The ninth chapter has been called “the subtlest and hardest to epitomize of all of the eighteen episodes of Ulysses”; it is also one of the most important. The chapter has three major elements. The most prominent by far is Stephen’s involved forensic speech; it has prompted a great deal of critical discussion of the relationship of Shakespeare to Ulysses, but is primarily a narrative device. Then, Bloom appears twice, the second time to cross Stephen’s path; but clearly Stephen is the “Ulysses” of the chapter, and what Bloom is seems less clear. Finally, according to Joyce’s schema, the chapter is analogous to the adventure in Book XII of the Odyssey of the monster on the rock (Scylla) and the consuming whirlpool (Charybdis); but setting aside its possible function, prodigious searching for the very details of the correspondence has had small results.

The scene of the chapter is the National Library in Dublin. The action is dominated by Stephen’s exposition of his theory about the place of Shakespeare the man in Hamlet and the other works, and by the comments of Stephen’s auditors. Before the speech has really gotten under way, the most distinguished of them, George Russell—the poet A.E., who was one of the leaders of the national
literary revival in Ireland—leaves. Stephen has come to the library from drinking with the "Aeolists" in order to give A.E. the second copy of Mr. Deasy's letter for the *Irish Homestead*, of which he is an editor. But Stephen stays on. When he has delivered his first climactic paragraph, Mulligan enters; and there is what Stephen thinks of as an "entr'acte" of clowning by the new arrival. Although Mulligan has received Stephen's telegraphed message that he would not meet Mulligan and Haines at "The Ship," as they had agreed in the morning, and buy drinks for them, Stephen leaves the library with Mulligan when he has completed his exposition. As they reach the entrance, Bloom walks between and past them.

The nature and function of the Homeric parallel are more easily determined than either the nature and function of Stephen's speech about Shakespeare or Bloom's role in the chapter.

The chapter is begun characteristically by "the Quaker librarian," Thomas W. Lyster, director of the National Library in 1904, presented as a platitudinous moderator, ridiculously dogged in his courteous service and pacifying zeal:

**URBANE, TO COMFORT THEM, THE QUAKER LIBRARIAN PURRED:**

—And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*? A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life. (182)

Stephen has been talking about *Hamlet*. Mr. (W.K.) Magee, the Irish writer and editor known as "John Eglinton," mentions tauntingly a plan Stephen had for rewriting *Paradise Lost* with the help of six "medicals" from a Blakeian, anti-Jahwistic viewpoint—as *The Sorrows of Satan*—and says, "I feel you would need one more for *Hamlet*. Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W.B. calls them" (182). Having twitted Stephen and cited Yeats, he "sought the face, bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holyeyed" of A. E.; Stephen thinks:
He holds my follies hostage. . . . Gap-toothed Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house. And one more to hail him: \textit{ave, rabbi}. . . . My soul's youth I gave him. . . . Mulligan has my telegram. (182-83)

Stephen, too, had once been a disciple of the theosophist high priest. Now he thinks of him (in terms of Yeats' play \textit{The Countess Cathleen}) as the emissary of the devil after the soul of (wanton) Ireland. And he associates the A.E. he rejected with the now-rejected Mulligan. The nature of their relationship to Stephen, and to each other, is defined by the Homeric correspondence.

With respect to the simple creation of that correspondence, it is difficult to understand how Joyce's explicit identification of A.E. with Charybdis has been overlooked. A.E. sits in the background, in shadow. When he attacks (with justice) Stephen's biographical approach to Shakespeare's work and turns for agreement to the fifth member of the group, Richard I. Best, like Eglinton an assistant of Lyster's (in 1924 he became a successor), Stephen thinks of the effect A.E. has on Ireland's young intellectuals in terms of a passage from the poet's play \textit{Deirdre}:

\begin{quote}
Flow over them with your waves and with your waters,
\textit{Mananaan},
\textit{Mananaan MacLir} (187)
\end{quote}

—as the sea-god, engulfing them in his swirling water. Finally, when the Hermetic high priest discloses that he may be unable to attend a literary soirée at (George) Moore's house that night because "We have our meeting," Stephen again thinks of his religious activity, this time in terms that establish beyond a doubt the connection between A.E. and the whirlpool in the \textit{Odyssey}:

souls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecrees, whirled, whirling, they bewail. (189)

In direct opposition to A.E. as he is pictured here is the flippant blaspheming high priest of science (materialism), who in the first chapter suggested that he and Stephen "work together" to "Hellenise" Ireland, and whom Stephen, so self-consciously the poet, identified as the "usurper," the old milk-woman's "medicineman: me she slight's" (16). Mulligan's second appearance in *Ulysses* reveals no change in Stephen's attitude. A.E. has left, and Stephen has just made a cryptic identification of Shakespeare with King Hamlet and his canon with the prince:

—Amen! responded from the doorway.
Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?
*Entr'acte.* (195)

Although A.E. and Mulligan are both Stephen's enemies, they are not enemies of a similar kind. Mulligan's witty but terribly sincere materialism was amply disclosed in the first chapter, and the ethereal solipsism of A.E.'s religion is treated in this; but there is another respect in which they are opposed: the attitude of each toward the Irish literary revival. A.E. is one of its leaders. Most of Mulligan's speeches in the chapter are concerned with ridiculing one or another of its aspects. On page 195 he finally succeeds in identifying Shakespeare ("The chap that writes like Synge"). To this criticism of the group's hyperbolic self-praise he adds a parody of their "folk idiom" (197) and a mocking use of Gaelic (203). He has a short exchange with Stephen:

—The tramper Synge is looking for you, he said, to murder you. He heard you pissed on his halldoor. . . .
—Me! Stephen exclaimed. That was your contribution to literature. (197)

Leaving the library with Stephen, he mocks the Abbey Theatre (213) and, on the same page, Lady Gregory's "drivel" and Yeats' extravagant praise of it.
As the antipode to the “engulfer,” Mulligan is analogous to Scylla, the monster on the rock, and the first fruit of the Homeric analogue is immediately apparent. In describing Scylla and Charybdis to Odysseus, Circe says:

Never mayest thou be there when she [Charybdis] sucks the water, for none might save thee then from any bane, not even the Earth-shaker! But take heed and swiftly drawing nigh to Scylla’s rock drive the ship past, since of a truth it is far better to mourn six of thy company in the ship, then all in the selfsame hour.²

The reason for Stephen’s past association with Mulligan the monster (philosopher of “beastliness”) and Mulligan’s fellow medical students is that their materialism and mockery protected him from the literary parochialism and religious extravagance of the sole artistic group in Ireland at the time. In consorting with the devil he has been paying a price, but he has escaped the deep sea.

For a long time the Homeric correspondence has been seen as representing an opposition of Plato and Aristotle; in fact it represents, in Mulligan the monster on the rock of materialism and A.E. the whirlpool of mysticism, the two extremes of the Platonic scale in human conduct: the denial of spirit and the denial of matter. Nevertheless, Plato and Aristotle are opposed in the chapter, and meaningfully so.

The one time the clear-witted Eglinton loses his temper in the whole chapter is when Stephen says that Aristotle “would find Hamlet’s musings about the afterlife of his princely soul . . . as shallow as Plato’s” (184). Eglinton ignores the slight to the most famous soliloquy in all Shakespeare:

—Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato.
—Which of the two, Stephen asked, would have banished me from his commonwealth? (184)

The retort is ironic, for Eglinton’s group both consciously identifies itself with Plato and has excluded Stephen, as Plato would exclude the free poet from his ideal society.
Stephen just as consciously sees himself as Aristotelian. Following his retort, he tells himself, “Unsheathe your dagger definitions. Horseness is the whatness of allhorse.” He mocks their theosophy: “Streams of tendency and eons they worship.” (The word “eons” is also a pun on the original form of Russell’s pen-name: Αeon.) A few pages further on, he meditates on the existence of his soul in terms of Aristotle’s About the Soul (187). And later in the chapter he conducts privately what he calls “Aristotle’s experiment” (190).

This loose identification of Stephen’s point of view and that of A.E.’s group as Aristotelian and Platonic respectively is part of the chapter’s portrayal of Stephen-Odysseus as trying to navigate a safe course between the two extremes of that group’s “whirlpool” and the “beastliness” of Mulligan and his “medicals.” It brings into the general symbolic situation represented in the Homeric correspondence, the question which Stephen debates with himself again and again throughout the book; indeed, the existence of the soul, which Mulligan categorically denies and A.E. categorically assumes, is for Stephen on Bloomsday the fundamental point of opposition between the two.

In this chapter Stephen’s debate with himself is disguised by comic punning. It is “Aristotelian,” an exercise in reliance on experience and reason in order to steer a mean course between opposite excesses. He remembers that he owes A.E. a pound. Reluctant to pay it, he is not sorry to think:

Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other now. Other I got pound.

To the materialistic assumption he opposes, not the Platonic one, but Aristotle’s concept:

But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms.

This he tests by recalling snatches of experience from youth and childhood:
I that sinned and prayed and fasted.  
A child Conmee saved from pandies.

Then, by means of what must be called punctuational symbolism, he poses the two alternatives:

I, I and I.  I.

Because of the fact of memory, pointed out by Aristotle, he comes (temporarily) to the rational conclusion that the soul exists, that man is more than mere changing molecules, for his next and final thought, also in capital letters, is a catalogue of the vowels:

A.E.I.O.U. (187)

By invoking Odysseus’ experience of Scylla and Charybdis, the ninth chapter represents in Ulysses the same two extremes of attitude between which Stephen had alternated so violently and with such futility as a boy in the Portrait. His debate about the soul will go on, but just as he has grown painfully beyond his self-delusions, he has grown wisely beyond his alternating commitments to the bestial and the ethereal in the world; and those antitheses are shown to have caught, together, so many of his contemporaries. His problems are much more serious now than they were in his younger days, but the contrast Joyce insists on in this respect, from both his former self and the young Dublin intellectuals around him, does him credit.

The representation of the social and intellectual situation Stephen is in, and his “Aristotelian” sagacity in dealing with it, are almost obscured in the chapter by his talk on Shakespeare. This has not progressed far when Mulligan enters the librarian’s office and by completing the Homeric analogue defines Stephen’s relationship to his auditors. Stephen is speaking to men hostile, not only to his argument, but to himself. And he is, if possible, more hostile to them.

After Mulligan has clowned for four pages, Bloom’s search for the Keyes advertisement he must copy brings
him to the office door, prompting a sample of Mulligan's uncomplicated anti-Semitism and the remark to Stephen, "He knows you. He knows your old fellow." With this, the "entr'acte" comes to an end, for Stephen's effort has had some effect at least.

—We want to hear more, John Eglinton decided with Mr Best's approval. We begin to be interested in Mrs S.

And his theory of Shakespeare's place in his works is an ingenious one. However, it is not a set piece, but another element in the action of the novel, and for this reason its complex argument must be examined carefully.

Stephen opposes the view, common to his audience and apparently popular at the time, that Hamlet is a self-portrait of Shakespeare. The chapter begins during one of the many interruptions he is to endure; when he resumes (and the reader is introduced to) his argument, it is in a paragraph which begins with the question, "What is a ghost?" and ends with the question, "Who is king Hamlet?" The paragraph explicitly answers the first question: a ghost is "One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence. . . ." And it implies the answer to the second: the dead King Hamlet is Shakespeare.

