature. Taking Vico's theory of the law of history by which the history of races and civilizations is conceived to repeat itself in much the same general way as the life history of human beings repeats itself in each individual, Joyce shadows his esthetic image with another, the image of the Odyssey. Neither integritas nor consonantia is broken, for in a sense the two stories are the same, Bloom is the Ulysses of Irish Dublin. It is not an allegory. For the book is about Bloom, he is not a mere cover for a concealed meaning, not a symbol. The method of the book is that of a complex metaphor worked out in minute detail. It is by presenting the esthetic image in two forms that the mind is led to that in their structure which is common, to apprehend the abstract elements of the form in their particularity. Tolstoi, facing a similar problem in War and Peace, finds himself constrained to pass every now and then from art to science, from the presentation of his esthetic image to abstract historical analysis and comment. Thus the method of Ulysses is no mere jeu d'esprit. From Vico Joyce derives his theory that art is a form of myth-making.[5]

The most important esthetic debt that Joyce owes Vico is that pointed out by Hope above, namely, a way of transposing the myth "sub species temporis nostri," as Joyce wished to do. We shall return to that aspect. But there are other important similarities as well, as can be seen by a point by point comparison of Joyce's esthetic to Vico's.

It will be recalled from the preceding chapter that in Vico's view poetry was truly cognitive. Vico rejected the estheticism that would make a cult of poetry, divorce it from any real contact with life,

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[5]A. D. Hope, "The Aesthetic Theory of James Joyce," Joyce's Portrait: Criticisms and Critiques, ed. Thomas E. Connolly (New York: Appleton-Century Crofts (Goldentree Books), 1962, p. 199. (This article originally appeared in Australasian Journal of Psychology and Philosophy, XXI [December 1943].)

reduce it to l'art pour d'art. He similarly rejected the Philistinism that would assign poetry the utilitarian functions of instruction and entertainment. Poetry, on the contrary, is as truly a way of knowing as is abstract thought. Its mode is images rather than ideas, but the imagistic constructions of the poet bring us closer to truth, in fact, than do the ideas of the philosopher. As Croce said, Vico vindicated non-logical forms of knowledge.

Joyce defines poetry in almost identical terms. Stephen Dedalus, Joyce's fictional alter-ego, explicitly rejected the notion that the purpose of art is instruction or entertainment. After distinguishing the classical and romantic tempers in art and noting the necessity of approaching a work of art free of prejudices, Stephen (in Stephen Hero) points out the chief prejudice: "the antique principle that the end of Art is to instruct, to elevate, and to amuse."[6] In A Portrait Stephen expresses the view that Joyce had earlier committed to his Paris note-books, adding now, explicitly, a condemnation of didacticism:

> The tragic emotion is static. Or rather the dramatic emotion is. The feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire and loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts.[7]

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[6]James Joyce, Stephen Hero, ed. Theodore Spencer, John J. Slocum, and Herbert Cahoon (Rev. ed.; London; Jonathan Cape, 1956), p. 84.

[7]James Joyce, A Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man (London: Jonathan Cape, 1956), p. 209.

Joyce had to contend against the view that art is and should be explicitly didactic or propagandistic while a student at University College, Dublin. The president of the university objected to the view of art Joyce put forth in a paper, "Drama and Life,"[8] which Joyce was to read before the college's literary society. The president at first refused permission; but after Joyce made a personal plea, he relented and allowed Joyce to make the speech.[9] A fictionalized account of the interview appears in Stephen Hero. This account is of little value in informing us of what actually took place, but if considered as a dialogue on the subject of didacticism it is useful in determining what Joyce's views on this subject were.

The president's main objection to the paper is that the writers Stephen expresses admiration for, with the exception of Aquinas, are "atheistic writers" who "usurp the name of poet" and "openly profess their atheistic doctrines and fill the minds of their readers with all the garbage of modern society." "That," the president adds, "is not art."[10] It is all right, the president concedes, for the artist to examine corruption in society, but only with a "moral purpose." He further maintains that the moral purpose must be consistent with orthodoxy. The president would have art judged on the basis of its orthodoxy. Art is in no sense autonomous. Poetry is not a means of discovering

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[8]Included in The Critical Writings of James Joyce, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (London: Faber and Faber, 1959).

[9]Ibid., p. 38.

[10]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 96.

truth, but, on the contrary, must ever be subservient to truth discovered outside art. At best poetry can give an adventitious beauty to orthodox truth. Generally it is to be viewed with suspicion.[11]

Stephen, on the other hand, contends for the freedom of the artist from the conformity to any particular orthodoxy and for the freedom of the artist from the demand that he subserve propagandistic utility. "The lack of a specific code of moral conventions does not degrade the poet, in my opinion," Stephen tells the president.[12] And in reply the President's rejoinder that "it would be different if he were to examine [corruption] and then show men the way to purify themselves," Stephen's answers that that is for "Salvationists."[13] Ibsen's account of modern society Stephen points out is "genuinely ironical." Ibsen, that is, does not assent to the moral obliquity he depicts. But it is also "free from any missionary intention."[14] It is within the purview of art to make moral examinations, but it is not within the compass of art to engage in propaganda in the interests of an arbitrary moral code.[15]

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[11] Ibid., pp. 96-103.

[12] Ibid., p. 97.

[13] Ibid.

[14] Ibid.

[15] For a different interpretation of this conversation see W. Y. Tindall, James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World (New York: Charles Scribners, 1950), p. 20. Tindall contends that the President is right, that Stephen is proposing art for art's sake in the manner of Pater and Wilde, disregarding the most obvious fact that Stephen (in Stephen Hero) and Joyce in his speech do relate drama to life.

In another conversation in Stephen Hero, this time between Stephen and his mother, a dialogue on the subject of art for the sake of art reveals Joyce's views on that subject. Stephen's mother "would like to read some great writer, to see what ideal of life he has . . . . Sometimes I feel that I want to leave this actual life and enter another--for a time."[16] May Dedalus, unwittingly, in her relative ignorance, has defined art in terms of fin de siècle estheticism. Hers is the common notion of art, held particularly among those who have little first hand experience of it. It is "the great mistake everyone makes."

> Art is not escape from life. It's just the very opposite. Art, on the contrary, is the very central expression of life. An artist is not a fellow who dangles a mechanical heaven before the public. The priest does that. The artist affirms out of the fulness of his own life, he creates . . . . Do you understand?[17]

Speaking to his mother, Stephen is less argumentative than he was with the president, and also more buoyant. But in each case he is saying essentially the same thing. To both the president, who would have art serve as a kind of decoration for orthodoxy and to his mother, who imagines in her ignorance that art has nothing to do with orthodoxy or anything else at all, Stephen answers that art is an immediate, not a mediate expression, and that is is nothing less than the "very central expression of life." Joyce, that is, like Vico, would have art be integral with life, not a didactic or decorative appendage.

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[16]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 90.

[17]Ibid., pp. 90-91.

The second similarity between Joyce's esthetics and that of Vico, is in the central, creative function assigned to the imagination. As will perhaps be recalled from the preceding chapter, for Vico the imagination played as important a role as reflective thought in the construction of truth. Poetry was the manifestation of imaginative mental processes and these processes were as productive of truth as logical processes were. Let us now turn to an examination of the place of imagination in the esthetic theory of Joyce.

As is well known, Joyce drew his definition of beauty from Aquinas. In A Portrait, Stephen, in conversation with Lynch, explains beauty in terms that he says might be called "applied Aquinas."[18] Aquinas defined beauty as that the apprehension of which pleases and isolated three aspects necessary for such an object: integritas, consonantia, and claritas, each corresponding to a separate phase of artistic apprehension. Stephen explains integritas to Lynch:

> The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. An esthetic image is presented to us either in space or in time. What is audible is presented in time, what is visible is presented in space. But, temporal or spatial, the esthetic image is first luminously apprehended as selfbounded and selfcontained upon the immeasurable background of space or time which is not it. You apprehend it as one thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is integritas.[19]

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[18]Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man, p. 214.

[19]Ibid., p. 216.

And then he explains consonantia. After apprehending the object as one thing,

> you pass from point to point, led by its formal lines; you apprehend it as balanced part against part within its limits; you feel the rhythm of its structure. In other words, the synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Having first felt that it is one thing you feel now that it is a thing. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is consonantia.[20]

These first two phases of artistic apprehension Stephen found easy enough to understand. The third, claritas, baffled him for a long time.

> It would lead you to believe that he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow. I thought he might mean that claritas is the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalization which would make the esthetic image a universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions. But that is literary talk. I understand it so.[21]

And so Stephen rejected the possibility that claritas could refer to the apprehension of a spiritual quality outside the object. On the contrary, claritas is a quality discovered within the object in the act of apprehension, and it is the highest esthetic quality the object possesses. It is the very quality which the artist himself discovered via his imagination:

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[20] Ibid., p. 217.

[21] Ibid.

> When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks [is][22] the scholastic quidditas, the whatness of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelly's, called the enchantment of the heart.[23]

"This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination." The rarefied Portrait tells us little about the operation of the imagination, at least explicitly. As we shall see later, the Portrait does illustrate its operation. But first it is necessary to go to Stephen Hero for the fullest development of Joyce's views concerning its operation.

In Stephen Hero, Stephen is shown examining the relationship which must subsist "between the literary image, the work of art itself," on the one hand and "that energy which had imagined and fashioned it, that centre of conscious, re-acting, particular life, the artist," on the other.[24] The artist stands as a "mediator" between "the world of his experience and the world of his dreams." As such he

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[22]A misprint, in, in the 1956 Jonathan Cape edition.

[23]Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man, p. 217.

[24]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 82.

is gifted with twin faculties, a selective faculty and a reproductive faculty."[25] Artistic conception required a selective faculty and artistic gestation and reproduction a reproducive faculty:

> To equate these faculties was the secret of artistic success: the artist who could disentangle the subtle soul of the image from the mesh of defining circumstances most exactly and re-embody it in artistic circumstances chosen as the most exact for it in its new office, he was the supreme artist.[26]

"The subtle soul of the image" is the Aquinian claritas. It is the whatness of the thing. The ability to "select" this quality, to isolate it, is the first essential of the artistic creative process. The artistic creative process arises in the world of experience. The second essential of the artistic creative process is the ability to reproduce this quality in a form "most exact" for its new office, that is in a form that would enable the last phase of artistic apprehension to be completed, namely that of experiencing the same quality in the art object that the artist felt when the esthetic image was first conceived in his imagination. (The similarity to Eliot's theory of the objective correlative will be noted). The world of art is the "world of dreams." The artist translates one world into another, but if he is to be a supreme artist the world of dreams will not be in opposition to the world of experience but an illumination of the world of experience, a bodying forth of its "subtle soul," of its essence.

Stephen sees the domain of art as cone-shaped. At the base

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[25] Ibid.

[26] Ibid.

is "literature"; at the apex is poetry. What distinguishes poetry from literature is that in poetry the selective and reproductive faculties each performs its functions perfectly.

> This perfect coincidence of the two artistic faculties Stephen called poetry and he imagined the domain of an art to be cone-shaped. The term 'literature' now seemed to him a term of contempt and he used it to designate the vast middle region which lies between apex and base, between poetry and the chaos of unremembered writing. Its merit lay in its portrayal of externals; the realm of its princes was the realm of the manners and customs of societies--a spacious realm. But society is itself, he conceived, the complex body in which certain laws are involved and overwrapped and he therefore proclaimed as the realm of the poet the realm of the unalterable laws.[27]

Joyce had made much the same distinction between literature and poetry in his paper, "Drama and Life":

> 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--a spacious realm; and the true literary artist concerns himself mainly with them. Drama has to do with the underlying laws first, in all their nakedness and divine serenity, and only secondarily with the motley agents who bear them out.[28]

The "true literary artist" is with quiet irony distinguished from the poet. The "man of letters" from whom Joyce continually dissociates himself, concerns himself with externals. The poet (and the dramatic

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[27]Ibid., pp. 82-83.

[28]James Joyce, "Drama and Life," The Critical Writings of James Joyce, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (London: Faber and Faber, 1959), p. 40.

form is the highest form of poetry)[29] concerns himself with "the underlying laws." The supreme artist disentangles "the subtle soul of the image," and in dramatic art this image is nothing less than "the underlying laws of society," not the external manners and customs which overlay the laws.

Later, in A Portrait Stephen would observe that at first he thought of claritas as "symbolism or idealism . . a light from some other world."[30] and now in Stephen Hero Stephen sees the danger that "poetry" as distinguished from literature, in the terms that he distinguished it, could lead to "spiritual anarchy," thinking perhaps of such Romantics as Wordsworth and Shelley for whom the "eternal laws" discovered in the world of experience were what their intuition dictated. That is, the aim of the poet to disentangle the "subtle soul of the image" is one fraught with the possibility that the "subtle soul of the image" will in fact be but an aspect of the poet's mind. Such a theory as Stephen's could "easily have led its deviser to the acceptance of spiritual anarchy in literature had he not at the same time insisted on the classical style," which is

> the syllogism of art, the only legitimate process from one world to another. The classical temper . . . ever mindful of limitations, chooses . . . to bend upon these present things and so to work upon them and fashion them

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[29]"The esthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination." Joyce, A Portrait, p. 219.

[30]Joyce, A Portrait, p. 217.

> that the quick intelligence may go beyond them to their meaning which is still unuttered.[31]

The classical artist then will attempt to render the "realm of . . . unalterable laws," that is, to render the quidditas of society itself, by selecting--"disentangling"--from the "mesh of defining circumstance" the essence, the quidditas, of that world and reproducing that quality in a work of art. In the resulting work of art the object in its very essence will be manifested, "epiphanized," to use Joyce's own term.

It may seem from what has been brought forth so far that for Joyce artistic creation was a process of intellectual analysis on the one hand and intellectual reconstruction on the other. But Joyce makes it clear that the process is one of the imagination rather than of the ratiocinative intellect. The matter upon which the artistic process works is sensible, not intelligible. The act of intellection, if properly undertaken, renders the intelligible:

> Truth is beheld by the intellect which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible.[32]

But artistic creation, if properly undertaken, renders the sensible:

> Beauty is beheld by the imagination which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible.[33]

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[31]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 83. Also see Joyce's essay "James Clarence Morgan," in Critical Writings, especially pp. 74-75.

[32]Joyce, A Portrait, p. 212. See also "The Pola Notebook," Critical Writings, pp. 146-47.

[33]Ibid. A common mistake is that of equating Joyce's esthetics with Aquinas's theory of knowledge, which describes the

"The first step in the direction of truth is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act of intellection . . . The first step in the direction of beauty is to understand the frame and scope of the imagination."[34] The intellect has as its purpose the analyzing of the phantasm into clear ideas; it rests upon the principle of contradiction: "Aristole's entire system of philosophy rests upon his book of psychology and that, I think, rests on his statement that the same attribute cannot at the same time and in the same connexion belong to and not belong to the same object."[35] But the artistic process is not analytical. It does not operate upon the intelligible, upon that which can be rendered into "ideas." The artistic process operates upon the sensible, upon that which can be rendered into "images." If the artist is successful in rendering the image, its essense leaps as it were from the mind of the artist to the mind of the beholder, who experiences then the same grasp of the object as the artist experienced at the moment of his esthetic apprehension of it, that "felt by the artist when the image is first conceived in his imagination."[36]

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operation of the intellect, not the operation of the imagination. Joyce clearly distinguishes logical processesof knowing from non-logical (or poetic) processes of knowing.

[34] Ibid.

[35] Ibid.

[36] Ibid., p. 217.

That is to say, when the artistic process is successful, the one experiencing the work of art participates in the "mysterious instant" of artistic conception. For this "mysterious instant" Aquinas provides no explanation. "When we come to artistic conception, artistic gestation, and artistic reproduction," Stephen had told Lynch, "I require a new terminology and a new personal experience." Stephen has the new personal experience; and if we trace that experience, we shall see that the crux of it is indeed the imagination. If we recall that for Vico the imagination is as capable as the intellect in arriving at truth, we can see that when Stephen found Aquinas inadequate, he arrived at a point of view, at any rate, that was Vichian. Vico emphasized, like Joyce, that the poet, via his imagination, discovers and gives expression to essential meaning.

The new experience comes the morning after Stephen had told Lynch of his need to go beyond Aquinas. In his discussion with Lynch, Stephen had distinguished the three forms of art. The image, Stephen pointed out to Lynch must be set between the mind or senses of the artist and the minds or sense of others. The basis for distinguishing the three forms is their relative positions in respect to the artist and others. In the lyrical form the artist "presents his image in immediate relation to himself"; in the epical form, the image is placed in a "mediate relation to himself and to others"; in the dramatic form, the image is placed in "immediate relation to others."[37] The

[37] Ibid., p. 218.

lyrical form is the simplest, it "is in fact the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion."[38] As such it could be more easily illustrated and is the form that Joyce does illustrate. The other forms are more complex, but in any case the artistic process is fundamentally the same. Let us then turn to an examination of Stephen's new personal experience, a villanelle celebrating Emma Clery (E. C. in A Portrait).

> His mind was waking slowly to a tremulous morning knowledge, a morning inspiration. A spirit filled him, pure as the purest water, sweet as dew, moving as music . . . . His soul waking slowly, fearing to awake wholly . . . . The night had been enchanted. In a dream or vision he had known the ecstasy of seraphic life. . . .
>
> The instant of inspiration seemed now to be reflected from all sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstances of what had happened or of what might have happened. The instant flashed forth like a point of light and now from cloud on cloud of vague circumstance confused form was veiling softly its afterglow. O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber.[39]

Thus is recounted that mysterious instant that "Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal." The moment of artistic conception, like the conception of the virgin, is mysterious. Aquinas does not attempt to describe this moment or the process involved. As the spiritual state "very much like an enchantment of the heart" passes, Stephen engages in that part of the artistic process he had labeled "artistic gestation":

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[38] Ibid., p. 219.

[39] Ibid., p. 221.

> An afterglow deepened with his spirit, when the white flame had passed, deepening to a rose and ardent light. That rose and ardent light was her strange wilful heart, that no man had known or would know, wilful from before the beginning of the world. [40]

(That is, the artist in the "mysterious instant" has stripped away from the mesh of defining circumstance the subtle soul of an image, in this case the roselike glow of Emma Clery.)

> and lured by that ardent roselike glow the choirs of the seraphim were falling from heaven. [41]

The lyric form, the simple "verbal vesture of an instant of emotion" begins to take shape:

> Are you not weary of ardent ways,
> Lure of the fallen seraphim?
> Tell no more of enchanted days.

> The verses passed from his mind to his lips and, murmuring them over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a villanelle pass through them. The roselike glow sent forth its rays of rhyme, ways, days, blaze, praise, raise. Its rays burned up the world, consumed the hearts of men and angels: the rays from the rose that was her wilful heart. [42]

A second stanza follows. "And then? The rhythm died away, ceased, began again to move and beat." Another stanza. And then? "Smoke went up from the whole earth . . . . The earth was like a swinging censer . . . . The rhythm died out at once; the cry of his heart was broken."

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[40] Ibid., pp. 221-22.

[41] Ibid., p. 222.

[42] Ibid.

> His lips began to murmur the first verses over and over; then went on stumbling through half verses, stammering and baffled; then stopped. The heart's cry was broken.[43]

The world outside begins to break in:

> The veiled windless hour has passed and behind the panes of the naked window the morning light was gathering. A bell beat faintly very far away. A bird twittered; two birds, three. The bell and the bird ceased; and the dull white light spread itself east and west, covering the world, covering the roselight in his heart.[44]

So "fearing to lose all," Stephen, with the "mysterious instant" fading rapidly, the soul of the image, the "roselight," being covered by the "dull white light" of ordinary vision, raised himself and began to look for paper and pencil. There is a pause in the composition of the poem. Stephen's memories of Emma Clery are sharp and definite:

> The lumps of knotted flock under his head reminded him of the lumps of knotted horsehair in the sofa of her parlour on which he used to sit . . . confounded by the print of the Sacred Heart above the untenanted sideboard.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> She passed now dancing lightly across his memory as she had been that night at the carnival ball, her white dress a little lifted, a white spray nodding in her hair.[45]

He remembers his jealousy of her attentions to a priest:

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[43] Ibid.

[44] Ibid., pp. 222-23.

[45] Ibid., pp. 223-24.

> To him she would unveil her soul's shy nakedness, to one who was but schooled in the discharging of a formal rite rather than to him, a priest of the eternal imagination, transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life. [46]

These reflections have carried Stephen away from the composition of his villanelle, for while he is so reflecting the imagination is dormant. When his thoughts focus on Emma's attentions to the priest, his upwelling of emotion completely disrupts the artistic process:

> Rude brutal anger routed the last lingering instant of ecstasy from his soul. It broke up violently her fair image and flung the fragments on all sides. On all sides distorted reflections of her image started from his memory: the flower girl in the ragged dress with damp coarse hair and a hoyden's face who had called herself his own girl and begged his handsel, the kitchengirl in the next house who sang over the clatter of her plates, with the drawl of a country singer, the first bars of By Killarney's Lakes and Fells, a girl who had laughed gaily to see him stumble when the iron grating in the footpath near Cork Hill had caught the broken sole of his shoe, a girl he had glanced at, attracted by her small ripe mouth, as she passed out of Jacob's biscuit factory, who had cried to him over her shoulder: Do you like what you seen of me, straight hair and curly eyebrows. [47]

The analytical, reflective intellect is destructive. It gives only a fragmented knowledge of reality. It gives us, in fact, only a knowledge of accidents, not substance. Only the imagination is capable of giving us an essential and integrated knowledge of reality. Only when his imagination again takes over does the image unite again. At the point in his reflections when he compares himself as a "priest of the eternal imagination" to the priest who but discharges a formal rite, the image

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[46] Ibid., p. 225.

