conclusion

Just as the form of *Ulysses* is not mechanically contrived, the audacities of its manner not arbitrary, and its characters and action not static and futile, so the import of the novel is not the pessimism or cynical disdain an art with such qualities would have expressed. Neither is it a simple optimism about the human condition and a genial affirmation of life. Furthermore, a reader of so rich and subtle a work of art, which implicates figures and situations from Hebraic, Christian, Celtic, and Hellenic myth as well as from high, folk, and popular culture, but which addresses itself directly only to what happens to two particular Dubliners, projects general conclusions about that work at considerable peril. For this reason I offer my conclusions in this last chapter with less confidence than I have in the specific observations of previous chapters, even though I believe them to be valid.

The most prudent starting point is the most appropriate, the two subjects of the novel themselves. The person named in its title is Bloom. A timid man mildly despised by his peers in a modern middle-class urban society, he nonetheless acts *mutatis mutandis* like Odysseus in pointedly corresponding situations. If he falls below the Achaean hero with respect to his cattle of the sun, he rises above him in dealing with his Cyclops. He is ultimately as resourceful and brave in the den of his psychological Circe and as successful in
returning to his home and dispatching the usurpers of his place. Joyce insists by his method that *Ulysses* is a novel with a hero, in the fullest sense of that word.

The point must be emphasized because Bloom is so far from being a hero through so much of the book. At the end of the episode in the maternity hospital, the voice of “Carlyle” praises Doady Purefoy, the ideal father contrasted to Bloom, for acting (“With thee it was not as with many that will and would and wait and never do”) not only to express the ventriloquist Joyce’s approval of fatherhood with Thomas Carlyle’s vigorous assertiveness but also to signify that Purefoy is in a sense the hero as citizen. In other words, the philosopher’s style is not merely a useful mask; his thought is intrinsic to the point being made in the contrast drawn between the two men. Bloom must not only become a husband and father like Purefoy but must do as the “pure in faith” does in order to realize that end: he must act, assert himself, alter circumstances by his will. And that would be to affect history and so to become a hero in Carlyle’s terms.

On the other hand, through most of the book, Stephen cannot—and his willingness to try right up to the climax contrasts exactly with Bloom’s reluctance to do so—alter the circumstances that concern him by his will. Stephen is not loath to act, and he is courageous, but his proper course is not heroism: Carlyle’s heroic philosophy is invalid for him. Although *Ulysses* has a true hero, it has only one. About the proclamations and deeds by which Stephen defies God, truly heroic actions, the significant thing for the story of Stephen Dedalus is that they are totally wrong. In his own words at the end of the first part of the novel, he must learn to “cease to strive.”

S. Foster Damon’s brilliant early essay contrasts Stephen’s “*Non serviam!*”, his “warring in vain against the Things That Are,” with Bloom’s attitude of submission. And critics have asserted that Stephen “rejects the actual for daring to fall short of his vision,” and that “the man who will not assent to the conditions of life is damned.” However, the contrast between them is not to Bloom’s advantage. Although it was on his brief youthful stay in Paris that Joyce copied into his notebooks the observation
of Aristotle’s, “That which acts is superior to that which suffers,” he was not being puerile, for common sense says that submissiveness can be at least as much of a fault as its extreme opposite; and the novel itself makes clear that Bloom’s benighted submission is by no means a standard against which Stephen is to be measured.

A more fundamental error in such judgments of Bloom and Stephen is that they are final ones, that they are based on a conception of the two characters as static: on a conception of the nature of each as it is through most of the novel as the total truth about him. In fact, the contrast between them does not prevail, precisely because they do change. The first of the general conclusions I have drawn from *Ulysses* is one about the significance of the changes in its two subjects.

