

JOYCE
in
ROME

THE GENESIS OF ULYSSES

EDITED BY
GIORGIO MELCHIORI

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A selection of interrelated contributions
to the Rome Joyce Centenary celebrations
edited by

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ROMA

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Back cover: Joyce's Rome. The centre of the city including Via Monte Brianzo and Piazza di Spagna (North) and the Forums and the Colosseum (South). From *Plan de Rome pour l'usage du Guide Roger-Bleser*, published in 1906.

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A Seminar, Rome, 3-5 November 1982

ABBREVIATIONS AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES

Figures in square brackets in the text refer to the illustrations. The following abbreviations have been used in bibliographical references:

Archive = *The James Joyce Archive*, General editor Michael Groden; associate editors Hans Walter Gabler, David Hayman, A. Walton Litz, Danis Rose. 63 vols (New York: Garland Publishing, 1978-80).

Consciousness of Joyce = RICHARD ELLMANN, *The Consciousness of Joyce* (New York: Oxford U.P., 1977).

CW = *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, ed. E. Mason and R. Ellmann (London: Faber, 1959).

D = J. JOYCE, *Dubliners* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1956).

E = J. JOYCE, *Exiles*, including hitherto unpublished notes by the author ... and an introduction by Padraic Colum (New York: Viking, 1951).

EG = GUGLIELMO FERRERO, *L'Europa Giovane* (Milano: Treves, 1898).

FW = J. JOYCE, *Finnegans Wake* (London: Faber, 1939). A colon separates page and line numbers.

JJ, 1959 = RICHARD ELLMANN, *James Joyce* (New York: Oxford U.P., 1959).

JJ, 1982 = RICHARD ELLMANN, *James Joyce*, revised edition (New York: Oxford U.P., 1982).

JJB = *James Joyce Broadsheet*, eds. A. ARMSTRONG, P. BEKKER, R. BROWN (London 1980—).

JJQ = *James Joyce Quarterly*, ed. T.F. STALEY (Tulsa, Ok., 1963—). See especially S.L. HUMPHREYS, « Ferrero Etc.: James Joyce's Debt to Guglielmo Ferrero », 16 (1979), 239-52.

Joyce Remembered = CONSTANTINE CURRAN, *James Joyce Remembered* (New York: Oxford U.P., 1968).

JP = DOMINIC MANGANIello, *Joyce's Politics* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980).

L = *Letters of James Joyce*, vol. I ed. Stuart Gilbert (Lon-

don: Faber, 1957), vols. II and III ed. Richard Ellmann (London: Faber 1966).

My Brother's Keeper = STANISLAUS JOYCE, *My Brother's Keeper*, edited by R. Ellmann (London: Faber, 1958).

P = J. JOYCE, *A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man*: text, criticism and notes, ed. Chester G. Anderson (New York: Viking, 1968). Includes also the 1904 "Portrait of the Artist".

PdS = *Il Piccolo della Sera*, Trieste daily newspaper.

S. & C. = J.J. SLOCUM & H. CAHOON, *A Bibliography of James Joyce 1882-1941* (London: Hart-Davis, 1953).

Scholes = ROBERT E. SCHOLES, *The Cornell Joyce Collection: A Catalogue* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell U.P., 1961).

SH = JAMES JOYCE, *Stephen Hero*, ed. Theodore Spencer, with additional pages eds. J.J. Slocum and H. Cahoon. (London: Jonathan Cape, 1956); with further additions (New York: New Directions, 1963).

S.I. = J. JOYCE, *Scritti Italiani* a cura di Gianfranco Corsini e Giorgio Melchiori, con la collaborazione di Louis Berrone, Nino Frank e Jacqueline Risset (Milano: Mondadori, 1978).

U = J. JOYCE, *Ulysses*. The first page reference is to the revised Random House edition (New York, 1961), the second to the revised Penguin Books edition (Harmondsworth, 1971).

Workshop of Daedalus = *The Workshop of Daedalus: James Joyce and the Raw Materials for "A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man"*, ed. Robert E. Scholes and Richard M. Kain (Evanston: Northwestern U.P., 1965). Includes Epiphanies and Paris, Pola and Trieste Notebooks.

INTRODUCTION

What induced James Joyce, in early May 1906, to look for a job in Rome? By that time he seemed to have settled in Trieste together with Nora: he was 24 years old, had made a fair reputation as a language teacher, at the local Berlitz School, was responsible for the wellbeing not only of his son Giorgio, born on 27 July 1905, but also of his younger brother Stanislaus, whom he had persuaded to join the ménage in October of that year. On 17 February 1906 the London publisher Grant Richards had undertaken to publish his collection of twelve stories under the title of *Dubliners* (within April Joyce added two more to them) and he was still busily writing his endless autobiographical novel *Stephen Hero* of which, by March, he had completed the twentyfifth chapter, part of the University College section. All seemed well. But April is a cruel month. He did not know how to proceed with the rest of the novel (« it is quite impossible for me in present circumstances to think the rest of the book, much less to write it ». *L*, II 132) and on the twenty-third April Richards raised strong objections to the inclusion of one of the additional stories in *Dubliners*, « The Two Gallants ». It was a terrible blow: Joyce considered any request to alter or cut the story as an attack against not only his aesthetic but also his moral and social integrity. His letters to Richards of 5 and 13 May reflect his frame of mind. In the first he says:

My intention was to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. I have tried to present it to the indifferent public under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life. The stories are arranged in this order. I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous meanness, and with the conviction that he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard. I cannot do any more than this. I cannot alter what I have written. (*L*, II. 134).

In the second, long and even more passionate letter, Joyce firmly states: « I have very little intention of prostituting whatever talent I may have to the public », and reaches the bitter conclusion: « not the least unfortunate effect of this tardy correspondence is that it has brought my own writing into disfavour with myself » (*L*, II. 138).

Just then, and more precisely on May 11th, the Rome daily *La Tribuna* carried a small ad inviting applications from young men proficient in foreign languages for an unspecified job in a bank. Joyce must have replied impulsively, as a reaction to his feeling of frustration. This feeling accounts for the punctiliousness with which, when the Roman bank appeared interested in his application, Joyce got ready for his new job, while carrying on at the same time laborious negotiations with Richards in order to induce him to publish his book. There are two more reasons for his decision to move to Rome. The first is obviously of an economic nature: on June 10th he informed Richards of his intention, adding: « As the salary (£ 150 a year) is nearly double my present princely emolument and as the hours of honest labour will be fewer, I hope to find time to finish my novel [*Stephen Hero*] in Rome within a year » (*L*, II. 140). The second reason is connected with a tireless intellectual curiosity at the root of Joyce's creative impulse. If his novel and his stories were meant to present the state of intellectual and moral paralysis of contemporary Dublin, it was his task to acquire first-hand knowledge of those institutions that originated the paralysis. One of them was of course « the imperial British state », but the other, no less obnoxious, was « the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church »; the definitions come from the first episode of *Ulysses*, where Stephen says that he is « a servant of two masters, ...an English and an Italian » (*U*, 20/26). Rome is the palace of the Italian master, a palace which the young rebel must infiltrate to discover how the power of the master works — in fact Joyce's correspondence from Rome shows how closely he spied upon the ceremonies, the ritual, the hierarchical structures of the Roman Church.

If these were the reasons for Joyce's move to Rome, it must be acknowledged that the hopes he had expressed in his letter to Richards were utterly disappointed. During his stay there, he not only failed to add a single line to his novel, but also, after having in the first few days tinkered a bit with some of his *Dubliners* stories, he kept repeating: « It is impossible for me to write anything in my present circumstances » (to Stanislaus, 18 October 1906, *L*, II. 182). Even when, through the good offices of Arthur Symons, Elkin Mathews accepted the poems of *Chamber Music* for publication, and Joyce spent a few days in October rearranging and copying them out, his mood was one of retrospective despondency: « I went through my entire book of verses mentally on receipt of Symons' letter and they nearly all seemed to me poor and trivial: some phrases and lines pleased me and no more » (*L*, II. 182).

In sharp contrast with this attitude, as soon as he was back in Trieste

in early March 1907, *Il Piccolo della Sera* was able already on the 22nd of the month to publish the first of Joyce's articles on the Irish situation (so that his ex-colleague in the Rome bank, Paul Bompard, got the impression that Joyce had returned to Trieste with excellent prospects of a journalistic career), and by September he had completed the long story « The Dead » (the last of *Dubliners*) and had begun writing anew, in five long chapters, *Stephen Hero*, under the title *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

What had he achieved during the seven months and seven days spent in Rome? The obvious reply, supported by the evidence of the long last letter sent to Stanislaus at the beginning of March, is: nothing.

The testimonial provided by the bank some three years later states that he gave « entire satisfaction » and that « his conduct was always excellent », but from his letters we know that he himself drew very little satisfaction from the experience: for most of his colleagues he had only scorn and for the bank managers amused irony. Apart from private lessons in his spare time and the words exchanged with other customers in his too frequent visits to the local *osterie*, Joyce made no friends in Rome. Here is the budget of his stay presented in his last letter from the city:

...to continue as I am at present would certainly mean my mental extinction. It is months since I have written a line and even reading tires me. The interest I took in Socialism and the rest has left me. I have gradually slid down until I have ceased to take any interest in any subject. I look at God and his theatre through the eyes of my fellow-clerks so that nothing surprises, moves, excites or disgusts me. Nothing of my former mind seems to have remained except a heightened emotiveness which satisfies itself in the sixty-miles-an-hour pathos of some cinematograph or before some crude Italian gazzette-picture. (*L*, II. 217).

On this evidence we may well consider the Roman Summer, Fall and Winter of Mr Joyce as a sequence of dead seasons — a parenthesis in his life to be ignored or forgotten: the influence of Rome had been more paralyzing than that of Dublin, the capital of Christendom as well as of Italy had given him less than nothing.

This is in fact the impression received and duly recorded by most Joycean critics and biographers. Our efforts to retrace and recover those Roman days have convinced us that the truth is exactly the contrary. We were fortunate in having the best possible guide in our search: Joyce himself. His letters from Rome are the richest and most detailed section of what might be called his epistolary autobiography; they bear witness not only

to his daily struggle for survival among economic and psychological difficulties, but also to the extreme alertness of his intellectual life, to the variety of his interests, to the intensity of his mental activity — anything but paralysis; the final note of despair is not the result of intellectual starvation, but of surfeit. For the twenty-four year old young man, turning twenty-five, those months marked a fundamental phase of ripening and re-assessment. If he did not « write » anything in Rome it was not because Rome had nothing to give him, but because it was giving him too much and all at once. It gave him a new approach to political ideology, it opened up an endless historical perspective on people and places that no book could have provided him with, and, through the continual play of contrasts and contradictions fed by memory and nostalgia, it suggested new ideas and new departures, and new ways of expressing them. Joyce himself was hardly aware of what was stirring in his mind. After the totally negative diagnosis in his last letter from Rome, quoted before, he went on: « Yet I have certain ideas I would like to give form to: not as a doctrine but as the continuation of the expression of myself which I now see I began in *Chamber Music*. These ideas or instincts or intuitions or impulses may be purely personal ». The ideas, intuitions, impulses suggested by his experiences in Rome were going to be most fruitful: in the first place the story of *Ulysses* and that of « The Dead », the crowning glory of *Dubliners*; and the fact that Richard Rowan, the hero of Joyce's one play written in 1913-14, spent his nine years of exile not in Paris, in Trieste, or in Zurich, but in Rome, is more than a symptom of the impression left by the seven months spent there by the author of *Exiles*. Also the articles on the Irish situation that Joyce began contributing to *Il Piccolo della Sera* as soon as he was back in Trieste from Rome with a view to « set out the problem sincerely and objectively » (as he was to state seven years later to the Italian publisher Formiggini) originated from the political interests stimulated by his stay in Rome (see G. Melchiori, « The Language of Politics and the Politics of Language », *JJB*, 4, Feb. 1981).

The papers here collected are intended to show that the Roman period of James Joyce was in a way the most fruitful in the whole of his intellectual life. The illustrations try to document this rich though evasive season. Most of them were collected in view of a photographic exhibition on « Joyce in Rome » set up on the occasion of the Joyce centenary in 1982, with the generous help of the University of Rome « La Sapienza », as well as of the Assessorato alla Cultura of the Comune di Roma

and of the Irish Embassy in Rome (that provided a parallel exhibition on « Joyce in Dublin »). Credits for the exhibition are listed at the end of this book, but we wish to express our gratitude to the Rector of the University, prof. Antonio Ruberti, to alderman Prof. Renato Nicolini of the Comune di Roma, and to Ambassador Robert McDonagh not only for the substantial financial contributions but for the time and thought they devoted to the Joycean celebrations.

The University « La Sapienza », through the Magistero Faculty's « Istituto di Lingua e Letteratura Inglese e Letteratura Anglo-Americana », directed by Barbara Arnett Melchiori, promoted also a Seminar on « Joyce and Contemporary Italian Culture », with the participation of, and contributions from, a large number of Italian scholars as well as leading Joyceans from different countries (a prospect of the Seminar is provided in an appendix to the present book). One of the workshops of the Seminar was devoted to the politics of Joyce; owing to the relevance of the Rome sojourn to this aspect of Joyce's thought, revised versions of some of the papers offered on that occasion are included in this volume. We are grateful to the authors Joan Fitz Gerald (Rome Univ.), Diarmuid Maguire (Bologna Univ.), Dominic Manganiello (Ottawa Univ.), Franca Ruggieri (Rome Univ.) for their papers, and to Seamus Deane (UC, Dublin) for allowing us to reproduce parts of his fundamental contribution to the debate as a conclusion to the volume.

An additional contribution to the Joyce centenary celebrations fund by the Rome University « La Sapienza » has made the publication of this volume possible by covering part of the expenses. Arnoldo Mondadori Editore (Milan) provided financial and bibliographical assistance to the Rome Joycean celebrations. Further help came from the Banco di Roma; and we wish to mention our indebtedness to Dr Franco Onorati, of the Banco, whose original research into Joyce's activity as a bank clerk was one of the starting points for our quest.

We have not aimed at publishing the complete proceedings of the Joycean celebrations in Rome, as reported in the Appendix to this volume, but an autonomous book on a specific subject. The papers here collected are a radical re-elaboration of a small part of the material contributed on that occasion, completely recast with substantial additions through close team work by the Rome research group on Joyce, in order to provide an organic re-appraisal of the importance of Joyce's stay in Rome. We have tried in this way to get to the root of the ideological project behind the writing of *Ulysses*, which is reflected also in the last story added to *Dubliners*, in *Exiles*, and, ultimately, in *Finnegans Wake*.

C.B., C. de P., G.M.

JOYCE IN ROME

Chronology

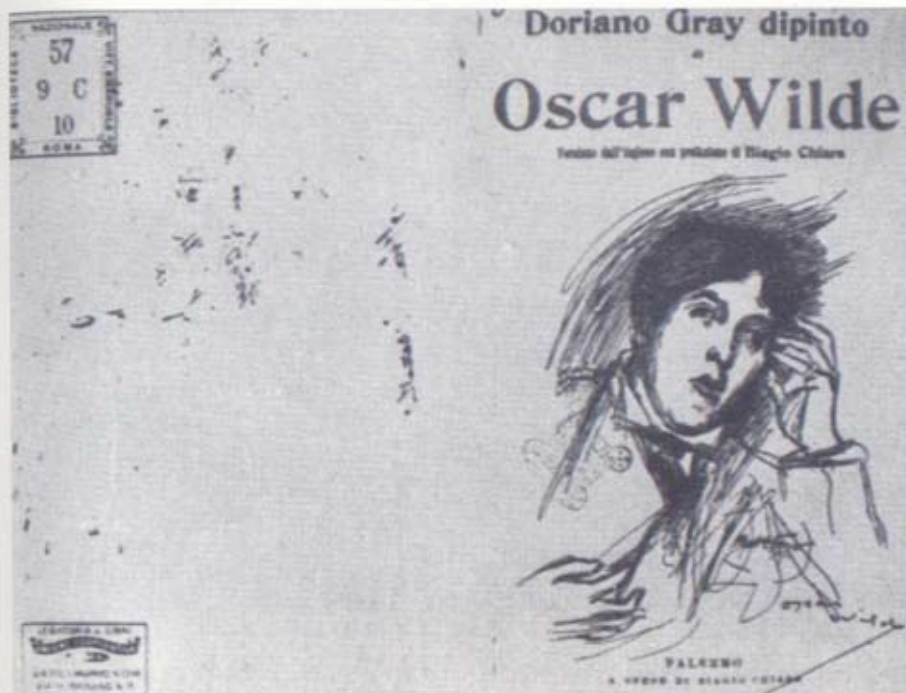
- 31 July 1906. James Joyce, with Nora Barnacle and his one-year old son Giorgio arrives in Rome from Trieste after a two day journey via Pola and Ancona, and takes rooms c/o Signora Dufour, Via Frattina 82, II floor. While looking for the Bank where he is to be employed, he sees the marble tablet commemorating Shelley's writing of the *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*. [1]
- 1 August. Starts work in the private bank Nast-Kolb and Schumacher, Via San Claudio 87, in the Italian correspondence office. Timetable: 8.30-12 a.m. and 2-7.30 p.m.; monthly salary 250 lire. In the evening listens to the brass band in Piazza Colonna.



1. Via San Claudio now, looking towards Via del Corso. The offices of the Bank were on the first floor of the building on the right; the tablet to Shelley is visible on the wall at the end of the street.



2. Via Frattina, nos. 37 and 38, as they are now. Signor Pace's "little wine shop opposite the house" (*L*, II. 154) must have been at no. 37 (now a fashion shop), though the Guida Monaci for 1906 gives the owner's name as Pica.



3. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, published in Palermo, 1906, at the expense of the translator Biagio Chiara. "I am reading *The Picture of Dorian Grey* [sic] in Italian" (16 Aug., *L*, II. 149). The letter of 18 Aug. comments at some length on the novel.

4-5 August. First impressions of Rome: St. Peter's, the Pincio, the Colosseum and the Forums.

From 10 August. Greatly interested in the Italian political situation, which suggests a reconsideration of the Irish one. Reads regularly the Socialist daily *Avanti!* and the anticlerical weekly *L'Asino*. A regular customer of the wine shop of Signor Pace, a clerk in the Ministry of Finance who ran his establishment in Via Frattina under an assumed name. [2]

15-18 August. Reads an Italian translation of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. [3]

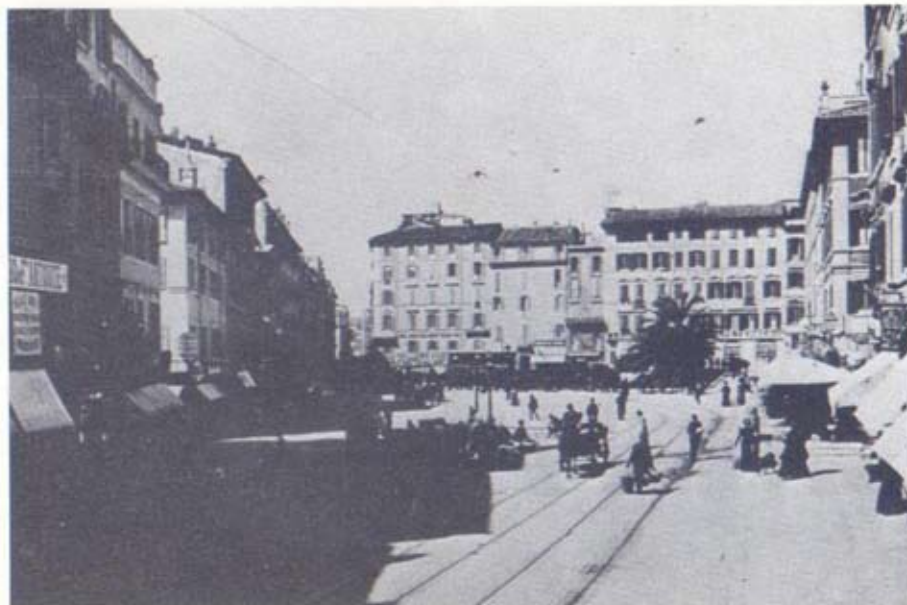
Second half of August. Adds to the *Dubliners* story « A Painful Case », reads George Moore's *The Lake* and thinks of joining one of the English lending libraries (there were three in Piazza di Spagna). [4]

1 September. Begins to take Danish lessons from a man called Petersen.

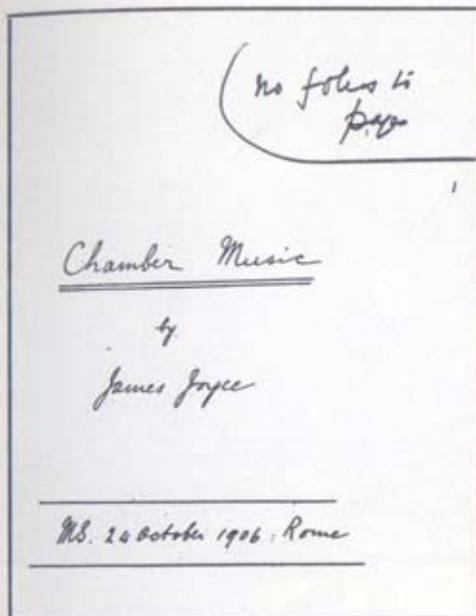
5 September. Begins to give private English lessons in the evening; his first pupil is a nephew of the well-known painter Francesco Paolo Michetti.

4. Piazza di Spagna seen from Via due Macelli. The best known English lending library was at the corner of Via del Babuino at the far end.

5. SS. Domenico e Sisto, housing the Dominican Angelicum College, in Via Panisperna. "On the way back home from the Forum being very tired I went into a Dominican church . . . An order like this couldn't support their immense church with rent & c . . . They must have vast landed estates under various names, and invested moneys." (25 Sept., *L*, II, 165-6).



- 8 September. Election of the general of the Jesuits, known as « the black pope ».
- 23 September. Visit to the Forum, stopping on his way back in a Dominican church for Vespers. [5]
- 30 September. Monthly rent raised to 40 lire. Announces that he has in mind a new story for *Dubliners* dealing with the Dublin Jew Mr Hunter.
- 1 October. Consults an international jurist on the breach of contract by the British publisher Grant Richards over the publication of *Dubliners*.
- 7-10 October. Follows with great interest the reports in *Avanti!* and *L'Asino* of the Italian Socialist Party Congress.
- 8 October. Celebrates the second anniversary of his 'espousal' to Nora.
- Mid-October. Reads plays by Hauptmann and Ibsen. Through the good offices of Arthur Symons, the London publisher Elkin Mathews shows interest in *Chamber Music*; Joyce asks for the manuscript back from Richards and begins to copy and re-order the collection.
- 21 October. Final rejection of *Dubliners* by Richards.
- 24 October. Completes the transcription and reordering of the poems in *Chamber Music* and sends the manuscript to Mathews. [6-7]
- 6 November. Reads novels by George Gissing. Reawakening of interest



6. Title page of the ms. of *Chamber Music* bearing the date "Rome, 24 October 1906". (Yale Univ. Lib.; S. & C., E.1.c).

7. Last page of the ms. of *Chamber Music* with Joyce's Rome address. (Yale Univ. Lib.; S. & C.; E.1.c).

in the Irish political situation: considers himself an « intellectual striker » and calls Yeats and other Irish writers « the blacklegs of literature ».

- 11 November. Attends a service at an Evangelical hall. Receives notice from his landlady for the end of the month.
- 13 November. Has « just read » Guglielmo Ferrero's *L'Europa Giovane* and the fourth volume of his *Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma*. Has found a title for his new story: « Ulysses », but he is too worried to begin it; has an idea for another story, « The Last Supper ». Admitted as reader to the Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele. [8-9]
- 14 November. A bomb explodes at the Caffè Aragno. [10]
- 18 November. Another bomb in St. Peter's; Joyce visits the church in the afternoon. [11]
- 19 November. Finds a job at a private evening school, the École de Langues.
- 20 November. Another explosion in Piazza di Spagna, probably in view of the visit of the king of Greece to Rome. Interested in the trial in New York, for indecent behaviour, of the tenor Enrico Caruso.

8. The reading room of the Biblioteca Nazionale Vittorio Emanuele II, in Via del Collegio Romano (a hundred yards from the Bank); it moved to new premises in the late '60s.



- 1 December (Saturday). Ejected from Via Frattina, he moves temporarily with Nora and Giorgio to a small hotel; in spite of circumstances, he reads the stories of Thomas Hardy and asks Stanislaus for details on Mr Hunter.
- 5 December. The family moves to a small room in Via Monte Brianzo 51, IV floor. [12]
- 7 December. Submits *Dubliners* to the London publisher John Long.
- December 1906 - early January 1907. Increasing financial difficulties. Only one day holiday for Christmas. Giorgio is weaned at last and Nora is pregnant again. Keeps reading contemporary British short stories (Morrison, Kipling) and has ideas for three or four more stories of his own. Regrets being unable to attend, in the week 7-13 January, the celebration of the 'Union of the Rites' in the Church of San Silvestro. [13]
- Mid-January 1907. Receives and signs the contract for the publication of *Chamber Music* with the London publisher Elkin Mathews.
- 1-11 February. Greatly interested in the riots at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, for the performance on 29 January of J.M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*.
- 3 February. Takes Nora and Giorgio to see at the Teatro Nazionale [14]

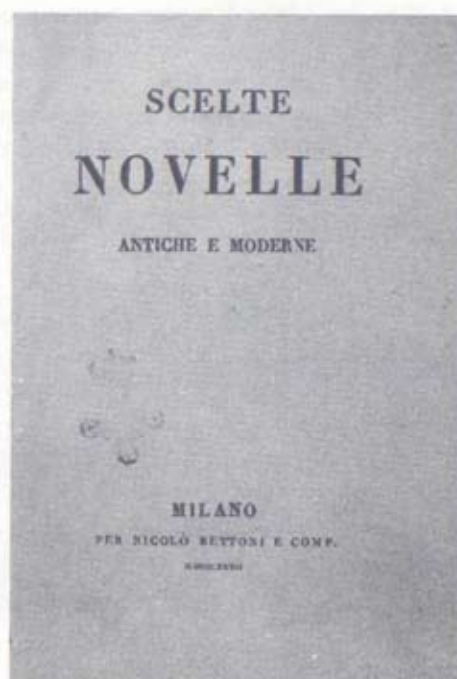
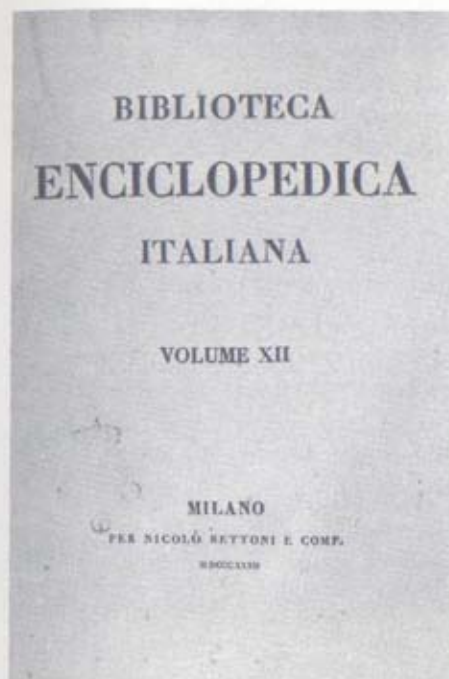
12. Via Monte Brianzo at the beginning of the century; most of these houses were demolished or reconverted.



13. The church of San Silvestro, some fifty yards from the bank. "They are celebrating this week in Sylvester's Church the union of the rites. Every morning a different rite. I should *love* to go...". (10 Jan. 1907, *L*, II. 206).



14. The Teatro Nazionale in the Salita di Magna Napoli (now Via Quattro Novembre). Built in 1886, it was demolished in the early '30s.



15-16. Volume VII of "Biblioteca Enciclopedia Italiana, containing *Scelte novelle antiche e moderne* (Milano: Bettoni, 1838). Joyce read there the stories by the early Italian *novellieri* (letter of 11 Feb., L, II. 212).

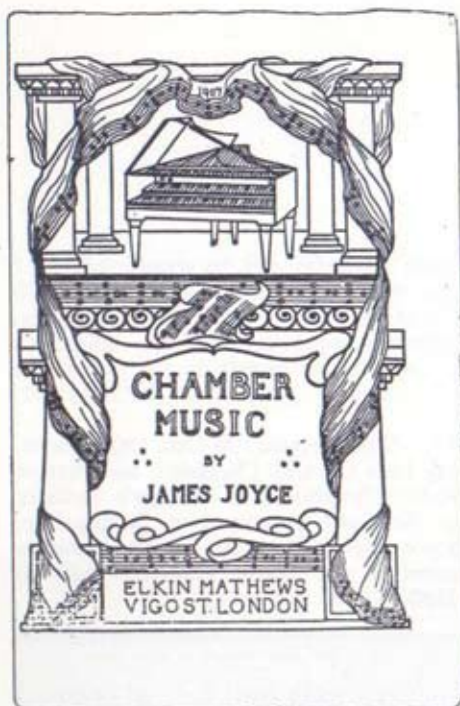
the comic opera *Le Carnet du Diable*, music by Gaston Serpette, words by Ernest Blum.

- 6 February. « *Ulysses* never got any forrader than the title », but he has other « titles », among which « *The Dead* » — a story that he was to write some months later. Reads Maupassant. Stops buying the *Avanti!*. Struck by the news of the death of Michael Cusack, the founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association (on whom he was to model 'the citizen', in the twelfth episode of *Ulysses*).
- 9-11 February. Resigns from the École de Langues. Too upset by the Abbey Theatre riots to be able to write « *The Dead* ». Tired of their room, Nora books another in Via del Corso as from 15 February. Reads Anatole France and the early Italian storytellers Anton Francesco Doni, Gentile Sermini, etc. [15-16]
- 12 February. At the Teatro Costanzi: Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. [17]
- 14 February. With no forewarning, gives notice to the bank and asks to be given back his job at the Berlitz School in Trieste.
- 16 February. Refusal from the Berlitz School. Gives up the move to Via del Corso but has to pay two weeks rent for breach of contract.

17. *Il Messaggero*, 26 Dec. 1906, featuring Italo Cristaldi (Siegfried) and Margot Kaftal (Brunhilde) in Wagner's *Twilight of the Gods*, premièred on Boxing Day; Joyce attended one of the last performances at the Teatro Costanzi, built in 1880.



18. Proof of the titlepage of *Chamber Music* (Cornell Univ. Lib, Scholes, 24). "I received from Elkin Mathews the proofs of *Chamber Music*. It is a slim book and on the frontispiece is an open pianner!" (ca. 1 March 1907, L, II. 219).



17 February. Watches the great procession promoted by anticlerical parties in honour of Giordano Bruno, burnt at the stake as a heretic in Campo de' Fiori on 17 February 1600.

18-28 February. Replies to advertisements for a new job either in Italy or preferably in France — he thinks particularly of Marseilles. Gets drunk nearly every night.

21 February. Final rejection of *Dubliners* by John Long.

24 February. *L'Asino* publishes an anticlerical statement made by the Italian poet laureate Giosu  Carducci shortly before his death on 16 February; Joyce borrows Carducci's poems from his fellow bank clerk Paul Bompard.

1 March. Returns to Elkin Mathews the corrected proofs of *Chamber Music*. [18]

5 March. After having spent the evening in an *osteria*, is robbed in the street of the last salary and severance money he had collected from the bank.

7 March. With Nora and Giorgio he is already on his way back to Trieste, and wires Stanislaus from Florence announcing his arrival on the 8th.

The centenary of Joyce's birth was celebrated in Rome by the unveiling, on 2 February 1982, in the presence of the Irish Ambassador, of a memorial tablet placed by the Rome Municipality on the house in via Frattina where Joyce lived in 1906. [19] The inscription reads:

IN THIS HOUSE IN ROME / WHERE HE LIVED FROM AUGUST
TO DECEMBER 1906 / JAMES JOYCE / A VOLUNTARY EXILE/
EVOKED THE STORY OF ULYSSES / MAKING OF HIS DUBLIN
/ OUR UNIVERSE / ON THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH / 2
FEBRUARY 1882 - 2 FEBRUARY 1982 / THE COMUNE OF ROME.

Number 52 of via Frattina is now the entrance to a high class Ladies Hairdresser's, located on the first floor; Joyce's rooms were on the second floor of the building, now owned by the Comune of Rome.



19. Memorial tablet placed by the Comune di Roma, on the centenary of Joyce's birth, on the house in Via Frattina 52.

1. BANK CLERK IN ROME

Franco Onorati

On 11 May 1906 the Rome daily *La Tribuna*, among its small ads, under the heading "Offers of private employment", carried the following [20]:

WANTED young man, twentyfive, able to speak and write perfectly French and English. Preferably someone who has lived in countries where such languages are spoken, and with some experience in banking. Address references and salary requirements to PO Box 162, Rome

The advertisement, in Italian, was repeated in the issues of 13 and 15 May, but Joyce must have noticed it on its first publication (Rome newspapers reached Trieste within the day) and wrote at once. He had most of the necessary qualifications: twentyfour getting on for twentyfive, perfect knowledge of English and French (as well as of Italian and, to a lesser extent, German); his experience of banking was practically non

20. Advertisement in *La Tribuna*, 11 May 1906.

21. The façade of Palazzo Marignoli in Via del Corso, built in 1889. The offices of the Banca Nast-Kolb & Schumacher were at the near end on the first floor, with an entrance from the side street Via San Claudio. At the far corner of the building the Caffé Aragno.

22. 87, Via San Claudio; the entrance to the bank is now a side entrance to the headquarters of the insurance company Riunione Adriatica di Sicurtà, which owns the whole block from Via del Corso to Piazza San Silvestro, flanked by Via San Claudio and Via delle Conventite.

OFFERTE D'IMPIEGHI PRIVATI

Cont. 10 la parola. Ma. L. 1

CERCASI da primaria Ditta apprendista ottima famiglia licenza tecnica o ginnasiale, buona calligrafia. Offerte dettagliate indicando referenze ineccepibili. Scrivere: S. 62, fermo posta, Roma.

CERCASI giovane venticinquenne che parli e scriva perfettamente francese ed inglese. Preferisci chi abbia dimorato in paesi ove parlansi queste lingue e che sia pratico del ramo banca. Indirizzare referenze e pretese Casella postale 162, Roma. c 6899

CHIMICO industriale che abbia diretto importanti stabilimenti prodotti chimici farmaceutici cercasi da primario importante stabilimento. Scrivere dando referenze e indicando precedenti

existent, though he had done some commercial correspondence for a Trieste firm — but that could be easily remedied.

The advertisement had been placed —as Joyce was to learn from the prompt reply of the firm, dated May 15th— by the private bank Nast-Kolb and Schumacher, with premises in the very heart of Rome, at 87, via San Claudio at the corner with the Corso, only a few steps from piazza Colonna, the very centre of modern business life. [21-22] It employed some sixty people and was well placed among the private banks created with foreign capital operating in Italy. Ironically, the capital was Austrian (Herr Schumacher was the Consul for Austria-Hungary in Rome) — belonging to that country which Joyce's 'irredentist' Triestine friends considered as their oppressor, in the same way as England was seen by his Dublin friends. The firm, in any case, was reliable: not even the 1914-19 war brought about its closure; under a shortened name (Banco Nast-Kolb) and in new premises (via della Mercede 54, some fifty yards away from via San Claudio) it figures in the *Bankers' Almanac* for 1928-29 and in the Yearbook *Banche e Banchieri d'Italia* for 1929-30.