[47] Ibid., pp. 224-25..

of the eucharist unites his thoughts again in another mysterious instant:

> The radiant image of the eucharist united again in an instant his bitter and despairing thoughts, their cries arising unbroken in a hymn of thanksgiving
>
> > Our broken cries and mournful lays
> > Rise in one eucharistic hymn
> > Are you not weary of ardent ways?[48]

And so the composition of the poem proceeds, the "rhythm" dying away, beginning again, dying away, and finally ceasing altogether as the radiance of the "mysterious instant" finally dies away for good and the poem is complete.

The poem is not a very good one. It seems on the surface to be, for one thing, about as romantic as possible and romantic in the most windblown kind of way. It would seem to exemplify the kind of romanticism that Stephen was most fearful of: that which chooses to behold its ideals under insensible figures. And yet as far as it seems to go in the direction of romanticism, it actually is representative of the classical style, which, as Stephen said, is the only syllogism of art, the only legitimate process from one world to another: "The classical temper . . . ever mindful of limitations, chooses . . . to bend upon these present things and so to work upon them and fashion them to their meaning which is still unuttered."[49] How can the process of composition described above be labeled "classical"? Joyce, in the

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[48]Ibid., p. 225.

[49]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 83.

Pola notebook in 1904 had described the act of apprehension as three-fold, the activity of cognition, of recognition, and of satisfaction. The first two activities are pleasant in themselves although "by reason of the nature, degree, and duration of the satisfaction resulting from the apprehension of them," they may be designated either beautiful or ugly.[50] But the activity of satisfaction completes the first two. This third activity of satisfaction is the act of esthetic apprehension. When "rude brutal anger" broke into Stephen's memories of Emma Clery "it broke up violently her fair image." Only when the esthetic object had been seen through the third activity, that of satisfaction, did the apprehension rest. As long as the meaning is unuttered,[51] the intelligence is not at rest. When the object receives its epiphany, its claritas, the third stage of apprehension has been satisfied and the mind is at rest. Although the mind bends upon these present things it "goes beyond them to their meaning which is still unuttered." It is this "subtle soul of the image" that is uttered. It is released from the mesh of defining circumstance (the memories of Stephen) and re-embodied in such artistic circumstances that the one experiencing the poem would be given the same vision as the creator at the moment of imagination. The imagery of religion bodies forth his imaginative definition of Emma Clery appropriately, for she is identified with the priest, the church, the cold virgin temptress, etc. It is not a good poem,

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[50]Joyce, "The Pola Notebook," Critical Writings, p. 148.

[51]Joyce, Stephen Hero, p. 83.

but it is an excellent illustration, so much the better that it seems to be so romantic.

Even granted that the villanelle exemplifies the integrative, cognitive role of the imagination, what connection can there be, it may be asked, between the manner of composition of such a slight lyric and the composition of Joyce's later fiction, of such an extended, complex work as Ulysses? It will be recalled that even in the composition of the slight villanelle the imagination of Stephen worked only intermittently on the matter of the poem. Reflective thought kept breaking in and disrupting the rhythm of composition. Then as the new image would appear or the original image would return again in a new aspect, the composition would proceed. It will be recalled, specifically, that prior to the composition of the second to last stanza, "the radiant image of the eucharist united again in an instant his bitter and despairing thoughts." Even the composition of so slight a poem, that is, is not for Stephen merely the matter of the imagination alone organizing a mystical instant. The poem proceeds out of an interplay between the reflective and the imaginative intellects. The reflective mind dissipates one movement of the imagination and at the same time contains the seeds of the next movement. A Hegelian analogy suggests itself, the thesis being the imagination, the antithesis the reflective mind which contains the destruction of the first thesis and the seeds of a new. The "image" that the imagination projects then is not the simple phantasm of sense perception but rather one that comes to birth out of the intellectual

knowledge which the reflective intellect extracts from sense knowledge. It is the culminative stage of the process of knowing--in fact, the highest form of knowing. Even the slight villanelle demonstrates the subsidiary but necessary role of the reflective intellect.

Joyce once said that he did not believe in the New Science, but "my imagination grows when I read Vico as it doesn't when I read Freud or Jung."[52] The statement has a very literal application. For the composition of Ulysses, which Ford Madox Ford referred to as "the first time in literature . . . a man has attempted to treat man as the complex creature that man--everyman--is,"[53] mere unaided reflection would not be enough. Even in Exiles, almost as autobiographical as Stephen Hero and A Portrait, Joyce had drawn upon scholasticism for a definition of love and sought thereby to epiphanize essential jealousy, dissatisfied with the sensationalist treatment of jealousy in Othello. It will be remembered that Stephen, in Stephen Hero, defined the realm of the poet as distinguished from the mere man of letters as the realm of the unalterable laws of society. In Exiles he had attempted to develop the theme of jealousy, not in terms of sensationalism, as he considered Othello to have been, but in terms of general psychological laws. The emphasis, that is, is not upon intrigue, deception, violence, but upon the way the characters feel about the situation in intellectual

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[52]Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 706.

[53]Ford Madox Ford [Hueffer], "Ulysses and the Handling of Indecencies," English Review, XXXV (1922), 538.

terms. In the notes, Joyce expresses the fundamental law exemplified by the play:

> The soul like the body may have a virginity. For the woman to yield it or for the man to take it is the act of love. Love (understood as the desire of good for another) is in fact so unnatural a phenomenon that it can scarcely repeat itself, the soul being unable to become virgin again and not having energy enough to cast itself out again into the ocean of another's soul. It is the repressed consciousness of this inability and lack of spiritual energy which explains Bertha's mental paralysis.[54]

It will be noted that the definition of love expressed in the notes is the general scholastic definition of love and not a definition of romantic love at all. Joyce builds his Ibsenist analysis of romantic love upon a scholastic definition. Since, according to this definition, love might involve conventional "unfaithfulness" if the other party did in fact desire it; and yet, if in fact the other party really did love, that partner would not desire to be unfaithful to the other party, there was nothing Richard could logically do to stop Bertha and there was no way of his knowing whether she had or had not been faithful to him. Love carries with it, by definition, certain unavoidable, even if difficult, corollaries.[55]

Exiles has never been considered a particularly successful play, yet it is useful in seeing how Joyce's creative mind worked, thanks

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[54]James Joyce, "Notes by the Author," Exiles (london: Jonathan Cape, 1952), p. 163.

[55]Similarities to the situation recounted in the fifth story of the tenth day of Boccacio's Decameron and its analogue in Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale" and to the situation in Shaw's Candida may be noted. In all of these works a husband refuses to stand in the way of his wife's possible infidelity on the basis of conventional rights and instead bases his acquiescence on the transcendent law of love.

partly to the notes and partly to the transparency of the machinery of the play. It helps to show that when Joyce referred to the "unalterable laws" which are the province of the poet, he was speaking quite to the point. The law of love is the proper basis for a dramatic presentation of jealousy. Shakespeare's play suffers because Shakespeare obviously gave little thought to such a law. He dealy only in the accidents of jealousy, giving us a play full of sensation.

If Joyce found it useful and even necessary to draw upon a philosophy even for so personal an artistic expression as Exiles, it should not be surprising that he found it useful to draw upon a philosophy for so complex, so inclusive a work as Ulysses for the very basis of its development. His use of the New Science for this purpose should not surprise us either. His intention in writing Ulysses, he has told us, was to transpose the myth "sub species temporis nostri." What more logical source than Vico, who demonstrated that in fact "myth" was continually being transposed sub species temporis nostri? The most important aspect of Vico for Joyce's Ulysses is that which is most general. Vice gave Joyce a statement of the most general unalterable laws of society. Even though Joyce used Vico's laws with some freedom, just as he used his scholastic definition of love in Exiles, the basic principles he kept and these, as was pointed out in the opening paragraphs of this chapter, were to serve him not only as a means of organizing a subject as complex as the one he had chosen, b ut also they would help to protect him from idiosyncrasy.

CHAPTER IV

THE KEY

The New Science is, among other things (as was pointed out in Chapter II), a "philosophy of authority," both divine and human, divine authority exercising itself first through man's fear of divinity, human authority exercising itself in the "free use of the will." An integrated age, one representing a society at the apex of its development, would be characterized by a harmonious interplay between divine and human authority, mankind having achieved the mysterious fusion of necessity and freedom. The perfect state comes into existence when "the sciences, disciplines and the arts, all of which have their existence from the religion and the laws, serve the religion and the laws." Since Ulysses takes place during a period of disintegration, there is a disjunction between divine and human authority. Human authority no longer recognizes its subjection to providence; at least the dominant human authority of the age does not. The purpose of this chapter is to show that the key in Ulysses is an emblem of authority and that by tracing this emblem through the novel, one can see more clearly that Ulysses does take place during a period of disintegration and also see where authoritative dominion does lie during this period.

As Stuart Gilbert points out, the meaning of Ulysses is

> implicit in the technique of the various episodes, in nuances of language, in the thousand and one correspondences and allusions with which the book is studded. [1]

This being so, we must "by indirections find directions out." It is certainly appropriate that one of the indirections which will be most helpful to us in getting at the ultimate values of Joyce should be the key.

The key is an everyday symbol of possession, of dominion. Giving the key to the city is a ritual still very much alive. Like so many other everyday things, this ceremony takes place in Ulysses. In Bloom's hallucination in the brothel, "the keys of Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion are given to him." [2] But, as is the case with all the other everyday things, its frame of reference is not everyday life; the key can be defined only by the multi-dimensional co-ordinates of the novel. The fact that the key is not only an everyday thing but an everyday symbol as well might lead to the fact that its peculiar function in the novel is overlooked. But this possibility is inherent in Joyce's method. [3] Instead of taking a cherry orchard or a sea gull or a wild

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[1]Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (New York: Vintage Books, 1955), p. 9.

[2]James Joyce, Ulysses (New York: The Modern Library, 1934), p. 475.

[3]W. K. Wimsatt points out the danger of misunderstanding Joyce's symbolism: "Formulary or stereotyped symbolism as a creative technique is a contradiction . . . . This is not to say that such writers as Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, or James Joyce, who have had a wide range of formulated and quasi-symbolist meanings at their command, have thereby suffered a handicap. The point is that they knew

duck and then evoking a correspondence between what happens to it and what happens to the characters, Joyce, particularly in Ulysses, presents a surface naturalism--so natural are the events that Arnold Bennett called June 16, 1904, "the dailiest day possible"[4]-- and then infuses this "slice of life" with what Levin calls "epic symbolism."[5] Joyce's meaning, because it operates in such a muted, indirect way, is easy to miss. A proper reading of Ulysses requires the assumption that nothing is fortuitous although everything seems to be. The key manages to exist harmoniously in both the material and psychological spheres of the novel.

The symbolic function of the key has previously been noticed, particularly by Richard M. Kain and Harry Levin and S. L. Goldberg. We shall consider the implications they draw from the key before proceeding to our own discussions of it. Goldberg sees the key simply as a symbol of Stephen's attachment to a center. "He is willing enough to give it up when he feels the centre (home and country) usurped, but he goes with the burden of bitterness."[6] Kain states:

> Bloom's careless failure to carry his house-key is symbolic in more than one way; and whatever comfort the reader might

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what to do with such knowledge. The twist, the turn, the transformation, the hidden metaphor, the illusory conventionalism, are their pervasive principles." ("Two Meanings of Symbolism," Renascence [1955], p. 18.)

[4]Quoted in Levin, James Joyce: A Critical Introduction (London: Faber and Faber, 1944), p. 53.

[5]Ibid., p. 66.

[6]S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper, p. 154.

> derive from the statement that the hero at last went from the unknown to the known must be dispelled; he has merely let himself into his house! The texture of Ulysses provides ample evidence that the book is intended to be a merciless exposure of the keylessness of modern man.[7]

Kain then proceeds, in the chapter from which this quotation was taken, "Keyless Citizen: Social Institutions," to discuss the "devastating social analysis" of Ulysses. Harry Levin, also impressed enough by Joyce's use of the key to use the word in a chapter title, has this to say:

> Joyce's Odysseus, an advertising canvasser, exercises his professional wiles in devising a trade-mark for the firm of Alexander J. Keyes. He hits upon Saint Peter's symbol, a pair of crossed keys, also the insignia of the Isle of Man, and thus--if we are willing to follow the implications of a second pun--twin emblems of human isolation. Together they stand for the cross-purposes of the book, its epic symbolism and its naturalistic atmosphere. The one releases the myth-making fantasy of literary tradition; the other reveals a literal-minded itinerary of daily business. We see Stephen Dedalus compelled in a scuffle at the Westland Row Station to give up his key to the Martello tower, the abandoned fortification at Sandycove where he has been lodging with Buck Mulligan--and Dr. Gogarty would have us know that the actual key was a foot and a half long. We see the canvasser, Leopold Bloom, promoted in his drunken wish-dream to the high estate of Lord Mayor of Dublin, and presented with the key to the city. And afterwards when, in sad sobriety, he invites Stephen to his home, we note as final evidence of Bloom's ineffectuality that he has forgotten his latch-key, and must introduce his guest through the area-way.[8]

The elaboration of the symbolism of the key which we are making here coincides with these statements in some of their particulars but differs in others. To speak of the "keylessness of modern man" is,

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[7]Kain, Fabulous Voyager (The University of Chicago Press, 1950), p. 167.

[8]Levin, James Joyce, pp. 51-52.

in view of Joyce's use of the key (which we shall develop), an over-simplification. As for Levin's view of the use of the key, we might ask why "human isolation" should have twin emblems, and, granted that it should have, why should keys stand for human isolation. Levin astutely points out that the book contains "epic symbolism" and a "naturalistic atmosphere," but we doubt that Joyce intended the keys to stand for these. Levin simply errs when he says that "we see Stephen Dedalus compelled in a scuffle at the Westland Row Station to give up his key to the Martello tower." Stephen not only voluntarily gives up the key to Mulligan before parting with him in the morning[9] but decides while on Sandymount strand that he "will not sleep there when this night comes."[10] It is true that during the walk to the cab-man's shelter Bloom tells Stephen that he "won't get in after what occurred at Westland Row Station"[11] but this indicates that Stephen's break with Mulligan is irrevocable, not that it was involuntary. There is little question but Levin is right when he sees in Bloom's forgetting his latch-key "evidence of Bloom's ineffectuality."

At any rate both Kain and Levin agree in giving to the key a symbolic value. The assumption that it has one will be our point of departure. The key will be our first means of approach to the underlying significance of Ulysses. By tracing the key motif through the

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[9]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 24.

[10]Ibid., p. 45.

[11]Ibid., p. 603.

work, we shall make clearer Joyce's conviction of "the keylessness of modern man."[12]

The first key we encounter is the one to Martello tower. It is in the lock of the door. Stephen Dedalus takes it with him as he leaves and a few minutes later gives it to Buck Mulligan before parting from him. This is the bare outline of the action which we shall examine in detail. In doing so we shall see that, here, played out in the microcosm of Martello tower and environs, is a reflection of another "passing of order and order's coming" in the macrocosm. Whether Stephen's shadow on Sandymount strand was cast to infinity is problematical, but here, certainly, the shadows of Dedalus and Mulligan are cast over the earth.

The reason why Stephen gives, and voluntarily gives, the key lies in the representative character of Stephen, Mulligan and the Martello tower. These all have their individual identity in the real order, but they also have symbolical representative meanings.

A remarkable and important fact about the character of Stephen Dedalus is that the Stephen Dedalus of Ulysses is a radically different young man from that of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Although his intellect is that of the earlier Stephen, his will is

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[12]The key figures prominently in Finnegans Wake also. It appears not only many times (at least a dozen) but in significant contexts. In a flashback, Humphrey (or Harold) is described in "prefall paradise . . . . jingling his turnpike keys." (New York: The Viking Press, 1947), p. 31. As Anna Livia goes out to meet the sea in the concluding passage of the book, Finn is told to take the keys again. (Ibid., p. 628.)

not. The Stephen of Ulysses has lost his verve, his optimism. He no longer exults in his power to create and in the goals of his creation. This Stephen is the earlier Stephen from whom the creative zest has oozed completely. The earlier Stephen held himself aloof from what he considered vain or obtuse pursuits, but no one considered him to be stagnating. Buck Mulligan points up the change in his conversation with Stephen atop Martello tower:

> That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g. p. i. He's up in Dottyville with Conolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane.[13]

The full implications of Mulligan's accusation will be clearer if we pause to notice another case of paralysis in Joyce's work. Joyce's short story "The Sisters" tells of the priest who suffered from and finally died of paralysis. He had dropped his chalice and later had been found at night in the dark confessional, laughing quietly to himself. The chalice--the boy in "Araby" carried his chalice safely through the streets --is the symbol of the priestly office, of authority. Here, too, at the opening of Ulysses, a chalice figures prominently in conjunction with paralysis:

> Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:
> Introibo ad altare Dei.[14]

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[13] Joyce, Ulysses, p. 8.

[14] Ibid., p. 5.

Mulligan is the priest, the person with authority: he bears the chalice. This explains the paralysis of Stephen Dedalus. Out of his hands, though we do not see it passing, the chalice has passed. Like the priest in the short story, Stephen, the chalice, the symbol of authority, having passed out of his hands, is in the grip of paralysis. He is also, we might note, like the priest, "insane."

The reason why the Stephen of Ulysses is radically different from the Stephen of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man now becomes clear. In Ulysses he has a certain symbolic role to play. He is the artist, no longer young--though in years barely older than the Stephen of the conclusion of the Portrait--but mature and responsible. But out of the hands of the mature, responsible artist-philosopher, in this period of disintegration between Vichian cycles, the chalice of authority has passed. We shall see that, because of Stephen's paralysis, the passing of the key to Mulligan is inevitable.

The symbolic nature of the key, the power of the keys, is shown in the manner in which it is first presented to us. In an occurrence which adumbrates the Black Mass in the brothel, we first hear of it:

> In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coal-smoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.
>
> --We'll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you?
>
> Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker. A tall figure

> rose from the hammock where it had been sitting, went to the doorway and pulled open the inner doors.
>
> --Have you the key? a voice asked.
>
> --Dedalus has it, Buck Mulligan said. Janey Mack, I'm choked.
>
> He howled without looking up from the fire:
>
> --Kinch!
>
> --It's in the lock, Stephen said, coming forward.
>
> The key scraped round harshly twice and, when the heavy door had been set ajar, welcome light and bright air entered. [15]

The "domed livingroom" suggests a temple; the "gowned form" a priest; and the hearth, an altar. An indication of the nature of Malachi Mulligan's priesthood is given by the fruits of the "sacrifice": "a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease." Then the potential power of the key is revealed. Stephen turns it twice and "welcome light and bright air" enters.

Not only does this episode reveal the power of the keys; but it tells us more of the nature of Buck Mulligan, who represents that to which the power of the keys has passed. Throughout the opening chapter of Ulysses, Mulligan is presented to us in the appearance of and performing the role of a priest in recognition of his possession of authority. But he is a priest-buffoon, a burlesque priest. He, as we have seen, approaches the altar of God with his shaving bowl held aloft. On seeing Dedalus he "made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head." [16] In his mock conse-

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[15] Ibid., p. 13.

[16] Ibid., p. 5.

cration he has "trouble with those white corpuscles."[17] We are told he sings the ballad of Joking Jesus "three times a day after meals."[18] And after having made the burnt offering mentioned previously, he even begins, mockingly, Grace before eating.[19]

The difference between Mulligan and Stephen is pointed out by Stephen himself. Stephen thinks of the early church and how

> the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and worsting from those embattled angels of the church. Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.[20]

In Vico's philosophy, this age on which Stephen reflects was the previous divine age. Stephen is aware that zeal and fervor, and a conviction of certitude, made the early church triumphant. He, unlike Mulligan, realizes the necessity of these qualities in achieving a permanent order. Mulligan is of the "brood of mockers." He is a weaver "of the wind," whom the void awaits.

Now that we have seen something of the representative

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[17] Ibid., p. 5.

[18] Ibid., p. 21.

[19] Ibid., p. 13.

[20] Ibid., p. 22.

character of Stephen and Mulligan, let us amplify the significance of the key. We have seen something of its power when it unlocked the door and let in "welcome light and bright air." Speaking of the Martello towers, Mulligan says, "Billy Pitt had them built . . . when the French were on the sea. But ours is the omphalos."[21] This means, as Stuart Gilbert points out, that the tower does not have its expected phallic symbolism, but rather represents the Omphalos, the navel, the center of the body, symbolically, the center of life.[22] The giving up of the key by Stephen, then, represents his admission that he has no authority over that life out of which the more youthful Stephen would "recreate life."

The passing of this key by Stephen to Mulligan is merely an admission of this lack of authority; it is voluntary because it recognizes a fait accompli. The voluntary character of Stephen's giving is emphasized by the fact that Stephen is the one who has possession of the key when Mulligan, Haines, and he leave the tower. Mulligan merely asks whether he brought the key.[23] As they walk toward the shore, no more is said of the key, but Stephen thinks:

> He wants the key. It is mine. I paid the rent. Now I eat his salt bread. Give him the key too. All. He will ask for it. That was in his eyes.[24]

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[21]Ibid., p. 19.

[22]Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses, p. 55.

[23]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 19.

[24]Ibid., p. 21.

Stephen is reluctant to submit but powerless to withstand. When they reach the shore, Mulligan strips to enter the water:

> --Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat.
>
> Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes.[25]

Stephen, leaving, thinks:

> I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.
>
> A voice, sweetened and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round.
>
> Usurper.[26]

Stephen did not, as Levin says, lose his key in a scuffle at Westland Row station. He parts with it, voluntarily, fully conscious of what he is doing. He parts with it because he exemplifies the saying (which Vico says has been attributed to Solon):[27] "Know thyself." He is the responsible, rational, conscious, philosophical artist, but in this period of disintegration between Vichian cycles, authority is not in the hands of such artists. Authority is in the hands of the powers of darkness, in the hands of the Buck Mulligans, in the hands of Bohemianism.

