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James Joyce's "Ulysses" and World War I.

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JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES AND WORLD WAR I

A Dissertation
Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
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Doctor of Philosophy

in

The Department of English

by
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ABSTRACT

The final words of Ulysses underline the text's position on the cusp of the pre- and postwar eras. Joyce was emphatic that Molly's "Yes" be immediately followed by those crucial coordinates:

Trieste --- Zurich --- Paris

1914-1921

Where does this unsettling epitaph point us? In the direction of history, clearly; we are nudged toward the text's and its nail-paring creator's autobiography. Even the shallowest knowledge of recent history will indicate the centrality of those towns, during those years, to "all those wretched quarrels . . . erroneously supposed to be about a punctilio of honour and a flag" (526). Even the shallowest knowledge of recent history will make us aware that Ulysses' initial plotting was done in one world and its final incarnation fixed in another. We reflexively turn those coordinates upon the foregoing text and try to gauge their significance. How might they have affected the narrative?

Here I explain how World War I affected Ulysses in important ways which have yet to be critically explored. And I also explain how Ulysses reflects back upon that war and the culture it transformed. I first sketch James Joyce's interest and involvement in World War I, an engagement with history that belies his later, self-conscious pose of aesthete. I then demonstrate specifically how the War, though anachronistic to the date of Bloomsday, is yet important to Ulysses' theme, characters, tone. I explore how the war manifests itself in the book's protagonists', and their creator's, new attitudes to heroism. I probe the war's relation to Joyce's new mechanics of plot and perspective. I examine how the War is evinced too in

the theme of the Waste Land as it is sited in the book. I explain how the poignant sense of homelessness experienced by many characters within the book is related to the dislocation of space, time and meaning often experienced by participants and civilians during and after the war. Finally, I emphasize how the war manifests itself in Ulysses' alternate site, the Dublin "[f]abled by daughters of memory" (20). This alternate site is characterized by stabilizing coordinates which provide a new grounding for postwar space and time. Joyce creates for his readers a comforting world within the text: thus Ulysses transcends the crisis of values which it simultaneously reveals.

INTRODUCTION

Two important events took place in Europe in 1914. Coincidental with the beginning of World War I was the beginning of James Joyce's composition of *Ulysses*. Both war and book gathered momentum over the next few years; as they drew to conclusion --- the war in late 1918, *Ulysses* in early 1922 --- it was obvious that both were major forces of change in their respective spheres of influence. World War I's sphere was immeasurably broader, of course: it would be fatuous to compare a book with a tragedy that killed millions and affected hundreds of millions, affected the course of western civilization itself. Yet, I argue, both book and war deserve to be set in the same frame. There are two important points that need to be made about their relation. Firstly, World War I affected *Ulysses* in significant ways which have not yet been critically explored. And secondly, *Ulysses* reflects back upon that war and the culture it transformed.

Eric Leed observes that "[t]he war mobilized all the cultural resources of meaning available to Europeans in the first decades of the twentieth century."¹ These cultural resources often fell sadly short, as we have learned from scholars of the postwar generation. *Ulysses* exhibits the process firsthand, however: it offers insight into the contemporary situation. Within this wartime and postwar book are recapitulated and revealed important contemporary crises of meaning. Further, the uprooting of values caused by war and war's effects is mirrored by *Ulysses*' own uprooting of literary values. *Ulysses* reflects in its form and content the process of dislocation which affected the whole of Europe.

¹ Eric Leed. No Man's Land, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979), x.

Can we find all this in a book by such a disengaged aesthete as James Joyce? Did he not disavow any interest in politics and war? After all, Joyce is famous for the bored comment that he made in 1919, "Oh, yes, I was told there was a war going on in Europe" (*JJ*, 472).²

It is true that any response Joyce would have made to World War I would have been indirect; he felt, with that other anachronistic artist, Yeats, that the turmoil of war was not the artist's subject; and he consciously made *Ulysses* an antebellum story. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, he has registered all his feelings about the war in important elements within his book. In this study I will argue that behind *Ulysses* is the ghoststory that Stephen Dedalus will not tell, and war is its ghost, "the ghost from *limbo patrum*, returning to the world that has forgotten him" (154).³ And surprisingly enough, Joyce's ghost is identical with the "specter which haunted the literary imagination" of western civilization in the years before 1914.⁴ The aloof author's attitudes as expressed in *Ulysses* are often similar to those of the civilization that was also enduring the war and its consequences. Thus, contiguous with Joyce's unique text is a cultural context: *Ulysses* speaks for its time of composition. (Because of the unique period of its composition, not just the war but its aftermath is what *Ulysses* bodies forth.) I explain the salient relation of war and book in this study.

². Quotations from Richard Ellmann's biography of James Joyce are cited in the text with the abbreviation *JJ*: Richard Ellmann, James Joyce, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982).

³. Page quotations from *Ulysses* are from James Joyce, *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Vintage Books, 1986).

⁴. Roland Stromberg quotes Robert Wohl, "In the air there was a feeling of approaching apocalypse." Roland Stromberg, Redemption by War: the Intellectuals and 1914 (Lawrence: Regents Press of Kansas, 1982), 181.

To lay historical groundwork for my assertions, I will first sketch James Joyce's interest and involvement in World War I, an engagement with history that belies his later, self-conscious pose of aesthete. I argue that if Joyce could not escape the upheavals of history, neither did he ignore them. I go on to demonstrate specifically how World War I, though anachronistic to the date of Bloomsday, is yet important to *Ulysses*' theme, plot, characters, tone. I explore how the war manifests itself in its protagonists', and their creator's, new attitudes to heroism. I probe its relation to Joyce's new mechanics of plot and perspective. I examine how the war is evinced too in the theme of the Waste Land as it is sited in the book. I explain how the poignant sense of homelessness experienced by many characters within the book is related to the dislocation of space, time and meaning often experienced by participants and civilians during and after the war. Finally, I emphasize how the war manifests itself in *Ulysses*' alternate site, the Dublin "[f]abled by daughters of memory" (20).

Jane Tompkins argues that literary criticism performs an important function when it aims to show "what a text had in common with other texts . . . tapping into a storehouse of commonly held assumptions." ⁵ Throughout this study, I illustrate my arguments with examples from Joyce's contemporaries, both wartime and civilian. All examples, soldier, civilian, and Joycean, I point out, share certain "commonly held assumptions" which characterize the period.

Yet Joyce, being by the time of *Ulysses*' composition much more the creator than the cultural historian, is not satisfied with "commonly held assumptions" or with the statement of a problem. *Ulysses* does state the

⁵. Jane Tompkins, Sensational Designs: the cultural work of American fiction, 1790-1860 (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), xvi.

problem. Early in the book we hear Stephen Dedalus musing of military history, "I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us now?" (20). However, by the end the book, Joyce provides "[w]hat's left us now": and "what's left us now" is where my analysis of World War I and Ulysses leads. I describe Joyce's provisional solution to the existential crisis which the war brought on (or exacerbated).

Significantly, however, Joyce's presentation of "what's left" cannot simply be restated or recapitulated. His creative offering that rebuilds modern history's "ruin of all space" and time is completely reliant on the reader's own coordinates of time and space. Thus, I must explain, in the final section of this study, the mechanics of Ulysses' meaning. Only as we experience the denseness of the text, the slowing down of time within it, the solidity of the "Dublin" which it establishes, can we understand the nature of the strangely consoling new home which Joyce has built us within the text of Ulysses.

CHAPTER I

Joyce and the Modern Period

A. Introduction: "The Age Demanded"

*Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.*

(Rupert Brooke, "The Dead," 1914)

Of all the curiosities of modern warfare, few are more curious than the intellectual engagement in World War I. In 1914 creative thinkers of all varieties and all nationalities were fascinated by the war. Eksteins reminds us that "the war was a stimulus to the imagination . . . Artists, poets, writers, clergymen, historians, philosophers, among others, all participated fully in the human drama being enacted . . . [e]ven the introvert Marcel Proust . . . was spellbound by the spectacle: 'As people used to live in God, I live in the war.'"¹ They were not just interested: they were mobilized, abandoning aesthetic detachment for passionate political involvement. This pro-war feeling was "in good part an anomaly, departing from typical intellectual attitudes both before and after,"² but it was unquestioning. Artists and intellectuals on both sides were passionately in favor of the war: Alban Berg, Stravinsky and Scriabin, (Claude Debussy said he'd offer his face to be bashed in if it was necessary for victory),³ Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann, Rilke, Andre' Gide, Paul Claudel, Anatole France; Freud

¹. Modris Eksteins, Rites of Spring: The Great War and the Birth of the Modern Age (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1989), 208-209.

². Stromberg, 5.

³ Stromberg, 51.

was proud to be "giving all his libido to Austria-Hungary"; Gandhi recruited for the British in India⁴.

And James Joyce, according to his biographer, was "supremely indifferent to the result" of World War I, and, "as long as gunfire could not be heard, to the conflict itself" (JJ, 383).

---I hear one call; he saith:
Mother, weep not for my death:
'Twas to guard our home from hell,
'Twas to make thy joy I fell
Praising God, and all is well.'

(Robert Bridges, "Britannia Victrix," 1918)

In England, important authors were proud to be enlisted by G. F. G. Masterman, leader of British war propaganda, so they could better contribute to the Allied war effort. Some of these were Arnold Bennett, A. Conan Doyle (throughout the war "an indefatigable proponent of cavalry"), Kipling, John Masefield (who "did a whitewash of the disaster at Gallipoli"), Galsworthy, John Buchan (who produced "an account of the Battle of the Somme that turned that defeat into a glowing victory"), George Trevelyan, G. K. Chesterton, Robert Bridges, H. G. Wells, James M. Barrie.⁵ Despite the presence of pockets of pacifism (like the Bloomsbury group and Bernard Shaw)⁶ and pockets of indifference, the Masterman writers were effective as intellectuals have never before been effective in the history of warfare:

⁴ Stromberg, 2.

⁵. Peter B. Buitenhuis, The Great War of Words: British, American, and Canadian propaganda and fiction, (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1987), xvi, 86.

⁶. Shaw's Arms and the Man "provided a thoroughly Falstaffian view of war, and was recognized by some patriots as being a subversive work." Bernard Bergonzi, Heroes' Twilight: a study of the literature of the Great War (London: Constable, 1965), 16.

they "created a propaganda myth which prevailed, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, until the end of the war."⁷

In the meantime, James Joyce moved to neutral Switzerland and worked for the pacifist International Review, which was "devoted," as he described it, "to combating the belligerents' campaign of lies [and] the unholy legends that are forming around us."⁸

*If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling forth from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,---
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.*

(Wilfred Owen, "Dulce et Decorum Est," 1918)

Despite the aforementioned propaganda, and the censorship that made World War I's unparalleled slaughter even more horrific, news of the war did get out. The news was of the stupidity and waste that was this glorious undertaking: the wastage of April 1915, when the Germans caused 60,000 British casualties with the new weapon, chlorine gas; the stupidity of the first day of the Somme, July 1, 1916, when 60,000 men were killed or wounded out of 110,000 who engaged, and "it was days before the wounded in No Man's Land stopped crying out";⁹ the stupidity at Arras in April 1917, when the British pressed a five-day head-on assault which gained 7000 yards and cost 160,000 killed or wounded. Thousands of soldiers literally drowned in the mud at Passchendaele in July 1917, where the British

⁷ Buitenhuis, xvi.

⁸ James Fairhall, James Joyce and the Question of History (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), 163.

⁹ Paul Fussell, The Great War and Modern Memory (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1975), 13.

suffered 370,000 casualties. By 1918 half the British footsoldiers were under nineteen years old.¹⁰

James Joyce had always said that the war was stupid and wasteful. He spent the entire war writing about a trinity of pacifists. His Leopold Bloom, the "least pugnacious of mortals," wonders, "How can people aim guns at each other. Sometimes they go off" (310).

*War was foundering of sublimities,
Extinction of each happy art and faith
By which the world had still kept head in air.*

(Robert Graves, "Recalling War")

Not just soldiers perished in the Great War. By the time Ulysses was published in 1922, western civilization was notoriously deep into a spiritual crisis. It had carried certain values onto the battlefields of France, values dominant for generations, beliefs about the nature of warfare and the hero, beliefs in the power of the individual, of romance, of religion, to give meaning.¹¹ Apparently none of these values had survived the Somme.

A whole crop of writers immediately emerged and was assessing the damage: Pound was producing "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly," Eliot, "The

¹⁰ As the war wore on, even the propaganda-writing intellectuals had to take another look. By 1916, although they continued to write propaganda, some of these authors began to think sceptically about British leadership and the alleged bestiality of the Germans. Such doubt appears in the ironic fiction of H. G. Wells (Mr. Britling Sees It Through), Arnold Bennett (The Pretty Lady), John Galsworthy (Saint's Progress), and Ford Maddox Hueffer (Zeppelin Nights). Hueffer, in fact, gave up his propaganda writing in order to join the army. And after the war, many British writers realized that "in subscribing to and propagating Allied myths, and in some cases in helping to direct the propaganda organizations of the state, they had sacrificed the traditional and all-important detachment and integrity of the writer." Buitenhuis, xvii.

¹¹ True, these values had been questioned before, especially in the decades before the war: some historians assert that World War I only buried what had been moribund anyway. Yet even figurehead values, it must be argued, offer more stability than does utter chaos.

"Waste Land"; Fitzgerald and Hemingway were evoking a whole war-shattered generation.

Joyce announced that he had better things to worry about.

He was well-equipped to be the prophet for the age, though: Joyce's natural bent had always been pacifist¹², and his mood about European politics was, in 1922, even more cynical than before. Besides, paralysis and death, betrayal, even pacifism, were themes in his earlier works; he had been thinking these characteristically "postwar" thoughts long before the war ended, or even before it began.¹³ It seemed to be a fortuitous meeting of mind and history. Joyce's attitude was quite the fashion in the disillusion of postwar Paris.¹⁴

¹² "My political faith can be expressed in a word [characteristically, he then uses dozens of words] : Monarchies, constitutional or unconstitutional, disgust me. Kings are mountebanks. Republics are slippers for everyone's feet. Temporal power is gone and good riddance. What else is left? Can we hope for monarchy by divine right? Do you believe in the sun of the future [socialism]?" *JJ*, 383. "It is true that by the time of World War I Joyce had disavowed all political concern. To Georges Borach he confessed to being 'against every state,' for the state must inevitably oppose the interests of the individual: 'The state is concentric, man is eccentric.' Of course, he admitted the need to recognize existing institutions." Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, *Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation* (New York: Collier, 1962), 274.

¹³. Though Joyce was nonpolitical, his lifelong paranoia about betrayal coincided with that sense which was so pervasive after the first flush of wartime excitement. Betrayal, usurpation and cuckoldry are prominent themes in *Ulysses*. "Bring a stranger within thy tower it will go hard but thou wilt have the secondbest bed" (322): such are both Leopold Bloom's and Stephen Dedalus's plights. Bloom is betrayed by his wife, Stephen by his friends and his hangman God. Corny Kelleher the undertaker is death's agent of betrayal, suspected as a spy "drawing secret service pay from the castle" (206-207). The croppy boy is another recurring figure of betrayal in *Ulysses*.

¹⁴ John Maynard Keynes, who was in Paris at the same time, calls this city "the nerve center of the European system": Paris was a nightmare, and every one there was morbid. A sense of impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene; the futility and smallness of man before the great events confronting him; the mingled significance and unreality of the decisions; levity, blindness, insolence, confused cries from without, --- all the elements of ancient tragedy were there." John Maynard Keynes, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1920), 5-6.

Joyce's avowed abstraction from the postwar situation still surprises some readers. They recall his Dubliners, where early on Joyce had established himself as an acute reader of his environment and of the thanatonic forces working through it. They note his Portrait of the Artist, where he had captured the oppressive politico-social mix that was *fin-de-siecle* Dublin. Might Ulysses contain a similarly acute vision of its period of composition? Might Joyce have responded in some way or ways through Ulysses to the crisis of values effected by World War I? After all, Ulysses was born the first year of the war, was developed and published, chapter by chapter, as World War I boiled around Joyce; the immediate postwar period was the matrix for the second half of the book. Those crucial years immediately after the war were also when the text was massively amended and revised. It appeared in crystallized form in 1922, the year of "The Waste Land" and "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly."

Yet though Ulysses was composed in the midst of war, one might feel that the war is not in the midst of the book --- it is nowhere at all. Joyce and his critics have long insisted on that. As Joyce had Herbert Gorman announce, Ulysses was written during "the chaotic and monstrous years of the World War when everything, even human values and eternal verities, seemed to be in a mad state of flux": still, he (Gorman? or Joyce?) assures us, the reader "will look in vain to find the thumbprints of these varying stages of history on the work of Joyce."¹⁵

It is plain that Joyce did not find the War a fit subject for his book; that he did not feel the need to speak to his contemporaries about its repercussions. War writings were what was popular at the time of Ulysses'

¹⁵ Herbert Gorman, James Joyce (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1939), 340.

publication, but Joyce did not mold his text in the direction of what "the age demanded." That age, which had been transformed by the most destructive war in history, was anxiously demanding a picture of itself, "an image of its accelerated grimace" so that it could come to some self-understanding. But Ulysses pointed away from the present, suggesting congruences with classical texts. Ulysses did not seem to be "something for the modern stage." Bloomsday was set in the prewar past, the safer, rosier past. Unlike the work of other modernist writers (Virginia Woolf's, for example), Ulysses avoided mentioning the War and its subsequent angst. Instead, the slow-growing Ulysses --- certainly not "made with no loss of time" --- suggested "the classics in paraphrase," illustrated by "the obscure reveries" of Stephen Dedalus' "inward gaze." Even the prose style of Ulysses was aggressively non-self-help, being resistant to the modern reader accustomed to streamlined modern prose.

* * * * *

B. A Portrait of the Artist as Golden Bird

*I think it better that in times like these
A poet's mouth be silent, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right;*

(W.B. Yeats, "On Being Asked for a War Poem")

Though many writers were galvanized by the war, James Joyce was not. Joyce was the rare artist for his time in that he was not and had never been in favor of the war. In 1914, Joyce may have appeared hopelessly old-fashioned, *fin-de-siecle*, like Huysman's Des Esseintes or Gauguin fleeing to the South Pacific, in his withdrawal from the exciting, symbolically resonant conflict.

His image as Aesthete had much basis in fact. What James Joyce thought about war in general and this war in particular is pretty well indicated by his refusal to directly confront it, either in literature or on the actual battlefield (his eyes were very bad, but then so was his attitude. Joyce was not *sorry* that his iritis and glaucoma kept him from military service. [JJ,425]) It is also pretty clearly indicated by the occasional satiric poems Joyce wrote during the war.¹⁶ Joyce's bitterness about this war was hard-earned. He had been seeing nationalist fighting in Ireland all his life; like many of his contemporaries, he did not suspect in 1914, nor 1916 nor, perhaps, even in 1918, the quality of World War I's destructiveness to

16.

Who is the man when all the gallant nations run to war
 Goes home to have his dinner by the very first cablecar
 ...Who is the funny fellow who declines to go to church
 Since pope and priest and parson left the poor man in the lurch
 And taught their flocks the only way to save all human souls
 Was piercing human bodies through with dum dum bullet holes?
 It's Mr. Dooley

Who is the tranquil gentleman who won't salute the State
 Or serve Nebuchadnezzar or proletariat
 But thinks that every son of man has quite enough to do
 To paddle down the stream of life in his personal canoe?
 It's Mr Dooley
 Mr Dooley,
 The wisest wight our country ever knew
 'Poor Europe ambles
 Like sheep to shambles'
 Sighs Mr Dooley-ooley-ooley--oo.

In Switzerland in 1917, Joyce wrote another poem about an official who
 said it is bet--bet--better
 To stick stamps on some God-damned letter
 Than be shot in a trench
 Amid shells and stench
 (JJ, 419-420)

western culture as well as to the continental armies. Further, for Joyce the politics of this particular collection of wars was complicated: his Irishness put him in an ambiguous position.¹⁷ Ellmann notes that "indifference to the war's outcome was common enough among Irishmen, some of whom were conducting their own war against the British" (*JJ*, 425).¹⁸ And since the Joyces were living in eastern Europe --- not the center of Allied propaganda --- their perspective on the war was not the one with which we are familiar from English-speaking witnesses to the War.

But a *different* perspective does not mean a *distanced* perspective. Joyce had more than political opinions on World War I; he had the standpoint, informed by frequent personal discomfort, of immediate human experience. True, he hated the politics of the war. But though Joyce was cynical about the war's causes, he was not indifferent to its course. Gorman admits that at the beginning of the war,

Joyce, isolated, viewed by the Triestines with that mob suspicion that accompanies all wars . . . was completely disoriented. The war had nothing to do with him; he was an Irishman, not an Englishman; he was fond of the Triestines and the old ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire; all his mind was concentrated in his art: yet the war had plunged ruthlessly into his private life and destroyed the tranquillity of mind that was so necessary to him.¹⁹

¹⁷ In 1918 Joyce was requested to volunteer for military duty. (He'd earlier promised the Austrian officials that he'd remain neutral for the duration of the war.) He was ill with glaucoma at the time. "His fury against the British became unbounded; he praised the German offensive, changed his newspaper from the pro-Allied . . . to the pro-German. . . and often expressed his pleasure at the difficulties the British were having in Ireland." *JJ*, 441.

¹⁸ Fussell also points out that some anti-Catholic British soldiers were actively hostile to the Irish companies.

¹⁹ Gorman, 228.

Gorman explains, "[I]ike most of the intellectuals of his time in the countries at war, he had lost his bearings."²⁰ Silvio Benco, who knew the Joyces in Trieste, similarly describes Joyce's reaction to the war:

With the declaration of war, James Joyce became a free prisoner of Trieste, a citizen of an enemy state in the hands of Austria. . . . At first the war must have completely upset him, given him the feeling of losing one's bearings which so many "intellectuals" experienced. One would meet him in the street walking, his lips tight together in a hard, horizontal line. He would bow and look at one fixedly, and avoided stopping or exchanging a few words. The official position of the Irishman at war with England was now that of a British citizen at war with Austria. It was not easy to accept and less easy to deny.

And the war: did he feel that great problem which weighed on every conscience? Had he already written, in the already begun *Ulysses*, the famous sentence, "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake"?²¹

The Joyces themselves had literally lost their bearings, were refugees displaced by the war: and they saw --- and felt --- its effects throughout their own Odyssean wanderings over the face of disintegrating Europe. Despite Joyce's airy comment from 1919 that Ellmann ingenuously quotes, "Oh, yes, I was told there was a war going on in Europe," (JJ, 472) Joyce did not need to be told. He was quite frightened by the beginning of hostilities in August 1914, fleeing at the first appearance of soldiers (JJ, 380). Conditions in Trieste were explosive: "[T]here was daily cannonading, and the city underwent four airplane raids. It was becoming apparent that he could not long remain where he was."²² In fact, the meek

²⁰ Gorman, 229.

²¹ Portraits of the Artist in Exile, Willard Potts (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1979), 55.

²² Morris Beja, James Joyce: A Literary Life (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1992), 71. Trieste was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but had a large Italian population. So when Italy entered the war on the side of the Allies in May 1915, the situation in the city became intolerable, and the Joyces, as British citizens, had to leave.

Joyce was probably terrified (Mary Colum comments, apropos of World War II but relevantly for this history, "To Joyce, disturbed by thunderstorms and timid of dogs, the menace of war must have been hardly endurable."²³). Silvio Benco remembers that "After the conscription of most of the teachers the Scuola Superiore di Commercio had to close down, and his private pupils entered the army or escaped to Italy" (JJ, 383). Joyce stuck it out for as long as he dared, for he loved Trieste, but he was eventually forced to leave by the military authorities; they made Joyce promise, as a condition of his leaving, that he would refrain from taking part "in any belligerent activity against the emperor" (JJ, 385-386). When he got to neutral Zurich, he found the war was still very much present: according to Frank Budgen, all of Switzerland seemed "a beleaguered town . . . There was a perpetual ebb and flow of grey blue men of all military ages between the interior and the frontiers . . . [A]ll Swiss talked war strategies and politics."²⁴ Gorman depicts the Zurich of that time as overcome by a "flood of foreigners driven in by the warring nations. . . . Refugees, people expelled from enemy territory, war profiteers, spies, deserters, interned soldiers" all crowded the streets.²⁵ (Numerous among these were Jews -- there were "Jews from Poland, from Russia, from Rumania, from Austria, from Holland, from Spain and from Italy, some dressed in the height of fashion, others looking like old-clothesmen and still others in attire that was almost medieval"²⁶; a "large number of Greeks swarmed through the city,

²³ Mary and Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1958), 227.

²⁴ Fairhall, 163.

²⁵ Gorman, 231.

²⁶ At least some of these appear in Ulysses; for example, "Jewish profiteers, the *Schieber*, who gathered and gesticulated about the steps of Leu's bank every morning, winning and losing fortunes in the exchange fluctuations." Gorman, 231.

too."²⁷) Switzerland in 1917 was also home and vantage point to the plotting Nicolai Lenin, who frequented one of Joyce's favorite cafes²⁸: Ellmann reports that they met once (*JJ*, 423). Here in Zurich, James Joyce worked against false propaganda as he translated for the *International Review*. (Rodney Owen suggests that, though "no direct evidence has come to light," nevertheless Joyce's work for the *International Review* influenced Leopold Bloom's pacifism, and may have "textually influenced the 'Cyclops' episode."²⁹) Simply being in Switzerland, where, as Gorman describes, each "warring nation had its own propaganda bureau, sometimes discreetly disguised, and an illimitable flood of persuasive and generally fallacious argument"³⁰ issuing from them, and being there exposed to the skepticism of the neutral Swiss, helped confirm Joyce's own skepticism.

Skeptic or no, Joyce maintained a keen awareness of the fighting while in Zurich. He was an avid follower of newspaper accounts of the war. (It may testify to Joyce's awareness of the realities of warfare as much as to his aesthetic discernment, that the only German poem he judged successful was "Des Weibes Klage."³¹, a heartbreak dirge full of "the Pity of War.")

²⁷ Gorman points out that Joyce chose his new friends in Zurich "principally among the Jews and Greeks." Gorman, 230.

²⁸ Gorman, 240.

²⁹. Rodney Owen, James Joyce and the Beginnings of Ulysses (Ann Arbor Michigan: UMI Research Press, 1983), 107.

³⁰. Gorman, 231-232.

³¹.

Des Weibes Klage

Und nun ist kommen der Krieg der Krieg
 Und nun ist kommen der Krieg der Krieg
 Und nun ist kommen der Krieg
 Krieg

Nun sind sie alle Soldaten
 Nun sind sie alle Soldaten

And Joyce was receiving another view of the war via communications from family and friends in Dublin: a more circuitous but perhaps less propagandized path to wartime truth. The war continued to affect his personal life: he had friends, such as Thomas Kettle, killed in action; his own brother Stanislaus was interned for the duration of the war because of his insistent political activity; Nora Joyce's only brother Tom was fighting in France.³²

The friends that Joyce had during the First World War do not present the ivory-tower image of Joyce that later critics and biographers hold dear: from his arrival on the Continent (of 1907, Silvio Benco writes, "At that time Joyce did not believe that politics were out of style. He had brought with him from Ireland a passionate interest in the subject . . ."³³), they assert

Nun sind sie alle Soldaten
Soldaten

Soldaten mussen sterben
Soldaten mussen sterben
Soldaten mussen sterben
Sterben mussen sie

Wer wird nun kussen
Wer wird nun kussen
Wer wird nun kussen
Mein weisses Leib

³². Nora's mother wrote her, "i know you Will be sorry to here Tom Left his office just Two Weekes Before Christmas Day and Went and joined the army he gave me a sad Christmas Dinner---We Done all We could Do To keep him Backe but he Would not stay . . . my heart nerely brakes When i Thinke of him . . . i got him medlers scaphlers and and [sic] sewed them together and got a prayer book and got them all Blessed i think only my prayers he would be gone to france longe ago than God help me pray for him and get Gorgie and Lucy also to pray . . ." Brenda Maddox, Nora (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1988), 139.

³³. Potts, 53.

that Joyce demonstrated a concern with contemporary events. And some friends reveal a continuing interest: Maria Jolas remarks that "in later life, his interest in national and international politics was keen, possibly because during the war a shift in the political winds might have had personal consequences for him and his expatriate family" [--- *as it actually did during World War I* ---].³⁴ At the time of the coming of the second World War, Joyce was still nervously following contemporary political developments: "like most Europeans he had worried a great deal about it [the Second World War] and done nothing to prepare for it. (He had, however, assisted several Jews escape the coming holocaust.)"³⁵ Padraic and Mary Colum recall that Joyce was very angry when Munich fell: though "a shamefaced relief was evident . . . among the sojourners in Paris," Joyce angrily commented, "Give him Europe!"³⁶

Although Joyce felt that war itself was an unsatisfying artistic subject, he did praise its refining effect: "in war men are suddenly and violently brought down to fundamentals. Indeed, some of the best art in the world was produced in conditions of war and by men who were also soldiers."³⁷ And he wove war into *Ulysses*' mythological underpinnings. Joyce continued to emphasize that Odysseus was a soldier before his wanderings; the *Odyssey*, he explained, is a postwar experience: "Another thing, the history of Ulysses did not come to an end when the Trojan war was over. It began just when the other Greek heroes went back to live the rest of their lives in peace" (*JJ*, 435-436).

³⁴ Magalaner and Kain, 36.

³⁵ Stan Davies, *James Joyce: A Portrait of the Artist* (New York: Stein and Day, 1975), 307.

³⁶ Colum, 230.

³⁷ Arthur Power, *Conversations with James Joyce* (Dublin: Cahill and Co, 1974), 94.

* * * * *

Joyce himself, however, seems to have enjoyed presenting a more detached facade. By the time he became a Parisian landmark (approximately the date of the publication of Ulysses), Joyce was posing as an abstracted spirit only half-aware of the world around him. He was *fully* conscious of the aesthete image which he was shaping through his letters³⁸ and comments. ("As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said, from day to day, their molecules shuttled to and fro, so does the artist weave and unweave his image" [159].) This persona was, like the Portrait's "artist, like the God of the creation . . . invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails."³⁹ Joyce liked his public to believe that he was above the human plane, and that his book was another world, a world entirely under his exacting control⁴⁰, one which he was able to create and recreate, arrange and rearrange, word by precise word.

It is no literary secret that after Joyce finished the creation of Ulysses' text, he went on to the creation of Ulysses' readership. Although he deemed almost any interpretation of his work acceptable ("Though people may read more into Ulysses than I ever intended, who is to say that they are wrong: do any of us know what we are creating? Did Shakespeare know what he was creating when he wrote Hamlet; or Leonardo when he painted 'The Last Supper'? . . . Which of us can control our scribblings?"")⁴¹ Joyce certainly manipulated readings of Ulysses and of his own life. Stuart

³⁸ Brenda Maddox notes that "[e]ven Richard Ellmann . . . endorsed the idea that Joyce was an overcontrolled, mannered correspondent." B. Maddox, 386.

³⁹ James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (New York: The Modern Library, 1928), 252.

⁴⁰ ("I do not like that other world"???)

⁴¹ Power, 89.

Gilbert's books were only the beginning of a lifelong process of authorial, indirect re-creation.

And James Joyce reflexively directed the re-creation to his own existence. He focused and pruned his presentation in his "official" biography:⁴² Herbert Gorman's James Joyce was guided through its creation by its crafty and private subject.⁴³ In this portrait, we see Joyce as that "artist . . . indifferent, paring his fingernails" above the hubbub of history. Gorman acknowledges the magnitude of World War I (allowing that Ulysses was written during "the most troublous and tragic days that the world had ever seen"⁴⁴) yet he is careful to keep his subject high above history: "the war thundered on beyond the borders of Switzerland but Ulysses proceeded on his inevitable odyssey unconscious of battles won, drawn or defeated. Joyce, wrapped in his aesthetic problems, could not be bothered by the senseless struggle . . ." ⁴⁵ Joyce must have loved Gorman's obsequious take on the artist-for-art's-sake: "[h]e was above the conflict as were all the wise unimpassioned minds of the time and his entire devotion and travail were concentrated on the development and perfection of his own art."⁴⁶ (As we know, most of the "wise minds" of the time were far from being unimpassioned about the war.) Gorman even conjectures that the War was in some ways artistically essential for Joyce's reputation: "The era of new ways and values had dawned, that post-war world . . . [Joyce] suddenly found himself in the vanguard of the creative explorers of the post-war era.

⁴². As he did with Stuart Gilbert's collection, Letters of James Joyce.

⁴³. How complete a picture can we get from Gorman, who was not allowed to mention Lucia Joyce's schizophrenia, Joyce's infatuations with young women, or even James and Nora Joyce's wedding?

⁴⁴ Gorman, 289.

⁴⁵ Gorman, 245-246.

⁴⁶ Gorman, 257.

Perhaps a cataclysm had been necessary for the rest of the world to catch up with him."⁴⁷

Louis Gillet, too, captures the right myth in this (1941) sketch of the Joyce he knew in Paris in the thirties --- Joyce would have treasured its hagiographic tone:

. . . Joyce, the artist, he never faltered . . . He has never written a mercenary line, never a commonplace word upon profane matters, upon the interests of secular life, the things that impassion the vulgar, never an article of polemics, a gesture of propaganda, a "paper" for the press. He never traded his soul . . . Sick, his sight lost, without shelter, wandering from town to town, he spent eight years writing in darkness . . . During his life ---that just ended in one of the most tormented ages of history and after two world wars---he never made an allusion to all that tears us apart, never said a word on the problems which throw races, peoples, continents against each other. While the battle was raging at its full in 1916, he chose an ordinary day of twenty-four hours . . . --- Dear Peguy, you who grew angry to be living during such dull days that would leave no memory, you who were all eagerness to note down this precious "historical inscription!" -- --The clatter of the world, kings, leaders, all magnitude, force, glories, all our scale of values, Joyce greeted with a definite *No*. [Joyce was] a heroic example of the artist's sacrifice to the Absolute of Art.⁴⁸

* * * * *

We can never be certain with what degree of self-awareness Joyce assumed the old-fashioned pose of aesthete. Was his public image simply another carefully crafted creation? Or did he truly come to believe in his divine separation from history, either through overconfidence (his own sudden fame went to his head) or insecurity (this accelerated confusion that was modern civilization may have suggested a retreat to a bygone pose, to a Wildean ivory tower)? It has been theorized that right after the war, Joyce's understanding of himself changed.⁴⁹ Dennis Brown suspects that it was

⁴⁷ Gorman, 269.

⁴⁸ Potts, 175-176.