That those changes have special significance is suggested by the fact that the whole novel really balances on them. Its action is, in the most basic sense, psychological. Boylan is no villain but merely the necessary third point of a triangle inevitably created by Molly because decreed by Bloom, his own villain. And however much Mulligan may be or symbolize the Villain, he is not Stephen’s antagonist. As the novel begins, Bloom is an exile who wishes to return, Stephen a captive who wishes to escape. In nighttown, each comes to a realization of what he must do, how he must change. Thereafter the hero Bloom wins out against the villain Bloom in his inner conflict; and in contrast to the originally submissive Bloom’s case, the captive hero Stephen achieves his good fortune by becoming a willing victim in the sacramental sense. Although with the manifest assistance of divine grace, at the end of the novel the captive submits and so is able to “depart,” and the exile acts and so is able to “return.”

Bloom’s original benighted submission is not a standard against which Stephen is measured, yet it is a model for him. The actual case presented in *Ulysses*, its basic conceptual principle, is that both of its subjects are headed for catastrophe and that each must adopt as a model for correction the wrong conduct of the other. They are analogous to Othello and Hamlet. Had either of those contrasting characters been in the other’s situation, he would have dealt
with it easily; neither the warrior nor the intellectual is an ideal; and each in his situation brings catastrophe on himself. However, Joyce’s characters correct their catastrophic faults during the novel and are saved.

Like *Crime and Punishment*, *Ulysses* is concerned with the classical polarity of will and circumstance or self and world in human existence, and presents characters who are living at one extreme or the other.\(^4\) Reduced to simplest terms, the novel tells the story of the salutary and timely abandonment of his particular fateful extremity by each of its two subjects. Apparently, the basic conceptual principle of Joyce’s long complex story of Bloom and Stephen was formulated and expressed by a saint of the Church three hundred years before Joyce created it. A prayer attributed to Francois de Sales, who happens also to be the patron saint of writers, runs:

> God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.\(^5\)

Saint Francis’ prayer expresses perfectly not only the design of, but also the primary moral embodied in, the careers Joyce created for the two subjects of his novel. And my beginning this chapter with Bloom and Stephen is not only prudent and appropriate, but for this reason convenient as well. Through the agency of the prayer, my second general conclusion about *Ulysses* gains credence from the first—and it is not easily made credible.

There is a sense in which every major work of art may be said to be religious. But, although in both his life and his work Joyce consistently rejected any organized church, I have concluded that *Ulysses* is a religious novel precisely as *Crime and Punishment* is a religious novel: explicitly and literally devout. Joyce’s consistent antisectarian position can easily be reconciled with this thesis: the novel need only represent the fallen churches (as I believe that both it and *Finnegans Wake* do) as imperfect ways to a truth (God) which its author accepts and finds good. To demon-
strate the validity of my doctrinaire, and in our day suspiciously modish, thesis is more difficult.

_Ulysses_ asserts that Bloom’s only salvation is in becoming a proper husband and father again, and provides not only personal and social but also explicitly religious grounds for the assertion; and Stephen quite simply must achieve a state of grace, in precisely those terms, through reverence for God. The essential problem of each has a religious aspect, and the resolution of that problem a religious value. If this were the only basis for my conclusion, it could be argued with respect to Bloom that the allusions to the prophet Malachi and the “pure in faith” are solely functional devices of exposition. Such an argument would not hold for Stephen even then. His story is too explicitly what it is. Indeed, the revelation in the action of the novel that enables him to escape his predicament (that Bloom is the deliverer promised him in his dream) is also a revelation in the strict religious sense. And, of course, the religious dimension of the characters’ problems is not the only basis for my conclusion. In fact, it gains further support from the nature of the event that makes Stephen’s revelation possible, the fulfilled dream-prophecy, as well as from an event of corresponding significance for Bloom. _Ulysses_ presents, as an instrumental factor in the ultimate rescue of its protagonists, direct divine intervention in events—that is to say, miracle.