The three letters, all in Italian, sent by the Bank to Joyce in order to reach an agreement on the terms of employment are preserved in the Cornell University Library at Ithaca (NY), and were published for the first time in the monthly review of Banco di Roma *Il Villaggio* in May 1982. The first of 15 May 1960, [23] asks for some stronger token of Joyce's knowledge of French and explains that they are looking for a "personable, well educated young man able to receive foreign customers" and to deal with correspondence in French and English "at a slightly higher level than the current one". It also insists on "amplifier references". It is doubtful that Joyce, with his single winter suit which he had to wear also in summer in order to cover, thanks to the length of its coat, "two great patches" in the seat of his trousers, was as personable as the bankers wished. As for references, Joyce noted in his own hand at the bottom of the letter the name of "Richard John Greenham of the firm...": he apparently asked and obtained from Greenham a letter stating that he had done commercial translations for the Trieste firm of Greenham and Sanguinetti, though the English businessman, questioned by Ellmann some sixty years later, "did not recall Joyce's work for him, and presumably it was of short duration" (L, II.219).

The second letter, dated 2 June, [24] uses the form of respect "Lei" instead of the more familiar "voi", marking a higher consideration for the applicant, who had suggested a two-month trial period at the Bank; still, the bankers want to know how long Joyce had been working for



is a postcard in telegraphic style, anticipating the utter frankness of his later correspondence from Rome. It is postmarked Ancona, 31.7.1906. 9,30 (a.m.): "Arrived safely in Ancona. Filthy hole: like rotten cabbage. Thrice swindled. All night on deck. G. very good. More from Rome. Jim" (L, II.144).

Joyce had not taken his new job lightly: during the two months of negotiations with Nast-Kolb and Schumacher he had tried hard to make good his lack of specific experience in banking. His preparation could not have been more thorough: it is documented by two notebooks he wrote in long hand in Trieste between May and July, obviously based on a careful study of the most up-to-date publications on the subject, and now preserved in the Cornell collection and reproduced in the *James Joyce Archive*. The preparation for the bank certainly took more time and labour than that, six years later, of his series of lectures on *Hamlet* at the Università Popolare of Trieste.

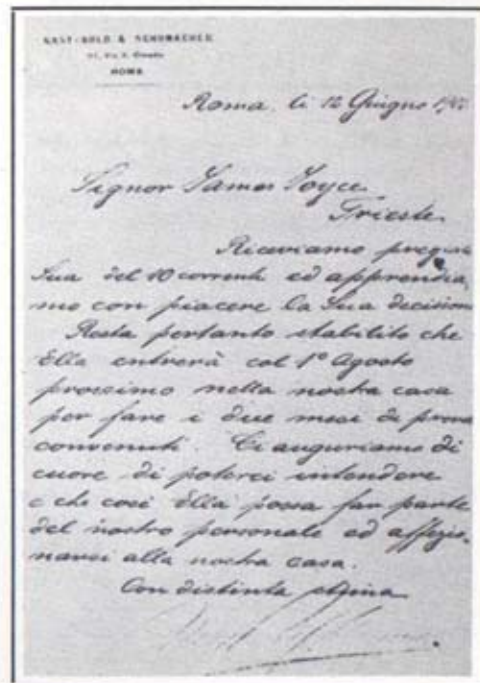
They are notes on banking approached from all possible angles, subdivided into sections or chapters, with separate headings:

— *Banking*. Joyce starts *ab ovo*, tracing the origins of the word *banco* to the *banco di lavoro* of the Lombard money-changers in the fifteenth century. The semantic and linguistic study is followed by a historical survey of English banking, with detailed information on the first public and private institutions in the field. The next section is devoted to a short summary of British legislation connected with banking, noting the most important acts of parliament which contributed to establishing the present banking legislation, and the most significant principles on which it is based.

— *Commercial Law*. Also in this case Joyce begins from its sources under three headings: 1. Common Law of England; 2. Law, Merchant; 3. Statute Law. Then he proceeds to the single cases: the definition of contract; the bonds for the contracting parties; the interpretation of such a document. Also in this case, Joyce goes into minute details, quoting a number of cases and formulas.

— *Clerical Work*. The semantic encyclopaedic approach is obviously an acquired mental habit for Joyce. He starts from the literal meaning of the word *clerk*, examining at first its significance in the ancient civilization (Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Latin) which had a documentable bureaucratic class, though in different forms; he concludes with the double definition *clericus ecclesiasticus/ clericus laicus* from which the modern

25. The third letter from the Bank to Joyce, 12 June 1906 (Cornell Univ. Lib.).



(186)

Antithesis : Inverse to Cause - Shown by (194) & (195) / 196
more or less, usually (194) & (195) / 196. In some cases the
most perfect & perfecting. Sometimes it occurs in the
middle of the sentence.

Little ending : A little of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412nd, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512nd, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612nd, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 6

— *Advertising*. [26] This is, with the next one, the shortest section, but it reveals, more than any other, the extraordinarily professional conscience of the candidate to a banking career. While the other sections can be understood as the diligent study of unfamiliar subjects in order to show a passable competence at the final interview before undertaking a new job, advertising could hardly be expected to be a basic requirement of a junior clerk. Joyce must have got hold of the most recent theoretical treatments of the psychology of advertising: he starts from the projection of the 'image' of the banking institution. Bank architecture must show "Age (old style) strength (by massive pillars) wealth (lavish decorations) . . . Suitability otherwise sacrificed". In order to call attention, publicity must show people in action rather than static, and under the heading 'Constancy' Joyce maintains the advantage over the "splash" system of the "snowball" system, whose aim is "to convert possible into probable and prob. into actual." The rest of the section is devoted to all possible aspects of the advertising technique: from the colours to be used in posters and signs, to the typographical arrangements of newspaper adverts, from printing techniques to the proper use of brand names and symbols. We cannot help seeing a connection between this and the peculiar profession that Joyce was to attribute to Mr Bloom: canvasser for advertisements, a job that cannot have been very common, especially in Dublin in 1904. It has been suggested (see the next paper in this volume) that Joyce took a hint from Ferrero's stress in *L'Europa Giovane* on the Jewish genius for propaganda; but surely, if this was part of the mental picture,

the presentation of the conscientiousness with which the little Jew pursues his mission, checking in the National Library of Ireland the graphic display of an advert in an old issue of a provincial paper, while in his wanderings through the streets of Dublin on 16 June 1904 he keeps mentally devising slogans and ideas to call the attention of the public at large — all this owes more than a little to what Joyce had studied in view of taking his new job in Rome. Making Bloom into an adman was another way of establishing a correspondence between the hero of his novel and himself: Bloom was the incarnation of one of the many possible personae James Joyce / Stephen Dedalus might have assumed — had he not been, inescapably, a writer and an artist.

Joyce used only the first six pages of the next copybook, under the heading *Trade*. He could at all events face his new profession with a clear conscience. He was assigned at first to the Italian correspondence department, with a very long timetable: 8.30 to 12a.m. and 2 to 7.30 p.m., Saturday included. On the other hand "the work is very easy and mechanical" he wrote (*L*, II.145). Very soon though he changed his mind: "Hard work in the bank. On Friday [17 August] I did not get out till about 8.30. The correspondence reaches about 200 to 250 letters a day." (*L*, II.151). All the same, his competence and diligence were recognised, because his trial period of two months was substantially reduced and by early September he could consider himself employed on a permanent basis: "I am changed in the bank from the correspondence to the reception room . . . I am with the banker's two sons and another man. Have a desk and lamp all to my own self and not at all so much to do. I have to receive visitors who come with letters of credit cheques &c." But he had realized that the monthly salary of 250 lire, though nearly double that of the Trieste Berlitz School, was not enough, insomuch as "Rome certainly is not cheap. A lira goes a very short way indeed here" (*L*, II.159). By this time he was already giving private lessons of English after office hours in order to earn some more; but this prevented him from reading or writing in his spare time — an unbearable situation that was to determine in the end his return to Trieste.

Apart from that, he had found from the beginning (letter of 7 August) the atmosphere of the Bank "a little more antipathetic than that of the Berlitz School" (*L*, II.145). And by 6 September he could give Stanislaus a typical picture of life in the bank:

This morning in the bank that German clerk informed us what his wife should be: she should be able to cook well, to sew, to housekeep, and to play at least one musical instrument. I suppose they're all like that in Deutschland. I know it's very hard on me to listen to that kind of talk. Besides that, he is always teaching the other (ignorant) Italian clerk (and me) Latin and philosophy. He has been to some university where, he says, *der Professor* 'lectured' in Latin: and all the *studenten* spoke Latin. Greek too. Even the atmosphere of the BS was better than this. However — (L, II. 157).

And some two months later, after saying that he is "damnably sick of Italy, Italian and Italians; outrageously, illogically sick", he goes on:

I am dead tired of their bello and bellezza. A clerk here is named (he is round, bald, fat, voiceless) Bartoluzzi. You pronounce by inflating both cheeks and prolonging the u. Every time I pass him I repeat his name to myself and translate "Good day, little bits of Barto". Another is named Simonetti: They are all little bits of something or other, I think. This is my first experience of clerks: do they all talk for 5 minutes about the position &c of a penwiper? I think the Irish are the most civilised people in Europe, be Jesus Christ I do: anyway they are the least bureaucratic. From the foregoing drivel you can judge the state of my mind in this country. (L, II. 201-2).

There is reason to believe though that at least one of his colleagues was exonerated from this wholesale condemnation: a letter from Paul Bompard, preserved with the others from the bank at Cornell, implies a different relationship which deserves inquiring into.

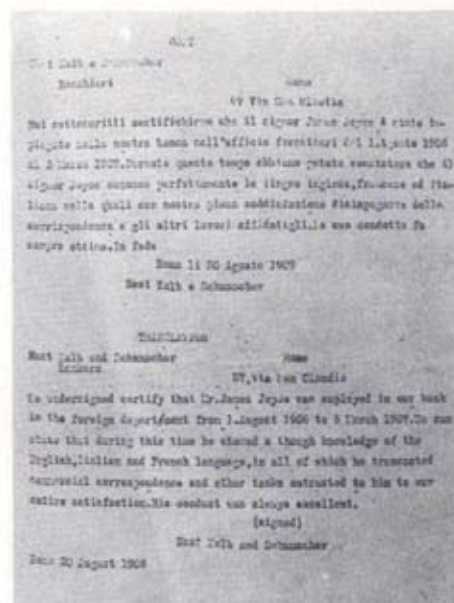
Also his opinion of the managers of the bank may be ironical but never bitter, acknowledging their basic humanity, as for instance when one of them realized Joyce's irrational dread of storms: "there was a thunder-storm here yesterday evening and seeing my agitation, the banker's son was kind enough to close the shutters." (12 September, L, II.160). And in that letter written in his office on 7 December, where he had been pouring scorn on his fellow-clerks, he shows a very different attitude to the bankers:

A moment ago I was leaning my head upon my hand and writing when the banker rushed past me. He said something to me which I did not catch. I jumped up and went to his desk obediently: I had not heard what he said. He repeated it, however, smiling, it was 'Diritto, Signor Joyce. Non è bello così'. They are a funny lot, these bankers. There are four in all, two brothers Schumacher and father and son Nast-Kolb, also a younger one. One of them is like Ben Jonson with a big belly, walks sideways, wears a cap on his head, blinks his eyes. The brother is

a little man white-haired with a pen behind his ear. These are the Schumacher brothers. One of them (the elder) is consul for Austria-Hungary. The other family consists of father, who is very old, and bandy legged, with thick white eyebrows. Every morning he patters in here, stops, looks about him, says good-morning, and patters out again. The son, the brisk person, is like Curran in manner and complexion. Yesterday they put down carpets here: everyone said they were beautiful (How I hate that word). I suppose it would be the height of impudence if I said they are somewhat 'common' people. Anyway they talked a lot about the carpets. (L, II. 202-3).

This is the best proof that, after all, Herren Nast-Kolb and Schumacher allowed Signor Joyce to write his innumerable and endless letters under their eyes during office hours. But they knew that he was a conscientious and competent clerk. They still remembered him in August 1909 when Joyce, visiting Dublin, suddenly got the idea of finding employment there and asked for testimonials. They promptly replied on 20 August [27] with a statement in Italian and English, a copy of which is preserved at Cornell with their other letters, declaring that, during the time Joyce was employed in their bank from 1 August 1905 to 5 March 1907, "he showed a thorough knowledge of the English, Italian, and French language, in all of which he transacted commercial correspondence and other tasks entrusted to him to our entire satisfaction. His conduct was always excellent."

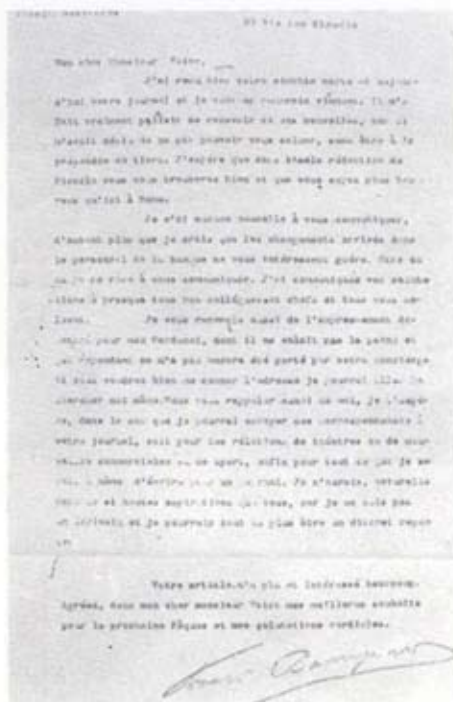
27. Copy of the testimonial (in Italian and English) requested by Joyce on 10 Aug. 1909, in order to obtain a teaching appointment in Dublin (Cornell Univ. Lib.; see L, II. 234).



2. IN SEARCH OF PAUL BOMPARD: AN INTERVIEW

Carla de Petris

28. Letter from Paul Bompard to Joyce in Trieste, acknowledging receipt of his article "Il Fenianesimo", *PdS*, 22 March 1907 (Cornell Univ. Lib.).



In the archives of Cornell University in Ithaca (U.S.A.) there is a type-written letter on paper bearing the letterhead of the Nast-Kolb & Schumacher Bank, Via S. Claudio 87, signed "Paul Bompard" and addressed to "Mon Cher Monsieur Joyce". The date is March 27th, 1907. [28] Twenty days before, on March 7th, James Joyce, with his companion pregnant once again and their small child George, had left Rome for good. He telegraphed his brother Stanislaus from Florence, "arrive eight find room". His stay in Rome, which for many different reasons had marked the moment of maximum frustration for the young Irish artist, ended like this.

Why has this letter, written in French and with its curious spelling of the addressee, attracted our attention?

Above all, excluding the official letters from the bank regarding his hiring and those giving "Signor James Joyce's" references, this is the only testimony of a person who knew Joyce in Rome. And also the tone of the letter—respectful but also friendly—suggests that the relationship between sender and addressee was not merely formal and therefore was unique in that unfortunate period in Joyce's life.

As a matter of fact the letter continues: *« J'ai reçu hier votre aimable carte et aujourd'hui votre journal et je vous en remercie vraiment. Il m'a fait vraiment plaisir de recevoir de vos nouvelles, car il m'avait déplu de ne pas pouvoir vous saluer, sans être à la présence de tiers . . . »*

Therefore Joyce had written to Bompard and had sent him a copy of the article "Il Fenianismo - L'Ultimo Feniano" published by the Trieste newspaper *Piccolo della Sera* on March 22nd, 1907.

And they must have had an optimum relationship if Bompard regrets not having said goodbye to him in person; indeed, he seemed to have known the feelings regarding the bank that Joyce had developed by then, if he cut short the news saying: *« je crois que les changements arrivés dans le personnel de la banque ne vous intéressent guère »*.

Bompard also asked for news about a volume of poems by Carducci that he had lent to Joyce and that had not yet been returned to him by the doorman Joyce said he had left it with before departing. The two

had literary interests in common. In a letter to his brother of March 1st, 1907, Joyce wrote:

"... I have been trying to read Carducci's verses, induced by the fact that he died unfortified by the rites of R.C.C. But not only does it not interest me: it even seems to me false and exaggerated. I dislike Italian verse..." (1 March, 1907). An acute judgment, grinding and painfully partial like many others his "Roman letters" are stuffed with.

But not only did both colleagues share the same literary interests, they had—in a different measure, certainly—common ambitions.

Bompard, overestimating Joyce's role in the Trieste newspaper, offers to... « *envoyer des correspondances a votre (!) journal, soit pour des rélation de théâtres ou de nouvelles commerciales ou de sport, enfin pour tout ce que je serais a même d'écrire pour un journal* ».

And at this point Paul Bompard—who certainly could not imagine that, after 75 years, indiscrete eyes like ours would read his message to the interesting young Irishman he had met in the bank—reveals an almost moving aspect of their short friendship: « *Je n'aurais, naturellement, de si hautes aspirations que vous, car je ne suis pas un écrivain et je pourrais tout au plus être un discret reporter* ».

James Joyce had spoken to him about his aspirations and his plans.

If you consider all the very painful months between 1906 and 1907 that Joyce spent in Rome in absolute solitude and isolation—as the letters to his brother testify—this mysterious Paul Bompard must have been the only good person destiny had placed in his path. Through mutual friends I met Mrs. Paola Bompard Natale in Rome who, recognizing her father's signature at the bottom of the letter, kindly accepted to talk to me about him.

This interview does not add anything, naturally, to the infinite and scholarly literature on Joyce. But it did enable me to trace an outline portrait of a young man, in some sense singular, as Joyce must have known him. Back in Trieste from Rome, Joyce felt himself still bound enough in a certain intellectual affinity to want to know Bompard's judgement on the just published article in *Piccolo della Sera*:

Q - Mrs. Bompard, when was your father born?

A - In 1887, therefore he was only nineteen years old in 1906 and this job with the Nast-Kolb & Schumacher Bank must have been his first job.

Q - Where was he born?

A - He was born in Bologna; his mother was Bolognese and his father French. He was therefore a French citizen. He fought in the First World War as a Frenchman; I still have his letter of honourable discharge from the French army. After marrying a young woman from Bologna, only later, with my older brother's birth, did he take Italian citizenship. In fact, in 1906 he still signed his name "Paul", where later he would sign "Paolo Bompard".

Q - Where was the Bompard family from originally?

A - My grandfather was born in Briançon, which is in the Dauphinat. Bompard is a typical name of Southern France, from Cevennes to Provence and to the Côte d'Azur. The first time I went to Marseilles I thumbed through the pages of the telephone directory for curiosity and found pages and pages of Bompards.

Q - Did your father have any connection with Marseilles? Did he know the city?

A - My grandfather had had some business in Marseilles and my father remembered that we had some relatives in that city. He certainly knew Marseilles.

Mrs. Bompard's words throw new light on a passage of the last letter Joyce wrote from Rome addressed, as usual, to his brother Stanislaus: "I have written to various agencies and advts in different parts of Italy and France. But I would like to get out of Italy, if possible . . . I would like to live in a warm town by the sea where I could write and think at leisure. Marseilles is not a tourist place but a port like Trieste and I chose it because it is cheap to get at, lively, good climate and must be cheaper than Rome. Besides the Italian colony there is 100,000. I detest office work." (1 March, 1907, *L*, II.219)

It is very probable that after the conversations he had with Paul Bompard, Joyce, who by then had decided on leaving not only Rome but also Italy, planned moving to Marseilles. The consideration of the size of the Italian community there is probably dictated by the fact that Joyce would be able to take advantage of his knowledge of Italian for a new job there. Continuing our conversation, I asked Mrs. Bompard:

Q - What studies had your father done?

A - He most probably studied at the University of Bologna.

Q - What foreign languages did he know?

A - Besides Italian, he knew French very well, English fairly well and German well. He always knew foreign languages and used them in his job; in the bank he always attended to foreign relations.

It is evident that the Nast-Kolb & Schumacher Bank selected its personnel with particular care, in view of the relations it had at an international level. It is enough to go back to the announcement in the *Tribuna* which Joyce himself replied to, already mentioned on page 24.

Q - Whatever made Mr. Bompard move from Bologna to Rome?

A - Perhaps he too was looking for work, like Joyce, for experience, driven by a certain curiosity for what was new, by a certain desire to meet, to know, to read, to understand. He was a man of great intellectual curiosity until a very old age. This was a prevalent feature of his character. He was always interested in whatever was new, especially if it came from a foreign country. This explains his "beforehand" interest in this foreign colleague whose literary aspirations he came to know and perhaps appreciate. From the letter you have procured for me it is evident that Joyce had spoken with my father about the work he had already written and not been able to find a publisher for yet. He probably complained about this to him and perhaps he had him read some of his work, for reassurance, which surely came from my father as the letter also shows.

Q - Did your father ever have literary ambitions?

A - I'd say so. My father was a very well read man. Beyond the banking world, which always interested him very much, he loved literature, art, and music in particular. He went to concerts as long as it was possible for him to do so. Also my father looked with much interest on the world of Roman artists frequented by his older brother Luigi Bompard —a fairly well-known painter and cartoonist in Rome. I'm very sure that he felt admiration and respect for the young Irishman, only slightly older than himself.

Q - Your father offered to send Joyce commercial correspondence, theatre reviews and sporting events news from Rome. Do you know which sports?

A - I wouldn't know. Except for a few old photographs of him in a tennis outfit, I have no idea of any other sports he might have practised or followed. But at nineteen years of age, if you dream of being a journalist, you're willing to write about anything.



29. Paul Bompard at his desk (courtesy of Mrs Paola Bompard Natale).

Q - Among your father's books, did you find a volume of poetry by Carducci?

A - Naturally there was one but after 1906. My father, like all Bolognesi, had a true cult for Carducci; they considered him a glory of the city. Furthermore, that uncle Luigi I've mentioned to you illustrated a volume of Carducci's poetry for a celebrated Zanichelli edition.

Q - Did your father ever speak to you about James Joyce as a working colleague?

A - I seem to think he did, but not in such terms as to leave a lasting mark on my memory.

Q - Did your father ever express an opinion on Joyce's work to you?

A - Certainly he liked it, and after his death, while tidying up his books, I remember having noticed —now it's coming back to me— that there were all of Joyce's books, but in French. I myself read *Dubliners* in French the first time and this *Gens de Dublin* was very, very old. Perhaps my father didn't feel like reading the books as they were published one by one in English and he bought the French edition because I suppose it was the first to come out after the original version.

Q - What cities did your father work in after Rome?

A - Bologna and, after the First World War, Milan, Trieste —but in 1921— Bologna again and then Rome. Joyce and my father most surely lost sight of each other.

Q - Do you have any idea about what political ideas your father had as a youth?

A - I wouldn't exclude an interest in Socialism — certainly not its opposite. He spoke a lot of Enrico Ferri with admiration. My family knew Ferri's daughter and they were very good friends.

This last outline completes our profile.

Not only did Joyce speak with Paul Bompard of his plans as a writer, not only did he follow his suggestion when deciding to move to Marseilles, but perhaps —as often happens in offices— they must have shared, with furtive eyes, their dissent before the most conservative assertions of their "Teutonic" or "Italic" colleagues. [29]

3. THE GENESIS OF ULYSSES

Giorgio Melchiori

Ulysses was delivered —in duplicate— by special messenger at seven o'clock in the morning of February 2, 1922, at the Gare de Lyon in Paris, after a long labour supervised by Maurice Darantière, *maître imprimeur*, in his printing works at Dijon. There was no Mrs. Shandy to ask "Have you not forgot to wind up the clock?" at the moment of its conception some fifteen years and four months earlier; but was it any better for an author "on the track of some idea" to be interrupted by the voice of Herr Nast-Kolb or Herr Schumacher saying "Signor Joyce, scriva a questo signore, in francese, dicendogli che abbiamo venduto ventimila pesetas —"? Because there is no doubt that *Ulysses* was conceived in Rome, where Joyce was employed as a clerk in the private bank of Nast-Kolb and Schumacher in the Autumn of 1906. And the interruption of his train of thought by the banker's voice is related in a letter of 13 November, immediately after his question to his brother Stanislaus: "How do you like the name of the story about Hunter?" It goes on: "You remember the book I spoke to you of one day in the Park into which I was going to put William Dara and Lady Belvedere. Even then I was on the track of writing a chapter of Irish history. I wish I had a map of Dublin and views and Gilbert's History." (L, II.193-4). We know from Frank Budgen that this was exactly the method followed by Joyce in writing his novel: he dug into the history of Dublin and the memories of his friends and relations and we are informed that, in the Winter of 1919 in Zurich, "Joyce wrote the 'Wandering Rocks' with a map of Dublin before him on which were traced in red ink the paths of the Earl of Dudley and Father Conmee"; in fact Father Conmee in that episode broods on the fate of Lady Belvedere — that chapter of Irish history that a very long time before Joyce had thought of 'as the subject for a whole book, though not *Ulysses*.

In the letter of 13 November what Joyce is asking his brother is whether he approves of the title of the new story he was planning to add to *Dubliners*; he had revealed this title a few pages before in the same letter: "I thought of beginning my story *Ulysses*: but I have too many cares at present" (L, II.190). The first idea of writing such a story goes back some five or six weeks. The announcement is given casually as a post-postscript to

a postcard sent to Stanislaus on Sunday 30 Septembre 1906: "P.P.S. I have a new story for *Dubliners* in my head. It deals with Mr Hunter." (L, II.168).

Inquirers into the genesis of *Ulysses* concentrated on tracking down Mr Hunter. All that Ellmann managed to elicit from Stanislaus was that Mr Hunter was "a dark-complexioned Dublin Jew... rumoured to be a cuckold", and that "Joyce had only met him twice". (JJ, 1959, 238-9). Later another Dubliner came up with a much more attractive story which Ellmann related in "Ulysses: a Short History", appended to the 1968 Penguin edition of the novel:

On the night of 22 June 1904 Joyce (not as yet committed either to Nora or to monogamy) made overtures to a girl on the street without realizing, perhaps, that she had another companion. The official escort came forward and left him, after a skirmish, with 'black eye, sprained wrist, sprained ankle, cut chin, cut hand'. Next day Joyce lamented to a friend, 'For one role at least I seem unfit — that of man of honour.' He did not mention what in retrospect evidently became the most impressive aspect of the fracas: he was dusted off and taken home by a man called Alfred Hunter in what he was to call 'orthodox Samaritan fashion'. This was the Hunter about whom the short story 'Ulysses' was to be projected.

It was inevitable to jump to the conclusion that the projected story of Mr Hunter would adumbrate what was to be the fifteenth episode of *Ulysses*, when Mr Bloom comes to the rescue of Stephen. Joyce's letter of 23 June 1904 to Constantine Curran quoted by Ellmann not only does not bear out the role of Mr Hunter as good Samaritan, but it also leaves unexplained the circumstances in which Joyce showed himself unfit for the role of man of honour; may it not refer instead to another episode which occurred on June 20 and became immediately notorious in the town since it involved the well-known actors Frank and William Fay and Vera Esposito of the National Theatre Society? On that occasion Joyce was found dead drunk in a dark passageway of the theatre and Vera Esposito nearly fell over him; he was ejected, after a scuffle, by the Fay brothers, but went on knocking on the door with his stick and shouting insults, until the writer George Roberts and an actor took him home. The event was commemorated by Joyce himself in a double limerick:

O, there are two brothers, the Fays,
Who are excellent players of plays,
And, needless to mention, all
Most unconventional,
Filling the world with amaze.

But I angered those brothers, the Fays,
Whose ways are conventional ways,
For I lay in my urine
While ladies so pure in
White petticoats ravished my gaze.

Perhaps Ellmann's informer, being asked some fifty years later about Mr Hunter, got him mixed up with confused reports of this particular misbehaviour of Joyce. In fact, in the revised version of the biography (JJ, 1982, 161-2 and note 51), Ellmann sounds a note of warning on Mr Hunter's role as good Samaritan. The presumed relevance of the possibly apocryphal Hunter episode to the basic relationship between Bloom and Stephen in the novel has diverted attention from the real question: why should Joyce have thought of writing a story about a barely recollected Dublin Jew exactly at that time, September 1906, less than two months after his move from Trieste to Rome? From the Rome correspondence it appears that Joyce's interest in Mr Hunter concentrated on two aspects: the unfaithfulness of his wife (in the letter of 13 November he seems particularly curious about "a Jewish divorce case on last week in Dublin", see L, II. 189 and 194), and the view of Mr Hunter as a wanderer in search of home, expressed in the title that he had found for the story, *Ulysses*; for the first time he was to choose a title with such deliberately symbolic implications.

We should at this point make a distinction: firstly, the idea of the story came in late September, that of the title in early November. Secondly, in spite of the fact that much of Joyce's writing may be seen as a complex game with memory, and personal memory at that, the creative moment for him has always an epiphanic quality: it is a sudden revelation suggested by any banal occurrence or by something that he has just been reading. Evidence of this mental mechanism is to be found not only in his famous pages on epiphanies in *Stephen Hero*, but also — in the case of the 'epicletes' which he called *Dubliners* — in his letters. Writing to Stanislaus on 11 February 1907, he states that Anatole France "suggested *Ivy Day in the Committee-Room*, and has now suggested another

story, *The Dead*. It is strange where you get ideas for stories. Stupid little Woodman [a colleague in the Trieste Berlitz School] gave me *The Boarding House*, Ferrero *The Two Gallants*. Others I thought of myself or heard of." At the time *The Dead* was yet unwritten, while the other three stories had all been composed in Trieste, respectively in August 1905, June-July 1905, and February 1906, in each case shortly after Joyce had read the book or heard of the incident suggesting the central situation for the story. It is at this point, after the first illumination (the 'epiphany') from his reading or daily experience, that Joyce transposes the central situation to his familiar universe: Dublin — and calls into play memory, introducing into the situation which has just been suggested to him characters and places that were familiar to him in his early Dublin days.

Do we need to ask why the idea of a story on Mr Hunter came to him in Rome, and presumably could not have come to him anywhere else? Since his flight from Dublin, Joyce had spent a week or so in Zurich, four months in Pola and the rest of his time in Trieste, all places in which the very idea of national identity had little meaning: it is enough to look at the list of the lodgers in one of the houses where Joyce lived in Trieste to find the most extraordinary mixture of Italians, Slavs, Germans, Jews from Central and Southern Europe and from the east, living under the same roof and upon occasion lending each other a helping hand. It was not so in Rome. In the centre of Christianity the Jew was still an alien, in spite of the presence of a large and long-established Jewish community which had been, not long before, released from the confines of the ghetto. The Jewish issue, which had been prevalently a religious question, was now becoming political; the Jews represented the progressive forces, that in 1907 were soon to give Rome a Jewish mayor, Ernesto Nathan. Joyce must have sensed the tension building up for the political confrontation: at such a time the separateness of the middle-class Jews in a city permeated and shaped by centuries of Christian culture, civilization and tradition, must have been particularly evident. And this must have called to mind the plight of the Jew in the other Catholic capital, Dublin.

The letters from Rome in this period reveal how much Joyce had been impressed by the contrast and at the same time the parallelism between Rome and Dublin. His daily experience helped out by the papers that he had got into the habit of reading — the socialist daily *Avanti!* and the anticlerical satirical weekly *L'Asino* — underlined the condition of frustration that the intellectual outsider felt in either city. The dim

memory of Mr Hunter came back to him not because the little Dublin Jew had lent him at some time a helping hand (probably this was not true), but because he recognized in that unremarkable figure moving through the streets of a provincial capital his own present condition as a friendless expatriate small bank clerk in a city whose very architecture celebrated the triumph of a religion he had rejected over an even more splendid past reduced to a state of utter disintegration. "Rome", he wrote to Stanislaus on 25 September, "reminds me of a man who lives by exhibiting to travellers his grandmother's corpse." The last story he had added to *Dubliners* in Trieste, 'A Little Cloud', was surely autobiographical: it is easy to see a partial self-portrait in the figure of Little Chandler, who for a moment takes his sense of frustration out on his infant child and immediately after feels remorseful about it. In the new story he had conceived for *Dubliners* there would have been the same feeling of identification with the little Jew wandering through the streets of a town. Two years earlier he had seen himself as Stephen Daedalus; now that he was a small bank-clerk with a family, with a regular timetable, constantly wearing a tail-coat in order to cover the "two great patches on the seat" of his only pair of trousers (letter of 6 September, *L*, II. 156), he had already begun to look at Stephen Daedalus as at a former self. His new self was in a hopelessly false position: in the same letter of 6 September he told Stanislaus that one phrase in Italian maddened him; it was the use of the word *Signore*: "every wretched scribbler, every — but why make a catalogue? — is a *signore* if he works with a pen or employs an assistant. ... You seem unable to share my detestation of the stupid, dishonest, tyrannical and cowardly burgher class. The people are brutalised and cunning. But at least they are capable of some honesty in these countries: or, at least, they will move because it is their interest to do so. I am a stranger to them, and a prey for them often: but, in the sense of the word as I use it now, I am not an enemy of the people."

The impulse to write the new story had come from the realization of his new ideological posture and his moral and psychological situation, which he projected back into the dimly recollected figure of Mr Hunter. He had developed a tendency to identify himself, though partially and only for some particular traits, with real or fictitious persons and characters. Evidence of this is found in his next letter to Stanislaus, of about 12 September (*L*, II. 158-61); after having described his own as "the



30. Guglielmo Ferrero (1871-1942).

31. James Joyce.



face of the dutiful employee of Messrs Nast Kolb and Schumacher" he goes on: "By the way, talking of faces I will send you a picture postcard of Guglielmo Ferrero and you will admit that there is some hope for me. You would think that he was a terrified Y.M.C.A. man with an inaudible voice. He wears spectacles; is delicate-looking and, altogether, is the type you would expect to find in some quiet nook in the Coffee-Palace nibbling a bun hastily and apologetically between the hours of half-past twelve and one."

The first of these sentences is puzzling, until one compares a photograph of Ferrero and one of Joyce at the time: [30-31] the resemblance is remarkable; and we should remember that many a time Joyce himself during his lunch break between twelve and two o'clock must have contented himself with nibbling a bun in the Caffè Aragno, at the corner of the building — a new and handsome establishment, the nearest thing to a coffee palace that Rome could boast of.

The sociologist, political historian and brilliant journalist Guglielmo Ferrero (1871-1942) had become Joyce's intellectual hero in the last months of 1905, when he read in Trieste Ferrero's lectures collected under the title *Il Militarismo* (Milano: Treves, 1898), a passionate indictment of the "military civilizations", ending with the triumphant statement that war was unthinkable in our time. *Il Militarismo* suggested 'The Two Gallants' and provided him with arguments against the shocked British printer who was refusing to print the story. Joyce wrote to the publisher Grant Richards on 5 May 1906: "[the printer's] idea of gallantry has grown up in him (probably) during the reading of the novels of the elder Dumas and during the performance of romantic plays which presented to him cavaliers and ladies in full dress. But I am sure he is willing to modify his fantastic views. I would strongly recommend to him the chapters wherein Ferrero examines the moral code of the soldier and (incidentally) of the gallant. But it would be useless for I am sure that in his heart of hearts he is a militarist." (*L*, II. 133).