Describing the premiere of Hamlet, with Shakespeare playing the king and Richard Burbage the prince, Stephen expands his argument:

—Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words to his own son's name (had Hamnet Shakespeare lived he would have been prince Hamlet's twin) . . . did not draw . . . the logical conclusion of those premises: you are the dispossessed son: I am the murdered father: your mother is the guilty queen, Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway? (186-87)

Stephen's argument that Shakespeare charged his wife with adultery in the situation in Hamlet arouses A.E.'s protest that he is "prying," and Eglinton's more substantial obser-
vation that Shakespeare's marriage was merely a youthful, ultimately unimportant, mistake. But the charge of adultery is only part of Stephen's point. Not only had Shakespeare been ultimately betrayed by his wife, but he was seduced and overborne by her, an older woman, to begin with. In direct answer to Eglinton, Stephen argues that she must have been beautiful, and says:

He chose badly? He was chosen, it seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twenty-six. (189)

This brief passage is a good example of the way in which Stephen has saturated his exposition with references to Shakespeare's works, factual and apocryphal material relating to Shakespeare and Elizabethan England, and the English idiom of the time. The pun on Ann Hathaway's name is also a parody of the first verse of sonnet 135: "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will." The next sentence is a line from one of Ophelia's mad songs (Hamlet, IV, v), with the sex of the pronoun changed. Stephen's whole assertion relies heavily on the evidence of Ann Hathaway's age provided by her tombstone, and on parish records of their marriage and the baptism of their first child five months later.

After an interruption caused by the departure of A.E., Eglinton warns Stephen that "if you want to shake my belief that Shakespeare is Hamlet you have a stern task before you" (192), and Stephen says that the other plays present the same situation—the "unquiet father," the betrayed husband. Against the retort that the late plays "breathe another spirit," "the spirit of reconciliation," he has a brilliant rhetorical defense:

—There can be no reconciliation, Stephen said, if there has not been a sundering. (192)

He goes on to say "look to see when and how the shadow lifts," and to talk of the lovely daughters of the protagonists (all analogous to King Hamlet in age and rank) of Pericles,
*The Winter’s Tale*, and *The Tempest*. In the late plays Shakespeare did become reconciled, he says, but to his grandchild, who was at the same time a replica of the still-faithful wife he had loved when young and “His own image” (193).

At this point the librarian breaks in with some relevant bibliography. His chief subject is Frank Harris, who published a series of articles in 1898 (and a book in 1909) devoted to biographical reconstruction from Shakespeare’s writings. (Joyce is being unkind to Lyster, for Harris’ work is very shabby in most respects.) Harris, Lyster says, “draws for us an unhappy relation with the dark lady of the sonnets.” The Quaker peacemaker is trying to compromise the issue between Stephen and the others by suggesting that Shakespeare did write of a betrayer, who, however, was not his dear wife but the court lady, Mary Fitton, whom Harris and others had identified as “the dark lady.” Harris had written:

> What binds the two series [the sonnets to “W. H.” and those to “the dark lady”] together is the story told in both . . . that Shakespeare first sent his friend [William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke] to the lady, most probably to plead his cause, and that she wooed his friend and gave herself to him.  

But all Lyster does is provide grist for Stephen’s mill:

> —That may be too, Stephen said. . . . Why does he send to one who is a *buonaroba*, a bay where all men ride, a maid of honour with a scandalous girlhood, a lordling to woo for him? . . . Why? Belief in himself has been untimely killed. (194)

Developing this new aspect of his argument, Stephen speaks of the “goad” (a sort of psychological emasculation—“the tusk of the boar of *Venus and Adonis* has wounded him there where love lies ableeding”) that resulted from Ann’s seduction and subsequent betrayal of Shakespeare and that caused his passion for the dark lady, regarding which passion “A like fate awaits him and the two rages commingle in a whirlpool” (194).
The next paragraph follows logically this consummate depiction of Shakespeare’s intense suffering and its causes (which is so reminiscent of the preceding chapter). Saying that “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” (194), Stephen discusses Shakespeare the creator figuratively, with his creature King Hamlet as the vehicle, and comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare had devoted all his work to erasing that suffering (“the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself”), but had failed and had returned to Stratford to die, “an old dog licking an old sore.” The works remain “because loss is his gain” (earlier, Stephen had said regarding Shakespeare’s marriage, “A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery”); but as for their creator, “he passes on towards eternity . . . untaught by the wisdom he has written. . . . He is a ghost, a shadow now . . . a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father” (194)—in the “heart” of the works, the Shakespeare canon, child of the poet’s oppressed spirit.

The “—Amen!” with which Mulligan announces his presence occurs at this point. Presumably he has refrained from interrupting Stephen’s eloquent termination of one phase of his argument. When Eglinton admits that Stephen’s attempt to “shake [his] belief that Shakespeare is Hamlet” has at least disturbed it by asking Stephen to fill out the details of his thesis, the “Entr’acte” caused by the new arrival ends, and Stephen moves toward completing his description of the conditions motivating Shakespeare’s works.

Backtracking slightly, he discusses Shakespeare’s “rich” life and “scortatory love,” asks rhetorically what “poor Penelope in Stratford” was doing “those twenty years,” and probes the second betrayal of the poet, brought up by the librarian: “the court wanton spurned him for . . . his dearmylove” (199). Eglinton pointedly refuses to recognize the allegation of homosexuality, probably intended in part for his and Best’s discomfiture; but it is an aside, and is relinquished without a struggle, for Stephen is more concerned with an important new element in his thesis:
But she, the giglot wanton ["the court wanton"] did not break a bedvow. Two deeds are rank in that ghost's mind: a broken vow and the dullbrained yokel on whom her favour has declined, deceased husband's brother. (200)

At this point Stephen identifies Ann's lover in terms of the situation in *Hamlet* in order to provide another reason for Shakespeare's hatred of her. He charges that the burden of proof is with those who would deny that King Hamlet's denunciation of his widow is addressed to Ann. He offers as his chief support Shakespeare's will. When Eglinton objects, Stephen describes Shakespeare's "sense of property" and opportunism. Following the paragraph, he tells himself, "I think you're getting on very nicely," and indeed his rhetoric is beautiful and seductive. Ironically however, at this point Eglinton challenges the powers of the speaker. Probably because of Stephen's likening of Shakespeare to Shylock, he "dares" Stephen:

—Prove that he was a jew. . . . (202)

With the aid of Aquinas on incest ("Saint Thomas . . . likens it . . . to an avarice of the emotions"), a paraphrase of the commandment against covetousness, and a subtle *non sequitur*, he meets the challenge. And Eglinton takes refuge in a categorical refusal to entertain his theory, expressing agreement with A.E.'s criticism of it as "prying": "I feel that Russell is right. What do we care for his wife and father" (204).

Eglinton's casual reference to Shakespeare's father has a dramatic effect on Stephen. First he thinks of Eglinton as denying his father—envisages the elder Magee, "a rugged rough rugheaded kern," visiting his son. Then he thinks of his own father on his return from Paris to his mother's death bed. When he speaks, it is to dismiss Shakespeare's father absolutely. It is Shakespeare who is King Hamlet the father:

If you hold that he, a greying man with two marriageable daughters . . . is the beardless undergraduate from
Wittenberg then you must hold that his seventy year old mother is the lustful queen. No. The corpse of John Shakespeare does not walk the night. . . . He rests, disarmed of fatherhood, having devised that mystical state upon his son. (204)

And he does not stop there, but launches into a discussion of fatherhood that has slight relevance if any to his observations on Shakespeare. He repeats an idea he had in the schoolroom, "Amor matris, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life." And he balances against this, assertions that "Paternity may be a legal fiction," that the annals of sexual crime "stained with all other incests and bestialities" hardly record a breach of the "sundering" of father and son, that "The son unborn mars beauty: born he brings pain, divides affection, increases care" (205).

At length, he relates his digression to Shakespeare—gives his final demonstration of the identity of Shakespeare and King Hamlet's ghost, probably the proof "by algebra" that Mulligan spoke of in the first chapter when he told Haines of Stephen's theory. However, he utilizes in it the Sabellian heresy concerning the relationship of the Father and the Son, which he had found so attractive in that chapter:

—Sabellius . . . subtlest heresiarch . . . held that the Father was Himself His Own Son. The bulldog of Aquin . . . refutes him. Well: if the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a father be a son? (205)

Stephen asks how, if Aquinas is right and fatherhood cannot exist without the existence of a (discrete) son, sonhood can exist without a (living) father. And John Shakespeare was dead at the time of the composition of Hamlet. On the other hand, if Aquinas is wrong and Sabellius right, then Shakespeare can be father and son both, whether John Shakespeare be alive or not.

With this Stephen has finished discussing the identity of Shakespeare and King Hamlet and the treatment of the poet by his wife. When he speaks next, it is to explore the
path only pointed out when he resumed his discourse following the "Entr'acte," with the reference he made to "the dullbrained yokel on whom [Gertrude-Ann's] favour has declined, deceased husband's brother":

—As for his family, Stephen said, his mother's name lives in the forest of Arden... Hamlet, the black prince, is Hamnet Shakespeare... But there is another member of his family who is recorded.
—The plot thickens, John Eglinton said. (206)

Eglinton has perceived the introduction to the new phase of Stephen's argument. Stephen's identification of Ann's lovers as Shakespeare's brothers Richard and Edmund ("The playhouse sausage filled Gilbert's soul. He is nowhere"), this final flagrant wrenching of Shakespeare's biography, is possible only because of what has gone before. The assertion of Ann's adultery and that of Shakespeare's identification of himself with the ghost have been carefully presented. Stephen is now asserting that the analogy with his own situation which Shakespeare created in Hamlet extends to Claudius. And not until Stephen has accommodated Claudius does he seem able to conclude what he has to say about Shakespeare. It is almost as though the first part of the speech was a prelude to this new development.

Anticipating the significance Stephen is to place on the names "Richard" and "Edmund," Eglinton questions the importance of characters' names and then calls Stephen's name "strange enough." The casual remark causes Stephen to castigate himself for the failure of his "flight" to Paris. He calls himself "Icarus" and "lapwing," the bird whose erratic flight is so contrasted to that of the "Fabulous artificer, the hawklike man" his name suggests and which for the Elizabethans was the type of precociousness. (In Hamlet, Horatio calls Osric the fop a lapwing when Osric runs off prematurely.) Stephen remains silent until:

John Eglinton touched the foil.
—Come, he said. Let us hear what you have to say of Richard and Edmund. You kept them for the last, didn't you? (208)
Again, he does not deny Eglinton's charge. He spends a few lines developing the relationship of the poet's brothers' names to the characters in the plays, and then presents the climax of the speech, his theory of the universal theme in Shakespeare:

... the theme of the false or the usurping or the adulterous brother or all three in one is to Shakespeare what the poor is not, always with him. The note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds uninterruptedly from The Two Gentlemen of Verona onward till Prospero breaks his staff ... and drowns his book. ... But it was the original sin that darkened [Shakespeare's] understanding, weakened his will and left in him a strong inclination to evil. ... an original sin and, like original sin, committed by another in whose sin he too has sinned. ... It is in infinite variety everywhere in the world he has created, in Much Ado about Nothing, in Measure for Measure, and in all the other plays which I have not read.

He laughed to free his mind from his mind's bondage. (209)

On the very next page Stephen ends his speech. For a few lines he talks of Shakespeare's self-torture, and then he presents his final paragraph, a well-turned conclusion the burden of which repeats the idea expressed briefly just before Mulligan announced his presence: that in all his works with all their various characters, Shakespeare was trying to hide from, but constantly coming upon, himself. Whomever we meet, we are always meeting ourselves:

Maeterlinck says: If Socrates leaves his house today he will find the sage seated on his doorsteps. If Judas go forth tonight it is to Judas his steps will tend. (210)

Because God ("dio boia, hangman god") is in all of us.