Stephen had a dream of rescue and escape just before the beginning of the novel, and Bloom had one of invitation and return. Both dreams are fulfilled in the action. The tone of the novel provides no basis for regarding that fulfilment as gratuitous or ironic accident. In fact, common sense dismisses even the possibility of so much coincidence, signifying such pointless irony, articulated in such climactic developments in the action. The conclusion seems to me inescapable: God announces, almost simultaneously, to each character the circumstances that shall attend his rescue and those circumstances promptly, almost simultaneously, occur.

Stephen’s dream has so instrumental a role in the action of the novel that the ultimate fulfilment of its promise cannot be seen as merely signifying that dreams are some-
times prophetic; Bloom’s dream, however, is not instrumental in the action. The event in his story that corresponds to Stephen’s dream, the instrumental direct divine intervention that Joyce presents, is the concurrence of three events on the very day following the dream: the victory of Throwaway in the Gold Cup at Ascot, Molly’s consummation of her affair with Boylan, and Bloom’s meeting with Stephen. Throwaway’s victory causes the revelation of Bloom’s messianic power and is associated in the novel with that power, with his rescue of Stephen, and with his victory over Boylan. As are the dreams, the Throwaway—“throwaway” matter is external to the plot, in the strict sense, to the actions of the characters—it simply happens; as are the dreams, it is directly linked with the fortunate outcome of their predicaments; and as is Stephen’s dream for him, it is instrumental in Bloom’s story. There have been many ingenious and some absurd speculations about the reason for Joyce’s choice of June 16, 1904, as the day for the action of the novel. The only reason for the date of Bloomsday that is in any way functional in the novel would seem to be the historical fact that a horse named Throwaway, a dark horse, in an upset that made the race a memorable one, won the coveted Gold Cup away from the famous Sceptre at Ascot on that day in that year. This alone of the public events of the day enters into the action of the novel. And because it does, its inclusion is not simply a matter of Joyce’s historical realism. If an actual event which is not only unusual in kind but unique in nature (the name of the historical “dark horse” is vital) is instrumental in a fictional story, the implication is that the outcome of that story could have been what it was only as that event permitted. Bloom’s story could have developed as it did only on the **very day** represented; and so, if the victory of Thowaway is not another absurdly ironic coincidence making all the action that depends from it pointless and crude, the hand of God guided the developments of Bloomsday that led to the hero’s success and the deliverer’s fulfilment of a young man’s dreamed promise. Despite the rarity of such elements in literary works in recent centuries, two fundamental elements in the action of *Ulysses* are presented as miracles in the most literal sense.
When *Ulysses* is seen to be a religious portrayal of the human condition, plausible conclusions about both the general philosophical affinity that Joyce expresses in it and the fundamental aesthetic out of which it was written suggest themselves. Like Odysseus, Bloom is ‘Outis-Zeus, has within him the broadest potentiality; like Odysseus, his tribulation comes when he denies his God-like qualities; and much more explicit than does Homer, Joyce identifies the (eventual) heroic conduct of his Ulysses with an assertion of those qualities by the hero. What Joyce implies is a simple and familiar idea: man is an animal, yet he is created in the image of God; and each individual himself determines which of these antithetical facts about him dominates his existence. However, Joyce pushes the doctrine to its extreme, for he applies the pun on Odysseus’ name to Bloom as literally as possible. When Bloom is his own villain instead of the hero, correspondent of Martha Clifford and follower of the bovine haunches of the neighbor’s servant, he is the spiritually worthless Mister Nobody. On the other hand, the ascendancy of his heroic nature is neither more nor less than the realization of the divine in himself. Joyce neither claims divinity for Bloom nor denies it to Christ, but he asserts that Bloom’s potentiality as a man is so great that when he fulfills it he is legitimately associated with Christ and Elijah.