This statement created some confusion, because Stanislaus Joyce in a BBC interview of 1954 on "The Background to *Dubliners*" stated that "The idea for 'Two Gallants' came from the mention of the relations between Porthos and the wife of a tradesman in *The Three Musketeers*, which my brother found in Ferrero's *Europa Giovane*". Only recently (*JJQ*, 16, 1979, 243-4), Susan L. Humphreys has pointed out that there is no such reference in *L'Europa Giovane* and that the book alluded to by Joyce must be *Il Militarismo*; but having seen only an English translation of it instead of the Italian original read by Joyce, she failed to find in it any

specific reference to *The Three Musketeers*. Actually the fifth section of the third chapter of *Il Militarismo*, under the title 'Le civiltà militari', is devoted to "Officers and women in the seventeenth Century". The section opens with a reference to the "Memoirs of Seigneur D'Artagnan, Lieutenant-Captain of the First Company of the Royal Musketeers" and comments: "The famous hero of Dumas' novel is not a fiction but a historical character who, even if he did not accomplish the extraordinary actions devised by the novelist, was a man who ate, drank and wore clothes." Ferrero then insists on the sociological relevance of these memoirs, even if they are considered spurious, in describing the life of the small country gentry whose younger sons "were drawn by poverty or ambition to Paris, serving as lower officers in the king's army." As an example of the degraded moral standards of this society, Ferrero relates that, considering the mercantile class as their inferiors, "these officers, being short of money to pay for the dissolute lives they were leading, tried, nearly all of them, to become the lovers of rich middle-class ladies, getting money out of them as a recompense for the honour conferred upon those ladies by condescending to make them their mistresses." (*Il militarismo*, 129-30). Here is, perfectly formulated, the basic idea of 'The Two Gallants'.

The story of Mr Hunter was conceived independently of the continuing influence of Ferrero's work — as a reflection on Joyce's own present condition in Rome. But its title and its basic implications, beyond the range of merely personal concerns, are undoubtedly due to Joyce's further reading of Ferrero's books in Rome. This appears clearly from the letter in which that title is first mentioned:

I thought of beginning my story *Ulysses*: but I have too many cares at present. Ferrero devotes a chapter in his history of Rome to the Odes of Horace: so, perhaps, poets should be let live. In his book *Young Europe* [32] which I have just read he says there are three great classes of emigrants: the (I forget the word: it means conquering, imposing their own language, &c), the English: the adhesive (forming a little group with national traditions and sympathies) the Chinese and the Irish!!!: the diffusive (entering into the new society and forming part of it) the Germans. He has a fine chapter on Antisemitism. By the way, Brandes is a Jew. He says that Karl Marx has the apocalyptic imagination and makes Armageddon a war between capital and labour. The most arrogant statement made by Israel so far, he says, not excluding the gospel of Jesus is Marx's proclamation that socialism is the fulfilment of a natural law. In considering Jews he slips in Jesus between Lassalle and Lombroso: the latter (Ferrero's father-in-law) is a Jew. (*L*, II. 190).

The fourth volume of Ferrero's *Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma* [33] had



32. Titlepage of *L'Europa Giovane* (Milano: Treves, 1898).

33. Titlepage of volume IV of G. Ferrero, *Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma* (Milano: Treves 1906).



just been published, subtitled *La repubblica di Augusto*. In its long second chapter ("I primi effetti della conquista dell'Egitto e il capolavoro di Orazio") Ferrero devotes some twenty pages (103-23) to the Horatian odes, in order to celebrate the social and ethical function of the poet. Joyce finds in Ferrero's attitude a rebuttal of Plato's banishment of the poets from his *Republic* ("poets should be let live") and at the same time a justification of his own purpose in undertaking the writing of *Dubliners*: those stories should have been a chapter in the moral history of his country, or even — as he had written from Trieste to Stanislaus on 12 July 1905 — a "general indictment or survey of the island". In that letter Joyce had stated that his mistake had been that of believing that he would have carried through his intention with the help of Irish friends (*L*, II, 96), and that was the reason for his choice of living as an exile. We can follow at this point the easy transition to the other book of Ferrero which he had "just read": *L'Europa Giovane*; it had been published in 1897, before *Il Militarismo*, but Joyce had found it only in Rome. It was this book that acted as catalyst for all those ideas, as yet confused and at times contradictory, which had suggested to Joyce to write a story about a Dublin Jew.

The letter of 13 November is a most impressive document of the extent to which *L'Europa Giovane* was immediately recognized by Joyce as the book containing if not the answers at least the correct formulation of all the problems he had set himself when he left Ireland. And in it he pinpoints in the first place the two themes which were at the root of the new story he had begun to imagine: that of the emigrants — a condition which in Rome he acutely felt in his own person; and that of the Jews — the prototypes of the emigrants, that Ferrero could not include in any of his three categories, plasmative (the word Joyce could not remember), adhesive or diffusive, but to whom he devoted the last chapter of his book, defining them "this extraordinary race, deprived of fatherland, scattered and persecuted, which has always, obstinately, believed that it possessed the secret of the redemption of mankind: Messianism at first, then Christianity, and now Socialism or Anarchy." (*EG*, 412).

As it appears from the letter, it was this last chapter of *L'Europa Giovane*, containing also an interview with the Danish critic Georg Brandes for whom Joyce had the greatest admiration, that particularly struck the writer. Its title was: "La lotta di due razze e di due ideali: l'antisemitismo" (The confrontation between two races and two ideals: Antisemitism), and surely this title must still have been in Joyce's mind when fourteen years later he described *Ulysses* in the famous letter to

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34. The last part of the table of contents of *L'Europa Giovane*.

Carlo Linati of 21 September 1920 as "l'epopea di due razze (Israele-Irlanda)" (the epic of two races: Israel-Ireland). [34] And in that same chapter, under the subtitle "The Ethical Spirit of the Jew", Joyce found the statement:

Socialism has been for the most part the creation of two Jews, Marx and Lassalle: now Socialism is not only a political party and an economic theory, but also, especially for its founders, a bitter criticism of contemporary morality. It is enough to read in the Communist Party Manifesto the violent attack against the basic principles of bourgeois morality to be convinced that Marx can be considered in a way the Isaiah of Capitalist society. (EG, 359-60)

And again, under the subtitle "The Jewish Pride: Extreme Ideas and Consciousness of a Mission", Ferrero states that the Jewish missionary conscience is present at all times:

It is found in the ancient prophets forerunners of the Messiah, it is found in Jesus who came to announce the Kingdom of Heaven; it is found in Marx who came to announce the proletarian revolution; it is

found in Lombroso who has brought the true scales of justice, after ages and ages in which men, out of ignorance or malice, had been using false ones. (EG, 366).

The style itself of Ferrero's book would recall to Joyce his own earlier attitudes, before he left Dublin: not only do the last paragraphs of the essay "A Portrait of the Artist" of January 1904 sound a similar prophetic note, but the same tone is found in a page of the copybook where Joyce had written that essay — a page probably meant for the first chapter of *Stephen Hero*:

"The middle age discovered America. Our age has discovered heredity." Thus do the ages exchange civilities like outgoing and incoming mayors. The spirit of our age is not to be confounded with its works; there are novel and progressive, mechanical bases for life: but the spirit, wherever it is able to assert itself in this medley of machines, is romantic and preterist. Our vanguard of politicians put up the banners of Anarchy and Communism; our artists seek the simplest liberation of rhythms; our Evangelists are pagan or neo-Christian reactionaries. (*The Workshop of Daedalus*, 69).

A passage like this, if on the one hand it shows Joyce's early tendency to assume ideological postures, on the other reveals the progressive development of a pessimistic and sceptical attitude. And it could not be otherwise in the Dublin of 1904, where politics meant taking sides either with a narrowly nationalistic view or with either of the paralyzing powers that Joyce proposed to "betray" when he undertook to write the first stories of *Dubliners*. The degradation of politics to merely pathetic gesturing or ineffectual manoeuvring is perfectly caught in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', which he wrote in 1905 in Trieste after having been exposed to a different sort of political experience. The Triestines like the Dubliners were labouring under foreign rulers; unlike the Irish Nationalists, they were not aiming at achieving independence and a national identity, but at joining their ethnical and linguistic fatherland. Also in this attitude, though, there was a measure of narrowness: irredentism was in a way a form of inverted nationalism.

The first few months spent in Rome opened up to Joyce a completely new perspective on politics. Commenting on the close attention, documented in his letters, with which Joyce followed the congress of the Italian Socialist Party in Rome in October 1906, Dominic Manganiello writes: "The importance of the Italian Socialist Congress in Joyce's political

Dopo il Congresso socialista

Il grande dibattito di pendere ha avuto luogo in questa Roma immensa, su cui vigila ancora - guardarmi colossale - il Quirinale e il Vaticano; qui sotto ancora le vestigia, negli archi di trionfo e nel Colosseo, di ciò che fu l'imperialismo, ma che eterna - nella Casa del popolo moderna - l'augurio di una civiltà nuova, che superi e l'imperialismo pagano e l'imperialismo cattolico, e il socialismo monarchico.

E certo - non questo pensiero - non vennero in Roma i compagni d'ogni terra d'Italia, e non i Cardinali mon-

terani:
 Salve dei Roma!
 patria, dove, santa geografia!
 E tu dal tuo fusto pel tutto
 Fium la lingua purg. marconiana
 e la lingua libaniana
 additando le colonne e gli archi:
 gli archi che sono trionfi asetonici,
 non più di regi, non più di Cesare,
 e non di uomini alteranti
 bontà umana agli eterni ceti.
 Ma il tuo trionfo, popoli d'Italia,
 su l'Asi nero, su l'Asi bianco,
 su i mari onde tu con serena
 giustizia farai frangere le genti.

La discussione teorica è finita: i compagni tutti di Roma mandano un saluto augurale ai compagni tutti d'Italia.

Ora al lavoro! E sotto gli archi di trionfo del Cesare e del Papa, il socialismo lavora!

L'opinione dell'Asino

L'Asino, che è ciò che il popolo, nella scienza e nell'arte, ha diritto di sapere in una opera una questione che riguarda il benessere di tutti, dopo il congresso del partito della Democrazia.

avrebbe speso per una difesa che è già una delle condizioni internazionali.

Gli antimilitaristi.

Questi comunisti, un doppio errore: quello di far la propaganda tra i soldati non esaltati, e quello di mantenere la loro propaganda nelle scuole. Parlare di antimilitarismo a chi non è soldato è far dei ribelli mondani, non contro l'ordinamento generale della società, ma contro il capitale, il lavoro, il negozio, la disciplina, il mondo, l'ordine di guerra, con Ed è la delle incertezze vittorie.

Ma per la propaganda è fatta ai comunisti socialisti, diviso superior, perché quando si è capito il socialismo, si è capito anche l'antimilitarismo e per il popolo e per gli altri paesi.

Con la propaganda - un ritorno a una propaganda - una propaganda che si opera, come i socialisti alla volta, la redenzione del mondo.

Che fare?

Che fare? Quella che uno si è fatto Roma, e che potrebbe tranquillizzare anche i più timorosi. Imperialismo la questione sopra un programma di immediata attuazione, quale sarebbe la sostituzione dell'esercito permanente con un esercito assente.

In caserma si occupano due anni a far nulla, solo semplicemente a giudicare gli stipendi degli ufficiali e di tutte le burocrazie militari.

Con la caserma armata in Svizzera sono in campo - in caso di guerra - 100.000 uomini, ossia un ottavo della sua popolazione. L'Italia, con l'esercito permanente, ne conta in campo due milioni, ossia un quindicesimo.

La nazione armata dovrebbe all'Italia essere maggiore spesa e con risparmio di tempo per giovani lavoratori e milioni di soldati, che sarebbero certo uguali e migliori degli attuali, che un servizio di cittadini volontari vale come, oggi, questo un servizio di comunisti

braccati, deficiente, capo del locale socialista garibaldino, e in relazione col comitato di Genova.

Il monsignorismo, preso sotto il patronato della massoneria - la quale in altri tempi non conosceva col peso - con questa spigola.



LA SUA COMPAGNIA DI GUERRA
 ANNITA

NOTTE DEL 15 LUGLIO 1949
 IN QUESTO LUGLIO ESPRESSIONE
 ANNO DI MONDO AL PIRENEO

Giuseppe Garibaldi G. M. P. 1949

Il sociale venerando, di cui diamo in addosso, è Tommaso Brachetti, vivente, fratello di Giovanni, ammirato sempre da un signorile: il passato e l'avvenire del popolo.

Tommaso ha ora 64 anni. Nel 50, volontario nel cavallierato Lancia, disertava da Voghera per seguire la bandiera garibaldina che riprendeva guidare meglio i v. lontani al riscatto della patria.

Imbarcato a Genova, raggiunse Garibaldi a Palermo, e fu con lui al Volturno prendendo parte a quella critica azione.

Dopo il 20, l'Italia libera ebbe l'imperatore - ex dionisia del brigatista del cavallierato di Fiume - d'avvenire e provvisore il garibaldino per la sua direzione da quelle regie bandiere che ci diedero. Avvenimento!

Così l'Italia del banner libertà ripaga i suoi libertari: ed è forse anche per questo che oggi - la sua Brachetti - creata una generazione di socialisti.

35. *L'Asino*, 14 Oct. 1906. Editorial on the conclusion of the Italian Socialist Party Congress.

development is usually underestimated or altogether overlooked. Joyce's conclusions about Socialism determined how he viewed the political situation in Ireland to a greater extent than has been generally acknowledged". (JP 65-6). This is true, but not the whole truth. What was revealed to Joyce not only by the Socialist congress but by the type of political debate which he witnessed in Rome through the constant reading of the Italian papers and of his favourite weekly, the anticlerical *L'Asino*, was a totally different approach to politics: politics as ideology. It was a way of recovering his own original attitude, beyond the narrow limits of nationalism whether in its militant or in its vaguely nostalgic form. In his paper on Joyce and the Italian press, Carlo Bigazzi points out that the idea so effectively represented in the 'Wandering Rocks' episode of *Ulysses*

(Dublin caught in the formidable pincers of Church and State) was anticipated — with reference to Rome instead of Dublin — in a comment on the conclusion of the Socialist congress in *L'Asino* of 14 October 1906: [35] after speaking of the two "colossal gendarmes, the Quirinal and the Vatican" watching Rome from either side of the Tiber, *L'Asino* went on: "Rome still shows in the triumphal arches and in the Colosseum the marks of past imperialism, but in the modern House of the People bears the augury of a new civilization that will overcome pagan imperialism, Catholic universalism and monarchical capitalism." The rhetorical flourish points to the way in which the oppressive presence of the two gendarmes can be exorcised. And this is in fact the political message of *Ulysses*. As Richard Ellmann has said speaking of the novel.

Ultimately *Ulysses* too constituted a political act, in the oblique fashion that Joyce used to express himself. Its humour was not offhand but a means of comic exploration of the shortcomings of life in Ireland as lived under British and Catholic authorities.

Joyce's politics and aesthetics were one. For him the act of writing was also, and indissolubly, an act of liberating. His book examines the servitude of his countrymen to their masters in Church and State, and offers an ampler vision. While the criticism is severe, its aim is to unite rather than disunite. (*The Consciousness of Joyce*, 89-90).

This is another way in which Joyce's stay in Rome influenced the genesis of *Ulysses*. The rest of the letter of 13 November shows how strongly Joyce had been influenced by his recent reading. In discussing a polemical attack on English sexual morality in the Nationalist Party's newspaper *Sinn Féin*, he rejects it with arguments drawn, consciously or unconsciously, from another chapter of *L'Europa Giovane*, "L'amore nella civiltà latina e germanica", which contains also a pointed allusion to Parnell:

Who has forgotten the Parnell case? For sixteen years the old giant had stood up to the attacks of enemies as doughty and strong as himself; in order to shatter him they had flung against him a formidable boulder: the accusation of conspiring with dynamiters, but he had not fallen. In the end they tried to throw a pebble in his path: the accusation of adultery and the divorce action brought against him by a deceived husband, and he fell forever. (*EG*, 159).

Actually, the very first chapter of *L'Europa Giovane* (pp. 9-11) contains a spirited appreciation of the contradictory character of Parnell which coincides to an extraordinary extent with the portrait of the Irish "un-

crowned king" (the expression is used also by Ferrero) in Joyce's article for *Il Piccolo della Sera* "L'ombra di Parnell"; the article was written in May 1912, less than a year before Joyce finally undertook to transform his unwritten story *Ulysses* into a novel. The mock heroic tone which was to be the narrative foundation of *Ulysses* (Fielding, the author of an Eighteenth Century *Odyssey*, had defined the novel "a comic-epic poem in prose") is foreshadowed by another passage in the same letter of 13 November 1906:

I had about 82 lire over clear: I gave 10 to the barrister and around 70 to Nora. The other two I spent partly on — cakes! (I did so to test the truth of one of Ferrero's statements about English and Italian cakes and biscuits).

The passage Joyce refers to in Ferrero's *L'Europa Giovane* (pp. 192-3) occurs in the already mentioned chapter on "Love in Latin and Germanic Civilization" and contrasts the Italian ability to produce excellent cakes, while the English ones are uneatable, with their inability to produce decent biscuits, while English machine-made biscuits are authentic masterpieces. As Susan Humphreys reminds us, this curious passage, intended to "summarize the substantial difference between two civilizations and two societies" (EG 193), had struck also the first English reviewer of the book in *The Edinburgh Review* in 1898. A similar way of theorising taking as a starting point the most banal everyday observations, at times even ridiculous, is the most striking characteristic of Bloom's interior monologues. Humphreys suggests that also the profession that Joyce was to choose for the hero of his novel, a canvasser of advertisements haunting the newspaper offices, was suggested — in a semi-serious vein — by the last chapter of *L'Europa Giovane*: Ferrero states that "The Jew possesses a genius for proselytism; it can even be said that propaganda is a creation, perhaps the greatest, of the Jewish genius. ... The Jew was the first to become a disinterested pilgrim for an idea and travel through the world to spread it; was the first, in a world that knew only military expeditions, to organize propaganda missions." (EG, 368-69). Propaganda is of course advertising, and we should remember the extraordinary space given by Joyce to the section on advertising in the copious notes on banking he took, filling a whole copybook, when in Trieste he was getting ready for the new job as a bank clerk in Rome (*Archive: Notes, Criticism, Translations etc.*, ed. H.W. Gabler, New York 1979, II. 474-617).

Another statement in the same chapter of *L'Europa Giovane* recalled by Humphreys is that "every great Jewish talent is a bit of a journalist".

Bloom's spirit and style in fact is that of the journalist, and this for Joyce is no mean quality. What he understood by journalist appears clearly from an essay he wrote in April 1912, shortly after his article on Parnell I mentioned before. The essay was written in Padua as part of the examination that should have qualified him as a teacher of English in Italian schools. The subject set was "The universal literary influence of the Renaissance" and I am quoting passages from it in Louis Berrone's translation. Summarizing the results of the intellectual revolution brought about by the new movement of thought in the 15th and 16th centuries Joyce wrote:

The Renaissance, to be concise, has put the journalist in the monk's chair: that is to say, has deposed an acute, limited and formal mentality to give the sceptre to a mentality that is facile and wide-ranging (in the parlance of theater journals), a restless and rather amorphous mentality.

And in the very last sentence of his essay, after stating that the Renaissance has "done much in creating in ourselves and in our art the sense of compassion for each thing that lives and hopes and dies", he concludes: "In this at least we surpass the ancient: in this the ordinary journalist is greater than the theologian". (L. Berrone, *James Joyce in Padua*, New York 1977, 21-23; cf. *S.I.*, 183-6).

Perhaps even the name of Mr Bloom is connected with the Roman experience of Joyce. In the letter to Stanislaus of 6 February 1907, after stating that "*Ulysses* never got any forrader than the title", he adds "I took Nora and Georgie to a comic opera on Sunday 'Le Carnet du Diable'. I was very bored by the end. It was very 'silly and musicless.'" (L, II. 209). The light opera presented at the Teatro Nazionale in Rome on the evening of 3 February 1907 had enjoyed a certain success in Paris in 1895; the music was by Gaston Serpette while the libretto, dealing with the cheque-book given by the devil to a modern Faustus, was by Ernest Blum.

Ferrero's book, *L'Europa Giovane*, and the ideas, the attitudes, the personality itself of the author came at exactly the right moment to provide the elements and the ideological background for a story that Joyce had begun to plan a few weeks earlier. They found a fertile ground in Joyce's mind because the first two months he had spent as a bank clerk in Rome had prepared him for them: he had discovered a new approach to politics and to the human condition of the disinherited, the expatriate and the rootless. Ferrero acted as the catalyst, but without his Roman experience Joyce would never have conceived the story of Mr Hunter.

The first thing that struck Joyce upon his arrival in Rome was the sight, on the Palazzo Verospi in the via del Corso, right in front of the windows of the bank where he was going to work, of a tablet commemorating the residence there of Percy Bysshe Shelley. His first postcard to Stanislaus, from "presso Signora Dufour, Via Frattina 52, II, Rome", postmarked Tuesday 31 July 1906, 9.30 p.m., reads: "Arrived safely: but very tired. Write to this address. Hesitate to give my impression of Rome lest my interview with the bank-manager might change it. Terrorised by the bank, while looking for it I found this on a wall 'In this house Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*'. I think you would like Rome more than I. The Tiber frightens me. / Jim". (L, II. 144)

The tablet was decreed by a politically motivated Rome Municipal Council, exactly ninety years before that commemorating Joyce's residence in the city, less than a hundred yards away. [36] The full text of the inscription is: TO / PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY / WHO IN THE SPRING OF 1819 / WROTE IN THIS HOUSE / THE PROMETHEUS AND THE CENCI, / THE COMUNE OF ROME, / A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE POET / UNVANQUISHED SUPPORTER OF THE PEOPLE'S FREEDOMS / REFUSED IN HIS TIME / BY THE WHOLE OF EUROPE, / PLACED THIS MEMORIAL / 1892.

How far did this view of a poet whose aesthetic ideas Joyce had already found deeply congenial (see his Pola Notebook, in CW, 146), affect the author of the stories in *Dubliners*, conceived as "a chapter of the moral history of my country"?



36. Tablet commemorating Shelley's residence in Rome, placed on the facade of Palazzo Verospi in Via del Corso by the Comune di Roma in 1892, the centenary of Shelley's birth.

4. JOYCE AND THE ITALIAN PRESS

Carlo Bigazzi

OFFERTE D'IMPIEGHI PRIVATI
10 Centesimi per parola — Minimo L. 1 —
STUDENTE licenziando Istituto, dovendo ripa-
rare ottobre solo lingua inglese, cerca professore
inglese titolare impartisca sicura lezione. Ri-
spondere subito indicando onorario. Del-
gadé 41, Roma. c 12644

GIOVANE impiegato, desidera lezione settimana-
le, inglese da signore, signorina. L. 130. —
Mazzari, via Ostiense, 46. c 16274

LESSONS for girls or young children in Gene-
ral English, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek,
and all languages, and having good references. Write: F.
Corso Vittorio 229.

WANTED at once English gentleman to teach
his language. Apply: Z. 72, posta, Roma.

37. Advertisements in *La Tribuna*:
a) 3 Sept. 1906; b) 7 Nov. 1906; c) 9
Nov. 1906.

The statement at the end of Joyce's 1912 exam-paper in Padua that, because of the new feeling of compassion for the plight of man, "the ordinary journalist is greater than the theologian", accounts for his constant interest in the daily and periodical press. As soon as he left Dublin, from Pola, from Trieste, from Rome, he kept asking at first Stanislaus, then friends and relations, to send him copies of Irish papers. But he also tried to follow the international and the local press. In Pola he went regularly with Nora after dinner to the "Caffé Miramar" in order to read the *Figaro* (letter to Stanislaus, 3 December 1904, *L*, II.73), and in Trieste his addiction to the local paper, *Il Piccolo della Sera*, was such that, once removed to Rome, he asked his brother: "If there is anything interesting (Ferrero etc) in the *Piccolo della Sera*, you might send it" (19 August 1906, *L*, II.152).

There were also very practical reasons for scanning the Italian press: he had got his job as a bank clerk in Rome through an advert in the daily *La Tribuna*, and shortly after his arrival in the Italian capital he began to look in the same paper for requests for private English lessons, in order to add to the bank salary which he had soon found inadequate. [37] On 3 September *La Tribuna* published a small ad which, translated into English, sounded like: "Qualified English teacher wanted for competent lessons to last year student facing only English school leaving exam October session. Reply immediately stating fee. Delgadé 41". Three days later Joyce was able to report to his brother: "Last night a man came to take lessons from me and I asked him to pay in advance. He gave me 20 Lire so that with economy I can live until Monday morning. I had given up all idea of the advt as two days had intervened. . . . This is the second advt I answered in the *Tribuna*. The first got me the position in the bank: the second a providential pupil." (*L*, II.156). Joyce was also particularly pleased to find that the man, called Terzini, was "a nephew of the Abruzzese painter Michetti. Francini'll tell you who he is" (4 October, *L*, II.169). Francesco Paolo Michetti's painting *La figlia di Iorio* had inspired Gabriele D'Annunzio's homonymous tragedy, which Joyce had liked so much on its publication in 1904 that he offered to review it (To Stanislaus from Pola, 28 December 1904, *L*, II.76).

Joyce's luck did not last. In a letter of 13 November (which he had begun two days earlier) he reported: "I answered two advts for lessons. One of them I missed by a post; the advertiser wrote to thank me and said he had just given his word. If I went to the café I should have seen the paper in time but I wait to read it in the bank" (L, II.190). The advert, in *La Tribuna* for Wednesday 7 November, read: "Young lady or gentleman wanted for weekly English lessons to young clerk. Lire 130. Mazzari, via Ostiense 46". There were compensations. The other advert Joyce had answered in those days—in *La Tribuna* for Friday 9 and Saturday 10 November—gave results; this time the advert was in English: "Wanted at once English gentleman to teach his language. Apply: Z 72, Posta Roma". Though Joyce was quick in replying, the advertisers took their time over his application, and only on November 19 he was able to tell Stanislaus: "An advt which I answered in the *Tribuna* has brought me some money. I have been appointed 'professor' in an *École de Langues* (which is an offshoot at low prices of the B[erlitz] S[chool])", and after describing his night classes there, he adds as a postscript to his letter: "By the way of the 4 advts I answered in the *Tribuna*, one got me this position in the bank, one got me Terzini, one got me a letter of apology and regret, a miss of L 130.—, and one got me a professorship in the *École de Langues*!" (L, II.195, 197).

His reading of the local papers was not restricted to the small ads columns, but extended to general news, both local and international. Being personally frightened by storms, he reports from the papers on or about 12 September that, during a thunderstorm which had caused him great agitation the evening before, "a man was struck dead on the road outside the gate of S. Pancras" (L, II.160). Of another event which he nearly witnessed, he did not wait for the reports in the papers but became himself a reporter—sending a postcard to Stanislaus less than two hours after its occurrence. [38] It is postmarked Wednesday 14 November, 8.25 p.m.: "Tonight at 6.30 while I was sitting at my desk in the bank I heard a loud explosion and felt the house shake. A few minutes after I heard people running under the windows 'Bomba! Bomba!' A bomb had exploded at the Caffè Aragno which is at the corner of our palace. Have not yet seen the papers. The street is full of people and strewn with broken cups." (L, II.194). He relied on the papers instead for the next two offences in the same line. On 19 November he sent Stanislaus *Il Giornale d'Italia* [39] and wrote: "Yesterday [Sunday] another bomb went off in S. Peter's. Strange to say I went there in the after-

38. *La Tribuna Illustrata*, 25 Nov. 1906. The illustration was on the back cover, while the front cover carried a portrait of King George of Greece arriving in Rome that day. Full reports on the bomb at the Caffè Aragno are found in the inside pages.



39. *Il Giornale d'Italia*, 19 Nov. 1906. Front page report on the explosion in St. Peter's and on the alarm caused by a fire-cracker exploded under the Quirinal tunnel.



noon without knowing of its having happened. I had intended going to the morning service (and would consequently have been in the church at the time of the explosion) but that I waited in for a letter from you. Things are beginning to be pretty lively here. I saw no precautions taken in the church in the afternoon but perhaps these things are not visible. Cardinal Rampolla in the procession passed me at an arm's length unprotected as far as I could see. He is a tall strong man with a truculent face." (L, II.195). Continuing the same letter the next day, Tuesday 20, he remarks: "I hear a report that there was a third bomb thrown today in the Piazza di Spagna. I hardly think these can be the work of anarchists. They are very clumsily made and do no damage. It may be a trick of the police to justify them in making arrests on suspicion as the King of Greece [40] is to be here in a few days. I hope to Jesus he won't pass by this building during his visit . . ." (L, II.197).

The same letter bears witness also to Joyce's attention to another kind of news, widely publicised, such as that of the arrest in New York of the famous Italian tenor Enrico Caruso [41]: "Renan was right when he said we were marching towards universal Americanism. I suppose you have read about Caruso being arrested in the monkey-house at New York for indecent behaviour towards a young lady. . . . I wonder they don't arrest monkeys in New York. . . . The papers are indignant. Do Americans know how they are regarded in Europe?" (L, II.197).

Joyce's comments in this case, giving a political slant to an item of news belonging by right to the gossip column, are revealing of a new attitude towards newspapers that he had been acquiring since his arrival in Rome.

One newspaper in particular had been material in creating this new attitude; though Dominic Manganiello has remarked on the impression it made on Joyce, a study of the issues of this newspaper published during the writer's stay in Rome reveals a much deeper influence on his way of thinking in political terms and even, to a certain extent, on his choice of parody and invective as well as satire as essential components of his later major works. After three weeks in Rome, on 19 August, Joyce asked his brother: "Would you like to see some copies of *L'Asino* — the Italian anti-clerical newspaper." And significantly he went on: "I absorbed the attention of three clerks in my office a few days ago by a socialistic outburst . . ." (L, II.151) *L'Asino* (*The Donkey*) was a weekly founded in 1892 as a socialist satirical paper, aimed at subjecting to sharp criticism the politics and the *mores* of bourgeois Italy. Its motto was a quotation from the novelist F.D. Guerrazzi: "The



40. *Il Giornale d'Italia*, 24 Nov. 1906.
Front page report on the visit of King George of Greece.

41. *Il Giornale d'Italia*, 23 Nov. 1906.
Report on the trial of Enrico Caruso in New York.



donkey is the people: useful, patient, and flogged." It provided in simple form information on current events, historical articles with definite ideological interpretations, addressed to an audience which was beginning to become class conscious. Its circulation reached 60,000 copies, thanks not only to its indictments of administrative and parliamentary corruption, of the abuses of the ruling class, of police violence against the workers, of the discriminations in the administration of justice, and of the thousand ambiguous links between the middle classes and the government, but mainly to a very striking and original typographical lay-out.

The front and back covers were taken up by two large satirical cartoons in colour, while in the six inner pages the printed texts were interspersed with a number of black-and-white satirical drawings and cartoons which, by branding unequivocally the class enemy, would attract less sophisticated readers. The use of what was for the time a new technical process —chromochirography— put *L'Asino* in the forefront of Italian illustrated magazines. Careless editing, disregard for design in the typographical lay-out, inept titling, were compensated for by the liveliness of the slogans and of the cartoons. These were based on violent and grotesque caricatures of well known political figures, and the allusive captions emphasised the satirical deformations. The visual impact of

42. *L'Asino*, 12 Aug. 1906. Back cover cartoon by Galantara. Caption: "Official Italy becomes clerical"; The Italian Prime Minister Giovanni Giolitti kissing the Pope's foot.



L'Asino was greater than that of the articles or printed slogans, and it appealed to a large readership of semi-literate members of the working classes. *L'Asino* influenced in particular both the industrial workers and the more politicised layers of the peasantry, which, reacting to the firm hold of the parish church, had found in the socialist leagues and in lay cultural circles, new meeting places, and in the socialist press and pamphlets a new means of ethical and political self-education. *L'Asino* was a leading factor in this process.

From 1901 however the political line of *L'Asino* moved more and more in the direction of anticlericalism, to such an extent that this theme became practically its only interest. In this way, though remaining in the socialist area, it reached out for a lower middle class audience which included many republicans and agnostics. The reason for this change of attitude in the periodical's policy was largely due to the fact that the separation between Church and State which had taken place with the unification of Italy in 1870, was now being bridged, and the church was allying itself with the Italian ruling class against the spread of socialism. The situation became more acute when Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto became Pope Pius X in 1903; the prohibition for Catholics to take part in political activities, imposed some thirty years earlier, was progressively lifted, and in the general elections of 1904 several Catholic moderate members were returned in traditionally 'red' constituencies. The socialists saw the danger of the new peasant organizations promoted by the Church in opposition to the left wing unions. The editors of *L'Asino*, instead of trying, as they had done until then, to educate the masses to socialist ideals, launched into a violent campaign against the hypocrisy of Catholic public and private behaviour and against the priests as corruptors of consciences. This campaign had reached its highest point when Joyce arrived in Rome. [42-43-44] The colorful front and back covers drawn by Gabriele Galantara were frequently treated as posters, in a style reminiscent of the contemporary French satirical papers. The black and white cartoons in the inner pages presented an endless gallery of priests of all descriptions engaged in the most unholy activities, sexual as well as financial and political, under cover of a hypocritical sanctimoniousness. Frequently the larger cartoons in colour represented the exploitation of the masses and of the hungry peasantry; the figure of Christ appeared in some of them, tall, fair haired, in a red robe, taking sides with the people against the church hierarchy. Politicians are grotesquely caricatured as shadowy figures characterised by utter stupidity. Revolution is conceived as a hurricane sweeping away the decrepit clergy and middle class. The



articles in the inner pages emphasised the involvement of the clergy in any discreditable episode of public or private life, attacked church schools and educational institutions as breeding grounds of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice, and satirized the cult of miracles, the healing powers of holy relics, and similar aspects of popular religion.

While St Alphonsus de Liguori's handbook of directions for confessors, with its detailed classification of all sorts of sexual sins, is presented as an obscene publication, *L'Asino* adopted as its hero and intellectual patron the figure of Giordano Bruno, burnt at the stake as a heretic in Rome in the Holy year 1600. Allusions to his martyrdom appear repeatedly in the pages of *L'Asino*, [45] and this must have particularly struck Joyce who, since his Dublin days, had found in him a mentor and a guide, so that he had begun his polemical article *The Day of the Rabbement* (1901) with a quotation from "the Nolan". By a curious coincidence the offices which *L'Asino* shared with the headquarters of the Socialist Party and of the Party's daily paper *Avanti!* were in the same street, Via San Claudio, as Joyce's bank, *L'Asino* at n. 57, the bank at n. 87. [46] It is at least a possibility that, from his very first days in Rome, Joyce during the lunch break, 'nibbled hastily and apologetically a bun' in the same

43. *L'Asino*, 9 Dec. 1906. Front cover cartoon by Galantara: "Projects of reconciliation"; Giolitti and Pope Pius X exhibiting their new model army: a mixture of Bersaglieri and Swiss Guard.