All succeeding acts and thoughts (the entire character) of Stephen Dedalus are explicable only in the light of this symbolic divestment. It is he and not Mulligan, the "usurper," who represents that part of mankind which will carry through the period of disintegration the

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[25]Ibid., p. 24.

[26]Ibid., p. 24.

[27]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 416.

values, temporarily depressed, which have raised man to what eminence he has. But in this period, lacking a conviction of certitude about the form in which the values should be cast, Dedalus is impotent. Mulligan does not represent the conviction of certitude upon which a new cycle will be based; he, merely by the fact that he disregards certitude, by the fact that, like jesting Pilate, he asks what is truth and does not stay for an answer, is, in the period of disintegration, the logical, though usurping, keeper of the keys. Dedalus, unable to fructify the human values which reach back into the "mistridden past,"[28] can only mimic, with the insanity of a Hamlet, a control over this knowledge with his navel-cord call to Edenville.[29]

The key motif is woven even more persistently into the activities of Leopold Bloom than into those of Stephen and Mulligan. Here the symbolism, extended, remains all of a piece. Again from Joyce's use of the key, we shall learn much about his implicit judgment of contemporary society.

Bloom, unlike Stephen, does not consciously part with his key. He simply forgets it--just walks off without it. He does this twice. The first time, when he is leaving to get the kidney for his breakfast, he remembers it at the door and leaves the door slightly ajar.[30] Later, when he leaves his house for good that day, he forgets his latchkey again

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[28]Joyce, Finnegans Wake, p. 110.

[29]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 39.

[30]Ibid., p. 56.

and does not realize he has forgotten it until he returns home that night. This reflects the difference between Stephen and Bloom. Stephen is the philosopher-artist; Bloom is the common man, the non-intellectual follower (for all his luxuriant ratiocination). Bloom forgets his key and does not know that he has forgotten it. He is unaware that authoritative dominion is not his. The difference accounts for Stephen's despair and for Bloom's optimism. (That his optimism is misdirected and doomed, Bloom is blissfully unaware.)

This difference accounts for the fact that the key appears more often during the course of the day in connection with Bloom than with Stephen. Stephen has admitted to himself his divorcement from the fructifying source of positive creation. He has faced a fait accompli--the "day of the rabblement." Bloom, often seeing the key, will remain blind to its implications.

Bloom's first sight of a key comes in Glasnevin cemetery. He is walking with a group from the chapel, following Paddy Dignam's coffincart to the burial plot. They encounter the caretaker, John O'Connell, who is then introduced to all by Mr. Power. We are told that the caretaker "walked on at Martin Cunningham's side, puzzling two keys at his back."[31] Now, although Stephen's pupils at Mr. Deasy's school were reading "Lycidas" and although there are allusions to it scattered through the work, there is nothing here to indicate specifically that these keys refer to the "two massy keys . . . of metals twain." For

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[31] Ibid., p. 105.

our purposes it is sufficient to note that it is the caretaker of the cemetery who is wearing--and puzzling--them. This caretaker of the past, a past made concrete in the statue of Daniel O'Connell, "puzzles" the keys. Real and not usurped dominion lies in the past, in the previous Vichian cycle. The caretaker (his having the same surname as the Liberator symbolizes the apparent continuity of the past) does not understand what lies locked in the "mistridden past." Neither does Bloom, of course. Bloom, walking behind the caretaker, reflects:

> Decent fellow, John O'Connell, real good sort. Keys: like Keyes's ad: no fear of anyone getting out, no passout checks.[32]

This spirited but ludicrously wrong guess as to the meaning of the caretaker's keys is characteristic of Bloom. Lacking the key to authoritative knowing, he continually misunderstands. His very confidence in his wild surmises--the consequence of his not knowing that he lacks certitude--assures his never arriving at the right meaning.

More of the meaning of the key and of Bloom's own nature is revealed later in the course of this reflection. He thinks of the married life of the O'Connells, living in the cemetery:

"Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed up."[33]

Bloom, amiss here as everywhere, again reveals his lack of the key.

Later Bloom visits the office of the Evening Telegraph. He

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[32]Ibid., p. 106.

[33]Ibid., p. 106.

has with him a clipping of an advertisement which Alexander Keyes had previously run in the Freeman's Journal. He lays it on the desk of the foreman and says:

> He wants it changed. Keys, you see. He wants two keys at the top.[34]

The advertisement will be a continuing concern of Bloom through the day. We learn more about it:

> HOUSE OF KEY(E)S
>
> --Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on.
>
> Better not teach him his own business.
>
> --You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round out the top in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?
>
> The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.
>
> --The idea, Mr. Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?[35]

(The foreman assures Bloom he can do it.) As Harry Levin points out, Bloom has hit upon St. Peter's symbol,[36] the crossed keys of the Papal arms. That is, his eye-catching device comes from what, according to Vico, was the previous divine age, the period of the early Christian church. These keys to the kingdom, the massy keys of the "pilot of the Galilean lake," were later taken by the Isle of Man as its insignia,

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[34]Ibid., p. 119.

[35]Ibid., p. 119.

[36]Levin, James Joyce, p. 51.

as Bloom indicates. Bloom, of course, does not realize just how appropriately they symbolize the Isle of Man. He does not realize that they are the keys to whatever humanity man has developed in man. Now, in the period of disintegration, they reach an ultimate state of debasement: they adorn an advertisement of a merchant of "tea, wine and spirits."

Joyce's portrait of the Aeolian winds of journalism need not be belabored. The headings, reflecting, as they do, the blatancy, obtuseness, and shallowness of diurnal writing, are sufficient. Fittingly, Myles Crawford, presiding as the voice of this age, the age of disintegration, has the keys. As he is preparing to leave with Professor MacHugh and J. J. O'Molloy to join the others for a drink, we are told:

> He walked jerkily into the office behind, parting the vent of his jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.[37]

As befits his role, he walks jerkily and the keys jingle. His keys are mentioned later, again as he is preparing to leave for a drink, this time with Stephen:

> --Chip off the old block! the editor cried, slapping Stephen on the shoulder. Let us go. Where are those blasted keys?[38]

Blasted indeed, are the keys in the hands of Myles Crawford. When Bloom approaches him later to ask that he give the "House of Key(e)s"

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[37]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 129.

[38]Ibid., p. 142.

a "short par," he states and iterates unequivocally what Bloom is to tell Keyes to do.[39] Bloom, the disenfranchised, is beset by Myles Crawford, the keeper of the keys, as Stephen is likewise beset by Mulligan, another keeper of the keys.

Even Boylan's coming assignation with Molly is involved in the key motif. Bloom hums bits of an aria from Don Giovanni which, he thinks, Molly may sing for Blazes Boylan that night. But it

> Doesn't go properly.
>
> Keyes: two months if I get Nannetti to. That'll be two pounds then, about two pounds eight. Three Hynes owes me. Two eleven. Prescott's ad. Two fifteen. Five guineas about. On the pig's back.
>
> Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new garters.
>
> Today. Today. Not think.[40]

Bloom's humming does not "go properly"; it is out of key. This leads him to Keyes and the desperate mathematical attempt to "not think" about Molly. How unsuccessful this attempt was is indicated later when Bloom, on Sandymount beach, thinks:

> Suppose he gave her money? Why not? All a prejudice. She's worth ten, fifteen, more a pound. What? I think so. All that for nothing. Bold hand. Mrs. Marion.[41]

Nothing goes properly for keyless Bloom.

That Bloom's forgetting his latchkey really does have the symbolic meaning which we are attaching to it is indicated even more

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[39] Ibid., p. 145.

[40] Ibid., p. 177.

[41] Ibid., p. 363.

convincingly in the hallucination episode at the brothel. Since the brothel represents the subconscious, both Stephen and Bloom are here presented more fully and honestly than anywhere else. Because Stephen knows himself, we have already seen him honestly. Our picture of him is not changed in the course of our journey through his subconscious. But because Bloom does not know himself, our journey through his miasmic subconscious is revealing. At one point Bloom sees himself as a youth again. He is described as wearing (as an accessory to his "blue, Oxford suit" and "Brown Alpine hat") a "gent's sterling silver waterbury keyless watch."[42] Bloom is occupying his mortal time, represented by the watch, keyless. His having forgotten his key that morning is symptomatic and symbolic. Bloom has never had the key.

Bloom, in his hallucination, parodies his own misunderstanding of the meaning of the keys at the caretaker's back and those to go on Keyes's advertisement. He brings them together in ludicrous confusion. John O'Connell, the Glasnevin cemetery caretaker, appears and calls the name of "Dignam, Patrick T., deceased." Dignam recognizes his "master's voice." He is told by O'Connell:

> Burial docket letter number U. P. Eighty-five thousand. Field seventeen. House of Keys. Plot one hundred and one.[43]

(The U. P. is from the insulting postcard sent to Breen.) This is the reduction to absurdity of Bloom's egregiously erroneous conceptions of

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[42] Ibid., p. 431.

[43] Ibid., p. 465.

the meaning of the key.

Still later in his hallucination, Bloom reveals his deepest longing, to be accepted as one of themselves by his fellow Dublin citizens:

> (The freedom of the city is presented to him embodied in a charter. The keys of Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion, are given to him. He shows all that he is wearing green socks.)[44]

The shallowness of Bloom's conception of the power of the keys is shown later by what, in his own words, it means to him. Alexander J. Keyes asks: "When will we have our own house of keys?" (The "innuendo of home rule.") This is Bloom's description of it:

> I stand for the reform of municipal morals and the plain ten commandments. New worlds for old. Union of all, jew, moslem and gentile. Three acres and a cow for all children of nature. Saloon motor hearses. Compulsory manual labor for all. All parks open to the public day and night. Electric dish scrubbers. Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease. General amnesty, weekly carnival, with masked licence, bonuses for all, esperanto the universal brotherhood. No more patriotism of barspongers and dropsical imposters. Free money, free love and a free lay church in a free lay state.[45]

This is a farrago of some of the visionary social programs of the turn of the century with some peculiarly Bloomsian twists. It concludes with a reduction of them to their lowest common denominator: "Free money, free love and a free lay church in a free lay state." Bloom, unlike Stephen, does not realize that a fear of God is, indeed, the beginning

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[44]Ibid., p. 475.

[45]Ibid., p. 480.

of wisdom. Bloom, unaware that he has not the power of the keys, imagines he has and in his very imagining proves his lack.

Bloom throughout the whole day is unaware that he is without his latchkey. He and Stephen arrive at No. 7 Eccles Street and Bloom inserts "his hand mechanically into the back pocket of his trousers to obtain his latchkey."

> Was it there?
> It was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on the day but one preceding.
>
> Why was he doubly irritated?
> Because he had forgotten and because he remembered that he had reminded himself twice not to forget.
>
> What were then the alternatives before the, premeditatedly (respectively) and inadvertently, keyless couple?
> To enter or not to enter. To knock or not to knock? [46]

What is particularly iterated here is that Bloom is keyless "inadvertently," Stephen, "premeditatedly." The fact that Stephen knows the power of the keys is not his and that Bloom does not is emphasized.

They decide to enter the house by a "strategem." Bloom goes through a window and then lets Stephen in. Bloom still does not realize his privation. His "cogitations" are "stimulated" by

> the infinite possibilities hitherto unexploited of the modern art of advertisement if condensed in trilateral monoideal symbols, vertically of maximum visibility (divined), horizontally of maximum legibility (deciphered) and of magnetizing efficacy to arrest involuntary attention, to interest, to convince, to decide.

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[46] Ibid., p. 652.

Such as?
K. H. Kino's H/-Trousers.
House of Keys. Alexander J. Keyes.[47]

Bloom and Stephen sit in the kitchen and "poles apart," discuss various topics. Bloom has met frustrations to his wishes to ameliorate the evils which beset humanity. He realizes it is a "task for a superior intelligence."

> Did Stephen participate in his dejection?
> He affirmed his significance as a conscious rational animal proceeding syllogistically from the known to the unknown and a conscious rational reagent between a micro- and a macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void.
>
> Was this affirmation apprehended by Bloom?
> Not verbally. Substantially.
>
> What comforted his misapprehension?
> That as a competent keyless citizen he had proceeded energetically from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void.[48]

The difference between Bloom's and Stephen's keylessness is again apparent. Stephen, the philosopher-artist who knows himself, "the conscious rational reagent," gave up his key voluntarily in recognition of his lack of a conviction of certitude. He knows the method of "proceeding . . . from the known to the unknown" but, for him, the unknown remains unknown: "the macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void." Bloom, unaware of his keylessness, congratulates himself for proceeding from the unknown (the exterior of

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[47] Ibid., p. 667.

[48] Ibid., p. 682.

the house) to the known (the interior) through the incertitude of the void (the windows), "as a competent keyless citizen."

Making certain the unavoidable doubt that keyless Bloom really is competent is an "imperfection" which Bloom recalls:

A provisional failure to obtain renewal of an advertisement.[49]

In view, then, of Joyce's elaboration of the key motif, to speak of the "keylessness of modern man" is an oversimplification. Someone has the key. The "huge key" is held by usurper, Buck Mulligan. In the period of disintegration, the denier of values, the cynical, scoffing, Mulligan has dominion. The caretaker, as we have seen, also has the keys, signifying that the past has had dominion, though now defunct. Crawford has "jingling keys" as the spokesman for the period of disintegration. And the keys from the Papal arms of the previous divine age now participate for Alexander J. Keyes in the religion of the period of disintegration, whose god is Mammon.

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[49]Ibid., p. 714.

CHAPTER V

RELIGION

In the previous chapter, we saw that Joyce wove into the fabric of Ulysses the sinister motif of the key. We saw that, though to speak of "the keylessness of modern man" is an oversimplification, the keeping of the keys is, indeed, not in the hands of the responsible (represented by Stephen Dedalus). It is, rather, in the hands of usurping Bohemianism (represented by Buck Mulligan). We saw that there is a strong implication in Ulysses that Stephen has lost the power of the keys because he has lost his conviction of certitude. He dare not seize the keys. He is a Hamlet, his powers usurped, incapable of action.

We shall now go on to consider the consequences of this failure of the intellectually responsible to seize and assert the power of the keys. (We do not mean to indicate that this failure is volitional or even avoidable. Ulysses is strongly imbued with fatalism.) We shall do so by considering Joyce's treatment of religion, marriage, and burial, the first three things according to Vico.[1] As Vico states:

We observe that all nations, barbarous as well as

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[1]A full discussion of Vico's principles of humanity and religion in particular is presented in Chapter II.

> civilized, though separately founded because remote from each other in time and space, keep these three human customs: all have some religion, all contract solemn marriages, all bury their dead. And in no nation, however savage and crude, are any human activities celebrated with more elaborate ceremonies and more sacred solemnity than religion, marriage and burial. For, by the axiom that "uniform ideas, born among peoples unknown to each other, must have a common ground of truth," it must have been dictated to all nations that from these three institutions humanity began among them all, and therefore they must be most devoutly observed by them all, so that the world should not again become a bestial wilderness.[2]

These three social institutions pervade Ulysses. Even when the emphasis is given to secondary concerns, one or another is always present. There can be little doubt that Joyce deliberately chose them as indices of the spiritual condition of modern man.

The first of these which we shall consider is religion. According to Vico, the descendants of Noah, after the flood, grew to be giants and lived lives of bestiality. This happened because for a period of one or two hundred years there were insufficient "dry exhalations" (sic) into the atmosphere to produce lightning. When the thunderbolt did come, however, man, seeing it as a manifestation of a divinity, cowered and, beginning to subject himself to moral control, grew less in stature and greater in humanity. This Vichian concept of the origin of religion is reflected in Ulysses.

Traces of Vico's theory may be found even in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Vico calls the first poets theological poets and states that their fables are not fictitious but historical, often

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[2]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 333.

so under a symbolic veil. He says

> these men attributed to Jove all they saw, imagined or even did themselves; and to all of the universe that came within their scope, to all its parts, they assigned the being of animate substance.[3]

In A Portrait Stephen, in conversation with Cranly, says he fears the Holy Eucharist and adds that he fears "many things: dogs, horses, firearms, the sea, thunderstorms, machinery, the country roads at night." Cranly asks why he fears a "bit of bread." "I imagine," Stephen said, "that there is a malevolent reality behind those things I say I fear."[4]

In A Portrait Stephen also, of course, made his break with the religion in which he had been born. He said that he would not serve that in which he no longer believed.[5] In Ulysses we learn something more from Stephen about his rejection of his natal religion during the discussion at the maternity hospital. He fills the cups round and proposes a toast to the pope, "the vicar of Christ which also . . . is vicar of Bray." (Since, as Stephen told Mr. Deasy, God is "a noise in the street," the pope is the "vicar of Bray.") He then goes on to discuss the mother of Jesus:

> Or she knew him, that second I say, and was but creature of her creature, vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio or she knew him not and then stands she in the one denial or ignorancy with Peter Piscator who lives in the house that

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[3]Ibid., Sec. 379.

[4]Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, p. 247.

[5]Ibid., p. 251.

> Jack built and with Joseph the Joiner patron of the happy demise of all unhappy marriages parce que M. Léo Taxil nous a dit que qui l'avait mise dans cette fichue position c'était le sacré pigeon, ventre de Dieu! Entweder transsubstantiality oder consubstantiality but in no case subsubstantiality. And all cried out upon it for a very scurvy word. A pregnancy without joy, he said, a birth without pangs, a body without blemish, a belly without bigness. Let the lewd with faith and fervor worship. With will will we withstand, withsay.[6]

Stephen, as we see, reiterates the reason for the rejection of his religion. He says, as he said in the Portrait, "Non serviam." He will no longer serve that in which he no longer believes. The "sacré pigeon" occurs again during the brothel scene. There can be no doubt that Joyce intended a pun. "Sacré pigeon" could be translated "Holy Ghost," but it could also be translated as "cursed gull." There is no possibility of doubting that Stephen has an awareness of the existence of a divinity or the necessity of religion. But is it "Holy Ghost" or "cursed gull"? The form of the religion in which he grew is no longer convincing. For this reason he "with will will . . . withstand, withsay." And, as far as he can "divine," the divinity is malevolent.

Although Stephen often is irreverent, as in the aforementioned toast to the "vicar of Bray" and in the doubt cast on the Virgin birth, although he is often contemptuous of the specific form of religion, there is always a regret, a remorse, for his lost religious certitude. The phrase "agenbite of inwit" (i. e., "remorse of conscience") appears often in Stephen's thoughts. It was the title of a fourteenth century

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[6]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 385.

religious work by Don Michael of Northgate. But it also appears in Vico's New Science. Significantly it appears in the course of Vico's explanation for the origin of Diana who symbolized the chastity of marriage:

> Actaeon . . . seeing Diana naked (the living spring) and being sprinkled with water by the goddess (to signify that the goddess cast over him the great awe of her divinity) was changed into a stag (the most timid of animals) and torn to pieces by his dogs (the remorse of his own conscience for the violation of religion).[7]

Vico mentions it again later. He says that Plato, through the poetry of the early ages, was

> stimulated by them to understand the three divine punishments which only the gods can inflict, and not men: namely, oblivion, infamy and the remorse of a guilty conscience . . . .[8]

It seems likely that Joyce was at least combining these Vichian associations in his use of the phrase "agenbite of inwit." Thus, though the phrase usually occurs in conjunction with Stephen's having refused to pray for his dying mother, it refers generally to his remorse for his lost religion. He was unable to compromise his integrity even for his mother, but he was not indifferent to either her or his religion.

Stephen's inability to find certitude is brought out during his meditations on Sandymount beach. The crux of his problem is the

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[7]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 528.

[8]Ibid., Sec. 720.

"ineluctable modality of the visible."[9] Earlier Stephen had expressed his idea of God to Mr. Deasy. Mr. Deasy had said that "all history moves toward one great goal, the manifestation of God."

> Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying
> --That is God.
> Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!
> What? Mr. Deasy asked.
> --A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.[10]

This is close to the Vichian thunderclap which will come later when Stephen, Bloom, and the others are assembled at the maternity hospital. Here sardonically, there fearfully, Stephen testifies to a "manifestation of God." His difficulty lies in his inability to proceed from a conviction of the existence of a divinity to a conviction of certitude in the manner of worshipping the divinity. That is, Stephen can find no acceptable religion. In the Portrait Stephen rejected his native Catholicism and refused to substitute for it protestantism. "What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent and to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?" he asked.[11] On Sandymount beach this difficulty of certitude, this problem of ineluctable modality (of the visible and audible) is considered. How can we get at the truth, the substance, of things when they seem different as the modality of their presentation

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[9]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 38.

[10]Ibid., p. 35.

[11]Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, p. 248.

differs? How can we ever arrive at the essence of anything when we must, inevitably, inescapably, perceive it in its accidents? He remembers Don Occam's dilemma:

> Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong. [12]

If the host is the substance of God, how can it be raised and lowered simultaneously? Prior to this he had thought of the circumstances which would probably surround a visit of himself to his aunt Sally:

> I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait.
> They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.
> --It's Stephen, sir.
> Let him in. Let Stephen in.
> A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.
> We thought you were someone else. [13]

And so it is all through Stephen's meditations on the beach: he is unable to pierce the veil of accident and get at the essence. Everything seems to be something else.

Stephen remembers when he himself pretended to be something else; he remembers "pretending to speak broken English" when he docked at Newhaven on his return from Paris. He thinks of other Pretenders:

> The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight,
> Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breeches of silk of
> whiterose ivory, wonder of a day, and Lambert Simmel,

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[12] Joyce, Ulysses, p. 41.

[13] Ibid., pp. 39-40.