The two philosophical assertions hitherto inferred from the novel are that a man must know the extent of his freedom to affect circumstances and must act accordingly, and that the world is ruled by God, actively, even to the extent that miracles occur in it. In the light of these, the former of which was anticipated by a humanist priest of the Renaissance, Joyce’s assertion that man is potentially an exalted being indicates his general philosophical affinity in *Ulysses* with a familiar world view developed during the Renaissance, religious humanism. In a book called *The True Humanism,* the French Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain distinguishes between “theocentric” and “anthropocentric” humanism. Of course, he considers the former to be “the true humanism”; and although his judgment is controversial, Joyce seems to agree with it. Maritain’s distinction is not between a religious creed and an explicitly
agnostic or atheistic one, but, as his terms suggest, between a humanism that considers God the source and center of all that man can achieve and one that does not accommodate God at all. The secular humanism, he says, causes man to

exalt his own proper movement as creature to the dignity of the first absolute movement and to attribute to his own created freedom the first initiative towards goodness. Thus his movement of ascension has necessarily been separated from that of grace. . . .

The similarity to the situation of Stephen as a young man is striking.

Joyce himself, however, with his enthusiasm for life, exaltation of the individual, intellectual avidity, also "recognizes that the center for man is God"—is a theocentric humanist. He is more like the men described by M. Maritain as closest to his conception of true humanism, men who combined the qualities of the humanist with an intact devoutness, maintained a tension between the limited Christian world of the Middle Ages and their own essentially modern age—the men of the Renaissance—than he is like the men of what Maritain calls "our culture."

In comparing the two cultures and the two kinds of humanist, Maritain is exploring the theological and historical aspects of a phenomenon whose aesthetic aspect has been an important subject of modern literary criticism. The intensity of our modern interest in this phenomenon and in the age that presumably experienced its advent is itself a prompting to caution; and generalizations about a highly complex culture and its equally complex art are almost destined to be partly specious in any case. In the following paragraphs I quote some generalizations which seem to me as sound as such things are likely to be, in order to make some connections which seem to me meaningful.

T. S. Eliot's "dissociation of sensibility," the separation of thought and feeling in poetry, is in some sense the complement in art to Maritain's "our culture," the dissociation of reason and belief in metaphysics. And the men who, prior to that dissociation, had the unified sensibility
of which Eliot writes were Maritain's theocentric humanists of the Renaissance, who were able to reconcile humanism and faith. The literary critic M. M. Mahood discusses Maritain's concept of two contrasted humanisms (adopting his designations of "false" and "true") in a book called *Poetry and Humanism*, and then uses the idea of the "true humanist" as the rationale for a study of English Renaissance poetry. Miss Mahood says:

For over two centuries [the triumphant modern] false humanism ran parallel to a true humanism which, by integrating all new achievements and discoveries with the central tenets of the medieval faith, led the greatest of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century artists to "the highest reaches of the human wit." . . .

. . . The English religious poets of the seventeenth century . . . sought to restore the balance of a true form of humanism. They did not attempt to put the clock back, as the Tractarians were to do two centuries later. Instead, they enlarged the medieval notions of correspondence between the natural and spiritual worlds to accommodate every new discovery—the circulation of the blood, the motion of the earth, even the plurality of worlds.

In discussing "Style in Ulysses," I presented specific precedents and sources for the three kinds of special stylistic devices in the novel and attempted to show that the strategy of its style is an exceptional example of new developments in fiction at, and immediately after, the turn of the century. The fundamental aesthetic out of which it was written, however, is suggested by neither of these considerations. It is suggested by that essential characteristic of its style, elaboration. And it is suggested by a quality of Joyce's character and work recalled by Miss Mahood's statement "they enlarged the medieval notions of correspondence": his almost compulsive respect for correspondences, discussed in "Joyce's Dublin and Dublin's Joyce."