44. *L'Asino*, 24 Feb. 1907. Back cover cartoon by Galantara: "Pius X is getting ready"; dressed in the uniform of the king of Italy, the Pope (Giuseppe Sarto) exclaims in his native Venetian dialect: "What a magnificent king of Italy I will make".

45. *L'Asino*, 31 Dec. 1906. Back cover cartoon by Galantara: "Government Measures"; Giolitti, as a police commissioner, orders the removal of Giordano Bruno's statue from Campo de' Fiori and its replacement by a statue of St. Alfonso de' Liguori.



46. Via San Claudio now, looking towards the Piazza of the same name. The Bank was in the building on the left, while the offices of *L'Asino* were further down the street.

47. *L'Asino*, 2 Sept. 1906, p.6: "The Black Pope": An attack against the Jesuits apparently translated from a sermon of 1551 of the Dublin Bishop George Brown, in the Harleyan Miscellany, tome V (?).



cafe as the journalists of *L'Asino*. And at that time of day once a week a shoal of newsboys would issue from the newspaper offices with the newly printed copies, jostling the passersby with their shrill shout "Oh che asini, signori! A due soldi!" ("O what lovely donkeys, gentlemen, only two sous"). Did Joyce remember them when he evoked the "screams of newsboys barefooted in the hall" in the 'Aeolus' episode of *Ulysses*? There, under the heading A STREET CORTEGE, O'Molloy and Lenahan "smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake".

Under the impact of such publicity Joyce must have begun reading and been influenced by *L'Asino* during his very first week in Rome. Otherwise how could we explain his outburst in a letter of early August, upon learning of the church marriage of Oliver St John Gogarty: "You have often shown opposition to my socialistic tendencies. But can you not see plainly from facts like these that a deferment of the emancipation of the proletariat, a reaction to clericalism or aristocracy or bourgeoisism would mean a revulsion to tyrannies of all kinds. . . . For my part I believe that to establish the Church in full power again in Europe would mean a renewal of the Inquisition — though, of course, the Jesuits tell us that the Dominicans never broke men on the wheel or tortured them on the rack." (*L*, II.148).

The influence of *L'Asino* recurs again and again in the letters to Stanislaus; for instance on 25 September: "I think my policy of substracting oneself and one's progeny from the Church is too slow. I don't believe the church has suffered vitally from the number of their apostates. An order like this couldn't support their immense church with rent &c on the obolos of the religious but parsimonious Italian. And the same, I expect, in France. They must have vast landed estates under various names and invested moneys. This is one reason why they oppose the quite unheretical theory of socialism because they know that one of its items is expropriation." (*L*, II.166).

The election, which was due in early September 1906, of the new General of the Jesuits, vulgarly known as *il papa nero* (the black Pope) was a subject that the anticlerical weekly could not let go unnoticed, and in fact, in preparation of the event, *L'Asino* published a whole series of articles exposing the misdeeds of the Order founded by Loyola. This press campaign was sure to rouse a keen interest in Joyce, and in fact, already on 6 September, before the election had taken place, he wrote to Stanislaus: "I also sent you a copy of *L'Asino*" (*L*, II.157). This must have been the issue for 2 September, containing, under the title *Il papa*

nero, a most extraordinary document. [47] It purports to be a translation from English of an extremely violent attack on the Jesuits in a sermon written in 1551 by the bishop of Dublin George Brown. The Dublin origin of the document, and the name George Brown are, to say the least, surprising coincidences when we remember how in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce was to refer to Giordano Bruno as Brown, or to adumbrate him under the name of the Dublin printing firm Brown & Nolan that had published Joyce's *The Day of the Rabblement* in 1901. There is not the slightest evidence for a suggestion that Joyce slipped in the piece by the Dublin bishop George Brown to the journalists next door during one of those lunch breaks; all the same, one rejects the temptation of advancing it with a good deal of regret. The fact remains that he was tremendously excited by the idea of the "black pope", and on or about 12 September he reported to Stanislaus: "On Saturday last [8 September, the day of the election] I went up to the headquarters of the black lice to find out if they had chosen their general. A carman told [me] that they had elected a German [Francis Xavier Wernz] and were now at their pranzo. Unfortunately I have not bought the *Avanti* these few nights [48]. I would like to read an article on the subject." (L, II. 160). He needed no carman to tell him about the pranzo. Next day's papers — with the exception of *Avanti!* — reported on the traditional post-election "extremely succulent" dinner, during which was served a Jesuit dish, the *forma gelata*, the elaborate preparation of which was reserved only to such occasions. [49]

The nearly morbid curiosity for the goings on in the most exalted centres of the Roman Catholic Church is pervasive in Joyce's correspondence from Rome. The reference to Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro, which I quoted before, is another example: Cardinal Rampolla [50] had narrowly missed, because of a veto imposed by the Austro-Hungarian emperor, becoming Roman Pontiff in the 1903 conclave; at the time, as Constantine Curran reports in his *James Joyce Remembered* (London: OUP, 1968, p. 22), during a party in Dublin Joyce impersonated Rampolla in a mock conclave, and solicited the votes of his 'colleagues' by mouthing in dumb show the word "R-a-m-p-o-l-l-a". Such episodes confirm the impression that at least one of the reasons for Joyce's move to Rome was that of penetrating the very core of those institutions that he believed responsible for the intellectual paralysis of his own country. *L'Asino* catered precisely for this kind of curiosity. How much Joyce was influenced by the attitudes expressed by that journal is shown by some of the next sentences in the same letter reporting his inquiry at the Jesuits'

48. *Avanti!*, 9 Sept. 1906. Comment on the election of Francis-Xavier Wernz as General of the Jesuit order.

Il Padre Francesco Saverio Wernz

eletto Preposito Generale dei Gesuiti
La previsione dell' "Avanti", avverata

Il nuovo generale dei gesuiti
a un tedesco

Nel numero dell'*Avanti* della scorsa settimana si pubblicò, sotto il titolo: *Chi sarà il nuovo eletto? Il nuovo generale potrà essere un tedesco*. E a questo titolo bastava seguire le seguenti parole:

Tutti i giornali repubblicani affermano che probabilmente sarà eletto generale il padre Ruggiero Predelli, ex preposito della Compagnia di Gesù. Ma il nuovo generale potrà essere un tedesco. E a questo punto va detto: il padre Ruggiero Predelli, che negli ultimi tempi, ebbe, a suo merito, una grande fama, non è un tedesco, ma un italiano, e non è un gesuita, ma un cattolico. Il nuovo generale potrà essere un tedesco. E a questo punto va detto: il padre Ruggiero Predelli, che negli ultimi tempi, ebbe, a suo merito, una grande fama, non è un tedesco, ma un italiano, e non è un gesuita, ma un cattolico.

La Società del Terz'Ordine ha per sua regola fondamentale, di non scegliere, nell'elezione del nuovo generale, soggetti troppo in evidenza. I gesuiti, per questo, si sono sempre divisi in due parti: la prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", e la seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù". La prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più numerosa, e la più potente. La seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più piccola, e la più povera.

Chi era parso di addormentare la sua mente, si è risvegliato, e ha visto che la Società del Terz'Ordine ha per sua regola fondamentale, di non scegliere, nell'elezione del nuovo generale, soggetti troppo in evidenza. I gesuiti, per questo, si sono sempre divisi in due parti: la prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", e la seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù". La prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più numerosa, e la più potente. La seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più piccola, e la più povera.

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consigli nell'elezione della Società di Gesù, e in, benché non assistente di grande autorità al defunto generale Martin. In forza di ciò, la Società di Gesù, per la sua parte, non ha mai avuto un generale di grande autorità, e non ha mai avuto un generale di grande autorità.

Nella sua famiglia, che è una delle più antiche del Terz'Ordine, si sono sempre divisi in due parti: la prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", e la seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù". La prima, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più numerosa, e la più potente. La seconda, che si chiama la "Compagnia di Gesù", è la più piccola, e la più povera.

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49. *Il Messaggero*, 9 Sept. 1906. Report on the election of the General of the Jesuits, giving details of the dinner at the Collegio Germanico in Via San Nicolò di Tolentino.



headquarters: "The next thing we will hear will be the emperor William's enrolment in the brown scapular." The idea of the Kaiser taking holy orders with the Carmelites is directly derived from *L'Asino*, which, especially in its cover cartoons by Galantara, kept harping on the unholy union between the State and the Church, both in Italy and in central Europe [51-52]. The insistence on this theme suggested to Joyce a parallel between Rome and Dublin. In both cases the life of the city was conditioned by the predominant forces of the state and of the clergy. Though apparently opposed to each other, in fact the two powers aimed at maintaining the *status quo*, and this resulted in a condition of paralysis. In Ireland the British Empire and the Roman Catholic Church were the only masters and oppressors of individual consciences; in Italy the monarchical government and the papacy were turning Rome into the capital of bureaucracy, torpid, sluggish and resigned. In the comment on the congress of the Italian Socialist party, on 14 October 1906, *L'Asino* spoke of "this enormous Rome still watched by those two colossal gendarmes: the Quirinal and the Vatican"; surely Joyce remembered this vivid image of the two oppressive forces of Monarchy and Church enclosing in a deadly embrace the life of Rome from either side of the Tiber, when many years later he devised in the 'Wandering Rocks' episode of *Ulysses* the parallel routes of father John Conmee S.J. and the Right Honourable William Humble, Earl of Dudley, on either side of the Liffey, reducing life in Dublin to what he called in the Linati scheme "a mobile labyrinth between two banks" [53].

Joyce of course was aware of the polemical excesses of *L'Asino*, but this would not put him off completely. As he commented to Stanislaus in his last letter from Rome at the beginning of March 1907, "I understand that anti-clerical history probably contains a large percentage of lies but this is not enough to drive me back howling to my gods." (*L*, II. 217).

There was also a daily paper that Joyce would not find among those put by the bank at the disposal of their employees or by the best cafes at that of their customers; it was the official paper of the Italian Socialist party, *Avanti!*, which very soon he got into the habit of buying whenever he did not feel too poor to do so. He looked in it for something very different from useful adverts and information on daily events: he found there a debate on political ideas from a standpoint that he felt increasingly akin to his own. *Avanti!* gave him, at least for a time, a feeling of class-consciousness, as when, on 6 September, he regaled his brother with a "socialistic outburst" which cannot have been very different from that

with which he had surprised some time before his fellow clerks at the bank: "you seem unable to share my detestation of the stupid, dishonest, tyrannical and cowardly burgher class." (*L*, II. 158). From the same letter we gather one of the reasons for his reading the socialist paper: "The reason I sent you *Avanti!* was that it contained an article either of Lombroso or of Gorki". The mention of Gorki, who was beginning to compete with Ibsen in Joyce's mind among the new pathfinders in literature, is significant. And on 25 September he remarked: "The fuss made about Gorky, I think, is due to the fact that he was the first of his class to enter the domain of European Literature. I, not having Gorky's claim, have a more modest end. Ibsen itself [sic] seems to have disclaimed some of the rumorosity attaching to *A Doll's House*" (*L*, II. 166).

In reading *Avanti!*, though, Joyce was able to maintain a discriminating critical attitude, so that he never fell for the easy rhetoric of the paper's editor Enrico Ferri [54], a famous lecturer, a professor of penal law who had learned from the practice of the bar all the tricks of the barrister's trade. In spite of his inflammatory speeches, Ferri was ready to compromise, and his ideological preparation was less than adequate, so that it was said of him: always a speaker, never a thinker. Joyce must have sensed this, since he preferred another socialist leader, Arturo Labriola [55],



50. Cardinal Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro (Palermo 1843 - Roma 1913), Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office (Pontificia Fotografia Felici).



51. *L'Asino*, 23 Sept. 1906. Back cover cartoon by Galantara: "Luther's revenge: The White Pope and the Black Pope in the hands of the head of the Protestants"; the German Kaiser as a puppet master.

52. *L'Asino*, 7 Oct. 1906. Back cover cartoon by Galantara: "The Black Pope"; The new German General of the Jesuits holding in harness Pope Pius X.

53. *L'Asino*, 7 Oct. 1906. Editorial on the opening of the Socialist Party Congress.



54. Enrico Ferri (1856-1929). Editor of *Avanti!* from 1900 to 1906, when he became the leader of the Italian Socialist Party. He left the Party in 1911, moving to more moderate positions and working out his project for the Italian penal code published in 1921.



but in his turn he never pretended to hold the one and only truth. Writing to Stanislaus on 6 November, after defining his own position, like that of Ibsen, "a virtual intellectual strike", he went on: "Of course you find my socialism thin. It is so and unsteady and ill-informed. You are wrong, however, in supposing that the intellectuals taught Labriola socialism. Intellectualism, instead, is a partial development, an alloy of sociological liberalism, of the original socialism which was really nothing but the manifesto of a class. Ferri, for example, seems a more intellectual and capable person than Labriola but the latter contends that interest in psychiatry and criminology and literature and religion are beside the question. He wishes to hasten *directly* the emergence of the proletariat. And to do this he would include in his ranks Catholics and Jews, liberals and conservatives." (L, II.187-8). Joyce followed with extreme interest the full reports in the *Avanti!* of the Italian Socialist party congress that took place in Rome from 7 to 10 October in the *Casa del Popolo* (House of the People), a conference hall built for the occasion with the voluntary work and contribution of technicians, artists and bricklayers [56]. So that, in the article I already mentioned, *L'Asino* could write on 14 October: "Rome still shows in the triumphal arches and in the Colosseum the marks of past imperialism, but in the modern House of the People bears the augury of a new civilization that will overcome pagan imperialism, catholic universalism and monarchical capitalism."

Joyce's interest is shown by passages like the following, in a letter of 9 October:

I am following with interest the struggle between the various socialist parties here at the Congress. Labriola spoke yesterday, the paper says, with extraordinarily rapid eloquence for two hours and a half. He reminds me somewhat of Griffith. He attacked the intellectuals and the parliamentary socialists. He belongs or is leader of the sindacalists. They are trades-unionists or rather trade-unionists with a definite antisocial programme. Their weapons are unions and strikes. They decline to interfere in politics or religion or legal questions. They do not desire the conquest of public powers which, they say, only serve in the end to support the middle-class government. They assert that they are the true socialists because they wish the future social order to proceed equally from the overthrow of the entire present social organization and from the automatic emergence of the proletariat in trades-unions and guilds and the like. Their objection to parliamentarianism seems to me well-founded but if, as all classes of socialists agree, a general European war, an international war, has become an impossibility I do not see how a general international strike or even a general national strike is a possibility. The Italian army is not directed against the Austrian army so much as against the Italian people. Of course, the sindacalists are anti-militarists but I don't see how that saves them from the logical conclusion of revolution in a conscriptive country like this. It is strange that Italian socialism in its latest stage should approach so closely the English variety. (L, II. 173-74) [57].

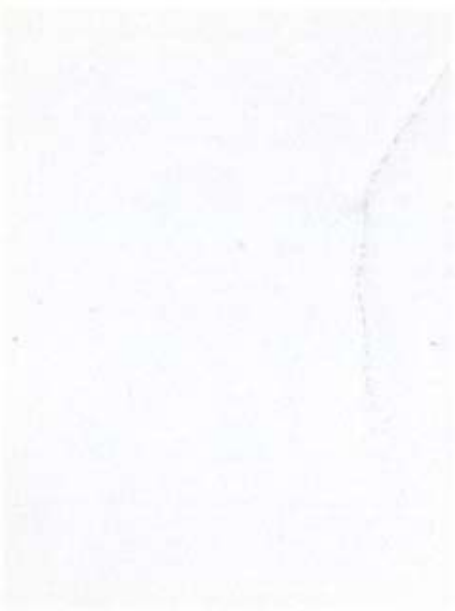
The only naïf note in this critical analysis of an ideological position is the belief in the impossibility of war; but this Joyce had inherited from



55. Arturo Labriola (1873-1959). From *Avanti!*, 8 Oct. 1906, reporting on the Socialist Party Congress.



56. The 'Casa del Popolo' in Via Capo d'Africa. From *Avanti!*, 6 Oct. 1906 devoting the whole of the front page to the inauguration of the Conference Hall in view of the Socialist Party Congress.



57. *Avanti!*, 8 Oct. 1906. Full report of the debate at the Socialist Party Congress.



Ferrero's book *Il Militarismo* which he had read in Trieste. At all events, it must be clear by now that the *Avanti!*, more than *L'Asino*, suggested to Joyce a very different approach to politics from the one he had in his Dublin days: the debate of ideas replaces the direct attack on degraded institutions.

Other passages in the letters show how far Joyce had absorbed the *Avanti!* positions on particular issues. For instance his statement on 6 November: "The revenue of Italy is 1700 million lire and of this 400 millions is spent on army and navy: 23%. England [spending 47% of its revenue in the same way] however has a vast territory to protect and, at least, possesses a powerful empire. Italy against the outlay of 1/4 of her revenue has an impoverished illiterate population, medieval sanitation, a terrible accumulation of taxes, and an army and navy which would probably fetch a few hundred pounds in a lottery." (*L*, II. 188). This reflects a campaign against the mismanagement of the Italian navy that *Avanti!* had started before Joyce's arrival in Rome, with articles on 5, 8 and 23 July; then there was a whole series under the general title *L'inchiesta sulla Marina a nuova vita* (The Navy inquiry revived) on 28 and 31 July, 5, 10, 17 August, and 1 and 25 September, and the subject kept cropping up in the following months. Joyce had treasured the information.

More interesting still, in view of Joyce's admiration for Guglielmo Ferrero, and the influence his writings had on the genesis of *Ulysses*, is the fact that *Avanti!* published on 28 October an article by Ferrero under the title "L'ode di Orazio." It was adapted from the second chapter of the fourth volume of his monumental work *Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma*, which had just been published. Joyce took the hint and on 13 November, immediately after announcing that the title of the short story he was planning to write was *Ulysses*, he adds: "Ferrero devotes a chapter of his history of Rome to the Odes of Horace" (*L*, II. 190). The article in the *Avanti!* had induced him to buy the newly published book and to turn at once to that chapter; what is more, he seems to have got at the same time Ferrero's other book, *L'Europa Giovane*, which he says he had "just read" and on which he comments at length in the same letter. As S.L. Humphreys has shown, *L'Europa Giovane* was a fundamental influence on the conception of *Ulysses*. Throughout that period the *Avanti!* kept Ferrero's name in the forefront, reporting on his lecture tour in France on the 9 and 10 November under the title "Ferrero a Parigi", 23 November "Ferrero al Collegio di Francia", 30 November "Legione d'onore a Ferrero". At the turn of the year however Joyce's interest in

L'ASINO

È IL POPOLO UTILE, PASSENTE E BASTONATO



58. *L'Asino*, 17 Feb. 1907. Front cover of the issue devoted to the anniversary of Giordano Bruno's martyrdom. The caption reads: "Around the burning stake the priests are still shouting: 'Long live freedom of thought'."

59. *L'Asino*. Back cover of the same issue: "The Nightmare of Pius X", by Galantara. The Pope's dreams are haunted by the numberless victims of the Catholic Church's repression.

the *Avanti!* began to falter, and by 6 February he reported: "I have given up reading *Avanti!* but enclose paragraph for Artifoni [the socialist director of the Trieste Berlitz School]. It was too dull for me."

But apparently he did not give up *L'Asino*. He certainly saw the issue of 17 February which devoted both its front and back pages to Giordano Bruno [58-59] on the occasion of the great procession in honour of the martyr of free thought organized by the anticlerical forces on the anniversary of his death, though, as Joyce wrote at the beginning of March in his last letter from Rome, "The spectacle of the procession in honour of the Nolan left me quite cold" (*L*, II. 217). From the same letter we learn implicitly that he had seen also the next number of the weekly, that of 24 February, though also in this case it caused him another disappointment. He tells Stanislaus: "I have been trying to read Carducci's verses, induced by the fact that he died unfortified by the rites of R.C.C. But not only does it not interest me: it even seems to me false and exaggerated." (*L*, II. 218). We know now from a letter of his fellow bank clerk Paul Bompard that Bompard was the man from whom he had borrowed a volume of Carducci's poems so shortly before leaving Rome and the bank on 6 March, that he had not returned it at that date.

60. *L'Asino*, 24 Feb. 1907. p.3: with the report of Carducci's statement on his death bed, "Unchanged and unchangeable I am waiting for my last and greatest hour", and of "The greatest demonstration that Rome ever saw" in honour of the memory of Giordano Bruno.



Joyce's sudden albeit fleeting interest in Carducci, the Italian poet Laureate who had died on 16 February, was roused by the full page that *L'Asino* devoted on 24 February to the Giordano Bruno procession ("La più grande dimostrazione che Roma abbia veduta"), and, in bolder characters, to "The last political statement by Giosuè Carducci", reporting his firm refusal on his death bed of the 'comforts' of the Catholic religion, in spite of pressure put upon him by the Bolognese Cardinale Svampa, anxious for the repercussions that such an attitude by the leading figure of the Italian cultural world would have had on public opinion. [60] At least two Italian newspapers, *Avanti!* and *L'Asino*, played an important role, at a particularly sensitive moment, in determining the ideological premises to Joyce's major work; a closer study of those papers may yet yield even more specific evidence of their influence especially on *Ulysses*.

5. ROME AND « THE DEAD »

Franca Ruggieri

"Rome is the strange world and strange life to which Richard brings her. Ragoon her people. She weeps over Ragoon too, over him whom her love has killed, the dark boy whom, as the earth, she embraces in death and disintegration." (E, 118) "She" is Bertha in *Exiles* and Gretta in "The Dead", and, of course, Nora¹.

Joyce must have associated with Rome the image of himself as an exile or an emigrant²: the evidence is in the fact that Rome is the place of the 'exile' of Richard Rowan and of Bertha, "his exiled spouse". But, in turn, the very idea of exile suggested the idea of death: Rome, which lives on death, is the city of catacombs and tombs, one of which is the tomb of P.B. Shelley in the English Cemetery.

In his notes for *Exiles*, published posthumously in 1951, Joyce links the two series of associations Rome-Exile-Death and Nora-Gretta-Bertha by evoking the moon (and the moon is Bertha, but it is also the protagonist, "wandering companionless", of those "lines of Shelley's fragment" in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* [P, 96]) and Shelley's tomb, which refers back to the tomb in the cemetery of Ragoon where the body of Sonny Bodkin is buried. Bodkin had been Nora Barnacle's young admirer and was given the name of Michael Furey in the story of "The Dead". "Bodkin died. Kearns died. In the convent they called her the man-killer", says the note about Nora (E, 118). Shelley is Kearns and Bodkin, all of whom died young, killed by love and by life, but he is also the element in Richard which neither love nor life can destroy, the very element which makes the relationship possible between Richard (in *Exiles*), Gabriel (in "The Dead"), James Joyce and Bertha, Gretta, Nora, halfway between fiction and reality, between Galway and Connaught, between the English Cemetery in Rome and the cemetery of Ragoon.³ And Shelley, like Furey, Kearns and Bodkin, "is her buried life, her past". Here the memory of Bodkin merges with that of another of Nora's admirers, Mulvey (JJ, 1982, 158n) who gave her cream sweets: "His attendant images are the trinkets and toys (bracelet, cream sweets, palegreen lily of the valley, the convent garden). His symbols are music and the sea, liquid formless earth in which are buried the drowned soul and body. There are tears of commiseration. She is Magdalen who weeps remembering the loves she could

¹ The connection is developed by Patrick Rafroidi: "James et Nora; Gabriel et Gretta; Richard et Bertha: autobiographie et fiction dans 'The Dead' et *Exiles* de Joyce". *Etudes Irlandaises*, 5 (Dec. 1980) 37-51. (Editor's note).

² On "Exiles or Emigrants" see Carla de Petris's paper in the present volume.

³ Internal evidence for Joyce's knowledge of Shelley's tomb and its epitaph is provided by Carla de Petris in her contribution to the present volume. Further material on the identification of Bodkin has been added by Richard Elmann to his biography of Joyce (JJ, 1982, p. 324 and note on p. 774); nothing instead is known about Kearns, a typically Irish surname, which is mentioned only in this note for *Exiles* — the suggestion that the name is a misreading of 'Keats' in the manuscript is unsupported by the context in which it appears. (Editor's note)

not return" (E, 118). And thus *Exiles*, through the interplay of these implied cross-references, is linked to the last section of "The Dead", and by recalling Shelley together with Bodkin, the Rome of the past exile of Bertha and Richard links itself to the Dublin of the short story "The Dead" and superimposes itself on it.

The relationship of art with life and death, of literature with politics and "commercialism", recurs in Joyce's works from the earliest days. In Joyce's paper for the University College Literary and Historical Society, "Drama and Life" (20 Jan. 1900), true art is seen as the art of Ibsen's theatre, which expresses life. According to a classical definition of realism, "life we must accept as we see it before our eyes, men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery." (CW, 45). Life, in its simplest day-to-dayness, reveals the eternal laws of man's history and man's immortal passions, "truth and freedom" amongst them.

In "Ibsen's New Drama", of the same year, however, the theme of art recurs in the relationship of the artist with his work and his world. The sculptor Rubek in *When We Dead Awaken* accepts the responsibility of his own downfall, which began from the moment he gave in to compromise, in the course of a highly symbolical dialogue with Irene — the woman, the model and the muse of that portrait (significantly a "Resurrection") which is their creature — a creature betrayed by the compromise with "the rabblement". The revelation of truth leaves no other possibility beyond that of purification, in a transfiguring death, a snowstorm which frees them from the prison of life and which is death and, at the same time, reconquered purity.

These are the two themes which Joyce was to deal with later, namely the relationship between true art and life, and the experience of death as a liberation, as the only key which can reveal the true sense of life and art. The after-death of transfiguration is the only solution of all ambiguity, of compromise and of the betrayal of the artist's own identity. The two themes return together in "The Dead". In this portrayal of the successive phases in the single process of degradation, the theme of death is linked with that of literature in the character of Gabriel Conroy. An established man of letters, an expert speech-maker, a journalist who is totally convinced that politics have nothing to do with writing, a fetishist and sensual admirer of his own books, almost replacing all other desires, Gabriel Conroy is a citizen of Europe, all too ready to deny his national roots. He moves with apparent ease and even cocksureness in a crumbling world, a world which accepts him passively, a world of decadence and

quasi-death, where the echoes of conversation, of music, of singing from one room to the next not only measure the drowsy repetitive rhythm of the present, but also suggest the memory of a cumbersome past, which is desire (eros denied, and death) and which, if not yet the nightmare of history, still conditions and irreparably reveals the present. The initial idea of "The Dead", and thus the fusion of the two themes, death and literature, dates back to Joyce's stay in Rome.

On the 25th of September 1906, Joyce writes to Stanislaus from Rome and expresses his regret for not having paid due tribute to the beauty and hospitality of Dublin, but adds immediately, that even if he had wanted to rewrite *Dubliners*, he could not be sure that the perverse devil of his literary conscience would not play a similar nasty trick on him. It is in this letter that, looking on Rome's ruins, he remarks: "Rome reminds me of a man who lives by exhibiting to travellers his grandmother's corpse" (L, II. 165). He had escaped from Dublin because it was "the centre of paralysis", but had found in Rome the centre of death.

On the 6th of February 1907, he informs Stanislaus: "*Ulysses* never got any forrader than the title. I have other titles, e.g. *The Last Supper*, *The Dead*, *The Street*, *Vengeance*, *At Bay*: all of which stories I could write if circumstances were favourable" (L, II. 209). It is the first mention of the title "The Dead".

In the letter of 11th February 1907, Joyce appears both amused and depressed by a theatrical happening at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin on the occasion of the staging of a play by J.M. Synge, and this "put me off the story I was 'going to write' — to wit, *The Dead*"; instead he is reading old Italian story-tellers "and also Anatole France". He goes on: "I wonder how he got his name... However I mustn't complain, since he suggested *Ivy Day in the Committee Room* and has now suggested another story *The Dead*" (L, II. 212).

The image of the city of Rome, like that of Dublin, both "oppressed and oppressive" — a crumbling, debased city, which lives off its own death, but which knows, ironically, how to be proud of its past — seems now to grow into a formidable metaphor of death, into the precise and ideal setting for a tale on death. Joyce's experience in Rome, which had meant for him at first a new interest in Labriola's socialism, and thus represented also a political experience, re-emerges in its negative aspect in that ambiguous creation, halfway between fiction and autobiography, which is the character of Gabriel Conroy, a caricature of one side of Joyce himself, who has no doubts whatsoever about his own lack of political commitment, a complacent man of letters, but not an artist.

Gabriel Conroy represents only one moment in the lengthy analysis of the relationship between art and life, which, in the sketch "A Portrait of the Artist" of 1904, is, at one and the same time, life for art and art for life, from the definition of the portrait as the "diagram of an emotion" (life interpreted by art), to the final plea of the artist for international freedom, the moment when "the confederate will issues in action", aided by the crisis of the "aristocracies" and of the "competitive order" (art as necessary to life). Echoing *The Soul of Man under Socialism* by Oscar Wilde⁴, Joyce seems to be declaring again that a separation of art from politics is hardly possible. This is not how Gabriel Conroy sees it. In 1906, probably in March, while Joyce was still in Trieste, he wrote "A Little Cloud", the story of Little Chandler and of his relationship with a woman, with a friend, with literature and with art. Here the desire for freedom on the part of a plain Dublin clerk is a misplaced ambition directed toward artistic realization, because that fulfilment cannot become a dimension of life when it clashes with mere routine. Art cannot save those who are doomed to frustration and failure.

In the middle of August 1906, in Rome, Joyce had retouched "A Painful Case" (cf. *L*, II. 151), the story of James Duffy and Mrs. Sinico, yet another story about the relationship between a man, a woman and art: music and literature, Mozart and Nietzsche. Duffy's refusal to get involved in religion as well as in socialist militancy, in friendship as well as in love and a family, is called into question by one single gesture: his shocked rejection of a female's hand, of the touch of her skin, of a woman's passion. Music and literature become arid, make their acolytes arid too and are not sufficient in themselves to make sense out of isolation: James Duffy remains a great "outcast from the banquet of life".

But the theme is given wider expression in "The Dead", in the two main characters, a man, a successful journalist, and a woman, his wife Gretta, who is from Galway, the West, and is a compound of Nora Barnacle and Ibsen's Irene. Faced with Gabriel's self-assurance and with his negation of his own past life and of history in general, Gretta broods over the past. The past is for her a source of desire and passion, both frustrated by death; whereas for Gabriel it ultimately becomes a key to the perception of the emptiness of his own forgotten past, of the barrenness of his own experience of life, which has been and still is a life of death among the dead: only those who are physically dead like Sonny Bodkin and Michael Furey have ever been alive and are alive still as objects of desire. On the final page the realization of the impossibility of achieving a

⁴ A further reason for Joyce's interest in Wilde's pamphlet is indicated in Manganiello's paper in the present volume. Ellmann reports that official permission to translate *The Soul of Man under Socialism* into Italian was granted Joyce on June 19, 1909, "but events of the summer put it out of [his] head." (*JJ*, 1959, 283; *JJ*, 1982, 274).

European stature, which is the counterpoint (misplaced and ironical) to the narrator's hopes, as well as of his guilty rejection of his own native origins, result in the planned journey to Galway, which is both Connaught and Ragoon, the places of his wife's origins and past, the West, a West which is both death and the only possible chance of life: as in *When We Dead Awaken*, the dead are more alive than the living. The transition, as shadowy and evanescent as the colours of the panels of Gretta's skirt — an ambiguous, yet intense and polysemic transition from the superficial certainty of literature to existential doubt, comes to fulfilment in the third section of the story, in the brief space of one sequence, when Gabriel is alone, and is observing his wife 'from a distance', able only to make out her silhouette in the dark: "There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to a distant music, a symbol of" (D, 207). The woman standing still in the shadow is a vague and symbolic image which blends in with the echo of laughter, of discussion, of "The Lass of Aughrin" sung by Bartell D'Arcy in the next room, and this is the "distant music" which evokes the past. Conroy sees and lives reality through the filter of literature; for him reality is necessarily symbolic of something and he needs literature as a filter and shield from life. Gabriel lacks the authentic passion and creativity of art: his literature alienates him from reality, a reality on which the literary man imposes his personal symbolic mediation. "If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. *Distant Music* he would call the picture if he were a painter." (D, 207). The sequence closes with the title of the 'picture', which is almost a paraphrase of the Worttöndrama (again another implied reference to his Rome days, to that *Twilight of the Gods* which Joyce had seen there). As in *When We Dead Awaken*, the return of the woman's past, eros and thanatos, desire and death, becomes for Gabriel, as it had been for James Duffy, the revelation of his own past, of his own history. The 'shock of recognition' is the breakdown of his self-confidence, of the idea of literature as a mediator or a compensation for a life already denied by the denial of desire, a life which perhaps only now can be experienced: "Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such feeling must 'be love'" (D, 220). But if this is love, then his journey towards a new life, a "vita nova", is necessarily symbolic, as in *When We Dead Awaken*: "The time had come for him to set out for his journey

westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland... His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe, and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead ." (*D*, 220).

6. EXILES OR EMIGRANTS

Carla de Petris

A decision was taken after the unification of Italy which was to have enormous socio-economic as well as cultural consequences for the future of Rome. The ruling classes, as Quintino Sella theorized, held that "the popular claims of large working masses" were unsuited for Rome. In fact Rome offered to immigrants from other parts of Italy only two possibilities for work: activities connected with urban development, or participation in the growing bureaucratic apparatus. Industrial development was reserved for the so-called 'triangle' in the north, Milan-Turin-Genova. For this reason at the turn of the century Rome fell more and more into the hands of a subspecies of lower middle class, bureaucratic and parasitic. In the severe view of the architect Ludovico Quaroni, Rome was "a third-class capital city, untidy, tired, a little vulgar, lazy, sceptical but cowardly, mean, incapable of true rebellion, true imagination, true creativity, in politics as well as in the arts, in sexual life as well as in religious life; the architectural and urbanistic 'figura' of the city coincides perfectly with this cultural anthropologic picture." (L. Quaroni, *Immagine di Roma*, Bari 1969).

All this is wisdom after the event; what did Rome look like in the year 1906, when, after a tiring journey from Trieste, via Fiume and Ancona, James Joyce — a letter offering him a bank job in his pocket — arrived in the city with Nora and their small child Giorgio?

Rome was in the first place a city of small dimensions, with just over 500,000 inhabitants predominantly engaged in handicrafts or involved in the tertiary sector. The link between city and country was not yet broken: from the Roman Campagna, along the ancient consular roads, carts filled with vegetables and small wine barrels, and even flocks of sheep were driven into the heart of the city. Elder Romans recall that country brokers and dealers had their meeting place in Piazza della Rotonda, in front of the Pantheon.

In seeming contrast with all this, the Rome Municipal Council had allocated in 1905 the considerable sum of 100,000 lire for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the unification of Italy. It was the first official act heralding the 1911 World Exhibition, held in Rome and Turin with an extension in Florence. Renato Nicolini finds that this is "an economic

61. Via Frattina now, looking towards Piazza di Spagna. Apart from the new shop fronts, the buildings are much as they were in Joyce's time.



sign of expansion typical of Italy in the decade 1900-1910: the proposal of an investment of no immediate utility... but in view of the positive political effects of presenting a cultural image of the ruling class and of the managerial group in terms of progress." (R. Nicolini, "L'Esposizione del 1911 e la Roma di Nathan" in *Roma 1911*, ed. G. Piantoni, Rome 1980).