The oration completed, Mulligan is the first to speak. He shouts "Eureka!" over an idea he has had for a bawdy play ("Everyman His Own Wife or A Honeymoon in the Hand"). It is a mockery not only of the cuckoldry and fatherhood of Shakespeare, but of: the wifeless Eglinton
and Best, young devotee of Wilde, both of whom Stephen, Mulligan, and Joyce himself regard as homosexuals (Stephen and Mulligan also so regard Shakespeare; Mulligan, Lyster and Bloom; and Stephen—according to his monologue on the beach in the morning [50]—Mulligan); of a point Stephen was trying to make about himself and fatherhood; and even, ironically, of the expedient Bloom is to resort to later because of his estrangement from his wife. The attitudes of Eglinton and of Stephen are also characteristic:

—You are a delusion. . . . You have brought us all this way to show us a French triangle. Do you believe your own theory?
—No, Stephen said promptly. (211)

But although the theory is less than valid, which Stephen promptly admits, it has shown them more than a "French triangle," which none of them perceives.

Stephen’s rejection of his own elaborate and at times impassioned speech is no summary decision. He has been insincere throughout: at the high point just preceding Mulligan’s interruption, he thought, “They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour” (194); when congratulating himself that he was “getting on nicely,” he told himself to “mix up a mixture” and, punning on “mix,” recited the paradigm of the Latin for “urinate” (202); when speaking of Shakespeare’s return from visits to Ann by the light of the star that appeared at his birth, he remarked, “Don’t tell them he was nine years old when it was quenched” (207). He has a good reason for his sophistry—he wants to impress his “foes” with his intellectual and artistic ability. Perhaps he wants also to embarrass them, to have the satisfaction of seeing them unable to rebut what they are told is untrue. An hour or two earlier, hearing John F. Taylor’s speech in Myles Crawford’s office, he had thought, “Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?” (140). He had then created his “parable.”
Actually, that was the second, and this is the third, attempt Stephen has made to create since morning. On the beach he had written the quatrains about death the vampire which is reproduced in final form in the seventh (newspaper) chapter. The change of the last line from “Mouth to her mouth’s kiss” (48) to “Mouth to my mouth” (131) is significant of his state of mind; but it and other revisions also reveal that he had done little more than unconsciously plagiarize the last quatrains of “My Grief on the Sea,” one of the translated Irish poems in Douglas Hyde’s *Love Songs of Connacht* (1894). His “Parable” had perplexed all the “Aeolists” except Professor MacHugh. In the present chapter he characterizes Shakespeare’s plays as nakedly lyrical, the purgative device of a poet troubled by “a French triangle,” and his tour de force is punctured by Eglinton, who obliges him to admit his sophistry. Joyce has presented Stephen as failing as an artist, much like his younger self in the *Portrait* but for different reasons.

This fact about Stephen is significant here because of the motivations behind his Shakespeare talk. Some have been mentioned. The immediate practical one is his desire to interest Eglinton in his theory for *Dana*, the periodical Eglinton helps to edit (211). But none of these can explain his excitement or his constant self-prodding (“Folly. Persist,” 183; “Come, mess,” 206; “On,” 209; etc.). An additional motive is suggested in the digression on the nature of fatherhood. His conclusion:

Paternity may be a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son? (205)

was followed by a question put to himself and answered almost viciously:

What the hell are you driving at?
I know. Shut up. Blast you! I have reasons.

Apparently, Stephen was “driving at” something extraneous to Shakespeare. This something had manifested itself
in earlier parts of his speech, had in fact been with him early in the morning. Before his first abortive attempt to create, on the beach, he had been invited to do so twice, once in each of the preceding chapters. In response to the children's request for a ghost story in the second chapter he had recited a traditional riddle that had perplexed them as much as his "parable" had the men in the seventh chapter. When in the first chapter Haines had asked, "What is your idea of Hamlet?", he had declined "listlessly" to tell it.

However, Mulligan had been more amenable:

It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

—What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself? (19)

Mulligan's account is facetious, of course, but only to an extent. For he then:

... bending in loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear:  
—O, shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father. (19)

Having heard Stephen's theory (perhaps as often as Stephen has heard his analogous "Ballad of Joking Jesus"), and being nothing if not shrewd, Mulligan knows that it presents Stephen's attitude toward the nature of fatherhood as well as his attitude toward the nature of Shakespeare. Mulligan even gives equal weight to the fatherhood theme. And he interprets correctly (in order to mock) the point Stephen is driven to make through his treatment of Shakespeare. What Stephen does in this chapter is to finally deliver himself of the thesis solicited in the first chapter and the ghost story solicited in the second ("—He will have it that Hamlet is a ghost story, John Eglinton said. . . ." 185). He asserts both points Mulligan has delineated regarding Shakespeare—that the poet is King Hamlet's ghost and that he is his own father; and ultimately he asserts as well the point embodied in Mulligan's ambiguous "he him-
self," the point he is "driving at," driven to make, in his compulsive digression on fatherhood—that he, Stephen Dedalus, is his own father, shade of Kinch the elder as well as Kinch, father and son in one body.

Stephen's presentation of his view has not been too successful. In the first chapter, in contrast to Stephen's diffidence, Mulligan not only stated the nub of the issue but presented his analogous "Ballad of Joking Jesus." In the present chapter, Mulligan has his sketch of a play, again a mocking version of Stephen's thesis. The others in the room will have none of that thesis; and instead of joining them to hear it, Haines has gone to a bookseller's—to buy the book containing the original of Stephen's quatrains, The Love Songs of Connacht (184). But convincing others of his thesis with regard to Shakespeare is far less important a motive than convincing himself of relevant aspects of it with regard to himself.

In the first chapter, Stephen's thoughts impartially entertained both the opposing heresies which deny the Sonship of Christ and the Fatherhood of God: that of "Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father" and that of "the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger" (22). His reference to Mulligan's richly ambiguous "he himself" of three pages before makes clear the connection between Stephen's theory about Shakespeare and the Sabellian doctrine which he finds so attractive; appropriately, the other two times that doctrine figures in the novel occur during Stephen's discourse on Shakespeare. When Mulligan makes known his presence in Lyster's office, Stephen uses the phrases "brood of mockers," and mentions "Photius" and "pseudomalachi" (195). The passage is an echo of "Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one" (22), the beginning of the catalogue of heretics that culminated in the references to Arius and Sabellius quoted above. Then Stephen converts the Apostles' Creed (or perhaps it is the Nicene Creed, which was formulated explicitly to oppose the Arians) into an expression of the Sabellian identification of Father and Son:
He Who Himself begot . . . and Himself sent Himself, Agenbuyer, between Himself and others . . . Who let Him bury, stood up, harrowed hell, fared into heaven and there these nineteen hundred years sitteth on the right hand of his Own Self. . . . (195)

His caricature of his own thesis about fatherhood is a transitory weakening. When the doctrine comes up for the last time, in a passage already quoted, Stephen’s “algebra” asserts that whether either Aquinas or Sabellius be right, Shakespeare by analogy had no father, and so:

he was not the father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race. . . . (205)

That is, he was the divinely-inspired poet, the bard revered in Irish tradition.

The first words to follow Stephen’s climactic statement of Shakespeare’s unique condition are spoken by Mulligan:

—Himself his own father, Sonmulligan told himself. (205)

The apparent reference is to the apparent subject, Shakespeare; but plainly Stephen has been talking about himself as well, and Mulligan’s words, which echo the ambiguous remark he made to Haines in the morning, point this out. Stephen had thought about himself in similar terms while on the beach. When he saw himself as King Hamlet’s ghost (45), he was not only asserting that he was a spirit, possessed a soul, but was identifying himself, the troubled Prince Hamlet, as his own father. Furthermore, his conception of Shakespeare’s consummate “fatherhood” as the great artist of his people reflects an assumption about himself. Eglinton’s remark at the beginning of the chapter (183) comparing “Our young Irish bards” unfavorably to “Saxon Shakespeare” has ironic relevance, for Stephen audaciously identifies himself with the great poet in his mind. For example, he wonders when he too will be “overborne”
(189) and, after discussing the W configuration in the Cassiopeia constellation, asks where his own celestial configuration is (207).

If it is true that Stephen has been discussing himself as well as Shakespeare, it is equally true that he has been addressing himself as well as the others; indeed, there is no indication that any one of them except Mulligan is even aware of the personal dimension of his speech. There is also no indication that he has convinced himself. In the heat of his most radical denial of fatherhood, when he asks himself, "What the hell are you driving at?" (205), he must prod himself on, "Amplius. Adhuc. Iterum. Postea," and then ask "Are you condemned to do this?" This follows by only half a page his thought of his father’s kindness to him on his return from Paris:

I touched his hand. The voice, new warmth speaking.
... The eyes that wish me well. But do not know me.
—A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil. (204)

The subsequent paragraphs are his battle against the hopelessness of denying one’s sonship, his attempt to prove (it must be to himself) that paternity is a legal fiction, and therefore that it is possible to be, as he says of Shakespeare, "being no more a son . . . the father of all his race." The significance of this attempt becomes more clear in the light of the two other preoccupations he reveals in his speech.

Almost as prominent as his preoccupation with the matter of fatherhood is Stephen’s sense of his relationship to his auditors, the relationship represented in terms of the Homeric correspondence. Clearly the basis of Stephen’s safety from the “engulfment” of most of his contemporaries is what he has called “banishment,” and he is acutely aware throughout the chapter that he is being spurned by those who should recognize his abilities and admit him to their “commonwealth.”

The situation is not a simple one. Stephen was shown respect by the “Aeolists,” and he is shown respect by the representatives of Dublin’s dominant intellectual group. All except A.E. hear him out and contend with him; and A.E.’s
early departure is part of the Homeric pattern, along with Mulligan's subsequent arrival and final departure in his company. He has no right to expect that Eglinton will buy from him an article based on a far-fetched thesis he himself does not accept, especially when he is "the only contributor to Dana who asks for pieces of silver" (211). Apparently he has written nothing which deserves inclusion in the "sheaf of our younger poets' verses" (190) that A.E. is said to be preparing (the historically important New Songs, a selection from the work of eight young Irish poets which A.E. edited, appeared in 1904). It can even be argued that Stephen rejects the mystical-nationalistic "whirlpool" so thoroughly that he has no right to expect to be accepted by those who are committed to it. Specifically, of its representatives in the room, he regards A.E. as the god or evil genius of the whirlpool that once threatened to engulf him, and looks on Lyster as a fool and on Best as a fool and a fop; he respects only Eglinton—whom he even flatters (204).

Nevertheless, the rudeness with which they discuss in his presence, not only A.E.'s anthology, but the literary soirée that evening, to which both members of the revival group and mockers of it like Mulligan (in fact, even the "stranger" Haines) are invited—figuratively at least, to which every literary person in Dublin except Stephen is invited—is not justified. We learn in this chapter (196) that while Mulligan and Haines were waiting in The Ship to buy drinks with Stephen's small (and last) teacher's pay, he was spending it on drinks for the guides of "Dublin's Cits," who showed him acceptance and respect even before he invited them to Mooney's tavern, although they refrained from criticizing his bewildering "parable" after he had done so.