The relationship between this aesthetic and Joyce's philosophical affinity with the theocentric humanists of the Renaissance seems to me as direct as that which Miss
Mahood draws between the art and the world view of certain of those men. His unremittting elaboration in the novel recalls a name borrowed by literary historians from the plastic arts for the writers she has in mind ("Donne and his followers") and others of the Renaissance: "baroque." One critic's conception of the "philosophy" and "aesthetic" of English baroque poetry and prose provides a good description (there may never be a definition) of the baroque quality:

"Baroque" shall name such English poetry and prose antedating the neoclassical movement as would, by neoclassical standards, be judged "false wit." It subsumes the poetry of Quarles, Benlowes, Cleveland, Crashaw, and Donne; the prose of Andrewes, Browne, and Burton. Its philosophy is Christian and supernaturalist and incarnational, a philosophy admissive of miracle and hence of surprise; its aesthetic, by appropriate consequence, indorses bold figures, verbal and imaginal—such figures as the pun, the oxymoron, the paradox, the metaphor which links events from seemingly alien, discontinuous spheres. It likes polar mixtures—the shepherds and the magi, the colloquial and the erudite. If it provides ecstasies, it allows also of ingenuities: anagrams and acrostics and poems shaped like obelisks or Easter wings.\(^{11}\)

And a more extensive discussion of the style of baroque poetry in general by the same critic, Austin Warren, and René Wellek, is a discussion *mutatis mutandis* of the style of *Ulysses* as well:

In the Baroque period, characteristic figures are . . . Christian, mystical, pluralist. . . . Truth is complex. . . . Some kinds of truths have to be stated by negation or calculated distortion. . . . The Neo-Classical mind likes clear distinctions and rational progressions. . . . But the Baroque mind invokes a universe at once of many worlds and of worlds all, in unpredictable ways, connected.\(^{12}\)

Attempting to determine "the motives behind the Baroque practice," Mr. Wellek and Mr. Warren once again describe a literature of elaboration and correspondence:
... Its wider inclusiveness, its taste for richness over purity, polyphony over monophony. More specific motives are the appetite for surprise and shock; ... pedagogic domestication of the remote by homely analogy.\textsuperscript{13}

Finally, Warren explains of baroque poetry, the art of the Renaissance true humanists of unified sensibility about whom Maritain, Eliot, and Miss Mahood wrote:

a fully supernatural and sacramental conception of the world, a view which holds that miracles still occur in history, is the philosophy which best validates it.\textsuperscript{14}

\textit{Ulysses} seems to be a work of art whose aesthetic is manifest and is mated to its philosophy.

Bloom and Stephen turn from error to the right path. Although Stephen achieves “the serenity to accept the things [he] cannot change” and Bloom “the courage to change the things [he] can,” the hand of God is manifestly instrumental in their salvation. Finally, Joyce’s view of man and the world is that of the men who flourished in the Renaissance, whom Maritain calls true humanists; and his art is in the tradition of those men as we have come to know that tradition in Western literature, and as Miss Mahood, Eliot, Warren, and Wellek describe and explain it.

Harry Levin quotes Joyce as saying, “If there is any difficulty in what I write it is because of the material I use. The thought is always simple.”\textsuperscript{15} Joyce preaches the preservation of the family, acceptance of what must be accepted in life, right action where it is possible, the everyday existence of miracle, the goodness of God, and the great potentiality in man. His view of life is not only genial, it is sanguine. Life offers love spiritual and physical, food, learning, fun. Man can help himself. And God will take mercy on him and help him.

\textit{Ulysses} is a comic novel in the sense that it depicts a reconciliation rather than an irrevocable rupture between man and life: Bloom and Stephen correct and adjust to
their situations. It is a religious novel as well. Joyce does not leave implicit the force that effects the comic conclusion. The world he portrays has a moral and religious foundation. The path of virtue must be striven for by Bloom and Stephen; and once reached, it leads directly to rescue; this is moral statement in fictional terms. The hand of God is explicitly represented as aiding Bloom and Stephen; this is religious statement.