The city was ready for yet another of those transformations or camouflage to which a capricious destiny condemned it. In 1907 a new city council was formed led by Ernesto Nathan, of Jewish origin, a freemason and a republican, supported by the so-called Popular Block, a centre-left alliance. The Socialists broke away in 1911, but the council fell only in 1914 on the eve of the Italian intervention in the First World War. During the Block administration, in 1909, the council passed the first comprehensive town planning regulations (*Piano regolatore Saintjust*) which were intended to rationalize building in the historical centre of Rome and the development of outlying districts. It was a welcome measure after the crisis of 1880 which had blocked for a time all building activity and after the legislation on the taxation of building areas passed by the

Giovanni Giolitti government in 1904 and 1907. But "the plan threatened the interests of the land-owners ... who opposed it also in the attempt to escape taxation ... and managed to start a process of derogations from the ruling of the plan which in fact nullified the purpose of the plan itself." (M.I. Maciotti, *Ernesto Nathan: un sindaco che non ha fatto scuola*. Roma 1983).

Most of these developments belong to Rome's future. We should try now to trace an ideal route for James Joyce in the Rome of 1906, since he spent what little time was left him from the severe bank time-table (8.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., Saturday included), and from his private lessons, in walking the streets of the town.

In the first place Via Frattina [61], where he lodged c/o Signora Dufour. It was not the fashionable street it is today. The Baedeker of 1900 advised those who wished to stay in Rome to look for accommodation in the "old foreigners' quarter" between Via del Corso and Via del Tritone, and especially near Piazza di Spagna. Via Frattina was an obvious choice, considering that there were no less than three housing and employment agencies there, an unpretentious street for cheap rooms.

The two years spent in Pola and Trieste had accustomed Joyce to the roomy and comfortable coffee-shops typical of Austria and Northern Italy, where, at the price of one cup of coffee, one had the run of all the daily papers. One of the first things he did in Rome was to look in the neighbourhood for something of the kind, but he had to report to Stanislaus on 7 August: "Rome has one cafe and that one is not as good as any of the best in Trieste. ... I am forced to go to a little Greek restaurant, frequented by Amiel, Thackeray, Byron, Ibsen and Co.; bill of fare in English, 1½ for a coffee, pot of tea 6 cups 6d, *Daily Mail*, *N.Y. Herald, Journal*." (L, II. 146). The Greek restaurant was of course the famous Caffé Greco (a proper name, not an adjective) in Via Condotti [62-63].

To go to work Joyce had to cross Piazza S. Silvestro with its imposing and comparatively new Central Post Office building (in fact a convent adapted to its new function in 1877, and the scene of such episodes as the one described in the post card of 22 September [L, II. 163-4], which made Joyce exclaim "How I detest these insolent whores of the bureaucracy") [64]. The square was much smaller then than it is today; in the centre there was a statue of Metastasio and on the opposite side from the church which gives the square its name there was an English church, Trinity Church, built around 1882 [65]. It disappeared in the demolition

62. Via Condotti from Piazza di Spagna; the Caffé Greco is in the second block to the right along the street.



63. Distinguished customers in the Caffé Greco at the beginning of the century.



work of 1932 to make room for the tram terminus. Probably that was the "evangelical hall" where Joyce attended a service on the evening of Sunday 11 November, out of mere curiosity (*L*, II, 191), like Mr Bloom watching the communion service in All Hallows, in the 'Lotus-eaters' episode of *Ulysses*.

The demolitions joined Piazza S. Silvestro with the much smaller Piazza S. Claudio [66] at the end of the short street where was the entrance to the Nast-Kolb and Schumacher bank. Via del Tritone up to Largo Chigi and Piazza Colonna was not yet completed. In Largo Chigi, backing on Via S. Claudio, there was the first department store in Rome, "Alle Città d'Italia", an interesting example of modern building techniques for its supporting metal structure [67].

The Piombino palace which faced Piazza Colonna had been demolished some years before and the new Galleria Colonna (an imposing shopping arcade) had not yet been built in its place — it was inaugurated in 1911. The Piazza was therefore much larger than it is today [68] and the municipal brass band concerts were held in it; Joyce attended these inexpensive and rewarding performances from the very first days of his stay in Rome. They had the great merit of educating the Italian public to Wagnerian music; in his second postcard from Rome, on 2 August, Joyce reported:

64. The Central Post Office Building in Piazza San Silvestro; the statue of Pietro Metastasio was removed in 1932 during demolition works to make room for the tram terminus.

65. Trinity Church in Piazza San Silvestro; built in 1882, it was demolished with the rest of the houses separating Piazza San Silvestro from Piazza San Claudio in 1932.



66. Piazza San Claudio from via del Tritone, before the demolition of the houses at the far end in 1932.



67. The department stores Magazzini Bocconi "Alle Città d'Italia", re-christened by Gabriele D'Annunzio "La Rinascente"; main entrance in Largo Chigi, side entrance in via del Corso, backing on via San Claudio.



"last night we heard a band in the Piazza Colonna play a selection from *Siegfried*. Very fine." (L, II. 145).

Further on, at the end of Via del Corso, the monument to Vittorio Emanuele II was still under construction. Today it is referred to by Romans as the 'typewriter' for its shape, or the 'wedding cake' because of its outrageously white marble among the warm colours of the surrounding ruins and ancient buildings. The construction was to cost at that time several million lire and when officially unveiled in 1911 was still far from complete. Much demolition work was to be done to open up Piazza Venezia as we know it today [69].

Behind the Campidoglio, the Forums extended all the way to the Colosseum. Joyce visited them repeatedly but his first impressions were not very favourable: "the neighbourhood of the Coliseum [sic] is like an old cemetery with broken columns of temples and slabs." (7 August, L, II. 145). And he was impatient with the post-card sellers speaking broken cockney, with the improvised guides, and with the English and American tourists [70-71]. Joyce perceived certain aspects of Rome with great insight but he ignored or refused others. More than once in his letters he regretted not knowing "something of Latin or Roman History" (one more



68. Piazza Colonna from via del Tritone, before the building of the Galleria Colonna; the band stand was placed at the foot of the column.



69. View of the Forums, from the Colosseum to Piazza Venezia, taken in 1906 from an observation balloon. Construction work for the Monument to Vittorio Emanuele II is visible on the right.

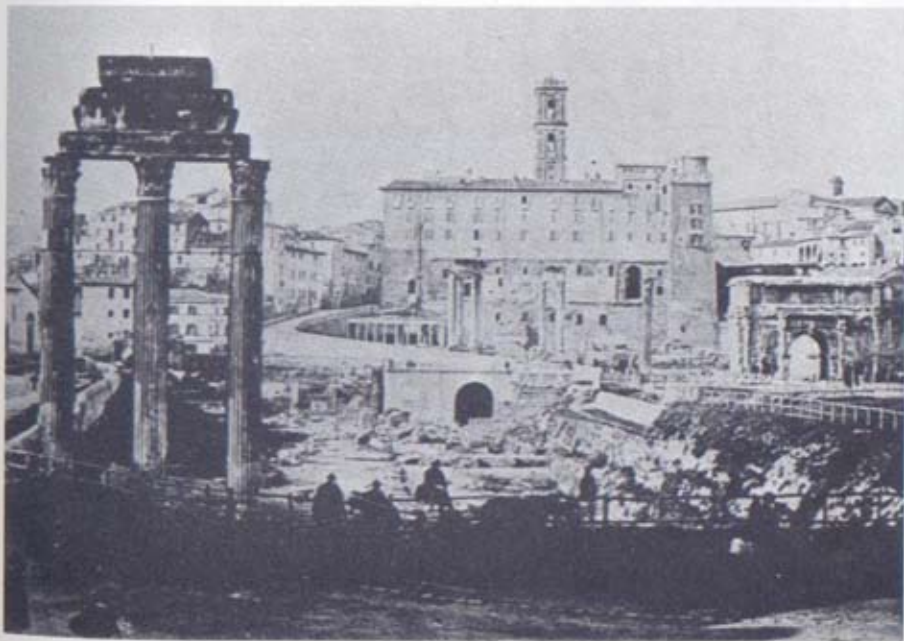
reason for reading Ferrero's *Grandezza e decadenza di Roma*), and his idea of the Rome of the Caesars was certainly peculiar: "I believe it was chiefly on one or two hills: the inter spaces being used as military exercise-grounds, market-places &c. The forum must have been a magnificent square." (4 October, *L*, II. 171).

The marvels of Roman Baroque left him indifferent: in his letters Piazza Navona and the hundreds of churches and buildings he had to pass in front of every day are not even mentioned. Only the general state of abandon and decay struck him, as he wrote "papal Rome is like the Coombe or old Trieste". Sometimes, weighed down by the sultry weather of the Roman summer and perhaps nostalgic for the fresh shades of St. Stephen's Green Joyce climbed up from Piazza di Spagna to the Pincio, which is "a fine garden overlooking one gate of the city" (7 August, *L*, II. 145) [72].

Piazza di Spagna itself, at the end of via Frattina, is hardly mentioned in the letters, though Joyce had noticed the three English lending libraries there (on 19 November he regrets that they are closed for the Summer), and he must have boarded the horse-omnibus for St. Peter's there [73-74]. Joyce's remarks in his letters from Rome suggest those of a 'visitor from



70. The Forum in ca. 1900, looking towards the Colosseum.



71. The Forum, looking towards the Capitol. Guides and post-card sellers waiting for visitors.

72. The Pincio terrace, overlooking Piazza del Popolo and the Roman gate Porta del Popolo.



73. Piazza di Spagna from via del Babuino, with Miss Wilson's Lending Library in the first building on the left, next door to "Babington's Tea Room" and the Spanish Steps.



the future' regarding the city with hostile eyes because in the evils around him he foresees the ills of our future. When he says that the newly built Ludovisi quarter "is like any secondary quarter of a fine metropolis" (4 October, *L*, II. 171), he anticipates Marcello Piacentini's description of the late Nineteenth century architecture of that Rome district: "flat, monotonous, uniform, but ever correct and dignified. From then on, the tragedy of industrial building began, which was to add worse ugliness." (M. Piacentini, *Le vicende edilizie di Roma dal 1870 ad oggi*. Roma, 1952). All the same, in October Joyce still spoke of "a fine metropolis". He would not have used the expression a month later, when, having been given notice by his landlady in via Frattina, his walks through the streets turned into a hopeless search for new lodgings: "you object to my vituperation on Italy and Rome. What the hell else would I do? If you had to traipse about a city, accompanied by a plaintive woman with infant (also plaintive), run up stairs, ring a bell, 'Chi c'è?' 'Camera' 'Chi c'è?' 'Camera!' No go: room too small or too dear: won't have children, single man only, no kitchen. 'Arrivederla!' " (7 December, *L*, II. 203).

The search described with punctilious exasperation ended in via Monte Brianzo 51, where Joyce, Nora and Giorgio lived in a barely furnished room on the fourth floor, unheated, till the end of their stay in Rome. Almost nothing remains now of the old, poor, though to our eyes picturesque street [75]. Its aspect, from Piazza Nicosia to Piazza Ponte Umberto I, has been totally changed: one side of it has been demolished during the works to improve the banks of the Tiber by erecting high walls to prevent the flooding of the street itself, which is under the level of the river. The remaining decrepit old buildings have been turned into some of the most expensive luxury flats, and even the old house numbering of the street is lost.

In October of 1904 James Joyce left Dublin with Nora Barnacle and, after touching Paris, Zurich and Trieste, settled in Pola where he had found a post as an English teacher.

In those days he liked to call himself a "voluntary exile". This was the privileged position of a romantic hero. At 22, the Irish artist felt himself master of his own life and champion, even if not of others', at least of his own freedom. Leaving Ireland Joyce, in the guise of a young Werther, began that exhausting fight against not only artistic but also social conventions which was to last all his life and consume all his physical energy in an incredible effort which was both creative and destructive; it is



74. Piazza di Spagna, looking towards via di Propaganda Fide and the end of via Frattina. The horse-omnibus for St. Peter's is visible in the background.

75. Via Monte Brianzo seen from Piazza Nicosia. The buildings on the right were demolished to strengthen the Tiber embankment.



enough to think of its formidable outcome: *Finnegans Wake*.

Reading the voluminous correspondence Joyce wrote to Stanislaus from Rome one has the impression of a profoundly discontented, tired, at times exhausted and always lonely young man. Apart from the meanings that Rome as the Papal seat, as the capital of Italy, as a relic of a buried past, must have had for the young Irish writer in that delicate period of his intellectual formation, let us try to understand how Rome influenced him psychologically. In fact it was in Rome that Joyce found himself in the condition of an "emigrant", instead of a "voluntary exile". Therefore Rome had for Joyce an emblematic existential value: instead of the seat of splendid exiles it was for him the shabby background of a humiliating and badly paid job.

The striking contrast between reality and dream, everyday life and intellectual life, painfully marks Joyce's stay in Rome; and in fact in times of frustration and anguish Rome was to come back to his mind and memory as the place of struggle between humdrum life and utopia, between Life and Art.

He arrived in Rome on the wave of a "bureaucratic" migration which in those years populated ministries, banks, and administrative centres, since the ruling class, following the dictates of Quintino Sella, had chosen Rome, the new capital of the Kingdom, as their headquarters.

Already in one of his first letters from Rome he writes: "I see that it must be a sign of progress and of experience to feel one's illusions fall from one, one by one" (7 August, *L*, II, 148).

In Rome Joyce was definitely an emigrant, "an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, ... you ... semisemitic serendipitist ... Europasianised Afferyank!" (*FW*, 190:36-191:4) perhaps. But he would never know the "Dantesque" horrors of the proletarian masses that in those same years crossed the Atlantic Ocean piled in the ships' holds towards the American Eldorado. He was and remained bourgeois. He had studied in the best colleges in Ireland. He was an educated man and could not give up good literature and theatre.

In his job he was worried about the problem of proper clothing. The rich bank clientele, most of them foreigners, did not expect to be met by a shabby employee. He was a white-collar worker, willy-nilly.

On August 12th he already had to buy himself a new shirt (lire 3,50), a hat (lire 5) and some handkerchiefs and collars (lire 2) (*L*, II, 149). The announcement he made to Stanislaus on August 19th was almost exhilarating in its harsh reality: "The latest news is that the seat is out of my trousers" (*L*, II, 151), and on August 31st he says: "There are two great patches

on the seat of my trousers so that I cannot leave off my coat in the office and sit stewing for hours" (L, II. 153). The charming, although haggard, Don Quixote has been transformed into a pitiful Charlie Chaplin and "already the moon is threatening to shine upon my grey buttocks" (L, II. 155).

Like every emigrant he indulged in infinite comparisons between the country where he worked and the one he had left behind: "Papal Rome is like the Coombe or old Trieste" (L, II. 171). He shows signs of nostalgia even in his judgement of new foods and flavours: "The wine here is like water, poor stuff in my opinion" (L, II. 168). The robust wines of Friuli and Venetia were still in his memory. The positive aspects worthy of noting were few: "Two things are excellent in Rome: air and water" (L, II. 171); "literally every man in Rome speaks to and laughs at Georgie" (L, II. 147).

But one fact seems to stand out as truly meaningful in these Roman letters helping to complete a clinical picture which could be defined as "the emigrant syndrome". In a letter of September 25th Joyce wrote: "Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city for I have never felt at my ease in any city since I left it except in Paris. I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality. The latter 'virtue' so far as I can see does not exist elsewhere in Europe. I have not been just to its beauty: for it is more beautiful naturally in my opinion than what I have seen of England, Switzerland, France, Austria or Italy. And yet I know how useless these reflections are" (L, II. 166).

Never in Joyce's life had he written warmer or more loving words of his own land. The remembrance of the country left behind crystallized itself in the emigrant's memory like a splendid "desert rose". Further on in the same letter, Joyce expresses a desire that seizes anyone who lives far from his own country for a long time: "I wish there was an Irish Club here" (L, II. 167).

The solitude which tormented the young Joyce and that almost brought him to hate Rome was not at all romantic. This was born out of the isolation in which he found himself in the city, an isolation that was not only physical but also socio-cultural. In fact, the purely formal interpersonal relationships he was able to establish in Rome were very few. Certainly his working environment did not seem at all congenial to the young Irish intellectual. Apart from the four proprietors of the bank,

for whom he had a few ironically benevolent words, Joyce traced acid portraits of his colleagues:

"A clerk here is named (he is round, bald, fat, voiceless) Bartoluzzi. You pronounce by inflating both cheeks and prolonging the u. Every time I pass him I repeat his name to myself and translate 'Good day, little bits of Barto'. ... This is my first experience of clerks: but do they all talk for 5 minutes about the position &c. of a pen-wiper?" (7 December, *L*, II. 202).

"When I enter the bank in the morning I wait for someone to announce something about either his cazzo, culo or coglioni. This usually happens before a quarter to nine." (?1 March 1907, *L*, II. 218).

Joyce, at the end of his stay in Rome, could no longer see anything exalting or tragically heroic in his pitiful condition. In an ironic and disenchanted sketch, a mock epiphany, he describes himself, Nora and Georgie in their room in Via Monte Brianzo:

"[Scene: draughty little stone-flagged room, chest of drawers to left, on which are the remains of lunch, in the centre, a small table on which are *writing materials* (He never forgot them) and a saltcellar: in the background, a small-sized bed. A young man with a snivelling nose sits at the little table: on the bed sits a madonna and plaintive infant. It is a January day] Title of above: *The Anarchist*." (10 January 1907, *L*, II. 206).

The correspondence with Stanislaus from Rome is so rich and frank that it can be taken as a journal, the fullest possible record not only of facts but of Joyce's thoughts and feelings during his stay. It is therefore surprising not to find in it something that we would have expected him to mention, particularly in view of later developments in his life as man and artist. I wish to speak of two 'omissions' in his correspondence, two failures to mention details which are the more significant for their absence from his minute records of Roman days.

The first is in fact only a partial omission; upon his arrival in Rome the first thing that struck him was the tablet commemorating Shelley's stay in the city, on the façade of Palazzo Verospi, right in front of the windows of the bank. In his first postcard to Stanislaus he reports that the tablet announces that in that house Shelley wrote the *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, but he doesn't mention what is perhaps the most significant part of the inscription, proclaiming Shelley, "unvanquished supporter of the people's freedoms, refused in his time by the whole of Europe". The political implications of such a statement had not escaped the attention

of the most conservative forces when the tablet was put up in 1892, and Livio Iannattoni in *Roma e gli inglesi* (Roma: Atlantica, 1945, 84) describes the inscription as "very controversial". Part of the controversy was due to the fact that the word "Cenci" was preceded by the feminine article "la", and it took the authority of the poet Giosu  Carducci to explain that Shelley's title referred not only to Beatrice Cenci but to the whole Roman family; the correction of "la" to the plural "i" is still visible on the marble slab.

The omission is strange in so much as the call to freedom expressed in Shelley's two 'Roman' works must have found an echo in "the artist as a young man". The fact is that Shelley's influence as an ideologist of non-violence and of universal love was felt by Joyce as merely instrumental, as shown by his fondness for the splendid metaphor borrowed from the *Defence of Poetry* of "the mind in creation as a fading coal", which he first used in the Mangan lecture of 1902 (CW, 78) and repeated not only in the Italian version of the same lecture (Trieste 1907, S.I., 135) but also in the *Portrait* (P., 213) and in *Ulysses* (U, 194/194).

Joyce's early writings contained frequent and at times enthusiastic references to Shelley. In his *My Brother's Keeper* (London: Faber, 1958, 112) Stanislaus Joyce remarks: "among the older poets he had progressed from his boyish hero-worship of Byron through Shelley to Blake". And the year before his stay in Rome James had written to Stanislaus who was still in Dublin: "I am writing (imagine!) a summary of English literature for a Berlitz Book for the Japanese: five or six pages... In my history of literature I have given the highest palms to Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Shelley". (? 2 or 3 May 1905, L, II. 89-90).

Joyce's judgement of Shelley was to change through the years. While in his Trieste lecture on Mangan he recognises in the Irish poet "a winged lyrical music and a fervent idealism, revealed in rhythms of extraordinary and unpremeditated beauty, not to be found perhaps in the whole of English literature with the exception of the inspired songs of Shelley". (S.I., 128), in the alphabetical notebook kept in Trieste in 1909-12, under the heading "Shelley" we find only the ironical remark "He spoke his ecstatic verses with an English accent" (*Workshop of Daedalus*, 105). Finally, in the 'Scylla and Charybdis' episode of *Ulysses*, written in 1918, in order to present Goethe's idea of Hamlet expressed in *Wilhelm Meister* Joyce borrows from Matthew Arnold's essay on Shelley the definition "he is a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain", changing it to the harsher "the beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts" (U, 184/184).

Joyce certainly never subscribed in full to T.S. Eliot's rejection of Shelley in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, but he surely agreed at least with Eliot's remark: "An enthusiasm for Shelley seems to me also to be an affair of adolescence: for most of us Shelley has marked an intense period before maturity ..." (London: Faber, 1933, 89).

The second omission from the letters is so obviously contradicted by Joyce's later writings — and so improbable in itself, as to raise the doubt that some parts of this precious correspondence may have been lost. There is no mention in any of the surviving material of a visit to the Rome a-Catholic cemetery near the Piramide Cestia, a place that no visitor from an English-speaking country would miss — so much so that it was and is known to the Romans as the "English cemetery", famous for the tombs of Keats and Shelley. True, in a hurried and "urgent" note to Stanislaus of 16 August 1906, the sentence "Yesterday we went to the cemetery" is sandwiched in between a number of assorted news items and questions in telegraphic form (*L*, II. 150); but 'yesterday' was Assumption Day, in Italian *Ferragosto*, the third in importance among religious festivals after Christmas and Easter — and for Joyce it marked the third anniversary of the burial of his mother, who had died on 13 August 1903; it would have been natural for him to take advantage of the bank holiday and go with his family to pay tribute to his mother's memory in the Roman equivalent of Glasnevin, the Catholic cemetery at Campo Verano, at that time well outside the town and a frequent resort for family outings on Sundays and holidays for city dwellers. The note to Stanislaus may be meant to inform him that he had not forgotten to pay his yearly filial tribute.

Is it conceivable that Joyce, a curious explorer of the city and its memorials during his first days in Rome, would not look for the tomb of Shelley in "that high Capital, where kingly Death / Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay" — would not have heeded Shelley's own pressing summons: "Come away! / Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day / Is yet his fitting charnel roof!"? He is sure to have paid a visit to that tomb in the shade of its seven cypresses that filter the sunlight so as to confer on it a permanent moonlit quality.

In order to understand the reason for his failure to mention such a visit we should perhaps remember Joyce's method and follow it through the intricate workings of memory and imagination. Joyce's own view of these workings emerges most feelingly in that moving letter that he wrote from Dublin to Nora in Galway on 21 August 1912, when Roberts, for Maunsel

and Co, refused to publish *Dubliners* already at proof-stage: "I went then into the backroom of the office ..., thinking of the book I have written, the child which I have carried for years and years in the womb of the imagination as you carried in your womb the children you love, and of how I had fed it day after day out of my brain and my memory..." (L, II. 308).

The last story of *Dubliners*, "The Dead", the envoy to the book, was conceived in Rome in early 1907, and written in Trieste. During his last unfortunate visit to Ireland, in the Summer of 1912, Joyce did an extraordinary and significant thing: from Galway he cycled to Oughterard, seventeen miles away, the graveyard where, in "The Dead", he imagined that Michael Furey, the forlorn young admirer of the story's heroine, Gretta, was buried. Reporting to Stanislaus on the graveyard he had never seen before, Joyce writes, with no further comment: "It is exactly as I imagined it and one of the headstones was to J. Joyce" (7 Aug. 1912, L, II. 300). It is well known that the situation in "The Dead", Gretta's relationship to the dead young man Michael Furey, buried in Oughterard, reflects Nora's to her dead young admirer Michael Bodkin, buried in Ragoon, Galway's city cemetery. In an attempt at discovering "love's bitter mystery", the sorrow that tied Nora to the memory of 'Sonny' Bodkin, Joyce, in that August 1912 (JJ, 1982, 325), wrote the poem "She Weeps over Ragoon", in which he sees himself linked with the other two in a mysterious and indissoluble love triangle:

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise...

While the rhythm itself of these lines cannot help recalling the magic last paragraph of "The Dead", the snow "faintly falling upon all the living and the dead", the grey moonrise seems to anticipate the imagery connected with Bertha, the heroine of the play *Exiles*.

The visit to Ireland marks the most painful period of that year 1912, "the most disheartening of his life" (JJ, 1982, 318), when Joyce experienced the same sense of frustration, solitude and dejection that he had felt in Rome. We should now try to find by which complex mechanism of mental associations Rome re-emerged in Joyce's memory as a fundamental stage in the progress of his mind.

In March 1912 Joyce had delivered at the Università Popolare of Trieste



76. Shelley's tomb in the a-Catholic cemetery near the Piramide Cestia. The inscription, with the quotation from *The Tempest*, was suggested by Byron.

his lectures on Daniel Defoe and William Blake under the joint title "Verismo e idealismo nella letteratura inglese", and in May he had written for *Il Piccolo della Sera* his article "The Shade of Parnell". Ellmann synthesises beautifully the importance of the three essays: "In Defoe's mastery of fact, in Blake's mastery of imagination and in Parnell's mastery of his betrayers, Joyce adumbrated his view of his own powers" (JJ, 1982, 320). But Joyce's frame of mind, through the failure of his attempts at publishing his own works, and the indifference or deceit of his old and new friends in Dublin, was not that of a man assured of his powers. Perhaps, in Dublin, he would call to mind, rather than Defoe, Blake or Parnell, the desolate parting song of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci:

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?

Another and more perturbing shade — that of Shelley buried in Rome under the cypresses planted by his friend Trelawny — accompanies Joyce, now in his thirtieth year. Seeing the headstone "to J. Joyce", his own tomb, in Oughterard, he must have wished it to bear the inscription Byron devised for that of Shelley [76].

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII

Nothing of him that doth fade;
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

Joyce's habit of recording the most trivial coincidences of daily life, re-elaborating and objectifying them in his works through an endless process of simultaneous identification and estrangement, has been the object of much speculation; he surely felt a personal affinity with Shelley — or rather with the legend of Shelley's life — and this is revealed in a peculiar way in his one surviving play, *Exiles*, begun in 1913 and completed in 1915, but located in Dublin in that ominous 1912, and presenting as the hero's family the same trio (father mother and son) that he had so bitterly pictured in the 'Anarchist' mock-epiphany in Rome — his second child, Lucia, was born after his return to Trieste.

Only recently it has been felt that Joyce's play deserves closer attention than that paid to it hitherto, when it was considered a partial failure, 'in the manner' of Ibsen, much less successful than the previous works, *Dubliners* and the *Portrait*, or than those following, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

There are four main characters in the play: the writer Richard Rowan, back in Ireland after nine years of voluntary exile; Bertha, his companion who followed him in his flight from Dublin, a girl of a lower social condition defying the prejudices of Irish bigotry which she partly shares; the journalist Robert Hand, a friend of Richard's youth, who falls in love with Bertha and tries to seduce her without knowing that her husband is kept informed of his behaviour; and finally the journalist's cousin and fiancée, Beatrice Justice, linked to Richard by a deep intellectual understanding, confirmed by the frequent exchange of letters with him during his exile.

As usual with Joyce, each character is modelled on real people and events, with only superficially irrelevant thematic and verbal recurrences. Vincent Cosgrave and Roberto Prezioso, would-be lovers of Nora, lend their features (and in one case the name) to Robert Hand, who is also reminiscent of Oliver StJohn Gogarty (Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*). The definition that Robert gives of Richard and of himself would suit perfectly Stephen and Buck: "You have fallen from a higher world and you are filled with fierce indignation ... I have come from a lower world and I am filled with astonishment." (*E*, 43-44). In the same way as Stephen and Buck share for a short time life in the Martello tower, and Stephen is forced to surrender the key to Buck, the "usurper", Richard and Robert had shared as young men a little cottage, the scene of what Robert calls "Sins! Drinking and blasphemy by me. And drinking and heresy, much worse, by you" (*E*, 41). Richard is obsessed by the symbolic overtones of this shared experience, and feels dispossessed by Robert, who has kept the cottage for himself after his departure. Though less articulate than Buck Mulligan in the first episode of *Ulysses* (written at the same time as *Exiles*), Robert formulates an aesthetic creed and a cultural programme in which he wants to involve Richard: "If Ireland is to become a new Ireland, she must first become European" (*E*, 43).

Also Beatrice finds a parallel in Joyce's biography. It is Joyce's Triestine pupil, tentatively identified as Amalia Popper, the daughter of a Jewish businessman (*JJ*, 1982, 342), with whom he had the platonic affair recorded, in 1913-14, in the epiphanic narrative sequence *Giacomo Joyce*. When Richard Ellmann first published the manuscript (London: Faber, 1968),

he pointed out the many resemblances between the Triestine pupil and Beatrice, who, in *Exiles*, is also the piano teacher of Archie Rowan, the child of Richard and Bertha.

As for Bertha, apart from the obvious parallel with Nora Barnacle, and Gretta in "The Dead", the mention of 'mother earth' in connection with her establishes a link with Molly Bloom, while the allusion to "the virginity of her soul" and other details remind us of Gertie MacDowell. But after tracing these echoes or threads in the tangled web of imagination and memory, we still feel that something, in this basic stage in the development of the Joycean opus, is escaping us. The whole play revolves round the ambiguous and complex figure of Richard. What is the real key to this work apparently centering on adultery, but whose basic theme is voluntary exile? This is stated by its title and confirmed by Joyce's insistence, in the letter in Italian of 8 March 1920 to Carlo Linati who was translating the play, on the fact that the title itself should be rendered not with the past participle *Esigliati* (a passive form), but with the noun *Esuli*: "as their exile is *voluntary*, I think the past participle inappropriate". (My translation, Joyce's italics: *Lettere*. Milano: Mondadori, 1974, 345; cf. *L*, I. 138). As Padraic Colum noted in his introduction to the 1951 edition: "The struggle on Richard Rowan's side to free friendship and love from all their bonds makes the drama of *Exiles*. *Exiles* is not a play about adultery, actual or suspected; ... What has this to do with exile for a theme? The title is no misnomer... Bertha, Beatrice Justice, Robert Hand have been taken, as Richard Rowan took himself, beyond the accepted moralities and to where they have to make choices for themselves" (*E*, 7-8). In other words, they are exiled from the country of certainty to the waste land of doubt.

Richard is presented as at the end of an exile which he had freely chosen for himself; he is now back in Ireland, where, unlike Joyce, he is well received and offered work. His physical exile has prepared him for a 'metaphysical' one. In his obstinate effort towards self-knowledge and the achievement of ecstatic sublimation of his being, he tries to involve Bertha by subjecting her to an initiation test which holds for her (a new Mary Magdalene) no promise of resurrection. At the end he tells her: "It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wounding doubt" (*E*, 112).

When writing his play, Joyce kept a kind of journal: some notes are concerned with the staging, some are in the nature of philosophical considerations, some trace parallels or comparisons with other literary works,

but the most interesting of all record mental associations, puns or experiments in automatic writing. The notes were in a copybook that Paul Léon found in 1940 in the Paris flat at 17 rue des Vignes, and were first published in an appendix to the 1951 American edition of the play. In the introduction to that edition Padraic Colum writes: "In reading these notes — they have the revelation of a long soliloquy — we perceive that *Exiles* is a sort of watershed between the work James Joyce has done and the work he is to do" (E, 9). We would add, between Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, between Joyce before and Joyce after his Roman exile.

In fact, it was in Rome that Richard Rowan had spent his nine year exile, and Joyce began writing the play exactly nine years after having left Rome. The memories of the Roman days are clear throughout the play, as when young Archie asks his father "Are there robbers here like in Rome?" (E, 47) — Joyce had been robbed of his last salary the day before leaving the city — or when Bertha evokes what is obviously the view from the window at the fourth floor of via Monte Brianzo, looking down on the Tiber:

· BERTHA: ... Heavens, what I suffered then — when we lived in Rome! ... I used to sit there, waiting, with the poor child with his toys, waiting till he was sleepy. I could see all the roofs of the city and the city and the river, the *Tevere*. What is its name?

RICHARD: The Tiber.

BERTHA: It was lovely, Dick, only I was so sad. I was alone, Dick, forgotten by you and by all ... (E, 111).

Why of all places where Joyce had been — Zurich (admittedly for a short time), Paris, Pola, and above all Trieste — did he choose Rome as the place of Richard's exile? He obviously attributed to that city — or rather to being 'an exile in Rome' — an emblematic significance.

Two of his notes, dated respectively 12 and 13 Nov. 1913, are headed by the letters "N.(B.)", which not only are the initials of Nora = Bertha, but also the formula *Nota Bene*, to call the reader's attention. Let us heed his call and look more closely at these two notes.

The first is a series of mental associations, starting from a detail in the text of the play — Beatrice having given one of her garters to her cousin Robert as an engagement pledge —, and proceeding through a semantic transfer: Bodkin (the name of Nora's dead admirer buried in Rahoon) as a common noun is a synonym of "dagger". Here is the sequence:

N.(B.) - 12 Nov. 1913

Garter: precious, Prezioso, Bodkin, music, palegreen, bracelet, cream sweets, lily of the valley, convent garden (Galway), sea.

Rat: Sickness, disgust, poverty, cheese, woman's ear, (child's ear?)

Dagger: heart, death, soldier, war, band, judgment, king. (E, 117).

The second note is hallucination, the record of a psychoanalytical session, or rather those dreams of Nora's and of his own that Joyce used to note down carefully, or transcribe as epiphanies:

N.(B.) - 13 Nov. 1913

Moon: Shelley's grave in Rome. He is rising from it: blond she weeps for him. He has fought in vain for an ideal and died killed by the world. Yet he rises. Graveyard at Ragoon by moonlight where Bodkin's grave is. He lies in the grave. She sees his tomb (family vault) and weeps. The name is homely. Shelley's is strange and wild. He is dark, unrisen, killed by love and life, young. The earth holds him.

Bodkin died. Kearns died. In the convent they called her the man-killer: (woman-killer was one of her names for me). I live in soul and body. She is the earth, dark, formless, mother, made beautiful by the moonlit night, darkly conscious of her instincts. Shelley whom she has held in her womb or grave rises: the part of Richard which neither love nor life can do away with; the part for which she loves him: the part she must try to kill, never be able to kill and rejoice at her impotence. Her tears are of worship, Magdalen seeing the rearsen Lord in the garden where he had been laid in the tomb. Rome is the strange world and strange life to which Richard brings her. Ragoon her people. She weeps over Ragoon too, over him whom her love has killed, the dark boy whom, as the earth, she embraces in death and disintegration. He is her buried life, her past. His attendant images are the trinkets and toys of girlhood (bracelet, cream sweets, palegreen lily of the valley, the convent garden). His symbols are music and the sea, liquid formless earth, in which are buried the drowned soul and body. There are tears of commiseration. She is Magdalen who weeps remembering the loves she could not return. (E, 117-18).