The latter fact is as significant of Stephen's attitude as of theirs, for he did not tell the parable until after he had extended the invitation (142-43). In the present chapter when the foolish librarian, embarrassed by the rudeness of the others, detaches himself from the cluster around A.E. at the door and, "blushing," compliments Stephen on what he has been saying, Stephen is grateful (190-91). Before he does so, Stephen, sitting in isolation, regards the cluster and thinks, "See this. Remember," and, "Cordelia. Cordoglio. Lir's loneliest daughter" (190).
The Italian for “sorrow” associates phonetically and thematically with the reference to Cordelia, the wronged, rejected, unappreciated, and banished daughter of the king. “Lir’s loneliest daughter” is a phrase from Thomas Moore’s “The Song of Fionnuala.” Fionnuala is the daughter of Lir, the first Tuatha de Danaan sea deity. Mananaan is her foster brother. Mananaan’s mother casts Fionnuala out (turns her into a swan). “Lir” is a pun involving the Celtic deity, the parent of Cordelia, and the Gaelic _leor_ or _lir_, “the sea” (actually, they are all related). The relevance of the situation of the unappreciated British king’s daughter to Stephen’s situation is apparent; the relevance of that of Fionnuala is similar, for another child is preferred over her, too—Mananaan, whom Stephen associated at the beginning of the chapter with A.E. The general allusion to the sea invokes the association of mother, sea, Ireland-family-Church made in the first chapter and recalls Stephen’s despairing thoughts near the end of the third, while he sat before the sea:

I am lonely here. . . . I am quiet here alone. Sad too. (49)

Stephen’s disturbance about the very isolation for which he had striven is fresh in his mind when he is delivering his speech on “Shakespeare,” and the extent of disturbance is manifested in the speech. Just before concluding it with his statement about the one universal theme in Shakespeare’s work, he thinks:

I am tired of my voice, the voice of Esau. (209)

The voice of the exile, denied his birthright, then goes on to say:

The note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds uninterruptedly from _The Two Gentlemen of Verona_ onward till Prospero breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth and drowns his book. . . . It is everywhere in the world he has created. . . . (209)
If his preoccupation with the nature of paternity has dominated much of Stephen's "ghoststory," its own essential burden is an expression of this other preoccupation. And after stating the universal theme in Shakespeare:

He laughed to free his mind from his mind's bondage. (209)

A third preoccupation to which Stephen's mind is in bondage is that major subject of the first chapter, his "brooding" about his mother. To complete the picture of Stephen's condition given in this chapter, the author has planted manifestations of his brooding in the Shakespeare speech and in thoughts connected with it.

The first thought of his mother's death comes to him when he is discussing Ann's prominence in Shakespeare's life:

... She bore his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed when he lay on his deathbed.

Mother's deathbed... Who brought me into this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers. Liliata rutilantium.

I wept alone. (188)

More interesting than his remembrance of his grief, which he has never had explicitly before in the novel, is the unconscious association of his mother with the wronged Shakespeare (the linking of "his deathbed" and "Mother's deathbed," the pennies on Shakespeare's eyelids and his mother's "bronzelidded" eyes). Once made, the association functions infrequently—for example in Stephen's use of the phrase, taken from Iago's speech to Brabantio in the opening scene of Othello, "the beast with two backs," in connection with Gertrude and Claudius; it concerns not adultery but a child's disloyalty. At any rate, with this brooding present (though he nowhere indicates awareness of it), his repeated insistence on Shakespeare's sense of guilt may, like almost everything else Stephen says, be considered as in part reflexive, and "His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor
in him shall suffer" (210) be considered an intimation that Stephen's own unremitting intellect will not cease from causing the moor in him (that part of him capable of love) to suffer.

The first major part of this chapter dealt with Stephen's relationship to his social and intellectual peers, which the ninth chapter of *Ulysses* represents primarily by invoking the Scylla and Charybdis episode of the *Odyssey*; Stephen's Shakespeare talk was reviewed in the next part; and its revelation of Stephen's preoccupations has just been discussed. Stephen is injured by his isolation and lack of recognition. At the same time, he strives to convince himself that he has no father, is self-contained—and therefore is profoundly isolated. And as in the first chapter, his feelings about fatherhood exist side by side with brooding about his disobedience to his mother on her death bed.

It was pointed out in that chapter that the word "mother" has symbolic as well as literal meaning; and the suggestion was made there that the same is true of "father." As Simon Dedalus is presented, he is not sufficient reason for Stephen to question the principle of fatherhood by means of heresies concerning the relationship of Christ and God, or of theories concerning the relationship of Shakespeare and the two Hamlets. The complementary terms "mother" and "father" are metaphors. And they are metaphors, not for contrasting things, but for contrasting attitudes toward the same thing.

In his conversation with Cranly at the end of the *Portrait*, the dedicated poet, a year and a few months younger than on Bloomsday, discussed his refusal to obey his mother's wish that he do his Easter Duty, announced that he would "fly" from Ireland, and then made some bold declarations, the first of which was: "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church" (p. 247). That which formed Stephen, from which he derived, but in which he tried and still tries to no longer believe—whose claim (and mark) on him he so vigorously attempts to deny, "whether it call itself ... home ... fatherland or ... church"—he thinks of in paternal terms, as the manifestations of his "father." But
as she is treated in *Ulysses*, Stephen’s mother represents his family (“home”); identified with Dublin Bay, she represents Ireland; supremely devout, she represents the Church. And growing out of this, on a different level, she represents God’s love.

Just as Stephen’s guilt is not caused merely by disloyalty to the late wife of Simon Dedalus, his attempt to deny the paternal relationship is not aimed merely at the genial Simon himself. Furthermore, the correspondence between the two terms is complete. While “mother” represents God as love, “father” represents God as authority; and Stephen’s “I will not serve . . .” is in part a *Non serviam!* which is rooted more in the indignation of a Blake or an Ivan Karamazov than in the pride of a Lucifer, and is directed at a Deity (“*dio boia*, hangman god”) whom Stephen accused in the second chapter of responsibility for the “nightmare” of war and suffering that is history—a God he acknowledges but cannot worship. He denies not the existence but the claim. Thus, we learn at the beginning of the present chapter, he would rewrite *Paradise Lost* as *The Sorrows of Satan*. He asserts (and later he will actually use Blake’s term) that the Father of us all is really “Nobodaddy,” not even the Father of the Son—that “*A lex eterna stays about Him*” (39). In associating himself with Shakespeare, he assumes the semi-deification (“*After God Shakespeare has created most,*” 210), as well as the freedom from external paternity, of “the father of all his race.”

That Stephen’s attempt to deny his “father” is a conscious “battling against hopelessness” has been pointed out. It is ultimately an attempt to deny his descent from God, and the final sentence of his Shakespeare talk is his statement of defeat:

> The playwright who wrote the folio of this world . . . the lord of things as they are whom the most Roman of catholics call *dio boia*, hangman god, is doubtless all in all in all of us. . . . (210)

Stephen must acknowledge that he is the child of God just as he must acknowledge that he is the child of his family, church, and country. He can not deny any aspect of the “father” he will not serve. And his continual “brood-
ing” has been caused by feelings of guilt toward and love for these very same loyalties—focused in terms of his mother. The respective parents represent his conflicting attitudes toward family, country, faith, all of which are manifestations of God himself.

With the clarification of Stephen’s contradictory attitudes, the question implicit throughout *Ulysses* is also clarified: what is he doing in Dublin, in circumstances of poverty and hostility, circumstances in which he cannot work, when he should logically “fly” again to Paris (in his speech he had drawn the analogy: Stratford is to London as Dublin is to Paris)—that is, go to a place beyond the “nets” set to ensnare him? Why, in terms of the chapter under discussion, does he make his speech about Shakespeare at all? This, of course, is the basic problem that confronts Stephen, and it is directly analogous to Bloom’s basic problem. Flight in order to be able to create his work is to the artist Stephen what conjugal reunion in order to be able to recreate himself is to the man Bloom.

Stephen is too intelligent and too self-conscious not to understand his problem, and he confronts himself with it explicitly in the present chapter. At that interruption in his speech when he castigates himself for being a “lapwing,” he goes on to say:


Ironically (doubly so because Lyster is unable to perceive it when it is revealed), the speech of the librarian which begins the chapter, in which he paraphrases from Goethe’s *Wilhelm Meister*, is stating Stephen’s condition before Stephen has revealed it:

A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life. (182)

Stephen is no delicate vase like Goethe’s Hamlet, but he too is beleaguered by his sea of troubles. He has stayed
out of the reach of the whirlpool, has been able to endure the monster on the rock. But he must go past them, as Odysseus did—must, as he tells himself and as Hamlet also tells himself, “act.” It is in this respect that the two bodies of allusive reference in the chapter unite with the literal narrative; straddled by enemies, required to act (sail past them, fly by them), Stephen combines the situations of both Odysseus and Hamlet in his own. How does he fare? Like Hamlet (and in contrast to Odysseus!), he reads “au livre de lui-même,” talks instead of acting in the face of his problem.

The three declarations which a younger and more brash Stephen made to Cranly at the end of the Portrait clearly have not been lived up to. He has not successfully cut himself away from “home,” “fatherland,” and “church”; he has not exiled himself and has distinctly not remained silent; and he fears exactly what he thought he did not fear (“I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have [i.e., whatever he would be reluctant] to leave”). He does not leave Dublin because of fear of loneliness, because of distress over rejection, because of guilt about disloyalty to everything he thinks of as his mother, because of the inability to convince himself that these same things have no claim on him. And he talks in a vain attempt “to free his mind from his mind’s bondage.” Thus the three themes of his speech: banishment from his home, independence of his “father,” guilt regarding his “mother” (Shakespeare’s cuckoldry, autopaternity, and sinning). The paean of “Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time . . . ” at the very end of the Portrait is the last part of a diary entry the rest of which reads:

April 26. Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. She prays now, she says, that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels. Amen. So be it. (p. 253)

His mother’s prayer and his supporting invocation have been answered.
As the chapter moves to a close, Stephen and Mulligan are leaving together, Stephen submitting to the company of his enemy with silent rancor:

Life is many days. This will end (212)
Jest on (213)
Offend me still. Speak on. (215)

Mulligan has invited Stephen to accompany him with a characteristically knowing remark:

Come, Kinch. Come, wandering Aengus of the birds. (212)

Angus was the son of the Dagda, supreme god among the Tuatha de Danaan. The birds of inspiration were said to fly about his head. However, there is a "Mad Sweeney of the birds" in Irish legend. Furthermore, the most familiar element in the Angus mythology is his long search for his ideal mate, who appeared to him in a dream: she was a changeling, and became a swan before his eyes; whereupon he changed into a swan and flew away with her and her retinue of white birds. The phrase "wandering Aengus" and the fact that Stephen has not been able to become a bird and fly away as the prince of the Sidhe had done indicate that Mulligan is mocking Stephen for wishing to be like the hero of the myth but actually being like Yeats' version of him in the poem "The Song of Wandering Aengus," in which Angus spends his whole life wandering in a fruitless search for the girl (who is not a bird but a silver trout).

Standing on the steps of the library, Stephen elucidates Mulligan's remark: "Here I watched the birds for augury. Aengus of the birds." His reference is to the situation in the Portrait that precedes the talk with Cranly, in which he stood on those steps watching birds and misread out of their coming and going an augury of "flight." On this day, however, there are "No birds," only two plumes of smoke; and so he tells himself "Cease to strive," and the
chapter comes to a quiet close with a passage from the conclusion of *Cymbeline* which alludes to the smoke of homage to the gods. As the preceding chapter does for Leopold Bloom, this chapter reveals the manner and extent of Stephen Dedalus' suffering, and the nature and source of its causes. And as is true with respect to Bloom, the rest of *Ulysses* develops what is presented here.