*Ulysses* is a comic novel and a religious novel, but it is not a sentimental novel. There is no statement of facile optimism. Purefoy is the only man "pure in faith" until finally Bloom and Stephen are regenerated and so join him. Their story has a "happy ending." But the world in which they live is depicted as headed for the destruction prophesied by Malachi at the end of an earlier civilization. It is a world of ignorance, bigotry, sterility, chauvinism, cruelty, materialism. Bloom is superior to it, and Stephen finally succeeds in escaping it, but essentially all of Dublin remains loyal to it.

I have saved for last the unavoidable question of autobiographical statement in *Ulysses* because of my awareness that it is also in a sense unanswerable. The general conclusions presented above can be tested by reference to the novel itself, a definite although difficult composition of words; conclusions about an author's personal divulgings in a work of fiction can never be proven, and Joyce is subtle and elusive. Nevertheless, I believe that he is making a statement about himself in *Ulysses*, and that it embellishes both his novel and his life story.

It has been pointed out that the maudlin young man and papier-mâché artist Stephen Dedalus is very different from the "Sunny Jim" Joyce who spoke and wrote about literary and cultural questions, and who was published and listened to with respect. Although the same age as Stephen, Joyce was a promising young *fin de siècle* man of letters on June 16, 1904. In addition to his Ibsen essay and other prose pieces, he had written a number of delicate poems which had been praised by Yeats and Arthur Symons and had been appearing in print. The rejection of his lyrical essay "A Portrait of the Artist" by the editors of *Dana* had
caused him to begin work four months before on the novel he was to entitle *Stephen Hero*, and he had made good progress on it by that date. Nevertheless a significant similarity between character and creator does exist.

The young Joyce’s work was much more consistent with his expressed attitudes toward society, the artist, and the relationship between the two than with his professed artistic principles, for it was solipsistic, escapist, and lovely. His assertion of the importance of faithfulness to reality in his essay on Mangan is professed principle, but the Paterian prose in which that is couched is artistic commitment. The poems that were to compose the volume *Chamber Music* and the equally elegant, elliptical, and euphonious autobiographical “portrait” of that period were precisely *fin de siècle*: they were the work of a young aesthete. Furthermore, as different as it is from the lovely lyrics and essay, and although in writing it Joyce professed the sound principle, especially for fiction, of “converting the bread of everyday life into something that has a permanent artistic life of its own,”* Stephen Hero* is blighted by the self-centeredness of the aesthete who was its author.

The problem of “converting” material into art is different for the poem and the essay from what it is for fiction, and on the whole Joyce’s literary and personal essays are interesting, if overripe, period pieces, his poems pretty if slight. However, through the completion of *Ulysses* in his fortieth year, his valuable work was in fiction; to judge from the fragment and from his opinion of the whole novel, *Stephen Hero* is not valuable fiction; and its failure is his own failure at that time to make a “dramatic” work (in his term), a work freed from the personality of the artist, autonomous in its form and its life. Stephen was a sterile aesthete before Bloomsday; although far from sterile, Joyce was also an aesthete. And when he began to write fiction, in which he was later to fulfil his genius, he proved to be precisely the way Stephen was, unable to deal with reality (at least as artist), to work like “the man with the hat” in Chapter IV of the *Portrait* and create “out of the . . . earth a . . . soaring . . . being.”

He was first able to do this in the short stories of *Dubliners*. In them he did achieve his professed aim of “con-
verting” (transubstantiating with the God-given hieratic power of the artist) the “bread” of the particular reality he knew into universal “dramatic” art; with them began the fulfilment of his genius as an artist of fiction. And the first of those stories, “The Sisters,” his first successful work of fiction, was begun and promptly completed in July of 1904. It was followed by two more, “Eveline” and “After the Race,” in a series (of ten) projected in July. On August 13, less than two months after Bloomsday, “The Sisters” was published in the *Irish Homestead* under the pseudonym “Stephen Daedalus.”