⁴⁹

seeing he had been born

influenced by the company he kept. In Intertextual Dynamics within the Literary Group---Joyce, Lewis, Pound, and Eliot, Brown posits a group-dynamic among these Men of 1914, led by Ezra Pound ("almost certainly, the most inspired group-leader in English literary history"⁵⁰). Brown argues that Pound encouraged Joyce's aesthetic isolation. Pound had "a definite strategic sense and a natural knack for delegating group roles . . . Joyce accepted Pound's definition of him as the novelistic heir of Flaubert, in particular, and shortly renounced his claim to be the new Ibsen or Yeats."⁵¹

In a half savage country, out of date
 Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn;
 Capaneus, trout for factitious bait.

Idmen gar toi panth hos eni Troie
 Caught in the unstopped ear;
 Giving the rocks small lee-way
 The chopped seas held him, therefore, that year.

His true Penelope was Flaubert,
 He fished by obstinate isles;
 Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
 Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials.

Unaffected by "the march of events". . . .
 (Ezra Pound, "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly")

⁵⁰ Dennis Brown, Intertextual Dynamics within the Literary Group --- Joyce, Lewis, Pound, and Eliot: the Men of 1914 (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991), 51. Brown argues that in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly," Pound specifically presents Joyce:

the varied Odyssean references in 'Mauberly' acknowledge the Joyce-connection too. Ezra Pound's 'true Penelope was Flaubert', we are told, and it was precisely Joyce's Flaubertian technique that Pound most admired in the novel. References to 'Circe's hair', Apollo, the raised oar on the beach, even 'Anadyomene' connect the poem with Joyce's chosen mythological base, while phrases like 'The heavy memories of Horeb, Sinai and the forty years' or 'Irresponse to human aggression' may partly have Joyce's mild-mannered Jewish hero in mind." (79-80)

A polarizing element was Wyndham Lewis' war experience, which separated the noncombatants like Joyce from those "come from the dead,/ Come back to tell you all."⁵² After 1914 Joyce could not help but define himself in contrast to those men who had seen the hell of the trenches and had survived to fill bookshops with their immensely popular memoirs and poems.

Brown's thesis might be tenuous (his "Men of 1914" group did not even meet all together once, and besides, Joyce was notoriously resistant to direction) except for his canny suspicion of the workings of the Joycean mind. Pound was only suggesting what Joyce himself was tending toward at that time. His natural cynicism had become so thoroughgoing and his excitement about his own work so sustained that he needed little encouragement to withdraw from contemporary problems. And besides, the new lion of Paris was working out his persona. Pound's suggestions would have been useful to an author who had always been interested in presenting to his public a Portrait of the Artist.

In fact, that eponymous novel also helped to enhance Joyce's golden-bird reputation. Stephen Dedalus gave the public an inadvertent portrait of Ulysses' artist. It seemed that after Stephen's introduction in the earlier novel, he became associated, even identified with, his creator. No matter that by the time Ulysses was created, James Joyce was far from being Stephen. Joyce, cosmopolite, resilient, wily, could no longer properly be identified with his wounded young poet.⁵³ But for better or for worse,

⁵² Brown, 119.

⁵³ Stephen resembles more that other Irish golden bird which flies through the text of Ulysses, and is mocked. Yeats's aesthetic abstraction is parodied in the novel. Stephen, "Wandering Aengus of the birds" sings Yeats's songs; Stephen himself might wish to be

Stephen speaks for Joyce: Dennis Brown comments that "one cannot help wondering how much the elitist allusions of high Modernism are due to the fact that Stephen Dedalus (unlike Bloom or Molly) is endowed with Joyce's own neoscholastic mind.")⁵⁴

Joyce made no effort to separate his image from its "elitist allusions." He enjoyed manipulating *Ulysses*' readers with pronouncements about its author's timeless intentions and implications.⁵⁵ And critics lapped them up. For decades, Gorman's script set the tone: war did not impinge on the abstracted artist's consciousness. The ahistorical approach was continued, oddly enough, by Joyce's major biographer and scholar. Richard Ellmann downplays the war, in his biography, in his criticism, and in collections of Joyce's letters.⁵⁶ And Ellmann reads Joyce this way too: his celebrated biography and critical writings on *Ulysses* do not gauge World War I's effects upon the work or its creator. Ellmann presents Joyce as a writer harried by the discomforts of the war, but one essentially impervious to

more like a golden bird, poetically distanced from problems concerning man's more animal existence.

⁵⁴ Brown, 107.

⁵⁵ Joyce never pronounced on a "pacifist" theme in the book, and few readers looked for one: after all, Joyce's carefully cultivated Flaubertian pose as disengaged artist also disengaged his book from its period of production.

⁵⁶. Ellmann used Stanislaus Joyce as one of his most important sources of information about the first half of Joyce's life. As Brenda Maddox notes, "Stanislaus possessed an almost day-to-day account of Joyce's early life and innermost thoughts; even the letters Joyce wrote home to his mother from Paris as a starving twenty-one year old were in the collection . . . Stanislaus also had his own invaluable diaries" which covered the years from 1905 to 1914. B. Maddox, 388. However, for the years 1914 to 1918, Ellmann's rich stream of information was dried up: Stanislaus had gone into detention camp and could provide no more firsthand biographical information. And it is likely that much other potential material for a life of Joyce disappeared in the turmoil of the European war.

questions raised by the conflict. Other critics have long followed Ellmann's lead in the ahistorical reading of the text of *Ulysses*.⁵⁷

Only recently have come new readings of *Ulysses* which suggest that Joyce and his writing were indelibly marked by the War.⁵⁸ The most recent generation of Joycean critics is beginning to uncover and highlight Joyce's interest in the war's progress. Robert Spoo is one of the most acute readers; his "Nestor" and the Nightmare: The Presence of the Great War in *Ulysses*⁵⁹ is already a classic. There he notes of the year 1917, "Joyce at this time had a lively if ironic interest in current events and political developments."⁶⁰ James Fairhall reports that "as Manganiello and other critics have shown, Joyce was not so indifferent to politics during the war and after as he professed to be. The upheavals precipitated in 1914 affected every thoughtful person in Europe."⁶¹ Rodney Owen suggests that the war crystallized, clarified Joyce's pacifism. Yet none of these newer readings offer a thorough analysis of the characteristically postwar nature of *Ulysses*.

* * * * *

C. *Ulysses* testifies to its period of production

⁵⁷. For example, Dennis Brown writes of the thirties: "of the men of 1914, only Joyce would continue to insist on the aesthetic realm at the expense of any social commitment." Brown, 152.

⁵⁸. Some are tantalizingly tangential, such as Paul Fussell (The Great War and Modern Memory) and Samuel Hynes (A War Imagined: the first World War and English Culture [New York: Atheneum, 1991]), both of whom offhandedly allude to *Ulysses*' place in the canon of war literature.

⁵⁹. Robert Spoo, "Nestor" and the Nightmare: The Presence of the Great War in *Ulysses*" *Twentieth Century Literature* 32 (1986) 137-54. Before he published "Nestor," Spoo treated the subject in a dissertation, History and Story in JJ's Ulysses (1986). Here Spoo explains how "Joyce's slice of 1904 contains other historical strata as well." (Chapter 4 of this dissertation became "Nestor.")

⁶⁰. Spoo, 139.

⁶¹. Fairhall, 162.

--If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over the hell of time . . . look to see when and how the shadow lifts. (Stephen Dedalus in Dublin Library, 160)

Biographical information presents a mixed and evolving picture of James Joyce's relation to World War I. Modern scholarship is establishing that Joyce's widespread reputation as aesthete does not disprove his real interest in, awareness and experience of the war. Does Ulysses reflect that interest? Joyce himself offers a clue --- within Ulysses itself --- to a historical reading of the text. This reading rests on his historically developing understanding of the author's role.

It is significant that Joyce's portrait of a disinterested (nail-paring) artist in A Portrait of the Artist was superseded, as Michael Groden points out, by the argument in Ulysses for a more involved artist. "Stephen's aesthetic discussion in the library episode [of Ulysses] differs from that in A Portrait in that it insists on the crucial importance of the artist's experiences -- all of them --- in shaping his art."⁶² Stephen argues against A.E. who complains, "when we read the poetry of King Lear what is it to us how the poet lived? As for living our servants can do that for us, Villiers de l'Isle has said" (155). Stephen asserts that Shakespeare "carried a memory in his wallet" (156) which gave shape to his art. He painstakingly traces events in Shakespeare's life and relates them to his plays. In the same way, critics have connected many of Joyce's private memories with events and images in Ulysses. Richard Ellmann understands Stephen's Shakespeare theory as explaining sources of Ulysses:

This theory, which according to friends Joyce took more seriously than Stephen, suggests that Ulysses divulges more than an impersonal and detached picture of Dublin life; it hints at what is, in fact true: that nothing has been admitted into the book

⁶² Groden, 26.

which is not in some way personal and attached . . . His work is 'history fabled,' not only in A Portrait but in Ulysses as well. He was never a creator *ex nihilo*; he recomposed what he remembered, and he remembered most of what he had seen or had heard other people remember" (*JJ*, 375).

Ellmann goes on to spend the good part of a chapter uncovering roots of Ulysses in real life ("The character which he attributes to Mrs. Bloom . . . is closer to that of the buxom wife of a fruit store owner named Nicholas Santos, with whom he was acquainted in Trieste and Zurich" [*JJ*, 386]). Ellmann does not go far enough, however. It is not an irrelevance that Joyce's experiences included years of firsthand exposure to World War I. (As Frank Budgen glossed Ulysses' layered history, "Of the time detail of 1904 was none around him, but what he saw and heard in 1918 or 1919 would do just as well".⁶³) Such experiences may, then, be reasonably expected to reappear in Ulysses, either in individual references or in the general sense of the period.

Ulysses was rooted in the war from the very beginning. It is clear that it was not written in an ivory tower; in fact, the idea of Ulysses crystallized in the first year of the war (*JJ*, 357). As Herbert Gorman so epically observes, "To this strenuous endeavor, then, Joyce's existence ran parallel with the Great War."⁶⁴ By October 1916, the first three chapters of the book were nearly completed.⁶⁵ (They were published in the Little Review in March 1918.)

⁶³ Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses (London: Grayson and Grayson, Ltd., 1937), 176.

⁶⁴ Gorman, 239.

⁶⁵ Michael Groden, Ulysses in Progress (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977), 6.

The first half of the book was completed before the Armistice. "Wandering Rocks," the tenth chapter, appeared in print in 1919. However, scholars are now theorizing that (though the final chapters of *Ulysses* did not get to the printers until August, 1921) much of *Ulysses* was drafted before 1917. Rodney Owen, who has done careful textual study of the early manuscripts of chapters of *Ulysses*, finds that "[t]here is good reason to suggest . . . that Joyce's work on *Ulysses* was more extensive and earlier than previously had been thought."⁶⁶ Owen asserts that even the last chapters were drafted by 1916 or 1917.⁶⁷ To illustrate, he quotes Joyce's

⁶⁶ If, as is now being asserted, Joyce did complete a large portion of the draft during the war, then we need to note with Owen "that the interrelationships between this work and his attention to other texts are more complicated than had been realized." (R. Owen, 122-123.) Owen demonstrates that Joyce was working on *Exiles* and *Portrait* at the same time he was working on *Ulysses* 1914-1915. "From 1913 through 1915, Joyce's concentration frequently shifted from one to another and back again . . . Their interactions help illuminate some of the basic, critical issues of each work." (R. Owen, 119-120.) For example, Owen notes that though "the original plans for the play augured a happy Richard . . . the ending of *Exiles* is disappointing, promising "no change in Richard's self-flagellation, and only the most meager of victories over Robert Hand." Bertha's characterization was also negatively altered: in the notes and fragments she was blossoming under Richard's tutelage in poets, novelists, and dramatists, yet in the final version she remains a simple, uneducated woman, jealous and grudging of Richard's literary endeavors." (Owen, 120.) Similarly, Leopold Bloom masochistically encourages insult in "Circe" and does not slay many suitors in the discouraging close to this hero's day in "Ithaca." We might guess that once Joyce had more sanguine hopes for his characters in *Ulysses*, too.

Joyce also reserved some themes in *Portrait* for *Ulysses*: (e.g., he eliminated Gogarty from *Portrait* to include him in *Ulysses*; and he downplayed Stephen's dependence on May Dedalus in *Portrait*, only to have it appear more strongly in *Ulysses*). The paternity theme arose out of this interaction of books: "Not until some of the anticipated and planned episodes for *Portrait* were reserved for *Ulysses* do we have a sense that the relationship between Bloom and Stephen began to move toward a mythical father-son relationship paralleling, in Joyce's modern epic, that between Odysseus and Telemachus. This was probably after the summer of 1915." (Owen, 120-121.) In other words, it was not in Joyce's early plans for *Ulysses*.

⁶⁷ Owen, 116.

letter of May 1918 which indicates that "several other episodes [past the seventh] have been drafted for the second time."⁶⁸

Much of Ulysses, then, was written in the shadow of the war. And much was written immediately after the war: two different periods (wartime and postwar), eight years, were distilled into the text of Ulysses.⁶⁹ Many critics note how the book seems to split, stylistically, into two parts.⁷⁰ The first part, which (coincidentally?) was written during the war years, is written in what Joyce himself called the "initial style"⁷¹ and what other critics call the "human" style. Joyce himself seemed to know his book was taking a sharp turn: at the end of the manuscript of "Scylla and Charybdis" he wrote "End of the First Part of Ulysses" and dated it "New Year's Eve 1918."⁷² The second part, written after the Armistice, is in the "inhuman" style, full of parody ("the last nine of the eighteen episodes transfer concern from character to technique and feature what has been called 'the drama of the alternatives' of telling a story"⁷³).

What does this abrupt shift in Ulysses' style mean? Critics generally point to a simple change in artistic direction. Groden asserts that Joyce "radically changed his artistic goals during the last few years and reworked some of the book's early parts to conform with these new goals."⁷⁴ He reminds us that "[s]ince Joyce was determined that it should be published on

⁶⁸ Owen, 116.

⁶⁹ Groden explains how the text of Ulysses developed from original manuscripts through magazine publication to final printed novel.

⁷⁰ Groden argues that the book splits in three parts instead of two, but he agrees that the first part ends with the sections written in 1918.

⁷¹ James Joyce, Letters of James Joyce, vol. I, ed. Stuart Gilbert (New York: The Viking Press, 1957), 129.

⁷² Groden, 17-19.

⁷³ Groden, 14.

⁷⁴ Groden, 3.

his fortieth birthday, February 2, 1922, he had to stop writing it. By that time he had spent eight years on the work, lived in three cities, . . . and, at a distance, experienced a world war. More important, during that time his artistic goals changed."⁷⁵

It has not been suggested of this Golden Bird that, instead of being "more important," his "artistic goals" were altered *because* he "experienced a world war." Critics only note the change in Joyce's artistic direction; they do not propose what might have influenced or determined that change. Yet if Joyce is not a disembodied spirit but a man as enmeshed in historical existence as any other, it is possible that his own historical experience affected the direction of his book. Ulysses may have changed because of classic wartime and postwar pressures.

We cannot prove this assertion. We can take it a certain distance: for example, we are able to distinguish more war and soldier references in the first part of Ulysses, and more "postwar" characteristics in the latter part. (Critics such as Spoo and Fairhall have identified echoes of war in Ulysses' early chapters.) But since Joyce revised extensively, and also planned ahead, the wartime/postwar difference is not clearcut. It is impossible for even textual scholars and biographers to disentangle those wartime and postwar layers. Anyone who has seen the proof-sheets to Ulysses will attest to the bibliographical dead end in this line of inquiry. We cannot assert from textual evidence that the war's shadow lifts after "Scylla and Charybdis."

⁷⁵ Groden, 13. Joyce did not guard against changes: Ellmann reports that "Joyce did not have his book all in mind at the beginning. He urged a friend later not to plan ahead, for, he said, 'In the writing the good things will come'" *JJ*, 360.

And there may be no reason why it should. Even the portions of chapters finished after November 1918⁷⁶ were necessarily produced in that immediate postwar period when the War was still very much present in raw memories as well as in physical reminders all over the ravaged face of France.⁷⁷ It was immediately present, for example, in the frequent encounters with cripples, widows, and, pertinently for the Joyces, shortages. On a larger scale, political instability and military engagements still prevailed. Robert Graves remembers,

Though the Great War was over, so far as the fighting was concerned, the blockade against Germany was being relentlessly enforced until the disarmament terms of the Armistice should be fulfilled and Peace duly signed. Several smaller wars too were still in progress. British troops co-operating with the White generals . . . were not withdrawn before 1920. The war against the Sinn Fein guerillas in Ireland continued until 1922; the Turkish-Greek dispute until the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923. War had been almost the sole topic of conversation for four and a half years, and it was puzzling at first for the newspapers to find any peace topic sufficiently captivating to replace war news.

In other words, the war in Europe was not over when it was over.⁷⁸ Though the war ended before *Ulysses* was completed, its shadow over the text does *not* lift. The shadow remains, lending a coolness to other parts of the book.

⁷⁶ Joyce's letters also reveal that by May 18, 1918, "Hades" was ready to be typed; that on August 23, 1918 "Aeolus" was sent to Ezra Pound; that in June 1919 Joyce began a final draft of "Cyclops," which he finished in August or September 1919 (it was published in the Little Review in four parts: November 1919, December 1919, January 1920, March 1920). "Circe" was finished December 20, 1920; "Penelope" was finished September 24, 1921; "Ithaca" was finished October 29, 1921. Placards were pulled and massive changes were made in final run before printing: early August to October 1921. Final changes in *Ulysses*' text were made November 14, 1922.

⁷⁷ Robert Graves and Alan Hodge, The Long Week-End (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941), 11.

⁷⁸ This was a real mode of apprehension for many Europeans. Fussell quotes Stanley Casson, 1920: "I was deep in my work again, and had, as I thought, put the war into the category of forgotten things." But, Casson discovers, the "war's baneful influence controlled still all our thoughts and acts, directly or indirectly." Fussell, 325. John

As Leopold Bloom puts it, "Coming events cast their shadows before" (135). That shadow is what James Fairhall outlines in his James Joyce and the Question of History. There he argues that World War I affected Joyce's presentation of nationalism and sexual identity in Ulysses, and trained as well the voice of the Arranger. Another historically-minded reader, Blake Leland, believes that evidence in Ulysses shows "that World War I may be read as an irruption of the death drive within the European body politic which questions the validity of a range of symbolic forms from poetry to politics . . ." ⁷⁹ And Hugh Kenner platonically finds Ulysses to be a shadow of a shadow, a repercussion from the social repercussions caused by the war. He suggests that Ulysses might be Joyce's "account of the fragmented mind of Europe"⁸⁰ at the time of its composition. He may be right. It is arguable that the book illustrates and partly embodies the changing climate of values during its lengthy period of composition ("Trieste--Zurich--Paris/ 1914-1921"): many values robust when Rupert Brooke wrote "Now God Be Thanked" were moribund by the time Ezra Pound produced "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly."⁸¹ (And what Joyce found important in 1914 was not necessarily what he found important in 1921.

Maynard Keynes observes of "this autumn of 1919, in which I write, we are at the dead season of our fortunes. . . never in the lifetime of men now living has the universal element in the soul of man burnt so dimly." Keynes, 297.

⁷⁹ Ulysses allows "the reader to take on an heroic role in a process that mimics war, but also allows the reader to repudiate the symbolic law authorizing literal war." Blake Leland, Heroic Economies: Ezra Pound, James Joyce, and Modernist Epic Between the Wars (unpublished dissertation, 1988).

⁸⁰ Hugh Kenner, The Pound Era, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), 553.

⁸¹ By 1920, Eliot's Gerontion is bitterly indicting "History," which

. . . Gives too late

What's not believed in, or if still believed,
In memory only, reconsidered passion. . .

Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
Are fathered by our heroism.

Ulysses can also be read, as Groden suggests,⁸² as a "palimpsest" of Joyce's development.) It may indicate --- to some carefully circumscribed extent --- the development of Joyce's culture during that crucial historical period.⁸³

*The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;*

*No, not certainly, the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze;
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!*

*The "age demanded" chiefly a mould in plaster,
Made with no loss of time,
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster
Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.*

(Ezra Pound, "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly")

H.G. Wells announced in "The State of Men's Minds in 1920," "In the past six years there must have been a destruction of fixed ideas, prejudices, and mental limitations unparalleled in all history. Never before can there have been so great and so universal an awakening from assumed and accepted things."⁸⁴ An increasing number of cultural historians maintain that the War in all its enormity and its consequences forced itself upon the consciousness of every thinking person of Joyce's generation. The

⁸² Groden, 23.

⁸³ Frederick Hoffmann observes, "If literature is important to history, it is not because it serves as a social document or as a footnote to political or intellectual history, but primarily because it is a culmination, a genuine means of realizing the major issues of its time." Frederick J. Hoffmann, The 20's, (New York: Collier Books, 1962), x.

⁸⁴ H.G. Wells, The Outline of History vol.II (London: 1920), 748.

war haunts even books ostensibly unrelated to the war, they argue.⁸⁵

Samuel Hynes asserts of Ezra Pound,

"The principal post-war Modernists distanced themselves from the war, and from soldier-poets like Sassoon and Graves, but they did nevertheless write their own forms of war literature. As Katherine Mansfield had said, they had to, or be traitors to

⁸⁵ Anne Wright finds in texts written about the time of World War I (though she does not treat *Ulysses*) a "specific literary phenomenon" -- a "literary formation, that is, of the contemporary situation." Wright, 24. Though none of these texts "is centrally or explicitly concerned with events at the Front, . . . each registers a response to the war, or to events leading up to or away from it." Anne Wright, *Literature of Crisis 1910-1922: Howards End, Heartbreak House, Women in Love, and The Waste Land*, (London: McMillan, 1984), 1-3.

Fussell notes that the "roster of major innovative talents who were not involved with the war is long and impressive. It includes Yeats, Woolf, Pound, Eliot, Lawrence, and Joyce---that is, the masters of the modern movement." (Fussell, 313-314.) Yet even Fussell admits that the war leaks into apparently isolated texts. Recent historical-minded critics have extrapolated back to the war from literary themes in texts written about that time. I want to acknowledge my obligation to Anne Wright's *Texts of Crisis* as well as to Hugh Kenner, Paul Fussell, Samuel Hynes, Modris Eksteins, Robert Spoo, James Fairhall, and Roland Stromberg in this exploration. Hynes demonstrates in *A War Imagined* the special historicity of novels written about the time of the Great War (though, curiously enough, he does not tackle *Ulysses*):

"novels exist in history, and history includes the war, the extreme agent of destruction and change. You can't leave it out. This is more than a statement about content; it is a statement about form, too. It wasn't simply that something had been added to history; the *shape* of history had been radically altered" (Hynes, 345).

Hynes' definition of "historical novel" could include *Ulysses* as well. As Wright says of other "texts of crisis" of the period, "In some sense, of course, all literary discourse may be seen as integral to the contemporary process; but the engagement of these texts with the world beyond the fiction is more than simply a matter of belonging to the historical moment. In *Heartbreak House* and *Women in Love*, for example, the war is more central and meaningful than might be inferred from the obliquity of treatment. (Wright, 7.) Wright does not discuss *Ulysses*, but it is quite amenable to a reading according to her theory: "though it might be said that in a sense every period has its literature of crisis, there may still appear a considerable measure of historical specificity in the conglomerate of features exhibited by these texts." (Wright, 20-24.) Hugh Kenner extends Fussell's vision with his own "stereoscopic" goggles, arguing that writers of the generation that came of age during the early years of the twentieth century were guided in their interpretation of the postwar world by their persisting prewar perspectives.

their art. But it was a war literature with a difference. Consider, as a primary example, the case of Pound. During the war years he had paid very little attention to the war, and one can extract no consistent attitude towards it from his letters and other writings (when he mentions it at all). But once it had ended he recognized that more than a war had come to an end. . . . "⁸⁶

Did Joyce recognize this? Can we tell from the text of Ulysses? We might suspect that the sensitive Joyce, of all people, could not avoid it. His unique position of vantage, and exquisitely acute consciousness, might have fitted him to be a historian of sorts. Though Joyce refused to extend Ulysses into his own historical instant, history in all its instantaneousness and particularity matters greatly to his text. The evidence within Ulysses itself argues against Joyce's reputation as disengaged artist. Ulysses is not a fantastic fable nor a collection of interior monologues: its characters arise from, walk through what Joyce intended to be a very concrete, physically and historically accurate world Parnell and the Pope, the Irish rebellions, English imperialism and Irish antisemitism are important to Ulysses. ("I want . . . to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book.")⁸⁷ The book depends upon and is given depth by a web of

⁸⁶ Hynes, 339-340.

⁸⁷. Budgen, 67-68. *Why* would Joyce have had this idea? Perhaps because of the growing fear that, thanks to the destructive quality of modern warfare, entire cities were in danger of disappearing from the face of the earth. Eliot expressed the apocalyptic wartime sentiment of "falling cities":

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air

references to past historical, political, military situations.⁸⁸ It can be argued that history mattered to Joyce's characters too: as Dennis Brown notes, "History impinges upon [Bloom]--as even more on Stephen--in terms of learnt oddities and social preservation in representative buildings, behaviour patterns and discussions (his disagreement with the 'Cyclops', for instance, is a classic of rival readings of history, based on contrastive tribal experience)."⁸⁹ The author of Ulysses unequivocally places his value on the aggressively ordinary, the embodied, and the historical.

* * * * *

Part of the historical, in this case, is the War. (As James Fairhall points out, "history itself appears to Stephen in the 'Nestor' episode as a blood-soaked nightmare."⁹⁰) Joyce's own entanglement with historical events for the duration of Ulysses' composition, and his admission that his work is "history fabled," permit an examination of the intersection of the War with Ulysses. I will demonstrate that the war encroaches on the text. Breaking through the 1904-narrative is 1914 and beyond, manifesting itself in incidental and in thematic fashions. And like many texts of the period,

Falling towers
 Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
 Vienna London
 Unreal

⁸⁸. We must be careful not to fall into the popular critical mode of regarding Ulysses as an ahistorical avantgarde poststructuralist paean to The Word. Joyce worked hard to make the setting of Ulysses as historically accurate as he could: we recall how he wrote countless letters home trying to ascertain how, who, when, etc. And Ulysses itself is intensely engaged with history, recreating it, from trivial snatches of current popular songs to the general political sense of Dublin, of the exile community in Paris, etc.

⁸⁹ Brown, 92.

⁹⁰ Fairhall, 165.

Ulysses exhibits certain characteristics common to literature marked by the Great War. By elaborating on these eruptions of war, I will show that Joyce himself, "the artist, like the God of the creation . . . invisible," an (unholy?) ghost in his text, is yet not "indifferent, paring his fingernails" apart from the problems raised by the war. Despite his pose of aloofness, Joyce in Ulysses can be seen to have involved himself in the postwar existential crisis.

CHAPTER II

The Hero: A clue to the war's effects on Ulysses:

A. "The "age demanded" a hero:

*Ah, that Time could touch a form
That could show what Homer's age
Bred to be a hero's wage.*

(W.B. Yeats, "Peace," 1910)

"The age demanded" a hero, and what it expected at the time of Ulysses' conception were the heroics of the public-school education, of Homer and Horace and Virgil, and the heroics of popular literature, of Rider Haggard and George Alfred Henty and Tennyson.¹ The public expected such heroics in its literature and desired them in reality.² Stromberg remarks that the Great War was "a roar of protest against the kind of life

1

so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer in the sun

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Maud"

2 Bernard Bergonzi notes an interest in violence in late-Victorian literature, and in the early years of this century: W.E. Henley, the Vorticists, even G.K. Chesterton, Ezra Pound ("Altaforte") and even E.M. Forster. "In the final years of the nineteenth century, the period of self-assertive Imperialism" there was an increase in interest in "the martial and heroic virtues; and there was at the same time an increasing preoccupation with violence. . . ." Bernard Bergonzi, Heroes' Twilight: a study of the literature of the Great War (London: Constable, 1965), 22, 16.

that Europe had been living, and a grasping for another and better kind of life. The search for heroism, nobility, unselfishness, as well as adventure, danger, and even death, registered a protest against the rationalized, specialized society, the *Ameisenwelt*, or ant-world, as Georgists called it.³ Heroic visions (well-fueled by classical and popular literature) were what motivated Rupert Brooke and many other soldiers when they boarded the troop-ships for France in 1914 ("Honour has come back . . . And nobleness walks in our ways again"). And in fact throughout the war were countless examples of bravery and nobility and unselfishness amid the danger and death. The classical concept of heroism itself, however, died in the trenches. Modern warfare forced its soldiers to positions of anonymity and passivity; no heroic fantasies could justify their presence in the midst of this mass carnage nor remove their sense of betrayal. "The war of 1914-1918 can still very properly be referred to by the original name of the Great War," asserts Bergonzi, "for despite the greater magnitude of its more truly global successor, it represented a far more radical crisis in British civilization. In particular, it meant that the traditional mythology of heroism and the hero, the Hotspurian mode of self-assertion, had ceased to be viable"⁴ Poets and writers who experienced the war recognized as much;⁵ they now cast off the glamour and abstractions that, as Hynes puts it, "made war itself a value-term."⁶ What they produced instead became a foundation for modern literature: they drew on the soldiers' feeling of powerlessness as a

³ Stromberg, 83.

⁴ Bergonzi, 17.

⁵ Dennis Welland, in his book on Wilfred Owen, observes that "a reliable guide to war poetry could be written in terms of changes in poetic attitudes to death." (See, for example, Owen's "At a Calvary near the Ancre"--"But they who love the greater love/ Lay down their life; they do not hate.")

⁶ Hynes, 166.

shaping force in their conception of the hero. For example, David Jones's In Parenthesis is, as Arthur Lane describes it, "an epic of passive suffering [Its hero] is the unknown soldier, the hero of a new kind of war, the unwitting and pathetic center of events beyond his control and comprehension While Private Ball is not the hero, he is not unheroic. His characteristics are those of the common man."⁷ (Private Ball's significant ordinariness recalls Joyce's description of his own hero: "Ulysses was not a god, for he had all the defects of the ordinary man, but was kindly."⁸)

In other words, at the time of Ulysses' composition, the nature of "hero" was a work-in-progress, or, perhaps, a work-in-demolition. (Stephen observes, "[i]t is an age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god" [169].) Joyce caught these most recent currents and moved on ahead of the popular press and its stale images of valor. After all, he had been hearing the depressing battle reports, speaking to demobilized soldiers, and what those reports and soldiers recounted was not an heroic tale.⁹ Their eloquent

⁷ Arthur Lane, An Adequate Response: The War Poetry of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1992), 29-30.

⁸ Keynes describes President Wilson, the hero of the Paris Peace Conference, in the same way:

The President was not a hero or a prophet; he was not even a philosopher; but a generously intentioned man, with many of the weaknesses of other human beings, and lacking that dominating intellectual equipment . . . [yet] a man of lofty and powerful imagination" Keynes, 39-40.

⁹

Lend me your arm
to replace my leg
The rats ate it for me
at Verdun
at Verdun
I ate lots of rats

silence found voice in Ulysses.¹⁰ No heroic martial tales embellish this wartime novel.¹¹

B. "After Troy . . ."

*These fought in any case,
and some believing,
pro domo, in any case . . .*

(Ezra Pound, "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly")

Joyce did not give the public what it had been used to reading: Ulysses offered neither warriors nor conquerors nor global explorers. It offered only two powerless pacifists. The jesuitical Stephen Dedalus and the godless Leopold Bloom substitute aimless wondering for purposeful Odyssean wandering, and neither one is motivated by any classical heroic virtue. Stephen, as James Fairhall notes, "resists the masculine norms of peacetime."¹² Leopold Bloom, the "new womanly man," meekly yet stubbornly stands up for "Love . . . I mean the opposite of hatred" (273). He

but they didn't give me back my leg
and that's why I was given the CROIX DE GUERRE
and a wooden leg
and a wooden leg

(Benjamin Peret, "Little Song of the Maimed")

¹⁰ Bergonzi, 194. Ulysses' heroes pioneer the anti-heroism that appears in postwar literature, such as Ford Madox Ford's Parades End, Aldington's Death of a Hero, Tomlinson's All Our Yesterdays, R.C. Sheriff's play, Journey's End. Bernard Bergonzi explains how "Sheriff is exhibiting the collapse of the public-school ethos under the pressure of war; and thus suggesting the breakdown of the traditional English values that had been sustained by this ethos." (Yet, as Bergonzi points out, the enthusiastic pacifists of the postwar era "were to abandon pacifism in 1936, on the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War." Bergonzi, 197.)

¹¹ And, significantly for a novel written during those four years of unparalleled slaughter, there is absolutely no bloodshed --- except, perhaps as a joke at the end, Molly's menstrual blood.

¹². James Fairhall, 186.

is "the least pugnacious of mortals," wondering, "How can people aim guns at each other. Sometimes they go off" (310). Joyce stressed the pacifism of Bloom's prototype. In 1918 he emphasized of Odysseus, "Don't forget that he was a war dodger who tried to evade military service by simulating madness (JJ, 449). And then there is Molly Bloom, who is not a central character but is also part of that kernel of pacifism at the heart of Ulysses. Though the easily amused Molly "love[s] to see a regiment pass in review" she hates what those regiments are trained to do. "I hate the mention of their politics after the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein where Gardner lieut Stanly G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever he was a lovely fellow in khaki . . . Im sure he was brave too . . ." (616). War disgusts her; she complains about the only war she has experienced, "they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of the other old Krugers go and fight it out between them instead of dragging on for years killing any finelooking men there were . . ." (616-617). Molly has got her own ideas about peace: "It'd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it you wouldn't see women . . . killing one another and slaughtering" (640). As Anthony Burgess observes, the resolutely sensuous Molly "is angry at the ravaging of fine bodies on the battlefield to serve some factitious ideal. She loves love."¹³ Dennis Brown goes further, theorizing that Molly represents the Female's opposition to history itself: "Molly Bloom can assent to life because she lives outside of masculine history and rejects the patriarchal order in asserting her sexual being."¹⁴

*You're quiet and peaceful, summering safe at home;
You'd never think there was a bloody war on! . . .*

¹³ Anthony Burgess, Re Joyce (New York: W. W. Norton, 1965), 175.

¹⁴ Brown, 103.