> with a tail of nans and sutlers, a scullion crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now.[14]

The theme of "all kings' sons" is one that is, in itself, woven through the fabric of Ulysses. It reflects a fall from an earlier heroic age and hence reflects another aspect of Vico's philosophy. But here it also shares in the general theme of the "ineluctable modality" of things.

Stephen thinks of his shadow being cast "endless till the farthest star": "Endless, would it be mine, form of my form?" He thinks of Berkeley "the good bishop of Cloyne":

> Who watches me here? Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice.[15]

Then, in a serio-comic way, he proceeds to play with Berkeley's theory that the mind does not receive data through the senses but actually creates what seems to be perceived.

Berkeley's idealism figures also in Stephen's speculations later that evening in the brothel. There Stephen interrupts a discussion of "what went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself," which itself echoes Vico's "ideal eternal history traversed in time by the histories of all nations," to damn "that fellow's noise in the street." Significantly, outside a gramaphone had begun to blare "The Holy City." In spite of this seeming blasphemy, Stephen's overriding preoccupation

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[14] Ibid., p. 46.

[15] Ibid., p. 49.

is still certitude. Later as he is lighting a cigarette, Lynch tells him to bring the match closer. Stephen:

> (Brings the match nearer his eye.) Lynx eye. Must get glasses. Broke them yesterday. Sixteen years ago. Distance. The eye sees all flat. (He draws the match away. It goes out.) Brain thinks. Near: far. Ineluctable modality of the visible.[16]

There is no need to labor this. The inescapable manifestation of the divinity, the insuperable difficulty of going further and arriving at a manner of worshipping this divinity--these are the two sides of the coin of Stephen's spiritual life. The divinity exists but what is its essence when modality is inescapable? How is one to escape the "void of incertitude"?

These questions are, by implication, unwittingly declared by George Russell to be "purely academic";

> I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Clerymen's discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences.[17]

The words "formless spiritual" understandably stick with Stephen. He thinks:

> Formless spiritual. Father, Word and Holy Breath. All father, the heavenly man. Hiesos Kristos, magician of the beautiful, the Logos who suffers in us at every moment. This verily is that. I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.[18]

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[16] Ibid., p. 546.

[17] Ibid., p. 183.

[18] Ibid.

Stephen continues, in his thoughts, to reduce theosophy to absurdity. He knows the impossibility of presenting abstract ideas, "formless spiritual essences." Modality is ineluctable.

If modality is ineluctable, so is Stephen's belief and even fear that there is a reality, a malevolent reality, behind the appearance. Stephen sees it manifested by "a noise in the street" and, while at the maternity hospital, by a thunderclap. This is the Vichian thunderclap, which first made primitive man aware of a divinity. At the time Stephen, Bloom, Mulligan, and the others are gathered at the hospital to await the birth of Mina Purefoy's child, we are told:

> 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. And Master Lynch bade him have a care to flout and witwanton as the god self was angered for his hellprate and paganry. And he that erst challenged to be so doughty waxed pale as they might all mark and shrank together and his pitch that was before so haught uplift was now of a sudden quite plucked down and his heart shook within the cage of his breast as he tasted the rumour of that storm.[19]

Stephen is literally frightened by the bolt of the hammerhurler. Symbolically, he is the primitive recognizer, the first among the beastly to recognize the divinity. This is the period of disintegration between Vichian cycles. As it was in the beginning, is now.

So far we have seen that, though Dedalus is unable to find religious certitude, he is not without a strong, if vague, awareness of a divinity. This is as we might expect in the period of disintegration.

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[19] Ibid., p. 388.

Early man misapprehended the nature of the divinity; now Dedalus who, unlike primitive man, is wise enough to know that he does not know, fails to determine its essence. Certitude, must come by slow, arduous process.

Stephen is unlike primitive man in that he has rejected a religion, even if it is, in his eyes, a false one. And he is, indeed, torn to pieces by his dogs, by the remorse of his conscience. But this, itself, is a manifestation of the divinity; it is one of the "divine punishments which only the gods can inflict." Stephen tries desperately throughout the day to allay this remorse, always ineffectually. Mulligan had told him that he had "general paralysis of the insane." One of his ways of allaying this remorse is a Hamlet-like "insanity." During the course of his fantastic interpretation of Shakespeare in the library where the term "agenbite of inwit" intersperses his thoughts, he realizes the fatuity of his banter: "Folly. Persist."[20] He asks himself, "Are you condemned to do this?"[21] Actually, what he is doing is ruminating on his own preoccupations in disguise. Reflecting on the licentiousness of the Renaissance, he thinks:

> Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter. Agenbite of inwit.[22]

Later, intermingling the past and his own particular preoccupations in

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[20] Ibid., p. 183.

[21] Ibid., p. 205.

[22] Ibid., p. 187.

the present, he says:

> Venus has twisted her lips in prayer. Agenbite of inwit: remorse of conscience. It is an age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god.
>
> --History shows that to be true, inquit Eglintonus Chronolologos. The ages succeed one another.[23]

For Stephen the present is an "age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god." It is the period of disintegration between the ages which, as Eglinton points out, succeed one another. The way such ages grope, reading such tracts as The Most Spiritual Snuffbox to Make the Most Devout Souls Sneeze, is Stephen's sardonic comment upon the probable success of allaying the "agenbite of inwit."

Later Stephen, walking the streets, sees a lapidary polishing a gem and thinks of himself who "wrests old images from the burial earth! The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes."[24] This reflects Stephen's feeling that what he has retained from the past is now covered up with the dust of the present age of disintegration. It also reflects his knowledge that he has tried to deny his awareness with sophistry, with "brainsick words." He meets his sister Dilly, who is buying a French primer. His dilemma of having cast off the old without having the certitude of the new again arises, as it had arisen when he had refused to pray for his dying mother. He weaves the memory of his mother into his contemplation of Dilly:

> She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite.

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[23] Ibid., p. 204.

[24] Ibid., p. 238.

> All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.
> We.
> Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.
> Misery! Misery![25]

Stephen here implicitly contrasts himself with Mulligan. Mulligan had saved a man from physical drowning. But Stephen is powerless to save Dilly from drowning spiritually because he lacks a conviction of certitude.

Stephen's battle against "agenbite of inwit" continues that evening in the brothel. His mother appears to him in his hallucination asking the Sacred Heart of Jesus to have mercy on him. Stephen cries: "No! No! No! Break my spirit all of you if you can. I'll bring you all to heel!"[26] When his mother, dying (her cerebral lobes not functioning as Mulligan put it that morning), confuses herself with Christ expiring on the cross, Stephen cries:

> Nothung!
>
> (He lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier. Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry.)
>
> THE GASJET
>
> Pwfungg![27]

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[25] Ibid., p. 240.

[26] Ibid., p. 567.

[27] Ibid., pp. 567-568.

The gasjet's answer is appropriate. The cry of Siegfried and the "phrase . . . of Blake's wings of excess,"[28] the "ruin of all space," are reduced to their correct dimensions. The damage, as Bloom properly assesses it: "not a sixpenceworth." Stephen himself knows this. Later, outside, talking to Bloom, he taps his brow and says: "But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king." But Stephen is not allowed to carry on his fight on his own terms. Private Carr, not accepting them, knocks him down in a final demonstration of Stephen's ineffectuality.

Joyce gives the conclusive clue to Stephen's spiritual status during the course of a conversation between Bloom and Stephen in Bloom's kitchen. Bloom urges Stephen to drink coffee: "It's solid food . . . . You ought to eat more solid food." Stephen answers: "Liquids I can eat."[29] Later Stephen refers to the evening paper as the "first epistle to the Hebrews." In Hebrews 5:11-14, we find out why Stephen can eat only liquids:

> 11On this point we have much to say, and it is difficult to explain it, because you have grown dull of hearing. 12For whereas by this time you ought to be masters, you need to be taught again the rudiments of the words of God; and you have become such as have need of milk and not of solid food. 13For everyone who is fed on milk is unskilled in the word of justice; he is but a child. 14But solid food is for the mature, for those who by practice have their faculties trained to discern good and evil.

To hearken back to the parable of the keys, Stephen represents the one who "ought to be" the master. But, like primitive man, he must "be

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[28] Ibid., p. 25.

[29] Ibid., p. 619.

taught again the rudiments of the words of God." He certainly, as we have seen, lacks any conviction of certitude, any ability "to discern good and evil."

For fear of oversimplifying the very complex character of Stephen Dedalus, we point out his own cynical doubt that certitude will be the basis for the next order. Vico considered the early period of the Catholic church to have been the previous divine age. This church, Stephen, during the library discussion, says,

> is founded and founded irremovable because, founded, like the world, macro-and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. [30]

Nevertheless Stephen represents the re-awareness of a divinity in a period when man in fact, if not in word, has forgotten such an existence. He has only this awareness without any further certitude. Perhaps, Stephen sometimes sardonically reflects, certitude is a chimera. Certainly he is now such as have need of milk and not of solid food. "The ages succeed one another" but the time of their passing is long.

Stephen, then, represents the dim, embryonic awareness in man during the period of disintegration that there is a divinity. (Like early man, he fears that the divinity is malevolent.) Bloom represents that part of mankind in which there is no awareness at all. This difference is made particularly clear in the manner of their respective reactions to the thunderclap heard by them in the maternity hospital. Stephen, as we noted before, blanches with fear. At this, Bloom speaks

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[30] Ibid., p. 205.

to Stephen

> calming words to slumber his great fear, advertising how it was no other thing but a hubbub noise that he heard, the discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken place, and all of the order of a natural phenomenon.[31]

For Bloom the "awful anger" of the "hammerhurler" is but a discharge of fluid (a phrase which also reflects on Bloom's view of sex), a mechanical effect.

Bloom's failure to recognize a manifestation of the divinity is emphasized in the course of the walk from the brothel to Bloom's home. He and Stephen had "views on some points divergent";

> The collapse which Bloom had ascribed to gastric inanition and certain chemical compounds of varying degrees of adulteration and alcoholic strength, accelerated by mental exertion and the velocity of rapid circular motion in a relaxing atmosphere, Stephen attributed to the reapparition of a matutinal cloud (perceived by both from two different points of observation, Sandycove and Dublin) at first no bigger than a woman's hand.[32]

Although generally the entire episode from which this passage is taken is given in a preciosity of language which parodies scientific precision, here only Bloom's explanation is given in scientific detail (and scientific detail which is particularly ludicrous). Stephen's explanation is non-scientific. Bloom's language indicates the nature of his explanation. Like the thunderclap, the collapse is "in the way of a natural phenomenon." Stephen, in attributing it to the "reapparition of a matutinal cloud," sees it as a manifestation of the divinity. Private

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[31] Ibid., p. 388.

[32] Ibid., p. 651.

Carr is a personification of "a noise in the street." He is a reminder that man, having lost an awareness of the divinity, has returned to bestiality.

The tremendous spiritual gulf which separates Stephen and Bloom is particularly apparent in their respective hallucinations in the brothel. Stephen knows himself. His hallucination contains nothing of a different order from his conscious thoughts. True, a "Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus" appears, but this is after Lynch had told one of the prostitutes that Stephen was the son of a Cardinal. On the other hand, Bloom's thoughts, different from his conscious ones, are monstrous and perverted. He thinks of himself as a humanitarian. (He gives the crubeen and trotter to the dog as he approaches the brothel.)[33] But in his hallucination he descends to depths of depravity and abnormality that stagger. He is beastly and is intended to be. This is Joyce's view of the humanitarian answer to what man can make of man. Bloom is well-meaning and good-intentioned; but there is no doubt but that, like the early primitive man, without the fear of god which is the beginning of wisdom and in spite of all of his good intentions, his end is beastliness. Joyce is reflecting here the Vichian belief that a belief in a divinity made possible the first civil regulation of man and his eventual rise to what civilized status he has attained.

To list all the ways in which Joyce has indicated the re-

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[33] Ibid., p. 445.

ligious nature of Bloom is, of course, unnecessary and, at any rate, would be virtually an impossibility. We might note though, because it is significant, that, though his father was a Jew, Bloom is not one. In fact, he has been baptised three times: as a Protestant, as a Catholic, and once "by James O'Connor, Philip Gilligan and James Fitzpatrick, together, under a pump in the village of Swords . . ."[34] This means that Bloom had rejected all of the principal forms of religious affirmation open to him. He represents the great mass of humanity in the age of disintegration, the period when an awareness of the divinity no longer exists.

Bloom is unaware of the origin of the values which make man civilized. He tries--to be sure, with devastating unsuccess--to recognize these values. Mulligan, on the other hand, concerns himself with neither the origin nor the things themselves. He is the Bohemian, the proud possessor of no values. He does not, like Bloom, even try to retain a concept of man which would place him a little lower than the angels. The note is struck early. Mulligan revels in his beastliness. Stephen's mother is "beastly dead." Mulligan explains to Stephen that death is "a beastly thing and nothing else."[35] Mulligan appears in Stephen's hallucination and says, "Kinch killed her dogsbody bitchbody."[36]

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[34] Ibid., p. 666.

[35] Ibid., p. 10.

[36] Ibid., p. 565.

The shallowness of Mulligan's absorption of the culture which he thinks he respects so much is also shown. Mulligan suggests to Stephen that they "Hellenize" Ireland. At this suggestion Stephen conjures up this schoolboy scene:

> 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 on 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. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.[37]

Stephen realizes that the culture of ancient Greece cannot flourish in this kind of environment.

The explanation of Mulligan lies in the telegram Stephen sent to him (quoting Meredith): "The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done."[38]

We have not yet considered the position of those who, during the period of disintegration, retain allegiance to the religious certitude of the past cycle of human history. The premise upon which Stephen's role and, indeed, the whole religious aspect of Ulysses rests is that the orthodoxy of the past is now irrelevant--defunct. Its credibility has been outstripped. In what way does Joyce present this belief to us?

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[37]Ibid., p. 9.

[38]Ibid., p. 197.

He presents it clearly, emphatically, and yet succinctly in the persons of Martin Cunningham and Father John Conmee, S. J.

Martin Cunningham, a "good practical catholic: useful at mission time,"[39] is presented on the whole sympathetically throughout the work. (He had appeared in Dubliners as the modus operandi of the "Grace" which devolved upon Tom Kernan.) When, in the carriage on the way to Paddy Dignam's funeral, the subject of suicide comes up and Mr. Power says, "The greatest disgrace to have in the family," Martin Cunningham, the only one present who knows that Bloom's father committed suicide, tries to ease the situation:

> --Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.
> --They say a man who does it is a coward, Mr. Dedalus said.
> --It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.[40]

Bloom appreciates Martin Cunningham's act: "Sympathetic human being he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say." Then Bloom adds significantly:

> And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost. Leading the life of the damned.[41]

This relationship of Cunningham to his wife is symbolic of his relationship to the church. His religion is characterized by a desperate

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[39] Ibid., p. 216.

[40] Ibid., p. 95.

[41] Ibid.

loyalty. There is no possibility that any real feeling of love for his wife as a person could remain, but he goes patiently through the formalities of being a good husband. Just so, though he lacks the intense awareness of the divinity of the deeply religious, he is quite clearly what Conmee says he is: a "good practical catholic; useful at mission time." He represents religion which has descended to mere observance of an obsolete formality.

"The Superior, the Very Reverend John Conmee, S. J."[42] has much in common with Martin Cunningham, though not presented nearly as sympathetically. He, too, overtly professes a religion the spirit of which eludes him. The nightmare of history with its inescapable cyclical mutability has made hollow the core of Conmee's religion. Conmee is wrapped up in the superficies, unaware that he is not observing its basic tenets. He passes up the one-legged sailor because "his purse held, he knew, one silver crown."[43] He is obsequious toward "the wife of Mr. David Sheehy. M. P." And what assurance he has in her presence comes not from any solid religious role he plays but because "he had cleaned his teeth, he knew, with arecanut paste."[44] After referring to Father Bernard Vaughan as a "really wonderful man" he, leaving, thinks of "Father Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice." But he does admit he is a "zealous man, however. Really he was. And

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[42]Ibid., p. 216.

[43]Ibid.

[44]Ibid.

really did great good in his way."[45] Patronizing, hypocritical, shallow, vain--he makes a rather devastating portrait of a priest of the old dispensation. Undoubtedly Joyce did consider this the period of disintegration. The wheel had come full circle and the void.

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[45]Ibid.

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE

Part 1

Religion, according to Vico, is a divine gift. Marriage is the first of human things. It is, he says, "the seed-plot of the family, as the family is the seed-plot of the commonwealth."[1] He explains why it is one of the three universal human customs.[2] Vico tells how marriage grew out of religion. Primitive man, frightened by the thunderbolt, ceased wandering and settled down. This same fear of the divinity caused men to drag their women into caves and keep them there "in perpetual company for the duration of their lives";

> Thus the act of human love was performed under cover, in hiding, that is to say, in shame; and they began to feel that sense of shame which Socrates described as the color of virtue. And this, after religion, is the second bond that keeps nations united, even as shamelessness and impiety destroy them.[3]

He then defines marriage as "a chaste carnal union consummated under the fear of some divinity."

In considering this institution of matrimony, we shall see

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[1]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 11.

[2]Ibid., Sec. 336. This description is given in full in Chapter II, p. 49-50.

[3]Ibid., Sec. 504.

whether, as Joyce portrays it, it fulfills the requirements of Vico or whether, in this period of disintegration, it retains only the appearance of matrimony celebrated under sacred auspices, while such a reality has in fact ceased to exist.

Joyce does not follow Vico literally. The Neapolitan's criteria for drawing the distinction between the humanly and the beastly in regard to such institutions as marriage, religion, and burial would be in fact, no doubt, quite different. And, no doubt, Joyce would be considered more demanding. Joyce is using Vico's views for a symbolic portrayal as well as a natural one. Only if we keep this in mind will the implications of Mrs. Purefoy (pure-faith) be seen. Bloom's reflection, after hearing of her lying-in from Mrs. Breen, will aid us in this understanding:

> Poor Mrs. Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness. Saffron bun and milk and soda lunch in the educational dairy. Eating with a stopwatch, thirty-two chews to the minute . . . . Hardy annuals he presents her with . . . . The squallers. Poor thing.[4]

The outstanding fact about Purefoy is, then, that he is mechanical. Later, when the chalice of the Black Mass is raised on Mina Purefoy's swollen belly, she is described as the goddess of unreason. These are the counterparts in matrimony of Martin Cunningham and Father Conmee in religion; they are the observers of a rite out of which the meaning has gone. They are keepers of the "pure faith" but without conviction. Later we shall see that Molly Bloom has passion (even that is mere-

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[4]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 158.

tricious) without fecundity. Here, in the Purefoys, we have fecundity without passion.

This failure of matrimony in the (extreme) Vichian sense explains Stephen's continual preoccupation with fatherhood. We are told that the marriage from which he himself came was not chaste: Simon Dedalus had been part of the "series" which had enjoyed the favors of Molly Bloom along with Leopold.[5] According to Vico, connubium, matrimony under solemn auspices, was the privilege of the nobles only. "The Roman patrician was defined as one qui potest nomine ciere patrem, 'who can name his own father.'"[6] Stephen realizes that connubium has ceased to exist in this period of disintegration:

> A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil . . . . Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world, macro- and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. Amor matris, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son?[7]

Stephen seeks an extra-familial link with the past.

According to Vico, the plebeians, who were not allowed

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[5]Ibid., p. 716.

[6]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 530.

[7]Joyce, Ulysses, pp. 204-205.

connubium and who hence had no fathers, were consequently said by the nobles to have intercourse with their mothers and daughters as beasts do.[8] Stephen gives a peculiar twist to this in considering the father-son relationship. Fathers and sons

> are sundered by a bodily shame so steadfast that the criminal annals of the world, stained with all other incests and bestialities hardly record the breach. Sons with mothers, sires with daughters, lesbic sisters, loves that dare not speak their name, nephews with grandmothers, jailbirds with keyholes, queens with prize bulls. The son unborn mars beauty, born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases care. He is a male; his growth is his father's decline, his youth his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy.[9]

We have Stephen's thoughts (after he has heard the bolt of the hammerhurler), in the style of Bunyan, on the "grot which is named Two-in-the-Bush, or by some learned, Carnal Concupiscence":

> This was it what all that company that sat there at commons in Manse of Mothers the most lusted after and if they met with this whore Bird-in-the-Hand (which was within all foul plagues, monsters and a wicked devil) they would strain the last but they would make at her and know her. For regarding Believe-on-Me they said it was nought else but notion and they could conceive no thought of it for, first, Two-in-the-Bush whither she ticed them was the very goodliest grot and in it were four pillows on which were four tickets with these words printed on them, Pickaback and Topsyturvy and Shameface and Cheek by Jowl and, second, for that foul plague Allpox and the monsters they cared not for them, for Preservative had given them a stout shield of oxengut and, third, that they might take no hurt neither from Offspring that was that wicked devil by virtue of this same shield which was named Killchild. So were they all in their blind fancy . . . . Wherein, O wretched company were ye all deceived for that was the voice of god that was

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[8]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 567.

[9]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 205.

> in a very grievous rage that he would presently lift his arm and spill their souls for their abuses and their spillings done by them contrariwise to his word which went forth to bring brenningly biddeth. [10]

Here we see reflected the Vichian association between an awareness of a divinity and the impulse to marriage under the auspices. Now, in this period of disintegration, all being unaware of the existence of divinity, all sorts of bestialities and perversities are rampant. Included specifically, too, is the Vichian warning of the danger to Offspring in the absence of solemn matrimony.

We learn more of Stephen's views on matrimony from what he says in the brothel. When he learns that Georgiana Johnson, whom he had come to see, has married and left, he says that she is "dead and married." [11] When the difficulty of the "ineluctable modality of the visible" confronts him as he lights his cigarette, he thinks of the riddle of the Sphinx: "The beast that has two backs at midnight. Married." [12] Thus, we see more of Stephen's views on matrimony: it is being dead (as could be illustrated by the Purefoys) or it is beastly (as could be illustrated by the Blooms).