In an earlier note Joyce had indicated the moon as the symbolic projection of Bertha: "Her age: 28. Robert likens her to the moon because of her dress. Her age is the completion of a lunar rhythm. Cf. Oriani on menstrual flow — *la malattia sacra che in un ritmo lunare prepara la donna per il sacrificio*." (E, 113). The final communion of all men is achieved in her womb, while the artist meets a different fate:

Nothing of him that doth fade;
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

The identification of Joyce with Shelley becomes explicit. The sight of the tomb at the Piramide Cestia holding the heart of the poet drowned at Lerici must have remained impressed in Joyce's mind as an epiphanic meeting beyond life. Shakespeare's lines on the marble slab confirmed his faith in the cathartic power of art.

Joyce kept going back to Shelley's aesthetic creed expressed in the *Defence of Poetry*, and was captured by the melody of his lines; but what fascinated him most about Shelley was the way in which the romantic poet abolished the boundaries between Art and Life in his legendary existence. His early interest for the subject is attested by the assistant librarian in the National Library of Ireland, J.J. O'Neill, who remembers "listening to Joyce and Gogarty discussing Shelley. I think that Dowden's *Life* was the book they had in mind. ... That afternoon I heard Lyster [the head-librarian — a character in the 'Scylla and Charybdis' episode of *Ulysses*] praise an essay on Shelley that had been published by the Browning Society and Joyce said he would like to read the essay. ... A few days later I gave him the book in the Library." (C. Curran, *James Joyce Remembered*, 40).

Richard is a Shelley who has lost his daring in the daily routine, transposing it instead to the level of imagination. The central knot in *Exiles* is not jealousy, but the mechanism that Richard sets in motion and which is described in another note:

Richard, unfitted for adulterous intercourse with the wives of his friends because it would involve a great deal of pretence on his part rather than because he is convinced of any dishonourableness in it wishes, it seems, to feel the thrill of adultery vicariously and to possess a bound woman Bertha through the organ of his friend. (E, 125).

Nonetheless the play does not present a case of *voyeurisme*: Richard is moved by the desire to know the effect of his experiment: on himself in the first place and then on the others. The definition of Shelley in Hazlitt's *On Paradox and Common Place* would fit Richard perfectly: "He puts everything into a metaphysical crucible to judge of it himself and exhibit it to others as a subject of interesting experiment." The first, punning, note, "Richard — an automystic / Robert — an automobile" (E, 113), underlines that the artist is a mystic aiming in his introspection at discovering the inner god in man, while the man in the street reacts mechanically to life's events. In another note (E, 114), refer-

ring to the parable of the prodigal son, we are reminded that "the father took the side of the prodigal", while Robert Hand is "the elder brother", the representative of conventional values upheld by Ireland and perhaps by the whole world. Richard is such a prodigal son, without a father (or a fatherland) to take his side, and the same is true of Joyce and of Shelley. The note had begun: "Why the title *Exiles*? A nation exacts a penance from those who dared to leave her, payable on their return." The metamorphosis of the dead poet Shelley "into something rich and strange", as the quotation on his tomb proclaims, is echoed in Bertha's last invocation in the play: "O, my strange wild lover, come back to me again!" (*E*, 112). In turn, "Rome is the strange world and strange life to which Richard brings her". In a dispirited letter to Nora at the end of his visit to Ireland in August-September 1909, Joyce said that *la nostra bella Trieste* "is the city which has sheltered us. I came back to it jaded and moneyless after my folly in Rome and now again after this absence" (7 Sept. 1909, *L*, II. 249). Rome is the place of the bitterest exile, where the artist as a young man has known his death and resurrection through "the restless living wounding doubt", estranging himself from the world of Nora/Bertha still dominated by "the darkness of belief". Our itinerary through the streets and squares of the Rome Joyce knew in 1906 has turned into a pilgrimage through the world of his imagination.

From Rome, to Stanislaus, 18 October 1906 [77]:

"The other night, about ten days ago, we went into the wineshop over the way where I told you we dined once. The man has started a restaurant but we don't frequent it as the prices are a little too high for us. I was reading the *Avanti!* and between whiles casting about for a remark to make. Pace (the propr.) and his two nephews one of whom is a complete bowsey, a Roman Lenehan [see "Two Gallants" in *D*], were eating at a table hard by. Pace is a wineshopkeeper by night and a clerk in the Ministry of Finance by day. Finally, I said something about the congress. Pace nodded his head (his mouth being full). The bowsey watched me until he saw my head bend again on the paper: then he leaned over his plate and asked huskily 'Zio, è socialista il Signor Giacomo?' Pace, having eaten what was in his mouth, glanced at me and upcurled his lower lip and answered "'E un po' di tutto". Bowsey smiled huskily and the other nephew coughed a laugh as he, smiling too, helped his relatives to some salad. This I perceived through my forehead very accurately, but it had not the least effect upon what the poetical and mystical Swede [Emanuel Swedenborg] would call 'my interiors'." (L, II. 183).

beyond my power. I forgive readily enough. The other night, about ten days ago, we went into the wineshop over the way where I told you we dined once. The man has started a restaurant but we don't frequent it as the prices are a little too high for us. I was reading the *Avanti!* and between whiles casting about for a remark to make. Pace (the propr.) and his two nephews one of whom is a complete bowsey, a Roman Lenehan, were eating at a table hard by. Pace is a wineshopkeeper by night and a clerk in the Ministry of Finance by day. Finally, I said something about the congress. Pace nodded his head (his mouth being full). The bowsey watched me until he saw my head bend again on the paper: then he leaned over his plate and asked huskily "Zio, è socialista il Signor Giacomo?" Pace, having eaten what was in his mouth, glanced at me and upcurled his lower lip and answered "'E un po' di tutto". Bowsey smiled huskily and the other nephew coughed a laugh as he, smiling too, helped his relatives to some salad. This I

77. Fragment of the letter from Rome to Stanislaus, 18 October 1906 (Cornell University Lib.).

7. ANARCH, HERESIARCH, EGOARCH

Dominic Manganiello

The long-standing tendency among critics of Joyce has been not only to brush aside the political dimension of his work, but also to declare outright his indifference to politics as well. Sean O'Faolain, to take a recent example, depicts Joyce as someone "who never joined anything larger than a dinner party in a first-class Parisian restaurant."¹ The impression we are left with is that of a writer totally detached from everything except his palate. Yet detachment was not the characteristic of a man who could find some connection between "Politics and Cattle Disease." To speak or write about Joyce's politics, in fact, has long been considered *infra dig* as a subject. Now I don't mean to offend the dignity of conventional Joyce scholarship, but I insist that to regard Joyce as a dweller in an ivory tower is a serious misreading. Joyce, of course, never committed himself to political action or association. And this for the most part accounts for why he is not often recognized as having functioned as a political writer. Joyce's politics do not run along party lines, however; they deal instead with the interaction or tension between the requirements of the social order and the free expression of the individual.

It is often overlooked that the first work Joyce ever wrote was political. This was the poem (now lost) "Et Tu, Healy", which he composed at the age of nine. The fall of Parnell was for Joyce the original sin of Irish politics, the *infelix culpa* which tainted his country's past, and which paralysed its present. From this vantage point Joyce remade Irish history in the image of the Chief. The Irish question for Joyce begins and ends in the spectre of betrayal.

This spectre haunted Joyce even as he ate his salt bread in Italy. Joyce considered himself a "spiritual" but nonetheless "political" exile, an Irish prisoner of conscience in the political arena of his own imagination. Italo Svevo, for instance, pictured Joyce as carrying on his back Parnell's corpse wherever he went. Joyce's exposure to the literary and political ferment of northern Italy could only sharpen his focus when he sat down to write about the Irish question for *Il Piccolo della sera*. The recently discovered letter which Joyce wrote on 25 March 1914 to the Italian publisher, Angelo Fortunato Formiggini, a socialist like himself, should dispel once and for all the view that Joyce had never anything to do with

¹ "The Mole on Joyce's Breast", *London Review of Books*, 20 Nov.-4 Dec. 1980, pp. 3-4.

politics². Joyce's offer to reprint the articles on Ireland he had contributed to *Il Piccolo* between 1907 and 1912 indicates his reading of and continued interest in the Irish political scene. Joyce concedes that his articles have no literary value, but "I believe," he wrote, "they set out the problem sincerely and objectively." That he deliberately rearranged their order to have "The Shadow of Parnell", which he had written first, appear last in the proposed book points to Joyce's *parti pris* about the Parnell saga. His bitter conclusion that the Chief had been brought down by Gladstone and the Irish clergy could hardly be considered objective, and it is a view that has come under attack by recent Irish historians such as F. S. L. Lyons. If Joyce's interpretation is not historically accurate, it nevertheless reflects one held by many of his contemporaries.

In his work Joyce transforms Parnell, a ghost from the past, into a political prisoner of his own time. In 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', for instance, John Henchy revives the dead Chief's stricture against ever welcoming the King of England in Ireland before Home Rule is granted. Joe Hynes retorts, however, coldly and bluntly, "Parnell... is dead." The implication that Ireland's national aspirations have been buried with Parnell is aggravated by yet another factor. Those patriots who hounded Parnell to the grave for reasons of immorality are prepared to condone the similar conduct of King Edward VII. This double standard in morals and in politics is for Joyce an index of the national temper. The Parnell story set a recurrent pattern for those intent on playing the patriot game. It was a game, of course, which Joyce refused to play³. But he was aware that self-imposed exile could be considered a form of betrayal too. If, as Joyce claimed, Ireland had "betrayed her heroes, always in the hour of need,"⁴ in *Exiles* he has Richard piqued by Robert's implied criticism of having left Ireland in *her* hour of need. Richard's wound of doubt stands perhaps as an oblique acknowledgement of Joyce's own position towards his country as that of the betrayer betrayed.

If for his opponents Parnell and his legacy were dead, in *Ulysses* rumours of a comeback abound among his supporters: "One morning you would open the paper, the cabman affirmed, and read *Return of Parnell...* Dead he wasn't. Simply absconded somewhere." (*U*, 648-9/569). Joyce has Bloom deflate this native political extravagance by citing "acute pneumonia" as cause for the Irish leader's death. Efforts to discredit or deify Parnell prove equally defeatist. Joyce remained sceptical of both religious and political resurrection or, as he put it in an early version of *Exiles*, of "the last day (if it ever comes like Home Rule)."⁵

A national revival by the parliamentary route now seemed out of the

² Giorgio Melchiori, "The Language of Politics and the Politics of Language" *JJB*, 4 (Feb. 1981), p. 1.

³ When Stephen refuses the dagger Old Gummy Granny offers him in 'Circe', he refuses to enter the annals of national and church history in Ireland.

⁴ "La cometa dell' 'Home Rule'" (*PdS*, 22 Dec. 1910), *S.I.*, 76; translated in *CW*, 213.

⁵ See John MacNicholas, *James Joyce's Exiles: a Textual Companion* (New York: Garland, 1979), p. 39.

⁶ "L'Irlanda, Isola dei Santi e dei Savi" lecture given in 1907 at the Università Popolare of Trieste; *S.I.*, 117; cf. *CW*, 169.

⁷ Joyce is particularly sarcastic towards Gogarty's article in *Sinn Féin* on 15 Sept. 1906, the first of three on "Ugly England", stating that the British Army is "a body of men who... are more than half leprous from venereal excess". After commenting briefly on it in a letter from Rome of 25 September (*L.* II.164-5) he goes more thoroughly into the subject, under the influence of Ferrero's book *L'Europa giovane*, in that of 13 November (*L.* II.191-2): "Why does nobody compile statistics of 'venereal excess' from Dublin hospitals. What is 'venereal excess'? ... I am nauseated by their lying drivel about pure men and pure women and spiritual love and love for ever: ... The Irish consider England a sink: but, if cleanliness be important in this matter, what is Ireland?" (Editor's note).

⁸ "Ibsen's New Drama", *Fortnightly Review*, n.s. 67, April 1900; cf. *CW*, 66.

⁹ See *ibid.*, *CW*, 63, where Joyce uses this phrase of Ibsen; in a letter of 1912 to Nora Joyce expressed this desire: "I hope that the day may come when I shall be able to give you the fame of being beside me when I have entered into my kingdom." (*L.* II. 309).

¹⁰ "La cometa dell' 'Home Rule' " (1910), *cit.*, *S.I.*, 76; cf. *CW* 213.

question, but a literary revival could be more propitious. Joyce shared the ambition of his compatriots to, in his phrase, "reawaken the Irish conscience,"⁶ to usher in a literary Renaissance that would succeed the Middle Ages of Ireland or its political and cultural feudalism. But as early as *The Day of the Rabblement* Joyce let it be known that the task of genuine regeneration belonged to him, not to the Irish theatre. A. E., for instance, blurred the spiritual and political boundaries of Ireland in a mystical quest for what he called the "national soul". These national essences were formless, however, representing mere ethereality in Joyce's view while failing to recognize sexuality. Joyce detected this same trait in the glorified and idealized peasant of Yeats and Lady Gregory. In short, the aim of the revivalists to fashion a mystical soul for Ireland coincided with that of the Church to fashion its mystical body. Both ignored the sensual body and the interpenetration of animalism and spirituality.

Joyce countered those who, like Griffith and Gogarty, flaunted Kathleen ni Houlihan's purity against England's "venereal excess"⁷ with images of sexual violation. In *Exiles* and elsewhere Joyce reminded his countrymen that an "adulterous wife" brought the first Saxon to the Irish coast, while in *A Portrait* Emma, a type of her race, flirts with an "adulterous priest". Joyce has Stephen rail against those who in his view indiscriminately uphold the virtues of patriotism and chastity: "I care nothing for these principles of nationalism... I have enough bodily liberty" (*SH*, 216). Joyce cast the soul of Ireland in the image of a bat-like woman "waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness," an image which suggests a violent conjunction of the brothel and the confessional. As a result, only the priest-like artist who is willing to dethrone the tyrannical secrets he is privy to can hold the keys to her liberation. Ireland's sexual and political awakening is characteristically couched in the religious language of "resurrection", for Joyce envisages in his works the day when, as he put it in his essay on Ibsen, "the manifold travail of our poor humanity may have a glorious issue."⁸ On this day of hopeful awakening, the artist, the uncrowned King of the Ireland of his imagination, would enter into his kingdom with jubilation.⁹ Joyce rejected both the patriot's and the saint's heaven in favour of artistic beatitude. These somewhat grandiose hopes were dashed, however, by Joyce's incurable belief that his country had "hounded her spiritual creators into exile."¹⁰ Joyce did not merely express disaffection with the post-Parnell national scene, however. He supported the Sinn Féin policy as a possible alternative to that of the ineffectual Irish Party. He liked its non-violent abstentionist

policy, its economic initiatives, as well as its stress on individual self-reliance. Joyce admired Arthur Griffith, too, alone among Irish leaders after Parnell. Although he realised that the Chief had his faults, Joyce concluded that Griffith was no Parnell. In *Ulysses* he has Bloom concede that the leader of Sinn Féin was a "squareheaded fellow" but had "no go in him for the mob" as Parnell had. Griffith, in short, had not captured either the popular imagination or Joyce's as Parnell had done. But Joyce had more serious reservations. Griffith's anti-Semitism, his relationship with Gogarty, his view of literature as an instrument of propaganda, his opposition to Yeats and Synge, to freemasonry, to cosmopolitanism, to equal rights in all peoples, and, finally, to socialism and anarchism would have made him a strange bedfellow of Bloom and Stephen, and even Molly for that matter. (It was Griffith, we may remember, who had attacked Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen* as a slur on Irish womanhood.) I know that Molly makes a few references to Griffith in 'Penelope', two of which are ironic and the other which, as Richard Ellmann suggests, points to the coincidence of Griffith's achieving the presidency of the Irish Free State as Joyce was achieving the publication of *Ulysses*. But Molly's remark is a tribute to Joyce's own powers of political prophecy, à la Dante, not a blanket endorsement of Griffith or his Free State. After all, Molly offers a homely critique of Griffith and concludes that her husband must be wrong about the Irish leader. And as late as 1932 in an unpublished letter which Richard Ellmann has disclosed, Joyce indicated that he declined to attend a St. Patrick's day party as guest of honour because the presence of the Irish ambassador, Count O'Kelly, would imply his approval of the new State (JJ, 1982, 643). For Joyce, then, Griffith might have been the coming man, politically speaking, but he was not the complete man.

It is difficult to say into what political party Joyce should go (as Joyce himself said of Stephen Gwynn),¹¹ for he is too intransigent for the parliamentarians, and too anti-Gaelic for the Sinn Féiners. Joyce's ambivalence towards Irish nationalism can only be properly understood in the wider context of Italian politics in which he was then immersing himself. His reservations about Griffith reflect his admiration for Arturo Labriola, the leader of the syndicalist faction of the Italian Socialist party, whose congress held in Rome in 1906 made such a lasting impression on him. Labriola's hybrid politics, his anti-parliamentarianism, his impatience with gradualism, and especially his plan to hasten the automatic emergence of

¹¹ See "Today and Tomorrow in Ireland" *Daily Express*, 29 Jan. 1903; in CW, 90.

the proletariat, resembled Joyce's own. Joyce imitated the syndicalist technique of a national strike in his own "intellectual strike," as he called it, against the writers of the Irish literary revival such as Gogarty, Yeats and Colum (from Rome, 6 Nov. 1906, *L*, II. 187). What pleased Joyce most about Labriola was his willingness to tackle the social question, that which in his view Griffith and the revivalists were unwilling to do. (Joyce had claimed in a letter to Stanislaus that the Irish proletariat had yet to be created.) Joyce in his own work treated the moral and social disease of Irish society, its paralysis, with the lancet of his art, or what Stephen calls the "cold steelpen". (*U*, 7/13) The history of the soul of Ireland becomes, as a result, an aspect of the body's history, and falls under the scrutiny and authority not of the physician or metaphysician, but of the artist. Joyce anatomised the behaviour and physiognomy of Irish men and women in a positivistic or "vivisection" spirit reminiscent of Lombroso's criminological theories which were creating such a stir at the time Joyce was in Italy.

That Joyce delved into this facet of radical political thinking in Italy is evidenced by his purchasing, probably in 1909 in Trieste, Luigi Molinari's *Il Tramonto del diritto penale*.¹² In his preface Molinari described his work as libertarian in nature, one which could only be understood by those anarchists "che lottano per un ideale di redenzione che trascinerà l'umanità al sovvertimento del presente stato di vita sociale" ("who are fighting for an ideal of redemption which will drag humanity to the subversion of the present state of social life").¹³ Molinari, like the anarchists, called for the abolition of the State, private property, and all penal laws and prisons. Like Joyce, Molinari feared that a deferment of these subversive policies would prompt a resurgence of clericalism and initiate a new Inquisition:

Per eccessivo lavoro il Padre Eterno ha dovuto scegliersi dei rappresentanti sulla terra e questi non hanno mancato di continuare il nobilissimo sistema ed in nome del *dolce agnello* hanno abbrustolito, intenagliato, lapidato, garrotato e fatto morire in luride prigioni tutti i ribelli del pensiero e con essi i disgraziati che incappavano nelle leggi della santissima chiesa. Sono tempi passati si dirà! Adagio! Dove comanda il prete e dove il gesuita s'infiltra nelle compagini dello Stato quei fatti si rinnovano, e come si rinnovano! Vedete la Spagna dove i delinquenti politici vengono tuttora torturati, vedete il caso Dreyfus in Francia.

(Because of overwork the Eternal Father had to choose representatives on earth and these have not failed to continue the most noble system and in the name of the *sweet lamb* have roasted, tonged, stoned, garrotted and let die all the rebels of thought in lurid prisons and with

¹² See Richard Ellmann, *The Consciousness of Joyce* (London: Faber, 1977), p. 120.

¹³ *Il Tramonto del diritto penale* (Milano: Università Popolare, 1909), p. 11. My translation.

them the wretches who fell victim to the laws of the most holy church. These are things of the past it will be said! Easy now! Where the priest rules and the jesuit infiltrates the networks of the State these occurrences are renewed and how they are renewed! Look at Spain where political delinquents are still being tortured, look at the Dreyfus case in France.)¹⁴

Molinari's charge that the cruelty of the Church's representatives is disguised as gentleness is one which Joyce makes often in his fiction and sometimes in his critical writing. Joyce perceived a discrepancy between preaching the word of Jesus to the masses and, as in the case of Don Giovanni Mariana de Talavera, endeavouring at the same time to construct a moral defence for killing.¹⁵

Molinari saw prisons as "modern Bastilles" that had to be overthrown. (We may remember that in 'Aeolus' Stephen is described by J. J. O'Molloy as one of the "fellows who had blown up the Bastille." *U*, 134/136). Like Joyce, too, Molinari believed that only by undermining institutional religions could the new humanity emerge.

Molinari's tirades could not have failed to remind Joyce of those of Italian socialists generally and of their applicability to Ireland in particular. Joyce found that in his country too the representatives of Church and State had pinioned the individual with "mind-forg'd manacles." The anarchists considered these representatives, paradoxically, as the "criminals." In *Ulysses* Joyce has Bloom and Stephen align themselves with these revolutionary views. They both characterise God in particular as a bloodthirsty force or as "*dio boia*, hangman god." Stephen, for example, says he cannot read God's handwriting in the world "except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock." (*U*, 505/562) Stephen explicitly and Bloom implicitly rely on the strategy of "mental fight" to loosen the fetters placed by priest and king because, as Blake says in one of his letters, it is "The Mind, in which every one is King & Priest in his own House."¹⁶

It is significant in this regard that Joyce described Blake in the Italian original of his Trieste lecture of 1912, as "questo eresiarca anarcoide e visionario" ("this anarchic and visionary heresiarch"). The adjective "anarcoide" has somehow disappeared in the English translations of Joyce's epithet. (*S.I.*, 161; cf. *CW*, 216).

Blake's work is also an important reference point for our understanding of Joyce's view of history. The relationship between fact and fiction, or strict history and myth, in Joyce is by no means as straightforward as one might think. Joyce could not resist, for example, adding his own footnotes to Irish history, for Bloom apparently came into contact with

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 35-6. My translation.

¹⁵ "William Blake", *S.I.*, 161; cf. *CW*, 216; the allusion to Juan Mariana de Talavera is repeated in the Italian examination paper written in the same year 1912 in Padua; see Louis Berrone, *James Joyce in Padua* (New York: Random House, 1977), pp. 16, 22 and notes, and *S.I.*, 185; it is used once again in *P* 246.

¹⁶ W. Blake, *Complete Writings*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), p. 879.

both Parnell and Griffith, at least in *Ulysses*. Bloom, we are told, "as a matter of strict history" returned to Parnell his fallen hat in the scuffle over the *United Ireland*, and then, some years later, gave the idea of Sinn Féin to Griffith. In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce has the *Book of Kells* as well as Documents No. 1 and 2, among others, appear as though they were forged from his own book. As Joyce informed a friend, "he conceived of his work as the dream of old Finn, lying in death beside the river Liffey and watching the history of Ireland and the world — past and future — flow through his mind." (JJ, 1966, 557) These instances seem to corroborate Wilde's precept that historical reality imitates art. Joyce, however, is not merely engaging in pseudo-history here like the authors of the twelfth century *Book of Invasions*. But he reads Irish history in particular as a "book of conquests", three of which Stephen mentions in the first chapter of *Ulysses*, the Italian, the English and, paradoxically, the Irish nationalist. Stephen understands history as chronicles riddled with bloodshed and hatred as does Bloom in 'Cyclops' when he points out the futility of "force, hatred, history, all that." (U, 333/331) Molly, too, sees history as a nightmare on account of the violence men have perpetrated against each other over the centuries. She claims a world governed by women would ensure peace. Joyce counters these "invasions" with the Tuckerite non-invasiveness of Stephen, Molly and Bloom in *Ulysses*, and of Earwicker in *Finnegans Wake*. The individual, it is implied, must avenge these conquests, must escape or free himself from national and universal history.

Seamus Deane correctly points out in this regard that Joyce was not only hostile to institutions, but also to fact, to history, to the restriction which the past has placed upon possibility. I cannot agree, however, with the view first proposed by Alick West that by rejecting nationalism Stephen serves Catholicism and imperialism.¹⁷ Joyce's consideration of story and history is more than an attempt to resolve the conflict between nationalism and socialism. To begin with, Christian reality, as John Freccero says, is "neither the Platonic dream of a disembodied logos, an intellectual reality totally divorced from the world, nor an unintelligible historical nightmare irredeemably lost in the world."¹⁸ It is rather time pressed into the service of eternity, whereby history becomes the unfolding of God's word in time, the Word made flesh, until, as in the words of Isaiah, "the heavens shall be folded together as a book" (34 : 4). In the Incarnation history and myth meet and fuse, as Tolkien puts it, and this fusion represents a

¹⁷ Seamus Deane, "Retrospective Review" *JJB*, 4 (Feb. 1981), p. 3.

¹⁸ "Dante's *Medusa*: Allegory and Autobiography", in *By Things Seen: Reference and Recognition in Medieval Thought*, ed. David L. Jeffrey (Ottawa: The University of Ottawa Press, 1979), pp. 33-4.

recovery of possibility and actuality. Stephen's understanding of history, especially in *Ulysses*, pre-empts God's narrative presence in human experience, for he denies his historical and transcendent dimension. During the lesson in 'Nestor', for instance, Stephen reflects that history is

Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wing of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. (U, 24/30).

"Daughters of memory," culled from *A Vision of the Last Judgement*, is Blake's expression for the harmful effects produced by dogmatic creeds. As Stephen says, "memory fables" events by placing them in categories bound by petrified belief until they are misconstrued as "history", a series of received traditions which can only destroy art. Stephen realises he must somehow remain subject to the intractabilities of historical fact, that reality "was in some way," although memory, manacled and paralysed by time, has distorted it. Such distortion brands history as a restrictive force, a betrayal of the infinite possibilities ousted by finite occurrence, the nightmare from which Stephen is trying to awake. In his critical essay on James Clarence Mangan, Joyce reiterates his definition of history as being fabled by memory, and avers, "no doubt they are only men of letters who insist on the succession of the ages, and history or the denial of reality." Mangan's failure, according to Joyce, was that "history encloses him so straitly that even his fiery moments do not set him free from it."¹⁹ To counteract these external restraints, the artist must be willing to shatter and mentally dissolve the prevailing categories of space and time, to signal his own apocalypse, to make the mind, in effect, its own place, as Stephen does in 'Circe' and Satan in *Paradise Lost*, confident, like Blake, that the road to excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Stephen hears the ruin of these twin forces on two related occasions. Early in the day he remembers Kevin Egan's attempt on Clerkenwell prison: "he prowled... under the walls of Clerkenwell, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry." (U, 43/49) Later, at Bella Cohen's, Stephen reacts strongly to another metaphorical prison, the Church, in the form of his mother's ghost. He flourishes his ashplant and smashes the chandelier: "Time's livid final flame leaps, and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry." (U, 583/517) Stephen believes with Bakunin that "the urge to destroy is also a creative urge." Here Joyce's reading of Molinari merges with his reading of Blake whom

¹⁹ From the first paper on Mangan delivered at University College, Dublin on 15 Feb. 1902; in CW, 81.

he quotes as writing, "The prison is built with stones of law; the brothel with bricks of religion." (*S.I.*, 160; cf. *CW*, 215) Prison walls become a metaphor not only for Dublin under spiritual and temporal autarchy, but also for history. Joyce complained that Mangan could barely reduce these walls to ruins,²⁰ but he has Stephen, under the influence of that anarchic and visionary heresiarch, succeed.

Freedom depends as well on the transmogrification of fact into fictive possibility through the conspiracy of language, a counter-distortion. Joyce translates incarnational history in *A Portrait* as the unfolding of the artist's word in time: "in the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh." Stephen cloisters his temptress-muse within the confines of his own being and then pays homage to her as to himself before the altar of his own imagination. This self-contained and self-referential process necessarily leads the artist to worship the man-made sign, his own word, for its own sake. The logos, the personal agency through which the creative activity of the artist is exerted upon the world, "redeems" the time and the infinite possibilities of the race. We see that the burden of truth rests entirely on Stephen's shoulders, that truth can be self-serving, as Joyce joins with the anarchist Max Stirner in asking pointedly, "Should God take up the cause of truth if he were not himself truth?"²¹ Stephen dons the mantle of hieratic alchemist whose mission as fabulous artificer empowers him, by mimicking the memorial of the primal redemption, to transmute the daily bread of experience into the body of everliving life. Joyce engages in *l'alchimie du Verbe*, but, unlike his predecessor Rimbaud, he does not retract but exalts his ambition of transforming the Word into magician's gold.

Joyce's hero takes it upon himself to re-enact the history of salvation, to merge the roles of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin Mary into one. In *A Portrait* the artist is presented as three persons in one godlike artist, and in *Ulysses* he is also presented as the master of "resurrection": "If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe, will not the poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard, am lord and giver of their life." (*U*, 415/512) Despite the Catholic scaffolding, Stephen chooses to divorce his story from the Christ-story, turning it inside out. We, the readers as well as the characters, are here because the artist has called us into existence. Faustian Stephen assumes the power of the Holy Spirit, referred to as the Lord and giver of life in the Nicene creed. He claims that the imagination brings to life those Spectres of the Dead, as Blake calls them, who inhabit the memory. The upshot of such a claim, tacit rather than explicit,

²⁰ From the second paper on Mangan prepared in Italian as a lecture at the Università Popolare of Trieste in 1907, *S.I.*, 139; cf. *CW* 185.

²¹ *The Ego and His Own*, Trans. Steven Byington (New York, 1973), pp. 3-4.

is Joyce's fundamental agreement with Carlyle who sees in the boundless firmament of literature the true scripture. Joyce's fictions stand as Ireland's and his own "true history" of infinite and betrayed possibility vicariously experienced. When Sean O'Faolain states that art is only "magic", he underestimates and overlooks how greatly the alchemy of the word impinges upon Joyce's politics.

Critics are free to say that the radical ideals entertained by Joyce are silly; but, if they won't even admit that he held such views what they say about him is bound to be misleading. Some tend to disapprove of Joyce's intellectual anarchism, unless it is called by some other palatable name like democracy or liberalism. Admittedly, Joyce's thoroughly bourgeois mode of life would seem to support this view. Jacob Schwartz, in fact, once wrote to me saying he remembered Joyce in the 1930s as the perfect combination of the Anarchist and the Aristocrat.²² Such a combination is not as unlikely as it seems. Renato Poggioli and others have pointed out how aristocratic in character avant-garde movements have been.²³ Kropotkin, for instance, was a prince, and Benjamin Tucker, Joyce's favourite anarchist, spent his last years in a luxurious palace in Monaco. This perspective helps us to understand why Joyce would have read a book like Anthony Ludovici's *A Defense of Aristocracy*, but it also helps us to understand his dislike of majority rule and of democracy. In his notesheets for *Ulysses* Joyce states that it takes "a mass of fools to elect 1 genius." His statement is borrowed from Errico Malatesta's pamphlet entitled not *Democracy*, but *Anarchy*. As late as 1918 Joyce told a friend in Zurich: "As an artist I am against every state... The state is concentric, man is eccentric. Thence arises an eternal struggle."²⁴ Although one might be inclined to have the statement read, "The state is concentric, Joyce is eccentric," the stance is unequivocal. Joyce did not place much faith in the ballot any more than he did in the bullet. To call *Ulysses* the "epic of liberalism", moreover, based on the left-wing theories of John Stuart Mill and John Ruskin, is to associate Joyce too closely with an ideology which he generally found repugnant.²⁵ Liberalism conjured in Joyce's mind the spectre of Gladstone whom he considered Parnell's nemesis and moral assassin. Joyce even considered well-founded Newman's criticism of English liberalism as being composed of "intellectual vagueness and indifferentism."²⁶ Joyce could have found some aspects of the political beliefs of Ruskin and Mill congenial, but he could not subscribe to them wholly. However sceptical they were

²² Letter to me, July 1975.

²³ Cf., for example, Emma Goldman's statement, "all true anarchists are aristocrats". Quoted by R.W.K. Paterson, *The Nihilistic Egoist: Max Stirner* (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 143.

²⁴ Georges Borach, "Conversations with James Joyce", trans. Joseph Prescott, *College English*, vol. 15, 6 (March 1954), p. 326.

²⁵ Sidney Feshbach's review of my *Joyce's Politics* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1980) in *JJQ*, 19 (Winter 1982), p. 213.

²⁶ Stanislaus Joyce, *Recollections of James Joyce*, trans. Ellsworth Mason (New York: James Joyce Society, 1950), p. 7.

about the machinations of the State against the individual in the economic and private spheres, Ruskin and Mill still believed in the State as an external authority. Ruskin's ideas for an "organic" society anticipated socialist theory, but they eventually led him to develop "an orderly system of interdependence sustained by authority and obedience."²⁷ Although Mill opposed the tyranny of the majority, he still upheld representative government because, in his view, it did more to encourage the growth and development of the individual than any other form of government. Joyce relied for his attack on the State in his works on the belligerency of the political criticism of the anarchists instead. Bakunin, for example, writing on the Paris *commune*, identified himself as follows:

I am a fanatic lover of liberty... not the purely formal liberty conceded, measured out, and regulated by the State, an eternal lie which in reality represents nothing more than the privilege of some founded on the slavery of the rest; not the individualistic, egoistic, shabby and fictitious liberty extolled by the school of J. J. Rousseau and the other schools of bourgeois liberalism, which considers the would-be rights of all men, represented by the State which limits the rights of each—an idea that leads inevitably to the reductions of the rights of each to zero. No, I mean the only kind of liberty that is worthy of the name, liberty that consists in the full development of all the material, intellectual, and moral powers that are latent in each person; liberty that recognizes no restrictions other than those determined by the laws of our own individual nature, which cannot properly be regarded as restrictions since these laws are not imposed by any outside legislator beside or above us, but are immanent and inherent, forming the very basis of our material, intellectual, and moral being—they do not limit us but are the real and immediate conditions of our freedom.²⁸

This kind of moral anarchism sees the individual as a law unto himself, a view sanctioned by Joyce. As he told Arthur Power, the function of the artist is to continually struggle against the objective pattern of life imposed by church and state on the individual by affirming the eternal qualities of the imagination and the sexual instinct.²⁹ Bakunin's remarks, then, capture the essence of Joyce's own position on liberty and liberalism. In Trieste he wrote, "the most powerful weapons that England can use against Ireland are... those of Liberalism and Vaticanism."³⁰ In this last statement Joyce reveals another touchstone of his politics: not Home Rule, but Rome Rule. Some readers like to imagine Joyce, in effect, as the character in Flann O'Brien's *The Dalkey Archive* whose sideline was writing pamphlets for the Catholic Truth Society. But

²⁷ J.A. Hobson, quoted by Raymond Williams, *Culture and Society 1780-1950* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971), p. 146.

²⁸ "La Commune de Paris e la Nation de l'Etat", quoted in *Anarchism: From Theory to Practice*, Daniel Guérin (New York and London, 1970), pp. X-XI.

²⁹ *Conversations with James Joyce* (London, 1974), p. 74.