*O yes, you would . . . why, you can hear the guns.
Hark!*

(Siegfried Sassoon, "Repression of War Experience," 1918)

Around these peaceloving characters swirl an awful lot of soldiers. Soldiers represent, for example, a shaping factor in Molly Bloom's life: her premarital and romantic past is composed utterly of dead soldiers. Her father was "a gallant major"(334),¹⁵ Mulvey was a lieutenant, Gardner was killed in the Boer War. And of course there is Odysseus in Leopold Bloom's background; he was a soldier too. Bloom himself pretends to a military past in "Circe": "I fought with the colours for king and country . . . was disabled at Spion Kop and Bloemfontein, was mentioned in dispatches" (373). The narrator of "Oxen" considers it a great insult to Bloom when he maligns his military service: "During the recent war whenever the enemy had a temporary disadvantage with his granados did this traitor to his kind not seize that moment to discharge his piece against the empire of which he is a tenant at will while he trembled for the security of his four per cents?" (334) "Herr Hauptmann Hainau" (568), Bloom's "progenitor of sainted memory wore the uniform of the Austrian despot [!]" (398). A Purefoy child is named "after our famous hero of the South African war" (343), the mysterious "Seymour's back in town . . . Chucked medicine and going in for the army" (18). The sole friend that we hear of Leopold Bloom having, Percy Apjohn, was "killed in action, Modder River" (578). Bloom himself stares at a "recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade . . . grenadier . . . royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats . . ." (59). Some such poster has probably influenced Alec Bannon, Milly Bloom's beau, who is in town to "buy a colour or cornetcy in the fencibles and list for the wars"(328) ---

¹⁵ "Yes, sir. At Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it" (46).

the next generation, too, is heading for the battlefields. Patrice Egan is a "soldier of France" (36), Stephen and Mulligan rent their tower from "the secretary of state for war" (15). Mulligan blames, among other things, the sight of "mutilated soldiers" by pregnant women as a cause of the "falling off in the calibre of the race" (341-342). Even the Citizen refers to his soldiering days (486-487), and he and Major Tweedy "exhibit to each other medals, decorations, trophies of war, wounds. Both salute with fierce hostility" (487). Past military might is a point of pride with Bloom, too, who makes a speech in Nighttown praising the soldiers at the battle at Ladysmith ("Our howitzers and camel swivel guns played on his lines with telling effect . . . We drive them headlong! Lo! We charge! Deploying to the left our light horse swept across the heights of Plevna and, uttering their warcry *Bonafide Sabaoth*, sabred the Saracen gunners to a man." [394]). Even Stephen Dedalus is included in the military imagery, when he is offered a position with Myles Crawford: Myles belligerently predicts that with Stephen (!) as his reporter, "We'll paralyze Europe" (111). Stephen feels rather paralyzed himself, likening himself to Cranly's "mute orderly, following battles from afar" (154). In "Eumeus," "Who's the best troops in the army? the grizzled old veteran irately interrogated. And the best jumpers and racers? And the best admirals and generals we've got? . . . The Irish catholic peasant. He's the backbone of our empire" (524). Edward VII "levitates over heaps of the slain" in "Circe" (482). Molly remembers seeing a soldier "pissing standing out for me to see it with his babyclothes up to one side" (620). And the only act of violence in all of Ulysses is courtesy of a British soldier (in "Circe," Private Carr attacks Stephen).

Dying soldiers cause grief and misery for many at home; and it is worthy of observation that dead soldiers can father no more children; thus Mary Evans reads the wartime conditions which influenced *Ulysses*' composition. Evans suggests that "the wars ending and beginning in Joyce's world frustrated or counteracted the reproductive function of coition Not only Bloom and Mina Purefoy, but all of the characters in the episode ["Oxen of the Sun"] are victims of the slaughter, because their freedom to proliferate is limited . . ." ¹⁶

Often, things in *Ulysses* that aren't soldiers *appear* as soldiers. The rowdy students' march to Burke's pub is described as a march into battle: "Fire away, number one on the gun. Burkes! Burkes! Thence they advanced five parasangs. Slattery's mounted foot. Where's that bleeding awfur? . . . Tention. Proceed to nearest canteen and there annex liquor stores. March! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are (attitudes!) parching. Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery, and bishops Deep the durned millingtary step. We fall! . . ." (346). In "Eumeus" Stephen and Bloom overhear a "battle royal in the street which was still raging fast and furious" (508).

Robert Spoo observes that much of "Telemachus" is described in military metaphors. He reminds us that most of this chapter is set in a defense tower; and he points out that in the first three pages of *Ulysses*, "the word 'gunrest' appears four times, 'barracks' once, and 'parapet'--a term to be met with in almost any account of trench warfare--four times." The

16. ". . . their freedom to proliferate is limited by economic, ethnic, nationalistic, or religious sanctions of which they are often unaware. It is in this sense of limiting procreative behavior for ideological ends that I believe Joyce meant 'sterilizing the act of coition.'" Mary Lowe Evans, *Crimes Against Fecundity: Joyce and Population Control* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1989), 55.

war terms are apt: as Buck and Stephen talk, they seem to be enacting "a kind of choreographed battle: Mulligan 'came forward and mounted the round gunrest.' Stephen 'sat down on the edge of the gunrest.' Mulligan 'mounted the parapet again' and 'Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet.'"¹⁷

Epstein finds it significant that Stephen thinks of his students' hockey-game in imagery blending "medieval warfare with the horrific accounts of trench conditions and bayonet-fighting"¹⁸: "Jousts. Time shocked rebounds, shock by shock. Jousts, slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain . . . men's bloodied guts" (27). Fairhall observes that the "very idea of manly, competitive play and goals evokes the sports cult whose spirit pervaded early British attitudes toward World War I."¹⁹ And in fact, these combative students will mature in ten years, will be "officer material" in 1914.

The schoolmaster Mr. Deasy holds views which condemned a generation of these budding soldiers. He is, as Spoo remarks, a "happy warrior . . . full of hardy Victorian optimism and high-sounding imperialistic rhetoric, exactly the type who promoted and welcomed the war."²⁰ Recall Deasy's fluffy Hegelian view of history: "The ways of the Creator are not our ways . . . All human history moves toward one great goal, the manifestation of God." Fairhall points out Deasy's resemblance to Field Marshal Haig, who was able to announce in 1919 that "We were fighting,

¹⁷ Spoo, 150.

¹⁸ Spoo, 145.

¹⁹ Fairhall, 168.

²⁰ Spoo, 141.

not only for ourselves and for our own Empire, but for a world ideal in which God was with us."²¹

Even Ulysses' background music sometimes sounds like the war. Richie Goulding "Sings too: *Down among the dead men. Appropriate*" (224). Ben Dollard and Father Cowley perform a song from "Love and War" --- "War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior" (222). Simon Dedalus sings the *Maritana*, "Let me like a soldier fall" (636).

Besides the songs, and the sounds of soldiers marching through the text, are echoes of war itself. Fairhall hears the war crashing through "Cyclops," when the Citizen throws a biscuit tin and sets off international "catastrophe . . . terrific and instantaneous in its effect . . . All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself . . . is literally a mass of ruins beneath which it is to be feared all the occupants have been buried alive" (281-282). (Europe, of course, was beginning to evoke such a mass of ruins by the time these lines were written.) "Circe," too, presents a city destroyed by war: "Brimstone fires spring up. Dense clouds roll past. Heavy Gatling guns boom. Pandemonium. Troops deploy. Gallop of hoofs. Artillery. Hoarse commands" (488). "Circe," as Fairhall observes, exhibits "most of the striking features of the actual theater of war; it is filled with ironies, disjunctions, jerky energy, and hallucinatory violence and transformations. It also seems to be stage-managed by its own version of the organizing mind of the war--that omniscient intelligence, indifferent to human well-being,

²¹ Fairhall, 169.

whose bizarre logic . . . many soldiers and civilians alike sensed in the weird, unpredictable twists and turns of the fighting . . ."²²

What war there is in *Ulysses* is not the stuff of Homeric epic. ("At the end of the First World War, when the Allies were convinced that in winning they had made the world 'safe for democracy,' Joyce asked pointedly, 'Who won this war?'"²³) Joyce himself was quite conscious of the postwar nature of *Ulysses*' armature, *The Odyssey*. In 1917 he reminded his readers, "Ulysses didn't want to go off to Troy . . . Observe the beauty of the motifs: the only man in Hellas who is against the war, and the father. Before Troy the heroes shed their lifeblood in vain . . . After Troy there is no further talk of Achilles, Menelaus, Agamemnon" (JJ, 416-417)²⁴ After the Somme there is no talk of Homeric or Kiplingesque patriotic heroes. Instead, the depressed awareness that all victories are now Pyrrhic pervades *Ulysses*. At the beginning of "Nestor," Stephen's history class is slogging through a lesson on the slaughter at Asculum: the students ("officer material in ten years") are uninspired by such a depressing picture of combat. Stephen, however, has no illusions about heroism, and is fascinated with the idea of hopeless warfare. He loses himself in a fantasy where he is at the site of that original pyrrhic victory --- "from a hill above a corposestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers, leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers" (20). In "Aeolus" Professor MacHugh speechifies about "the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and . . . Pyrrhus,

²² Fairhall, 212-213.

²³ Dominic Manganiello, Joyce's Politics (London; Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980), 160.

²⁴ This echoes Hynes' description of Realities of War, a book written in 1917: "There is no mention here of high ideals, or of poor little Belgium, or the world made safe for democracy, or war to end war." Hynes, 289.

misled by an oracle . . ." but his oration is interrupted by the truth about war: " --- They went forth to battle, Mr O'Madden Burke said greyly, but they always fell" (110). The croppy boy's unlucky military history suffuses "Sirens" --- "All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his brothers fell . . . Last of his name and race" (234).²⁵ As Leopold Bloom describes the battle of Ladysmith, his choice of words recalls the hopeless "Charge of the Light Brigade": "Half a league onward! They charge! All is lost now . . . We charge!" (394). In fact, Tennyson himself later echoes that recurringly apposite poem as he describes Privates Carr and Compton, "Theirs is not to reason why" (480).

All these soldiers in Ulysses might evoke something of what Joyce was looking at from Trieste and Zurich, and what would have been in his recent memory in Paris. Critics have attempted to trace a connection between those events in the author's memory, and literary eruptions in Ulysses' text. They point out that "Telemachus," "Nestor," and "Proteus" especially reflect the "climate of the war."²⁶ These first three chapters were finished in late 1917, while Joyce was wintering in Locarno.²⁷ (And, of course, they had been composed during the three years of disastrous battles preceding that.) Joyce composed "Nestor," for example, during late 1917, which was, as Hynes reminds us, "the season of Passchendaele and the Russian Revolution."²⁸ Fairhall, too, emphasizes that 1917 was "an especially demoralizing year dominated by the idea that attrition would decide the war. The previous year a week-long artillery barrage had

²⁵ Bloom himself mourns "I too. Last of my race" (234).

²⁶ Robert Spoo's "Nestor and the Nightmare" provides excellent sightings of battle in Ulysses' early chapters.

²⁷ Spoo, 139.

²⁸ Hynes, 391.

announced the battle of the Somme, destined to be known among the troops as the Great Fuck-Up, [which] was the largest engagement fought since the beginnings of civilization. Corpse-strewn plains and Pyrrhic victories, in 1917, were topical subjects."²⁹

"Lestrygonians," too, seems to image its "composition of place." This chapter contains an inordinate atmosphere of revulsion for its lunchroom setting.³⁰ the horrified Leopold perceives an ordinary weekday lunch as the scene of mass murder: "Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail . . . Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!" (139) Is it pertinent that "Lestrygonians" was finished in autumn 1918, during the desperate season of boy-soldiers (by 1918 half of the British infantry were under nineteen)? We might look again at those "Wretched brutes there at the cattle-market waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Poor trembling calves . . . Rawhead and bloody bones." (140) That same year, Wilfred Owen was visualizing a similar slaughterhouse: "What passing-bells for those who die as cattle?"³¹

Joyce was finishing Chapter 9, "Scylla and Charybdis," when the Armistice was declared. Spoo argues that this date "partly explains Stephen's strange passivity and resignation at the end of an episode that has seen him so strenuously at war with the Dublin idealists . . . And Stephen's thoughts, concluding the first part of Ulysses, imply a farewell to arms: 'Cease to strive. Peace of the druid priests of Cymbeline.'"³² Spoo also points out that the "next episode, 'Wandering Rocks,' the first to be

²⁹ Fairhall, 165.

³⁰ Joyce did not usually translate the Odyssey's horror so powerfully and immediately.

³¹ Wilfred Owen, "Anthem for Doomed Youth" Collected Poems, (London: Chatto & Windus, 1963).

³² Spoo, 151. I wish to emphasize later that *Stephen* does cease to strive (in fact, he's drunk for the rest of the book); *Stephen's ambition* and *will*--- and Joyce's hopes for him --- seem to disappear after the peace.

composed free of the war, provides an 'entr'acte,' as Joyce called it, 'a pause in the action."³³ "Wandering Rocks" is often described as a world of bitterness and cynicism, but there is plenty of pitying affection too. It dates from the time of the swell of postwar relief; it was written immediately after the Armistice.

It has been argued that Stephen Dedalus' character was shaped by the wartime/postwar pressures on his author. Fairhall says that Stephen suffers the same symptoms as do shellshock victims: "Obsession with corpses. Hallucinations. Inability to work. Survivor guilt. Fear of intimacy. Fear of loud noises and dying young."³⁴ Some of those loud noises sound suspiciously like the War to end all Wars. When Stephen smashes a lampshade, he produces an image of Armageddon: "Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry"³⁵ In fact, Fairhall suggests that "the Great War provides the primary reference. Stephen's vision evokes a *topos* of the war, the destruction of a building by artillery fire. Although he is picturing not a battle but the end of the world, the unheard-of firepower loosed in 1914 actually did mark the end of a world."³⁶

It seems that the war affected *Ulysses* more than Joyce would have liked to admit. Though it bordered on anachronism, he couldn't resist including predictions of the "impending" war. In "Cyclops" is the warning,

³³ Spoo, 151.

³⁴ Fairhall, 185-186.

³⁵ Fairhall supposes, "Possibly this imagery alludes to the devastation of downtown Dublin during Easter 1916." Fairhall, 47. And possibly it doesn't: Joyce had not been in Dublin since 1912.

³⁶ Fairhall, 165.

--I tell you what it is, says <O'Madden Burke>, there's a war coming <on> for the English [lined out] <Sassenachs> and the germans will give them a hell of a gate of going. <What they [lined out] <<the imperial yeomanry>> got from the B [lined out] <>oers is only what you might call an [lined out] <<a>> hors d'oeuvre.>>³⁷

However, by the time Joyce had finished "Cyclops" in September 1919, he decided to take the entire paragraph out.

But in "Eumeus," he puts the war in again, as the purported-ex-almost-hero Skin-the-Goat becomes prophet: "a day of reckoning . . . was in store for mighty England There would be a fall and the greatest fall in history. The Germans and the Japs" [*then Joyce rewrites history to give Ireland a more central role in the conflict:*] "Brummagem England was toppling already and her downfall would be Ireland" (523).³⁸

C. Joyce's modern heroes

A reader may find the War to be nowhere in Ulysses, but it is pointedly nowhere. Ulysses is about three pacifists --- Molly, Stephen, Leopold --- surrounded by classic embodiments of prewar belligerence. Joyce presents this situation casually: after all, he has located the events of Ulysses ten years before hostilities began. But the nature of his central characters, most especially Leopold Bloom, suggests that Joyce, the aloof author with regard to war and war's alarms, has registered all his feelings about the subject in the way he has his heroes embody an anti-war rhetoric.

Stephen

³⁷. Bracketed material was added later; double-bracketed material, *even* later. The paragraph is reproduced in Groden, 145.

³⁸ Joyce seemed to find these anachronistic predictions irresistible. For example, Larry O'Rourke warns of the unexpected outcome of the Russo-Japanese War of 1905: "Do you know what? The Russians, they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese" (47). And the ghost of Paddy Dignam warns of an impending war: "Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the eastern angle where the ram has power" (248).

"Because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality(162)

Stephen Dedalus, whose consciousness dominates the opening chapters of Ulysses, is certainly not cast in the mold of the hero who filled popular literature in 1914. And Joyce emphasizes Stephen's unlikeness from the beginning. He plants him amidst young men who possess a greater portion of those "heroic" virtues. Buck Mulligan is more athletic and more buoyant, for example, Haines is more suave and more scholarly, young Mulvey was more romantic, Russell's collection of younger poets is more patriotic and idealistic, the Hamlet haunting Stephen's background is more aggressive and filial, even Privates Compton and Carr are fiercely proud of their King; and we are not to forget that Stephen's prototype Telemachus passionately defended his homeland and his family. Yet none of these types interested Joyce enough to figure as Ulysses' young hero. He picked the passive ("I detest action" [480]) and pacifist Stephen, walking wounded.

Stephen does not have the virtues of a typical hero, and he does not have the dreams of one. Stephen himself has grasped enough of the unadorned facts of history³⁹ to have neither ideals nor illusions about heroism. He rebukes the belligerent Mr. Deasy with the thoughtful comment so characteristic of soldiers after 1915: "I fear those big words . . . which make us so unhappy" (26). Stephen himself will not be deluded into uniform by big words: "I say: Let my country die for me" (482); and no heroics color his conception of where he stands in the British Empire. The King, Stephen says, "wants my money and my life . . . for some brutish empire of

³⁹. "--History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake" (28). "Young Stephen, orgulous of mother Church" has his own nightmares about how his "crazy queen, old and jealous" [17], has complicated history's nightmarish plot ever since "twenty centuries of stony sleep/ Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle."

his" (485). Stephen's fierce commitment to independent thinking has allowed him to reject the nationalistic rhetoric and literary chestnuts that fired the young men marching off to war as Joyce was beginning *Ulysses*. Stephen refuses to fire the young men he teaches, either. His lesson emphasizes Pyrrhic epiphanies over glorious victories. He himself suffers a sort of Pyrrhic victory in Nighttown, when he willfully argues with the soldiers. Stephen rejects the claims of earthly kingdoms and their sham ideals ("in here it is I must kill the priest and the king," [481]). And then the king's representatives knock him down. ("I'll wring the neck of any fucking bastard says a word against my bleeding fucking king" [488]).

Stephen's bitterness about empty ideals makes room for a new kind of heroism, however. He honestly faces the loss of order and meaning in modern life. Poignantly, "the note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from the home, sounds uninterruptedly" (174) for many besides Stephen in *Ulysses*; Stephen alone is aware of its universal reverberations.⁴⁰ Like another of his prototypes, John the Baptist, or perhaps like Yeats's Man who Dreamed of Faeryland, Stephen will "[d]ream, until God burn Nature with a kiss."⁴¹ Unlike these humble dreamers, he asserts his own ego before the void. He does not suffer any "dejection" at the task, affirming

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 (572).

40. He asserts that even the Church is "founded, like the world, macro and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood" (170). (Stephen marvels at his own obsession with the gospel of loss: "Are you condemned to do this?" [170].)

41. "The Man Who Dreamed of Faeryland" W. B. Yeats, The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1956), 43.

In his existential self-assertion, Stephen is very modern, as modern as another Yeats character, the Irish airman who foresees his death. Neither one asserts heroic ideals;⁴² neither one asserts even those human values which survived in the trenches; both are merely inspired by "a lonely impulse of delight."⁴³ And it can be nothing less than delight that sends Stephen ("I am lonely here" [41]) on his teleological strolls ("Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand?" [31]), sends him out into "the cold of interstellar space" (578) at the end of Ulysses. Bloom senses in him "the predestination of the future" (565). Future hero Stephen may be fitted to be.

Yet Stephen does not remain in the forefront of Ulysses and work out his destiny as this new kind of hero. After the first three chapters, the plot goes on, for the most part, without him. His consciousness is seldom described to us in succeeding episodes. By the time Joyce composes "Aeolus," Stephen quits meditating. His reflections are now presented, as Groden notes, as "short, terse, uncomplicated None of his thoughts

⁴² Elaine Showalter says that the Great War was "a crisis of masculinity and a trial of the Victorian masculine ideal." Elaine Showalter, The Female Malady: Women, Madness, and English Culture, 1830-1980 (New York: Pantheon Books, 1985), 171.

⁴³ Of course, as Bergonzi points out, the airmen's war experience was much different from trench soldiers': Cecil Lewis "describes the joys of singlehanded aerial combat, as against the impersonal slaughter of the trenches: 'It was like the lists of the Middle Ages, the only sphere in modern warfare where a man saw his enemy and faced him in mortal combat, the only sphere where there was still chivalry and honour. If you won, it was your own bravery and skill; if you lost, it was because you had met a better man. You did not sit in a muddy trench while someone who had no personal enmity against you loosed off a gun, five miles away, and blew you to smithereens---and did not know he had done it! That was not fighting; it was murder. Senseless, brutal, ignoble. We were spared that.'" Bergonzi, 168-169. However, Bergonzi continues, "the real war was being won or lost in the trenches of France and Flanders. It was here that the major crisis of civilization was centred, and where most of the writers who responded to it underwent the experiences that were subsequently matured into autobiography or fiction." Bergonzi, 170.

here begins to approach the complexity of those in 'Telemachus,' 'Nestor,' or 'Proteus."⁴⁴ Stephen practically disappears from the chapters written after the Armistice: he barely shows up in "Wandering Rocks," is removed from "Cyclops" (he was written into it, 1919, but Joyce wrote him out in the final revisions in 1921).⁴⁵ Stephen is a caricature in "Oxen," is beat up, physically and psychically, in "Circe"; in "Eumeus" and "Ithaca," glum and silent, he refuses to participate in Leopold's surrogate-father scheme. He is a "shadow" by the end of *Ulysses*, a memory in Leopold and Molly's musings.

Stephen faded from the text⁴⁶ and from his creator's mind as Joyce wrote into the postwar period. "Stephen no longer interests me," Joyce complained in 1919. "He has a shape that can't be changed" (*JJ*, 459).⁴⁷ (Hugh Kenner adds, "His shape is that of aesthete."⁴⁸ Kenner's caricature is far from capturing the full outline of Stephen Dedalus, but it does suggest a pertinent question: was Joyce then admitting that he was wearying of the aesthetic posture that Stephen affected?) We are not privy to the complexity of reasons why Joyce chose Leopold Bloom as hero for *Ulysses*, yet would

⁴⁴ Groden, 72-73.

⁴⁵ Groden, 149.

⁴⁶ Do we hear Stephen saying goodbye in Dublin Library? "I am tired of my voice, the voice of Esau. My kingdom for a drink" (174).

⁴⁷ Joyce's tiring of Stephen is reenacted in the history of Stephen's popularity with the reading public. Jean Kimball notes that, in general, Stephen has faded, and Bloom has increased in appeal to readers. We recall that Dr. Joseph Collins, the psychiatrist who reviewed *Ulysses* for the New York Times in 1922, called Bloom "a moral monster, a pervert and an invert, an apostate to his race and his religion, the simulacrum of a man who has neither cultural background nor personal respect." Dr. Joseph Collins, "James Joyce's Amazing Chronicle" *New York Times Book Review* (May 28, 1922), 6. But by 1969, more critics are singing Leslie Fiedler's tune: "it was not Joyce Stephen who wrote *Ulysses*; it was Joyce Bloom." Leslie Fiedler, "Bloom on Joyce; or, Jokey for Jacob" *Journal of Modern Literature*, 1 (1970), 29.

⁴⁸. Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce (London: Chatto & Windus, 1955), 112.

not engage with him until three intensely Stephenistic chapters had engaged us and himself.⁴⁹ We can theorize a combination of factors. First, during the early years of *Ulysses*' composition, Joyce's maturing vision of hero seems to have been evolving away from the isolated artist of *A Portrait*. Second, this evolving concept took into account the postwar climate and provided more of what "the age demanded." Simply judging from the immense popularity of *Ulysses* and its unassuming protagonist, the "common man" that Bloom was intended to represent answered that demand. (Stephen's existential self-assertion may have been attractive but his tormented, snobbish genius was not.) Stephen was still An Artist, and his old-fashioned type of artist was irrelevant in this postwar climate.⁵⁰

Textual evidence indicates that Joyce was writing those chapters in which Stephen's consciousness dominates during the war. Stephen was also receiving his author's attention in *A Portrait* until 1915. But after the war, Joyce focussed on Bloom, and in revisions Bloomed *Ulysses* even more. Stephen as Hero did not survive the period of *Ulysses*' writing. I suggest he *could* not: his existence was problematized, or jeopardized, by the book-as-process which grew up during the war. After the war Stephen's presence in *Ulysses* became a vestigial tail, his "young artist bildungsroman" plot trajectory and his sentimental values as outdated as his religion. In 1904,

49 "--Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery" (156).

50 Stephen might sing his valediction with Yeats:

We were the last romantics . . .

* * * * *

But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

(Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931)

Stephen Dedalus may be the first casualty of World War I. He is the anachronistic firstborn of that generation lost in the "foundering of sublimities."

But Leopold Bloom grew up in that foundering. By war's end, Joyce had thoroughly focussed on Bloom and was presenting another portrait of the hero. This portrait was obviously quite different; however, it, too, was given historical depth by its subject's pacifist views.⁵¹

Bloom

*"the Poetry is in the Pity"*⁵²

Stephen is superseded by a hero who is more "ordinary" ("no ineluctable modality of the visible" for Leopold, no *nebeneinander*: alone on *his* beach, he masturbates); yet he is more politically alert and even more peaceable than Stephen. He too is free of "those big words that make us so unhappy." He is as aware as Stephen of the follies of military might they cause (".... so far as politics themselves were concerned, he was only too conscious of the casualties invariably resulting from propaganda and displays of mutual animosity and the misery and suffering it entailed as a foregone conclusion on fine young fellows, chiefly, destruction of the fittest, in a word" [536-537]).⁵³ But unlike Stephen, Bloom is old enough that his pacifist ideas have been tested and tempered in that "university of life" of

⁵¹ Groden notes that the book got even more Bloomy after Joyce revised the fair copy: "compared to the published book, the early *Ulysses* is much less rich in detail in terms of the range of Bloom's thoughts, the specific events in his life, and the Dublin he experiences on June 16, 1904." Groden, 24. However, he is unwilling to hazard an opinion about whether the additional information on Bloom contributes to a more flattering, or less flattering, characterization. Groden, 177.

⁵² Rodney Owen, 31.

⁵³. These lines, written post-war, do seem to have the ring of nightmarish historical truth behind them.

which he modestly boasts. He has attempted to see his unusual views enacted through political actions. The factions who insisted on peace in Ireland, however, proceeded (as they still do) with violence. Bloom "certainly did feel and no denying it (while inwardly remaining what he was) a certain kind of admiration for a man who had actually brandished a knife, cold steel, with the courage of his political convictions" yet such actions contradict his truly peaceable nature: "personally, he would never be a party to any such thing" (524).⁵⁴

Though organized politics disappointed him in the past,⁵⁵ still this "least pugnacious of mortals" will argue anywhere that he rejects "Force, history, hatred, all that"(273). He will argue it despite community disparagement ("one of those mixed middlings he is" [224]); despite physical attack (he has to be hauled out of Barney Kiernan's, still orating, as the Citizen storms after him). Bloom's active pacifism was important in his creator's eyes: Joyce stressed how Odysseus, like Bloom, was both pacifist and an engaged part of a belligerent community (as were the war poets contemporary with Bloom's creation). The isolated aesthete may be

⁵⁴ The poets of World War I realized that honor had nothing to do with nationalism or traditional heroics; they preached what "the new apostle to the gentiles" lives ("Love I mean the opposite of hatred" [273].)

The scribes on all the people shove
And brawl allegiance to the state,
But they who love the greater love
Lay down their life; they do not hate.
(Owen, "At a Calvary near the Ancre")

⁵⁵ For Bloom, political action groups offered unacceptable means to a peaceable end. "I resent violence and intolerance in any shape or form. It never reaches anything or stops anything. A revolution must come on the due instalments plan" (526).

existentially assertive, but Odysseus and Bloom assert their pacifist beliefs in hazardous tests in the midst of contemporary opposition.⁵⁶

It is an important part of Bloom's character that his pacifism goes beyond argumentativeness. Bloom *lives* his pacifism. Joyce had pointed out the same of Odysseus: "Ulysses was not a god, for he had all the defects of the ordinary man, but was kindly" (JJ, 436).⁵⁷ Here, kindness works itself out on the political level as pacifism and on the personal level as Christian love. Bloom gives to others, thinks of others, pities cats and birds and laboring women and all the helpless of the world. Leopold Bloom figures in *Ulysses*, as critics have frequently noted, as a figure of Christ. ("Christus or Bloom his name is . . ." [525], Stephen mutters as Leopold treats him "in orthodox Samaritan fashion" [501]).

The Christ-figure as hero was also appearing in war literature at the time. Wilfred Owen, for example, wrote in 1917,

Already I have comprehended a light . . . namely, that one of Christ's essential commands was: Passivity at any price! Suffer dishonour and disgrace, but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed; but do not kill . . . Christ is literally in 'no man's land'. There men often hear His voice: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend. Is it spoken in English only and French? I do not believe so. Thus you see how pure Christianity will not fit in with pure patriotism."⁵⁸

Owen's understanding of patriotism had mutated since the beginning of the war, moving toward a Bloomian (and Odyssean) anti-idealism. Odysseus, after all, did not go to war for battle glory, did not sing of valor,

⁵⁶. Joyce pointed out that Odysseus feigned madness to avoid conscription until the crafty recruiters placed his baby son in the path of the plow. The pacifist agreed then to turn in his plowshare for a sword; he went to Troy. The rest, as they say, is history.

⁵⁷ But though he was intended to be flawed, Bloom was also created with self-knowledge: "if he does something mean or ignoble, he knows it and says, 'I have been a perfect pig.'"

⁵⁸. Rodney Owen, 167.

honor, duty. Leopold Bloom too loves his country, but he sees "pure patriotism" as hollow, merely justifying "[a]ll those wretched quarrels, in his humble opinion, stirring up bad blood . . . erroneously supposed to be about a punctilio of honour and a flag. . . ." [526]). The patriot is replaced by the Christ, patriotic feeling by Christian pity. Pity is the dominant positive value in *Ulysses*. It is Leopold Bloom's noblest quality too, his ability to feel sympathy and pity for everyone. This new heroic virtue was proceeding out of the trenches as Bloom was being sketched: we remember Owen's revolutionary challenge to heroic literature, "the Poetry is in the Pity."⁵⁹ (Bloom is "A new apostle to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love" [273].)

The new understandings of heroic virtue were parallel. The one which came out of the trenches, and the other out of "Trieste--Zurich--Paris/ 1914-1921" ---- both emphasized the pacifism, almost pure passivity of a Christlike, ordinary man. Joyce and the war-writers both agreed that the soldier's occupation did not negate his virtues; pacifism is not necessarily cowardice. Sassoon, Graves, Owen were decorated for bravery as they carried on with a war they opposed. Joyce noted that when the Trojan war was going badly, though the frustrated Greek warriors "want to raise the siege . . . Ulysses opposes the idea. [He thinks up] the stratagem of the wooden horse" (JJ, 417).⁶⁰ Bloom has no actual battles in which to demonstrate his bravery and perseverance. But these qualities are apparent

⁵⁹ Regarding pity for passive suffering, not all poets thought this way; we remember that Yeats excluded Owen from the Oxford Book of Modern Verse because "passive suffering was not a proper subject for poetry."

⁶⁰ Joyce emphasized that the tank, introduced on World War I battlefields by the British in 1916, was invented by Ulysses: "The tank is his creation. Wooden horse or iron ox---it doesn't matter. They are both shells containing armed warriors." (JJ, 436).

as he walks through a world hostile to him and his values (this Jew's Christianity registers him as a coward --- "Mark for a softnosed bullet. Old lardyface standing up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweepingbrush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him" [273]).

He is also mocked as unmanly, yet as James Fairhall nicely explains, "What Joyce seems to offer in Ulysses in the person of Bloom is an alternative to the split male self which made possible that 'apocalypse of masculinism,' the Great War."⁶¹ Joyce rejects for his hero --- for both heroes, actually --- what Elaine Showalter calls the "heightened code of masculinity that dominated in wartime" and in heroic literature.⁶²

Unmanliness, pacifism, anti-idealism, humaneness. These characteristics are not given Bloom as pathology, but as persuasion: Joyce said that "as the day wears on Bloom should overshadow them all."⁶³ He intended Bloom as not merely a "central character" but a hero. "My Ulysses is a complete man as well --- a good man. At any rate, that is what I intend that he should be."⁶⁴ And that is all that might be expected of a hero at this point in history.

Loss

---*Which air is that? asked Leopold Bloom.*
---All is lost now . . .

⁶¹ Fairhall, 187-194.

⁶² "The new womanly man" might avoid at any rate the wartime risks of masculinity. Doctors treating shellshock during the war were discovering that the old heroic ideal was poisoning modern soldiers. "The long-term repression of feeling that led to shell-shock symptoms in combat was only an exaggeration of male sex-role expectations in civilian life." Margaret Randolph Higonnet, Behind the Lines: Gender and the two World Wars (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987), 64-65.

⁶³ Budgen, 116.

⁶⁴ Budgen, 16-17. However, Joyce was appalled whenever anyone identified Bloom with his author. When August Suter commented that Leopold Bloom reminded him of Joyce, "Joyce became very serious and said: '*Mais non!*'" Potts, 65.

---*A beautiful air, said Bloom lost Leopold. I know it well.*
(224)

Yet we cannot ignore the consuming sense of loss that haunts Bloom;⁶⁵ which haunts both heroes in Ulysses. Stephen is preoccupied with "the note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home," which "sounds uninterruptedly," (174) in Shakespeare. That note sounds even more comprehensively in Joyce's interpretation of his heroes. Bloom, the "wandering jew,"⁶⁶ and Stephen, the fallen angel, are given the features of the exile. Joyce deepens their exile by including heroic prototypes as melancholy contrast. It looks as if this modern age itself is a place of exile, where there is no longer the possibility of valorous deeds. As close as they come to fame is Bloom's handing Charles Parnell his hat⁶⁷; Stephen's proffering for publication someone *else's* writing (a letter about hoof-and-mouth disease, no less); their fantastic apotheoses scattered through the book⁶⁸ only point up their diminished reality.

Bloom's ancestor Odysseus was an exile too: he suffered many trials and exhibited much ingenuity through his passionate desire to get home. Bloom and Stephen suffer many trials and exhibit much ingenuity (well, at least Bloom exhibits ingenuity; Stephen just exhibits drunkenness) through their dogged intention of *not* getting home. But there's no there there, anyway; no "real right place." Bloom's home has been ruined by Boylan's assault (both Leopold and Molly prefer to trace the ruin to Rudy's death ---

⁶⁵ This hero's countenance seems to Gerty "the saddest she had ever seen" (292).

⁶⁶ Son of an exile: "Poor papa" is haunted by "the voice of Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his father and left the God of his father" (62).

⁶⁷ "an attendant lord"

⁶⁸ For example, at the end of "Cyclops," and in "Oxen."