All through Stephen's theory of Shakespeare the theme of faithlessness in marriage is predominant. Shakespeare was "tumbled in a cornfield" by a wench much older than he. His concern is with

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[10] Ibid., pp. 389-90.

[11] Ibid., p. 546.

[12] Ibid.

the "horn-mad Othello." The theme of cuckoldry runs all through Shakespeare's plays. It is no surprise when Shakespeare turns up in Stephen's hallucination, "beardless, . . . rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall." Later his face is replaced, appropriately, by that of another timid cockold, Martin Cunningham. Stephen cries:

> Et exaltabuntur cornua iusti. Queens lay with prize bulls. Remember Passiphae for whose lust my grandoldgrossfather made the first confessionbox. . . .[13]

Stephen's bitterness is transparent. In seeking Georgiana Johnson he has, himself, been descending to the level of bestiality. He has an awareness of the divinity, but for him, as for all, the lamp of matrimony, as of religion, lies shattered.

Mulligan characteristically lampoons and burlesques the decline of matrimony from what it should be: "a chaste carnal union." He conceives his idea for a "national fertilizing farm to be named Omphalos" in which he would offer his services "for the fecundation of any female of what grade of life soever who should there direct to him with the desire of fulfilling the functions of her natural."[14]

Two things which touch upon matrimony as "a chaste carnal union," homosexuality and incest, are hinted at and mentioned obliquely but never developed. Stephen thinks of the "love that dare not speak its name" in connection with himself and Mulligan and in connection with

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[13] Ibid., p. 554.

[14] Ibid., p. 396.

Wilde and with Shakespeare. Mulligan, spoofing, postulates "as the supremest object of desire a nice clean old man."[15] He also tells Stephen, as they are leaving the library, that Bloom looked at Stephen in such a way as to lust after him.[16]

Incest is hinted at in Bloom's thoughts of his daughter, Milly. He thinks of her: "Catch them once with their pants down. Never forgive you. Fifteen."[17] During his hallucination in the brothel, Bloom is accused of some sort of offense involving "carnally knowing." J. J. O'Molly defends Bloom, saying, "The young person was treated by defendant as if she were his very own daughter."[18]

Part II

The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to one particular marriage, that of Molly and Leopold Bloom. Through this marriage, the most prominent one in Ulysses, we may arrive at whatever judgment Joyce by implication makes about contemporary man through the Vichian concept of marriage as a "chaste carnal union" under solemn auspices. We shall concentrate on one particular aspect of this marriage: the concluding affirmation of Molly Bloom. We shall do so because (we hope this analysis will demonstrate) in the nature of this affirmation lies the meaning of the marriage.

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[15] Ibid., p. 404.

[16] Ibid., p. 215.

[17] Ibid., p. 99.

[18] Ibid., p. 455.

We are told that Molly Bloom lies in bed

> reclined semilaterally, left, left hand under head, right leg extended in a straight line and resting on left leg, flexed, in the attitude of Gea-Tellus, fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed.[19]

Stuart Gilbert, in James Joyce's "Ulysses," has this to say about Marion Tweedy Bloom:

> . . . she is the voice of Nature herself, and judges as the Great Mother, whose function is fertility, whose evangel 'that exalted of reiterately procreating function ever irrevocably enjoined', whose pleasure is creation and the rite precedent.[20]

W. Y. Tindall says that

> . . . she is the Great Mother of the ancients. Her voice, the voice of the flesh, is endlessly affirmative. Her monologue, which begins with "Yes," and uses "yes" as its refrain, suitably ends with "Yes." . . . . She is the agent of reconciliation and its symbol.[21]

Certainly, as both Gilbert and Tindall point out, Molly is a symbol of the creative principle. She would be, one might say, for Kinch's navel-cord call to Edenville (made when he saw the midwives on Sandymount beach) the contemporary central. She symbolizes the source of life in this contemporary period. There is little question but that Joyce so conceived her. And there can be no question that her final ". . . yes I said yes I will Yes" to Bloom's proposal of marriage was anything but affirmative. Our point of departure, then,

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[19]Ibid., p. 721.

[20]Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses," p. 395.

[21]Tindall, James Joyce, p. 36.

is the assumption that Molly Bloom, a vividly, completely, and humanly conceived individual, is yet symbolic. She is a symbol of the source of life, in fact, a symbol of the state of matrimony, in this contemporary period, the period of disintegration. Our attempt will be, by determining the nature of her affirmation, to determine the nature of the contemporary life principle.

Joyce's writing, like that of an earlier eminent Dubliner, is pervaded with irony. Joyce was "nothing if not critical." When one is confronted with a Joycean paean, it is certainly not amiss to inquire into the possibilities of irony. His sympathies, much less his enthusiasms, were not facilely engaged.

The initial point of the investigation will not be the thought-stream of Molly. First, an attempt will be made to assess the symbolic nature with which Joyce has invested Molly. Then the nature of the other affirmations which echo through Ulysses will be considered to see whether, indirectly, they will provide some clues. Then, finally, the affirmation will be considered in its context: the thought stream of Molly.

To begin with, although Odyssean parallels are generally beyond the scope of this thesis, we might consider Molly in the role of Penelope. Stuart Gilbert tries to explain away the inconsistency of Molly's infidelity with Penelope's faithfulness. He says: "Her lovers are to her mere toys, and her delinquencies of the nature, as

Mr. Bloom would say, of a natural phenomenon."[22] Vico gives what is perhaps a better clue to this inconsistency. He says:

> In other versions Penelope prostitutes herself to the suitors (signifying the extension of connubium to the plebs) and gives birth to Pan, a monster of two discordant natures, human and bestial.[23]

If we think of Molly's role as corresponding to the role of this Penelope many things will fall into place.

Our first encounter with Molly is in the morning when Leopold brings her breakfast to her. Here we pick up, unwittingly, what later will prove to be a clue to the nature of Molly's affirmation. It is a word, a word which might be considered a key word for Molly, "metempsychosis." ("Met-him-pikehoses," we learn later, Molly pronounces it.) Molly asks Bloom to explain its meaning and when he tells her that it means the transmigration of souls, she says, "O, rocks! . . . Tell us in plain words."[24]

Like almost everything in Ulysses this word has a very precise relation to all whom it touches. The theme had been introduced as early as A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Stephen would "go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience. . . ."[25] Walking Sandymount strand, he introduces the theme

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[22]Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses, p. 395.

[23]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 654.

[24]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 64.

[25]Joyce, A Portrait, p. 257.

in Ulysses. It is of the utmost significance that Molly utters the word but does not know its meaning.

Molly is the life principle: it is through her that metempsychosis will operate. Bloom further explains to Molly:

> Some people believe . . . that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.[26]

Then we are told that "the sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea."[27] This is a graphic description of cream being poured into hot tea: the word "curdling" is just right. But also, it brings in the navel-cord motif, the telephone line to Edenville. And for this, too, the word "curdling" is just right. That it is, is shown in the course of Bloom's frantic efforts to sow the meaning of the word "metempsychosis" deep into Molly's understanding so that it will take root. He sees the "splendid masterpiece, The Bath of the Nymph," over the bed and thinks: "Naked nympths: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then." And he tells Molly:

> Metempsychosis . . . is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.[28]

We have, along with Bloom's romantic example of metempsychosis,

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[26]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 64.

[27]Ibid., p. 64.

[28]Ibid., p. 65.

another and more pertinent one on the symbolic plane. The "curdling spirals" connect "The Bath of the Nymph" over the bed with Greek art (which has its peculiar fascination for Leopold, as we see later). Also, the implications of the word "nymph" have their significance for us in this investigation. Just as Greek art, spiraling, curdling, downward, may re-emerge in one of its manifestations as popular "art" in "The Bath of the Nymph," so the Magna Mater herself may emerge as Molly Bloom--a nymphomaniac. Another Vichian cycle passes and Molly represents the life source during the period of disintegration.

This is why Molly was attracted to the word metempsychosis and why, even with the help of Bloom, she cannot understand it. Molly, the individual person, may dismiss it with "O, rocks," but in it lies the meaning of Molly Bloom, the Magna Mater. She is the Vichian flux herself. The word is the word of mystery, the meaning of which would lay bare her meaning, if known.

For Leopold, too, there is a word of mystery, and it may be worthwhile to consider it for what it may tell us of Bloom. Bloom, also, of course, is both individual man and symbol. He is Leopold Bloom "who cadges ads,"[29] and he is also Everyman, a symbol of contemporary man in the period of disintegration. Molly cannot understand "metempsychosis"; that is, she can understand neither why she, the vital principle itself, has changed, nor why she cannot bring the

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[29]Ibid., p. 419.

great and meaningful to fruition. Bloom's word of mystery is "parallax." This is a fitting one, since, as we have seen, Bloom, the representative Everyman, has wandered from the awareness of God which is the beginning of wisdom and since the word means a difference (or amount of error) resulting from an observer's eccentricity.

The word "parallax" first occurs to Bloom when he sees the timeball on the Ballast Office. As Stuart Gilbert points out,[30] his ignorance of the meaning reminds him of Molly's "met-him-pike-hoses." Bloom thinks:

> Parallax. I never exactly understood. There's a priest. Could ask him. Par its Greek: paralles, parallax. Met him pikehoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks![31]

But the connection lies not solely in mutual ignorance. The word "parallel" suits Bloom's purpose but it has a special meaning for us: "parallax" and "met-him-pikehoses" are parallel words. They are enigmas the solution of which would reveal to each his own essential nature. We know that nothing less than something very similar to divine revelation could do this: Bloom's expectation that a priest could unriddle his enigma is more fitting than he knew. Stuart Gilbert's explanation for the word's fascination for Bloom is too weak to be convincing:

> The oriental in Mr. Bloom is ever in quest of the Word, and, just as any son may be the Messiah, so any word of

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[30]Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses," p. 33.

[31]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 152.

mystery--why not Parallax? --might be the Word Ineffable.[32] It would be uncharacteristic of Joyce to use a word so vaguely. This is a word of mystery, but it has a precise application.

Thus, both Leopold and Molly are puzzled by a word, one which, in each case, contains the clue to his or her own essential nature. They share something else, a joint consideration of which might be revelatory, especially as they share it unknowingly. Joyce loved vocal music. The use to which he puts it may tell us much about the meaning of his work. Molly is a singer but we do not "hear" her sing, as we "hear" Simon Dedalus, for instance. But both she and Leopold make another sort of music. It would seem to establish their spiritual oneness and also tell us something of the nature of their conjugal union. Bloom, after hearing musical contributions of other's in Ormond's Bar, makes his own after leaving. Being earthy, it is appropriately set (if, for the nonce, one may say that music is set to words) to prose: "Robert Emmet's last words":

> Seabloom, Greaseabloom viewed last words. When my country takes her place among.
> Prrprr.
> Must be the bur.
> Fff. Oo. Rrpr.
> Nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed.
> Then and not till then. Tram. Kran, kran. Good oppor.
> Coming Krandlkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes.
> One, two. Let my epitaph be. Karaaaaaaa. Written. I have.
> Done.[33]

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[32]Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses, p. 200.

[33]Ibid., p. 286.

That such is the nature of Molly's music is even more obviously indicated. Molly thinks:

> . . . yes hold them like that a bit on my side
> piano quietly sweeeee theres that train far away
> pianissimo eeeeeee one more song.[34]

Defunctive music. The parallelism of these musical contributions is pointed by the associations in each case--for Bloom, a tramcar, and for Molly, a train. (The difference itself is revelatory of Joyce's precision and sureness of detail: the clanking tram is proper accompaniment for muddling Leopold; the languid nightwhistle of a train, for erotic Molly.)

More indications of what Molly's nature essentially is will be extracted later from her thought-stream. At this point, perhaps some light might be thrown on the final affirmation by examining some of the other affirmations which occur in the course of the work. Not all will be given, but those that are, are not "selected." They are believed to be representative.

The first notable one occurs during the history recitation in Mr. Deasy's school. One of the boys commits a solecism: "Pyrrhus, a pier." Then

> All laughed. Mirthless high malicious laughter. Armstrong looked round at his classmates, silly glee in profile. In a moment they will laugh, more loudly, aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay.[35]

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[34] Ibid., p. 748.

[35] Ibid., p. 25.

Stephen is right. Later:

> Some laughed again: mirthless but with meaning. Two in the back bench whispered. Yes. They knew: had never learned nor ever been innocent.[36]

So here the affirmation is merely one of confirmation of a pessimistic expectation.

An affirmation which occurs during a conversation between Bloom and M'Coy bears being recapitulated. M'Coy is giving Bloom the details of the account he had received of Paddy Dignam's death. He concludes: "Yes, he said. He's gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow!" While half-listening, with some irritation, Bloom has had his eyes on a woman: "Proud: rich: silk stocking." She is about to get into an outsider across the street:

> Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!
> A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between. Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and the peri. Always happening like that. The very moment. Girl in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering the display of. Esprit de corps. Well, what are you gaping at?
> --Yes, yes, Mr. Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.[37]

What is gone with the sigh, of course, is a lost opportunity for Bloom, and not poor Paddy Dignam. The hollowness of the affirmation lies not only in its ambiguity but also in its association with Bloom's escapist sexuality.

When Bloom is entering the carriage to go with some other

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[36]Ibid., pp. 25-26.

[37]Ibid., p. 73.

mourners to Glasnevin cemetery for Dignam's funeral, he says to Simon Dedalus, "After you."

> Mr. Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying, --Yes, yes.[38]

Here, one could imply subtle dramatic irony: Leopold will come after Simon Dedalus, will usurp his fatherhood, if only for a short time, and Simon is assenting. In fact, the irony here is double-barrelled: Bloom's "coming after" will be rejected by Stephen.

During the ride to Glasnevin Bloom thinks:

> Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oaths. O jumping Jupiter. Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mulligar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too. Life. Life.[39]

The affirmation comes, this time, in association with Milly's adolescent sexuality and is equated with "Life. Life." When Bannon makes his hurried exit from Burke's--"Play low, pardner. Slide."--we get some insight into the caliber of "Life. Life."

When the mourners' carriage passes Blazes Boylan, Bloom looks down and thinks, "The nails, yes."[40] Here is an empty affirmation of the irrelevant.

When Ned Lambert tells Simon Dedalus

> Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters. . . Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up.

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[38] Ibid., p. 86.

[39] Ibid., p. 88.

[40] Ibid., p. 91.

--Yes, yes, Mr. Dedalus said dubiously.[41]

we have a verbal affirmation but a mental reservation. Another affirmation from which the positive note is lacking.

With a fear of laboring the obvious, perhaps a few more such examples might be cited. When Bloom is shopping for some properly kinetic literature for Molly, he comes across Sweets of Sin:

> All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gown and costliest frillies. For him. For Raoul!
>
> Yes. This. Here. Try.
>
> --Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hand felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabille.
>
> Yes. Take this. The end.[42]

This affirmation bears a marked similarity to that which concludes both Molly's stream of thought and the novel. At any rate, here, certainly, Bloom is making a perfervid response (vicariously, for Molly) to this meretricious lovemaking.

Like almost all other motifs (and this recurring ironical affirmation seems to be a motif) this one appears in the brothel episode. Characteristically, it appears in a grotesque and exaggerated manner. Bloom says to Mrs. Breen:

> Yes. And Molly was laughing because Rogers and Maggot O'Reilly were mimicking a cock as we passed a farmhouse and Marcus Tertius Moses, the tea merchant, drove past us in a gig with his daughter. Dancer Moses was her name, and the poodle in her lap bridled up and you asked me if I ever heard or read or knew or came across . . .

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[41] Ibid., p. 101.

[42] Ibid., p. 232.

> Mrs. Breen: (Eagerly). Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.[43]

What Mrs. Breen so positively remembered (and in the context it must have been extremely trivial) we are never told.

Bloom is told by the Nymph: "During the dark nights I heard your praise." Bloom answers:

> (Quickly). Yes, yes. You mean that I . . . Sleep reveals the worst of everyone. . . .[44]

This, then, is a rapturous affirmation by Bloom of his escapist sexuality.

The most equivocating affirmation in the entire work, of course, is Bloom's answer to the fan: "Nes, Yo."[45]

The foregoing are not all the affirmations, as has been mentioned, but they are representative. No affirmation, in the course of the entire work, is given in such terms to anything really meaningful. But these examples are not given as anything like proof that the final affirmation is also hollow and ironic. It is believed that they weaken the prima facie case for its being a directly and immediately positive affirmation.

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[43] Ibid., p. 442.

[44] Ibid., p. 533.

[45] Ibid., p. 516. For a clinical discussion of opposite speech see Bernard Kaplan, "Critique and Notes on the Phenomena of Opposite Speech," Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, LV (1957), pp. 392-393. One of the studies cited by Kaplan is H. C. Bostian, Aphasia and other Speech Defects (London, 1898). Kaplan reports that Bastian cites "several cases in which asphasic patients could say "yes and "no," but could not always use the terms appropriately.

In the thought-stream of Molly herself there are numerous minor affirmations which indicate the nature of the concluding one. It begins with "Yes" and ends with "Yes" and is interspersed with minor affirmations. Two of these concern the tryst with Blazes Boylan. One--"yes I think he made them a bit firmer"[46]--is hardly even an affirmation. The other is a mental threat to tell Leopold all the details.[47] There is no joyous recollection, not even of the primary physical act. Perhaps this is so because the sexual acts were not even fulfilled in the normal way but by the "rite of Onan." Perhaps it is because Blazes Boylan corresponds to two characters mentioned by Vico:

> . . . Pan the satyr tries to seize the nymph Syrinx, famous in song, . . . and finds himself embracing only reeds; and likewise Ixion, enamoured of Juno, goddess of solemn nuptials, attempting to embrace her, finds only a cloud in his arms.[48]

Certainly Molly is not the goddess of solemn nuptials, but she should be. She represents the degeneration of this goddess in the period of disintegration.

The animal imagery underscores the earthiness of Molly. We hear of the "dog smelling [her] fur and always edging up under [her] petticoats."[49] We also hear that she "loved rousing the dog in the

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[46]Ibid., p. 738.

[47]Ibid., p. 765.

[48]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 649.

[49]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 723.

hotel."[50] And (at the time Rudy was conceived) she and Bloom "came together while [she] was watching the two dogs."[51] We have previously considered Molly's connection with metempsychosis. In the brothel episode Paddy Dignam appears as a dog. How? "By metempsychosis. Spooks."[52] The animal imagery seems to indicate more than mere earthiness.

Even the relative positions of Molly and Leopold in their bed may tell us, indirectly, something of the nature of the concluding affirmation. We are given their positions when Bloom is recounting the day's events for Molly: "Listener, S. E. by E: Narrator, N. W. by W."[53] This would certainly seem to be symbolical of the fact that something is amiss here. Yet, the onus cannot be thrust completely on Leopold; the spiritual oneness of the Blooms is too emphatically indicated. From Molly, herself, we hear: "I never came properly till I was what 22 or so it went into the wrong place always."[54] It may not be pertinent to reflect that it was prior to this age that her daughter Milly and Rudy, "neither one thing nor the other," were conceived.

As for the affirmation itself, it is, of course, an acceptance of Leopold's offer of marriage made on (Molly reflects) "the day [she]

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[50] Ibid., p. 745.

[51] Ibid., p. 763.

[52] Ibid., p. 464.

[53] Ibid., p. 721.

[54] Ibid., p. 752.

got [Bloom] to propose to [her]."[55] Molly thinks, "Wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and sky I was thinking of so many things he didn't know of . . . ." Indeed, she was. Leopold is sitting palpitatingly on tenterhooks while Molly calmly and passionlessly lets her mind run on sentries in Spain, fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade, big wheels of the carts of the bulls, wineshops half open at night and so forth. Molly remembers she liked Leopold: "I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him." Molly can see the responsive quality of Bloom but this is ultimately cold and loveless calculation. It recalls what Stephen said of Ann Hathaway:" . . . a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself."[56] Molly, in years, is younger than Leopold, but her passionless use of her sexual attractions is just as deliberate. She remembers:

> I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breast all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad . . .[57]

It is Bloom's heart that is going like mad. The perfume is a significant note: at the same time that it is normal and natural, as such, its manner of being referred to by Molly points up the meretriciousness of her response to Bloom. Thus, with an absence even of aroused sexuality, much less love, Molly replies to Bloom's proposal: "yes

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[55] Ibid., p. 767.

[56] Ibid., p. 189.

[57] Ibid., p. 768.

I said yes I will Yes."

This is hardly a positive affirmation. It is, as we should expect it to be, ironic. It is a hollow mockery of its apparent rapturousness. But it is affirmative. The voice of the Great Mother must be, as Tindall says, "endlessly affirmative." At least, it must be until man ceases to exist. Until he does he will be the product of this great life force. But, though it never ceases, it does change. The note of irony is appropriately struck now in a depiction of this affirmative utterance because, although the Great Mother now proliferates, she proliferates negatively; she proliferates chaos.

CHAPTER VII

BURIAL

In our consideration of didacticism in Joyce, the next institution we shall examine is burial. It has an unexpectedly prominent place in the work. Stephen's mother had died just prior to the day on which the action of the novel takes place, true. For this reason we would not be surprised if Stephen were to dwell on his mother's death and burial. But the burial of Paddy Dignam is brought in extrinsically and given much attention. This is the period of disintegration. Joyce is, in the manner and matter of burial, considering society in the light of an institution which according to Vico was the second of human things (marriage was the first, and both followed religion, which was of divine origin). The theme of burial is, indeed, one of the important themes of the work. Through our consideration of it we shall come to understand more of Joyce's evaluation of modern society.