³⁰ "Home Rule Maggiorenne" (*PdS*, 19 May 1907), *S.I.*, 53; cf. *CW*, 195.

I think we can imagine him spending all his leisure time, like his hero Stephen, in the company of subversive writers.

His articles for *Il Piccolo della sera* make it clear that Joyce considered the Pope to be the real sovereign of Ireland, a view repeated in *Stephen Hero*. While nationalists of all shades branded Anglicisation as Ireland's plague, in *Finnegans Wake* Joyce punned in answer, "there's no plagues like rome." (FW, 465:33). His countrymen, he claimed, continually contemplated "our island, Rome and duty." (FW, 374:19). Joyce accepted Wilde's position in *The Soul of Man under Socialism* that the Pope tyrannised over the soul of the individual. (Joyce, by the way, received permission to translate this essay into Italian in 1909, another indication that his interest in politics did not end in Rome in 1906, but rather that his mind had become infected by the political writings of the anarchists, many of whom he read in Italian.) In *Ulysses* Joyce repels this papal tyranny not by vitriolic ridicule, but by going underground a little, through the conspiratorial will of Bloom and Stephen principally, but also through Molly.

Despite her apparent uncommittedness, like Joyce's ("I hate the mention of politics", she says), and her disagreement with her husband's views on atheism, socialism, and Griffith, Molly manages to keep her body and soul free from the claims of church and state. She, too, constitutes a party by herself. The sometimes oblique, sometimes virulent anti-Catholicism of Bloom and Stephen almost outstrips the anti-Semitism of their fellow Dubliners. This anti-Catholicism takes another form in *Finnegans Wake* where Joyce launched the conspiracy of the word. He constructed his book by employing the same means the Church had in founding its own edifice. As he told Frank Budgen, "The Holy Roman Catholic Church was built on a pun. It ought to be good enough for me."³¹ With his "pelagiarist pen" Joyce intended to beat Rome at its own game. In essence, he tried to found his own heretical yet "infallible church of poetic tradition," in Yeats's phrase,³² paradoxically based on doubt.

The case of the individual against papal authority is highlighted in the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes. Joyce had suspected that the position of Wyndham Lewis in attacking him in *Time and Western Man* approached that of the Church. As the Mookse in the tale, Lewis appears at one point in the full attire of the "supreme poncif", or supreme pontiff, exhorting subordinate rulers to "Gather behind me, satraps". But the Joyce-like Gripes refuses to submit to either the alleged temporal or spiritual power of the Mookse, who now assumes the name of a particular English pope, "our once in only Bragspear" (FW, 152:33), "Adrian (that

³¹ James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses" and Other Writings (London: Oxford University Press, 1972), p. 347.

³² *The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats* (New York: Collier, 1969), p. 77.

was the Mookse now's assumptinome)" (FW, 153:20). Adrian IV's *Laudabiliter* had allegedly made Ireland a fief of England. For Joyce Adrian's Bull and John Bull proved equally offensive. The rebellious artist responds to this authority with his own "inkbottle authority". Joyce would fabricate, like Blake, "systems to deliver Individuals from those systems."³³ This declaration of independence from any code or world not of his own making led Jung to characterise Joyce's temperament, perhaps not inaccurately, as that of a "Protestant nourished by his own protests."³⁴ The paradigm of these protests was already drawn in *A Portrait*. In the early part of the book Stephen feels "the ache of conscience" prompting him to repent of his sins.

It is clear that the Catholic sensibility predominates at this point; conscience acts in accordance with an external, objective authority, God's revelation to man. Stephen eventually repudiates the existence of objective truth, however, and sets up his own conscience as subjective but nonetheless unimpeachable guide. He refuses to accept anything on authority, and relies instead on his "best self." This autonomous sensibility allows the individual to become his own priest and king, the self-acknowledged legislator of Ireland. As constituted, the Dedalian conscience functions as a tribunal before which the artist pronounces his "J'accuse" and those guilty of Irish paralysis are summoned and tried. Stephen, sanctioned by his attempt to discover a mode of life or art whereby he could express himself in unfettered freedom, emerges as the prime specimen of the new individual, the standard himself by which to hit the old conscience of the race, and by which to forge the new. Or, to put in the context of the Mookse and the Gripes, the artist must become, like Miss Thorne in *Barchester Towers*, his own pope.

This ability of the artist to remake a whole nation and in particular the individual in his own image and likeness receives its most lucid formulation in the political passages Joyce expunged from *Exiles* as perhaps too near the knuckle. In his play Joyce casts doubt on the success of his "brilliant career" as exiled writer. He has Richard explain his motive for leaving Ireland and the risk that this entails:

I have lived without prudence, risking everything, destroying everything in order to recreate again... I have destroyed and recreated in my own image a woman... I carried her away with me into exile and now, after years, I carry her back again, remade in my own image.³⁵

Joyce had once indicated that Blake too "in his unlimited egoism... wanted the soul of his beloved to be entirely a slow and painful creation

³³ *Jerusalem* 11.5 in *Blake: Complete Writings*, p. 630.

³⁴ *The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature* (Princeton University Press, 1971), p. 122.

³⁵ Robert M. Adams, "Light on Joyce's *Exiles*? A New Ms, a Curious Analogue, and Some Speculations", *Studies in Bibliography* XVII (1964), p. 86.

of his own." (S.I., 163; cf. CW, 217). But Richard is presented as a political Pygmalion; he recreates a woman and, by extension, the Irish conscience. This perspective is reinforced in *A Portrait* where, as we have just seen, Stephen's own image must be the standard of all experience, personal and national. He defines his own position more directly in *Stephen Hero* ("My own mind is more interesting to me than the entire country"), and then in *Ulysses* ("Ireland must be important because it belongs to me." 565/645). In *Finnegans Wake* the Shem-like artist "self exiled in upon his ego" (FW, 184:06) mirrors a nation bent on existing by "ourselves alone". The mind becomes its own country and ultimately its own universe too.

In *A Portrait* Stephen tries to control history or reality through language. And in *Ulysses* he finds that God wrote the folio of this world badly. Or, as Marilyn French puts it,

Joyce, the arrogant seer, ate the apple of knowledge of good and evil, read God's book, the world, and became himself a god. Then Joyce, the arrogant creator, made his world, careful to reproduce symbolically what he had "found in the world without as actual."³⁶

Alberto Beretta, to continue the analogy, has described the encyclopedic structure of *Ulysses* as an "Ecclesia diaboli", a vast cathedral of Satan.³⁷ From this vantage point, we can see that Joyce transforms Dante's model of "the Mystical Body of Christ" into Blake's "Satanic Body of Holiness."³⁸ Joyce does not concern himself with the city of God, like Augustine, but with the city of Dublin as the earthly Babel / Babylon. Joyce is sometimes linked with Dante in this regard, but this is a misunderstanding. Dante, in his final vision in the *Divine Comedy* says, "Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna / legato con amore in un volume, / ciò che per l'universo si squaderna." (*Paradiso*, xxxiii, 85-7). Or, as John Donne puts in *Meditation XVII*: "all mankind is of one author and is one volume: when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated... God's hand is in every translation, and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another."³⁹ Dante considered himself a *scriba dei* (scribe of God) and his "book of memory", or individual human experience, as one scripture which is continually glossed by another, "chiosato da altro testo" (*Inferno*, xv, 88-90).⁴⁰ History is memory glossed by words and Dante's verbal universe is one in which "the Logos made flesh is the divine centre." The Word of God, "Alfa ed O" (*Paradiso* xxvi, 17) is the Author who binds the scattered multiplicity

³⁶ *The Book as World* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976), p. 267.

³⁷ "Ulysses: Ecclesia Diaboli e Socialismo", *Paragone* 252 (August 1971), pp. 117-128.

³⁸ *Jerusalem* 4.38, p. 737.

³⁹ *John Donne: Poetry and Prose*, ed. Frank J. Warnke (New York: Modern Library, 1967), p. 338. I have modernized the spelling.

⁴⁰ See John Freccero, "Dante's *Medusa*: Allegory and Autobiography", p. 34.

of the world as well as the poet's words together.⁴¹ Dante seeks an authority outside of himself to validate what he is saying and to resolve the contradictions of history and language. Because God's Word acts as "a transitive agent between subject and object (a translator, or grammatically speaking, a verbal agent) the channel of relationship between two realms,"⁴² for both Dante and Donne the two histories, personal and universal, are conjoined as are the two realities, physical and metaphysical. Dante presents the story of Babel, symbol of man's linguistic fragmentation (*Inferno*, XXI), as the failure of language to bridge heaven and earth, to communicate. *Finnegans Wake*, on the other hand, becomes "our tour of babel", a glimpse of the Bible from the Tower of Babel, with Humpty Dumpty acting as Nimrod's counterpart and as "the official guide to [Joyce's] vocabulary", as Harry Levin puts it.⁴³ Humpty's fragmentation produces a Babel-like effect, a confusion of tongues based on a semantic principle like Humpty's "when I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."⁴⁴ Joyce rears his own "disunited kingdom" on the same principle, and the question for him and Humpty Dumpty is also the same: "which is to be master" or, to use an epithet from *Ulysses*, who is to be the "lord of language"? *Finnegans Wake* can then be viewed as the book wherein the artist attempts to appropriate and bind the scattered leaves and words of all books, human and divine. Joyce's linguistic epistemology, or, to employ a word coined by Jacques Derrida, his "logocentrism" differs radically from Dante's. Joyce interprets the chief function of the imagination to be not the apprehension of ultimate truth as Dante does, but its embodiment. This extraordinary claim can only depend on the conviction that, as Seamus Deane phrases it, "Before Joyce there was nothing."⁴⁵

Joyce's political rewriting of the Book of Genesis has further implications for his views of sexuality and art. Herbert Howarth observed that "Joyce's nationalist friends lived, he thought, in make-believe: they talked about Irish chastity, whereas he regarded the Irish peasant as *le grand masturbateur*."⁴⁶ Joyce's response to this political and sexual naïveté is peculiar. It seems to give new meaning to what he called "individual passion" or kicking against the pricks. Joyce considered himself, like W. E. H. Lecky, a moral historian whose fiction constituted chapters in the history of Irish morals. In *A Portrait*, for example, Stephen is cast in the role of pilgrim amator ecstatically languishing. Joyce initially describes his visit to a prostitute as "the holy encounter... at which weakness and timidity and inexperience were to fall from him." (*P*, 99). Later, we witness the "holy silence" of Stephen's ecstasy at the moment when he divines his vocation

⁴¹ Giuseppe Mazzotta, *Dante, Poet of the Desert* (Princeton University Press, 1979), pp. 226, 259.

⁴² *By Things Seen*, ed. David L. Jeffrey, p. 234.

⁴³ *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (New York: New Directions, 1960), p. 187.

⁴⁴ *Alice in Wonderland*, ed. Donald J. Gray (New York: W.W. Norton, 1971), p. 163.

⁴⁵ "Joyce and Nationalism" in *James Joyce: New Perspectives*, ed. Colin MacCabe (Sussex: Harvester Press, 1982), p. 173.

⁴⁶ *The Irish Writers, 1880-1940* (New York, 1958), p. 251.

in the form of a wet dream vision of a bird-like girl. (P, 172). It becomes increasingly difficult hereafter to distinguish between the Irish peasant's way of doing things and Stephen's. His soul is described as "all dewy wet" in the act of composing the vilanelle, or "eucharistic hymn", sequence for his temptress-muse: "While his soul had passed from ecstasy to languor where had she been? Might it be in the mysterious ways of spiritual life, that her soul at those same moments had been conscious of his homage?" (P, 223). Stephen transforms Christian *agape* into a gnostic eros-longing and his homage is in fact autoerotic; like Pygmalion, he is aroused by the work of his own hands.

Joyce is sometimes linked with Dante, too, in his presentation of woman as mediatrix for his art. But Beatrice is not the goal of Dante, the pilgrim's quest for an eternity of bliss. For Dante physical and spiritual worlds are one, and the sexual impulse, like everything else, falls within divine providence, finding its issue in love for God, or "l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle." In *A Portrait* Stephen clothes his Beatrice, as Blake does in his *Illustrations to the Divine Comedy*, with diaphanous garments. After his vision he looks up and observes "a vast indifferent dome"; similarly, in *Ulysses* Bloom goes out to experience "the apathy of the stars" and the "cold of interstellar space", not the Love that moves the sun and the other stars. The difference between Dante and Joyce with respect to this vision is, in a word, that between eschatology and scatology. As Dante in *La Vita nuova*, aided by Beatrice, recognizes the limitations of carnal love, he yearns to enter that kingdom where his beloved and all faces are turned to gaze "in rapture on the face of Him who is *beatrice* (blessed) throughout all ages".⁴⁷ Joyce transposes Dante's process of transformation prompted by Love, and reduces the beatific vision to a voyeur's paradise, that of Bloom "literally worshipping at the shrine" of Gerty MacDowell's genitals (U, 361/359). Joyce's vision can only be that of a Dante mediated by the gnostic vision of Blake who, in his poems and in his sketches, sometimes depicted rather extravagantly the vagina as tabernacle.⁴⁸

But Joyce, as he indicated in his notes for *Exiles*, is primarily interested in male rather than in female liberation. It is curious, indeed, that he should have been attracted to the chapter on "femminismo" in *La Rivolta ideale* (1908) for some of his views on women.⁴⁹ The author, Alfredo Oriani, had been labelled a precursor and major prophet of Fascism. But Joyce, although

⁴⁷ The last line of *La Vita nuova*, trans. W. Anderson (Baltimore: Penguin, 1964).

⁴⁸ See Leopold Damrosch, Jr., *Symbol and Truth in Blake's Myth* (Princeton University Press, 1980), pp. 205ff.

⁴⁹ See my "Italian Sources for *Exiles*: Giacosa, Praga, Oriani and Joyce" in *Myth and Reality in Irish Literature*, ed. Joseph Ronsley (Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier Press, 1977), pp. 227-237.

in some respects a revolutionary in politics, still held conservative notions about women's intellectual capacities.

Finnegans Wake, on the other hand, can still be seen, from the vantage point of Philippe Sollers, as the "most formidably antifascist book produced between the two wars":

What Joyce is in the process of constructing with *Finnegans Wake*, from 1921 to 1939, is an active transnationalism, disarticulating, rearticulating and at the same time annulling the maximum number of traces—linguistic, historical, mythological, religious. In what he writes *nothing remains but differences*, and so he calls into question all and every community.⁵⁰

Joyce's counterpart to the mental defiance of Bloom and Stephen is, as I have already suggested, the conspiracy of the artist's word against the community of words, the language of the outlaw. Joyce recognizes no essential distinction between a view of history and one of language. In his last work Joyce reacts to two convictions of Vico's: first, that mankind is, most of all, linked together by linguistic bonds; and second, as Vico put it in a letter, "languages are, so to speak, the vehicle by which the spirit of a nation is transfused into the soul of the person who learns them."⁵¹ Joyce suggests that language does not merely transmit and condition, but that it also constitutes reality. A prime instance of Joyce's linguistic anthropology occurs in the introduction to the closing Easter morning section:

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection. Eireweeker to the whold bludyn world (FW, 593:01-3).

Joyce intermingles the conceptions of peace and holiness in "Sandhyas" with those of erection, insurrection (especially that of Easter 1916), and resurrection. The political, the religious, and the sexual are always interrelated for Joyce. Like Blake in his visions, Joyce in his language is constantly remaking himself, his nation, his religion, the world. Language transmutes the objects of everyday life, explodes and recreates them in a way which allows the artist to be their maker and controller. Joyce argues here not so much for a change of politics as for a change of vision which is political nonetheless. His dialectical method of presenting/negating points of view and ideologies sharpens the reader's awareness of alternatives, of ousted possibilities, and leads him to a new vision, one in which the

⁵⁰ "Joyce & Co." in *In the Wake of the "Wake"*, eds. David Hayman and Elliott Anderson (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1978), p. 108.

⁵¹ Quoted by Tullio de Mauro, "From Rhetoric to Linguistic Historicism" in *Giambattista Vico: An International Symposium*, ed. Giorgio Tagliacozzo (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1969), pp. 293-4.

alternatives which produced the change are themselves at first retained and then eliminated. Joyce relies on his words to open up Bruno's infinite worlds, to challenge the unchanging objective reality of the Aristotelian-Thomist tradition. Joyce's practice of distorting and recreating syntax and diction can be related, as Susan Grove Hall has done, to the anarchism, whether linguistic or political, which Chomsky has advocated:

This anarchism posits a base of relations or categories, a logic beneath appearances, in which all thought is related; therefore, superficial rules, conventions and definitions can be disregarded. We understand language not because we understand the specific words in their particular contexts, but because we share a basic logic of grammatical relations.⁵²

In opposition to the concentric circles of Dante's world, Joyce traces the eccentric circles of Bloom, Stephen and Molly in *Ulysses*, and of language itself in *Finnegans Wake*.

In considering the politics of Joyce, we may have asked ourselves like that unnamed person in a Rome wineshop, "E' socialista il Signor Giacomo?" We may have answered like the proprietor, "E' un po' di tutto." (Letter of 18 Oct. 1906, *L*, II. 183). Joyce indeed thought of himself as a little of everything, from a literary and political messiah to a party by himself, but he was principally an anarch, heresiarch, and egoarch.

⁵² "The Grammar of *Finnegans Wake*".
A Wake Newslitter, New Series, vol.
XVII, no. 4 (August 1980), 51-59.

8. THE CITIZEN IN ULYSSES: A NOTE

Joan Fitz Gerald

*To Stanislaus from Rome, 6 February
1907: "I suppose you saw old Cusack is
dead. I have given up reading Avanti! ...
It was too dull for me." (L, II. 210).*

The character of the citizen in the 'Cyclops' episode of *Ulysses* is the incarnation of that episode's symbol, "Fenian". It is to the Irish Republican Brotherhood, then, that we must turn to find a prototype for him. Gogarty's biographer, Ulick O'Connor, hints that he can be identified with John Elwood (Temple in the *Portrait*), a socialist who liked to underline his political creed by addressing others as "citizen".¹ But Joyce's Citizen is *himself* addressed thus, and does not call anyone else by that name. This would seem to favour the traditional identification of the Citizen with Michael Cusack (1847-1907), founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association and also a member of the I.R.B. We now know that in his drafts for the episode, Joyce referred to the Citizen as Cusack, thus eliminating any doubt.²

The G.A.A., which Cusack founded on 1 November, 1884, was not merely a sports club, but an association which was as deeply concerned with the question of nationality as the Gaelic League, and influenced far more people than the League itself, city-based and intellectual, could reach. Cusack's aim was "to found a self-respecting athletic organization, instinct with the highest ideals of nationalism."³ It was this nationalistic urge which caused him to promote the playing of "Gaelic" games — hurley, camogie, Gaelic football — and to ban "foreign" (i.e. English) games, by making "foreign and fantastic field sports" (in the words of Archbishop Croke, the G.A.A.'s first patron and enthusiastic supporter) off-limits to any member. These "fantastic" games included lawn tennis (which Bloom will support in the 'Cyclops' episode), polo, croquet and cricket,⁴ all of which had decidedly English and colonial associations. Those who have grown up in Ireland will remember that this ban was in force until a short time ago — so that no G.A.A. member could attend a harmless soccer match — and indicated the narrow brand of nationalism from which it had sprung.

¹ Ulick O'Connor, *Oliver St. John Gogarty* (London, 1964), p. 53.

² Michael Groden, *Ulysses in Progress* (Princeton, N.J., 1977), p. 133.

³ T.F. O'Sullivan, *The Story of the G.A.A.* (Dublin, 1916), p. 3.

⁴ David Greene, "Michael Cusack and the Rise of the G.A.A." in *The Shaping of Modern Ireland*, ed. C.C. O'Brien (London, 1960), p. 78.

The identification of the Citizen with Cusack is made explicit in *Ulysses*: "There's the man, says Joe, that made the Gaelic sports revival." (U, 316/314). He and Bloom discuss the merits of Gaelic versus other sports: "So off they started about Irish sport and shoneen games the like of lawn-tennis" (U, 316/314), Gaelic games being described as "racy of the soil", which is a crib from Archbishop Croke.⁵ The Citizen is as irascible and tyrannical as Cusack. Even an admirer of Cusack had to admit he was "combative" and a modern historian has described him as having "a forceful and violent personality"⁶, which squares with the portrait Joyce paints us. So tyrannical was Cusack that Archbishop Croke soon found him impossible to cooperate with: Cusack "played the dictator" and "ran with a reckless tilt... against everybody else who happened not to agree with him".⁷ Running with a reckless tilt is precisely the way the Citizen reacts towards the unfortunate Bloom at the end of the episode. This kind of behaviour resulted in Cusack's having to resign the G.A.A. a mere eighteen months after he had taken up its secretaryship.

It is amusing to note some physical resemblances between Cusack and the Citizen by comparing Joyce's deliberately inflated description of the Cyclops with a very detailed and eulogistic account of Cusack.⁸ The picture of Cusack that emerges from this account is sufficiently extreme and "gigantic" as to need but little exaggeration in order to become Joyce's epic hero. The "great breadth of his shoulders" (which were, however, rounded) is mentioned; this Joyce translates into heroic language, "from shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells". Cusack's width "detracted from [his] apparent height", and the one dimension Joyce does not mention is height. The account also refers to Cusack's habit of wearing "in defiance of the prevailing fashion... kneebreeches instead of trousers", which we may associate with the "trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut" which our imaginary hero wears under his "loose kilt" (U, 296/294). Even the blackthorn stick which Cusack "invariably carried" is metamorphosed into "a couched spear of acumined granite" (U, 297/294). I noted that Cusack was a Fenian (and probably introduced Fenian elements into the G.A.A. itself)⁹, one who sympathised with the rising of 1867. The Citizen has the same tendencies: "and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and the old guard and the men of sixtyseven and who fears to speak of ninetyeight" (U, 305/303). But Joyce's Citizen is more openly in favour of physical force than Cusack was, "we'll put force against force" (U, 329/328), thus contrasting with Bloom's pacifism, just as his patriotic approach to sport had contrasted with Bloom's interest in it solely from the point of view of health. Cusack's

⁵ *The Shaping of Modern Ireland*, p. 78.

⁶ *The Story of the G.A.A.*, p. 3.

⁷ Archbishop Croke, letter dated 29 March, 1886, quoted in *The Shaping of Modern Ireland*, p. 77.

⁸ See *The Story of the G.A.A.*, pp. 3-4.

⁹ *The Shaping of Modern Ireland*, p. 82.

litigiousness and his nationalism were as strong as the Citizen's, and one can well imagine him becoming as incensed about the "foreigner" Bloom as the Citizen does.

But Cusack was not the only one to cherish such xenophobia: it was as endemic in the Gaelic League (which is also remembered in this episode) as in the G.A.A. Michael Cusack was also a member of the Gaelic League: indeed, even before the League was established he had been "an earnest worker in the cause of the language movement."¹⁰ This Citizen is also all for the Irish language, and his commitment to it brings him even further than Cusack. He refuses to admit that there is any value in English civilisation ("syphilisation"): "No music and no art and no literature worthy of the name. Any civilisation they have they stole from us." (U, 325/323). He uses words like *raimeis* and *shoneen* which had been made current by D.P. Moran, a leading journalist and Gaelic Leaguer. Moran was fanatical about the importance of the Irish language and culture, going so far as to say that only when "fashionable young Irishmen and women" spoke Irish as well as English would there be "a genuine Irish nation, no matter who might be making the law."¹¹ Moran's most important contribution to nationalism was perhaps his book, *The Philosophy of an Irish Ireland*, which bolstered the prevailing anti-Englishness with historical argument. In his chapter entitled "The Battle of Two Civilisations" he disavowed all that the parliamentary tradition in Irish politics stood for and its men, O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, Dillon and Redmond, all of whom, he claimed, "threw over Irish civilisation whilst they professed — and professed in perfect good faith — to fight for Irish nationality."¹² For Moran, then, Irish nationality could only be Gaelic, which is of course the opinion of the Citizen, and of many whom Moran influenced by his newspaper, *The Leader*. It was this kind of narrowness which neither Bloom nor Joyce could accept. It led not only to a mindless hatred of all things English (including the language, as Joyce ruefully noted from Patrick Pearse's attitude) but to xenophobia, a rejection even of Europe — in the 'Cyclops' episode we see the Citizen deriding France, "The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters!" (U, 330/328) which accords with the whole theme of betrayal of Ireland that permeates this part of *Ulysses*, and leads eventually to the ejection of Bloom at the end as a "foreigner", even though he professes to be Irish. Bloom's values of universal love and justice, his unpolemical definition of nationality — "a nation is the same people living in the same place" (U, 331/329) — are not acceptable to any of the company in Kiernan's pub. Their hostility to him is not dictated so much by anti-

¹⁰ *The Story of the G.A.A.*, p. 4.

¹¹ Donal MacCartney, "Hyde, D.P. Moran and Irish Ireland", in *Leaders and Men of the Easter Rising* (London, 1967), p. 50.

¹² D.P. Moran, *The Philosophy of an Irish Ireland* (Dublin, 1905), p. 6.

semitism but nationalism, in its refusal to accept as Irish anyone who has not got truly Gaelic credentials. Bloom's supposed work for Sinn Féin is not enough: he has not got an Irish name nor does he belong to the Catholic religion.

An interesting postscript to this consideration is that one of the few Irish intellectuals who tried to offset this narrow view of nationality was John Eglinton (W.K. Magee), whose literary criticism Stephen Dedalus dismisses contemptuously in the 'Scylla and Charybdis' episode. Amongst other attitudes which he found dangerous in their narrowness, Eglinton included the attention being given to the revival of the Irish language, and, making what today is an interesting comparison, he pointed out that the sharing of a common tongue, Hebrew, had not made the Jews a nation.¹³ This was precisely the claim that Gaelic Leaguers, and foremost among them, D.P. Moran, were making for Gaelic. Bloom has neither Hebrew nor Irish, is neither fully a Jew nor fully an Irishman, and thus fits so uneasily into his own society that he is in constant danger of being reneged by it, as he is by the Citizen at the end of 'Cyclops'.

¹³ John Eglinton, "The Island of Saints" *United Irishman*, 8 February, 1902.

9. THE POLITICS OF *FINNEGANS WAKE*
Diarmuid Maguire

*What's the difference between a good
honest bricklayer and a publican, eh?*

'Ivy Day in the Committee Room'

That *Finnegans Wake* is laced with an enormous variety of political allusions, dealing with everything from Platonic philosophy to the twisted machinations of Irish nationalism, is beyond dispute. The central question is how do we relate Joyce's obvious awareness of political issues in *FW* to any overall political philosophy that he may or may not have sought to express in his last masterpiece. Scholars have been very cautious in undertaking this task but an examination of the assumptions upon which their reticence is based suggests that there is room for some daring. The first widely held assumption is that because *FW* is resistant to representation, clear political messages cannot be inferred. A related argument centres around Joyce's declared hostility to the use of arts as an instrument of political propaganda. Unless Joyce was engaged in some intricate Machiavellian enterprise, how could he possibly have entertained the idea of politicising the most 'open work' in contemporary literature? These two premises have recently been challenged by scholars who argue that textual resistance to representation is itself an ideological project that goes beyond mere propagandising. The reader-text relationship suggested by *FW*, they argue, creates a situation in which the common sense discourses that shape us are constantly brought to the surface. Once exposed, these discourses are open to challenge.¹

One problem that does not seem to have been properly addressed concerns the definition of the political. Literary scholars have often utilized an implicit definition of what constitutes the political by placing subjects such as language and sexuality well outside of its terms of reference. Politics, in this worldview, has to do with such things as supporting or opposing political parties and governments, voting in elections and taking clear stands on the great issues of the day. Given that Joyce was ambiguous, if not downright hostile, to 'politics' on all these counts, he is therefore dismissed as being apolitical (at least in the later years of his life). The expansion of the political is a relatively recent phenomenon,

¹ See for example Colin MacCabe, *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* (London: Macmillan, 1979).

and this has much to do with the protest movements that coalesced in the late Sixties. The Feminist Movement, for example, argued that "the personal is political" and thus established the place of sexuality well within the political sphere. Joyce demonstrates clear understanding of this feminist dictum in all his works, but especially in *Finnegans Wake*.

In this paper I should like to argue that the political allusions and the language of *FW* have a complementary role to play and do not represent a Joycean dichotomy between the aesthetic and the political. What Joyce did want to keep separate was his art from the political *as it was defined in his day*. The distinctly Joycean conception of the political allowed for its unity with his art, and this union was achieved in the field of ideology. How did Joyce conceive of ideology and the ideological process? In many ways his ideas on the subject have a decidedly Platonic flavour. Compare the following:

Men who since childhood have had their backs to the entrance of a cave cannot see the outside world. On the wall inside the cave are projected the shadows of other men, and by linking the voices of these men to their shadows, the inhabitants of the cave conclude that the first derive from the second. One of the prisoners, however, manages to escape and perceive the true origin of the voices. Finally he emerges from the cave and sees the light of day. At first the sun blinds him, but then he becomes accustomed to it, and the vision he gains enables him to understand the falsehood in which he had been living.

(Plato, *The Republic*)

Strange figures advance from a cave. They are not as tall as men. One does not seem to stand quite apart from another. Their faces are phosphorescent, with darker streaks. They peer at me and their eyes seem to ask me something. They do not speak.

(Joyce, *P*, 249-50)

Imagine for a moment that it was Joyce who escaped from Plato's allegorical cave and is expressing that feeling of cognitive liberation through Stephen. How does he assist the advancing figures left behind in linking voices to real men and not their shadows? Does Joyce even pose such a question for himself in the first place? Or does he simply choose to turn away from the 'cave people' leaving them mutely stare into the distance? The answers to these questions may well lie within Plato's analogy.

Plato proposes a model of ideology that is based on the concept of *articulation*. False articulations (the shadows and the voices) must be disarti-

culated in order to allow the subject to carry out the necessary re-articulations (the voices and the men). Is not such a project taken on by Joyce when he sets about disarticulating common sense discourse in *FW*? MacCabe suggests: "As we read Joyce, however, a surplus of meaning enables us to hear the crowd of voices that compose us. Voices that bear witness to the incompatible discourses that have traversed our flesh." This leads to a situation whereby "the reader is transformed into a set of discourses, engaged in the investigation of his or her symbolic construction."²

To conceive of politics as propaganda in such a context misses the entire point. *Finnegans Wake* will disarticulate common sense beliefs, but it is up to the reader to pick up the pieces and re-articulate previously accepted concepts. That is why the book demands "an ideal reader suffering from an ideal insomnia." (*FW*, 120:13-14). That is why once we enter into dialogue with the text it becomes so difficult to escape. Yet escape we must.

Political allusions serve as the raw material out of which the readers' reconstructions are to be made. They signpost some of the underlying political notions of the *Wake*. They allow for a confrontation between ideas and the historical process.

"History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake", says Stephen in *Ulysses* (34/40). *Finnegans Wake*, with the structural pessimism inherent in its Viconian cycle, seems to suggest that escape is impossible. In a sense this reflects a Gramscian "pessimism of the intellect" on Joyce's part. But there is also "optimism of the will"! Joyce on his own could not destroy the cycle of history, but perhaps his readers can. "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." (*P*, 253). This was the political project Stephen set himself at the end of the *Portrait*. That conscience is still being forged in the *Wake* and only when it becomes embodied in concrete subjects acting in history will escape from the nightmarish tyranny of the cycle be possible.

What I should like to do here is (im)pose a political reading of the *Wake* by asking how does one escape from the text after entering it? how does one avoid sailing along peacefully with Anna Livia out into the sea towards oblivion, only to find oneself hurled back by the brutal definite article headlong into the tedious "riverrun" of history? The term '(im)pose' is used to stress both the positive and negative aspects of such a blunt

² MacCabe, op. cit., 133 and 152.

probing. It is not being argued here that *Finnegans Wake* is about trying to answer my question but, rather, that after having (im)posed it, it will be interesting to see how the *Wake* responds.

One such response might be that one simply cannot escape and that we should be best advised to reconcile ourselves to an essentially conservative and pessimistic novel. But then let us ask ourselves what lies at the heart of this dismal view of the historical process. The answer is to be found in Joyce's constant obsession with betrayal.³ References to the betrayal of Parnell litter the *Wake* as indeed we might expect, given his earlier work. Parnell's downfall is updated and linked to the partition of Ireland and the establishment of the Irish Free State. Dublin, after partition, is "A phantom city, phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six" (264:19-23). The new flag that flies over this state is "the grim white and cold" (176:24), and the power behind it is still the Church: "Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary" (26:25-6). In short, bourgeois nationalism and the Church have conspired to betray the nation as they have always done.

The theme of the betrayal of Irish aspirations is best illustrated in the last chapter as various characters gather to rehearse Tim Finnegan's funeral:

hailed chimers' ersekind; ... in wave risurging into chrest; *victis poenis besternis*; fostfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with warmen and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine of the reconstitution; by the lord's order of the canon consecrandable (596:5-10).

Hopes of any change are dashed as wines turn to wiles, women to warmen and songs to unfulfilled dreams. The Church organises the burial "under articles thirtynine of the reconstitution". Now, traditionally this term "articles thirtynine" has been interpreted as a reference to the thirty nine articles of the Church of England. But why the term "reconstitution"? Perhaps it might refer to the constitution presented by Eamon DeValera (often represented as Shaun in *FW*) in 1937 whereby the Irish Free State became Eire and moved further towards formal independence. Article 39 of this "reconstitution" states that: "Treason shall consist only in levying war against the state, or assisting any state or person or inciting or conspiring with any person to levy war against the state...". I doubt if there could be found a more economic example in *FW* of the complex unity of forces that Joyce claimed were betraying Ireland. Joyce would have delighted in the bitter irony of a treacherous elite laying down the law against treason.

³ The theme is treated in its political aspect in the first article written, upon his return from Rome, for the *Piccolo della Sera* of Trieste, 22 March 1907, on "Il Fenianesimo": "...In Ireland at the precise psychological moment there always appears the informer" (*S.I.*, 47; cf. *CW*, 190). (Editor's note).

The numbering of article 39 allowed him to articulate this idea with the Church of England. Another irony: who is the Church of England in Ireland? the Catholic Church by virtue of its assisting the English state in Ireland could perhaps most accurately be described by the name of its enemy in the spiritual sphere (the Church of England). Even as Ireland seems to be achieving greater freedom, at least formally, Christ and Caesar work hand in glove to prevent its realisation.

If betrayal is indeed the reason for Ireland's nightmarish and tortuous history, then we must pose the question as to whether it is inevitable or not. Is the Irish propensity to betray a genetic trait or does it have historical and cultural roots? this problem is mockingly suggested towards the end of *FW* as a cock crows and thus evokes biblical imagery of betrayal:

Cockalooralooraloomenos, ... as sure as herself pits hen to paper and there's scribings scrawled on eggs.
Of cause, so! And in effect, as? (615:9-12).

It is my belief that Joyce more than hints at the underlying causes of betrayal in Ireland and in so doing allows the reader to imagine ways in which the cycle of oppression and betrayal can be broken. Betrayal is in fact produced by oppression, and that oppression emanates from the Catholic Church, the State and bourgeois nationalism. The Church cripples sexuality and crushes intellectual and spiritual freedom; the State physically oppresses the people and encourages the rise of the "indispensable informer"; bourgeois nationalism collaborates with the British State and condemns generations of Irish men and women to economic backwardness and provincialism. At every stage Joyce attempts to emphasise the unity of these three forces and the ideologies that sustained them.