Prior to the early summer of 1904, then, Joyce had written and published, but he had been unable to write in the way that realized his full powers as an artist. Furthermore, with even greater similarity to Stephen, he had been unable to return to the Continent since his mother’s death in August, 1903, despite his belief that emigration was necessary for his development and his personal well-being. At the end of *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus no longer wishes to express hostility toward God’s world and way through “Carnal Concupiscence”—he is freed from the nets within himself that had snared the would-be man and artist and is enabled to leave his family, his Church, and his country to pursue the artist’s calling in that independent way of life. On October 8, 1904, between the appearance in the *Irish Homestead* of the second and third stories of his first major work, James Joyce left Ireland for the Continent with a young woman to spend the rest of his life there as a dedicated writer and devoted husband and father. The destiny promised for Stephen at the end of *Ulysses* is that which Joyce himself had realized immediately after the time of the novel.

That Joyce began to fulfil himself as man and artist in the ways and at the time his character had been freed to do so is historical fact. Of course, this fact does not of itself signify that he had been enabled to work and live in the world by an experience like that he created for Stephen in his novel, especially one which occurred precisely on the evening of June 16, 1904. But in my opinion, the statement he is making about himself in *Ulysses* is that he indeed did have such an experience, and furthermore that it began on that very evening.
Richard Ellmann's authoritative biography discloses that Joyce's first date (although not his first meeting) with his future wife, Nora Barnacle, occurred on the evening of June 16, 1904, and comments:

To set *Ulysses* on this date was Joyce's most eloquent if indirect tribute to Nora, a recognition of the determining effect upon his life of his attachment to her. On June 16 he entered into relation with the world around him and left behind him the loneliness he had felt since his mother's death. He would tell her later, "You made me a man." June 16 was the sacred day that divided Stephen Dedalus, the insurgent youth, from Leopold Bloom, the complaisant husband.²⁰

The suggestion that on June 16, 1904, Joyce changed from similarity to Stephen to similarity to Bloom may be set aside, for the novel discloses that Stephen himself changed. But this very fact—that "the insurgent youth" of *Ulysses* precisely "entered into relation with the world around him"—confirms the general point, which is that the correspondence between the fictional situation in which on a specific evening Stephen Dedalus' "youth" reached its "end" and the real situation in which on the same evening James Joyce began to be "made" "a man" is too close to be anything but significant. Joyce's tribute to his wife in his dating of *Ulysses* involves more than the mere arbitrary commemoration of the day their relationship began, which would have been a superficial, and in the fullest sense sentimental, imposition of autobiography on art. As his declaration to her that she "made me a man" suggests, he made the personal tribute because he regarded the date to have been significant for his own life in exactly the way he caused it to be significant for the life of his autobiographical projection. This could not be shown before the story of Stephen Dedalus on Bloomsday was clarified. By means of that story Joyce illuminates the known facts of his life at Stephen's age, and so adds a revealing chapter to his biography.

Therefore, while the day chosen for the novel is intrinsically functional, it also commemorates the hours when Nora began to show Joyce what Bloom showed Stephen and
when she consequently began to rescue him as Bloom rescued Stephen. To have Bloom share Nora with Molly, who is conventionally compared to her in obvious ways, may seem shocking at first; but it is a less extreme adaptation of his human material than Joyce worked in other instances (the elements of himself in the despicable Mr. Deasy, for example), and speaks more for both his wit and his wisdom than the more apparent similarity between woman and woman.

In discussing the role of historical fact in the novel, I pointed out that when Stephen attributed to art "lyrical," "epical," and "dramatic" "forms" during his aesthetic discourse in the Portrait, he not only made a general statement about the stages of the process of artistic creation but, in addition, described the decade-long history of his creator's own autobiographical "portrait," from personal essay, through its intermediate "form," to fully realized work of art. Similarly, in making the day of Ulysses June 16, 1904, Joyce was able to combine a vital functional purpose with an autobiographical one. Indeed, his apparent "sacramental conception of the world" and his interest, in the light of that conception far more than just habit of mind, in correspondences both existing and created, suggest that his (historical) personal experience on that particular date motivated his constructing the story of the corresponding experience of Stephen Dedalus in such a way that the historical fact of the singular result of the Ascot Gold Cup horserace on that date would be a vital circumstantial element of that story.