Vico, as pointed out in Chapter II, says that to realize

> what a great principle of humanity burial is, imagine a feral state in which human bodies remain unburied on the surface of the earth as food for crows and dogs. Certainly this bestial custom will be accompanied by uncultivated fields and uninhabited cities. Men will go about like swine eating the acorns found amidst the putrefaction of their dead. And so with good reason burials were characterized by the sublime phrase "compacts of the human race" (foedera generis humani), and with less grandeur were described by Tacitus as "fellowships

> of humanity" (humanitatis commercia). Furthermore, it is an opinion in which all gentile nations have certainly concurred, that the souls of the unburied remain restless on the earth and go wandering about their bodies, and consequently that they do not die with their bodies but are immortal. . . .[1]

Again, as in the institution of marriage, we shall find that the cataclysmic degeneration postulated by Vico will not be found in the institution of burial as it is in this period of disintegration. But we shall find, as in marriage, the form, the appearance, remains while the reality is gone.

Burial has, as we see from Vico's statement, two aspects. One is the horror which man has of allowing human bodies to be the prey of beasts. (We see this universal horror exemplified in Sophocles' Antigone, in the Iliad [Priam's grief when Achilles drags Hector's body three times around the walls of Troy] , and in Anglo-Saxon literature in which the presence of birds and beasts of prey following a battle is dwelled upon, to mention only a few instances.) Also, Vico points out the belief that the souls of the unburied humans remain restless on the earth.

In our consideration of burial in Ulysses we shall see that both of these reasons for burial remain unfulfilled. That is, although the apparent burial exists, the ends of burial are not attained. Here, symbolically, Joyce considers the third of the first three things, burial, to show that contemporary man is in a period of disintegration, that this essentially human institution has fallen into desuetude. To be sure,

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[1]Vico, The New Science of Giambattista Vico, Sec. 337.

bodies are brought to a cemetery and interred and mourners accompany the body and, in fact, no spirits appear except in memory or hallucination. Joyce, in his own way, shows how the appearance remains while the reality is gone.

We are confronted with death almost immediately in Ulysses. Stephen rebukes Mulligan for having said his mother was "beastly dead." The ensuing conversation is followed by a reverie in which Stephen remembers his mother having come to him "in a dream, silently. . . . her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood. . . ."[2] Stephen had failed to pray at his dying mother's bedside. He did not pray because he no longer believed in the faith into which he had been born. Rather than compromise his integrity he had refused. But the refusal dogs him the entire day. The prayer for the dead, "Liliata nutilantium . . ." springs into his mind every time he hears the bells chime the hour. Stephen's mother appears to him because he did not "bury" her. That is, he did not bury her in any reverent way under any solemn auspices. He did not fail to do so out of disrespect or even out of unawareness of the civilized necessity but because it was impossible. Stephen's dilemma is the same as we saw before; here it is only manifested differently. He, unlike Bloom, is aware of the compunction to bury because he is carrying within himself the genesis of human things: the fear of God. But he cannot act because, as we have seen, his powers have been "usurped."

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[2]Joyce, Ulysses, p. 12.

There is a two-fold problem, actually. One part of it is a lack of a conviction of certitude--"the ineluctable modality of the visible"--which partly accounts for his power having been usurped. But, regardless, he would be unable to "bury" his mother. There is an inevitable clash. His mother clings to what Stephen considers outmoded forms. In spite of the inevitability, because he has not "buried" his mother, she returns to him in a dream and will continue to return to him throughout the day.

Stephen's preoccupation with burying his mother appears in the riddle he propounds to his pupils in Mr. Deasy's school.

> The cock crew
> The sky was blue:
> The bells in heaven
> Were striking eleven.
> 'Tis time for this poor soul
> To go to heaven.
>
> What is that?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> --The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.[3]

The hollybush, an evergreen, is a symbol of life. The fox, like Stephen, is not really "burying" his grandmother, or, at least, is not burying her properly. Stephen thinks of his mother's love for him (later he says, "Amor matris, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life") and now she "had gone, scarcely having been." Then he relates himself to the fox:

> A poor soul gone to heaven: and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red reek of rapine in his fur, with

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[3]Ibid., pp. 27-28.

> merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped.[4]

One thinks of Webster's "keep the wolf far thence," and wonders whether the fox "with merciless bright eyes" is not now digging up the corpse. Certainly, present here is Stephen's feeling that he has not properly buried his mother.

At the very beginning of the work we are confronted by another death. This is a death by drowning and the body of the man has not yet been found. The boatman, speaking to his companion, says:

> --There's five fathoms out there . . . . It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today.[5]

The "five fathoms" causes Stephen to imagine a "sea change": "A sail waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, salt white. Here I am." Later while on the beach, where he muses over the "ineluctable modality of the visible," he associates the drowned man not only with the Tempest but with "Lycidas" as well:

> Five fathoms out there. Full fathoms five thy father lies. At one he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse riding salt-white from the undertow, bobbing landward, a pace a pace a porpoise. There he is. Hook it quick. Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. We have him. Easy now.

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[4]Ibid., p. 29.

[5]Ibid., p. 23.

> Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.
>
> A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue.[6]

The most striking impression we get, of course, is one of Stephen's revulsion. He can neither, as Ariel did, sing the glories of a sea change nor, as Milton did, express confidence in a glorious resurrection. The drowned man has, like Stephen's mother, been "buried" outside the auspices. He is the prey of "minnows." (The refrain from "Lycidas" is carried through the work. The last line "to fresh woods and pastures new" becomes, not a poet's optimism but the dream of a "superannuated old salt," a "derelict,"[7] and of a "municipal supernumerary," "wrapped in the arms of Murphy.")[8]

If the death and burial of Stephen's mother is the most pervasive in Ulysses, the burial of Paddy Dignam is the most prominent. In it the idea that without proper burial the corpse is left to be the prey of beasts is particularly developed. This idea figures, to some extent, in the treatment of the death and burial of Stephen's mother, too, though. When Stephen's mother had appeared to him in a dream, Stephen thought of her eyes as being on him "to strike him down."

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[6]Ibid., pp. 50-51.

[7]Ibid., p. 614.

[8]Ibid., p. 645.

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!
No, mother. Let me be and let me live.[9]

Stephen feels that his mother is accusing him and tries to defend himself from the remorse of his own conscience. We see this aspect of the absence of burial more fully developed in the course of Paddy Dignam's funeral. Stephen feels a remorse of conscience about the death and burial of his mother. Bloom views Dignam's burial with detachment. The death of his own son preys on his mind, not because of the circumstances of his death and burial, but because he was then left without a male heir. Burial, as such, plays no part in it. From his thoughts about and reactions to Paddy Dignam's funeral, though, we will be able, by keeping in mind the position which Vico assigns burial and his reasons for so assigning it, to learn something of Joyce's view of contemporary man and his judgment upon him.

While Bloom is en route to Dignam's funeral, closer to his thoughts than the death of his son is the death of his father, a suicide: "They have no mercy on that here or infanticide. Refuse christian burial. They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it wasn't broken already."[10] Then thinking of Ophelia's suicide: "Yet sometimes they repent too late. Found in the

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[9]Ibid., p. 12.

[10]Ibid., p. 95.

riverbed clutching rushes."[11] Man's implicit indication of the importance of proper burial has thus been indicated.

Bloom, riding in the carriage sees an old woman peeping out of a window. He thinks of old women as midwives and also as preparers of corpses: "Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners." The echo from Hamlet of Polonius's burial sets the tone of burial as something disagreeable to be done and done with. A tiny coffin flashes by: "In a hurry to bury."[12] An empty hearse which passes them coming from the cemetery "looks relieved."[13] Bloom, arriving at the cemetery, wonders whether the horses realize what they carry: "Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day . . . . Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick . . . ."[14] Burial, for Bloom, is but an onerous inconvenience.

In the chapel Bloom, representative contemporary man, helps mechanically to shovel under Paddy Dignam. He "dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. . . . bent over piously."[15] Bloom then indicates the nature of his piety. He sees the priest with his "toad's belly" come out with a

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[11] Ibid.

[12] Ibid., p. 94.

[13] Ibid., p. 97.

[14] Ibid., pp. 99-100.

[15] Ibid., p. 102.

book, and thinks. "Who'll read the book? I, said the rook."[16] And, as Bloom saw it, the priest

> took a stick with a knob at the end of it, out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down; he has to do it.[17]

Bloom is sure the priest "must be fed up with that job. . . . Every mortal day a fresh batch. . . ."[18] Then:

> --In paradisum.
> Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise.
> Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job.
> But he has to say something.[19]

This is not a reflection of only Bloom's unawareness of the importance of burial to civilization. It is an indictment of Everyman. Bloom is the representative contemporary man. He is no less irreverent than the others present. We do not hear their thoughts, but we do hear their jokes. Of course, as Martin Cunningham said, "That's all done with a purpose . . . To cheer a fellow up . . . . It's pure good heartedness: damn the thing else."[20]

That only man buries does occur to Bloom: "First thing

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[16]Ibid., p. 102.

[17]Ibid., p. 102.

[18]Ibid., p. 103.

[19]Ibid., p. 103.

[20]Ibid., p. 106.

strikes everybody. Bury the dead."[21] He is unaware that it is far from being the first thing, that man came through a long period of bestiality before practicing this civilized custom. That he is unaware of the significance of burial is shown by his addition: "When you think of them it does seem a waste of wood."[22] The travesty of human burial, as now practiced, is pointed up by Silly Milly's "burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a daisy-chain and bits of broken chainies on the grave."[23]

Bloom's mind turns to an aspect of burial which Vico assigned as one of the reasons for its origin: the protection of the body from the ravages of beasts. He sees a bird perched in a tree and associates it with a statue of the Sacred Heart:

> The Sacred Heart that is: showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything but pleased. Why this infliction? Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.[24]

Bloom then heard a rattle of pebbles:

> He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.
>
> An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrand-

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[21] Ibid., p. 108.

[22] Ibid., p. 108.

[23] Ibid., p. 112.

[24] Ibid., p. 112.

> father: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hiding place for treasure. Who lives there? . . .
>
> Tail gone now.
>
> One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. . . . Cremation better. . . . Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime fever pits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. . . . Eaten by birds, Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is pleasantest. . . . Regular square feed for them. Flies come before he's well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care about the small of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.[25]

This is extreme and, realistically considered, excessive. But Joyce is showing, symbolically, that man is not really "burying" his dead now. He is not because he has no authoritative auspices under which to bury them. Stephen realizes this. Bloom, representative contemporary man, forgetful of the origin of his civilization, does not recognize the need for auspices.

Bloom's mind also turns to the other aspect of burial which Vico assigned as one of the reasons for its origin: the allaying of the otherwise restless spirits of the dead. The thought gives him "the creeps a bit."

> I will appear to you after death. You will see my ghost after death. My ghost will haunt you after death. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm full blooded life.[26]

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[25] Ibid., p. 113.

[26] Ibid., p. 113.

Bloom is alive but his society is in a state of decay. His views on burial tell us much of Bloom and, through him, much of Joyce's view of contemporary man.

Paddy Dignam turns up again--or, rather, his ghost turns up again in Barney Kiernan's. Alf Bergin tells his cronies that he has seen Dignam "not five minutes ago" while walking toward the Bar. Someone tells him, "You saw his ghost then . . . God between us and harm."[27] Then, in the style characteristic of that episode (each section of the literal conversation of the Dublin citizens, "all King's sons," is followed by an appropriate parody) Joyce gives, in the cant of spiritualism, of popular huggermuggery, Dignam's appearance at a seance. In this burlesque the restless dead is as fatuous as the credulous believers: Dignam asks for a quart of buttermilk. The dragging of Hector's body around the wall of Troy was tragic, but in this period of "exhausted whoredom" the restless dead are only ludicrous.

That, in spite of the "stick with the knob on the end," the mourners, the jokes, Dignam is part of the restless dead--not buried properly--is made abundantly clear in the view we have of him in Bloom's hallucination. He appears as a beagle (recalling the dog-biscuits Bloom had thought of earlier among the food set out at a wake):

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[27] Ibid., p. 295.

> (The beagle lifts his snout, showing the grey scorbutic face of Paddy Dignam. He has gnawed all. He exhales a putrid carcasefed breath. He grows to human size and shape. His dachshund coat becomes a brown mortuary habit. His green eye flashes bloodshot. Half of one ear, all the nose and both thumbs are ghouleaten.)[28]

So Dignam, telling us the buttermilk did not agree with him, comes, ghouleaten, into the mind of Bloom. He is ghouleaten, the prey of beasts, because he had not been properly buried, in spite of all appearances.

Stephen's riddle about the fox and Bloom's apparition of Paddy Dignam coalesce later in Bloom's hallucination. Bello, after exchanging sexes with Bloom threatens him:

> . . . We'll bury you in our shrubbery jakes where you'll be dead and dirty with old Cuck Cohen, my stepnephew I married, the bloody old gouty procurator and sodomite with a crick in his neck, and my other ten or eleven husbands, whatever the bugger's names were, suffocated in the one cesspool. (He explodes in a loud phlegmy laugh.) We'll manure you, Mr. Flower! . . . .
>
> BLOOM
>
> (Clasps his head.) My will power! Memory! I have sinned! I have suff. . . .[29]

This reflects Bloom's own unconscious knowledge that, in spite of his brave talk in the cemetery, man should not be discarded like a beast. His cry of "Memory!" is appropriate. He has forgotten the divine origin of man, and he has forgotten that in the institution of burial lies much of the explanation for what civilization man has attained.

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[28] Ibid., p. 463.

[29] Ibid., p. 531.

Burial, then, as it is presented in Ulysses, does not fulfill the ends which Vico postulated as the reasons for its origin. Joyce uses the institution of burial to show that man, no longer really observing it, has arrived at the period of disintegration which lies between Vichian cycles.

CHAPTER VIII

DIVINE PROVIDENCE: ARCHITECT OF HUMAN HISTORY

It will be recalled from Chapter II that the New Science is above all else "a demonstration . . . of the historical fact of providence." Fallen man has a free will, though weak, but his will is free only to build, as it were, not to design. That which limits the movement of man's free will is his common sense. This common sense is the blueprint, the design, by which Providence controls the destiny of man. As Berry says, "Divine Providence is the Architetta divina of this world of the nations and it is under the guidance of this Architect that man builds this world."[1] As a demonstration of the fact that Divine Providence, the New Science is a "history of the forms of order which, without human discernment and intent, and often against the designs of men,"[2] Providence brought about human society. These forms of order, which are identical with "the common sense of the human race" are universal and eternal and consequently cause it to be that every civilization will experience the same course of

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[1]Berry, p. 103.

[2]Vico, New Science, Sec. 342.

development.[3] Every civilization inevitably runs a course of "rise, progress, maturity, decline, and fall."[4] By the inexorable law of history, as determined by divine providence, "decline and fall" --corruption--is inevitable. By "common sense" man is led to seek only narrow, selfish ends (which may be at variance with the ends of divine providence), but unwittingly he brings into existence those principles of humanity ordained by the superior ends of divine providence. However, when man's state approaches that state of harmony divinely ordained, that same common sense, still leading man to seek his narrow, selfish ends contains the seeds of destruction of that harmony. For man, having been led through fear and shame to found the institutions of religion and marriage and then the family and the commonwealth, once the commonwealth is firmly established sees no longer the need of those institutions and so they are allowed to decay. While this dissolution is under way there still remains that same common sense which again, while guiding man to seek narrow selfish ends, will lead man unwittingly upward toward

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[3]Joyce's identification of the barbaric age of Homer's Odyssey with his own age, which superficially seems so different, is a demonstration of Vico's historical theory. Underneath its superficies modern Dublin is a barbaric age. The barbarism of the Homeric age was a barbarism of the senses, however, and this returned barbaric age is a barbarism of reflection. It is even worse than the barbarism of sense. The characters, indeed, "bristle and lash out at the slightest displeasure," and "though physically thronging together, they live like wild beasts in a deep solitude of spirit and will."

[4]Vico, New Science, Sec. 349.

harmony with the divine idea.[5] Consequently, although those institutions of religion, marriage, and burial, which constitute the "principles of humanity" have decayed in Dublin, the individual citizen of Dublin is as much a passive victim of inexorable historical process as he is an active agent of the forces of dissolution. The movement of history is outside the control or influence of any particular person. Only if we see this aspect of Joyce's Dublin can we put in proper perspective Joyce's apparent harsh judgment on the personae of the novel implicit in his development of the themes of religion, marriage, and burial.

The impress of divine providence upon the human mind is the ultimate mystery cloaking the meaning of human life and human history, as was pointed out in the opening chapters. Vico inferred from the recurrence of the "principles of humanity" in all societies at some state in their development (even in societies that could not have borrowed the principles from other societies) that Divine Providence, not chance, must have ordained that this development be such as it was. He also observed that societies developed these principles (or institutions) through the selfish utilitarian intentions of their people rather than through altruistic and idealistic intentions.[6]

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[5]Vico's historical theory, it will be noted, bears some similarity to Hegel's. Hegel's historical movement, however, owes nothing to Divine Providence.

[6]He hoped that his demonstration of the fact of providence would serve to prevent the lapse of mankind again into barbarism. But

Religion, Vico again and again points out, begins in a fear of divinity --begins as a religion of terror--in, for instance, the religion of Moloch, which ordained human sacrifice. The assuaging of fear remains part of its utility. When luxuries abound and life seems generally free from pressing dangers, mankind gradually loses his fear of divinity. Religion collapses. Not until the utility of fearing a divinity makes itself felt will religion and all the human institutions based on it again emerge and enable man to develop a harmonious society.

Behind the actions of man, then, is human history and behind history is divine providence. History is the nexus of man and providence. It unfolds as an expression of the "common sense" of man, that "common sense" which, while an impress of divine providence, may include many attitudes and ideas at variance with the ultimate end of divine providence, as has been pointed out.

By relating the decay of Dublin to this principle of the providential direction of human society Joyce exculpates the individual

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the logic of Vico's own system was against him. Historical movement, he takes pains continually to point out, is determined by man's seeking always his narrow, selfish ends. As civilization and humanization advance through the founding and refinement of the institutions requisite for a fully developed humanity, their utility seems to lessen. If the dominant religion loses its sanction in the heart of man and if its auspices are deemed superfluous in the general life of a society, it is unlikely that people will deem the New Science or any philosophical apologia sufficient warrant for acting as if their faith were still alive. The logic of Vico's system requires that a society enter into a period of decline and fall until utility again leads it to take the first step toward the reconstitution of those principles of humanity that had gone into dissolution.

Dubliner and in fact views him with compassion.

We cannot expect that Joyce will "define" divine providence himself. To "define" divine providence is to define a mystery. The nature of divine providence is a matter of faith. Vico found, in examining civilizations, that they prospered when that faith was vital and decayed when that faith was lost. Vico inferred from the universality of this fact the existence of divine providence. But he saw that in each civilization, in each of its manifestations, divine providence was accepted as a matter of faith.

Joyce does present a view of the insufficiency of this faith in the Dublin of Ulysses. By examining Joyce's presentation of a conventional Christian view of divine providence, we may infer Joyce's view of its inadequacy. Whatever else a view of providence may be, it must be inclusive enough to accommodate all the evil--or apparent evil--in the universe. Unless it does, it is only a simulacrum of belief in providence and the institutions upon which belief rests must inevitably decay.

This conventional Christian view of divine providence is represented in Ulysses principally in the person of Father Conmee. Superficially, Father Conmee is similar to the gently satirized priests of J. F. Powers. As a person he is treated by Joyce with considerable charity, even tenderness. He is smug, insulated, condescending, but he means well. On a deeper level of the narrative, however, it becomes clear that Joyce is presenting not only an inadequate priest,

but a priest who refuses to face the evil of the universe in its entirety and to see that evil as part of providential design. Consequently he bases his belief in a divine providence, Pangloss-like, on a partial, sentimental, overly optimistic conception of divine providence.

The portrait of Father Conmee given in the short vignette devoted to him in the "Wandering Rocks" episode can easily be passed over too quickly and the details of Father Conmee's view of providence left blurred. A closer examination of this portrait will show that Father Conmee declines to put his faith in divine providence to the acid test of recognizing the evil that is part of the universe and recognizing that this evil is part of the divine plan.

When the one-legged sailor crosses his path, Father Conmee, out for a pleasant walk, is confronted with an instance of evil in the universe, war and mutilation: "He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs."[7] He thought, but not for long. And then he thought of Cardinal Wolsey's last words: "If I had served my God as I had served my King He would not have abandoned me in my old days." Such is divine justice. The trouble with the comparison, however, is that soldiers and sailors are the instruments of people like Cardinal Wolsey. These men have little or no real choice when it comes to serving God or king. The opportunity for decision in a person like Cardinal Wolsey can have little bearing on the justice of the mutilation of ordinary soldiers and sailors. Happy

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[7]Ulysses, p. 216.

with his sophistry, nevertheless, Father Conmee "walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking leaves."[8]

A little later in his walk Father Conmee sees news reports of the General Slocum disaster. A passenger ship had blown up and sunk in New York with the loss of hundreds of lives. Father Conmee reflects on none of the details, but these are given in excited tones later:

> Terrible affair that General Slocum explosion. Terrible! Terrible! A thousand casualties. And heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal thing.[9]

Father Conmee again declines to place the responsibility for evil in divine providence: "In America those things were continually happening."[10] Violent and sudden death, striking even children, occurs only in extraordinary places. It is not a necessary part of the order of things. Of course, Father Conmee would not think that violent and sudden death occurs in far off, extraordinary places, if he were to really think about it. He substitutes comforting reflections for thought. He does have sympathy for the victims: "Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition."[11] Father Conmee later reflects on death that "comes like

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[8]Ibid.

[9]Ibid., p. 236.

[10]Ibid., p. 218.

[11]Ibid.

a thief in the night."[12] The General Slocum exploded. What of those who did not have time to make an act of perfect contrition? Father Conmee evades the question.