"our 1st death too" [640]).⁶⁹ Stephen's home was broken up with his mother's death, and his temporary residence in the Martello tower is now made intolerable by his "false friends." However, Stephen refuses Bloom's fraught offer of shelter and wanders off, still homeless as he leaves the novel. Bloom himself considers a future of aimless roaming ("not entirely undesirable. . . . not irrational" [597]) before subsiding into sleep: "[e]ver he would wander, selfcompelled, to the extreme limit of his cometary orbit, . . . and after incalculable eons of peregrination return an estranged avenger" (598).

Ever *have* they wandered, they feel. These heroes sense their homelessness on a deeper level, hear the "note of banishment" resounding ontologically. Stephen defines himself as a lonely being reasoning his way into the unknown, surrounded by the void. Bloom too senses that void, and is aware that he is adrift there unsupported by any ideals. He admits "the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter: the apathy of the stars" (604).

Lostness, a consciousness of futility,⁷⁰ the inanity of a world that has lost its ideals: these themes have always appeared at intervals in the history of literature. But they began appearing much more frequently in literature

⁶⁹ His "ultimate ambition," in which "all concurrent and consecutive ambitions" coalesce, is his dream of building another home (the elaborately imagined retirement cottage where there are "dinner gong, alabaster lamp, bowl pendant, vulcanite automatic telephone receiver . . . servants' apartments with separate sanitary and hygienic necessaries for cook, general and betweenmaid . . . buttery, larder . . . a beehive arranged on humane principles . . . dovecote, a botanical conservatory. . . ." (585) and three more pages of specifications, but, significantly, no indication of Molly's presence).

⁷⁰. *Was it for this the clay grew tall?*

— *O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?*

(Wilfred Owen, "Futility," 1918)

during and after World War I. And they appear to a significant extent in Ulysses: I discuss the postwar nature of such themes as they appear in Ulysses in the following chapter. The sense of lostness and futility in the air about Ulysses' heroes is also pertinent to a discussion of the book's heroes, however. It seems to affect their ability to act and react to their environment. I suggest that Bloom's and Stephen's heroism is shadowed by the climate of postwar disillusionment.

Ulysses' protagonists are not immune to the lostness which they apprehend. It has been observed that Stephen resists the heroic norms set by his culture; but in this wartime novel he also resists even the poetic norms he set himself in A Portrait. Ulysses' young protagonist does not possess the starry-eyed sense of destiny and capability he did in Joyce's earlier novel. Now his consuming awareness of his loss, of grief over his dead mother, debilitates him. He tries to lose himself too: he gets so drunk that he's lost as a character after the early chapters. (Some critics have called him a failure as a person as well as a character.) We remember that Joyce wanted Bloom to evoke postwar Odysseus, but this postwar wanderer seems much more disabled than Odysseus ever was. Bloom is often overtaken by a crushing feeling of helplessness. He mourns "[a]s soon as stop the sea" (224) as he thinks of Molly's impending assignation with Blazes Boylan. But Leopold has had ten years to reclaim his wife sexually; it may take him ten more years to muster anger at Blazes' crumbs in his bed; and he can only feebly berate himself, "You have made your secondbest bed and others must lie in it" (443). Bloom dreams of making the desert Bloom (his circular for Agendath Netaim, his plans for a retirement cottage) as "gardener . . . cultivator, breeder" (588), but, as the narrator of "Oxen"

points out, "Has he not nearer home a seedfield that lies fallow for the want of the ploughshare?" (334). This hero approaches self-knowledge whenever he uneasily wonders if he is part of the problem and not the solution.

Bloom and Stephen feel unequipped to change the course of their own misfortune. And they *are* helpless. The many good qualities they possess don't help them to overcome adversity, merely to withstand it. (How far does one have to take pacifism before it is passivity?⁷¹) Leopold Bloom is like Jones' Private Ball, "the unwitting and pathetic center of events beyond his control and comprehension." The truth driven home in the trenches was that of man's powerlessness, helplessness, ordinariness. Joyce seemed to embody this truth well in his conception of Bloom. He evokes in Bloom the soldier of this modern war who could not change his fate, who could only endure (fully aware of the "futility of protest") a situation set up by "inanity" and "apathy," perhaps enduring it *with* inanity and apathy. The new heroics learned in World War I herald Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Fussell describes the standard character in literature of this war as "the man whom things are done to."⁷² Bloom fills the bill. He faces little moral choice (like the trench soldiers); he is being betrayed (like the trench soldiers). His calling is to deal with the results of another's (Molly's, the

⁷¹. As political man, according to Stephen's favorite saint-philosopher, Bloom fails; his pacifism does not accomplish anything. Aquinas asserts that virtuous *ideas* are not enough. These ideas must be enacted, or at least conveyed to the community. (True, modern man operates in a more limited political sphere, but Bloom no longer even operates there. He has given up his political activities.) Bloom has no community in which to discuss, share, convey ideas. Though Joyce has lovingly and exactingly recreated Dublin in *Ulysses*, Bloom is not a part of this society; he's an outsider. Stephen is also an exile, albeit a partially self-created one. He had friends in *Portrait* but has none here. These men speak in a vacuum, and no one but Joyce hears them.

⁷² Fussell, 313.

governmental leaders') moral choices. He may endure, he may even prevail; yet his sheer doggedness is as much to be pitied as to be admired.

CHAPTER III

The Waste Land

A. Joyce and the Waste Land

*My soul looked down from a vague height, with Death,
As unremembering how I rose or why,
And saw a sad land, weak with sweats of dearth,
Gray, cratered like the moon with hollow woe. . . .*

(Wilfred Owen, "The Show," 1918)

For a fuller understanding of Joyce's new modern heroes, we might examine the nature of their environment. Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus are characters firmly rooted in an evocative and particularized environment. We assume the world of Ulysses to be a faithful reproduction of 1904 Dublin. Yet dare we be that ingenuous? What kind of historian do we take James Joyce to be?

I suggest that Joyce was a complex kind of historian. As the world around Stephen and Leopold unfolds, we can read "signatures" of two very different historical periods. "The playwright who wrote the folio" (175) of *this* world superimposed elements of the wartime and postwar period on antebellum Dublin. And in the same way that we can read heroic echoes of World War I in Joyce's characterizations, we can trace the war's topography over the text.

I will explain here how Ulysses is marked with an image recurrent in experiences of this war, that of the Waste Land. The Waste Land was what modern battlefields now evoked: instead of a site of glory and great deeds, it was Hell¹, it was "death's grey land,"² it was "No Man's Land."

¹ Soldiers "Cramped in that funnelled hole" cower in "death's jaws, which had all but swallowed them"--"They were in one of many mouths of Hell. . . ." (Wilfred Owen)

The vision of a wasted land of death had long been haunting men's imaginations³ and prewar literature. It haunted James Joyce's early works: in Dubliners, for example, the city is a land of death. "The Dead" conveys the sense, as Ellmann puts it, that "the dead do not stay buried." (Ellmann points out that Joyce wrote this story in Rome, where

the obtrusiveness of the dead affected what he thought of Dublin, the equally Catholic city he had abandoned, a city as prehensile of its ruins, visible and invisible. His head was filled with a sense of the too successful encroachment of the dead upon the living city." [JJ, 253]).

Schneidau calls this encroachment *mortmain* ("the image of the past as a dead hand . . . mindlessly choking the life out of its own sons and daughters").⁴ He argues that resentment of "all those forms of rule from the grave" characterized not only Joyce's Dubliners and Portrait of the Artist but much of the nineteenth century: "as Marx said, the past weighed like a nightmare on the brains of the living. Although many intellectuals demurred,

² Siegfried Sassoon, "Dreamers," 1918.

³ Stromberg, 81. Stromberg gives as an example Donald Fanger, who in his study of the Russian avant-garde novel just before the war notes that "Fascination with death was a key feature of the period." Wright observes that, in the literature written about the time of the Great War, a common theme is the immortality of the dead: the dead

refuse, as it were, to be dismissed; *[here in Ulysses we have the fox digging up his grandmother; the drowned man floating up on the beach; dead Rudy and May reappearing to haunt living characters and the text]* their death or elimination threatens to decentre the narrative and disturb both its closure and the total signification. These deaths tip the narratives towards a symbolic statement of an entire society in decay." [look how May literally decays—as Stephen says of Shakespeare's ghost, she "rots and rots" throughout the book in her son's mind.] Wright, 11.

(Did the war embody that "coming wish not to be" or simply fulfill an omen?)

⁴ Herbert N. Schneidau, Waking Giants: the presence of the past in modernism (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), 3. Like Ellmann, Schneidau points out how "fear and loathing of mortmain suffuse the early work of James Joyce, who looked on the *passeisme* of his culture as both cause and symptom of 'Irish paralysis'."

progressivism was powerful enough in that century to make many think that the hold of the past was all that kept humankind from true fulfillment."⁵

Still, this "mindless choking" was pretty much symbolic and spiritual,⁶ and it could be heroically avoided by the proper defiant attitude to the past. However, not even heroes could avoid oppression by later images of the Waste Land (images in Joyce, in other writers, in the popular imagination), those that became surprisingly common after 1914.⁷

A powerful version of the Waste Land image --- this one illustrated with allusions to World War I's blasted physical and mental landscape --- returned with the soldiers from the battlefields of France.⁸ Soldier David Jones comments that "the War landscape --- the 'Waste Land' motif --- has

⁵ Schneidau, 4. Nietzsche, too, warned in 1874, "For by excess of history life becomes maimed and degenerate, and is followed by the degeneration of history as well." Frederick Nietzsche, The Use and Abuse of History, trans. Adrian Collins (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1957), 12.

⁶ One of the most ponderous images is in Howards End, where Leonard Bast is killed by "a few thousand battered books" falling from a shelf.

⁷ The past is no longer that dangerous oppressor in Ulysses. Ulysses allows us to group Joyce with the new philosophers of history (Croce, Ortega y Gasset, Dilthey, Gadamer) who are described by James Longenbach thus:

Rather than seeing history as a deadening influence on the present, these thinkers emphasize that history is a living part of the present that cannot be destroyed; to live, for the existential historian, is to live historically.

James Longenbach, Modernist Poetics of History (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1987), 10.

⁸ In a 1917 letter, Wilfred Owen describes

the universal pervasion of Ugliness. Hideous landscapes, . . . unburiable bodies sit outside the dug-outs all day, all night, the most execrable sights on earth. In poetry we call them the most glorious." Wilfred Owen, 33.

remained with me, I think as a potent influence, to assert itself later."⁹ To soldiers at the front, the wasted landscape had evoked images of Hell, a land of death extended temporally (into eternity) as well as topographically (into the soul). Before war's end, the theme of a Waste Land of death was appearing frequently in relation to civilian conditions as well. Wright observes that "whether we perceive the underworld as a Freudian subconscious, a collective unconscious, or a social chasm, the very prevalence of the image in disparate areas of writing is remarkable." The image of the Waste Land was often used to suggest the parallel universe of the home front, of the "ruin of civilization" which was, as Hynes puts it, "not a consequence of the fighting war, but of the war at home."¹⁰ A rotten civilization (of which mortmain was only incidental to a spiritual wasteland as inescapable as original sin) had caused the rotten war --- where images of the Waste Land rebounded back to civilization yet again.¹¹ This new view of the Waste Land in literature of the wartime and postwar period resembles what the trench soldiers themselves had perceived: that they were inextricably enmeshed in the death around them. Each man with his ammunition and his role had internalized the Waste Land. No one could be a mere sensitive observer (geographer). (Stromberg asserts that "it was from observations during the war that Freud got his seemingly curious conception of a death wish, *Thanatos* to pair against *Eros*."¹²) The new and

⁹. Quoted in Hynes,[p. 344] from an account of David Jones' early life printed in the catalogue of a Memorial Exhibition of Jones' work, Kettle's Yard, Cambridge, Feb. 1975; reprinted in Rene Hague, ed., Dai Greatcoat (London: 1980), 21

¹⁰ Hynes, 342.

¹¹. Fussell describes how, "seen in its immediate postwar context, a work like "The Waste Land" appears much more profoundly a 'memory of the war' than one had thought -- ex-soldiers, rats and dead men, ruins and wasted landscape."

¹² Stromberg, 50.

more extensive Waste Land was the site for Eliot's eponymous poem (published the same year as *Ulysses*)¹³ and for Pound's "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly." Joyce himself loved to denounce the corrupt modern world, elaborating "on his theory that Dublin suffered from 'hemiplegia of the will' by the corollary that all Europe suffered from an incurable condition which he called 'syphilitic' and would some day make public knowledge" (JJ, 140). Joyce elaborated further with the additional corollary of *Ulysses*' Stephen Dedalus, whose consuming awareness of sin indicates the individual's complicity in the creation of the Waste Land.

Critics have long made literary hay with Joyce's political indictments.¹⁴ But Joyce's use of the Waste Land image in *Ulysses* is both less pointed and more comprehensive than a political commentary. The Waste Land here is situated both within and without our heroes, in their consciences and their relationships (even in the marriage bed) as well as on

¹³ The parallelism between Eliot's poem and *Ulysses* has already been well-documented. Both have a fragmentary presentation, a tense, unfulfilled marriage, Christian symbolism, pub scenes, a drought, the Drowned Man, and a shipwreck (though in the final version of "The Waste Land" most of the shipwreck was deleted). Stanley Sultan wrote an entire book on the relationship between "The Waste Land" and *Ulysses*; Walton Litz describes the similar methods of the two works, a "continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity." Anne Wright points out the similarities between Tiresias and Stephen; she notes that in the middle of both works is a starkly physical sexual encounter (the typist and carbuncular clerk, Molly and Blazes); and she calls attention to the thunder that sounds in both.

¹⁴ The Wasteland begins at home: critics have sighted in Joyce the triggers of some of the guns of August. Howard Dickler observes that "Dubliners . . . represents the collective fate of an entire operation which, already paralyzed, was fast moving towards the Deluge." (unpublished dissertation) Randy Malamud's The Language of Modernism (Ann Arbor, Mich.: UMI Research Press, 1989) argues that "the eclecticism of the literature reflects the sense of upheaval in the world outside." This is certainly true of the eclecticism within *Ulysses*. *Ulysses* "is a deeply pacifist novel, yet its formal innovations, and the ironic, suprapersonal consciousness of the "Arranger" reflect tendencies in pre-1914 Europe that helped make the Great War possible." James Fairhall, unpublished dissertation, 1989.

the Irish landscape. The sense of Death that many of Joyce's contemporaries assert to have intensified with the war is powerful in *Ulysses*.

It does not, we must interrupt to emphasize, overtake the text. The image of the Waste Land is not identical with *Ulysses*' Dublin. Few books seem *less* a Waste Land than *Ulysses*, with its dynamic interconnectedness, witty presentation, genuinely animated characters. The environment it presents is lively: as Leopold remembers, even his sandwich is alive ("Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese" (141),¹⁵ and various items of fashion apparel have speaking parts in "Circe." The Waste Land and its accompanying sense of death cannot overpower *Ulysses* uniquely Joycean vivacity. It does intensify it. The contrast between death and life heightens our awareness of *both* worlds¹⁶ ("Spice of pleasure. In the midst of death we are in life. Both ends meet" [89]). The contrast also adds to the book's sense of dynamism; and to the characters' senses as well --- Leopold's thoughts are never sprightlier than in Glasnevin cemetery; and he suspects that the undertaker enjoys "a sense of power seeing all the others go under first" (89). This vivid opposition, "A barren land . . . the grey sunken cunt of the world" (50) with "warm fullblooded life" (94), is, as the war poets testified, a particularly wartime understanding¹⁷.

15 Dead men may envy living mites in cheese,
Or good germs even. Microbes have their joys. . .
(Owen, "A Terre")

16 "There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I" (94).

17 For example, Robert Graves' poem "Recalling War":

Fear made strange bed-fellows. Sick with delight
At life's discovered transitoriness,
Our youth became all-flesh and waived the mind.

B. The Heroes' Visions of the Waste Land

"dead breaths I living breathe"(42)

"Warm fullblooded life" in Ulysses is evident. Death and the Waste Land are not always as easily distinguished; they appear in epiphanies at the creases of the text and under its surface, and embodied (embedded) in themes and events. Yet an attentive reader will find that shadows of the Waste Land often fall over the land of the living. They fall over the heroes from the very beginning: both Stephen and Leopold have an uncanny vision of a Waste Land in the chapter that introduces them. These early visions prepare us as well as the characters for the translucence of reality during the rest of the Bloomsday.

In Ulysses' opening chapter our young poet Stephen gazes at the sea and lyrically experiences its beauty:

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea.(8)

Stephen imagines that his aesthetic experience is able to transform the reality it experiences: "A hand plucking the harpstrings, merging their twining chords. Whitewave wedded words shimmering on the dim tide" (8). Stephen's author makes manifest that this is not possible. Joyce shows the poet's idea of order, his dream of artistic power, being proven ineffectual,

Never was such antiqueness of romance,
Such tasty honey oozing from the heart.
And old importances came swimming back---
Wine, meat, log-fires, a roof over the head. . . .

being darkened by dark forces both in external reality and within his soul.¹⁸ As Stephen is in mid-poem, a shadow covers the sun and, obscuring the light, reveals darkness to be truth: the bay is only "a bowl of bitter waters" mirroring May Dedalus' "green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting"(5).¹⁹ Artistic imaginings are displaced by a waste land that is more than topographical:

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend
my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony.
Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling
in horror . . . (9).

After this vision, Stephen hardly attempts again to use his artistic power.²⁰ He gazes at the sea for inspiration once more in "Proteus," but manages only a few poetic words which Joyce does not even reproduce; Stephen himself bitterly judges their uselessness: "Signs on a white field)" (40). His thoughts proceed downwards into, "You find my words dark. Darkness is in our souls do you not think?" (40).

And darkness is in external reality too, even when the visions pass. The beach Stephen wanders is pretty foul --- "A bloated carcass of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack . . . stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats" (37). Its foulness is as alive and active as the life-force it opposes. "Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles²¹ . . . "

¹⁸ George Mosse describes the generation lost in the war (on both sides of the conflict) as similarly inspired by dreams of aesthetic power: they "shared an ideal of ancient beauty," and "looked at the world with a visual or literary aesthetic in mind." George L. Mosse, Fallen Soldiers, New York: Oxford University Press, 1990), 58-59. And they were similarly disillusioned by the Waste Land.

¹⁹ Wilfred Owen described the soldiers' Waste Land as "the abode of madness": "its odour is the breath of cancer." Wilfred Owen, 51.

²⁰ In fact, much of the poetry in Ulysses is merely irreverent and mulligan-esque joking. Stephen's kind of aesthetics finds no point of purchase in this world.

²¹ (souls?) Stephen echoes Marlowe's "Her lips suck forth my soul," Dr. Faustus, V, i.

(34). The sea too grasps out to him with deadly intent as it evokes fears of his dying mother and of a drowning man:

I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I...With him together down....I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost" (38).²²

The drowning man is innocent, the dying mother is innocent, but despite their innocence they are potentially deadly to Stephen;²³ rightly or not, he fears death lurks behind every rock and face in this cursed universe.²⁴ His artistic power, of which he had been so confident in A Portrait, cannot exorcise it or overlay it.

Nor can the art of Clio overlay the waste land that is history. Stephen, at least, does not expect that much. Unlike Haines and the romantic young Dublin poets, he has no visions of Ireland's glorious past.

²² The same structure of Stephen's dreamy aesthetics being swamped by deadly reality occurs in "Wandering Rocks." He is searching through books on the bookcart for "Secret of all secrets" (still looking for "the word") when his sister Dilly appears and reminds him of the "Misery! Misery!" that constitutes existence for the Dedalus clan:

She is drowning, Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. 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 (200).

²³ In "Dulce Et Decorum Est," Owen is paralyzed with horror by a dying soldier's "flound'ring. . .

as under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

²⁴

Death could drop from the dark
As easily as song ---
But song only dropped,
Like a blind man's dreams on the sand
By dangerous tides,
Like a girl's dark hair for she dreams no ruin there,
Or her kisses where a serpent hides.
(Isaac Rosenberg, "Returning, We Hear the Larks," 1917)

Romantic Ireland's always been dead and gone; "the old sow that eats her farrow" (Circe) has ever been a wasteland menacing her own people with "[f]amine, plague and slaughters" (38).

Bloom, too, first appears in "Calypso" attended by pleasant fantasies, such as the regeneration of "waste sandy tracts" at Agendath Netaim ("Silverpowdered olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning, ripening" [49]). But in the midst of this, his favorite fantasy, a shadow falling over the sun falls over his contentment, and he has a vision of Agendath as it really is:

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters . . . A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.

Desolation. (50)

In the shadow Leopold too feels himself "grey and old"; ("Grey horror seared his flesh . . . Cold oils slid along his veins. . ." [50]). The shadow that falls over him feels like a premonition of death. Like Stephen, Bloom is conscious of the waste land extending into his soul.²⁵

And like Stephen, Bloom already understands to a certain degree how that waste land is extended. Stephen's knowledge of history as a waste land (the waste land extended through time) is paralleled by Bloom's of science²⁶ (the

²⁵ Like Leopold and Stephen, Robert Graves felt death coming from the sky itself

What, then was war? No mere discord of flags
But an infection of the common sky
That sagged ominously upon the earth
Even when the season was the airiest May.
Down pressed the sky, and we, oppressed . . .

("Recalling War")

²⁶ What two temperaments did they individually represent?

waste land extended through space). When a cloud again covers the sun in "Lestrygonians" Bloom sees that it falls over not just him but over all men:

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. . . . Useless words. Things go on same, day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her . . . No one is anything (134-135).

Bloom's catechism of "Ithaca" extends this waste land even further:

Alone, what did Bloom feel?

The cold of interstellar space, thousands of degrees below freezing point of the absolute zero of Fahrenheit, Centigrade or Reaumur . . . (578).

Leopold has not found any principle of life sustaining the physical universe; God is not in his heaven²⁷ and all is not right with this world. The earth as we know it is relentlessly transforming itself into a waste land: "Gas: then solid: then world: then cold: then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock . . ." (137). In the meantime, as Leopold observes, "The Irishman's house is his coffin" (90).

These visions experienced by Ulysses' heroes seem much more universal than their fantasies. The heroes themselves distinguish between their moments of *vision*, which show *horror* and are experienced as real; and their mere dreams and delusionary fantasies, which show pleasurable things (such as Leopold's Oriental lotusland) and are experienced as unreal dreams. Leopold admits his Arabian fantasy's absurdity in mid-scene:

²⁶ The scientific. The artistic. (558)

²⁷ His (Bloom's) logical conclusion, having weighed the matter and allowing for possible error?

That it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not a heavenman. That it was a Utopia . . . (575).

"Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by.
Dark caves of carpet shops. . . . Drink water scented with fennel,
sherbet A girl playing one of those instruments what do you
call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really (47).

In contrast, Leopold and Stephen *believe* their vivid visions of the Waste Land; they experience them down to their shaken souls. The shadow in the street sends Leopold fleeing back to Molly ("Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes" [50]) even though he knows she is planning to betray him that afternoon. Stephen even blames his collapse in Nighthtown on another appearance of that same shadow that has revealed the Waste Land to him and to Leopold. Neither drunkenness and hunger, as Bloom suspects, or the most recent horrible vision of May Dedalus' ghost, blight Stephen's soul as much as "the reappearance of a matutinal cloud (perceived by both from two different points of observation, Sandycove and Dublin)" (545).

The men's realistic experiences resemble those of the shellshocked survivors of World War I's Waste Land. Wilfred Owen's "Mental Cases" depicts "men whose minds the Dead have ravished":

on their sense
Sunlight seems a blood-smear; night comes blood-black;
Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh.

After the war the survivors "cast a certain coloring of Imagination" over what they saw. That coloring was black, inescapably gloomy, the color of the death in their mind's eyes.²⁸ Ulysses' heroes experience similar "flashbacks" --- but to a world they have not yet known. That climate of

²⁸ Freud wrote of such incessantly-recalled traumatic shocks in 1922, in his Beyond the Pleasure Principle.

horror which prevailed during Ulysses' creation (while millions of soldiers "shed their lifeblood in vain," Leopold and Stephen were being given their visions) has seldom been associated with Ulysses. And I argue that the cloud of gloom and bitterness generated by the war²⁹ seeped into Ulysses' pages. The recurrent wartime motif of the Waste Land bridges the gap between text and context; the epiphanic translations of ordinary reality into a wasteland which come at the very opening of the book point to more general forms of the Waste Land. Though these visions subside, "that other world" oppresses Stephen, Bloom and other Dubliners, manipulates the very plot and structure of the book.

Leopold mutters in Glasnevin Cemetery, "I do not like that other world" (94), but things in Ulysses are such that he can hardly avoid it. He and Stephen are afflicted with especially graphic apparitions of dead bodies in the chapters written while war was still going on. Stephen in "Proteus" feels the drowned man encroaching on him, a

[b]ag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly . . . Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun (41-2).

In fact, he realizes, death encroaches on him through each of his senses: "Dead breaths I living breathe,³⁰ tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead" (42).

Death possesses Leopold's mind all through "Hades," from the very carriage ride to the cemetery:

²⁹ And peripheral horrors, like the Spanish influenza epidemic that killed twenty-seven million people throughout the world between 1917 and 1919.

³⁰ Leopold also muses, "the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse" (94).

A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burst open. Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him. Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what's up now. Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax. The sphincter loose. Seal up all Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking about? . . . Still some might ooze out of an artery (81-82).

His mind reels at the numbers of these decomposing bodies: "Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute. Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick. Thousands every hour. Too many in the world" (83). The shades that Odysseus met in Hell were "impalpable/ As shadows were"³¹ but these (invoked in late 1917) are oozingly physical:

Bodies [r]lot quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of cheesy. Then begin to get black, black treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. . . . they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling with them (89).³²

Both Stephen's and Leopold's grisly imaginings possess an immediacy that makes death seem very near. While Paddy Dignam's mourners piously conjure up an angelic image of him, Leopold imagines worms chewing up Paddy's body: "They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips" (94).

³¹ The Odyssey, trans. Robert Fitzgerald. (Garden City, New York: Anchor Books, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961), 191. Shadowy or not, most of the ghosts met by Homer's traveller happened to be dead soldiers.

³² Metempsychosis?

"I shall be one with nature, herb, and stone,"
Shelley would tell me. Shelley would be stunned:
The dullest Tommy hugs that fancy now.
"Pushing up daisies" is their creed, you know.
To grain, then, go my fat, to buds my sap,
For all the usefulness there is in soap.
(Owen, "A Terre")

It smells rather worse to Stephen, who can't get the reek of dead body out of his nostrils. He keeps imagining that he smells his mother's decomposing body ("her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood" [9] . . . "breath of wetted ashes" [473]);³³ he emphasizes amongst the abstracted "eternal wisdom" of Dublin library (152) how "The corpse of John Shakespeare . . . rots and rots" (170) and counters his mother's pious talk of her "other world" with cries of horror at her "[r]jaw head and bloody bones" (474). Here, of course, Stephen ("wandering Aengus of the birds" [176]) is moving toward an understanding of "life" in the sense of Yeats's late great theme ("Death and life were not/ Till man made up the whole,/ Made lock, stock and barrel/ Out of his bitter soul"³⁴). Stephen himself embodies that close bond; he defines himself as parented by a living man and a dead woman, "a man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath" (32). His frequent insistence on May's physical decomposition opposes his own incessant physical recomposition ("--- As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said, from day to day . . . all my body has been woven of new stuff time after time" [159-160]); his insistence on May's ghostliness stresses death's nearness to his living nature. Stephen's lively fascination with ghosts returning manifests his heightened sensibility of the closeness of life and death --- he senses the presence not only of his mother's ghost, but of the ghosts of Shakespeare ("What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy . . . Who is the ghost from *limbo patrum*, returning to the world that has forgotten him?" [154]) and other writers

³³ Is this what a dead body smells like? Actually, May Dedalus's scent of wax and wetted ashes is the smell of a church interior, with candles, holy water, penitential ashes.

³⁴ Both death and life are opposed to A.E.'s idea here that "Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences" (152).

("Coffined thoughts around me . . . embalmed in spice of words. . . . Still: but an itch of death is in them, to tell me in my ear a maudlin tale, urge me to wreak their will" [159]).

Ghosts do return in *Ulysses*. May's and Rudy's ghostly appearances in "Circe" are only the most obvious examples of death penetrating the land of the living.³⁵ The book's resurrection motif also emphasizes the intersection of worlds; Christ's and Lycidas' ("For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,/ Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor..." [21]) and Parnell's returning, and metempsychotic souls all testify to that. Resurrection and ghosts, of course, were common themes in war poetry of the time: there were so many dead men haunting and interrogating modern civilization.³⁶ They were common elements in real war experiences too: Robert Graves asserts that "there were thousands of mothers . . . getting in touch with their dead sons by various spiritualistic means."³⁷ Throughout the book moments of understanding recur when the heroes are struck by the close juxtaposition, the liminality, of life and death. Leopold's energetic mind keeps bumping up against the fact of death in "Hades" and registering the absurd proximity: "In the midst of death we are in life" (89). (His cap retorts from the midst of Nighttown, "Death is the highest form of life. Ba!" [411]) Death and life

³⁵ They peek out from the trees in "Hades" --- "Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air" (83).

³⁶

we thought
When the cocks crew
That the ghosts of a dead dawn
Would ride and be off. But they stayed
Under the window, crouched on the staircase . . .
(John Peale Bishop, "In the Dordogne")

³⁷ Robert Graves, Goodbye to All That (London: Cox & Wyman Ltd, 1973), 192.

are so proximate, in fact, that sometimes it may be hard to distinguish between the two. The narrator of "Cyclops" complains that Bloom "if he was at his last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living" (270). Bloom thinks of a dead man,

And if he was alive all the time? Whew! By jingo, that would be awful! No, no: he is dead, of course. Of course he is dead Monday he died. They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin or some kind of a canvas airhole. (91)

He thinks of bridging "the great divide beyond" (247) with a modern device: "Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house . . . Put on poor old greatgrandfather. Kraahraark! Hellohelloworld" (93). Stephen has a similar idea, though his invention relies on an afterlife --- and living souls speaking from there: "Hello! Kinch here. Put me on to edenville" (32).

Both Leopold and Stephen are *attracted* to the borders of No Man's Land, to a vantage point for that "great divide beyond".³⁸ Leopold goes to "Hades" voluntarily³⁹ and Stephen carries it around in his head. It seems that Stephen's only destination on Bloomsday is Nighthtown ("a regular deathtrap for young fellows" (502), Leopold thinks in "Eumeus") where eventually he announces a "dance of death" (472-473). A place of death seems to be wanderer Bloom's goal too. In "Ithaca," he lists the places on earth he'd most like to see: the penultimate is "*the bay of Naples (to see which was to die)*" and the ultimate is "*the Dead Sea*" (598). Those visions of the Waste Land early in *Ulysses* only prefigure what later becomes apparent to these heroes, at least in relation to themselves: that Death is

³⁸ The living visitor to the land of the dead is a frequent character in war poetry of the time: for example, see Owen's "Strange Meeting," Sassoon's "The Investiture," Charles Sorley's "When you see millions of the mouthless dead."

³⁹ In The Odyssey, Odysseus goes to Hades to learn what battle strategies he will need in the future. The Odyssey, 188-189.

always proximate --- too proximate, really. Leopold understands that it is proximate from the moment of conception; a man must "[w]ant to keep her mind off it [death] to conceive at all" (89). He himself could not keep Molly's mind off it --- or, more exactly, her vocabulary; yet given the Joycean respect for words, we prize the phrase --- at Rudy's conception: "Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins" (74). Molly herself unpacks the oxymoron at Rudy's birth, recalling that her son's "first cry was enough for me I heard the deathwatch too ticking in the wall" (637). It does not tick only at Rudy's birth; it keeps time in the maternity hospital as morbid conversation (of dead babies, how and why do they die, does God enjoy their early demise) accompanies the birth of a live baby. The attending doctor has himself only recently transferred from "Our Lady's Hospice for the dying" (80). Stephen automatically thinks of death when he sees a midwife on the beach in "Proteus" ("What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord . . ." [32]). And he associates this entwining of life and death with the author of life Himself, *dio boia*. Stephen himself walks out of Ulysses accompanied by the litany for the dead. Yet the paradox holds even in this Joycean valediction, which is a psalm of rebirth for the dead, a psalm of praise to God for bringing the Israelites out of the Waste Land of Egypt to the Promised Land. (Perhaps Stephen, too, has a plot waiting for him in Agendath Netaim.)

Holding the consciousness of both the Waste Land and Agendath Netaim in one's mind adds intensity to life. (The poppy became the symbol of World War I because of its vigorous and flamboyant persistence in the Waste Land as well as because of its evocation of soldiers' blood.) Stephen's most powerful emotions come when he tries to orient himself

between these sites; for example, when May Dedalus haunts him, he is goaded into self-examination and self-assertion. For Leopold, awareness of the Waste Land is sometimes actually enlivening. His thoughts in "Hades" are anything but mournful. He is jarred by the presence of rotting dead into awareness of the preciousness of life:

Let them sleep in their maggotty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life" (94).

He feels unaccountably chipper at the graveside: "The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I mustn't lilt here" (86).⁴⁰ Keeping in mind his motto (*carpe diem*) he opposes it to that of the dead (*memento mori*): "As you are now so once were we" [93]). The energy of opposition sustains Leopold's spirit over the dead under his feet.

Yet when the dead are no longer under Leopold's feet, when Stephen's mother's ghost is at bay, energy subsides, and *memento mori* finds easier lodging in the heroes' minds.⁴¹ In fact, each man has his own private *memento mori*. As Maddox points out, "both Bloom and Stephen are haunted, paralyzed by their love for the dead."⁴² Little dead Rudy stands in the way of Bloom's future offspring: in "Circe," he's *literally* standing in the way.⁴³ And there --- and nearly everywhere else --- May Dedalus is standing in the way of Stephen's progress toward adulthood. But another ghost more persistently stalks Stephen. The Catholic Church, though its

⁴⁰ "laughter out of dead bellies" ("Hugh Selwyn Mauberly").

⁴¹ In the graveyard, Leopold had thought of food. In a restaurant, he keeps thinking of death: "Slaughter of innocents. Eat drink and be merry" (141). In a whorehouse, "This black makes me sad. Eat and be merry for tomorrow" (429).

⁴² James H. Maddox, Jr. Joyce's Ulysses and the Assault upon Character (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1978), 53.