The conclusion of Stephen's ordeal in the library is much more complex (and positive) than he himself seems to realize—in part because of the appearance on the scene of Mister Bloom. Stephen suffers the attacks of the monster on the rock, still unable to "act," to escape past him. His "Cease to strive," however, is fatalistic rather than submissive: he again looks for birds to repeat the situation that first inspired him to depart, and he awaits that (birds or whatever) which will liberate him: "That lies in space which I in time must come to, ineluctably" (214).

His attitude is not necessarily foolish. As he is leaving the library, Bloom causes him to step away from Mulligan—passes between them; and it is then that he is impelled to think:

Part. The moment is now. Where then? . . . Why? That lies in space which I in time must come to, ineluctably. (214)

In the sixth chapter Bloom had seen Stephen from the funeral car; in the seventh he had interrupted the progress of Stephen and the "Aeolists" to Mooney's in order to speak to Myles Crawford; in the present chapter he appeared at the door of the librarian's office and was spoken of and linked to Stephen (and to Stephen's father) by Mulligan: "He knows you. He knows your old fellow" (198). Having come closer and closer to it, Stephen now has his first encounter with Bloom. And, although he decides to wait for the fated "ineluctable" circumstance, this encounter initiates an important revelation about that circumstance. As Bloom is passing between him and Mulli-
gan, Stephen makes his fatalistic statement; when Bloom has done so, he recalls that he had "watched" the birds "for augury" on those steps, and he thinks of the dream which he had first recalled in the morning, while on the beach:

They go, they come. Last night I flew. Easily flew. Men wondered. Street of harlots after. A creamfruit melon he held to me. In. You will see. (215)

In his earlier recollection, Stephen had asked:

After he [Haines] woke me up last night same dream or was it? (47)

Apparently the dream of the Levantine man ("Haroun al Raschid" in the third chapter, "he" in this one) which followed Stephen's awakening during the preceding night was the remainder of a dream in the first part of which Stephen actually "flew"; and this dream of deliverance was interrupted by Haines' nightmare involving a panther. Bloom is likened to a panther here: "A dark back went before them. Step of a pard . . . " (215). In the third chapter Stephen associated the panther with the "beastly" canines, the dog and the fox; but the panther is also a traditional symbol for Christ. Mulligan's remarks, again amazingly knowing, associate with and clarify Stephen's dream. Though he thinks Bloom's interest homosexual ("He is Greeker than the Greeks"), he speaks the truth:

Did you see his eye? He looked upon you to lust after you. . . . O, Kinch, thou art in peril. Get thee a breech-pad. (215)

The last word ironically reveals the way in which Bloom will really "lust after" Stephen. A child is generally "breeched" by his father. Stephen fails to recognize the augury he so wishes for or its verification by the mock-prophet, even though his "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" on Mulligan's arrival at Lyster's office associated
Mulligan with Elijah;" he thinks "Offend me still. Speak on." To the reader, however, who knows a great deal about both principal characters at this point in the novel, the chapter has in one sense been moving toward this encounter; and to the reader the episode on the library steps suggests that the deliverance which Stephen fatalistically awaits, his redeeming "flight," will somehow be related to Bloom's "leading" him and extending an invitation to him.

Although Stephen has gone to great pains in this chapter to associate himself with fathers, Joyce has built up a quite different pattern. For the paradigm at the heart of the chapter—of exiled husband, lost wife, troubled son, and hated usurper or usurpers, exemplified by Odysseus, Penelope, Telemachus, and the suitors in the case of the *Odyssey*, by King Hamlet, Gertrude, Hamlet, and Claudius in the case of *Hamlet*, by Shakespeare, Ann, Hamnet, and Shakespeare's brothers in the case of Stephen's theory—is also manifestly exemplified by Bloom, Molly, Stephen, and Boylan. Stephen's similarity to Hamlet has been discussed. His theory helps Joyce invoke his own association of Bloom and Shakespeare. (Both were overborne by their wives; both were then cuckolded; each lost his only son when a child; Bloom has a daughter, Shakespeare two daughters; and so on.) And Bloom is all the other fathers as well. He has been Odysseus, and Mulligan calls him "Greek"; being Shakespeare, he is King Hamlet; and being Shakespeare, he is the one greater Creator and Father, who like Bloom and Shakespeare "would be bawd and cuckold" if "the economy of heaven" permitted it (210).

Of course, the parallel cannot be pushed too far. Although Bloom knows Stephen's father, will desire to breech Stephen, and is the true analogue to all the fathers with whom Stephen has been trying to associate himself, Stephen is not Bloom's son; also, Stephen is faithful to his mother and not, like the prince of Denmark, to the ghost of his father. Nevertheless, this pattern of analogy links up with and confirms the meaning of the things that occur on the steps of the National Library: Stephen's encounter with Bloom, Mulligan's "augury," and Stephen's remembered dream. Bloom is to "lust after" Stephen in the future,
effect a quasi-paternal relationship with him, and thereby somehow provide the means of his deliverance. It is Bloom’s action that Stephen fatalistically awaits.

The little episode at the library entrance over, Stephen’s role in the subsequent action of the novel—and much of Bloom’s—defined, their potential meaning to each other represented, the characters follow each other “down [the steps], out by the gateway,” “exeunt,” and the first part of *Ulysses* comes to an end.

Following Joyce’s death the British Broadcasting Corporation solicited the participation of Dr. Richard I. Best, of Dublin, senior professor in the School of Celtic Studies of the Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies and retired director of the National Library, in a program it was preparing about the writer. Purportedly, Best said, “What makes you think I have any connection with this man Joyce”; the B.B.C. representatives responded, “But you can’t deny your connection. After all, you’re a character in *Ulysses*”; and Best said indignantly, “I am not a character in fiction. I am a living being.” *James Joyce’s Dublin* is the title of a book that considers Joyce’s work as a record of the Dublin of his experience; *Dublin’s Joyce* is the title of a book that considers his experience of Dublin as a motive of his work. Between them they represent the gamut of possibilities regarding a difficult but important question: What is the relationship between James Joyce’s art and the precise historicity out of which that art is so largely made? That question must be considered in this study because *Ulysses* is the most extreme example of his method (if method it is, for the word begs the question).
Ulysses is not merely a roman à clef, but a work of seemingly compulsive historical preciseness. The public events of June 16, 1904, that enter into it are all documented in the Dublin newspapers of that day,¹⁰ and the public figures mentioned are apparently real persons. Furthermore, almost all the scores of minor characters are named for, or modeled on, or composites of, actual Dubliners; Richard Ellmann points out that even the dog Garryowen, companion of Bloom’s antagonist in the twelfth chapter (Kiernan’s), “was not made up of stray barks and bites, but belonged to the father of Joyce’s Aunt Josephine Murray, whom Gerty MacDowell accurately identifies (346) as ‘Grandpapa Giltrap.’”¹¹ Joyce freely admitted what he had done,¹² and on at least one occasion admitted it to one of his subjects: an extant letter to Mr. Alfred Bergan, his father’s closest friend, states, “You are in this book by name with so [?] many others of Pappie’s friends.”¹³ Even the English barber’s letter of application for a job of hanging, which Bergan displays in the twelfth chapter and which is so central there, is based on a true experience of Bergan’s which Joyce remembered from his boyhood.¹⁴

These and similar facts about Ulysses seem to signify no more than an extreme case of a writer’s exploiting his experience. And Joyce implied a practical purpose in his use of real materials when he told one colleague¹⁵ “that many of the characters in Ulysses had been friends of his father whom he had a good chance of studying closely and whose conversation he noted.” However, the extent of the novel’s historicity is too great to be explained on practical grounds.

In the second chapter (school), Stephen compiles a list of his debts which includes among his creditors not only “Russell” and “Mulligan” but “McCann” of the Portrait, and such real people who never appear and are never mentioned in any of Joyce’s works, either in propria persona or under pseudonyms, as (C. P.) “Curran” and “Mrs McKernan.” That list is largely if not wholly one of Joyce’s own debts on June 16, 1904,¹⁶ to A. E., Oliver St. John Gogarty, Francis Skeffington (the models for Mulligan and McCann), and others. Stephen says that he owes the
Joyce's Dublin and Dublin's Joyce

unidentified "Mrs McKernan," "five weeks' board"; and Stanislaus Joyce's diary records that for a few days in June, 1904, his brother slept elsewhere than in his rented room at the house of a family named McKernan—until he found sufficient money to make a token payment on his rent in arrears.\(^\text{17}\)

A memoir by one of Joyce's closest friends provides more extensive evidence of this compulsive historical preciseness. John Francis Byrne's *Silent Years*\(^\text{18}\) not only confirms a fact that has long been recognized, that he is the model for Cranly in the *Portrait*, but also discloses the sources of elements in *Ulysses*, in which novel Cranly does not appear. The pedantic narrator of the seventeenth chapter describes every action of Bloom and Stephen on their way to Bloom's house. When they arrive, Bloom discovers that he has forgotten his key and gains entrance by climbing down to the kitchen, which is on the basement level. Byrne's memoir reveals that 7 Eccles Street was his address in Dublin at the time of the novel. It recounts precisely how he and Joyce walked the streets of Dublin and then gained entrance to his house, and concludes:

Joyce narrates in minute detail our arrival at the hall door of number 7 Eccles Street; my belated discovery that I had forgotten my key; my dropping over the railing to enter by the area door, and my reappearance as I opened the hall door.\(^\text{19}\)

"Joyce" also narrates the precise location of the weighing scale, only mentioned by Byrne, which was used by the pairs of men in life and fiction. And while Byrne's description of his house shows that it is reproduced accurately in *Ulysses*, the novel presents a detail of it overlooked by him. When Bloom goes from his kitchen to his front door to admit Stephen, the pedantic narrator of the chapter says that "The glimmer of his candle was discernible through the semitransparent semicircular glass fanlight over the halldoor" (653). According to *James Joyce's Dublin*, one of the sons of Joyce's aunt Mrs. William Murray "Used to be sent out to verify whether a certain
fanlight was in colored glass or plain!

Finally, there is one element in Joyce's compulsive verisimilitude which Byrne could not have been aware of, for it concerned precisely the difference between himself, the historical source, and Bloom, the fictional product, in the episode in question. In a letter to his aunt, Joyce first thanked her for information provided and then asked:

Is it possible for an ordinary person to climb over the railings of number 7 Eccles Street either from the path or the steps, lower himself from the lower part of the railings till his feet are within two feet or three of the ground and drop unhurt? I saw it done myself but by a man of rather athletic build.

A passage from Joyce's student essay on James Clarence Mangan, quoted in the discussion of the Portrait at the end of Chapter One, asserts that "so long as this place in nature is given us, it is right that art should do no violence to that gift." And the suggestion that that is a statement of principle is borne out by the more interesting of two accounts Oliver Gogarty gives of his second meeting with Joyce. He tells of having come upon a young man in the National Library who was intently applying compasses to a map. Recognizing Joyce, whom he'd met "some months before," he greeted him; Joyce's response was, "From Ushant to Scilly is more than thirty-five leagues." Whereupon, Gogarty noticed that the map was one of the English Channel, and Joyce sang the first "verse" of a sea chanty, "Then," Gogarty relates:

with his voice filling and his finger beating time and, as it were, admonishing me, he continued

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors;
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.
It's forty.