The dazzling varieties of Ulysses are not merely contained in a harmonious and autonomous work but are transformed into the richest example of the art of fiction in history. The beauties of the unfolding of its story, the life it creates, and the achieved form of the whole are not themselves its end, for it embodies moral and philosophical high seriousness. Finally, Joyce extends his accomplishment with unfaltering finesse into the wholly separate dimension of autobiography.

The representation of the artist himself in his art, Stephen Dedalus is as specific a character as possible; but the young Joyce's nature makes Stephen also as general as possible—the model of the Western artist at the beginning of the
modern era. Repelled by the reality around him, that artist tried for a time to escape from it to an exotic alternative: the age of belief, or a utopia of socialism and handicraft, or a pagan cosmology, or a private world of cultivated beauty. Finally, the fin de siècle ended; in the new century he faced that reality, dealt with it, and created one of the richest artistic periods in Western civilization. Proof of the ultimate achievement of the fledgling artist it calls “Stephen Dedalus,” *Ulysses* also allegorizes the historical development in our culture of which *Ulysses* is a consummate example. The novel is a testament of both Joyce himself and the age.

1. Damon, in Givens, p. 227 ff.
3. Blackmur, p. 102. Quoted from Cyril Connolly as from Baudelaire.
4. I am referring here to the fundamental opposition Dostoevsky presents in his novel between feeling and submission to the world, on the one hand, and thought and assertion of the self or ego, on the other. The extreme embodiment of the former is Marmeladov, who figuratively lives in the tavern, is a drunkard (without self-control, strength of ego), and finally allows the world to destroy him. The extreme embodiment of the latter is Svidrigailov, who cannot drink (will not relax his self-control—drink gives him a head-ache), and in his suicide commits the ultimate act of ego, self-destruction. Raskolnikov’s “crime,” his plotted murder of the pawnbroker, is an extreme assertion of the ego in despite of the divinely-created world. And such assertion, the cause of Svidrigailov’s crimes, perversions, and suicide, is madness. This condition is opposed by Dostoevsky to the condition which he causes to express Marmeladov’s equally reprehensible weak will: drunkeness. For example, while Marmeladov’s place is the tavern, a public house, Raskolnikov’s at this time is his tiny yellow-walled room; and on more than one occasion before he begins to liberate himself from his “disease” of egotism by kissing the created earth at a place which forms a cross and at which people congregate, Raskolnikov finds temporary relief from that extremity in beer or a visit to a tavern.

Joyce is not so simply theocentric as Dostoevsky, but the similarity between the story of Stephen and that of Raskolnikov is striking.

5. The prayer has been adopted by the organization Alcoholics Anonymous; the present wording is attributed to Reinhold Niebuhr.
8. "The Renaissance sense of abounding life, that joy in the comprehension of the world and in freedom, the impetus towards scientific discovery, its creative rapture and delight in the beauty of sensible forms reveal an inextricable mingling of natural and Christian sources"—Ibid., p. 17.


13. Ibid., p. 205.


16. At the beginning of February, 1904; see James Joyce, pp. 152-53.

17. Ibid., p. 169.

18. Ibid. Ellmann dates the story on the bases of a letter from George Russell suggesting that Joyce try to write a short story for the Irish Homestead and a letter accepting "The Sisters" and enclosing payment from H. F. Norman, the editor, both of which are extant. No extant manuscript of a short story is dated earlier (see John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, A Bibliography of James Joyce [1882-1941] [New Haven, 1953]), and there is no evidence that any was written before it.

19. Ibid.; see also ibid., p. 774, n. 56.

20. Ibid., pp. 162-63.