⁴³ He may be standing on the beach in "Nausicaa, too": Gerty senses in Leopold "passion silent as the grave" (299).

faith is dead to him, is present in his mind with almost every thought he takes. He cannot shake its diction, its definitions, its heaven or its hell.⁴⁴ And his priestlike blackclad form suggests this secret sharer to all who see him.⁴⁵

Paralleling Stephen's mother church is Leopold's father Rudolph Bloom. Stephen's dead religion hampers his mental development; Leopold's dead father hampers his marriage. Whether Molly and Blazes establish a long-term affair depends on what happens during the concert tour, and Leopold is not planning on chaperoning the couple. He's got "to go down to the county Clare on some private business" (77): he feels it's more important to commemorate the anniversary of his father's suicide. ("Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave" [93]). Leopold's father's ghost has a larger part in "Circe" than does Rudy. And with reason: Rudolph Virag's hyper-scientific mindset⁴⁶ has shaped his son's, and it limits his vision as much as Stephen's hypercatholicism limits his.⁴⁷ Rudolph himself has

⁴⁴ He can't even get drunk without bringing the Pope and all the saints with him: "young Stephen filled all cups . . . praying for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff, he gave them for a pledge the vicar of Christ . . . and Bernardus saith aptly . . . saith Augustine too . . ." (320).

⁴⁵ "FLORRY (to Stephen) I'm sure you're a spoiled priest. Or a monk" (427).

⁴⁶ His relentlessly physical explanations of phenomena in "Circe" ("Insects of the day spend their brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell of the inferiorly pulchritudinous fumale possessing extendified pudendal nerve. . ." [420]) sound like hysterical forms of Bloom's own "jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon" (250).

⁴⁷ Note that the anti-catholic mindset of Leopold's haunter is diametrically opposed to Stephen's "crazy queen, old and jealous" who still haunts him. Stephen's ghost is conscience; Leopold's, science. "It had better be stated here and now at the outset that the perverted transcendentalism to which Mr S. Dedalus' (Div.Scep.) contentions would appear to prove him badly addicted runs directly counter to accepted scientific methods" (341).

literally killed the family name, changing it by deedpoll from "Virag," as he entered his own Waste Land of wandering.

C. The Waste Land is no pathetic fallacy.

Stephen and Bloom, as Ulysses' primary characters, are haunted by visions of the Waste Land and by ghosts crossing over from that No Man's Land. But the Waste Land they experience is not merely their hallucinations imposed over a sounder Irish reality. The Waste Land in Ulysses is not *their* pathetic fallacy. Joyce does not show us scenic vistas. The Irish countryside has been droughtstricken for weeks; flowers only bloom on the Hill of Howth in Leopold's memory. Rats are so thirsty that they fall into winevats⁴⁸ and the "Oxen" are dying of thirst ("Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible gulps, the salt somnolent inexhaustible flood" [338]). Humans are equally blighted: the milkmaid is an old crone with dry breasts, Mrs Purefoy suffers a "dry birth,"⁴⁹ and Baby Boardman's only line in the book is "I want a drink of water" (284). Everyone's thirsty here (Stephen observes on the Irish shore a "sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst" [34]). Stephen's own thirst⁵⁰ is caricatured in that of Mulligan and Haines ("the way we to have our tongues out a yard long like the drouthy clerics do be fainting for a pussful" [164]). In the Blooms' first scene, we understand that though this couple is very unlike,

⁴⁸ "Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on that porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that!" (125). We imagine a few Dubliners might be doing just that.

⁴⁹ From the "premature relentment of the amniotic fluid" (335).

⁵⁰ He never eats solid food. "Liquids I can eat, Stephen said" (519). And he does consume them all day, from breakfast ("--- We can drink it black, Stephen said thirstily" [10]) to supper ("Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment" [320]) to midnight snack with Leopold.

they share a consuming thirst: Leopold's thirst ("Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry" [45]) is mirrored by his wife's: ("--- Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched" [51]). All over Dublin we see people driven to drink. The general thirst enacts, of course, the theme contemporary to *Ulysses*' composition of spiritual drought.⁵¹ And the rain that so portentously falls during baby Purefoy's birth in "Oxen" does little to assuage it. As evidenced by *Ulysses*' succeeding chapters (the hellish "Circe" for example, springs up right after the rain) and its characters' continuing neediness, Ireland remains a parched wasteland.⁵²

Marilyn French observes,

If Dublin is a center of drugged lethargy in "Lotus-Eaters," it is a city of death in "Hades" But pain and death are hardly exclusive to Dublin; they are universal. Thus, Joyce manages to suggest simultaneously the character of the city of Dublin and the character of all human experience. . . . the overwhelming thrust of both chapters is to show human life as painful and constricted and the human creature as unalterably hobbled by burning ropes of pain, loss, and death.⁵³

Despite Joyce's sprightly rendition, Dubliners eat death in "Lestrygonians."⁵⁴ Joyce himself told Carlo Linati that "Wandering Rocks"

⁵¹ Keynes describes a similar atmosphere at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919: "in this drought the flower of the President's faith withered and dried up." Keynes, 49.

⁵² Not just Ireland, as Mr Deasy's comments suggest:

Old England is dying . . . Dying, he said again, if not dead by now.

*The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's windingsheet.*

His eyes wide open in vision stared sternly . . . (28).

53. Marilyn French, *The Book as World* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1976), 92.

54 ("and knew not eating Death" *Paradise Lost*) Anthony Burgess finds in "Lestrygonians" "one of the most realistic evocations of disgust at the act of eating that

was intended to present "the hostile environment"⁵⁵. And if "Wandering Rocks" presents the hostile external environment, "Circe" presents the hostile spiritual environment: "even the Abstract Entities/ Circumambulate her charm."

The heroes have had visions of the Waste Land. Often their visions are mirrored in epiphanic scenes starring other characters, scenes which flash through Ulysses' pages only fleetingly. For example, in "Cyclops" the undertaker Corny Kelleher is passing outside the tavern with Dennis Breen, "talking to him like a father, trying to sell him a secondhand coffin" (264). (Is *that* what a father does?) Corny's paternal silhouette parodies and prefigures that of Leopold --- another fatherly counselor afflicted by death--- who later passes through the streets with Stephen ("talking to him like a father"). In "Cyclops" we glimpse men inside the tavern trying to call up the ghost of dead Paddy Dignam "in the great divide beyond" (247-248). Their seance prefigures Stephen's evocation of his mother's ghost in "Circe." ("Coming events cast their shadows before" [135].) Such gloomy shadowing increases the sense of ominous mystery that peeps from behind the comic vitality of the text. Dennis Breen is a comic figure, by day rendered harmless by his straggling beard and ridiculous lawsuits, but by night he is gripped by an incommensurately morbid nightmare: " --- Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs" (129). The H. E. L. Y. 'S. men wend their bumbling way through Bloomsday, but they are shadowed by a

literature has ever given us. Meat-eating is, after all, a species of cannibalism." Burgess, 123.

⁵⁵ Groden, 73. Marilyn French elaborates: "Dublin is a land of the dead and dying: every scene, every chapter in 'Wandering Rocks' manifests disease." French, 118.

more ominous wanderer, who chills those who see him:⁵⁶ "The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's number"(90). ("The man in the brown macintosh loves a lady who is dead" [273]). Popular lyrics such as "Those lovely seaside girls" and "My girl's a Yorkshire girl" are counterpointed by more morbid snatches of song. We hear Richie Goulding's "Down Among the Dead Men," "Your funeral's tomorrow/ While you're coming through the rye" (129), the dead march from Saul (452), the croppy boy's dying song (233-234); music in "Sirens" "with a dying fall"; the Cardinal's song in "Circe" of how "some bloody savage . . . murdered Nell Flaherty's duckloving drake" (427) and Molly's "tune the old cow died of" (255). Stephen chants about a "pretty little boy" who loses his life to the jew's daughter (566).⁵⁷ If a song in Ulysses is not about death, it is probably about loss, as Bloom observes in "Sirens," "Thou lost one. All songs on that theme" (228). "--- Co-ome, thou lost one! Co-ome, thou dear one!" (226). Molly sings the "Stabat Mater" (Blessed Mother who lost her son) and "Mairy lost the pin of her drawers." And of course, a keening song of grief and loss attends Stephen's and Bloom's streams-of-consciousness.

⁵⁶ Maybe Joyce would have heard the most famous wartime myth, which Fussell presents as "the legend of the ghostly German officer-spy who appears in the British trenches just before an attack . . . No one sees him come or go." Edmund Blunden was one who saw this man in a mackintosh. Blunden describes how "a stranger in a soft cap and a trench coat approached, and asked me the way to the German lines. This visitor facing the east was as white-faced as a ghost, and I liked neither his soft cap nor the mackintosh." Fussell, 121-122. Joyce's eerie mackintoshed wanderer is shot down by a cannon in "Circe," and is replaced by poppies (396) --- as we remember, before war's end the poppy had become the memorial flower of World War I soldiers. (See Isaac Rosenberg's "Break of Day in the Trenches.")

⁵⁷ Stanislaus Joyce complained to his brother that he had misrepresented musical beauty: "For all the manifestations of Circe, the most benign, that which has inspired poets of all kinds for thousands of years (including the poet of Chamber Music) is represented by a couple of lines of Yeats, murmured by a student in a drunken slumber. This is bias." JJ, 598.

D. Love in the Ruins

*Now begin
Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin.*

(Wilfred Owen, "1914")

A romantic story has often afforded miraculous relief to persons and plots afflicted by spiritual drought. Romance was what Joyce's age demanded: Ulysses itself exemplifies the cultural appetite with Molly's cheap novels, Gerty MacDowell's fantasies, Blazes Boylan's dashing and hollow silhouette. Unfortunately, Ulysses also proves these medicines ineffective in the hostile environment of disillusion. Love in the Waste Land is stunted, thwarted, betrayed.

Love had been pretty unattractive in Dubliners too: this theme is not unique to Ulysses. But Dubliners was a young man's book, albeit a beautifully crafted one: deductive variations on an angry theme ("a moribund civilization makes love fail"). Its very medium, the short story, prevented the close and subtle analysis of love that would have more fully supported (or not supported) Joyce's accusations. In the later, wartime novel, love's failure is extensively explored, and an entirely different diagnosis is produced: love fails *anyway*. A civilization peopled with shallow and blighted characters has given way to a civilization peopled with folks like us.⁵⁸ People like Mr. Duffy and Mrs. Kearney and Eveline have given way to sympathetic and well-rounded characters like Leopold and Stephen and Molly. Stephen has the desire and the capability for love; he

⁵⁸ Even the characters in Ulysses that Joyce doesn't intend for us to admire are in some sense lovable: Joyce himself obviously relished the creation and existence of such personalities as Simon Dedalus and Buck Mulligan and Dennis Breen. Who wouldn't choose Buck's company over Little Chandler's?

just can't manage to *find* it. ("Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now" [41]). Leopold too has good intentions ("Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes" [50]) and he tries very hard to make his wife happy; he just can't get it right. Even the swillers in "Cyclops" agree with Bloom's theme of "Universal love": "— Well, says John Wyse. Isn't that what we're told. Love your neighbor" (273).⁵⁹ But the characters in *Ulysses* watch love wither despite all the good intentions in the world; it bumbles and fumbles its way to death. Romantic love is not Joyce's *deus ex machina* that will swoop down and transform the waste land.

Nor anyone else's, it seemed, in the years immediately following the War. Sassoon had written how

*Rapture and pale enchantment and Romance
And many a slender sickly lord who'd filled
My soul long since with lutanies of sin
Went home because he could not stand the din.*

Romance apparently died on the way home, because it is not prominent in the first postwar generation's literature.⁶⁰ As early as the twenties, Virginia Woolf pointed out its absence --- and perhaps its assassin:

Shall we lay the blame on the war? When the guns fired in August 1914, did the faces of men and women show so plain in each other's eyes that romance was killed? . . . lay the blame where one will, on whom one will, the illusion that inspired Tennyson and Christina Rossetti to sing so passionately about the coming of their loves is far rarer now than then. One has only to read, to look, to listen, to remember.⁶¹

⁵⁹ "Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 14A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M.B. loves a fair gentleman. Li Chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant . . ." (273).

⁶⁰ Leopold was given his line, "There are more women than men in the world," (84) in the spring of 1918.

⁶¹ Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1929), 18-24. In postwar literature characters are more often singing about the leaving of their

We read *Ulysses* and hear no singing about the coming of loves: we hear songs of loss. " --- *Co-ome, thou lost one! Co-ome thou dear one!*" (226). "Love's Old Sweet Song" in *Ulysses* usually sounds like a lamentation: "Lionel cried in grief, in cry of passion dominant to love"(226). Grief is a passion dominant to Leopold and Molly's love for ten years. It is so closely tied with romance that Leopold consciously uses sadness at least twice on Bloomsday as wooing aid: with Josie Breen ("May as well get her sympathy," [129]) and in his letter to Martha Clifford (signing it, "I feel so sad today" [230]). Gerty, too, is attracted to his sadness: "He was in deep mourning, she could see that, and the story of a haunting sorrow was written on his face There were wounds that wanted healing with heartbalm" (293).

The only happy romance in *Ulysses* occurs in fantasy (Gerty's) or in memory (Bloom's). Though Leopold Bloom is as fascinated as a newlywed by every aspect of his wife's existence (her drawers, her reading material, her moodiness) and will do almost anything to please her, he is able neither to perform sexually with her nor to talk with her about it.⁶² Our young hero, Stephen Dedalus, of whom we'd expect a romantic adventure (most books have *some* sort of romantic interest for their young heroes), has absolutely no positive relationships with women; he won't even speak to a woman (except his sister) unless he's dead drunk and she's a whore. Even Molly, whom we think of as the "heart" of the book (*she* has no visions of

loves. Look, for example, at A Farewell to Arms' Lieutenant Henry mourning his stillborn child (another Rudy-like symbol) and his wife who died trying to give it life.

⁶² Anne Wright observes that in texts affected by the Great War, marriages "operate equivocally as tokens of a positive solution: --- "In each case a marriage, or a sexual connection, is central to the direction of the plot; but each proves difficult, and usually unfruitful." Wright, 10. Bloom and Molly's marriage is "central to the direction of the plot" but *Ulysses*' plot investigates its difficulty.

the Waste Land; she is "perfectly sane full amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging shrewd limited prudent indifferent Weib. *Ich bin der Fleisch der stets bejaht!*" [JJ, 215])⁶³ remains unsatisfied by her classic and cliche'd romantic encounter. Molly's persisting dissatisfaction seems like a romantic version of original sin: "why did God make us with a big hole like that in the middle of us."⁶⁴

Good question. It is plain that everyone, male and female Joyce created them with a "big hole in the middle" --- a heart. Joyce's revolutionary style of presentation reveals this very old-fashioned organ within his characters: its insistent knocking communicates that all have their own sentimental dreams. Like the man who dreamed of faeryland, the characters in this wartime/ postwar text are still (anachronistically) looking for romance. Most of them have heard (or at least suspect what it is) the "word known to all men" (41); yet they find that it does not often take living flesh.⁶⁵ Poor Stephen can find whores much more easily than lovers in Dublin; in "Wandering Rocks" he searches through books for a word to evoke that other "word":

Thumbed pages: read and read . . . How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded:

⁶³. "I am the flesh that always affirms."

⁶⁴. Anne Wright's description of the woman in *The Waste Land* playing "A Game of Chess" sounds remarkably like Molly. What both want "is not so much a physical as a mental or verbal embrace." Both demand "communication: 'Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.' The edgy, one-sided conversation (she is answered silently, if at all, by her companion) suggests alienation: 'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'" Wright, 179.

⁶⁵ Keynes, in Paris while Joyce was writing *Ulysses* there, observed the same thing of the peace process: "The decisions seemed charged with consequences to the future of human society; yet the air whispered that the word was not flesh, that it was futile, insignificant, of no effect, dissociated from events . . ." Keynes, 6.

--*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo!*
Sanktus! Amen (199).

Molly takes Boylan as a lover but is bound to discover that he may be the only man in Dublin incapable of love.⁶⁶ Though she rejoices, "O thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me" (624), she makes it clear through her monologue that "some heart" is what Boylan's shallow physicality could never give. The failed connection between sexuality and love is particularly frustrating, as Molly understands; she can't understand "what else were we given all those desires for Id like to know" (639). She, like many characters in postwar literature, suffers from that Ulyssean dissatisfaction, a chronic romantic neediness.⁶⁷ Images of broken and wounded hearts throughout *Ulysses* illustrate the inability of the desiring heart to find healing. Leopold imagines a suicide, a "stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it weren't broken already" (80). In "Circe" a crab (representing his "cancrenous" mother) "sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart" (475), and Dilly Dedalus threatens to wrap "lank coils of seaweed hair around [Stephen's] heart" (200). The Virgin Mary, beacon to the "stormtossed heart of man" (284) is venerated because of "the seven dolours which transpierced her own heart" (294). Gerty feels a "dull aching void in her heart" (287) and Molly⁶⁸ says that Rudy's death "disheartened me altogether" (640). Synecdochially, the symbol for all those desires, the heart ("Seat of the affections" [87]) has its own chapter in *Ulysses*. Significantly, this chapter is "Hades," the graveyard chapter. Certainly Joyce would not have

⁶⁶ He is also incapable of *acting* like he loves: "has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom . . . doesnt know poetry from a cabbage" (638).

⁶⁷ Tennyson's *Ulysses* has "become a name/ For always roaming with a hungry heart."

⁶⁸ "wondrous stricken of heart for that evil hap" (320).

overlooked the fact that here in the graveyard, hearts are dead. "Lots of them lying around here . . . Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else" (87). In this same age of dead soldiers, Eliot had noted that "thought clings round dead limbs";⁶⁹ Joyce here draws the corollary that love clings round them too. His main characters are prevented from fully loving the living because of their helpless love for the dead.⁷⁰ A Websterish illustration of this corollary springs from Leopold's vivid imagination --- lovers of those dead hearts: "The love that kills. And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores" (94).

"Why did God make us with a big hole like that in the middle of us" -- - If the heart can't be filled, what about that other "big hole," that of Molly's more specific reference? That hole is, of course, sexual desire, which in Ulysses' Dublin is often temporarily quenched (Boylan, Gertie, Bridie Kelly,⁷¹ the whores in Nighttown) though seldom fully satisfied. The insufficiency of physical desire is acknowledged by its occurrences offstage --- except for Bloom's solitary pleasure on the beach, Joyce does not directly present any sexual act.⁷² We hear about Stephen's and Leopold's whores, we hear about Molly's assignation, but the *real* sex acts in Ulysses are not

⁶⁹ "Whispers of Immortality," composed in 1918, also contains the characteristically wartime vividness of contrast between the "skull beneath the skin" and "pneumatic bliss."

⁷⁰ Your dear voice is not dear,

Gentle and evening clear,

As those whom none now hear.

Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

(Wilfred Owen, "Greater Love")

⁷¹ "Did heart leap to heart? Nay, fair reader. . . . She is the bride of darkness. She dare not bear the sunnygolden babe of day" (338).

⁷² As acute jurists have sometimes commented, Joyce's explicit and legally challenged language is incommensurate with the actual sex going on during Bloomsday.

there. They have not happened yet. These potentialities possess actuality, are real because the characters themselves invest them with faith and value: these are the acts of intimacy that will bring together Leopold and Molly, that will bring together Stephen and "She, she, she. What she?" (40).

The present unsatisfying sexual encounters are characteristic of those in many texts written just after the war: while romance dwindled, and explicitly-described sex flourished,⁷³ sex's flourishing did not reveal a healthy openness, but the sickness of postwar angst. Anne Wright points out

the emphasis placed by the texts on sex, as a locus of crisis in the sphere of interpersonal relationships, and as symptomatic, in its failures, of the larger, social crisis. This is not simply to be attributed to a greater frankness in writing about sex, or even, in the wake of a developing psychology of sex, to an increased awareness of the centrality of sexual drives to human motivation and behavior. The point is that sexuality here is of a particular kind: the relationships are, on the whole, frustrated, inadequate, destructive, and (literally) barren.⁷⁴

Stephen's sexuality is certainly inadequate ("And my turn? When?" [157] he yearns); Leopold's and Molly's relations are quite frustrated, and, as she is especially conscious, "barren": when the couple is finally together in the marital bed, what Molly remains most aware of is "a limitation of fertility . . . there remained a period of 10 years, 6 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete, without ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ" (605). Leopold just can't help it; his sexual desire is warped, his conjugal relations diminished to an upside-down kissing of "the plump mellow yellowsmellow melons of her rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure

⁷³ Buitenhuis mentions "the later view that the Great War was in part a sudden release of sexual tension and antagonism." Buitenhuis, 126.

⁷⁴ Wright, 4.

prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation" (604). What has blighted these men? The deaths of their near relations is the obvious answer;⁷⁵ yet almost as obvious should be a parallel blighting occurring in the remains of western civilization as *Ulysses* was being composed.⁷⁶ *Ulysses*' heroes are not the only literary representatives of this real-world blight. Leopold's hapless impotence finds synonymy in Lord Chatterley's paralysis, in Jake Barnes' incapacity and Gerontion's decay. The millions of soldiers that had been killed or otherwise incapacitated for the role of lover seemed to haunt literature. If the Waste Land is gendered, it is now male, a male sterility more than a female infertility.

What could restore the sexual Waste Land? If romance is only an old-fashioned dream, and "brute" sex just "a cork and bottle" (407) what could make "complete carnal intercourse" more "completing"? Perhaps a cessation of that male sterility that characterizes the postwar landscape. Adaline Glasheen explores the deep connection Joyce made between physical and spiritual fertility.⁷⁷ Joyce himself suggested that Molly's failure

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---Saint Thomas, Stephen smiling said, whose gorballed works I enjoy reading in the original, writing of incest from a standpoint different from that of the new Viennese school Mr Magee spoke of, likens it in his wise and curious way to an avarice of the emotions. He means that the love so given to one near in blood is covetously withheld from some stranger who, it may be, hungers for it (169).

76 The blight was immediately apparent. Keynes emphasizes that Paris at this time was receiving "almost hourly the reports of the misery, disorder, and decaying organization of all Central and Eastern Europe . . ." Keynes, 7.

77. She explains, "Like 'The Waste Land', *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are predicated on the ancient proposition: physical fertility and spiritual fertility are interchangeable counters in the literary game." Adaline Glasheen, *Third Census of Finnegans Wake: an index of the characters and their roles* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977), lxi. This is not a simple equation when carried out in turn-of-the-century Ireland: Mary Lowe Evans discusses how Joyce, in "Oxen of the Sun," "expresses an understanding of complexity of birth control debates. . . For example, the contrast between Bloom's mild

to reconceive is one of the causes of misery on Bloomsday.⁷⁸ Joyce also explained that in "Oxen"⁷⁹ in particular and in *Ulysses* in general, he attacked the crime against fecundity.⁸⁰ Joyce points to a way out of the Waste Land: perhaps not surprisingly, it happens to be in the direction of Rome. Orthodox Catholic doctrine teaches that true sexual satisfaction involves a willingness to risk childbearing. Molly dares to risk it:

"[S]upposing I risked having another . . . Poldy has more spunk in him yes thatd be awfully jolly" (611). Still, Leopold will come home only when he dares. All the "wandering" this Odysseus has done in the ten years since Rudy's death has been specifically intended to prevent another child's birth. "Oxen's" narrator(s) sarcastically upbraids his timidity, "If he must dispense his balm of Gilead in nostrums and apothegms of dubious taste to restore to health a generation of unfledged profligates let his practice consist better with the doctrines which now engross him." In these doctrines, Leopold praises birth as testifying "to the mercy as well as to bounty of the Supreme Being"(333). He admits, "French letter still in my pocketbook. Cause of half the trouble" (303). But paralyzed by fear of another death, he must

censure of the overreproductive Dedalus family in "Lestrygonians" and the Dickensian narrator's sentimental approbation of the Purefoys in "Oxen" sends a mixed message about birth control." Evans, 67.

⁷⁸. Mary Lowe Evans argues that Joyce believed in fertility though he was well aware of the dangers of overpopulation (potato famine, large Catholic families, etc.) "Although Joyce apparently resented the Church's influence over the sexual response of its female members, his Catholic upbringing seems to have indelibly marked his attitude toward birth control. On one hand, he knew from experience the strain of surviving in a large poor family, and it would therefore seem that he would have embraced the doctrines of the neo-Malthusians. On the other hand, Joyce's expressed attitudes imply that despite some of his otherwise freethinking views (toward marriage for example) he saw the matter of birth control from a turn-of-the-century Catholic perspective." Evans, .

⁷⁹ A chapter full of young men cynical about birth.

⁸⁰ Letters of James Joyce, vol. 1, edited by Stuart Gilbert (New York: Viking, 1957; reissued with corrections, 1965), 139.

accept with "abnegation" and "equanimity" Blazes' crumbs in his bed. He well knows that Molly "has been too long and too persistently denied her legitimate prerogative to listen to his objurgations with any other feeling than the derision of the desperate" (334).

As Joyce emphasized, Molly is fertile, "fertilisable," but unfertilized. Leopold *won't* make her pregnant, Boylan *didn't* make her pregnant, and she falls asleep dreaming of the virile young soldier-lovers who *can't* make her pregnant because they are now dead. The only man in Ulysses still making anyone pregnant is Theodore ("dear Doady") Purefoy, assuredly no dashing young hero --- "fifty odd and a methodist (325). . . a trifle stooped in the shoulders. . . . the conscientious second accountant of the Ulster bank" (343).⁸¹ Leopold and Stephen have no intention of competing for his title as "the remarkablest progenitor barring none in this chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle" (345). They do not progenerate with anyone. Leopold tries to be "his own and only enjoyer," and Stephen's sterility is underlined by his frequent misidentification as a priest.⁸² And Molly's "period" ending the Bloomsday Chronicle is a sad sign.⁸³ It does signify that, as Molly says, "at least he [Blazes] didnt make me pregnant" but it also signifies that neither has Leopold; Molly's menstrual cycles enact the very environment's frustrated expectation that Stephen has observed on Sandymount strand:

⁸¹ Although the medical students mock dear Doady as "an elderly man with dundrearies" (334) Buck Mulligan postulates "as the supremest object of desire a nice clean old man" (336).

⁸² His "mien of a frere" (318) does not prevent other parts of his body from engaging in the general slaughter; Stephen and the medical students, "that they might take no hurt neither from Offspring" always use "this same shield which was named Killchild" (324).

⁸³ Her fury shows how she interprets the sign: "isnt it simply sickening" (632) "damn this stinking thing. . . O this nuisance of a thing" (635).

he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying . . . sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fullness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit*. To no end gathered, vainly then released, forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her courts . . . (41).

In short, he was afraid.

Leopold himself prefers to be the child himself, like Stephen, who denies "fathership . . . for he was the eternal son and ever virgin."

Consider our last image of Leopold, curling up next to Molly like her fetus, "the childman weary, the manchild in the womb" (606). (Molly observes that "theyre all mad to get in there where they come out of" [626]). Wright finds this childishness common in "crisis literature"; in these texts

despite the overall infertility, the motif of the child is strong. Predominantly, however, it is the adult who is seen as a large child, and the image is not regenerative, but one of immaturity and inadequacy . . . As in Yeats' 'The Second Coming', some creature in these texts is laboring to be born; but the actual delivery, and indeed the nature of the creature to be born, are uncertain.⁸⁴

Joyce leaves uncertain the question whether Leopold and Stephen will mature enough to solve their problems. The uncertainty of *Ulysses'* ending is compounded by those characters whose behavior is uncannily unpredictable: the ghosts of Rudy and May Dedalus. Death is too embodied in these characters for the living to wish them away. ("From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever" [32] - -- God's creation of Stephen is matched by Joyce's of these equally stolid ghosts.) The living haunted can only hope that they will remain at bay.

⁸⁴. Wright, 10.

E. Time and the Garden

"This creature of cleaving wing"

(Hardy, "The Convergence of the Twain")

War's effects on Ulysses appear not only in the nature of the Waste Land motif which counterpoints the plot. War's effects also affect the *location* of the Waste Land here. As Dante's Hell was located on the reverse side of Heaven, the Waste land in modern postwar myth is often similarly connected with Eden. But it is a temporal connection: Eden existed in the past, its salient compass points described in terms of *when*, not *where: then, not-here*. Conversely, the Waste Land's coordinates are *here* and *now*. This, at least, is how the myth was mapped in the minds of those who lived through World War I. Hynes describes the extent of this awareness, the pervasiveness of the "familiar theme of pre-war Europe as paradise lost that Keynes and the rest of Bloomsbury⁸⁵ had felt, that Masterman had gloomily assumed, that Murry and Begbie had considered."⁸⁶ It is true what Bergonzi points out, that

the picture of the England of the years before the outbreak of the Great War as a peaceable Eden, happily unconscious of the fate about to sweep it away, contains very much less than the whole truth. Many people were aware of the clouds already forming in that apparently flawless sky. George Dangerfield's admirable book, The Strange Death of Liberal England 1910-1914 provides abundant evidence of the way in which the civilized and placid surface of life in those years barely covered alarming areas of violence and disorder:

⁸⁵ Hynes observes that Lytton Strachey's Eminent Victorians was written in the midst of the war (1915-1917) but does not mention the war. However, he argues, it is one of the earliest documentations of "the common post-war sense that the war had made history discontinuous, had opened a gap in history that made the past unreachable and irrelevant." Hynes, 245.

⁸⁶ Hynes, 322.

huge cracks were already appearing in the structure that toppled with such apparent suddenness in 1914.⁸⁷

But since the myth was a living paradigm for those who survived the war, its existence is historical fact. And it took shape as literary fact in its recording. Texts (both fiction and nonfiction) contemporary with *Ulysses* express an awareness of history as tragically cloven by the war. Joyce intended *Ulysses* itself to *look* cloven by the war: he planned a separation in his book between the chapters written before war's end, and the chapters written after the war. He planned this "Entr'acte" to be "short with absolutely no relation to what precedes or follows."⁸⁸ (We recall the strange little entr'acte dividing the plot of To the Lighthouse into prewar and postwar years.)⁸⁹ David Jones called his long war-poem In Parenthesis because "for us amateur soldiers . . . the war itself was a parenthesis -- how glad we thought we were to step outside its brackets at the end of '18"⁹⁰ Anne Wright and Paul Fussell describe manifestations of "*a temporal dualism, past and present*"⁹¹ in writings of the wartime and postwar period.

87. "Indeed, Dangerfield argues that the Great War did no more than accentuate a process that was already under way. He shows that the stability of English life was threatened by a triple outbreak of violence: from industrial troubles, from the suffragette movement, and from the Tory revolt over Ulster." Bergonzi, 21.

88. Groden, 177.

89. Virginia Woolf's Jacob's Room, as Hynes points out, is "clearly a novel about the first part of the emerging Myth of the War, the world-before-the-war, how there had been a time when English life was civil and secure [*Bloom's honeymoon time*], and how that time had ended, abruptly and for ever, when war came [*Rudy died*] . . . the novel treats that time with a gentle nostalgia, but at the same time dismantles it, breaking it into narrative fragments without a centre, until at the end of the book there is only a vacancy, which represents both the dead Jacob and his dead world, the 'civilization' of Edwardian England." Hynes, 344.

90. David Jones, In Parenthesis (London: Faber & Faber, 1937).

91. Wright, 6.

H.G. Wells had asserted that August 1914 "was the beginning of the end of an age of comfort, confidence, and gentle and seemly behaviour in Europe."⁹² Leopold Bloom looks back over a tragic cleaving of time, too, back past Rudy's death to a happier age. His memories of his wooing and of the early years of his marriage are of a "gentle and seemly time." That time is presented as wrinkle-free, nearly paradisiacal. And he understands it as separated by an unbridgeable gulf.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I?
 Twentyeight I was. She twentythree. When we left Lombard
 street west something changed. Could never like it again after
 Rudy. Can't bring back time (137).

Bloom frequently remembers those pre-Rudy days and compares them with the diminished present. "How long ago is that? . . . Ten years ago . . . Happy. Happier then" (127-128). "She kissed me. Never again. My youth. Only once it comes . . . Returning not the same" (308). "It never comes the same" (312). The memory constantly recurs of that "[f]irst night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Tenerure" (226). Mat's house (where love first bloomed) is replaced in the present with the Bloom's (violated) home. "Eightyseven that was. . . . She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes . . . All changed. Forgotten" (309). And Leopold's recurring memory of the hill of Howth reminds him of another place as idyllic and lost as Eden:

Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay
 on her, kissed her . . . Kissed, she kissed me.
 Me. And me now.
 Stuck, the flies buzzed (144).

⁹². Wells, 712.

Leopold finds that though "Names change: that's all" his own name is no longer associated with "Lovers: yum yum . . . He gets the plums, I the plumstones. Where I come in" (308).

He seldom comes in any more anyway. Though Leopold's stream-of-consciousness is marked by immediacy and instantaneousness, an important part of him remains in the past. That's how his mind works. Leopold's dualistic memory is not structured to manage more recently-occurring events. He seldom recalls what he did yesterday, last Christmas, or two years ago; usually, he brings up what happened "a long long time, years and years ago" (366). If he thinks of his fifteen-year-old daughter Milly, he is more likely to recall her early childhood than any recent period. If he thinks of walking into his kitchen, it's an eleven-year-old memory: "Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen . . . What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain. Before Rudy was born" (124). Stephen Dedalus also perceives time dualistically. Though he has a dry-eyed understanding of History ("it was in some way if not as memory fabled it . . . I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame." [20]) he feels very sentimental about his own past. Like Bloom's oft-remembered past,⁹³ Stephen's is a lost Eden: "My childhood bends beside me. Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly. Mine is far . . ." (24). Stephen seems to have left some essential part of himself there in the past; what's left of him wanders quite ghostlike through this "age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god" (169).

⁹³ In fact, the chronology is identical: 1888 was the most memorable year for each man.

We have already noted the sense of banishment that accompanies Stephen and Leopold. They feel banished from their real home, which was in the past, which *was* the past. There are Stephen's mother and his own lost faith and his horizon of artistic promise. There are Bloom's dead father and his dead son, there is his daughter's fondly-remembered childhood ("Milly was a kiddy then . . . Happy. Happier then" [128]), his wife's faithfulness. There is his own youth. Leopold Bloom feels quite old now, though he is only thirty-eight.⁹⁴ "I am exhausted, abandoned, no more young" (430); "Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now" (312). "Rudy. Soon I am old" (234). Often Leopold is "ruminating, chewing the cud of reminiscence" (337) and he keeps looking for "the means still remaining to him to achieve the rejuvenation which these reminiscences divulged" (557).⁹⁵

Leopold and Stephen are not the only characters in *Ulysses* who remember the past as the place where they were happier; many others say the same. There are a barful in "Sirens," for example. Richie Goulding hears singing but remembers better singing in the past, "remembered one night long ago. Never forget that night . . . he never heard in all his life a note like that" (227) (Richie himself is just a broken wreck compared to the man he used to be, Leopold remembers). Simon Dedalus mourns, "God be with old times" (for Simon, things were at least more *solvent* in the past; and the Dedalus children sharing their charity soup certainly look back with longing when it seemed that God *was* with old times,⁹⁶ to those happy days

⁹⁴ We remember that "Tennyson, gentleman poet" portrayed Ulysses as old, yet did not show him dejected by his years.