Joyce's admonition was subsequently made explicit, for Gogarty quotes him elsewhere as saying, "Don't exaggerate.
Tell the truth.” And Joyce’s terse observation on the sea chanty was literary criticism. He was saying that the poem is defective because it distorts incontrovertible fact. Joyce spoke of having read every line of four writers all of whom are distinguished by their faithfulness to reality (although they did not always write in the realistic mode): Defoe, Flaubert, Ben Jonson, and Ibsen. It would be simple to say that he early adopted as a primary guiding principle of his art the greatest possible verisimilitude; that he began with *Stephen Hero* or the stories of *Dubliners* to realize in practice this classical (Aristotelian) principle of holding “the mirror up to nature”; and that in *Ulysses* he achieved its full realization. But artistic principle does not quite explain his concern that a particular Dublin areaway be negotiable by a perfectly normal, but not young and athletic, man; it does not explain the “numerous truncated references” in the novel to real “material which [Joyce] does not intend to explain,” mentioned and given the name “blurred margin” by Richard Ellmann; and it seems hardly relevant to Stephen’s list of debts and creditors.

That list suggests one motive for Joyce’s practice other than the objective belief that the artist should “tell the truth”: the creation of autobiography. A third motive is suggested by the high value placed on the created world in the statement quoted from the essay on Mangan: reverence for that creation, for reality. Both of these possibilities demand careful examination.

The inspiration for some of the most absurd speculations about autobiographical statement in Joyce’s fiction is the distinction Stephen makes, during his discourse on art in Chapter V of the *Portrait*, between the lyric, the epic, and the dramatic forms of art (pp. 214-15). It was only a decade ago that the critics who variously fitted Joyce’s canon (in some cases including works written after the *Portrait*) into Stephen’s categories were taken to task. An essay entitled “Joyce’s Categories” pointed out what was mentioned near the beginning of the discussion of “Style in *Ulysses*”—that Stephen’s statement “Art necessarily divides itself into three forms progressing from one to the next” is concerned not with genres but, as the word
"progressing" suggests, with high art and the process that creates it. A work of art begins in subjective expression, "a lyrical cry or cadence." Even a small talent can develop this to the mediate form Stephen calls "epical." But high art is achieved when a work is made itself, an autonomous whole thing; in his words, "The dramatic form is [then] reached."

The essay quite rightly reproves critics, not only for their misreading, but also for predisposing themselves to it by too readily identifying Stephen and his creator—by assuming autobiographical purpose on Joyce's part. Ironically, however, recently published evidence about the young Joyce reveals that this sophisticated refutation of the popular treatment of the passage as the vehicle of such purpose is not sophisticated enough. "A Portrait of the Artist," the autobiographical essay quoted from in the discussion of the Portrait above (and rejected for Dana by editor John Eglinton, who did in fact accept some of Joyce's poems), although painfully egotistical in both style and substance, is plainly the first "form" of the work that became Stephen Hero and then the Portrait. In other words, Stephen's delineation of three forms of art refers to Joyce's canon after all; for Joyce's work of art about the young Dubliner who aspires to be an artist "progressed" through the form of a lyrical declamation and that of a naturalistic memoir before, as the result of a decade of maturation and work, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man was finally "reached."

The place of autobiography in Ulysses cannot really be discussed adequately until precisely what happens in the novel has been established. But although it is difficult to accept the extreme proposition that "nothing has been admitted into the book which is not in some way personal and attached," the example of Stephen's discourse on the forms of art in Joyce's earlier novel makes plain the extent to which his creative power might have enabled him to secrete autobiographical statement in functional elements of his later one.

One of the most bizarre facts about Joyce's mature years is his expressed desire that a radically different writer, James Stephens, take over Finnegans Wake if he should...
give it up or die before finishing it. And the reasons for his choice are more bizarre still: he carried photographs of the portraits by Patrick Tuohy of his father, himself, and Stephens; Stephens' name combined his first name and that of "my hero in [the Portrait]"; Stephens was born in Dublin, and on the day that he himself was born.\textsuperscript{28} Joyce's subsequent feeling of identification with the Irish tenor John Sullivan was based on less dramatic coincidences, but was almost as strong.\textsuperscript{29} In both cases he was expressing an attitude that is surprisingly foolish for a man of such intellectual power, unless he was applying rigorously the orthodox belief that a divine intelligence governs the world. If that were so, then coincidence was for him not accident but conjunction. His full commitment to this belief would explain his well-known superstitiousness, and his constant pointing out of coincidences to friends.\textsuperscript{30} And his commitment would explain such seeming coyness as the picture Padraic Colum reports having seen in his Paris apartment of the city of Cork, framed in cork.

What these facts of Joyce's life suggest, then, is that correspondences of various kinds (even in language—puns and portmanteau words) are so prominent in his later work for more than functional literary reasons, that his art expressed his conviction about the nature of reality: it is ordered, things are meaningfully related. Even if one limits speculation to \textit{Ulysses}, whether or not this is truly the case is a question best deferred until the book itself has been discussed; but the possibility provides the third feasible motive for Joyce's extreme historical preciseness: adherence to an artistic principle of verisimilitude; the creation of autobiography; a belief that the world, reality, is sacred.

Even if the motives for it are difficult to fix, Joyce's compulsive historicity is a simple enough proposition to assimilate as a fact. Unfortunately, compulsive as it is, it is not a consistent fact. Joyce violates history; furthermore, he sometimes violates it gratuitously. The English barber whose letter of application to Alfred Bergan for a job of hanging was mentioned above is given the name of a man against whom Joyce had a grievance.\textsuperscript{31} There are other examples of this sort of caprice; and while many people represented in the novel are given their own names,
some, without apparent reason, are not. However, the capricious violations of history in the novel are not extensive. And most violations of it are absolutely functional.

Of course, by definition a work cannot be both fiction and history; and there was no real Leopold Bloom even in the sense that there was a real Stephen Dedalus. Yet in what sense was there a real Stephen Dedalus? For Joyce deviated from particular historical facts in the case of Stephen, and in many other respects; and he did so for functional reasons.

Where he made up his story of Bloomsday out of whole cloth, there is no definable relationship between Joyce’s Dublin and Dublin’s Joyce. Where he recorded history faithfully, even compulsively, as his story, the relationship is plain, although his motives are difficult to fix. Where he incorporated history with capricious distortion no consideration is possible. But where Joyce made up his story out of history, transmuted fact purposefully in the creation of fiction, there will be found the greatest and most valuable part of whatever answer exists to the question so important for Ulysses which was posed at the beginning of this discussion: “What is the relationship between James Joyce’s art and the precise historicity out of which that art is so largely made?”

One such transmutation of fact is neither unusual nor very significant. Like many other novelists, Joyce combined in his important characters qualities of different people he knew. Bloom’s similarities to Joyce himself were pointed out in the discussion of “Mr. Leopold Paula Bloom” in Chapter Two. The indignation J. F. Byrne expresses in Silent Years over Joyce’s apparent use of him as a model for the middle-aged Jewish cuckold as well as the model for Stephen’s young crony is largely wasted; but the extent to which Joyce exploited a nocturnal walk with Byrne and visit to his house was suggested above, and some similarities between Bloom and Byrne, as he appears in his autobiography, do exist. Joyce went beyond himself and Byrne; for example, his father worked as an advertising solicitor for the Freeman’s Journal, and had a son who died in infancy, and whose death affected him greatly, before the author, his oldest surviving child, was born.
Although this kind of transmutation of history is conventional, it is worth noting because Joyce has in fact imposed on his unconventional, extreme historicity precisely the same, and a similar humble, transmutation in most of the important elements in the novel. This can best be shown by a consideration of that aspect of historical reality to the use of which he was most plainly committed—himself when young. He gave Bloom certain of his own youthful as well as later characteristics and attitudes; in fact, Mr. Deasy’s efforts on behalf of Irish cattle were his own, and even the shabby old bigot of the twelfth chapter (Kiernan’s), “the citizen,” echoes some statements he made in political articles; but his commitment is really embodied, of course, in the most prominent character in his fiction.

The two examples of Joyce’s use of fact in connection with Stephen Dedalus that will be discussed are two central elements of Ulysses: Stephen’s refusal to pray for his dying mother, and his character.

Regarding the first of these, Stanislaus Joyce wrote in his short “memoir”:

Here I am pleased to demolish a legend. I have read in certain articles on Joyce that his dying mother begged her son to kneel and pray for her, and that Joyce refused. The episode happened otherwise. The order, a peremptory one, came from an uncle and went unheeded. His mother, by that time, was no longer conscious.35

However, he went on to point out that Joyce felt guilty about his religious differences with his mother; and Byrne’s account of a conversation with Joyce about a contention between mother and son in which “The point at issue . . . was her wish that he would make his Easter duty, and his refusal to do so,”36 reveals a good reason for Joyce’s guilt.

In the conversation between Stephen and Cranly near the end of the Portrait, which is plainly based on this real event, Cranly asks Stephen about his mother’s age and Stephen replies that she is “not old.” At the end of the novel, on April 27, 1903, Stephen “flew” to Paris. Only a few weeks later, the reader learns in Ulysses, he had been
recalled to Dublin by his father's telegram, his mother had asked him to pray for her, he had refused, and she had died. *Ulysses* discloses that she was already buried two months after his "flight": "interment . . . 26 June 1903" (680).

Joyce reached Paris on December 3, 1902, and remained until the morning after the night of April 10, 1903 (Good Friday), when his father's telegram had arrived.37 His own stay, therefore, not only was much longer than Stephen's five or six weeks but ended before Stephen's began. This is significant because the question of Joyce's own Easter duty arose not before his "flight" to Paris, but after he was summoned back; although his mother lingered on for a few months, he had been called to her deathbed, and Byrne describes his decision as a "refusal to comply with what he knew was practically her dying wish."38

By altering the chronology of actual historical events when incorporating them in his fiction, Joyce eliminated from the issue of the Easter duty presented in the last chapter of the *Portrait* any question about Stephen's mother's health. His young man's antagonism toward religion and filial disobedience were what he wanted to present there, and a dying mother would have complicated the issue and would even have blunted the conclusion of the novel, for she would not have fitted with Stephen's vain­glorious "flight."

James Joyce did not refuse his dying mother's request for prayer in behalf of her soul, he refused an uncle's command after she had lost consciousness. However, as Byrne points out, he did something equivalent when he refused to make his Easter duty.

Because of his artistic purpose in the *Portrait*, Joyce completely suppressed the vital fact of his mother's condition when he adapted his and Byrne's discussion of the Easter duty matter to that novel. And for the same reason, he employed in *Ulysses* the effect upon him of that vital fact, his feeling of guilt, by transferring to his character's mother an action of his own uncle.

Joyce's transmutation of reality in his characterization of Stephen was the product of a similar flexibility, and was dedicated to the same purpose. There can be no doubt of
the fact of a relationship between Stephen and his creator. In their homes, their schools, the significant incidents in their lives, in virtually all external circumstances, Joyce depicted his own young life. As a young child, he had been "baby tuckoo,"³⁹ and he had been told (by Mr. Vance, the father of the real Eileen, not by Dante Conway, the real Dante) that if he did not apologize, "the eagles will come and pull out his eyes," and had chanted "Pull out his eyes, / Apologise";⁴⁰ and the connections are no less close in Stephen’s subsequent experiences.

However, although this is true about the external circumstances of the lives of creator and creature, although Joyce himself expressed feelings about the Church, Irish nationalism, the artist, and other things, which were essentially identical with Stephen’s, and although Joyce at the time of Ulysses was the rowdy companion of medical students, dressed himself as Stephen does in the novel, carried an "ashplant," and signed private letters and his first three published Dubliners stories "Stephen Daedalus," the relationship between history and fiction is by no means a direct one. It is true that the critics of the recent past, who discredited the simple identification of Joyce and Stephen which had been so common for so long by showing that Joyce had perspective on his character, dealt with the identification of Stephen and the older author who wrote the Portrait and Ulysses, not with that of Stephen and the Joyce who had been Stephen’s contemporary. Yet that young man was no more simply Stephen Dedalus than was the mature Joyce Stephen Dedalus grown older.