When Father Conmee sees a turfbarge later during his walk, he reflects with pleasure on a universe directed by divine providence with such loving concern for the requirements of man:

> Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turfbarge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of poplar above him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs where men might dig it out and bring it to town and hamlet to make fires in the houses of poor people.[13]

Father Conmee is not being callous here. On the contrary, his natural tenderness, which revolts at the implications of a General Slocum disaster, here finds outlet in the relatively innocuous arrangement which places a cheap, inefficient fuel in bogs so that some men could eke out a subsistence by digging it out and bringing it to town so that poor people could have some kind of fuel to use. It is only when he has to face the harsher aspects of reality that he is unable to assign divine providence its proper responsibility.

Continuing his outing, Father Conmee boards a trolley, for the tender father "disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past Mud Island," and his tendency to avoid the unpleasant aspect of reality

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[12] Ibid., p. 220.

[13] Ibid., p. 218.

is further revealed. The tramcar journey through the Dublin slums parallels (and symbolizes) Father Conmee's journey through Life:

> Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse. Passing the ivy church he reflected that the ticket inspector usually made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket. The solemnity of the occupants of the car seemed to Father Conmee excessive for a journey so short and cheap. Father Conmee liked cheerful decorum.[14]

Father Conmee sits "in a corner" of the tramcar, signifying his being a priest, one set apart from ordinary humanity. But his being a priest is more a matter of cloistering himself than being a spiritual leader of his people, that is, one who interprets the oracles, the signs, of divine providence. We have seen that he is prone to turn aside when the signs of divine providence are too "brutal." His being a priest is a matter of playing it safe. Being a priest and general preparedness give him a "blue ticket,"[15] which he holds onto with care. That the blue ticket signifies his spiritual passage is indicated by the fact that it is while the tramcar is "passing the ivy church" that he reflects that "the ticket inspector usually made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket." If we read "death" for "ticket inspector" and "is in mortal sin" for "one had carelessly thrown

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[14] Ibid., p. 219.

[15] Blue is the color of Nausicaa, the art of which is religion. Blue is the color of the Virgin, but also connotes God. Vico points out that originally Jove was identified with the sky. (Sec. 473). The equation is found still extant in the French language (he points out in his "mental dictionary") in which parbleu means "by God." (Sec. 162.)

away the ticket," we can see that, lurking below Father Conmee's consciousness is the idea that divine providence is not to be trusted. But Father Conmee, of course, never allows this idea to enter into his consciousness. Within his mind, however, there is a tremendous chasm between his sentimental view of divine providence and his prudential acting as if divine providence were even malign.

Joyce is not saying that divine providence is malign. He is showing us a priest whose mind is divided against itself. The contradictions within the mind of Father Conmee make explicit faith in divine providence meaningless. A meaningful faith in divine providence must be based upon a complete view not a selected view, of the role of providence.[16] Through Father Conmee, Joyce suggests that the conventional piety of Dublin's Christianity is based on a false view of Divine Providence. It is even, in a sense, Joyce suggests, based on a denial of divine providence.

The blasphemous, Lucifer-like Stephen is the person in the novel who assigns responsibility for all the evil in the universe to divine providence. He assigns not only the inevitability of bodily death to divine providence, but also the inevitability of corruption of

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[16]As Caponigini points out (pp. 137-38), "the nation must recur to the sources of its power and strength as often as alienation from these sources threatens it; and, indeed, the power so to recur is the accurate measure of its will to life, of its central vitality." Caponigini gives as an example of such revitalization Cardinal Newman's going back to the spirit of early Christianity (p. 134). But he also points out that Providence is the principle which induces such a return (p. 138).

institutions in the course of time. Mulligan simply denies the existence of divine providence. Bloom sees the universe as governed by chance and yet, incongruously, has hope that some stable form of order, a Bloomusalem, will eventuate.

As we examine particularly Stephen's and Bloom's views of providence and history, we shall see that Joyce is postulating a universe governed by divine providence and showing a Dublin in which by the inexorable law of history, as determined by divine providence, decay has set in.

History is introduced as a theme in the novel in the opening episode. Conversation between Stephen and Haines turns to the topic of religious belief as opposed to intellectual freedom. Haines cannot understand why conflict between these should even exist for Stephen. "After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me."[17] On the contrary, Stephen answers, he has two masters, "the Imperial British state," and "the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church."[18]

> Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke.
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> --I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.[19]

"History is to blame." That will be the burden of Stephen's reflections

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[17] Ulysses, p. 22.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Ibid.

during the day. This is not to say, however, that history means the same thing to Stephen as it does to Haines. Ulysses continually shows us interplay between minds which do not quite meet. Stephen broods all day upon history, a nightmare from which he is trying to awake. Haines with cool analytical intelligence explains it and accepts it. Continuing his discourse on history, he tries to put Stephen's problem in a broader perspective:

> --Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines' voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.[20]

Thus with a mind that just manages to avoid self discovery (and with a disembodied voice), Haines manages to explain and accept man as a result of a series of events (since he is a Britisher he has the "common sense," in this case the prejudices of one) and yet wonder that Stephen cannot free himself.

Haines himself is not free, of course. He is a Britisher and so he thinks like one. The inexorable course of nations catches up the individual and carries him along. If the individual citizen rebels, he must expect to be worsened and disarmed by the dominant course of events. Haines's statement regarding Jews shows that he is in no danger. Some commentators have speculated that the name Haines is a type name signifying hate and there is irony in the ultra-nationalistic Haines having a name of French derivation. Another

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[20] Ibid.

likely symbolic referent, is "hain," an obscure English word, which means to enclose with a fence or hedge. But the significance of the name aside, Haines reveals in his own words that his contention of being free is based upon superficial analysis. In spite of his air of deliberation, he reveals that in feeling like a Britisher because he is a Britisher he is an automaton whose thoughts are predictable responses to situations outside himself. Haines has "freed" himself; he is his own master; he has discarded belief "in the narrow sense of the word." Yet he is a Britisher and so he thinks like a Britisher. He parodies genuine freedom.

The danger is not lost upon Stephen. There is the danger that in rejecting what he considers erroneous in religion, he will accept absurdity. There is the danger that in rebelling against one set of values he will accept a set of values even less tenable. He is consequently an unusually unimpassioned rebel, scrutinizing the alternatives with the same gaze he had cast upon those norms he had already rejected. Stephen, in addition, is not viewing the situation in Ireland in terms merely of his own time. He is seeing the present continually in terms of time past. Particularly, he is seeing the event as one in an unbroken series of events and each event as a recurrence of similar past events. History is not a nightmare for Stephen because it recounts the horrors of the past, but because the horrors of the past are part and parcel of the present. Having rejected Christian belief and having accepted an historiography which

minimizes the role of the individual person, Stephen is doomed to clear-eyed, impotent vision.

What Stephen sees is made clear in the opening episode of the novel. The old milkwoman signifies the decay that Stephen feels has set in. A servant's cracked looking glass is a symbol of Irish art.[21] The church is "a crazy queen, old and jealous."[22] A man has drowned and suffered a sea-change: "puffy face, salt white. Here I am."[23] Emblems of decay and corruption are all around Stephen.

That this corruption of a society is a consequence of historical development is made explicit in the Nestor episode. The art of this episode is itself history, and the episode has been the subject of previous studies of Vico and Joyce.[24] The episode opens upon a lesson in Roman history.[25] There is a conflict (Asculum) and

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[21] Ibid., p. 8.

[22] Ibid., p. 22.

[23] Ibid., p. 23.

[24] Stuart Gilbert (in James Joyce's "Ulysses") pointed out that "the very atmosphere of Mr. Deasy's study is historical--it bears for Stephen an impress of the 'dingdong record' of cyclical return described by Vico." He pointed out the significance of the fact that the name Vico occurs in this episode, in reference to Vico Road. (p. 110). Ellsworth Mason (in "James Joyce's Ulysses and Vico's Cycle") noted that Deasy is a materialist, ironic counterpart to Vico's aristocrat. (p. 35). A. M. Klein (in "A Shout in the Street," New Directions, XIII (1951), 327-45) maintains that there are thirty-two complete Vichian cycles in the Nestor episode.

[25] Roman history was for Vico the favorite exemplar of his ideal history.

a decline and fall (Pyrrhus, a pier, a disappointed bridge, the futility of speculation on what might have been). ("Vico says in many places that things were destined to be such as they were and not otherwise"). Following the history lesson there is the "ghoststory," "Lycidas." "Lycidas" is a ghost story from Stephen's point of view because it incorporates the theme of drowning but denies the inevitability of corruption. The rebirth of the poem is based upon a belief in Christ which Stephen rejects. It is in effect a version of history in which corruption is denied. Finally there is an impossibly enigmatic riddle, signifying the impossibility of knowing. According to Vico, theological poets were wise men who interpreted the mysteries of the oracles. Pyrrhus failed, was misled by an oracle. Stephen, who voluntarily gave up his key, parodies the prophetic powers of theological poets in interpreting his riddle of the fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.

In the scene in Mr. Deasy's study, Joyce employs an elaborate series of parallels to link Stephen's attitudes toward history with Vico's philosophical theory. As soon as Stephen steps into the study to wait for Mr. Deasy, the past is there to oppress him. "Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs."[26] Mr. Deasy--Nestor, as we know from Joyce's much-publicized plan of Ulysses--actualizes the past. When he informs Stephen that he has seen three generations since O'Connell's time, he

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[26]Ibid., p. 30.

links himself with Homer's Nestor, who was said to have lived through three generations of men. Vico goes on to say that Nestor lived through three generations of men speaking different languages. "Nestor must therefore have been a heroic character of chronology determined by the three languages corresponding to the three ages of the Egyptians."[27] Vico had identified these three languages earlier: "the first language had been hieroglyphic, sacred or divine; the second, symbolic, by signs or by heroic devices; the third, epistolary, for men at a distance to communicate to each other the current needs of their lives."[28]

Joyce employs these three languages of Nestor to convey some of the decay he sees in Dublin, his epitome of the modern world. The hieroglyphic language, the "sacred or divine" language is now defunct: "snug in their spooncase of purple plush, faded, the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles."[29] The symbolic language speaks through "the tray of Stuart coins, base treasure of a bog," and through the "shells shaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and this the scallop of Saint James. An old pilgrim's hoard, dead treasure, hollow shells."[30] Their meaning is made explicit: "Stephen's hand . . . went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too of beauty and

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[27]New Science, Sec. 432.

[28]Ibid.

[29]Ulysses, p. 30.

[30]Ibid.

power. A lump in my pocket. Symbols soiled by greed and misery."[31] Deasy speaks in the epistolary language when he writes a letter to the newspapers concerning the foot and mouth disease, suggesting a cure, his answer to the plague that has struck Ireland.

Joyce employs straightforward description to convey the decay that has overtaken the hieroglyphic language. The spooncase holding the spoons of the twelve apostles is now faded plush and the action communicated is something in the past: "Having preached to all the gentiles." The very fact, however, that the twelve apostles now adorn decorative spoons implies the diminution of stature to which they have been reduced. Joyce sees their role as exhausted. Stephen is explicit about the shells and gold coins. The shells are hollow and the gold coins are soiled by greed and misery.

That the epistolary language is also decayed has been less evident to commentators. The possibility that Joyce might have once contributed an editorial on the foot and mouth disease to a Dublin newspaper has contributed to a misreading of this scene. But a close reading will show conclusively that Joyce has the same attitude toward all three of the Vichian languages. The epistolary, like the others, is shown here as a decayed instrument of communication in a decayed civilization. Some of Stephen's contemptuous attitude toward the letter-writing Mr. Deasy may not be conclusive regarding the decayed state of the epistolary, particularly for those who consider Stephen an embodi-

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[31] Ibid., p. 31.

ment of all that Joyce deplored in an affected, arty approach to life. But even these commentators should be persuaded by Joyce's narrative. The key passage occurs in the narration of Mr. Deasy's letter writing:

> --Full stop, Mr. Deasy bade his keys. But prompt ventilation of this important question . . . .[32]

If we remember the key that scraped twice in Martello tower and let welcome light and bright air enter, we shall wonder about these keys which provide "prompt ventilation." The "prompt ventilation," we notice, is not Joyce's commentary, but Deasy's words. Deasy thinks he is authoritative and enlightening. After a considerable, rambling display of incidental intelligence, Mr. Deasy comes "to the point at issue," and makes his suggestion, one based upon the "dictates of common sense."[33] Mr. Deasy does have common sense, enough to be able to inform Stephen that "England is in the hands of the jews." He, like Haines, has more common sense than he realizes. His common sense is the vulgar wisdom identified by Vico, the common sense implanted in man by Divine Providence. Fear and distrust of "foreigners" is the mark of a mind that is not thinking independently but responding along prearranged channels.

The view of Mr. Deasy provided by a Vichian perspective illuminates some of the facts concerning corruption in this particular

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[32] Ibid., p. 33.

[33] Ibid., p. 34.

age of decline and fall. In the section immediately following the one in which he describes the three ages of Nestor, Vico adds that

> around this truth we assemble . . . others. Among the Greeks the words name and character had the same meaning, so that the Church Fathers used indiscriminately the two expressions de divinis characteribus and de divinis nominibus. . . ."[34]

We have seen something of the character of Mr. Deasy already. A closer look at his name illuminates recessed aspects of this character and also suggests his representativeness. Name and character have the same meaning. Deasy is an Anglicization of the Gaelic deiseac.[35] (Mr. Deasy, an Orangeman, associates himself with the English during the course of his conversation with Stephen.) The OED defines deiseal (a variant form but the same word as deiseac) as "righthandwise, toward the right; motion as in the apparent course of the sun." The dictionary goes on to note, parenthetically, that such movement was "held auspicious by the Celts." Mr. Deasy, upon whose empire the sun never sets, as Stephen points out, follows the sunlight while talking with Stephen in his office: "He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam . . . . His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted."[36] The Jews, he said, "sinned against the light."[37] Parting from Mr. Deasy,

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[34]New Science, Sec. 433.

[35]Patrick Wolfe, Irish Names and Surnames (Dublin, 1923).

[36]Ulysses, p. 34.

[37]Ibid.

Stephen sees that "on his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins."[38] Mr. Deasy, it is clear, is under the auspices. The hollow shells do not signify, as Stuart Gilbert states, the facts of history "into which the historian vainly seeks to put the life of his own quick imagination."[39] The hollow shells signify Mr. Deasy himself. He is like his language, hollow, but he represents the forces of power, of empire. (Later when Stephen feels the hollow shells of his teeth and asks whether the hollowness means something perhaps, Joyce is on the verge of the kind of interpretation of author and fictive persona so evident in Finnegans Wake.) In Stephen's case the hollow shells represent the teeth that Cadmus sowed. But Stephen, a would-be theocratic poet of a new age, is impotent (the symbol is Freudian, too), and has only hollow teeth to sow. Mr. Deasy, on whose empire the sun never sets, is linked with the ineffectual poet. Both are hollow men. Stephen knows it; Mr. Deasy does not.

Thoughts of decay and helplessness continue to oppress Stephen during his reverie on Sandymount strand: "Houses of decay, mine, his and all."[40] The principal theme in this episode is the nature of knowledge. Stephen's futility is the futility of Proteus. In

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[38]Ibid., p. 37.

[39]Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses," p. 115.

[40]Ulysses, p. 40.

Stephen's case protean change in the appearance of things makes impossible the grasping of elusive substance. Spatial and temporal modality mask the impenetrable. False recognition is frequent in the episode, both as datum of Stephen's mind and as subject for his reflection. "False recognition," Bergson tells us, "is the result of a lowered mental tone, of a dream state."[41] One in an extremely detached state hardly knows whether he is dealing with the present or the past or even the future. But "in a sense the perception and memory we exercise in the dream state are more natural than those in the waking state: there does not consciousness disport itself . . . . the dream-self is less tense but more extended."[42] Joyce was using in this episode a technique which he was to carry a step further in the Circe episode and much further in Finnegans Wake. He was utilizing the fact that as actions are less directed toward some end the mind plays more freely within itself and is more revealing of its own nature. Again Bergson: "If attention to life grows weak our mind loses . . tension . . . by recoil is made backward-looking; it surveys its whole history. The panoramic vision of the past is due, then, to a sudden disinterestedness in life born of the sudden conviction that the moment is the moment of death."[43] Thus, he adds, the drowning person surveys in a flash his past life.

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[41]Henry Bergson, Mind Energy, ed. H. Weldon Carr (New York: Holt, 1920), p. 148.

[42]Ibid., p. 155.

[43]Ibid., p. 95.

Joyce may indeed have had these observations of Bergson in mind when he composed the chapter. The "rere regardant" of Stephen, looking backward at the ship as he walks away from the strand, has puzzled commentators. But if we couple this expression with the fact that drowning, "mildest death known to man," is prominent in Stephen's mind, including suicide by drowning, we can see that Stephen sees himself as a drowning man. As such he is "rere regardant." Others, for instance his sister Dilly, are drowning. Mulligan saved a man from drowning, but Stephen is powerless to save others and feels that he himself is doomed. [44]

Stephen's reverie on the beach, his mind turning continually back upon itself, is full of the idea of decline and corruption. Stephen thinks of Kevin Egan, "weak wasting hand on mine," forgotten in Paris. He sees the bloated carcass of a dog lying in the sand. "These heavy sands are language tide and wind have silted here. And there, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir Lout's toys." [45] He thinks of Ireland, "Paradise of Pretenders

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[44] Bergson commented upon associationism in psychological novels, pointing out that some such novels offend because the associations are not on the plane the author has chosen. Joyce may have had some familiarity with his work. If so he must have received some encouragement from the following passage in carrying out the composition of Finnegans Wake: "If almost the whole of our past is hidden from us because it is inhibited by the necessities of present action, it will find strength to cross the threshold of consciousness in all cases where we renounce the interests of effective action to replace ourselves, so to speak, in the life of dreams."

[45] Ulysses, p. 45.

then and now." He thinks of vikings, tomahawks aglitter, of his people of the past flaying whales. "Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves."[46] Evil is inherent in man; God's ways are not our ways. Corruption in history is not brought about by humanity failing to realize its potentialities but by the very essence of humanity itself.

Stephen sees the cocklepickers' dog approach the carcass of the dead dog. "The carcass lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffing rapidly like a dog all over the dead dog's bedraggled fell. Dogskull, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah, poor dogsbody. Here lies poor dogsbody's body."[47] Pessimism could hardly go further. As Mr. Deasy put it, all history moves to one great goal, a manifestation of God. But God's ways are not our ways. The goal is the bloated carcass of a dog.

The generic identity of man and dog had been sneeringly hinted at by Stephen in his self-defensive propounding of the impossibly enigmatic riddle to the schoolboys.

> The cock crew
> The sky was blue:
> The bells in heaven
> Were striking eleven.
> 'Tis time for this poor soul
> to go to heaven.

"What is that?" they ask. "Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were

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[46] Ibid., p. 46.

[47] Ibid., p. 47.

repeated."

> Stephen, his throat itching, answered:
> --The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.[48]

Theological poets, Vico tells us, were able to answer riddles. Stephen is japing at his own inability to answer the riddle of meaning in the universe and at the same time mocking the orthodox explanation. The panoply of Christian exequy is appropriate for a fox futilely seeking immortality for its grandmother by burying her under a hollybush.

Back on the strand a dog delving in the sand brings the riddle back to Stephen's mind. "Something is buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling, delving and stopped to listen to the air, scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spousebreach, vulturing the dead."[49] Here another point of identity between animal and man has entered into Stephen's thought. The dog had been "got in spousebreach," in adultery. It is as valid, Stephen implies, to speak of adultery in dogs as in man.

Earlier in the morning Mulligan had told Stephen that his mother was "beastly dead." Stephen's obsessive merging of man and dog is his despondent response. He cannot accept Mulligan's view with Mulligan's equanimity, because he sees this inevitable corruption

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[48] Ibid., p. 28.

[49] Ibid., p. 47.

as ordained by an apparently malevolent divinity.

When Stephen is not thinking explicitly of corruption as the end of the historical process, he still sees it as no more than futile. He thinks of the tides, "lifted, flooded and let fall" by the moon. "To no end gathered: vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too . . . . ."[50] The cyclic processes of nature, like the cyclic course of generations and nations, is nothing but meaningless, weary repetition.

Inevitability also preys upon Stephen's mind during the day. If Divine Providence rules the affairs of men, everything is pre-ordained and nothing man can do can change anything. Haines and the Citizen think they are taking a volitional posture when they express their distrust of Jews. Narrow prejudices and irrational fear of outsiders, Vico points out, were necessary at one stage in the development of nations. Haines and the Citizen merely represent the vulgar wisdom of common sense, implanted by Divine Providence for ends that transcend the ends of individual man.

Even genius, whose "errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery," is subject to similar limitation. Shakespeare, says Stephen (in propounding his biographical interpretation),

> . . . found in the world without as actual what was in his world within as possible. Maeterlinck says: If Socrates leave his house today he will find the sage seated on his doorstep. If Judas go forth tonight it is to Judas

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[50] Ibid., p. 50.

> his steps will tend. Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves. The playwright who wrote the folio of this world and wrote it badly (He gave us light first and the sun two days later), the lord of things as they are whom the most Roman of catholics call dio boia, hangman god, is doubtless all in all in all of us . . . .[51]

Later, in the phantasmagoria of Circe, Stephen broodingly returns to the theme:

> . . . . What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself. God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself, becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise in the street. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become. Ecco![52]

The noise in the street is a gramophone blaring "The Holy City." Stephen had previously defined God as a noise in the street, man being made in God's image. Here his curse is directed to the noise in the street as an interruption but also as the cause, the cause which accounts for the ineluctability of self.