⁹⁵ He's not really all that decrepit, according to "Eumeus'" narrator, who says the only signs of Bloom's aging are less-than-perfect vision, and burping after meals. (598)

⁹⁶ Now, "Our father who art not in heaven" (186).

when mother was alive and could wrangle grocery money from Simon). Even young Gerty is mindful of "the halcyon days" which are not merely distant, but different, from now. Bloom's own "Halcyon Days" appear live on "Circe's" stage (447). Many Dubliners remember Ireland's halcyon days when Parnell was her boast. The Citizen's very image recalls an earlier Irish paradise: "From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide From his girdle hung a row of seastones which jangled at every movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude yet striking art the tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity" (243-244). J.J. O'Molloy⁹⁷ and Lenehan have deteriorated by "the accumulation of the *anno Domini*" (106) like the Roman and Greek empires they eulogize. Even Sceptre the racehorse "is not the filly that she was" (339).

To Europeans at the time of Ulysses' composition, nothing seemed to be what it was. The well-documented contemporary assumption that things in the past were better, and somehow different, from things in the present finds form in James Joyce's novel. Time outside the text, time within the text, was subject to the "creature of cleaving wing" that brought Death and made of the present "a diminished thing."

F. Sacrifice

Redeem (each Ruler said)
Mankind. Men died to do it.

(Siegfried Sassoon, "Ex-Service")

Ulysses' Dublin is shot through with sorrow for lost time, shadowed by death, accompanied by songs of loss, and festooned with Biblical images

⁹⁷ "Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline, poor chap" (103).

such as that of the Fall.⁹⁸ But the Waste Land is not *Huis Clos*. Joyce does not merely make a heavily illustrated statement about spiritual drought. (His rigorously logical Jesuit training would have condemned that as sloppy thinking; his incarnational predilection would have condemned it as intolerable.) The Waste Land here is transitive, its wastedness indicating that it lacks *something*.

It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life. Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy (89).

The motif of redemption through sacrifice running through *Ulysses* suggests itself as antidote to the Waste Land. Certainly the sacrifice idea had been widespread during the years of *Ulysses*' writing. Society as a Waste Land would be redeemed by war.⁹⁹ Isaac Rosenberg's "On Receiving News of the War" implores,

O! ancient crimson curse!
Corrode, consume.
Give back this universe
Its pristine bloom.

Countless young men of Stephen's age were going to their deaths as Joyce was making his character mutter: "I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter" (152). Leopold has long renounced his Judaic heritage, but retains its emphasis on ritual sacrifice with a typically Bloomian corporeality: "Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Blood always needed. Insidious. Lick it up smokinghot, thick sugary. Famished ghosts"

⁹⁸ Leopold is caught by the idea of falling. In "Lotus-Eaters" he thinks, "Thirtytwo feet per second, per second. Law of falling bodies: per second, per second" (59). Julia Kristeva points out that the word *cadaver* is derived from *cadere*, "to fall." Julia Kristeva, Powers of Horror (New York: Columbia University Press, 1982), 3.

⁹⁹ "It is the sense of the war as a ritual sacrifice," Bergonzi asserts, "in which he was involved as both priest and victim, that gives Owen's finest poems their particular quality. . . ." Bergonzi, 132.

(140). "All are washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice . . ." (124). Alexander J. Dowie's shout in the street is "Washed in the blood of the lamb" (349); and Father Malachi O'Flynn caricatures Bloom's ensanguined idea of sacrifice as he "elevates a blooddripping host" in "Circe" (489).

The sacrifice theme is well-trodden ground in Ulysses criticism. But we need to emphasize the uselessness of sacrificial offerings in the book. At the same time, we might note the uselessness of the sacrifice-redemption myth as it pertained to contemporary events during Ulysses' composition.¹⁰⁰ Those of us who read Joycean criticism are not half as weary of hearing about "sacrifice themes" as were those uniformed young men who enacted the myth during World War I.¹⁰¹ The sacrifice of that generation patently did *not* redeem civilization. Wilfred Owen bitterly debunks myth and mythmakers in "The Parable of the Old Men and the Young":

. . . lo! an angel called [Abram] out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold,
A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns;
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.
But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

¹⁰⁰. Bergonzi explains that a "dominant movement in the literature of the Great War" expressed the culture's shift "from a myth-dominated to a demythologized world. Violent action could be regarded as meaningful, even sacred, when it was sanctified by the traditional canons of heroic behavior; when these canons came to seem no longer acceptable, then killing or being killed in war appeared meaningless and horrible." Bergonzi, 198.

¹⁰¹ Robert Graves was nauseated his first leave when he went to church and heard the curate "preaching a sermon about Divine Sacrifice, and bellowing about the Glurious Performances of our Surns and Brethren in Frurnce today. I decided to ask him afterwards why, if he had felt like that, he wasn't himself either in Frurnce or in khurki." Goodbye, 167.

The soldiers knew that "sacrifice" was another one of those empty ideals. Doughboys could be Christ only to each other.¹⁰² Jesus, of course, was the soldiers' prototype, the ultimate sacrificial offering, and even his death had obviously not yet redeemed what was manifest to Brooke and his contemporaries as "a world old and cold and weary."¹⁰³ Another Jewish boy, Rudy Bloom, appears in Ulysses ("every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah" [277]) and at least Stanislaus Joyce perceives the significance of "Bloom's young son and the suggestion that children are the real lambs who take away just these sins of the world."¹⁰⁴ But Rudy prematurely died before he could take away anything but the Blooms' happiness.¹⁰⁵ Since then Leopold has been practicing coitus interruptus and masturbation, which forms of "incomplete" sex Joyce denigrated as a *sacrifice*: ("Copulation without population! No, say, I! Herod's slaughter of the innocents were the truer name" [345]). Sacrifices in Ulysses are ultimately empty and pointless.¹⁰⁶ Dubliners in general are no better off,

¹⁰² Owen also had a bitterer take on this martial Christianity, as he wrote on July 4, 1918,

For 14 hours yesterday I was at work --- teaching Christ to lift his cross by numbers, and how to adjust his crown; and not to imagine he thirst until after the last halt. I attended his Supper to see that there were not complaints; and inspected his feet that they should be worthy of the nails. I see to it that he is dumb, and stands at attention before his accusers. With a piece of silver I buy him every day, and with maps I make him familiar with the topography of Golgotha. (23, Owen)

¹⁰³ "Peace," Rupert Brooke, (1914).

¹⁰⁴ Letters, 221.

¹⁰⁵ The lambswool jacket Rudy wears in his coffin underlines his (incomplete) sacrificial function.

¹⁰⁶ Leopold is bitter about the whole sacrifice idea: "Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all" (101).

Stephen is still a lonely wanderer; no amount of sacrificing, figurative or literal, redeems the loss of Leopold's son or offers him new hope.¹⁰⁷

Then what will modify the transitive nature of Waste Land? The Waste Land's continuing and specific need is indicated by the figure of John the Baptist as well as by the waiting nature of many characters here. "Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer, says Martin. For that matter so are we" (277). ("Pat is a waiter who waits while you wait . . . While you wait if you wait he will wait while you wait" [230]). All Bloomsday, Joyce's modern Penelope waits at home, first for Boylan, then for Leopold; for the past ten years she has been waiting for the end to the "limitation of fertility" and perhaps another baby son ("Singing. Waiting she sang" [226]); Ireland is waiting for political salvation; Stephen, for his artistic and romantic salvation ("wait to be wooed and won" [173]); the old salt's wife has been waiting for him seven years; the Dedalus children are waiting for their father to bring home money; Mina Purefoy has been waiting three days for delivery. More ominously, "There are sins. . . in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait" (344). Even the sea is "waiting waters" (449). Molly in "Circe" asks "(sarcastically) Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long" (359). Molly sings "O what are we waiting for o my heart" (614) and she punctuates her monologue with religious-sounding

¹⁰⁷ By the time Owen wrote "Inspection," he could only be ironic about the cleansing sacrifice theme:

"The world is washing out its stains," he said.
It doesn't like our cheeks so red:
Young blood's its great objection.
But when we're duly white-washed, being dead,
The race will bear Field-Marshal God's inspection."

"waitings" --- "wait O Jesus wait yes that thing has come on me" (632) "wait by God yes wait" (637) "wait theres Georges church bells" (635).

All this waiting suggests that there may be hope. If Dubliners are irrevocably separated by time from Eden, they still can look forward in the fullness of time to another Eden, to that land of promise which is not yet here. At least most Dubliners do. Only Leopold Bloom does not wait. When "Ithaca's" catechiser asks what Leopold thinks of the possibility of "social and moral redemption of said race by a redeemer," he bitterly replies that he believes mankind too "unalterably and inalienably attached to vanities, to vanities of vanities and to all that is vanity" (574) to be redeemed. Though Leopold is kind, sympathetic, interested and interesting, he has internalized the Waste Land more than any other character in Ulysses. (He is, in fact, most like those trenchbound contemporaries of his creator.¹⁰⁸) And as Owen wistfully admits, "Boys have no sadness sadder than our hope."¹⁰⁹

Hope is what Leopold will not dare. He is "a conscious reactor against the void of incertitude" (604); this modern stoic prefers the certainty of what he perceives as a moral wasteland: "the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter:

¹⁰⁸ See Owen's "Insensibility" for a description-by-omission of the typical trench soldier: he possesses Leopold's most salient virtues.

¹⁰⁹ "Happiness" also expresses that temporal dualism:

Ever again to breathe pure happiness,
The happiness our mother gave us, boys?

.....
heaven looks smaller than the old doll's-home,
No nestling place is left in bluefell bloom,
And the wide arms of trees have lost their scope.
The former happiness is unreturning . . .

the apathy of the stars" (604). All he can boast of at the end of his day is, "He had not risked, he did not expect, he had not been disappointed, he was satisfied" (553).

But what does the ending of that final Bloomian chapter, the dry and dreamless "Ithaca," mean? Falling into Leopold's bed, falling into the end of Ulysses' vision of the sterile postwar Waste Land, is a most promising image of hope:

Going to dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler (607).

Does our crafty author nod with Leopold, or does he wink?

CHAPTER IV

Plot and Perspective

If Ulysses possesses a double site --- Dublin 1904, and the Waste Land of postwar western civilization's collective consciousness --- we might expect a similarly compound mode of presentation for this liminal book. James Joyce does not disappoint us. Ulysses' plot and perspective are distinguished by elements much more modern than one might expect its antebellum setting to call forth. These elements establish the text's place as an early and important postwar work. "Postwar" is not all there is to Ulysses' form, however. It retains other characteristics which point nostalgically to that lost world which Joyce was memorializing. This superimposition of prewar and postwar perspectives on the book's site makes for an interesting historical artifact in Ulysses itself. Moreover, I suggest that these mutating forms imply changes wrought by the war in human consciousness.

A. "The age demanded" a plot

"But nothing happens."

(Wilfred Owen, "Exposure")

Books written before the war were generally distinguished by tidy and satisfying plots.¹ The impetus was conflict and its effects; the mechanics, causality. Often the plots frankly intended a "moral" as well: a reader could always feel that he had learned something from Dickens or Henry James. If there were no moral, there was still some other satisfying and conventional

¹ For the term "plot" I rely upon Hibbard's definition: "a planned series of interrelated actions progressing, because of the interplay of one force upon another, through a struggle of opposing forces to a climax and a denouement." W.F. Thrall, A. Hibbard and C.H. Holman, A Handbook to Literature (Indianapolis: Odyssey Press, 1972), 398.

goal. Even the undistinguished Victorian triple-decker promised to whirl one through its thousand or so pages on a briskly-flowing and clearly-directed stream of narrative. Ulysses too presents a brisk flow of information, recreating what Leopold experiences as "[a]lways passing, the stream of life" (71). However, Joyce does not direct this stream into familiar narrative channels. The narrative overflows its banks, digressing, obscuring traditional landmarks such as plot and moral. Ulysses' fluidity of narrative has established it as one of the earliest postwar works.

The end of Ulysses' narrative is the beginning of inquiry into its postwar nature. The narrative's end, after all, points away from the narrative; it refuses a tidy conclusion by abruptly returning us to the plotless chaos of recent history. The final words of Ulysses underline the text's position on the cusp of the pre- and postwar eras. Joyce was emphatic that Molly's "Yes" be immediately followed by those crucial coordinates,

Trieste--Zurich--Paris

1914-1921

We are reminded -- here, right here in bed with Molly --- that we are *not* here. After all we have gamely accepted throughout this bewildering text we must now accept our unceremonious exile from it.

Where does this unsettling epitaph point us? In the direction of history, clearly; we are nudged toward the text's and its nail-paring creator's autobiography. Even the shallowest knowledge of recent history will indicate the centrality of those cities, during those years, to "all those wretched quarrels . . . erroneously supposed to be about a punctilio of honour and a flag" (526). Even the shallowest knowledge of recent history will make us aware that Ulysses' initial plotting was done in one world and

its final incarnation fixed in another. We reflexively turn those coordinates upon the foregoing text and try to gauge their relation to *Ulysses*' plot. Might those years "1914-1921" have affected the narrative's form?² We know from his early support of Aristotle's *Poetics* that the pre-*Ulysses* Joyce advocated a more structured and causal plot. We know as well from his earlier book, *A Portrait*, that he could use many of those Aristotelian guidelines for plot unity. *A Portrait* emphasizes influences and development: if the Stephen Dedalus of that novel could not have agreed with Mr. Deasy ("All human history moves toward one great goal, the manifestation of God" [28]), yet he would have agreed with his creator that all Stephen's history moves toward one great goal, the manifestation of Art. Stephen's history "stops dead" (473) in *Ulysses*. In fact, the text is moving faster than its characters: the concept of plot is certainly more changed by the end of Bloomsday than are Bloom or Stephen. Even *Ulysses*' early sections (those parts published from late 1917 on) show little resemblance to the (prewar) conventional or the (prewar) Joycean understanding of plot. Though "Moore . . . makes Ulysses quote Aristotle" (174) Joyce will not. Apparently, Joyce was changing (his book) with the times.

Postwar, works clearly relied less on those complicated Victorian plots. Postwar, works relied less on *any* plot. Of course, during the seven years Joyce was writing *Ulysses* he had told everyone that his book had a plot. He explained that this long-awaited masterpiece would be about "the son's search for the father" (JJ, 368). (Was he merely describing it to the

² For that matter, what about all the *other* years? Was the book already so planned and plotted that the Ulyssean Age merely added an element of nostalgia to its lost world? No letters, remembered conversations, or other evidence exist to identify Joyce's early plans for *Ulysses*' plot.

conventional in conventional prewar terms?) Yet what does it mean to the plot if that search is not conclusive, is not even voluntarily pursued? What does it mean to the plot if its events do not succeed one another causally?³ Does the reader then have to search for an auxiliary, more successful plot? Does Joyce provide alternatives to plot? These questions call into question Joyce's own tale, defining his book's "plot" through incompletion and nonbeing.

Of course, a literary critic or graduate student can make much being out of nothingness, and Ulysses' plot is notoriously available to their performance art. To the frequenter of seminars, Ulysses' complicated armature may suggest that the book is over-plotted, since it is supported by Odyssean parallels as well as by the diagram of Stephen's and Leopold's trajectories through Dublin. The plot thickens with over sixty years' worth of explanations in the mode of Stuart Gilbert's. But a thick plot is not necessarily a motile plot. Some readers have waded through it only to observe that situations in Ulysses hardly progress at all. Causality and history, important elements that made plots move in prewar literature,⁴ are here entangled in confusion. Joyce makes it clear that he still thinks history is important, causality perhaps less so, but he appears to have lost faith in the power of either to explain events. They are submerged in the instantaneousness of the text. And myth, *pace* T.S. Eliot's encomiums to Joyce, does not work very well either. The Homeric outline to Ulysses' plot

³ The puzzle is complicated by Joyce's choice and adaptation of prototype. The Odyssey is recalled by this modern version chiefly in its episodic aspect (though Aristotle could only praise it by ignoring the episodicness and emphasizing its causal, unified nature).

⁴ Stephen's tutor Aristotle insisted that causality was the most important element of plot. He also praised unified plots over those episodic plots "in which the acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence." (The Poetics)

does not direct it. This modern Penelope is unfaithful, Odysseus is unwelcomed, Telemachus is still fatherless.

Not much happens in this book, as various critics have noted. Edwin Muir, for example, says that

everything in *Ulysses* . . . has an almost stagnant stillness; time remains stationary through each scene until Mr. Joyce is ready to go on to the next. The reason for this is that floating thoughts which follow no progression, as they omit the idea of causality, are incapable of suggesting the idea of time.⁵

Floating characters who follow no progression cannot move the plot either. The heroes of *Ulysses*, curiously deprived of causality, and afflicted with that notoriously postwar paralysis, cannot be relied upon to direct the plot. These ghostly men find purposeful action almost impossible. Like the trench soldiers, they think a lot, they feel deeply, but accomplish very little. Bloom does not get his advertising renewal, does not advance his epistolary romance with Martha,⁶ does not engage with Molly's infidelity, does not even manage to pick up that oft-remembered bottle of lotion. Stephen writes not a single poem, impresses none of Dublin's literary elite, ignores his "drowning" family, finds no lover, does not even find a place to sleep.

Their inaction is, of course, the crux of *Ulysses*: the crux of their problems. If the plot is stillborn, yet that is the essence of Joyce's father/son theme --- Leopold is, like Shakespeare, marked by his "boyson's death"; Stephen, as Leopold's new boyson, is also stillborn for this surrogate father. Refusing to be adopted by Leopold, he accepts gracelessly Leopold's pitiful efforts at care. And Stephen would be stillborn even had he never met

⁵ Edwin Muir, *The Structure of the Novel* (London: Hogarth Press, 1946), 129-130.

⁶ Even his pen is paralyzed: he finds it "utterl imposs. Underline imposs. To write today" (229) either to Martha or Gerty: "Write a message for her. . . . I . . . AM. A . . . Let it go" (312).

Leopold Bloom: incapacitated by his grief, this character can give little promise of having a future.

Bloom himself is especially powerless. His impotence does not surprise him, for he does not place much credence in volition. Though Leopold does canvassing for the Freeman, is a freemason, and considers himself a freethinker, he is no free man.⁷ (Molly's tarot cards --- themselves mere involuntary agents --- reveal him as "a dark man in some perplexity . . . in prison" [640]). Leopold Bloom has given up all his free will for a belief in Fate. "Fate. After her. Fate . . . Why did she me? Fate" (226). Fate engineered his marriage and Fate is engineering his cuckolding. ("Stop. If it was it was. Must" [137].) Bloom's faith in Fate supplants the Aquinian doctrine of volition. A pathetic touch is Bloom's displacing of his anger at Boylan into a fear of involuntarily murdering someone --- in his sleep (592). Maddox suspects that "Bloom has a clear motive for envisioning the world as determined by chance or destiny or 'magnetism': such a view deprives him of responsibility."⁸ If Bloom figures for the common man, as Joyce insisted, then his belief in Fate is certainly representative. In the world around Ulysses, much of society at large was suddenly feeling deprived of responsibility too. Soldiers, as they discovered their own volition diminished to an ability to choose between a passive brief existence or suicide,⁹ were often characterized by a belief in Fate. Rosenberg suggested

⁷ In "Circe" he stumps for "Free money, free rent, free love and a free lay church in a free lay state" (399) until O'Madden Burke snaps him back to his own unfree state: "Free fox in a free henroost" (400).

⁸ James Maddox, 82-83.

⁹ See Owen's "S. I. W." (*self-inflicted wound*):

It was the reasoned crisis of his soul
Against more days of inescapable thrall,
Against . . .
Slow grazing fire, that would not burn him whole
But kept him for death's promises and scoff,

that young men could no longer change, or act; they were changed, acted upon --- "Some spirit old/ Hath turned with malign kiss/ Our lives to mould."¹⁰ A helplessness settled over the home front as well. Civilians were less oppressed than the soldiers, but similarly depressed by the restrictive conditions of a continent at war. Waiting families could do nothing to save their men or end the war. Entire countries were bewildered at their reasonless presence in the conflict. Fate even seemed to rule the processes that ended this conflict. Keynes noted that "one felt most strongly the impression . . . of events marching on to their fated conclusion uninfluenced and unaffected by the cerebrations of Statesmen in Council".¹¹

Events in *Ulysses* are also marching on to their fated conclusion (or confusion) without much interference by Leopold or Stephen. The heroes' inaction leads, naturally, to an inconclusive ending for *Ulysses*. The tidy finale so beloved in antebellum literature is not in evidence in *Ulysses*. This plot just dribbles out; like the war itself, it ended more with a whimper than a bang. (Robert Graves, though a soldier in the midst of the action, recalls,

And life's half-promising, and both their riling.

Survivors of the war continued to experience this choice. For example, Frederick Hoffmann describes Harry Crosby's "war shock": "the memory of death remain[ed], to force him to the final act of adjustment, his suicide." Hoffmann, 74.

¹⁰ "On Receiving News of the War"

¹¹ Graves quotes Hardy's The Dynasts:

Spirit of the Pities

Why prompts the Will so senseless-shaped a doing?

Spirit of the Years

I have told thee that It works unwittingly,
As one possessed not judging.

Graves, The Long Week-End, 7.

"It was only very gradually that the realization came that the war was indeed over."¹²⁾ Even in 1918, the terms of World War I's conclusion were unsatisfactorily uncertain; they did not provide closure¹³ or prevent further unraveling of relationships between parties.¹⁴ *Ulysses*' ending is the same: Joyce suggests many possibilities for the morning of June 17 but makes it impossible for us to predict whether Molly and Leopold get together in the morning, whether Blazes Boylan returns to the Bloom house to continue his affair, if Leopold eventually leaves Molly as his fantasy suggests, if the already-eternally-wandering Stephen ever finds love, fame, or a place to stay. And *Ulysses*' ending also resembles the ending of the War in that in both cases, the individual popularly believed to have provoked the most harm (Blazes, the German emperor) is never brought to justice.¹⁵ The emperor of Germany escaped the international court;¹⁶ although Odysseus punished Penelope's suitors, in Joyce's version no punishment is meted to Blazes.¹⁷

¹² "The men were warned that they could expect no more than a temporary lull, and sternly forbidden to fraternize with the enemy." Graves, The Long Week-End, 7.

¹³ See Gordon A. Craig, Europe Since 1815 (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc, 1961), 526-527.

¹⁴ J.M. Keynes complained in 1920 that "the spokesmen of the French and British peoples have run the risk of completing the ruin, which Germany began, by a Peace which, if it is carried into effect, must impair yet further, when it might have restored, the delicate, complicated organization, already shaken and broken by war, through which alone the European peoples can employ themselves and live." Keynes, 237.

¹⁵ However, Keynes observes (and this is apropos of Bloom's cuckolding, too) that "Perhaps it is historically true that no order of society ever perishes save by its own hand." Keynes, 238.

¹⁶ The Allied governments demanded "that the emperor of Germany be tried, by an international court, for his offenses against international morality. This forecast of the elaborate trials of war criminals after World War II came to nothing." Craig, 534.

¹⁷ Joyce observed of another modern work that it was curiously titled, having neither crime nor punishment in it. *JJ*, 485.

Wright observes that uncertain endings are characteristic of texts written about the time of World War I.¹⁸ In reading these texts, we find the resolutions of their plots

present difficulties of interpretation and evaluation:¹⁹ they are variously schematic, tentative, or ambiguous . . . Not only . . . do we find alternatives outside the texts; but the texts may disclose, internally, multiple (and possibly incompatible) 'endings,' in a disclosure . . . the endings are also multiple in the sense that they offer us several successive closures before the final page.²⁰

Ulysses offers at least three successive endings: Stephen's leaving, Leopold's going to bed, Molly's soliloquizing. And none of these endings provides a satisfying solution to the problems presented in the text. Joyce counters Molly's drowsy "yes" with Ulysses's hyperconscious and ironic tone, which seems to warn against "the beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts" (151). This tone warns us too against expecting a happy outcome to Bloomsday's events. That famous "yes" occurs only in the context of Molly's memory of another lover's wooing;²¹ Bloom's and Stephen's griefs have not healed, nor has the Blooms' marriage: in fact, during this day, that marriage has suffered its first real betrayal. Genuine sadness persists in Ulysses through the end of the book.²²

¹⁸ "The openness of the ending may be a measure of the writer's uncertain stance or divided sympathies: documenting change, and warning of catastrophe, but hoping for minimal loss." The resolutions of plot in these texts can be "read different ways" --- their fluidity "may itself indicate the problematic status of the text, its internal conflicts and tensions, which are disclosed, rather than resolved, by its ending." Wright, 12.

¹⁹ The language closely echoes that in Ulysses itself ---- "The difficulties of interpretation since the significance of any event followed its occurrence . . . and of counterestimating against an actual loss . . ." (553).

²⁰ Wright, 12.

²¹ It was "lieutenant Mulvey, British navy" (568) who kissed her "under the Moorish wall" in Gibraltar.

²² Dennis Brown asserts that sad endings are rather characteristic of the period of Ulysses' writing:

B. The perspective

*Not only how far away, but the way that you say it
 Is very important. . . .
 And at least you know,
 That maps are of time, not place. . . .*

(Henry Reed, "Lessons of the War")

1. Ulysses' historical liminality

Paul Fussell notes that both Ulysses and nonfiction war literature signal "the passage of modern writing from one mode to another, from the low mimetic of the plausible and the social to the ironic of the outrageous, the ridiculous, and the murderous. It is their residence on the knife-edge between these two modes that gives the memoirs of the Great War their special quality."²³ Ulysses is no memoir but it too resides on the "knife-edge" between two modes. Its setting is prewar, but the book is not informed with that past's traditional understandings of the hero, of the individual, of romance, of religion, of history. Rather, it is shot through with a sense of postwar loss. This gives the text a unique perspective. Hugh Kenner describes Joyce as possessing the "stereoscopic vision" of the generation born in the 1880's,

which came to maturity just before the war and could therefore remember afterward what had been lost. Their

Destructive endings were to become the hallmark of that doomed era----engraved in spent bones throughout No Man's Land. The Great War--in which Lewis adapted his 'Blasting' as a gunner--led Freud to rewrite his diagram of the mind into a duel between Love and Death and spawned, in literature, a set of destructive endings: the Zeppelin-bombing at the close of Shaw's Heartbreak House; Gerald's emblematic icy death in Women in Love . . . the negative vision in the last section of The Waste Land . . . Brown, 61.

²³ Fussell, 312.

destiny was to maintain continuity. Civilization is memory, and after 1918 effective memory was almost lost.²⁴

What Kenner calls "stereoscopic vision" functions in *Ulysses* from both prewar and postwar perspectives. The parallactic perspective is complicated, of course, by *Ulysses*' continuing reference to Homeric, Shakespearean, Mosaic themes. These themes interact with the history of the British nineteenth-century civilization that remembered them, without being identical with that more modern culture. In the same way, symbolic structures (usually belonging to the prewar world) are superimposed on and sometimes conflict with some of the characters' and narrators' more modern expressed opinions. ("All are washed in the blood of the lamb"[124]). An added level of anachronistic complexity reveals itself when we remember that, as *Ulysses* was serially written and published, Joyce was portraying Bloomsday from a historical perspective steadily advancing forward into the future from 1914.

Ulysses' characters *represent* conflicting values too. Some, like Buck Mulligan and Mr. Deasy and Blazes Boylan, have a prewar faith in the reliability and the rightness of creation and man's ability to control it; others, like the skeptic Stephen Dedalus and the humble Leopold Bloom, possess values remarkably like those tempered in the trenches. These conflicting perspectives are played against one another; supplementing the languorous plot movement is the texture of plot contrasts. (For example, Mr. Deasy's view of history is interrogated by Stephen's; Stephen's bookish concept of beauty is interrogated by Leopold's quite unliterary appreciation of his Molly.)

²⁴ Kenner, The Pound Era, 278.

Since Ulysses was written during a crucial historical period when values were mutating at an accelerated pace, it does not present all conflicts of meaning as simplistic. When Bloom enters the book in "Calypso," his very presence begins interrogating Stephen's perspective, but it does not negate it. For example, the reader does not immediately discredit Stephen's "heavenliness" when enlightened by the "earthiness" of Bloom. And Stephen's persistence on the fringes of Bloom's existence all Bloomsday continually interrogates the older man's value-system. The braying narrator of "Cyclops" reveals the nationalism that doomed all of the western world to war, but still forces a real test of Bloom's political views, and is more fortuitously aligned elsewhere in the book with the "saviour" Parnell; and the herd of "Oxen" narrators questions Leopold and Stephen's modern existence with attitudes from the past that are only partially discredited. Molly's voice (which is, as we have so often heard, the "last word" in Ulysses), interrogates not only Stephen's and Leopold's ideas about women but ideas in general. And, as we learn from Molly's example, values are interrogated even in their absence. We cannot avoid hearing something missing in her tone²⁵ --- an absence Joyce wanted us to note. He emphasized that Molly was completely "amoral,"²⁶ possessing a quality which seemed suddenly all-too-common in the years after the war.²⁷

²⁵. As Frances Restuccia coyly interprets it, "Molly indulges in contradiction, thus further destabilizing the relation of signifier to signified." Frances Restuccia, Joyce and the Law of the Father (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1989), 146. ("— O, rocks! . . . Tell us in plain words" [52].) In plain words, she cannot tell the truth.

²⁶ Wedekind's Lulu is another, (though more bohemian) "amoral and archetypical female"; as Stromberg describes her, "a Dionysian maenad rioting against civilization." Stromberg, 25.

²⁷ Alfred Havighurst asserts that in the "changes in manners, we have one of the few developments of the postwar years which can be directly attributed to the war." Twentieth Century Britain (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), 157.

Another quality present in its very absence in Ulysses is the Ideal --- "Art thou real, my ideal?" (298) Real enough, if Joyce's characters orient their lives by these unachieved ideals. Ideals in Ulysses are not only "the creamy dreamy stuff" but more achievable ideals such as the creative erotic relationship Leopold and Molly are painfully conscious of lacking, of the tender passion Stephen yearns for: these (Ideal) consummations devoutly to be wished define for Leopold and Stephen and Molly the present sexual encounters as unsatisfying. The Ideal, like the dream of a lost paradise, shadows characters throughout the book. Sometimes *they* are conscious of the shadowing; sometimes *we* are conscious of it. Dubliners are politically conscious: they define themselves as political beings, but as political beings connected to and contrasted with those heroic Irish nationalists of the past and the future. ("We were always loyal to lost causes" [110].) Stephen is historically and morally aware: he does not simply live his life, but he lives it in conscious awareness of his relationship to earlier scholars of the Church. Molly is laterally aware: she is mindful of the contrast of her marriage with contemporary and popular images of romance.²⁸ This mindfulness is given depth for the reader with Joyce's added counterpoint of Molly's namesake, "Mary, the most pious Virgin" (292) with his earthy and unconscious heroine. More superficially, postwar readers could contrast Molly's hefty frame with the newly fashionable boyish figures. Graves observes that "to the postwar eye, Italian prima donnas and old postcard

²⁸ Her imaginary romance with the "handsome young poet" will unite her with a contemporary ideal in the popular imagination: "hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous" (638).

portraits of Edwardian stage favourites had an irresistibly comic look."²⁹ Molly herself appears as a combination of the two in "Eumeus":

the photo showing a large sized lady with her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion as she was in the full bloom of womanhood in evening dress cut ostentatiously low for the occasion to give a liberal display of bosom . . . standing near, ostensibly with gravity, a piano on the rest of which was In Old Madrid, a ballad, pretty in its way, which was then all the vogue" (533).

The near-palpable presence of the ideal in Ulysses suggests the book's historic liminality. The ideals that were taken for granted in Victorian literature, and which were often simply nonexistent in later literature, are another form of ghostly presence in texts of the immediate postwar period.

2. Stephen and Leopold at the Cusp

Since Ulysses contains multiple value-systems playing against one another, illuminating shortcomings as well as virtues, it would be impossible to treat the entire network even superficially. Even charting the interplay between the two major consciousnesses of the book involves a daunting array of coordinates. A manageable and pertinent approach here might investigate that historic liminality as played out by Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus.

It is interesting that in the wartime and postwar period, this period of trial for western civilization, Joyce admitted losing interest in the young poet

²⁹ "The craze for the flapper had begun in Germany . . . as a sexual reaction against the over-fed under-exercised monumental woman . . . In the war, the shortage of sugar and butter and the popularization of hockey and tennis greatly reduced women's weight; and when they were freed of their tight corsets the popular 'hour-glass figure' gave place to the neatly cylindrical." Graves, The Long Week-End, 33.

Stephen ("out of key with his time"), the embodiment of culture,³⁰ and focussed more fully on the uncultured Leopold Bloom, whose vocation made him a symbol of modern commercial life. Lytton Strachey had said, "I am the civilization for which you are fighting,"³¹ but even before the war ended, that civilization was becoming more Leopoldine than Lyttonite. And the change was a tragedy, according to the many sensitive thinkers who mourned the Pyrrhic victory which preserved England and France but lost more than two millenia of intellectual tradition. Pound and Eliot were longwinded and eloquent on this subject. Joyce was not: yet the central characters of his wartime/postwar novel each represent a historical period which met at the cusp of *Ulysses'* composition. Stephen Dedalus is a walking, talking version of Strachey's civilization. (Joyce had written of Stephen, "His spiritual father is Europe" [JJ 737].) His continuing presence in the book offers what Bloom doesn't have, what postwar civilization had allegedly lost: culture.³² While Bloom refers to the accumulated evidence of intellectual striving only perfunctorily³³ and then reverts to amateur

³⁰ Bertrand Russell wrote, after hearing of his friend Rupert Brooke's death in May 1915, "There will be other generations --- yet I keep fearing that something of civilization will be lost for good, as something was lost when Greece perished in just this way." Buitenhuis, 146.

³¹ Hynes, 244.

³² Again, Keynes' description of President Wilson (1919) is reminiscent of Bloom:

like Odysseus, the President looked wiser when he was seated
The first glance at the President suggested not only that, whatever else he might be, his temperament was not primarily that of the student or the scholar, but that he had not much even of that culture of the world which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated gentlemen of their class and generation.

Keynes, 40-41.