Certain discrepancies of fact between the portrayal of Stephen and Joyce’s own life may seem at first glance trivial; for example, Stanislaus Joyce’s book about his own and the author’s early years, My Brother’s Keeper, says of the schoolboy Joyce’s career at Clongowes:

Even in sport he distinguished himself. When ... he left Congowes, we had at home a sideboard full of cups and a "silver" (electroplate) teapot and coffee pot that he had won in the school hurdles and walking events.⁴¹

But a moment’s consideration makes it plain that young Stephen Dedalus could not have been the "boy amongst
boys" described here—that the seemingly trivial discrepancy of fact is the manifestation of a fundamental discrepancy of character, and that that is why it exists. A similar suppression:

My brother was very fond of swimming, too. He was a splashy swimmer but fast. Over a short distance he could beat his burly friend Gogarty . . .

has a complicating element. Not only would Joyce’s own love of swimming have been incongruously athletic, but he invests the attitude toward water of his “unwashed bard” with symbolic meaning.

As might be expected, Joyce’s physical robustness did not exist in isolation. His brother speaks of him as one who in boyhood and youth was of such a cheerful and amiable disposition that in the family circle he was given the nickname . . . of “Sunny Jim.”

Of the fully-grown young man, he says:

If the Dedalus of Ulysses were intended to be a self-portrait, it would be a very unflattering one. In temperament he was as unlike that figure, mourning under the incubus of remorse, as he could well be. He had a lively sense of humour and a ready laugh.

And he says that Yeats told Joyce, during his stopover in London on his way to Paris in 1902, “that he had never met anybody, except William Morris, in whom he felt the joy of life to be so keen.”

The significance of this difference in temperament is great. Unlike the young Stephen, Joyce took his family’s increasingly straitened circumstances in stride. Padraic Colum retells an account Joyce gave him of one of the family’s many moves forced by no longer patient landlords:

Joyce’s own part in this particular removal was the carrying of two family portraits, one under each arm; I can imagine his humming an Italian air as the family deployed in the moonlight.
Colum's image of Joyce echoes significantly a description Stanislaus Joyce gives of their father on such occasions, walking behind the moving van, "lilting to himself one of his songs"; Stanislaus goes on to say:

In all these movings he used to make a great to do about the family pictures. . . . Later at Trieste and in Paris my brother, too, following him in this, set great store upon them.48

Joyce "followed" his father not only in that but in many things. Like John Joyce, the writer was a spendthrift, a heavy drinker, a low-life; like him, he had gaiety, wit, and a love of song; above all, like him, he had a robust joy in living and sense of humor about life. So it is not surprising that Joyce's attitude toward his father was very different from the embittered hostility and contempt Stephen Dedalus felt for Simon Dedalus. For example, like Stephen Dedalus, Joyce accompanied his father when he went to sell his property in Cork. Stanislaus Joyce writes:

My brother accompanied my father on a few rare trips out of Dublin, and seemed to enjoy travelling with him. At least he went willingly. . . . In A Portrait of the Artist, the visit [to Cork] . . . awakens in Stephen a raw sense of unrest and spiritual discomfort, but my brother's letters home at the time were written in a tone of amusement even when he described going from one bar to another.49

Joyce simply did not have Stephen's feelings "even" about bar-hopping—or about his father. And Joyce's solicitous affection for his father (which was reciprocated, and which never changed) extended to his whole family.50

The differences between Stephen and Joyce that have been discussed are not intellectual but temperamental. Joyce's writings and pronouncements when a young man prove that he shared Stephen's attitudes; they, and the testimony of others, also prove that he was a lot more discreet than Stephen in the expression of those attitudes. And that latter fact is another manifestation of the essential difference: no matter how paranoid and difficult he be-
came in later life, the young writer was athletic and gay, witty and bibulous, affectionate, loyal, tolerant of faults, and reluctant to offend and hurt\textsuperscript{51}—once again, he had like his father a robust joy in living and a sense of humor about life. If he became troubled, like his creature Stephen and unlike his presumably unreflective and morally insensitive father, his inner distress was incongruous with his temperament (and apparently successfully masked by it), not an appropriate complement to it.\textsuperscript{52}

Stephen Dedalus is estranged from his peers and from his family and nakedly antagonistic to his father. His manner is so sober as to be almost melancholy. He lacks physical robustness and spiritual warmth. It is because of these qualities as well as because of certain impressive principles and values which his creator did share that Stephen is an uncompromising—and soberly intolerant—iconoclast, an \textit{avant-garde} prig.

He is, in fact, a familiar type, the melancholy, young, rebellious artist that the Romantic aesthetic tradition gave to literature and society. And that fact signifies that there are many possible sources for the alternative Joyce provided to the portion of history (his own temperament) which he suppressed in creating Stephen. Certain specific literary models have been suggested by one critic, principally the poet Michael Kramer, hero of Gerhard Hauptmann’s play, and James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849), whom Joyce once called “the most significant poet of the modern Celtic world,” as Mangan revealed himself in his “Fragment of an Unpublished Autobiography.”\textsuperscript{53}

Joyce’s familiarity with and interest in \textit{Michael Kramer} are proven by the fact that he translated it in 1901, the year after it was written, when he was nineteen.\textsuperscript{54} And in addition to the example of a dedicated artist embodied in the hero, Kramer’s son Arnold provided him with an example of a melancholy, romantic, and gifted youth who rebels against his father and is destroyed by a combination of his own willfulness and bourgeois society.\textsuperscript{55}

The playwright whom Joyce considered Hauptmann’s mentor and who was for a while his own idol, Henrik Ibsen, provided models that are more significant, both because Joyce was more greatly influenced by Ibsen’s work in other
respects and because of that playwright's apparent attitude toward those characters.

Ibsen's attitude was not very different from that expressed in *Michael Kramer* at first. An early (1862) play, a drawing-room comedy called *Love's Comedy*, has as its fully sympathetic protagonist a young poet named Falk, who proclaims among other things:

The poet, yes; for poets all men are  
Who see through all their labors

The Ideal's lone beacon splendour flame afar.  
Yes, upward is my flight; the winged steed
Is saddled; I am strong for noble deed

and:

I go to scale the Future's possibilities.56

Four years later, in the romantic play *Brand*, the idealistic clergyman of that name who is the hero is treated by his creator equivocally rather than with complete sympathy, as Hugh Kenner points out. Mr. Kenner goes on to say:

In the five chapters of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Joyce rewrote the five acts of *Brand*. . . .  
It is from Brand . . . that many of the most humorlessly arrogant gestures of Stephen Dedalus are derived: his behavior at his mother's death-bed, his rejection of the Christianity of the clergy, his romantic positives. . . . 57

Ibsen's attitude toward romantic idealism seems to have fully hardened by the latter plays, in which Joyce was most interested. Solness the architect in *The Master Builder* and Rubeck the sculptor in *When We Dead Awaken* are both idealists striving to fulfil themselves only to end in disaster. All critics do not agree either that that was Ibsen's view of the idealist-heroes he created toward the end of his career, or that it is the correct view of them. But Joyce had
read the classic statement of it, George Bernard Shaw's *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, when a student; and in his youthful (1900) essay in the distinguished *Fortnightly Review*, "Ibsen's New Drama" (which is primarily about *When We Dead Awaken*), he criticizes both Rubeck and the other artist, Solness, for being idealists so bent on self-fulfilment and so dedicated to their art as to alienate themselves from life and suffer destruction. The similarity to his ultimate conception of Stephen Dedalus is plain.

Like his interest in Hauptmann and Ibsen, Joyce's interest in Mangan is easily documented. His essay "James Clarence Mangan," already quoted from above and in the discussion of the *Portrait*, was published in the University College newspaper just before he graduated in the spring of 1902; and five years later, he delivered in Italian a lecture in Trieste which was an expanded version of the earlier piece, but in which, significantly, he was more critical of Mangan's art and "dissociate[d] his own personality from Mangan's fainting rhythms." In that lecture, which he composed about half a year before beginning work on the *Portrait*, Joyce spoke of Mangan as "a stranger in his native land, a rare and bizarre figure in the streets, where he is seen going sadly and alone," said of the face revealed by Mangan's death mask, "it is impossible to discover anything but melancholy and great weariness," and after describing "a childhood passed in the midst of domestic cruelties, misfortunes, and misery," declared:

He had always been a child of quiet and unresponsive nature, secretly given to the study of various languages, retiring, silent, preoccupied with religious matters, without friends or acquaintances.

What Joyce had to say about Mangan's childhood indicates that he had read the "Fragment of an Unpublished Autobiography," which he mentioned and quoted indirectly. In that piece Mangan describes a childhood whose external circumstances are very like Stephen's (and Joyce's own): a Jesuit education, in which he distinguished himself, and, at home, rapidly declining circumstances because of his
father’s profligacy. Furthermore, Mangan expresses an unequivocal attitude toward his father:

It was his boast . . . that “we [the children] would run into a mouse-hole” to shun him. While my mother lived, he made her miserable. . . . If anyone can imagine such an idea as a human boa-constrictor, without his alimentive properties, he will be able to form some notion of the character of my father.

And when he describes himself as a child:

For me, I sought refuge in books and solitude. . . . I loved to indulge in solitary rhapsodies. . . . I . . . felt . . . that between me and those who approached me, no species of sympathy could exist: and I shrank from communion with them . . .

not only the substance, but the very style of his portrayal is familiar. Plainly, Joyce did not lack literary models for Stephen Dedalus; and Mangan, at least, provided a detailed model for Stephen’s temperament. Yet, it is very likely that, as he did Stephen’s intellectual attitudes and the external events of Stephen’s life, Joyce actually got Stephen’s temperament, too, from history—only not from his own.

After noting the similarity between his father’s and his brother’s attitudes toward the family pictures in the passage from his book quoted above, Stanislaus Joyce says: “In my opinion they were furniture-pictures, glazed and wooden portraits that looked as if the sitters had been seized with a catalepsy of respectability while being portrayed.” The family called the writer “Sunny Jim” because of what his brother described as “his cheerful and amiable disposition”; they called Stanislaus Joyce himself “Brother John,” “to hint some imagined staidness in my character.” And there is abundant evidence that the “staidness” is not imagined. At the age of eighteen he wrote in his diary that he “never followed” his brother “in drinking . . . in whoring, in speaking broadly, in being frank without reserve with others. . . .” He was, he says, the “model” for the sober,
melancholy, moralistic, alienated intellectual (who translated Michael Kramer), Mr. Duffy, of the Dubliners story "A Painful Case." He was far more affected than the writer seems to have been by the family's privation and their father's responsibility for it. And he himself inadvertently suggests the identity I am trying to establish here when he writes, after describing a drunken antic of John Joyce's that embarrassed him while he was walking with friends:

I wish I could see now, or could have seen then, the funny side of such happenings, as my brother did. And yet in A Portrait of the Artist he writes that "any allusion to his father by a boy or a master put Stephen Dedalus's calm to rout and the smile waned on his face." It did not seem so, but, of course, Stephen Dedalus is an imaginary, not a real, self-portrait and freely treated.