Genius does not create; it merely expresses its "self"; and the self that it expresses is ineluctably implanted there by God. The nearest approach to creation for the generality of man is in the act of begetting offspring. This act is no more a volitional, creative act than the artistic achievements of genius. All that links parents and children is "an instant of blind rut." Father Conmee, walking the

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[51] Ibid., p. 210.

[52] Ibid., p. 494.

Malahide Road, "thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for men's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways." There is no difference in the positions of Father Conmee and Stephen Dedalus as far as theology is concerned. The difference is solely in attitude. Stephen rebels against the role of agent, against being used as a means to another's end. Stephen's reference to "those Godpossibled souls that we nightly impossibilise, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost, Very God, Lord and Giver of Life"[53] has been taken to be an attack on contraception. But in the light of other remarks by Stephen, this explanation leaves much unsaid. Contraception is a sin because "our lust is brief. We are means to those small creatures within us and nature has other ends than we."[54] Stephen's laconic explanation conceals his feelings about being used as a means for other ends. When Zoe examines Stephen's palm to read it, Stephen says: "Continue. Lie. Hold me. I never could read His handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock."[55] Stephen's view is that God uses man for his own ends in much the same way that man uses the lower animals. When the conversation in the Lying-in Hospital turns to the question of infant mortality, Stephen suggests that

> . . . an omnivorous being which can masticate, deglute, digest and apparently pass through the ordinary channel

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[53] Ibid., p. 383.

[54] Ibid.

[55] Ibid., p. 548.

> with pluterperfect imperturbability such multifarious aliments as cancrenous females emaciated by parturition, corpulent professional gentlemen, not to speak of jaundiced politicians and chlorotic nuns might possibly find gastric relief in an innocent collation of staggering bob . . . the cookable and eatable flesh of a calf newly dropped from its mother.[56]

This conviction that God uses man for his own ends finds its most savage and embittered expression in the peculiar twist Stephen gives to a phrase from the Psalms: "Omnis caro ad te veniet." The entire verse is "Oh thou that hearest prayer unto thee shall all flesh come." In Stephen's version God becomes a vampire. "Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghost candled. Omnis caro ad te veniet. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss."[57]

This theme of God as vampire is developed independently of Stephen in the Lestrygonians episode. The art of this episode is architecture. Father Berry has pointed out that Vico saw Divine Providence as the "Architetta divina" of this world. "It is under the guidance of this Architect that man builds this world."[58] Vico himself described his work as a "demonstration of the form of order which . . . providence has given to this great city of the human race." Hugh Kenner has developed more fully than any other commentator the

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[56]Ibid., pp. 412-413.

[57]Ibid., p. 48.

[58]Berry, p. 103.

relationship of architecture to the theme of the episode. Dowie's throwaway asks "are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" Bloom reflects: "God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burntoffering, druid's altars." Kenner comments:

> The policemen are the guardians of this brutal order; the art of architecture rears its head for a moment as the catalogue rolls by. The cities of such a dispensation, we are later reminded, are heaps of stones reared on the corpses of slaves, a sacrificial victim, as Sir James Frazer noted, buried under the cornerstone.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> This Dublin, this city, reared by this architecture, is an immense blasphemy against the New Jerusalem of the faith of Christ . . . . .[59]

The trouble with this reading is that it puts Joyce in the position of orthodoxy from which he painfully but persistently rebelled. Also it cannot be sustained by an objective reading of the episode. This chapter is concerned more directly than any other with the physiological and psychological nature of man, man both as instrument and as victim of a master builder working through him. The abyss of pessimism that underlies this episode has apparently been too deep for commentators to accept. Alexander J. Dowie's evangelism may be a "paying game" as Bloom sees it, but Dowie's promoted view of God is identical with Stephen's. Stephen's God, who demands blood and who devours flesh, is identical with Dowie's God. The "brutal order" which the policemen guard, according to Kenner, includes birth and hymen,

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[59]Kenner, Dublin's Joyce, pp. 233-34.

inescapable blood offerings having nothing to do with the political order.

While Stephen sees everything as part of the nightmare of history, Bloom places events in history only in a tangential and fleeting way. To the extent that he does see the past, Bloom sees it surprisingly like Stephen. Pessimism is not absent from Bloom's thoughts either. Pessimism, however, is but a phase of Bloom's thought; it does not dominate it. Bloom pushes through and beyond pessimism to the Bloomusalem of the future. There is no basis in his premises for his great expectations, but this does not prevent Bloom, the competent, keyless citizen, from seeing beyond the desolation of past and present to the glory of the future.

The mental operations that make this feat possible are demonstrated soon after our first acquaintance with Bloom. Leaving his house to go to the pork butcher's shop, he crosses to the sunny side of the street, a typical gesture itself in a person always ready to make the best of things:

> Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically.[60]

The difference between Bloom and Stephen lies more in this escapism than in a difference of perception. Growing older, decay, is not really necessary. You can defeat time, steal a day's march on him and he will never catch up.

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[60] Ulysses, p. 57.

Bloom can contemplate the desolation of the past and see it for what it was and is, but he can also avoid its implications for himself:

> A cloud began to cover the sun wholly slowly wholly. Grey. Far.
>
> No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Volcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poinsonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. . . . Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.
>
> Desolation.
>
> Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils along his vein, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Must begin those Sandow's exercises.[61]

Reminiscent then of the scullery maid in Tristram Shandy, who could say when she heard that Tom was dead in London, "And so am not I," Bloom rebounds from the horror of his vision with the complacent reflection that he is "here now." The cloud passes quickly: "Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road, swiftly, in slim sandals,"[62] and all is right with the world again.

Later in the day Bloom's interest in astromony leads him to contemplate the nature of sun spots, solar eclipses, and parallax. He raises his finger tip to blot out the sun so that he might examine its corona. Reflecting upon the reception he might expect from Professor Joly ("show this gentleman the door"), he lets his hand fall to his side:

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[61] Ulysses, p. 57.

[62] Ibid.

> Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about, crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock.[63]

So by way of pineapple rock Bloom moves out of the desolate shadows again. Celestial desolation is equated with an item in a confectionary store.

This particular day has for Bloom its own painful event to be somehow avoided. Bloom cannot entirely avoid it. Molly has planned an assignation that afternoon with Blazes Boylan and reminders are never far from Bloom throughout the day. Whenever Molly comes to Bloom's mind, the assignation also does. He knows that it will be in the afternoon. "Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then."[64] Time will be gone. The event will be consigned to the past where it can be thought away, via pineapple rock or some other analogue. Then Bloom can return home where "I am here now" will replace his daylong agony of knowing that Blazes Boylan would be there.

In his own way Bloom is as certain as Stephen that the old dispensation has collapsed: "Machines . . . rule the world today."[65] They are the equivalent of Stephen's providence which ordained events

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[63] Ibid., p. 164.

[64] Ibid., p. 172.

[65] Ibid., p. 117.

and then let them unfold. "The machine clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if [the printer] got paralyzed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing."[66] Bloom has expressed as hypothetical what Stephen sees as actual.

Bloom, watching the diners in the Burton restaurant gorge themselves, again, in his own way, comes to a view of life that Stephen shares:

> That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depending on it. Good stroke. Give me the fidgets to look. Safer to eat from his three hands. Tear it limb from limb. Second nature to him. Born with a silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.[67]

Kinch the knifeblade. Stephen later asks Bloom to remove the knife that reminds him of Roman history. Both share a sanguinary view of man,

Bloom has his own version of a vampire providence. In the Concert Room in the afternoon after listening to Simon Dedalus sing an aria from Martha:

> Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on the head. Outtohellout of that.

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[66] Ibid., p. 118.

[67] Ibid., p. 167.

> Human life. Dignam. Ugh, that rat's tail wriggling! Five bob I gave. Corpus Paradisum. Corncrake croaker: belly like a poisoned pup. Gone. They sing. Forgotten. I too. And one day she with. Leave her; get tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big Spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. Her wavyavy-eavyheavyeavyevyevy hair un: comb: 'd.
>
> Yet too much happy bores. He stretched more, more. Are you not happy in your? Twang. It snapped.[68]

The vampire image characteristically slides into "five bob I gave" and into something Bloom can control himself: "leave her: get tired." And finally Bloom rationalizes that anyway "too much happy bores." This refusal of Bloom to accept the consequences of his premises marks the radical difference between the pessimism of Stephen and the optimism of Bloom. Bloom even shares Stephen's conviction of the ineluctability of what one is predestined to become. He thinks of Molly:

> Curious she an only child, I am only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: breadvan delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep in Sleepy Hollow. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.[69]

Bloom sees the futility of life as vividly as Stephen does:

> Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piledup bricks, stones.

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[68] Ibid., p. 273.

[69] Ibid., p. 371.

> Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up on cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves Chinese wall. Babylon. Big stones left. Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerrybuild, Kerwin's mushroom houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night.
>
> No one is anything.[70]

The inconsistency of Bloom's position is summarized in the Eumaeus episode. His optimism is the basis for his recurrent frustration and depression, the more so because he believes that human life is "infinitely perfectible, eliminating these conditions":

> There remained the generic conditions imposed by natural as distinct from human law, as integral parts of the human whole; the necessity of destruction to procure alimentary substenance; the painful character of the ultimate functions of separate existence, the agonies of birth and death: the monotonous menstruation of simian and (particularly) human females extending from the age of puberty to the menopause; inevitable accidents at sea, in mines and factories: certain very painful maladies and their resultant surgical operations, innate lunacy and congenital criminality, decimating epidemics; catastrophic cataclysms which make terror the basis of human mentality; seismic upheavals the epicenters of which are located in densely populated regions: the fact of vital growth, through convulsions of metamorphosis, from infancy through maturity to decay.[71]

These are quite considerable conditions to be eliminated. Stephen is less hopeful that they may be:

> He affirmed his significance as a conscious rational animal proceeding syllogistically from the known to the unknown

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[70] Ibid., p. 162

[71] Ibid., p. 681.

> and a conscious rational reagent between micro- and macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void.[72]

Stephen is convinced, that is, that he can only go through the notions of acquiring certitude. He can react, he can proceed from the known into the abyss of the unknown, but he can never be certain because the universe is ultimately inscrutable, inexplicable.

As a competent keyless citizen who proceeds from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void, Bloom also differs from Stephen in the explanation he gives for human events. Characteristically his explanation is inconsistent within itself. Stephen is consistent in seeing in human events the unfolding of a providential plan. Bloom sees events as the result of alternately fate or chance and with compounded inconsistency, yet he is optimistic that the new "Bloomusalem" can be brought about by man's own efforts and will.

According to Vico, we might recall, "divine providence . . . determined the necessary harmony of human things. . . . once these orders were established by divine providence, the course of nations had to be, must now be and will have to be such as our science demonstrates . . . ." "It is true that men have themselves made this world of nations . . . but this world without doubt has issued from a mind often diverse, at times quite contrary, and always superior to the particular ends that men had proposed to themselves: which narrow ends,

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[72]Ibid., p. 682.

made means to serve wider ends, it has always employed to preserve the human race upon this earth." Vico then goes on to illustrate the way in which man working for his narrow, selfish ends furthers the cause of mankind. "That which did all this was mind, for men did it with intelligence; it was not fate, for they did it by choice; not chance, for the results of their always so acting are perpetually the same."[73]

The greatest loss Stephen has suffered in his life has been the death of his mother. He views her death with considerable emotion, feeling the pathos of her fans and tasseled dancecards, the pathetic reminders of the small joys she had in her life.[74] He thinks of her pleasure in seeing the pantomime of Turko the terrible. When he thinks of her death, he thinks of the vampire figure of the hyena providence.[75] The greatest loss Bloom has suffered has been the death of his son Rudy eleven days after birth. He does not see Rudy's death as part of the preordained plan of God, however:

> If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the sergeant grinning up. She had the cream gown on with the

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[73]Vico, New Science, Sec. 1108.

[74]Ulysses, p. 11.

[75]Ibid., p. 12.

> rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy.
> God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.[76]

Bloom's view of how life begins is very close to Stephen's "an instant of blind rut." But Bloom views it differently. "Just a chance." If the child had been conceived at another time . . . .

Chance also brought Bloom and Gerty together on Sandymount Strand. When Bloom throws away a stick and it sticks in the silted sand, he reflects on its happening by chance and this leads him to reflect on his meeting with Gerty: "Chance. We'll never meet again. But it was lovely."[77]

Bloom thinks of his meeting with Molly as fate, not chance, but it is not certain that Bloom really makes a distinction between the two. They played musical chairs at Mat Dillon's. "We two the last. Fate. After her. Fate. Round and round slow. Quick round. We two. All looked. Halt. Down she sat. All ousted looking. Lips laughing. Yellow knees."[78]

These responses characterize Bloom. Whether he is thinking of whores and their activities or Breen and his misfortune, he sees either fate or chance as determinative. He explicitly rejects the idea of providence. Trying to understand why an old derelict sailor spent his time staring out to sea, Bloom reflects:

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[76]Ibid., p. 88.

[77]Ibid., p. 375.

[78]Ibid., p. 284.

> Possibly he had tried to find out the secret for himself, floundering up and down the antipodes and all that sort of thing and over and under--well, not exactly under--tempting the fates. And the odds were twenty to nil there was really no secret about it at all. Nevertheless, without going into the minutiae of the business, this eloquent fact remained that the sea was there in all its glory and in the natural course of things somebody or other had to sail on it and fly in the face of providence though it merely went to show how people usually contrived to load that sort of onus on the other fellow like the hell idea . . . .[79]

Providence is a contrivance of man. Human events fall out, not as a prearrangement of God, but as a matter of chance or fate. When Bloom follows Stephen into nighttown he asks: "What am I following him for? Still, he's the best of that lot. If I hadn't heard about Mrs. Beaufoy Purefoy I wouldn't have gone and wouldn't have met. Kismet."[80]

In Bella Cohen's this conviction of Bloom finds grotesque expression. Whether Bloom actually sent an obscene photograph to the aristocratic Mrs. Ballingham is not certain, but the relationship created in his subconscious is true to Bloom's nature. "Forget, forgive," Bloom pleads. "Kismet. Let me off this once."[81]

Fate, chance, desolation, the fact that no one is anything notwithstanding, Bloom's optimism survives. In the dream world of his fatigue-induced hallucination in the brothel, Bloom announces the

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[79]Ibid., p. 614.

[80]Ibid., p. 444.

[81]Ibid., p. 460.

new Bloomusalem in the Nova Hibernia of the future[82] in this "year 1 of the Paradisical Era."[83] As a candidate for the Lord Mayoralty, his platform accords with the possibilities of this new era: "Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease."[84] There will be no more "patriotism of barspongers," only "universal brotherhood."[85]

Such sentiments make Bloom, in the view of Richard Ellmann, a "divine nobody." But it is clear from context that they are residue from the age that is passing, not, rootless as they are, a viable program for the future. They are a tribute to the humanity, the good will of Bloom. But, aside from the fact that you cannot expect to build Utopia through a succession of lucky chances, neither can you build anything even approaching Utopia upon the sands of altruism. Joyce is not apotheosizing humanity through Bloom. Ulysses makes it clear that Joyce appreciates the human impulses of Bloom, but it also makes it clear that these impulses represent the expenditure of accumulated capital.

Significantly, it is under the guidance of Derwan the builder that the new Bloomusalem is constructed (in Bloom's imagination). Bloom has transferred the apocalyptic hope of salvation to a temporal

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[82] Ibid., p. 460.

[83] Ibid., p. 477.

[84] Ibid., p. 480.

[85] Ibid.

plane in the manner of Marx. Even Bloom in his more lucid phase earlier in the day would have seen the hollowness of that hope: "sprawling suburbs, jerrybuilt, Kerwan's mushroom houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night."[86] Bloomusalem is the New Jerusalem of Christian hope transferred to the plane of mortal human life. It is sustained only by Bloom's naive faith in science.

Stephen is too much of a realist to find an easy awakening from the nightmare of history in a glorious vision of the future. History is a nightmare because it no longer possesses for him the fact of Divine redemption. It is a nightmare because he cannot accept the ends of Divine Providence "as superior to the particular ends that men had proposed to themselves." It is merely a series of horrors, endlessly repeated. These issues do not even exist for Bloom. He does allow himself glimpses of a desolate past. Bloom, le moyen homme sensuel, however, is able to cross over to the sunny side of the street and forget his terrors in the warm sunlight.

As was pointed out in the opening chapter, Ulysses does not so much present a view of providential design as a dialectical drama, at various levels of explicitness, between man and providence. The participants in this particular drama, as we have seen, are particularly Father Conmee, Stephen Dedalus, and Leopold Bloom. Mulligan, the keeper of the keys of this age of disintegration, the man of science, simply scoffs. Father Conmee's point of view is that of

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[86]Ibid., p. 162.

religious vitality in decline. He cannot bring himself to look at all manifestations of Divine Providence and in this failure to do so denies the faith he explicitly affirms. His failure underlies the decay of the age that is passing. Father Conmee carries still the explicit faith of the passing age. Bloom makes no pretense to the faith, but he carries the highest altruism of the passing age. But he bases his expectations upon the negation of divine providence, namely fate and chance, and fails to see the absurdity of expecting progress in a world ruled by chance. Stephen engages in the dialectical drama most explicitly because he is the theological poet of the new age, that is, one who should be able to engage in divination, in reading the signs of providence. He "should be able to engage"; he cannot. His power have been "usurped." Hamlet-like he has the grave responsibility, but cannot bring himself to act. He has a clear vision, however, of the power and province of divine providence. And he is fearful. But he does not know how to distinguish good and evil. Vico tells us that primitive religions were religions of terror, such as the religion of Moloch, which required human sacrifice. Stephen's view of divine providence is as terror-stricken as that of those primitive theological poets who instituted such religions of horror, but his terror is a consequence of seeing the evil in the universe and his refusal to deny the omnipotence of divine providence. In a period of disintegration, his fear may be, Joyce suggests, the beginning of an upward movement in the course of civilization.

This role of divine providence in history reflected in the views of Father Conmee, Stephen, and Bloom, places the state of the institutions we have examined in perspective. Religion, marriage, and burial have lost their meaning. But not until man sees divine providence in all its manifestations and has a vital belief (even if based on terror) will the institutions take on meaning again. But belief cannot be hurried. When life is easy and relatively free of hardship Bloom has no compunction about anticipating his marriage under the sky on the Hill of Howth (or even masturbating under the sky on Sandymount Strand). Joyce is not celebrating Dublin, over which he said the odor of offal lay, but he is entering imaginatively into sympathy with its malaise and asking us to do likewise.

CONCLUSION

This study has attempted to demonstrate a) that there is a certain pattern of meaning in Ulysses and b) that this pattern corresponds to significant aspects of Vico's New Science. The pattern of the key in the novel, showing the distribution of human authority, identifies the age as one of disintegration. Those institutions the importance of which Vico signifies by labelling them "principles of humanity," religion, marriage and burial are shown as having fallen into desuetude and so shown in terms that are specifically Vichian. And finally there is above and beyond all else the sense of compassion for the imperfect individual person, subject, as Vico saw, to the cyclic ebb and flow of the God-begotten tides of his common humanity. This is far from saying, however, that Joyce wrote Ulysses in order to put Vico's historical theory "into the concrete" as F. R. Leavis said of Joyce's use of Vico in Finnegans Wake.[1] His use of Vico in Ulysses is by no means pedantic; on the contrary he uses Vico for getting at what is fundamental in human life. The question of his belief in Vico's theories aside, he used them, as he said, for all they

[1]F. R. Leavis, "Joyce and The Revolution of the Word," The Importance of Scrutiny, ed. Eric Bentley (New York: George W. Stewart, 1948), p. 319.

were worth.[2]

Furthermore, as we have seen, the esthetics of Ulysses are Vichian. Vico gave Joyce both a rationale and a methodology for using myth for the imaginative, simultaneous embodiment of the eternal and the transient. This simultaneity is an important ingredient, in turn, in the stasis of the novel. By showing the action of Ulysses as a fulfillment in time of a phase of the Providential design that is eternal, Joyce achieves a uniquely artistic statement. Joyce renders his artistic object, nothing less than an entire society, so that its Aquinian quidditas is epiphanized. The apprehension of the beholder, satisfied, rests.

In addition to being substantiated by the evidence brought forth in the course of the thesis, this reading of Ulyses, it might be pointed out, is more consistent with Joyce's artistic development generally than the readings mentioned in the "Introduction." Although Ulysses represents a stage in the maturation of Joyce's attitudes as well as in the maturation of his art, it is hardly likely that the young Joyce who spoke of Dubliners as a "chapter in the moral history" of his country[3] or who, in a passing phase of socialistic fervor could reflect on the difficulty of attempting to lead "a more civilized life" than his contemporaries,[4] would have been so complacent about human

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[2]Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 565.

[3]Joyce, Letters, p. 62.

[4]Ellmann, James Joyce, p. 205.

imperfection as to deify it. Some readers of Ulysses forget that in Dubliners Joyce had looked at both Dublin and Dubliners, as Huneker pointed out, "with a cruel, scrutinizing gaze."[5] He progressed in Ulysses to a more inclusive view of Dublin and Dubliners, one less cruel, to be sure, but no less clearsighted.

On the other hand, this reading avoids the mistake of those, like Kenner, who see Joyce altogether as a satirist in Ulysses. These readings neglect the growing note of compassion in Joyce, the compassion that was to culminate in the view of man we get in Finnegans Wake with its concentration upon subconscious guilt to the virtual exclusion of actual acts (which can only be guessed at from the conflicting data of the dream-world). Ulysses is a halfway house between the "moral history" of Dubliners and the dramatized anguish of Finnegans Wake. Ulysses presents a balance between human imperfection clearly seen and described on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the human condition which at least goes far toward exculpation of this imperfect humanity.

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[5]James G. Huneker, Unicorns (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917), p. 187.

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