³³ In "Eumeus" Bloom is inspired by Stephen's meditative silence to reflect

science, Stephen continues to search through texts, both for immediate solutions and for a more longterm and comprehensive sense of self as the historically-grounded product of generations. Stephen understands that "the cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh" (32) and those cords also entwine thought. Civilization's history produces the modern individual's identity. "Will you be as gods? Gaze in your *omphalos*" (32). When Stephen gazes in his own *omphalos*, he recognizes Socrates, Aquinas, Dan Occam, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Yeats.³⁴ But the cable has been snapped for Bloom, who absently muses, "Never know whose thoughts you're chewing" (140).³⁵ If Leopold Bloom disparages "the deficient appreciation of literature possessed by females" (583), his own understanding of "literature" as the insignificant objects of his attention ("Matcham's Masterstroke," Physical Strength and How to Obtain It, Photo Bits) provides little continuity with "seekers of the pure truth" (563).³⁶

Stephen and Bloom's perspectives each provide a lens of the stereoscopic vision. When that vision is trained upon religion, it registers

on the pleasures derived from literature of instruction rather than of amusement as he himself had applied to the works of William Shakespeare more than once for the solution of difficult problems in imaginary or real life.

Had he found their solution?

In spite of careful and repeated reading of certain classical passages, aided by a glossary, he had derived imperfect conviction from the text, the answers not bearing in all points (554).

³⁴ Phylogeny recapitulates ontogeny, Stephen senses, relating "the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts" (17).

³⁵ Stephen is rapt before John F. Taylor's indictment of the Jews: " --- Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion, and our language? . . . You have but emerged from primitive conditions: we have a literature, a priesthood, an agelong history and a polity" (117).

³⁶ "Mr Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go" (312).

another historic split. Stephen's creed is definitely old-world (as old as the middle ages, really); he is by birth and training heir "of the catholic chivalry of Europe" (110). Leopold Bloom's creed is that of the rootless modern man who has come to disregard whatever little religion he once possessed,³⁷ that of the returning soldiers who had left their images of God back with their dead companions.³⁸ Those soldiers, who had lost a sense of the continuity of history, lost too the God of history. And they were unusually honest about it. Graves observes that by 1916,

[h]ardly one soldier in a hundred was inspired by religious feeling of even the crudest kind. It would have been difficult to remain religious in the trenches even if one survived the irreligion of the training battalion at home. A regular sergeant at Montagne, a Second Battalion man, had recently told me that he did not hold with religion in time of war.³⁹

Bloom's godlessness is equally honest and equally anachronistic. It sets him apart from other Dubliners in Ulysses: even blasphemers like Mulligan and the Citizen proudly give lip service to the social/political/religious composite of images and emotions that is Catholicism.

Bloom has a postwar thoroughness to his debunking: God does not exist for him even as a symbol.⁴⁰ (In this instance he is more modern than his creator.) Wearing a "smile of disbelief" he patronizingly explains that God is merely "a matter for everyman's opinion" (518) and denigrates Stephen's proofs from "Holy Writ" and "circumstantial evidence." God's

³⁷ Although Bloom has been baptised three times, Molly realizes the water has not alleviated his spiritual drought: "he says your soul you have no soul inside only grey matter" (611).

³⁸ Graves admits the only use soldiers found for God was "A word of rage in lack of meat, wine, fire,/ In ache of wounds beyond all surgeoening." ("Recalling War")

³⁹ Graves, Goodbye, 157-158.

⁴⁰ See "The Two Faces of Edward" in Richard Ellmann, Golden Codgers (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), 113-131. Ellmann argues that although God had "died" in the nineteenth century, his spirit and symbolism still animated the literary world.

decrees are now a matter of everyman's opinion too.⁴¹ Leopold's mental processes do not include "oughts" and "musts," guilt and shame. (Symbolically, though the Word he's carrying around all day, "bearing in his breast" is of "the sweets of sin, . . . sweet sinful words," [212] he is blithely unaware of Sin or its Sweets. Stephen, by contrast, is miserably conscious of the sin he bears in his breast.⁴²) Leopold Bloom is incapable of applying these outdated standards to anyone else either, even to Molly and Blazes. He suspects it would be pointless anyway, since other people have no more "shoulds" and "oughts" than he.⁴³ He registers Molly's "amorality" --- "Shame all put on before third person. More put out about a hole in her stocking" (306). He guesses of a woman in the confessional, "Repentance skindeep" (68). And Bloom may be right about everyone in Dublin except Stephen. The "agenbite of inwit" (14) nearly congenital to inhabitants of traditional western culture has been blunted by an amoral physicality: in this sense, Leopold seems to be walking through a postwar world.

He is not walking alone, though. He is shadowed by another one of those ghostly ideals; this most common of men is shadowed by Catholic Dublin's most common ideal. Leopold Bloom is a figure of Christ.⁴⁴ Though he has jettisoned official religion⁴⁵ he is full of that brotherly love

⁴¹ Graves noted how pointless the concept of voluntary "Sin" seemed in the War's hell of involuntary slaughter: "The Second Battalion chaplain, just before the Loos fighting, had preached a violent sermon on the Battle against Sin." Graves, Goodbye, 159.

⁴² "Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten . . . (32) "Our souls, shamewounded by our sins, cling to us yet more" (40).

⁴³ Graves also recalls that "there were no restraints in France; these boys had money to spend and knew that they stood a good chance of being killed within a few weeks anyway." Goodbye, 195.

⁴⁴ Even the Citizen attests to that: "By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will" (280).

⁴⁵ When the young Leopold was supposed to be making his nightly prayers, he was sniffing his toenails (585); he's *still* sniffing when we take leave of him in "Ithaca"!

which was almost the only value that survived the war (Nosey Flynn observes of Bloom, "He's an excellent brother"). Owen had sworn, "I, too, saw God through mud, ---/ The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled."⁴⁶ Bloom sees God in his fellow-wretches, and extends his secular Christianity even to the ones he doesn't see. (Joyce explains Bloom's motivation curiously: "Because at the critical turningpoint of human existence he desired to amend many social conditions, the product of inequality and avarice and international animosity" [571]. What "critical turningpoint of human existence" was apparent in 1904? A more obvious turningpoint was the historic period of Bloom's creation.) No matter where the exact point in time Bloom is situated, his unconsecrated version of Christianity interrogates Stephen's deplorable incarnation of historic Christianity.

Stephen could be a caricature of Western Civilization's historical enactment of Christianity, long on doctrine⁴⁷ and short on example. He himself underlines such a representation.⁴⁸ His manic thought processes excerpt a good portion of historic Catholic and "heretical" doctrine; even his literary discussions are interrupted by involuntary silent prayers and images ("Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!" 155). Stephen cannot separate his consciousness from his conscience. If Leopold is anachronistic because he possesses unusually modern attitudes, Stephen is *very* anachronistic with his medieval mutterings (even the real priests in Ulysses don't obsess about "whether the divine prepuce, the carnal

⁴⁶ "Apologia Pro Poemate Meo."

⁴⁷ Florry remarks to him in "Circe," "Are you out of Maynooth?" (423).

⁴⁸ As Stephen explains of (another) ghost, "That is why the speech . . . is always turned elsewhere, backward" (162).

bridal ring of the holy Roman catholic apostolic church . . . were deserving of simply hyperduly or of the fourth degree of *latria* accorded to the abscission of such divine excrescences as hair and toenails" [577]). With a medieval conscience to match his mutterings (he even describes it in antique vocabulary --- the "agenbite of inwit") Stephen is overwhelmed with a sense of moral right and wrong. (In fact, though the character of Stephen diminishes in solidity in the later chapters of *Ulysses*, his sense of guilt and sin increase and thicken the text. Groden mentions how the phrase "agenbite of inwit" appeared only once in the *Ulysses* manuscript's fair copy, but, "Joyce expanded it into a major motif in Stephen's mind only in the summer and fall of 1921 when he added it in five different places."⁴⁹)

Yet unlike the godless Bloom, Stephen has precious little brotherly love. Stephen ungraciously suspects much friendship of perversion ("Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak his name" [41]), charges that even twin brothers feel "prenatal repugnance" (335), accuses Shakespeare's brothers of betraying him ("the theme of the false or the usurping or the adulterous brother or all three in one is to Shakespeare, what the poor are not, always with him" [174]).⁵⁰ The same could be said of Stephen. Even when the poor (Dedalus family) are with him, he spares not a penny of his pocketful of money on them. And to adapt his beloved Aquinas, the love not "given to one near in blood" is still "covetously withheld from some stranger" (169). For all his learning, Stephen does not understand *why* love is the "word known to all men" (41). He cannot enact it. His paranoia and selfcenteredness are impediments; and his lack of love

⁴⁹ Groden, 199.

⁵⁰ It's all in the family: Simon Dedalus, who despises his brothers-in-law, talks about a man who murdered his brother.

aligns itself with "Force, hatred, history, all that" (273). His lack of love is thus identified with the prewar civilization that boasted of its Christian heritage, yet allowed its selfcenteredness and paranoia to drag itself into a suicidal world war.

Still, the character of loveless Stephen is not demonized by Bloom's more Christlike presence. In Joyce's subtle way, these two men exist in a continuing, animated cross-interrogation. Bloom's kindness points up Stephen's unkindness, yet Stephen's "heavenliness" points up Bloom's, and others characters', desperate worldliness. Stephen's painfully felt loss of faith has left his need for a God and His moral schemes intact; it has left enough spiritual residue to reconstitute the best of Augustine's ontological proofs. And it has left Stephen in Ulysses as angelic counterpoint to Leopold Bloom. Stephen's refusal to accept his mortality ("And would he not accept to die like the rest and pass away? By no means would he though he must" [324]) brings into question Leopold's hopeless acceptance of his own. Leopold accepts life's ordinariness (not toward fame, but toward a retirement cottage, is where Leopold Bloom is heading) and its pointlessness ("Once you are dead you are dead" [87]). For Leopold, death is absolute and without memorial. And though for Leopold there is no hell of sin, there is no heaven either⁵¹. On the other hand, Stephen expects transfiguration at any moment ("Am I walking into eternity on Sandymount strand?" [31]).

And somehow, he *is* transfigured. Stephen, as we have noted, fades from prominence in Ulysses, yet he persists throughout the book in two

⁵¹ Leopold hopes for no heaven besides Agendath Netaim (this pagan has only an earthly paradise): for him "it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not a heavenman" --- heaven is a noplace, "a Utopia" and he couldn't get there even if it were a place, "there being no known method from the known to the unknown" (575).

different ways. The first is through another "haunting": Stephen takes up residence in the mind of the reader. After all, Joyce gave us for the book's first three chapters the close and scrupulous companion of Stephen's conscience: and it is impossible to avoid that ghost as we continue to wend our way through the text.⁵² It is continually re-evoked through that second form of persistence, the persistence of the Christian symbol-structure dominating the book.

Critics have often highlighted the Christian themes and symbols which add depth to Joyce's Homeric outline. Some of these critics argue in favor of "Christianity"; more recently, the critical opinion weighs in on the side of mockery, arguing that the Christian themes are so overdone that they perform an emptying of meaning. We know that with Joyce, as with Hades' gravekeeper, "[t]hat's all done with a purpose" (88), but the purpose may be more mechanical than the Christian critics allege, and simpler than the deconstructionist re-vision. Stephen's form of "meaning" was still alive in Joyce's own memory and consciousness; and until his dying day Joyce attested to the superiority of his Jesuitical education. By retaining the Catholic underpinnings of Stephen's consciousness in Ulysses (though he found himself able to do less and less with the actual character, so incorrigibly was Stephen a product of the prewar religious milieu) Joyce was training his readers' visions. The reader of Ulysses would do more than meet Stephen Dedalus; to a certain extent, he would *be* Stephen Dedalus. For example, we understand that Bloom is an atheist, but we also see how his portrait is shaded by all the Christian symbolism Joyce can muster. This shading is put on by a half-ironic consciousness reminiscent in its ambiguity

⁵² Stephen is like his God and like his own father Simon: another "creator" who has called someone into being and then backed away.

of Stephen's own. Stephen and this symbolic structure infiltrate the book with Christianity, forming a rich and historic counterpoint to the modern viewpoint.

Hugh Kenner has argued that the perspective of *Ulysses* is mechanical; he calls it the

sardonic impersonal recorder, that constantly glints its photoelectric eyes from behind the chronicle of Bloomsday . . . It is by the insane mechanical meticulousness of [*Ulysses*'s] mode of consciousness, the mode of consciousness proper to industrial man, that in *Ulysses* industrial man is judged.⁵³

But I argue that Stephen Dedalus' presence(/absence) in *Ulysses*, and the book's semi-satirical Catholic/Christian symbolic structure, also judge "industrial man." The historical version of orthodox Christianity in its various Ulyssean manifestations continues to exist side-by-side with the new religion of Bloom ("apostle to the gentiles" 273). Both "religions" are necessary to *Ulysses*' temporal landscape.

While Stephen and his contextual and extratextual ghosts represent the Word, Bloom represents the (wordless) flesh, Christianity without the word. Together, what they represent could form a fulfilled Christianity. Yet it is not immaterial that Stephen and Leopold are created alien to one another, that *Ulysses* does not join them in purpose, that the men separate at the end of the book. "Wordy" Stephen walks out, leaving us with "fleshly" Leopold in his infertile bed of flesh (those crumbs of potted meat are also quite symbolic). In the extra-textual world, a similar sundering was quite apparent. During this liminal age of *Ulysses*' composition the promises of traditional religion were separating from popular new secular forms of brotherly love: socialism, communism, marxism. Religion was beginning

⁵³ Kenner, Dublin's Joyce, 167-168.

to look as irrelevant as Stephen Dedalus himself "at this critical turningpoint of human existence." "[S]chemes for social regeneration" (400)⁵⁴ such as Bloom propounds were supplanting hope in the transforming Word. Only in literature, perhaps, only in Ulysses, could both forms of Christianity still even co-exist.

54. After all, "the first socialist he said He was" (612): Bloom respects Christ because of his social views alone.

CHAPTER V

Rhetoric in Time of War

A. Anti-rhetoric:

Herbert Read charges that the

whole war was fought for rhetoric, fought for historic phrases and actual misery, fought by politicians and generals and with human flesh and blood, fanned by false and artificially created mob passions; a war 'waged' by rhetoricians, with rhetoric, for the sake of rhetoric. Is it any wonder that some men not wholly caught in that windy blast, and not altogether torn in body and mind, should challenge the whole concept of history which subordinates the individual mind to the events it endures? The pen is mightier than the sword, and is not turned against the sword. Here is a different kind of rhetoric . . .¹

And here in Ulysses is a different kind of rhetoric. I have already pointed out how Stephen and Bloom challenge the empty rhetoric of the heroic ideal. Stephen has extended his disillusion to Read's "whole concept of history which subordinates the individual": "it is in here that I must kill the priest and king" (481), "Let my country die for me. . . . Damn death. Long live life!" (482). Of course, Stephen's rhetoric is so revolutionary that it is misunderstood by everyone from Private Carr ("What are you saying about my king?" [485]) to Bloom:

--- You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of half laugh, that I may be important because I belong to the *faubourg Saint Patrice* called Ireland for short. . . . But I suspect . . . that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me.

--- What belongs, queried Mr Bloom bending, fancying he was perhaps under some misapprehension. Excuse me. Unfortunately, I didn't catch the latter portion. What was it you?

¹. Herbert Read, "Books of the Quarter", *Criterion*, vol. 9 (July 1930), 767-768.

Stephen, patently crosstempered, repeated and shoved aside his mug of coffee or whatever you like to call it none too politely, adding:

---We can't change the country. Let us change the subject.
(527)

Still, our modern hero Bloom, though a less sophisticated rhetorician than Stephen, does grasp with his stubborn independence the falsity of history's dangerous rhetoric. Several times Bloom complains about the empty bombast that incites men to war. Bloom has gotten tired of nationalistic rhetoric in his own country too, as is evidenced from his disillusion with the Irish nationalist society he supported in his youth and from his remarks to the Citizen in "Cyclops."

Stephen's and Bloom's prescient disillusion with political rhetoric reflects their creator's historical period and sites of creation.² Though the glamorous rhetoric of 1914 lasted a surprisingly long time --- to a certain extent, to the end of the war --- in insular countries such as England and Ireland, it quickly wilted on continental European soil. Neutral Switzerland could hear as well as see more clearly than some of the mortally engaged Allied countries. Joyce heard there war's rhetorical repercussions as well. Living in Zurich from 1915 to the end of the war, the already-skeptical Joyce was enveloped in that city's cynical atmosphere. As Gorman

² Hynes, while admitting that Modernism had been "adversarial and antagonistic towards established Edwardian society" emphasizes how

the war had altered the nature of that opposition, giving it a clear and urgent moral basis The moral basis, that sense of the avant-garde as a force of moral protest against the war, made a link between the soldier-artists and poets and that other army, the pacifists. For they too . . . were trying to accomplish a revolution of the imagination, the elimination from their worlds of the language, the rhetoric, the images of heroic war. Hynes, 166-167.

describes it, "Every warring nation had its own propaganda bureau, sometimes discreetly disguised, and an illimitable flood of persuasive and generally fallacious argument issued from them."³ And in the afterwar bitterness of Paris, Joyce found his antirhetorical rhetorical masterpiece *Ulysses* spoke for a disillusioned generation.

Ulysses extends a critique of political rhetoric to all forms of verbal persuasion. All rhetoric, whether written, spoken, or even wordless (music, for example) is suspect. In this approach Joyce is as disingenuous as his mentor Saint Augustine --- his impudence in deconstructing rhetoric with spectacular rhetorical skill would be an excellent joke if we readers were not the butt of the joke. Yet Joyce's milieu, his early readers, could bitterly savor such bitter jokes. The Ulyssean distrust answered a dull anger on the part of a civilization that would never be duped again. Was it angry at words themselves? Catechizing the "word" is a problem which engages Joyce as a major task throughout *Ulysses*. He makes clear that the "word's" divinity is inextricable from that divine compound, "Father, Word, and Holy Breath" (152): its sacredness is enshrined in Christianity, and secularized in Stephen's elliptical "Word known to all men" (41); its potentiality is indicated by Rudolph Virag's warning, "Every word is so deep, Leopold" (67). Yet "deep" also suggests pools, which can be deceptive and treacherous, which cannot be trusted, which Stephen, "distrusting aquacities of thought and language," (550), avoids. Joyce, master of words, (like Shakespeare, "himself a lord of language," [161]) manipulates his own awareness of their dangerous depths. There is no word, no language in *Ulysses* that he does not eventually sabotage, countering it (naturally, with

³ Gorman, 232.

another word) as demonstration of its falsity. Joyce plainly mocks rhetoricians and rhetoric in "Aeolus." But he makes it clear that it is no feeble weapon they wield. Though professor MacHugh warns, "We mustn't be led away by words, by the sound of words" (108) we hear him declaiming with "elocutionary arms" about "*Kyrios!* Shining word! The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not" (110). All through *Ulysses* people feel about rhetoric as Stephen feels about sin: they sense its dangerous power and yet succumb to it. Stephen fears "those big words . . . that make us so unhappy" (26) because he knows how attractive they are; he blushes as he discovers "his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture" (115). Ned Lambert admits of his "silver effulgence" speech, "All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cakes that stuff" (104). Even the poet A. E. warns, "--- People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be" (153).

The figure of the siren engaged Joyce in 1919. That was the year countries were assessing the aftermath of a war that was "fought for rhetoric" and the year when he completed "Sirens." Though Odysseus' encounter with the "Seirenes" only takes up about a hundred lines of the *Odyssey*, Joyce decided that these persuasive ladies were important enough for an entire chapter. (Apropos of Joyce's historic frame of reference, Homer's sirens promised to sing of idealized heroic warfare, "all feats on that great field/ In the long warfare . . . On Troy beach teeming." ⁴) Sirens were dangerously attractive proponents of rhythmic rhetoric; Leopold identifies their music as "a kind of attempt to talk" (237) yet suspects it to be a "kind of drunkenness" (236). Stephen, too, mistrusts beautiful sounds:

4. *The Odyssey*, 215.

he himself sings a song about sirens in "Eumaeus," "an old German song of Johannes Jeep about the clear sea and the voices of sirens, sweet murderers of men" (541). Beautiful language lures men to death: it might have ended that way for enlisting soldiers, at any rate. But it doesn't lure Leopold or Stephen. They are consciously on guard. As Leopold and Stephen walk out of "Eumaeus" --"continuing their tete a tete (which, of course, he [L] was utterly out of) about sirens, enemies of man's reason," (543), Stephen is not so drunk that he can't worry about losing his reason: he is voicing his fear that he is susceptible to something that is irrational and dangerous.

With such a suspicion of rhetoric, what kind of poet is Stephen going to make? He could make a fairly persuasive siren himself, with his "phenomenally beautiful tenor voice" (541) and his reputation as a poet. But he has been loath in developing these gifts. Stephen spends much more time thinking about philosophy --- a discipline which in its linguistic practicality is the very opposite of rhetoric. What has redirected Stephen's rhetorical skills? Perhaps the events of 1914-1918?

Leopold is also on guard against sirens. Of course, like Stephen and his avocation to poetry, Leopold is closely associated with some version of a siren: "the prima donna Madam Marion Tweedy" (533). (He has even had to give up dressing while Molly's talking: she so distracts him with her chatter that he cuts himself shaving, she so charms with her phrasing that he records it on his shirtcuff!) But for other sirens, Leopold applies his own common sense and moderation to tie him to the mast. He thinks of music, "Better give way only half way the way of a man with a maid. Instance enthusiasts. All ears . . . Thinking strictly prohibited" (236). The "language of love" (226) with that (tuneless) siren Martha Clifford does not

lure him into disgrace. He carefully paces the progress of his romance with her -- which, being epistolary, consists solely of (extremely bad) rhetoric.⁵

Joyce's modern Ulysses avoids dangerous "aquacities of thought and language" by generally avoiding both. He prefers to focus instead on physical impressions and mute images. Leopold's vocation, after all, is the wordless advertising image ("not exceeding the span of casual vision and congruous with the velocity of modern life" [592]). He is not comfortable using rhetoric himself. Though he once wrote Molly a poem (a limerick?), he now writes nothing. A survey of the contents of this writing drawer indicates that Leopold has only recently even purchased paper and envelopes as agents in his affair with Martha. He agrees with Martha's "I do not like that other world" (63). The substitution of "world" for "word" illustrates Leopold's own understanding that the tangible "world" is superior to the "word" and its "aquacities."

It is no wonder that Leopold was lionized as soon as he appeared. He is the new man: though as an advertiser he deals in rhetoric, he does not succumb to it. He possesses a debunking attitude to everything he encounters. Even great works of literature he regards as mere ("imperfect" [554]) tools for practical living. Leopold Bloom looks not for beauty but for truth. That the truth is not beautiful he accepts calmly.

B. Bad Rhetoric

Yet one of the ugliest (for Joyce) and most pervasive truths is the bad or incomplete writing that characterizes the whole universe of Ulysses. It extends from God on down, "the playwright who wrote the folio of this

⁵. "Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted" (64).

world and wrote it badly" (175). The book of nature is jumbled. Stephen strains to read the "Signatures of all things" but complains, "I could never read His handwriting except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock" (458). Bloom also sees fragments of this handwriting: a "half tabbywhite tortoiseshell in the City Arms with the letter em on her forehead" (309), "All these rocks with lines and scars and letters" (312). Molly reads tarot cards, the whores read palms (both trying to translate "the language of prediction" [552]), Leopold and Stephen search scrap pieces of paper and literary texts for some key word that will unlock meaning. Bloom "turned over a piece of paper on the strand . . . Letter? No. Can't read" (312)).

Even the skilled Stephen is hampered by bad and incomplete writing. His "vampire" stanza, which is the only bit of poetry he produces all day, is certainly bad writing. It is also incomplete: and impotent as well ("Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field" [40]). Stephen has little confidence in the power of anyone's written words; even Shakespeare, he feels, was "untaught by the wisdom he has written" (162).

Less talented than Shakespeare but more powerful in shaping cultural perceptions are the bad writers who have helped make Gerty MacDowell and Molly Bloom what they are. Half of "Nausicaa" is written in the cloying rhetoric of "romantic" ideals, which that chapter's second and Bloomian half gleefully debunks. Molly is un-debunkable. It doesn't help that the (real) Bloom keeps feeding her more bunk in the style of Ruby, Pride of the Ring. Such bad writing has sunk so deep into her psyche that those celebrated "direct" emanations of her womanly nature that compose "Penelope" are more literary than instinctual. She dreams of a romance with Stephen Dedalus manifesting itself as a page in a tabloid ("I'll make him feel all over him till he half faints under me then hell write about me lover and

mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous" [638]); she edits her own thoughts as if she were seeing them written in the air above her bed ("that poor Nancy Blake that died a month ago of acute neumonia . . . sad bereavement symph/athy I always make that mistake and new/phew with 2 double yous in . . ." [624]; "not acting with precipat precip itancy" [624]).

And if Ireland's women are ensnared in bad writing, Ireland itself is characterized by incomplete writing: "our national epic has yet to be written" (158). Dublin's newspaper is full of mistakes, falsehoods and trivialities, and is associated in Joyce's Homeric schema with Aeolus' destructive winds. Ireland's younger generation, represented by Milly Bloom, is also typically nonverbal. Milly's letter leaves more questions unanswered than her father would like; and she implicates herself in the failure of the word with her closing plea, "Excuse bad writing" (54). Blazes Boylan, the moustachio-twirling Lothario of the piece, is incriminated by his bad writing. He fails as a great lover in Molly's eyes because he does not accompany his lovemaking with romantic words or beautiful letters: her rather unfocussed celebration of their sexual encounter is bracketed by complaints about Blazes' inability to communicate in any other form: "I hope hell write me a longer letter the next time if its a thing he really likes me O thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me youve no chances at all in this place like you used to long ago I wish somebody would write me a loveletter his wasnt much and I told him he could write what he liked" (624).

Bloom, she complains, doesn't write to her either. It is not insignificant that Leopold Bloom has difficulty communicating with anyone; all through Ulysses men ignore him and interrupt him and argue with him

("Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely . . . "[78]; "In vain the voice of Mr Canvasser Bloom was heard . . ." [336]). Perhaps a verbal clumsiness has something to do with it. Bloom suspects as much when he finally meets up with Stephen. He feels unable to help the young man because "he didn't know how to . . . word it exactly" (537). Nosey Flynn points out an associated reserve:

O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do. His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

--- I know, Davy Byrne said.

---Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said. (146)

Most of what he does put "in black and white," according to the women who receive his letters (the women in "Circe," Molly in her younger days, even, apparently, Martha Clifford) is another form of "bad" writing: obscenities. Leopold's earlier letter to Martha did not satisfy her, for she begs, "please write me a long letter and tell me more" (63) and the letter he writes in "Sirens" is even more deficient --- he writes, "Can't write" (226). His writing under a false name prevents communication. His appearance in the newspaper under another misnomer, "L. Boom" makes him a victim of bad writing. Leopold Bloom is just literary enough to imagine himself a metaphor for incomplete rhetoric: "I stand, so to speak, with an unposted letter bearing the extra regulation fee before the too late box of the general postoffice of human life" (430). The sexual nature of this unposted message is underlined by the "French letter" that he carries, which prevents another form of communication.

Words are associated with fertility in this waste land, good writing with real *intercourse*. Molly expresses rare satisfaction with her husband when she remembers how he used to write her letters: "writing every

morning a letter sometimes twice a day I liked the way he made love then" (615). She identifies writing well with loving well. In her experience, Leopold could once do both: his love letters won her to be his wife. Molly also has an ingenuous faith in the power of words to contain, not merely convey, truth: "if he wrote it I suppose thered be some truth in it" (624). She may be right, even though our arch-ironic narrator relentlessly manipulates truth through words. Stephen suspects the same thing; he continues to search, not for a girl or a career, but for that "word known to all men" (41). His quest suggests that rhetoric may have been devalued, and words devalued by association, but the Word may still offer an avenue of hope in Ulysses.

C. Irony and Satire distance postwar texts:

*"Satire does not set out to persuade: it emerges when the feeling of opposition is strong, but the chances of changing circumstances are weak --- it is the anger and the bitterness of the helpless."*⁶

Contiguous with anti-rhetoric and the devaluation of the word in the postwar years was a pervasive sense of irony. Fussell asserts that "there seems to be one dominating form of modern understanding; that it is essentially ironic; and that it originates largely in the application of mind and memory to the events of the Great War."⁷ Interestingly enough, the overwhelmingly ironic tone in Ulysses entered the book about the time of the Armistice. The first half of the book, composed between 1914 and 1918, is written in what Joyce called "the initial style" and his readers

⁶ Hynes, 243. Hynes asserts that "the war was the soil out of which both wartime and post-war satire grew. And it was in satire that post-war culture found its particular bitter voice. You might say that satire was post-war culture's principal inheritance from its wartime past." Hynes, 242.

⁷. Fussell, 35.

simply call "the human style." The second part, written after 1918, is in "the inhuman style," full of irony and parody. The irony in this part of *Ulysses* so distances its tone that critics like Michael Groden can announce that "after 1919 Joyce was no longer writing a novel based primarily on human actions."⁸

Groden's currently popular critical perspective, which sees *Ulysses*' focus moving from "world" to "word," should be adjusted by reference to generations of readers' ultimate grasp of the book's characters. These characters, though beleaguered by their text as well as their world, have survived those chapters succeeding "Scylla and Charybdis." "Cyclops" establishes Bloom's Christian and political views, "Sirens" reveals his deep loneliness. "Circe" tests the men's personalities but does not obliterate them. Bloom's kindness to Stephen in "Eumeus," his own catechism in "Ithaca" and Molly's self-portrait in "Penelope" are all necessary embellishments to the characterizations begun in *Ulysses*' early chapters. A more precise critical approach would take into account the conflict between "word" and "world" that is played out upon the site of the characters themselves. It is of historic as well as critical importance that their humanity becomes increasingly entangled in nonhumanity, distanced by style: *Ulysses*' characters are becoming more modern. Modern humanity --- humbled to self-knowledge by the Great War --- understands itself as frail, embarrassing, powerless before irresistible forces, even such forces as an author's stylistic caprice. (Stephen Dedalus defines his own Author's caprice as His most salient characteristic: even a created soul, he asserts, is not eternal: it "would be immortal . . . but for the possibility of its annihilation

8. Groden, 21

by its First Cause Who, from all I can hear, is quite capable of adding thatto
the number of His other practical jokes . . . [516])

James Joyce, consummate practical joker and stylist, mocks his own characters through a mocking of literary conventions. He afflicts them with stylistic complexities common to the period. Hynes points out how the poets of World War I liked to take a convention and turn it upside down, as Graves in "A Dead Boche" took "a Romantic convention and thrust war into it, turning landscape into landscape-with corpse."⁹ Joyce loves turning conventions upside down --- with his characters inside them. In "Nausicaa" he presents Gerty MacDowell in the convention of romantic novel, but she is mocked along with the convention when her dreamy interpretation of the dark hero ("a man of inflexible honour to his fingertips" [299]) is juxtaposed with the more cynical picture of Bloom masturbating. And this correction is itself mocked in the narrator's burlesque of Victorian prudery: "What a brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been!" (300). The croppy boy's death is retold in "Cyclops" according to nationalistic-heroic epic, but the drama is spoiled when his "blushing bride elect" leaves the scaffold to marry an Englishman, and "[e]very lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch" (255). In the latter half of Ulysses are many such examples of subversion of convention, such as Elijah Ben Bloom's apotheosis, the Citizen's mock-heroic bluster (all the parodies of convention and rhetoric composed in 1919) and the crueler mocking of Bloom's sexuality in "Circe."

⁹ Hynes, 192.

D. These Fragments . . .

Fragmentariness is another characteristic which had been appearing more frequently in literature since the beginning of the war. Hynes observes, "The idea that reality could be perceived, indeed *had* to be perceived, as broken and formless is one that many trench writers recognized, and adopted in their descriptions of the Front. Eliot saw that the war had imposed that vision upon the world after the war."¹⁰ And as Hynes comments of that inescapable period-piece, "The Waste Land," it "is more than an accumulation of image-fragments; it is a poem that *takes fragmentation as its formal principle*, [my italics] as though the visual reality of the Western Front had imposed itself on language."¹¹ Ulysses contains episodes such as "Circe" and "Ithaca" which in their frequent, abrupt and illogical refocussing of authorial attention seem to take fragmentation as their formal principles. "Ithaca's" catechism randomly veers between trivial and crucial questions, between personal and interpersonal and impersonal chunks of information. The reader is never sure what to make of these random chunks and this vertiginous shifting of perspective. Some final intelligence, presumably, will incorporate them all into a meaningful scheme. But the final intelligence of "Ulysses" is Molly's, represented in the most fragmentary thought processes ever to insult a woman. We eventually roll out of Molly's bed and find ourselves on the other side of the text with Stephen Dedalus, aware with him of the futility of our nature "as a conscious rational animal" which hopelessly tries to make

¹⁰ "It isn't that the poem describes the war; Eliot simply picked up the fragments that existed in post-war consciousnesses, and made a poem out of them, a poem that his contemporaries found haunting, even when they didn't understand it, because they shared its fragments. . . ." Hynes, 342-343.

¹¹ Hynes, 343.

sense of a book (world) "ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void" (572).

Besides fragmentation of focus, Ulysses manipulates a fragmentation of language. Language's fragmentation is only a historic process, as "Oxen" demonstrates. This chapter's recapitulation of the English language's development shows not only the evolution but the eventual decline of the word:

Tiens, tiens, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes. O, get, rev on a gradient one in nine. Live axle drives are souped. Lay you two to one Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow. Jappies? High angle fire, inyah! Sunk by war specials. Be worse for him, says he, nor any Rooshian. Time all. (348)¹²

Other episodes are ruled by a more subtle fragmentation: the information necessary to construct the book's plot is dribbled to us in grudging, unhelpful tidbits. For example, the clue to the Blooms' marital problems, the cause of all Leopold's misery on Bloomsday, is withheld until the end of Ulysses' penultimate chapter:

What limitations of activity and inhibitions of conjugal rights were perceived by listener and narrator concerning themselves during the course of this intermittent and increasingly more laconic narration?

By the listener a limitation of fertility . . . there remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete . . . (605)

("Hoho begob says I to myself says I. That explains the milk in the cocoanut and absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute . . ." [262].) Only when we possess this information can we go back and re-interpret the characters' behavior, re-assess Ulysses' themes.

12. Here is another anachronistic prediction of the Russo-Japanese War.

Ulysses' unique fragmentation of plot indicates that something more is missing from this new style of text besides narrative continuity. Yet the "something missing" is the point, which illustrates the neediness of each character, the hole in the middle of each character ("lost Richie Poldy," [225]). Joyce's style is consonant with his subject matter. Malamud observes of Ulysses:

The fragments that emerge recurrently within each character's consciousness are fragments of repressed trauma that cannot be brought forth directly, but only in small pieces that slip out almost accidentally. For Stephen, these fragments include his guilt at his behavior toward his dying mother and his surviving father; for Molly, the fragments often reflect her sexual dissatisfaction with her husband . . . It is as a barrier against these traumas that [Joyce] breaks his language down into fragments. . . Fragments, as he shows in Ulysses, are actually not as marginally communicative as they may appear at first. By the end of the book . . . the reader begins to understand the interrelation of consciousness, fragments, language, and external reality. The fragments begin to come together, and we do, finally, understand the story of Rudy's death, of Rudolph's suicide, of Bloom's eleven years of sexual difficulty--we have a story, in a new language, of things that could not have been told in the old one.¹³

In fact, Joyce's writing becomes much more fragmentary during and after the war. (Not only in Ulysses --- we see it in the last chapter of A Portrait, which, as far as textual scholars can tell, was written after the beginning of the war, and which also breaks into fragments about 1914.¹⁴) We see how those last several chapters of Ulysses exhibit heightened fragmentation. And we can consider how Joyce, in his postwar revisions, added no more skeletal structure or connective tissue to the plot inspiring the early chapters: he only padded out individual molecules of description.