There is more than Stanislaus Joyce's staidness, dour attitude toward the family's privations, and hatred of his father ("I loathe my father") to confirm that his temperament is the primary source for that of Stephen Dedalus. Richard Ellmann contrasts the "cool" apostasy of the older brother with the younger's lifelong hostility toward the Church, and says that when they were young "James . . . suggested [Stanislaus] moderate his revolt a little in the interest of family harmony"; Stanislaus reproduces a conversation about religion between the brothers which the writer terminated with the comment, "There's a queer, grim, Dutch touch about your phiz"; and both these reports make less surprising than it might otherwise be Stanislaus' disclosure that

I announced that I would refuse to do my Easter duty. Jim made a half-hearted attempt to dissuade me from my purpose.

The painful conflict between my mother and my brother originated from my refusal ["in point of time, at least, I refused first"]). . . . he told me of a talk he had with "Cranly," which was much vaguer and briefer than the one in A Portrait of the Artist.
When Joyce went to Paris in 1902, he corresponded with both his parents, and solicited and received money and encouragement from both; before going he had arranged not only for Yeats to meet him in London and help him to get work, but for introductions to people in Paris who might be similarly helpful. Stanislaus Joyce says of these efforts what Stephen Dedalus might be expected to say: “I should have liked him to go to Paris without his viaticum of introductions of dubious utility, and I believe he would have succeeded in his adventure if he had not relied on them.”

And, of course, Stephen makes no such ignoble preparations at the end of the *Portrait*. My point has been perhaps too abundantly documented: Stephen Dedalus has the temperament of Stanislaus Joyce as it is revealed in his autobiography. Maurice, Stephen Daedalus’ brother in *Stephen Hero*, was not simply eliminated as a character from the *Portrait* and *Ulysses* for the sake of economy, but assimilated into Stephen Dedalus for a much more important artistic purpose. The young rebel and aesthete who is first self-deluding and then troubled, whose attitudes and circumstances are those of Joyce himself when young (and also to some extent those of his younger brother, although on the evidence of his autobiography Stanislaus Joyce was not troubled in conscience by his own acts)—that young man whom the writer was creating seemed to him more properly staid, dour, arbitrary, intolerant, and hostile than gay, gregarious, athletic, witty bibulous, affectionate, tolerant of faults, and reluctant to offend and hurt: seemed to him more properly like his younger brother than like himself in temperament. And so he took that brother’s temperament instead of his own from history.

Joyce’s transmutation of history in the cases of Stephen’s refusal to pray for his dying mother and Stephen’s character is, quite simply, functional. He sometimes incorporated history in *Ulysses* with capricious distortion but not often. He more frequently simply recorded it with compulsive faithfulness, and that fact suggests an attitude toward art, toward himself, and toward the created world. But the most important element in the relationship history has with *Ulysses* is as the novel’s functional source: things are in it as they were in life, except where the demands of art require
that they be changed, and then life is not discarded but rearranged or recombined whenever possible.

Joyce's transmutation of history, where it is important in the novel, exemplifies the making of fiction as fully as possible out of fact. And like his use of correspondences, it not only is "a way of working" but suggests an attitude toward the created world. Therefore it combines with that and with his faithful recording of history—to suggest that the making of Stephen Dedalus, for example, out of a Hamlet and a Telemachus, a Joyce and a Stanislaus Joyce, is an act of belief as well as an act of art.

2. Butcher and Lang, p. 184.
3. For lists of allusions to Shakespeare and his works in Ulysses, see: B. J. Morse, "Mr. Joyce and Shakespeare," Englische Studien, LXV (1930-1931), 367-81; Arthur Heine, "Shakespeare in James Joyce," The Shakespeare Association Bulletin, XXIV (1949), 56-70; and especially, Schutte, Appendix B, which assimilates the two earlier lists. I am indebted in this chapter, in various ways, to Mr. Schutte's erudition.
4. The quotation is from Harris' book, The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story (New York, 1909), p. 203. This is one instance in Ulysses in which Joyce may have committed an historical error. Harris' articles were published in fourteen numbers of the British Saturday Review, running from March to December of 1898. At the end of the introductory series of March and April, Harris promised three more "essays," one on Shakespeare's women, one on the sonnets that would not be published for half a decade intentionally, be "reserved for publication in book form" (Saturday Review, LXXXVI, 400). This was true of the latter two; all the other articles that appeared were about "Shakespeare's Women." Joyce's memory may somehow have confused the articles, which he probably saw when a high-school senior and college freshman, with those two parts of the book that had not been printed previously in the Saturday Review. However, it is also possible that he caused Stephen and Lyster to talk in 1904 about a discussion of Shakespeare's sonnets that would not be published for half a decade intentionally, because he considered the anachronism necessary. For a list of functional (and most likely intentional) anachronisms in the novel, see Robert Martin Adams, Surface and Symbol: The Consistency of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (New York, 1962), pp. 4-8.
6. Actually, they had been better friends than either the remark or Joyce's portrayal of Best in the ninth chapter of Ulysses suggests. See James Joyce, pp. 122, 156, 161, 168, 208, 314.
7. Quotations taken from James Joyce, p. 374.
10. See Kain, p. 55 ff.
11. *James Joyce*, p. 376. This discussion of Joyce's use of historical material is considerably indebted to Mr. Ellmann's authoritative biography.
13. The letter, dated May 8, 1932, bears the letterhead of a Zurich hotel. It is in the Margaret McKim Maloney collection at the New York Public Library and is used by permission of the Library and the Society of Authors, London, the literary representative of the Estate of James Joyce.
14. See *James Joyce*, pp. 43-44.
15. Mary Colum, *loc. cit*.
23. See Budgen, p. 181.
26. It was identification of them that led some critics to attack Joyce for escapism or callousness because Stephen concludes the passage with his image of the artist as “invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails” (p. 215). The observation was made in the discussion of “Style in *Ulysses*” that the image is a vehicle for the point that a “dramatic” work of art is autonomous; Joyce artfully has Stephen focus on the artist who has achieved that independence of the work from himself in keeping with his portrayal of Stephen’s aesthetic as debased by subjectivity, as Neoplatonist rather than Aristotelian: in Hugh Kenner's phrase, the aesthetic of a mind “centered on ego rather than ens” (Kenner, “The Portrait in Perspective,” p. 154).
27. *James Joyce*, p. 375.
29. See *ibid.*, pp. 632-34.
30. Some readers may have seen recently a relevant example of the kind of thing that so excited him. A reply to a query in the *New York Times Book Review* of June 11, 1961, concerns “James Lovebirch,” the appropriately-named author of the salacious novel *Fair Tyrants*, which Bloom considers buying before he decides on *Sweets of Sin* (232). The italics are mine: “R.M.A. (May 7) asks
for a turn of the century play in which a Mrs. Scarli appears. Such a woman appears in "Leopoldo," one of a collection of eighteen episodes of marital infidelity by an obscure artist, Jack Lovebirch. These first appeared about 1904."

The letter is made most remarkable by the name of its writer, "Joyce J. Augustine."

One should not be complacent about Joyce's belief, but investigation has not confirmed the existence of correspondent, "artist," or work.

31. Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Minister to Switzerland in 1918.

32. A related issue worth mentioning here is more properly editorializing than caprice: Joyce's treatment of some things about which he had strong feelings, such as the Church in Ireland. See William T. Noon, S.J., "James Joyce: Unfacts, Fiction, and Facts," PMLA, LXXVI (1961), 254-76, for a discussion of "the distance that separates" those things as they appear in his fiction from "the facts out of which the fiction grew."


34. He is quoted as having said, "My life was buried with him." —Ibid., p. 20.


36. Byrne, p. 85.

37. He also returned to his home for a three-week visit at Christmas time. For dates see James Joyce, pp. 113, 115-16, 120, 123, 132-33.

38. Byrne, p. 85.


40. See VI in James Joyce, Epiphanies, ed. O. A. Silverman (Buffalo, 1956), p. 6. See also, James Joyce, p. 25.

41. Stanislaus Joyce, p. 41.

42. Ibid.

43. Ibid., pp. 41-42.

44. Ibid., p. 23.

45. Ibid., p. 187.

46. Ibid., p. 195.


49. Ibid., p. 60.

50. See, e.g., his brother's account of his consoling their sister Mabel at the time of their mother's death (Stanislaus Joyce, pp. 236-37).

51. See, e.g., Stanislaus Joyce's account of their talks about religion, in which the writer tried to persuade his brother to moderate his position (Stanislaus Joyce, pp. 103-5, 138-39).
52. After enumerating differences between Joyce and Stephen, Maurice Beebe says, "Joyce, it is clear, was a better rounded—alas, better adjusted—person than his fictional surrogate."—Beebe, p. 73.

53. The critic is Marvin Magalaner; see Joyce, pp. 27–30. His later suggestion (Joyce, p. 63) that Ivan Dmitrich Gromov of Chekhov’s short story "Ward No. 6" resembles Stephen is less convincing; Gromov is a similar type, but is a paranoiac. For a more extensive list of possible models, see Beebe, pp. 74–77. Joyce’s statement is from an Italian lecture on Mangan (1907), translated and printed in The Critical Writings of James Joyce, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (London, 1959), pp. 175–86, 179; although he did translations of Gaelic poems, Mangan wrote in English.

54. He was unable to render every passage of the play’s Silesian dialect; see James Joyce, p. 91.

55. I am indebted for this observation, and for most of what I have to say about the possible influence of Ibsen and of Mangan’s autobiographical piece on Joyce’s characterization of Stephen, to an unpublished undergraduate honors essay by Robert Stein, "The Backgrounds of Stephen Dedalus" (Clark University, 1961).


57. Kenner, Dublin’s Joyce, p. 81.

58. See "Ibsen’s New Drama," in Critical Writings, especially pp. 53, 54, 57, 58, 62, 66.

59. Printed in Critical Writings, pp. 73–83 and 175–86; the quotation is from the editors’ comment, p. 175.

60. See James Joyce, pp. 268, 269, 274.

61. Critical Writings, pp. 180, 178, 177.

62. Ibid., pp. 76, 180–81. In both essay and lecture Joyce used the "boaconstrictor" figure (in the latter it is changed to "human rattlesnake"), which he presumably could have gotten from no secondary work on Mangan. See Marvin Magalaner, "James Mangan and Joyce’s Dedalus Family," Philological Quarterly, XXXI (1952), 363–71.


64. Stanislaus Joyce, pp. 122–23.

65. Ibid., p. 135.

66. Ibid., p. xiii. He may have been nineteen; the entry containing this passage is not one for September, 1903, as stated, according to the editor of the diary (see n. 70 below), but that for August 13, 1904.

67. Ibid., p. 54.

68. Ibid., pp. 50–51, 59.

69. Ibid., p. 48.

70. Diary entry for April 12, 1904. The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce, ed. George Harris Healey (Ithaca, 1962), p. 28. For the
similarity between Stanislaus' and Mangan's views of their fathers, compare the entry for September 26, 1903, especially pp. 16-18, with Mangan's "Fragment."

71. Stanislaus Joyce, pp. xii, 138-39, 103-6.

72. Ibid., p. 199.

73. Maurice Beebe says, "Joyce combined certain aspects of his brother's character with his own and thus gave Stephen the strength of two young Joyces."—Beebe, p. 70. Kevin Sullivan, in Joyce among the Jesuits (New York, 1958), comes even closer to this conclusion. He says in a note: "Stanislaus' attitude toward his father [as expressed in My Brother's Keeper] closely resembles that of Stephen toward Simon Dedalus, nor is this the only point of resemblance between Joyce's 'hero' and his younger brother. It is possible that Stanislaus rather than James served as model for some of the less attractive traits of the Dedalus" (p. 54, n. 79).

74. This principle would validate the anachronisms of a functional nature in the novel; see n. 4 above.