¹³ Malamud, 154-155.

¹⁴ Ellmann doesn't have much solid evidence for dating, but Ezra Pound didn't receive the last chapters of A Portrait until mid-1915.

In galley revisions he also fragmented the flow of "Aeolus" with sixty-three whimsical "headlines" in only twenty-seven pages.

In Joyce's fragmentation of narrative, of character, of language, we can re-interpret Hugh Kenner's famous definition of Ulysses as Joyce's "account of the fragmented mind of Europe"¹⁵ Ulysses does not indict fragmentation, but assimilates it. Its author may to a certain extent organize his fragments with a "mythic method," (as that other bricoleur Eliot points out¹⁶). But the immediate effect of Joyce's fragmentation is to recreate a particular world-view, one which he was coming to understand as the particularly modern heritage.

15. Kenner, The Pound Era, 553.

16. Eliot, always looking for a savior, cites myth as the only method able to give form to "the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history." T. S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth", *Dial*, vol. 75 (Nov. 1923), 483

CHAPTER VI

The Counterpoint: What "the Age Demanded"

*Yet, through stunning battle storms,
All the while I watch the spark
Lit to guide me; for I know
Dreams will triumph, though the dark
Scowls above me where I go.
You can hear me; you can mingle
Radiant folly with my jingle.
War's a joke for me and you
While we know such dreams are true!*

(Siegfried Sassoon, "A Letter Home," 1916)¹

The typically wartime and postwar themes that I have explored in previous chapters --- the new hero, the Waste Land, anti-rhetoric, irony --- all contribute to Ulysses' tone. None of us can deny the sharpness of that tone. After all, the hardest lesson of the war, that all things can be judged valueless, Joyce seemed to learn well. It is manifest in his ironic presentation of characters, themes, and plot in Ulysses. And it is, of course, contiguous with other lessons learned by other writers and thinkers through this crucial period of western history. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" What values survived the Somme?

Perhaps none did, but Joyce offers his readers what he can, another form of stability. Unlike many wartime works, Ulysses is not bleak; though "founded upon the void" this is not the world bitterly portrayed by Hemingway, by Eliot, by Pound. Joyce's Ulysses, much of which was written while the horrific slaughter was going on about him, much of which reflects that slaughter, is yet laced with reassuring qualities which give the

¹. Siegfried Sassoon, The War Poems, ed. Rupert Hart-Davis, Faber and Faber: London, 1983), 36-38.

lie to the Waste Land vision. Though Joyce cannot offer his characters such reassurance, he is able to provide for his readers a sense of security. He creates for them a comforting world within the text which functions as a refuge from their wartime and postwar experience. With Joyce's textual efforts, *Ulysses* transcends the crisis of values that it simultaneously reveals.

A. Was there a postwar need for *Ulysses*?

The exile Joyce was reading his civilization aright when he constructed for it a home in *Ulysses*' Dublin. Even before the Great War, modern western culture had felt a need for community and group solidarity (a need which, in fact, fed the initial desire for war). Stromberg accuses the nineteenth century itself of "destroying human communities in various ways. Much of its 'progress' was almost deliberately designed to efface the forms of human association inherited from an immemorial past."² The war, of course, only accelerated this tendency. People alive during that time of the "Breaking of Nations" felt their loss of community almost as sharply as a loss of a part of themselves. And it may be postulated that the ghostly community remained as a ghostly limb. Arno Mayer in *The Persistence of the Old Regime* argues that postwar, "old forces and ideas and their cunning genius for assimilating, delaying, neutralizing and subduing capitalist modernization" remained in the cultural memory.³ Joyce's loss of Dublin

² Stromberg, 90. "The 1914 spirit was an antidote to anomie, which had resulted from the sweep of powerful forces of the recent past --- urban, capitalistic, and technological forces tearing up primeval bonds and forcing people into a crisis of social relationships. The primitive instinct to do battle against a common foe was a remedy for this crisis." 198.

³ Arno Mayer, *The Persistence of the Old Regime* (Pantheon Books, New York, 1981), 4.

was similarly magnified by the War, which irrevocably transformed it; and similarly, that lost Dublin persisted in his own cultural memory, which irrevocably transfigured it. Schneidau muses,

[T]o write of 1904 Dublin in World War I Trieste or Zurich was already an elegiac act. Joyce had sensed the yawning rift in cultural continuity that opened as the war shattered the old epoch: after 1916 he had to reckon with the possibility, as British gunboats bombarded the Post Office, that his work might indeed have to serve as a blueprint for rebuilding. He knew he was memorializing a way of life that had already passed. The Great War created our world by freeing us from that old one, which is why the Twenties still seem modern though everything before it is impossibly remote Hence Joyce's sense of what he was writing about: the seventh city of Christendom, and second of the British Empire, as representative of a gone world --- with the reverberation that worlds are always in a sense gone.⁴

B. Stability

Though the most modern generation of Joycean critics attempt to shift the foundations of Ulysses by claiming that the subject-matter of Joyce's fiction is really the depiction of states of human consciousness, Ulysses' Dublin is an irresistibly solid state. "Composition of place" is urged within the work by Aristotle and Stephen Dedalus, and "place" is one of Ulysses' most salient elements.

Why did Joyce compose this particular place? When Ulysses first came out, its setting must have been rather surprising to a loyal reader of Joyce: after all, in Dubliners, Joyce emphasized the paralysis and death all through the town;⁵ then in Portrait, he showed Stephen Dedalus spending

4. Herbert Schneidau, Waking Giants 1991, Oxford University Press New York, New York. 19-20

5. Joyce explained that with Dubliners, he hoped to advance "the course of civilization in Ireland by letting the Irish people [have] one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs around my stories" (JJ, 282).

his whole life getting out of the "bog" of quicksand that was Catholic Ireland. We remember the inspirational ending to Portrait, where Stephen is leaving the corruption and stupidity that is Ireland: he's on the brink of a new world; he's going off to where he can better fulfill his artistic nature; he's off to the Continent without a backward glance. (Despite Stephen's puffing about "forging the uncreated conscience of his race" we have been made well aware of how much he despises that race: Stephen plans to be the Deracinated Artist.) And then Ulysses picks up the tale of Stephen Dedalus, who is now back in Ireland. What's he doing here? We thought he had better places to go. What was wrong with that idealized Continent?

Well, there was a war going on there.⁶ From this perspective, the date of Bloomsday, and the date of the *writing* of Bloomsday become very distinct.⁷ Major historical events as well as Joyce's homesickness affected his choice of locale for his grand oeuvres.⁸ Ireland might not seem so bad when viewed from a Europe devastated by World War I. It may well have been that, for James Joyce as well as for Stephen Dedalus, "soulless"

⁶ Though Joyce had been seeing nationalistic fighting all his life, this war was unarguably worse. The decline of Continental civilization may have contributed to this Continental-dweller Joyce's creating of his own portable, flexible, Irish-flavored compendium of transcontinental culture, Finnegans Wake.

⁷. "One of Joyce's motives in writing Ulysses was a desire to preserve some part of himself and the world of his youth, yet he was working in a period of wars and revolutions which pushed the Dublin of 1904 further and further into a naive, doomed past . . . [Joyce embeds] in his text the future events of 1914-1922. The ironies that arise from this tactic help the text transcend its ostensible limited perspective of 1904 and earlier; they allow it to enter into dialogue with what would be otherwise the 'estranging future' of the Great War, the Easter Rising, and related upheavals." Fairhall, 198.

⁸. Ellmann hears the sentimental yearning in Joyce as early as 1906: "Joyce had a special reason for writing the story of "The Dead" in 1906-1907. In his own mind he had thoroughly justified his flight from Ireland, but...in Trieste and Rome he had learned what he had unlearned in Dublin, to be a Dubliner. . . "The Dead" is his first song of exile" (JJ, 253).

Dubliners, faithless Molly still looked better than a bitch gone in the teeth. From his vantage in Trieste Joyce admired Dublin's "ingenious insularity" (JJ, 231). And he could well admire, after 1914, that in Dublin the trains still ran on time. Fairhall observes that in *Ulysses*, "A state-of-the-art electric tram system whisks travelers here and there; newspapers shoot off presses; people talk freely and vividly about sports, politics, the arts, each other. On the whole, the Dublin of *Ulysses*---not only its human citizens, but its animals, machinery, and things --- pulsates with energy."⁹ This town was certainly created with "ingenious insularity" from the paralyzed and confused condition of Europe during the period of *Ulysses*' composition. In *Ulysses*, Dublin's sustaining energy and reassuring stability (accented by coincidences and an anachronistic enduringness of time and space) provide a secure backdrop for Joyce's unsettling experiments with characterization, narrative voice, plot.

Of course, the energy and stability he remembered of Dublin only attracted Joyce from a distance. He had a sentimental conception of the town. What makes Joyce's attitude to the Dublin that he presents in *Ulysses* sentimental is its irrationality. Joyce himself had been well aware of Dublin's shortcomings since early adolescence, and never in his life could he bear to return there for more than a couple of days. That town is not the Dublin of *Ulysses*. *Ulysses*' city is a sentimentalized "gone world"; like Leopold's idea of heaven "it was a Utopia, there being no known method from the known to the unknown" (575). Joyce's need for security ---- and, I suggest, his understanding of his postwar culture's need for security ---

⁹ Fairhall 161. And Ellmann reports that Joyce lectured to the Triestines that "the Irish were 'the most intelligent, most spiritual, and most civilized people in Europe'" (JJ, 259).

allows his sentiment to establish this "Dublin" against history's own unsettling experiments.

No other book has composed so reliable a "place" as the pilgrimage site that *Ulysses* has made of Dublin: it is yearly mapped out by Leopold's walk, its physical coordinates as patently important to its author¹⁰ as to its readers. Dublin is solid, too, in the sense of "reliable." Support beams for its structures, housing for its citizens, are constituted out of comfortably --- and anachronistically --- stable space and time.

1. "Sounds solid:" (31) The destruction and alteration of a large portion of the European landscape during the War had made the stability of physical reality suspect. Contiguous with the tenuousness of location came a scientific theory which proved what everyone was experiencing: Einstein's theory of relativity concerning matter. This had not been developed, of course, in time for Bloomsday. Between 1905 and 1919 Einstein proved mathematically that "material objects . . . could simply disappear."¹¹ Yet Stephen Dedalus (though admittedly a mathematical ignoramus) seems curiously and proleptically afflicted by that theory.¹² On Sandymount strand, Stephen doubts the solidity and persistence of physical reality (his transposition of phrase in "very short space of time through very short times of space" [31] revealing an Einsteinian insecurity about the independent existence of either). However, Stephen's author has him devise an

¹⁰ As manifested in Joyce's years of scrupulous questionings (the "destination which, the place where, the time at which, the duration for which, the object with which," 606) of Dubliners. He intended the composition of *this* place to be as exact as a travelogue.

¹¹ R.J. Unstead, The Twenties, (Macdonald and Company Ltd: London, 1973), 34.

¹² Stephen's "foreknowledge" is as anachronistic as King Hamlet's. As Stephen points out, "The poisoning and the beast with two backs that urged it King Hamlet's ghost could not know of were he not endowed with knowledge by his creator" (162).

experiment which "proves" the theory ridiculous. ("Berkeley, I refute you thus")

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. Basta! I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end. (31)

When Stephen tries to cross the "[l]imits of the diaphane" he realizes he is supported by the pre-Relativity, prewar solid earth. Perhaps not coincidentally, his recognition of that reality is articulated in words taken straight from the Catholic Creed. In "Circe" Stephen draws an explicit connection between the God of Creation and the enduringness of matter: "In the beginning was the word, in the end the world without end" (415). In the end, "world without end" asserts itself against the challenge of the modern Einsteinian universe, so that Stephen finally acknowledges its reliable solidity as "Space: what you damn well have to see" (153).

Stephen's fellow wanderer Leopold Bloom is a very comforting companion for Stephen and for the reader because he never doubts the existence of that physical world. In fact, he is inseparable from it. "That Bloom's interior monologue," as Kenner puts it, "consists so largely of nouns --- that Joyce was able to focus him so completely through a catalogue of urban miscellany --- signalizes his complete, narcotic immersion in his environment."¹³ This immersion may not always be an advantage. Maddox points out how Bloom, when "under the greatest psychological pressure . . . seizes upon a physical detail which will distract his thoughts from that knot of feeling which consists of Rudy, Molly, and Boylan . . . Bloom, then, is

¹³. Kenner, Dublin's Joyce, 170.

not simply attracted to the phenomenal world. At his most painful moments, he is psychologically addicted to it, since it serves as his chief refuge from revolutionizing thought."¹⁴ On the other hand, with reference to Stephen's early-morning doubt, "revolutionizing thought" about the stability of the "phenomenal world" offers few benefits for the ordinary man trying to ground his life in increasingly insubstantial soil. Leopold's unquestioning acceptance of the four dimensions in which he moves could make a more modern man wistful. Pound's narrator can drift through "phantasmagoria" and "the supervening blankness,"¹⁵ Eliot's "Gerontian" narrator can mourn, "I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch," even Stephen Dedalus can fear "his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil" (37), but Leopold Bloom treads securely through a Dublin made fully explainable and reliable by 1904 "Science" which, "it cannot be too often repeated, deals with tangible phenomena" (341).

Dublin and its denizens become for Ulysses' readers tangible phenomena. The strong sense of place offers its modern readers a sense of stability. Bloom's own strong sense of place similarly offers Stephen stability. Though Joyce and Bloom both understand this modern hero to be an "exile," he is an exile very attached to his home ("didnt he kiss our halldoor yes he did" 639) and the Victorian ideals associated with it.¹⁶ That his ideal is imperfect does not invalidate it for Leopold Bloom. "Home" is a refuge, a garden, a concept which opposes those Waste Land images accumulating from the war. (Leopold himself identifies it with a garden, and

14. Maddox, 57-58.

15. "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly."

16. "the homelife to which Mr B attached the utmost importance" (527).

looks forward, in fact, to gardening as a major goal of his life.¹⁷⁾ His home is described through a collection of evidence and trivia (how is the furniture arranged, where does Molly hang clothes to dry, what are the contents of the kitchen cabinet) in just the same "phenomenal" way that Joyce describes the rest of Dublin ("the land of Phenomenon" 323). Joyce makes a "home" out of 7 Eccles Street and out of Dublin by this very phenomenal precision of trivia: he emphasizes in his relentless physicality Ulysses' groundedness in the physical world.

2. "God be with the old times" (220): In Ulysses, Dublin's present age is unfavorably compared with previously edenic times, yet for even its earliest readers it appeared in a sunbeam of nostalgia for the "old times." The book's encyclopedic presentation of trivia and ordinary happenings does not include that single event whose absence makes the trivia appear all the more meaningful. The good news about 1904 was that there was no news. (Joyce spends a chapter describing the office of Dublin's major newspaper where he can report only discussions of the past; the editor Myles Crawford finds "copy" only in Stephen's humorous anecdote of "THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES," [121].) From a post-1914 perspective, the news can only be what is *not* happening. There are no continental-size mistakes nor massacres here. And what bad things do happen are happening elsewhere. An excursion boat may explode in America "all those women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York. Holocaust" (149), but *we* feel smugly safe.

¹⁷ Graves observes that "Gardening . . . had suffered a tremendous set-back since 1916 by the gradual destruction of ornamental shrubs and trees to make room for potatoes and cabbages. The extremely cold winter of 1917-18 had killed many survivors and the lack of fuel for greenhouses had allowed some of the rarer varieties to die out altogether." Graves, The Long Week-End, 14.

Time is a reliable coordinate for Ulysses' Dublin, for one reason, because of the persistence of stabilizing factors from those "old times." Joyce's myth in Ulysses seems to be that of a more faith-filled time (1904): the unhinging of all traditional supports that accelerated during and after World War I had emptied the churches and produced a more secular atmosphere, but religion's security remains for postwar readers of Ulysses.¹⁸ Despite ominous rumblings from the Waste Land, there also are more comforting noises which emanate from the Catholic Church which is an integral part of the landscape of Ulysses. There are no pandybat-brandishing priests in *this* James Joyce novel; merely kindly Father Conmee whose "reign is mild" (184) and "that Father Farley who looked a fool but wasn't" (65). And though Stephen complains about that "crazy queen, old and jealous" (17) the only person she makes crazy is him. Churches are "[j]ammed by the hour" (65) with ordinary citizens happy to be "[s]afe in the arms of kingdom come" (66). Most Dubliners are content with Catholicism's theological and physical bordering of their days and ways. Here is Annie MacCabe with her bottle of "Lourdes water" (119); there is the printer's foreman ignoring Bloom's advertisement as he searches for the archbishop's letter. The men at the funeral piously accept the Church's reassurance of Paddy Dignam's continued existence ("--- *I am the resurrection and the life*. That touches a man's inmost heart" [87]) and demand an even more pious expression of it (" --- The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think? Mr Kernan said with reproof . . . The service of the Irish church used in Mount Jerome is simpler, more

¹⁸ Richard Ellmann argues in "The Two Faces of Edward" that, in fact, the "old times" were pretty faithless too: the teleological security in Ulysses' atmosphere may exist merely in Joyce's imaginative recreation.

"impressive I must say" [87]). More modern listeners can only wonder at an entire society resting in that ultimate security, the immortality of the soul. Even an "unbeliever" like Bloom¹⁹ has to admire the reliability of the organization that propounds that foundation: "Wonderful organization certainly, goes like clockwork" (67-68). Its clockwork ticks in Stephen's helpless mind too: the ongoing Catholic commentary that invades and punctuates his musings underlines the inescapability of the Church's presence.²⁰ And the ironic commentary superimposed on this Catholic environment by *Ulysses*' narrator only underscores the impassable gulf between that narrator and the "gone world" that is its subject. Irony and parody depend on pre-existing non-parodic concepts to achieve their effects.

Ulysses' perspective on 1904 is not 1904's: its storyteller can festoon his tale with Catholicism without making religion overtly effective. Critics have widely varying opinions on how much faith James Joyce placed in faith. But we cannot deny his presentation in *Ulysses* of a comforting ecclesiastical structure surrounding and invading his characters' consciousness. That structure invades the consciousness of the narrator as well through the nearly oppressive presence of the Catholic imagery it is only partially able to mock.

"The hypothesis of a plasmic memory . . ." (336) "Time" also becomes a reliable coordinate for *Ulysses*' reader because of the human faculty that experiences it. Memory means a great deal to *Ulysses*' characters. Stephen understands that memory is the force that holds him

¹⁹ Who, with his meditations on metempsychosis, is able to substitute a secular immortality.

²⁰ "It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That's saint Augustine" (117).

together before all frightening forces of change. He reflects that though "[m]olecules all change . . . I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms" (156). Shakespeare, Stephen theorizes, was also dominated by memory: "That is why the speech . . . is always turned elsewhere, backward" (162). Leopold Bloom too is a creature of memory, and spends a good portion of Bloomsday recalling past events, especially happy ones such as his wooing of Molly. An ordinary glass of wine "[s]eems to a secret touch telling me memory" (144); both of his children have their existence in *Ulysses* only in his memory. Molly begins and ends her monologue by searching her memory, and in her famous erotic apotheosis on the final pages of *Ulysses* she defines herself through memory as a woman who has been loved. Her imaginative understanding of her past overrides who she is now: a woman who has been untouched by any man for ten years.

Cultural memory is present in *Ulysses*, of course, in the form of Stephen Dedalus and the various narrators' historical and literary allusions. Thus as memory infuses *Ulysses* with the highlights of western civilization, it closes that "yawning rift in cultural continuity" that lay between the date of Bloomsday and the date of *Ulysses*' publication. *Ulysses*' "mythic parallelism and general allusiveness" as Dennis Brown points out, make it "inclusive, beyond its hero's experience or consciousness, of what Eliot called the 'mind of Europe' --- from contemporary speculation back to the theological debates of the Christian fathers and, beneath, to Greek myth and Hebrew scripture."²¹ *Ulysses*' author, like the authors of "The Waste Land"

²¹. Dennis Brown, 92-93. And, as Anne Wright points out, the mythic method "aims, in effect, to dehistoricise crisis." Wright, 198.

and the Cantos, insists on his readers' possession of some individualized version of a cultural memory to read his works.

The reader's faculty of memory is engaged in providing another type of stability. Our memory must stabilize this amorphous and complex book. Malamud points out that though the story is told through fragments,

obvious gaps and misconnections, Joyce's language -- though composed of the same kinds of disjointed narrative sequences -- blends these into the finished product with no indication that the reader is supposed to be alarmed or confused by that which is not there. The reader is merely meant to accept what is there as the whole, or to expect that what is missing from one fragmentary relation of a scene will recur later to fill in the gaps.²²

More so with Ulysses than with any other book, perhaps, we must wait until the end of the book for the ever-elusive fulfillment of our desire for completion. And it is only *after* we have completed Ulysses that we can turn to that remembered conception of the book, rearranging clues and allusions and explanations, connecting causes and effects, uniting fragmented perspectives, interpreting literary parallels. Only then does the "plot" regain importance in relation to the sophisticated narrative style. As in the experience of reading a detective novel, understanding comes when the novel is re-formed in the readers' memory and imagination. The stability of time and place provided in Ulysses is thus essentially reliant on the faculty of memory.

C. Absurdity

The sense of stability offered by Ulysses' text is, curiously, increased by a modernist absurdity. Absurdity is not, of course, a stabilizing

²². Malamud, 152.

characteristic in itself. But it was certainly there for Joyce to work with. Absurdity was a prevailing attitude in the years immediately after the war. Those who had lived through the war blamed it for that absurd mood. World War I had been absurd; as Hoffmann describes it, it was unreasonable because it was "not properly 'motivated,'" could not "be understood in terms of any ordinary system of motivation" and demanded "a new type of moral improvisation."²³ Schneidau observes that in 1918,

no one could authoritatively assign a cause to the war or even say what had been won and lost--except a generation of young men. For what did these millions die? Since its "causes" were so out of proportion to the results, logical thought itself seemed discredited; the eruption of Dadaism was as inevitable as that of Bolshevism (both from Zurich, from whence one could sit back and contemplate the madness or write *Ulysses*). Joyce did both. Because there was no obvious reason, seekers had to go beyond reason.²⁴

The Modernists writing before the war had already been tending in the direction of "beyond reason." In this they had opposed and shocked ordinary readers. But after the war, the Modernist and Dadaist artists practically heeded a cultural imperative to go "beyond reason." "Contrary to general belief," Max Ernst explained, "Dada did not want to shock the bourgeois. They were already shocked enough. No, Dada was a rebellious upsurge of vital energy and rage; it resulted from the absurdity, the whole immense *Schweinerei* of that imbecilic war. We young people came back from the war in a state of dissatisfaction, and our rage had to find expression somehow or another. This it did quite naturally through attacks on the foundations of the civilization responsible for the war."²⁵ Joyce's *Ulysses* may have similar roots; it can certainly be read as "a rebellious upsurge of

23. Hoffmann, 97.

24. Schneidau, 245.

25. Richard Cork, A Bitter Truth: Avant-Garde Art and the Great War (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1994), 243.

vital energy and rage" (though it has been a subject of much debate whether Joyce truly attacked "the foundations of the civilization responsible for the war"). It is beyond debate that *Ulysses* was moved by a similarly absurdist tendency. In relation to the book's coincidences and its sense of hope, absurdity offers empowerment.

Coincidence

Underlying the prewar sense of security that comforts the reader is a web of connections and correspondences and recurrences that make the book's universe seem medievally reassuring. Its characters may occasionally feel lonely, but never do its readers, who are offered participation in an almost cozy community. The HELY'S sandwichmen keep wending their way through the book, and the streetwalker keeps showing up all the way to "Eumeus." "Here's this nobleman passed before" (307), Bloom observes. Everyone in town seems to know the man who died and the woman who gives birth; everyone has met Molly Bloom at some point, everyone has been lent money by Reuben J. Dodd ("--- Well, nearly all of us" [78]), everyone knows all the songs sung in Dublin's pubs. Everyone runs into Charles Parnell's brother. "There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face. Now that's a coincidence" (135), Bloom thinks. Our hero Bloom, especially, keeps seeing the same folks over and over again: A. E., for example ("Now that's really a coincidence" [135]), and even Blazes Boylan --- "He eyed and saw afar on essex bridge a gay hat riding on a jaunting car. It is. Again. Third time. Coincidence" (217). Leopold is also struck by the coincidence of external reality and internal desire, as he hears a song in the Ormond Bar: "Martha it is. Coincidence. Just going to write" (226). As he sits in his kitchen at the end of

Bloomsday, Leopold puzzles over "[r]eminiscences of coincidences, truth stranger than fiction" (552).

Truly, all these coincidences defy reason (How many times could one fairly expect Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus to skirt each other in this sprawling metropolitan setting?) And the megarecurrence of every character and every theme in Ulysses in that circus of unreason that is "Circe" dramatizes the book's emphasis on "coincidence" instead of probability, logic, and causality.

Irrational as it is, Ulysses' tight web of coincidences offers security for the reader: we feel a thrill of recognition when something appears again and again. Like the experience of an infant who is learning to trust that his parent will come back, we learn through recurrence of elements in Ulysses that the world is reliable. The eerie stasis in the novel also lends a feeling of security. Edwin Muir points out that "There is something humorous, something giving a sense of security, in the very slowing down of time, as may be seen in Tristam Shandy, Ulysses, and the slow-motion picture."²⁶

Hope

"*In the midst of death we are in life.*" (89)

Besides the stability offered by Ulysses' foundations of time, space, and coincidence, there is a vaguer, deeper sense of hope. Joyce's characters are thwarted by their environment, but still they can be defined by their dreams and their hopes. It is true that their hopes are sometimes irrational: Stephen may never randomly open a book to find "the word known to all men," Molly may never have a man embrace her "20 times a day almost" (639), Leopold may never find the "long long rest" (65) to relieve his lonely

26. Muir, 81.

wandering. And the value of any hope is interrogated by the sardonic narrator's more modern suspicion that nothing is reliable or valuable or true. Is anything worth hoping for? What are the chances that the object of desire can be achieved? Hope, in this postwar novel, requires an absurdist transfiguration.

Yet Joyce himself encouraged us to look for hope. He insisted that "The book must end with yes. It must end with the most positive word in the English language" (*JJ*, 536). A positive word is what his characters are also all hoping for, looking for a "--- . . . ray of hope" (226) shining through the postwar bitterness. The folks in *this Waste Land* are not despairing. Despite all the facts, against all evidence, they continue to hope. Dubliners are still hoping for a savior; (though it's "highly unlikely of course there was even a shadow of truth in the stones" [530]) they believe Parnell will come again. An image Joyce often uses to describe their state of expectation is that of John the Baptist, who in a land of spiritual drought preached the unlikely event of a great birth. Dublin, a land of at least physical drought, is wandered by characters looking for a birth --- J.J. O'Malley spells out this expectation: "every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah" (277). In fact, the one place almost all the male characters in Ulysses gather is in the maternity hospital. Mulligan, as usual, restates a conventional theme of the book in a sardonic way: "I have an unborn child in my brain . . . Let me parturiate" (171). Stephen describes the birth of ideas as "epiphanies" --- the showing forth of a newborn child. Leopold Bloom's epiphany was frustrated with baby Rudy's death at eleven days (Jesus' epiphany took place when he was twelve days old) and now his relationship with Molly is marked by the nervous consciousness that another

birth is a real possibility. Molly's vociferous complaints ("wouldnt that afflict you . . . isnt it simply sickening . . . damn it damn it . . . O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh . . . damn this stinking thing . . . God help us" [632-635]) about the onset of her menstrual period suggest that, at least subconsciously, she too awaits another birth: "supposing I risked having another . . . yes thatd be awfully jolly" (611). Leopold himself considers the only sensible reason for staying with Molly to be the birth of another child:

What considerations rendered departure not irrational?

The parties concerned, uniting, had increased and multiplied, which being done, offspring produced and educed to maturity, the parties, if not disunited were obliged to reunite for increase and multiplication, which was absurd . . . (597).

Absurdity, however, is a property familiar to Ulysses' world; it does not negate possibility. Logical Leopold himself has an epiphany of absurd potentiality at the end of his last chapter: the last thing he sees is an egg, symbol of the hope of birth. "Where?" (607) the narrator asks, is this egg? The answer in the text is a large dot, a period --- symbolizing Molly and her own menstrual period, another sign of hope, of potential birth.

It becomes clear that hope is what allows the Waste Land in Ulysses to remain external, *not* mental. Salvation figures, which represent this hope, exist in the book and in the characters' psyches: Christ, Moses, Parnell, Robert Emmet and the "croppy boy," Biblical prophets, even John Alexander Dowie. Though most of these salvation figures are all-too-human, their very humanity is what allows them to participate in the begrimed everyday world of Ulysses. Conversely, slightly shabby characters such as Stephen and Leopold are elevated by their hopes. Even

the (begrimed, too) embittered Stephen is still hoping; somehow despite his gloom he is yet constant in hope, unchanged from his youthful promise at the end of Portrait: he is still heading out of the text to seek his future, he is still "the predestination of a future" (565). And the earthbound Leopold Bloom, the character most afraid to hope, yet carries around an Agendath tract all day, his fantasy's ticket to paradise.

Ulysses' characters may have unlikely hopes of birth or rebirth, but Joyce does not mock them as deluded dreamers. Even considered with the most sardonic interpretation, Ulysses does offer *some* hope. Leopold does come safely home, and he manages to save Stephen from violence and a night in jail; Stephen himself is better off at the end of the book than he ought to expect, and he is offered the future security of Leopold's continuing care. Molly will bring Leopold those portentous eggs for breakfast and suggest "about yes O wait now sonny my turn is coming Ill be quite gay and friendly about it" (642). With Molly's invitation Leopold may dare to hope, rejoining this waiting Penelope in the marriage bed.

As readers, we may dare to hope too. A book so dominated by absurdity and coincidence, so stabilized by prewar permanence of time and space, offers more hope than the ironic narrator of Ulysses himself might calculate. What will happen after Bloomsday? Perhaps good things for Ulysses' characters. Perhaps good things for us too, if we define our own world as moved by the same absurdly reassuring forces as in Joyce's. Subversive elements in Ulysses, elements which find voice in a counterpoint of confidence, suggest that the Waste Land may be replanted, if only in the minds of Ulysses' readers.

CONCLUSION

pro domo, in any case . . .

(Ezra Pound, "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly")

Stephen Dedalus had heard "the ruin of all space . . . and time one livid final flame" (20). I have interpreted what Stephen heard as one of the echoes of World War I. Other echoes of the war I have pointed as well: World War I, I have argued, echoes throughout *Ulysses*, resounding in Joyce's creation of the modern, pacifist heroes, resounding through the Waste Land as it appears throughout the text, resounding in the anti-rhetoric and irony of *Ulysses*' narrator, and echoing through the book's plot and perspective. The various echoes of World War I are, in fact, resonant enough to compose an ironic sort of New World overture: theme music announcing the new civilization that defined itself as the aftermath of the war. Its sadness as well as its irony attests to the period of *Ulysses*' composition.

But echoes and articulations of wartime angst are not all Joyce has to offer his readers. As Leopold observes in "Sirens," "That voice was a lamentation. . . . It's in the silence after you feel you hear" (228). And in the "silence after" the "lamentation" after the echoes of war, "you feel you hear" Joyce's unique consolation for the period's existential crisis. He whispers of absurd hope. He murmurs of comforting coincidence. He confides the location of an anachronistically stable place with anachronistically stable values. "God be with the old times" (220), Simon Dedalus mourns, but the reader of *Ulysses* need not mourn. The "old times'" (perhaps only retrospective) sense of security is reconstituted here.

It is vital to our understanding of Ulysses' historic presence that we recognize that Joyce reconstitutes security exclusively for the dislocated modern reader. Who else would have needed it? Probably not even an audience contemporary with Bloomsday. Thus, the stabilizing coordinates offered by Ulysses are as much a mark of the text's modernity as its revolutionary style, ironic tone, mocking perspective. At the same time, the interaction between the text's "prewar" security and its postwar irony establish it as a liminal work. Through this interaction Ulysses reveals its birthplace on the cusp of modernism.

We can apply to its entire narrative what Robert Bell writes about Buck Mulligan: "split between innocence and malice, he alternates cold blasts of irony with warm gushes of sentiment."¹ (Ulysses' sentiment, of course, takes form in its "recreation" of Dublin.) There is a palpable tension between the two modes that keeps the book humming. We are sustained by the author's tension: "His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor in him shall suffer" (174). Joyce resolves with Kierkegaardian gesture that the moor will *not* suffer: against his own intellectual knowledge, he undercuts cynicism with anachronistic security. He mocks, then he mocks the mocking.² "Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself" (14).

Contradiction is the raison d'etre of Joycean security. The world-weary knowing voice of Ulysses' narrator which cannot be defeated in any logical encounter is defeated here by sheer force of desire. Joyce's near-

¹. Bell, 2.

². James Maddox suggests that "Anyone familiar with Joyce's methods in Ulysses---and the sensibility displayed in all of Joyce's work---comes to suspect that the statements of value closest to Joyce's own are the statements most crowded out by irony." James Maddox, 87.

contemporaries Nietzsche and Kierkegaard would find their "will to power" and "leap of faith" put to creative use in Ulysses. The conscious and sentimental creation of Ulysses' Dublin asserts itself in pure opposition, transforming through willed emotion, sustaining hope and love beyond all reason. In this way Joyce testifies against his better knowledge. "After such knowledge," no logic will serve; the power of what is wished, what is hoped-for, is demonstrated able to hold its own against the Waste Land of postwar knowledge.

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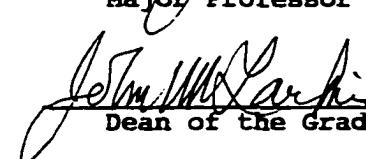
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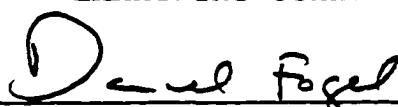
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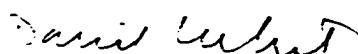

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