The Church and bourgeois nationalism are often associated in *FW*, and so an old Irish nationalist song is transformed into a Latin prayer:

Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump! Halled they.
Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampatrampatramp. Adie. Per
ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom. Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum
toowhoom. (613:1-4).

Religion and nationalism in turn are articulated with militarism:

the queer mixture exchanged the pax in embrace or poghue puxy as
practised between brothers of the same breast, hilleluia, killeluia, al-
lenalaw (83:32-4).

The Butt and Taff episode is laden with violent imagery and the language of battle, both of which are related to scenes of brutalized sexuality. *Finnegans Wake* seems to suggest that sexual repression gives rise to violence and that this is the result of the male desire to suppress the freedom of female sexual expression:

who thus at all this marvelling but will press on hotly to see the vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex upandinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the uniform matteroffactness of a meandering male fist? (123:7-10).

And, of course, it is the Church that promotes sexual repression thus leading to the violence which serves both imperialism and nationalism. With such complex articulations in play it is no wonder that Joyce was to declare: "The problem of my race is so complicated that one needs to make use of all the means of an elastic art to delineate it — without solving it. I am of the opinion that I am no longer permitted to make a personal pronouncement. I am restricted to making one by means of the scenes and characters of my poor art."⁴

The first and last chapters of the *Wake* contain all the elements of the Joycean political vision. The last chapter opens with references to the Easter Rising and the birth of the Sinn Féin and bitterness is expressed at the coming betrayal of Ireland entailing partition, the dominance of the state by the Church and bloody civil war. Representatives of the Church (forther moracles and brewbeer), the state (Kingen) and the nationalist bourgeoisie (Manchem house) gather here to rehearse for Tim Finnegan's funeral and wake that will take place in Chapter One:

Music, me ouldstrow, please! We'll have a brand rehearsal. ... His fooneral will sneak pleace by creeps o'clock toosday. Kingen will commen. Allso brewbeer. Pens picture at Manchem House Horsegardens shown in Morning post as from Boston transcrippied. Femelles will be preadaminant as from twentyeight to twelve. To hear that lovelade parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles. (617:15-25).

When Tim Finnegan awakes in Chapter One the attenders at his wake try and convince him that he is better off dead given the poor state of his country brought on by betrayal.

⁴ Translated from a letter in French, presumably to Fanny Guillermet, 5 August 1918 (*L*, I, 118).

Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd only lose yourself in Healiopolis now... (24:16-18).

It is hinted that his wife is likely to betray him sexually and furthermore that he will be better remembered dead than alive. Tim Finnegan, the bricklayer, fades away from the scene towards the end of the chapter as the grand entrance of HCE, the publican, attracts everybody's attention. The question posed in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' suggests itself here: "What's the difference between a good honest bricklayer and a publican, eh?"

There is a sense in which Joyce does provide us with alternatives to the oppression that produces betrayal. Socialism, I believe, is one alternative, and this informs much of the opposition between Finnegan (the worker) and HCE (the petit bourgeois). Sexual liberation is contrasted with the sexual repression of the church and is celebrated in this beautifully erotic and blasphemous prayer:

If Dann's dane, Ann's dirty, if he's plane she's purty, if he's fane, she's flirty, with her auburnt streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries, for to rouse his rudderup, or to drench his dreams. If hot Hammurabi, or cowl'd Clesiastes, could espy her pranklings, they'd burst bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their doings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin! (139:22-8).

Pacifism represents the third major force for change with the constant stress on the brutality of war. The inevitability of violence arising out of blind nationalism is prophesied by Shem who

cutely foretold, ... death with every disaster, the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot of sweettempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst (189:31-36; 190:1).

Socialism, sexual liberation and pacifism are the alternative ideological articulations to those of imperialism, bourgeois nationalism and religious tyranny.

Are these the sources of light that Joyce provides for the reader trying to escape from the cave of *Finnegans Wake*? For the *Wake* is indeed a cave in which we are subjected to a myriad of contrasting voices and shadows. Will we ever be able to seehear the soundsense symbols that will allow for our liberation? "Will it bright upon us, nightle, and we plunging to

our plight? Well, it might now, miracle, so it light" (66:21-3). The problem is that much of the light has been captured and distorted by forces such as the Church which uses the imagery of the trinity, the sacred heart, and the halo.

synthetic shammyrag ... cause heart to be might ... the sound sense sympol
in a weedwayedwold of the firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.
(612:25-30).

Finnegans Wake attempts to shatter these light sources so that we can begin to make our own soundsense of the shadows on the wall.

Yet if Joyce was so set on changing people's consciousness why did he write in such a way as to severely restrict his audience? One answer is that Joyce's conception of ideology would not have allowed him to write the book in any other way. Joyce's advice to the bewildered reader is to look for solutions to the tortuous problems presented by *FW* within him-or-herself. "But look what you have in your handself!" (20:20-21). Joyce's fear of not being understood is expressed as Anna Livia drifts out to sea but he copes with this anxiety in an interesting and illustrative way:

is there one who understands me? ... All me life I have been lived
among them but now they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing
their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all
the greedy gushes out through their small souls. (627:15-19).

Finnegans Wake is an act of personal redemption for Joyce. He has saved his own soul. He seems to be expressing the same sentiments as did Marx when he wrote at the end of the *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (which Joyce had read): "Dixi et salvavi animam meam." 'I have spoken and saved my soul'.

We still haven't answered the question, however, of how do we, as readers, escape from imprisonment within "the nightmare of history" to which *FW* structurally condemns us. Ironically, this highly coded enterprise allows us to escape comfortably homewards and it does so at the structural level.

The continuous cycle of history revolves around the capability of the Church, bourgeois nationalists, and imperialists to convince the Irish worker, Tim Finnegan, to lie down and accept his lot. In *FW* they

rehearse their roles in the last chapter and carry them out in the first. The book 'ends' in mid sentence, the continuation of which is on the first page. The perpetuation seems inevitable. But this process *is* interrupted. There *is* an obstacle to the seemingly smooth flow from that final definite article to the "riverrun" at the beginning. This journey is obstructed by *the title, Finnegans Wake*.

I like to imagine the title as an exhortation on Joyce's part to the Tim Finnegans everywhere to awaken and refuse to lie down again. "Finnegans, Wake!", 'ignore the voices that seek to shape you, fly past the nets that are set to trap your souls and confront history with the new consciousness that can free you from oppression!'

If this call is heeded the oppressors will be unable to meet their rendezvous with history and carry out their well rehearsed plans. The cycle can be broken. Millions of Irish souls still await liberation from imperialism, bourgeois nationalism and religious oppression. The conscience of the race is still being forged. *Finnegans Wake* will continue to play a part in that process.

10. HISTORY AS FICTION / FICTION AS HISTORY

Seamus Deane

Passages from Seamus Deane's contribution to the debate on "The Politics of Joyce" in the Rome Seminar of November 1982. Other participants were Gianfranco Corsini, Joan Fitz Gerald, Diarmuid Maguire and Dominic Manganiello. Transcripts from tape by Miranda Melchiori edited by Giorgio Melchiori.

Irish Revival, Modernism and Nationalism

... I think now we have sufficient retrospect on the Irish Revival and on Joyce to recognize that there are very strong family resemblances between Joyce and his contemporaries, though we should not try to blur the very obvious differences; Joyce shares with all his contemporaries a reputation for having produced work which is remarkable for its linguistic extravagance. The traditional explanation of this is that the Irish — for genetic, historical or other reasons — have a peculiar facility in the use not of the Irish but of the English language — a facility linked up with the fact that English is not their native language, and that they want to show a mastery of something in which they had been for a long time incompetent. There may be some truth in this, but it is strange that, in a fairly badly administered colony of the British imperial system, which had produced with stunning regularity for some ninety years third-rate literature, suddenly, in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, there should begin to be produced a literature which is not only of a much higher level than anything that had previously been known, but that also ties up the question of linguistic expression with the political questions that we have been discussing today. ... While we admit the existence of the category of politics and we admit that the main figures of the Irish Revival — with Yeats at the centre, and Synge or even O'Casey — lived through a critical period in modern Irish and European history, we tend to diminish the importance of the connection between politics and language, and consider them simply as writers who possessed this undefined extravagant Irish linguistic spirit, which is responsible for the creation of such remarkable characters as Christy Mahon (*The Playboy of the Western World*) or the personae of Yeats's poetry or the heroic women of O'Casey's Dublin plays.

Now, if we look at Joyce in relation to those writers and think of Stephen Dedalus as a figure who is as much a part of that revival as their characters are, our conception of Christy Mahon and of the rest begins to change. Taking Synge for the time being as a ready-made example, we have in the case of Christy as in that of Stephen two young men who are remarkable within a shabby community for (if not their intellectual gifts in Christy's case) some kind of linguistic operation which makes them to some degree and perhaps ironically, heroic within that community; and the degree to which they are heroic in our eyes is in perfect ratio to the degree in which the community is shabby. The relationship between hero and community is not to be simply explained by exclaiming that Joyce repudiated Dublin or that Synge, despite his love for Innish Eire and County Kerry and so forth, in some way repudiated the West. The fact is that the repudiation is mediated through the ironical conception of the linguistically extravagant hero — and, in Irish circumstances, this is a political conception.

... On the other hand it is possible to look at Joyce in connection not only with the Irish Revival, but with his great contemporaries in the modernist movement. It is true that the theme of betrayal is a predominant and recurrent motif in all of Joyce's works; and it is no accident that we find the same theme in Conrad, in Ford Madox Ford and in Ezra Pound. We might make a good deal of the fact that those three people were in different senses of the term exiles or emigrates [but the point is another]... Taking Joyce and Pound as figures who belong in some way together, a central problem in relation to their work is its obscurity and even — let it be said — the boredom which that work very frequently generates even in the most dedicated readers, because of the concentration on the problems that the text presents us with. Here we have writers who are trying to recuperate a civilization which they claim has been betrayed, has disintegrated, has been handed over to the powers of evil or to the powers of banality, so that the function of their work is implicitly (and in Pound's case explicitly) didactic: to re-educate us back into the situation in which that broken civilization can be, in however desperate a fashion, put together again. But how can work which has a propagandistic ambition ever hope to be successful if it lives in that kind of obscurity which only research and scholarship can after a good deal of labour ever unravel? ... This readership problem is connected with what we are concerned with here today: the relationship between writing and politics. They are attempting to focus for us a political situation or a political crisis in the largest sense of that word: the crisis of the individual consciousness or

of the communal consciousness, faced with a world which, however rich it may be, nevertheless is atomized, broken up, and incomprehensible. That which can be written down in catalogues, dictionaries and encyclopedias is not the more comprehensible for having been written down; the kind of inventory of modern culture which we find in the 'Ithaca' episode of *Ulysses* or in Pound's *Cantos* is actually a detailed tour of the incomprehensibility of that culture, because what is lacking between these things is any kind of relation that will fuse them into comprehensible patterns. ... Also the Irish Revival participates in this modernist melancholy: many of its writers share what somebody has called the melancholy of the collector. Most of the great Irish works of the beginning of this century, including the early Yeats, are in fact collector's pieces, in the sense that their language — that of Synge, of Lady Gregory, of Yeats, of George Moore — is a very carefully chosen dialect; chosen partly for its nostalgic quality, to show that this vanishing thing — let us say the peasants' speech of the West — is all the more beautiful because it is enhanced by the pathos of disappearance; it is about to disappear into history or into some abyss of the past. They are not indulging in nostalgia for its own sake but rather in order to demonstrate to us that the idea of Ireland as they understood it, and as in some ways Joyce understood it — the idea of Ireland sponsored by Irish nationalism, with its most potent writer in Patrick Pearse, which made a virtue and a myth of the West, of the rural life, of the pastoral village — is something which in one way they wish to repudiate, but which in another sense they regard as a vital ingredient in the Irish contribution to the modern political debate.

Even today a number of Irish writers refer to, for instance, activities like those of the blacksmith, the thatcher, the stonemason and so forth, activities which have been entirely replaced by the factory system, electronics etcetera, and they refer to them as a mode of authenticity, all the more authentic for being lost; this is not accidental: it is a recurrent feature of the Irish attempt to assert the fact that there is a possibility of values in a political system which will in some way embrace those values of the pastoral Gaelic world while at the same time belonging to the modern world. But I do not think any Irish writer has yet appeared able to make a conciliation between these two things, and in Joyce's case the major political dispute in his mind and in his work is between a nationalism which he repudiates and a socialism which he cannot link with or conciliate with those vestigial and at the same time authentic qualities which he thinks that nationalism, despite all its distortions, nevertheless enfolds.

If he could have found some conciliation between these two, across the usual Irish bridge of the extravagant pressure upon language to the point almost of its disintegration, then he would have fused two aspects of the modern Irish mentality which no one else has yet done. Perhaps it could be said that he has come closer to it than any other Irish writer, but it is a problem that neither he nor we now can really solve, because its centre, which is both linguistic and political, remains intractable: it is that of establishing within language — and more specifically the English language — a conception of Irish identity, which will remain identifiably itself while at the same time merging with the larger totality which the English language represents. No way round has been found except the despairing way of making a virtue of one's linguistic dislocation, and gaining a worldwide reputation for facility in applying it. The aspect of Joyce which is repeated later in O'Casey and beyond O'Casey in Beckett, and beyond Beckett in contemporary novelists like John Banville, as a kind of recurrent motif, is that of focusing on linguistic extravagance as a mode of dealing with a political reality which cannot be solved at any other level; this is characteristically Irish and even in some ways characteristically tragic.

History

[In reply to a remark by Gianfranco Corsini on the fact that Joyce's references in his work to Irish history are based mainly on popular tradition, songs and the like rather than history books.]

When we speak of Joyce and history, we must remember that, apart from the medieval compilation of Geoffrey Keating in Gaelic, the first history of Ireland in English, by Sylvester O'Halloran, dates from 1774, at the beginning of the first Celtic Revival. Only from that moment, and for the first time, Ireland as a political entity appears as a problem. Until then it had never been a united country and therefore not a subject about which a history can be written. Also the second Celtic Revival is immediately preceded by Standish O'Grady's bardic history of Ireland (1878-80). When Joyce spoke of history he had the same attitude as Edmund Burke in the 1760's, talking about the English versions of Irish history, those of Temple and Clarendon, presenting the Irish as by nature always rebellious, always spoiling for a fight, always troublesome. Burke considers such versions slanderous, since the true history of Ireland is not a history of rebellion but one of unparalleled oppression. Joyce picks up

both points, the rebellion and the oppression, and tries in his peculiar way to rethink the relationship between the distortions which oppression causes and the myths that rebellion creates, and to find an alternative to both, if an alternative is possible. History is a nightmare not so much because one actually wants to escape from it, but because one wants to escape from cliché, from caricature, from the fact that your history has been written by those who disfigured it. That is why Joyce, as you say, refers to Irish history largely through common report, rumour, songs, the versions of history belonging to the people: it was a natural attitude in a country which had only the unprinted version of history to compete with the printed versions which they felt were oppressive and therefore untrue. ... Joyce is always looking for a leverage point which would allow him to say: this is the cliché, this is the convention, is there any means by which we can get under the convention and subvert it and reestablish another truth in its place? He uses popular versions of history as a means of subversion, but perhaps not always successfully.

Nationalism vs. Socialism, Fiction vs. History

[There is no doubt that Joyce was opposed from the beginning to the type of nationalism presented in the paper of Joan Fitz Gerald, so effectively satirized in the figure of 'the Citizen' in *Ulysses*]. That type of nationalism would inevitably produce a failed community, but Joyce at the same time was sympathetic to a genuine and authentic and progressive nationalism — there were and there still are positive elements in national movements, especially in those forms of nationalism dedicated to the recovery of something authentic from the disfigurements of oppression. Joyce's failure is in the fact that he could not see any way in Ireland of rearticulating a concept of Irish nationalism which would give its progressive elements an opening, for instance in the socialist sense. What he recognized (and also Yeats from a very different point of view recognized) was that Irish nationalism, as it was being produced in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, was going to be not only a conservative, but a reactionary force. The state that emerged from the civil war was to give proof of this, and the many ironic comments in *Finnegans Wake* at its expense indicate Joyce's disappointment at the final result.

What I am trying to suggest is that, in the choice between a nationalism which, because of its curious Irish origins, was almost bound to be regressive in its main features, and a socialism which, though encouraged by his

stay in Italy, nevertheless was a socialism which could never be integrated into his conception of the Irish scene, Joyce found himself almost coerced by the demands of the political situation into a position where he had to counter an intractable history with fiction.

I want to try and consider some of the ways in which he does this. The famous moment in the second episode of *Ulysses* where Stephen Dedalus in the course of his history lesson wonders about the brute facts of the deaths of Pyrrhus and Caesar can serve as a point of departure. Stephen thinks: "They are not to be thought away. Time has branded them and fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted. But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only possible which came to pass?"

Stephen is asking a very old philosophical question, but as far as the category of history is concerned, what Stephen admits to himself is: 'they are not to be thought away' — in other words we cannot or he cannot refute the fact that Pyrrhus is dead, that Caesar was murdered, that Parnell was hounded to death. History is fixed, and in its fixity is drastic, and in its drastic nature is lethal to the imagination — especially to the Irish imagination in relation to Irish history. There is no space left for an imagination that is overpowered by such a history.

.....
Joyce had inherited what Yeats called the schoolboy thought of Young Ireland, that rather callow nationalism that came from the Young Ireland movement: it was the only political possibility for a young man of his age in Dublin at the time; what he needed was to disengage himself from it without at the same time completely denying it. Fiction for him was not just a means of escape from the manacles of the manifold universe of nationalism; in fact he was very impressed by the means by which the nationalists were able to do something that he kept sighting in his own work as his aim; they talked about an idea of Ireland which still had not come into existence in such a way and with such force as to bring it into existence. Nationalist Ireland invented an Ireland that never existed so as to create in fact an Ireland which now does exist. Pearse was doing that by talking about the republican tradition from Wolfe Tone to himself, and Yeats by talking about the Anglo-Irish tradition from Swift, Burke, Goldsmith to himself. They are gross historical distortions, yet they were the instruments for bringing into existence something which without them would have had no chance of survival. Joyce lived in a country where the act of speech, the act of propaganda, the act of historical interpretation had reached such a pitch of develop-

ment that its connection with political reality was becoming more and more intimate and more and more forceful. [Recent historical events in Ireland had transformed the population so that it was no longer the traditional peasantry but the mercantile class that felt the appeal of the nationalist revolution.] This new class was achieving a revolution on the basis of an antiquarianism that had faked a non-existent Celtic Ireland transforming it into the real Ireland.

Joyce wanted nothing to do with it, but he did not just escape from it through fiction: he realised instead that looking at Irish politics he was looking at an example of the way in which fiction operates. In other words, fiction does not stand over against the world of which it is a mimetic shadow. *Ulysses* is not a mimicry of, or the double of, a particular day in 1904.

There are of course mimetic relationships, but in *Ulysses* Joyce transforms the relationship between fiction and history, and we could describe this transformation like this: in history we are faced with fixity, in fiction we have potentiality — in other words in a fiction you can leave open a number of potentialities which in fact are instead closed. But the relationship between the openness of the fiction and the closure of the history must be determined by the author. What Joyce is saying is: someone like Stephen, the young intellectual, seeking to escape from history and imagining all the potential that has been quenched by historical fact, is nevertheless, at some point, always going to re-anchor himself again to the historical facts of his upbringing.

The relationship therefore is an aggressive one: history is aggressive towards fiction, fiction is aggressive towards history. This aggressive relationship has to be exploited and explored in language. What is consistently entertaining but at the same time deliberately disappointing in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* is that they constantly produce for us stories which as constantly abort themselves, do not come to the satisfactory or harmonious conclusion that the sense of a proper ending should give us. This is partly a function of the technique that Joyce uses, the interior monologue, because it gives us at first a sense of a chaotic fragmentation of experience, and then later, looking at it in an ampler context, we discover in it a formal symmetry: everything in the interior monologue is in fact conjoined and related, but not in a way that is instantly perceptible. Paradoxically *Ulysses* is both chaotic and highly formalized, perhaps even fanatically organized. This duality, the relationship between chaos and order in the form of *Ulysses*, is a sort of metaphor of the relationship between history and fiction for Joyce. Fiction can look as if it has

the plenitude of openness, as if it is the realization of all potentials and all possibilities — and yet, when you look at it the second time, it has the very fixity, the very kind of closure that one associates with history. We should remember, though, that the interior monologue is by no means the only or even the central technique of *Ulysses*. There is a point at which Joyce begins to parody, to parody language or various kinds of sub-languages in such a way and to such a degree that the intensity of the interior monologue is almost entirely lost. This occurs from the twelfth episode, 'Cyclops', though there are many hints before then. It is as if the novel changes gear, and begins to disappoint us in relation to the story of Stephen and Bloom, and to tell us another story, or rather a number of stories. We are induced not to think of where the story is going to lead us in terms of a conclusion; we are instead constantly reminded of the medium in which the stories are told: the medium of language is not so much the vehicle for the novel — on the contrary the whole significance of the novel is invested in that medium. By this linguistic pregnancy, that prevents us from ignoring the way in which the text is written, Joyce has made the story, which was a senior element in the realistic novel, a junior element in this new kind of narrative; in doing so he is beginning to find a means of correlating the teasing and frustrating relationship between history and fiction.

By privileging language, which is the medium of fiction but also of history, Joyce discovered, by the time he began to write *Finnegans Wake*, that he could use the paradigm, the symbol, the myth as a principle of organization so as to include everything in his new book. The whole plenitude, the whole potentiality of human experience is open to him, and yet, if we want to make the text significant in an ideological or any other way, we must identify not one but several basic paradigms or principles of organization.

Fixity of pattern and plenitude and openness of form is what Joyce was striving towards in *Ulysses*. From the scrupulous meanness of *Dubliners*, through the half-focused ironies of the *Portrait*, Joyce had always been attempting to find new relationships between author and audience through language, so that language (and author) could escape from history and achieve its own natural fullness of form and yet at the same time be rooted in history. Looking at the oppressive presence of Dublin in all of Joyce's work, we know that, though the work is centered in this particular city, it is not just about that city: the city in Joyce's work is like the sea in Conrad's, it is a setting for one of the most wonderful

experiments in modern fiction; an experiment by which Joyce wants to break the back of bourgeois syntax and create a new kind of fiction, so as to re-write the relationship between history and experience.

We could put it like this: *fiction realizes the potential history fails to achieve*. Joyce goes beyond realism and naturalism — those windless universes, as they have been called — and tries to demonstrate that, in this new relationship which he is establishing, a certain comic or tragic isolation is the inevitable result for the protagonist like a Stephen or like a Bloom; and it is always important that the central figure should be a dislocated person in a city which has still the vestigial traces of a communal spirit; only vestigial since that communal spirit has gone shabby. In other words, in re-writing the relationship between history and fiction, Joyce tries to compensate for the spurious kind of community that history was offering — especially the spurious Irish nationalist kind of community — by presenting through his fiction another version of human solidarity or community; but he presents it by using techniques which make the text unavailable to precisely that community which he was sponsoring. It looks as if Joyce has created a cul-de-sac — has been torn by a contradiction which was insoluble for him as for many of his contemporaries. Why was it insoluble? What is the reason for the extreme difficulty and extreme obscurity and extreme pressure of Irish Revival literature, including Joyce's? Where does it come from, after a century of writing, both in poetry and in the novel, which was not only inept, but in which there was no sense of pressure, in spite of the fact that during that century Ireland was transformed, mostly for the worse, politically, socially and materially? ... Perhaps an explanation could be found by looking at Conrad's work. Conrad was under a pressure rather similar to that of Joyce, being an exile, an emigrate and a man fed with a nationalist ideology which he had found spurious — an ideology which made an ethic and a fetish of failure and sacrifice, which he felt was a standing threat not only to his art but to the idea of community which his art, in a very sceptical light, was trying to promote. It was an idea of community other than that posed by politics; throughout this period the possibility of an alternative community in art has constantly been developed through techniques that, though practiced with great executive brilliance, end up by making impossible the realization of the community beyond the work of art.

... [On the other hand the notion of the Irish Revival is based on the belief of the existence in Ireland of an organic community unlike any

other in the rest of Western Europe, and it is identified with the West, in spite of the fact that that part of the country was a ruined area after the famine of the eighteen-forties. Yeats made this idea of an organic community the basis of his poetry while at the same time maintaining the absolute preeminence of the individual mind.] With the paradoxical ease which characterizes so much of his work, Yeats is able to use not only the idea of an organic community in which men are rooted, but also that of a high esoteric degree of individuality, an aristocratic individuality which in fact can only be supplied by the sense of community.

Joyce instead repudiated the notion that Ireland had an organic community, and considered it a nationalist dream. Therefore the high loneliness and individuality of his Stephen Dedalus or Leopold Bloom come from the atomised and fragmented society of which Dublin was a typical sample, and this is a denial of Ireland's uniqueness in relation to Western Europe... Joyce, then, is writing towards a community (an Irish community or a readership community) which still does not exist. He has to begin from the beginning, because everything that had preceded him had wrongly assumed the existence of a social form giving warranty and sanction to fiction.

Let us consider by way of contrast Yeats's attitude as recorded in his journal for March 12, 1909:

There is a sinking away of national feeling which is very simple in its origin. You cannot keep the idea of a nation alive where there are no national institutions to reverence, no national success to admire, without a model of it in the mind of the people. You can call it 'Kathleen-ni-Houlihan' or the 'Shan Van Vocht' in a mood of simple feeling, and love that image, but for the general purposes of life you must have a complex mass of images, making up a model like an architect's model. The Young Ireland poets created this with certain images rather simple in their conception that filled the mind of the young — Wolfe Tone, King Brian, Emmet, Owen Roe, Sarsfield, the Fisherman of Kinsale. It answered the traditional slanders on Irish character too, and started an apologetic habit, but its most powerful work was this creation of sensible images for the affections, vivid enough to follow men on to the scaffold. As was necessary, the ethical ideas involved were very simple, needing neither study nor unusual gifts for the understanding of them. Our own movement began by trying to do the same thing in a more profound and enduring way.

And again:

The Irish people were not educated enough to accept as an image of Ireland anything more profound, more true of human nature as a whole, than the schoolboy thought of Young Ireland.

In that year 1909 Yeats had become the senior poet of the English speaking world, with the death of Swinburne, and the publication the year before of his collected works. From that time onwards his poetry concentrated more and more powerfully on the notion of an aristocratic individuality intended to restore a broken culture to its organic and original form. From about that moment, instead, Joyce's search is equal and opposite: not the search for the heroic individual, but the destruction of the idea of romantic heroism and its replacement with another notion of heroism and of individuality including the idea of communality. The difference between Stephen and Bloom is that between a romantic and a modernist conception of heroism. Bloom is not educated like Stephen, he is not brilliant like him, but he is someone who suffers a natural isolation, because of his religion, of his birth, and of the fact that he is not a native in the Dublin community. Stephen, who is a native in that community, enforces an isolation for himself.

Stephen's enforced romantic isolation contrasts the actual social isolation suffered by Bloom. Joyce attempts to show us that the final reconciliation between the two with which *Ulysses* closes enhances the superiority of a natural community represented by Bloom and repudiates the unnatural aristocratic aloofness and loneliness of which Yeats speaks and of which Stephen Dedalus is a characteristic example.

From there to *Finnegans Wake* is a short step, not technically but thematically: it is the step from the idea of communality achieved in fiction through a character to that of communality achieved through the very form of the fiction itself. To think of communality in these terms is not just a means of envisaging human society as something that has binding features relating us one to the other, it is also a means of trying to deal with history. ... The individual, like Stephen Dedalus, knows that he is determined by history, and this relationship is made clear in the first pages of *Ulysses*; and yet within this determinism he must have openness and freedom. The relationship between the achievement of freedom and the acceptance of the inescapable, even humiliating, biological facts of experience is as far as Joyce can get towards the idea of communality in fiction. However this idea of communality remains for most people opaque

because it is achieved through such extreme technical dislocations in the novel...

In conclusion I shall quote an entry in Stephen's diary at the end of the *Portrait* which marks the difference between Joyce's and Yeats's attitudes:

Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty and, when his arms wrap her round, he presses in his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world.

This, I think, is the Joycean ambition: the act of writing as an act of rebellion, and rebellion as the act of writing. The aspiration is achieved by the act of articulating the idea of loveliness in the same way as Irish nationalism achieved it by articulating the idea of Ireland; Joyce by this act brings the idea into a kind of fictive existence, which is also a kind of real existence. The relationship between the fictive and the real as posed in the entry in Stephen's diary is essentially a political question, but it is a question that remains unsolved both by Joyce and by his readers.

[The paper was followed by a discussion on Joyce's political attitudes in which Dominic Manganiello, Joan Fitz Gerald, and Diarmuid Maguire took part. We reproduce sections of Maguire's contribution and of Deane's reply].

Diarmuid Maguire - ... Joyce in his early writings and in his letters to Stanislaus from Rome expressed a tactical dilemma of his: whether to support bourgeois nationalism which hopefully would give rise to a certain type of capitalism which in turn would give birth to a proletariat able to overthrow that bourgeois nationalism, or to come out more definitely for an autonomous working class movement. I think this is the question posed in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', with its talk about the nationalist candidate standing against the socialist candidate in the Dublin corporation election, where the nationalist candidate supports the visit of the king to Dublin while the socialist candidate is against it, and the question is posed: what is the difference between a good honest bricklayer and a publican? Now, that is the question that Joyce tries to answer finally in *Finnegans Wake*, where the good honest bricklayer Tim Finnegan is at the same time the publican HCE.

Seamus Deane - ... Joyce's dilemma, as put by Diarmuid, is the more enhanced for us by what happened in 1916 and in the later Irish elections. In Ireland, because of certain circumstances, the forces of nationalism and socialism, if they were to triumph, had to conjoin — but in that conjunction not only would one thrive but the other would be destroyed, and the likelihood always was that the one to be destroyed would be the socialist force. I think also that it is easy to underrate the degree of hostility that Joyce had towards what he regarded as a bogus Celtic element in nationalism — not so much the move to revive the language, as the idea of the Irish as a unique Celtic race, one of the last races on the fringe of Europe, an idea that leads straight towards the crude racist and aristocratic

attitude paraded before us by Yeats. The same kind of issue recurs in present day Irish literature; it seems to me astonishing that in contemporary Irish fiction from the 1930's to the 1980's, the recurrent motif, the recurrent redemptive image, is that of the big house. It is an image stolen directly from Yeats and it tends to envisage the present Irish situation as one in which civilization is being threatened by a barbarous tyrant that is about to overcome it. That civilization takes as its emblem the old Anglo-Irish house which today has no other function except that of a tourist attraction in the country, but in the past had as its function the oppression of many of those people who are now being depicted as the barbarous enemies of it. In other words, we have regressed in the late twentieth century to recover one of the favourite and politically oppressive images of the nineteenth century writers which has been given a glamorous second wind and second career by Yeats.

This is also true of the poetry which is being written in the North: there is in it an indefinable nostalgia for either the Ireland that will appear to us when all the fighting is over, when all the blood has been spilt, or for the Ireland that pre-dated all that fighting and all that cruelty, an Ireland which never did exist but which has now become a kind of Eden in the same way as the other Ireland is a kind of Utopia; the actual Ireland that we live in very rarely reaches the poetry with the same force as these two idealised versions of it.

The nature of the Irish nationalism and of the Irish political experience which Joyce focuses for us more powerfully than anyone else is that of a culture dominated by an idea which has never taken substance, and because it has never taken substance it will always have an aggressive relationship — through its fiction, through its poetry, through its art — to fact. Joyce is one of the few who went so far as to actually condescend to Irish social and political facts by including them and making them central to his fiction. If you look at Joyce's middle class catholic world and compare it with the version of that same middle class catholic world which is found in Yeats, you would never believe that the two men were speaking of the same country in the same years. This is the reason for our notion of the Irish Revival as something which excludes Joyce; it would be more useful to think of it as including him but as an adversary presence, as one who tried to bring the Revival back to recognise that, while politically the problem is to reconcile nationalism and socialism, artistically the problem is to rewrite the relationship between art or fiction and history in such a way that history will become amenable to the imagination — which it was not then and still is not now, in Irish terms.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NOBODY - JOYCE IN ROME
from *James Joyce Broadsheet*, no. 10, Feb. 1983

"The University of Rome devoted to Joyce the first week of November. The English Department of the Magistero Faculty, in collaboration with the Irish Embassy in Rome and the cultural division of the Rome Town Council, and with contributions from A. Mondadori Editore and Banco di Roma, set up in the main University campus two photographic exhibitions, accompanied by a display of Joyce's works published by Mondadori, and organized a three day seminar on 'Joyce and Contemporary Italian Culture'.

While one of the exhibitions, 'James Joyce's Dublin', arranged by Kieran Hickey, utilized the well known photographs from the Lawrence Collection in the National Library of Ireland, the other, 'Joyce in Rome', was specially researched and arranged by Carlo Bigazzi and Carla de Petris and included 88 items of completely new material, providing fresh insights into the importance for Joyce's intellectual development of the seven months that he spent as a bank clerk in Rome in 1906-7. It not only illustrated the impact on him of places and people, but it traced to their sources in his reading of books and newspapers at the time, both Joyce's ideological positions and the complex elements that went into his first conception of *Ulysses*. Apart from filling the gaps in a chapter of Joyce's biography, the exhibition, accompanied by a sixty page catalogue, provides a reassessment of a crucial period in his creative life.

Some 130 people from all over Italy took part in the seminar on 3 to 5 November, whose general subject was dealt with in four workshops. The first, on 'Joyce and Italian Criticism', was introduced by an ample survey of the early appreciations of Joyce's works by Giovanni Cianci (Genoa), brought up to date by Rosa Maria Bosinelli (Bologna), and followed by substantial contributions by Viola Papetti (Rome), Ornella De Zordo (Florence), Carla Marengo Vaglio (Turin), and others, while Paola Gulli Pugliatti and Romana Zacchi (Bologna) illustrated the original linguistic-semantic approach developed in their forthcoming book *Terribilia Meditans: Consistency and Interior Monologue in 'Ulysses'*.

The workshop on 'Problems of Translating Joyce' was brilliantly introduced by Fritz Senn (Zurich), who examined translation techniques in the light of Joycean 'dislocution'. In the course of a lively debate, George

Sandulescu (Montecarlo) and Carla Vaglio enlarged on the subject, while Luigi Schenoni, the Italian translator of *Finnegans Wake*, illustrated the principles that presided over his heroic enterprise.

If this workshop elicited a number of questions and comments from the floor, the next one, on 'Joyce's Politics', saw an even more passionate participation, so that the debate overflowed into the next day. In his ample introductory paper Dominic Manganiello (Ottawa) conclusively rejected the idea that Joyce was not concerned with politics, while Seamus Deane (Dublin) took the platform repeatedly, offering a number of insights into Joyce's resolution of the conflict between Nationalism and Socialism by means of his reconsideration of history through the vehicle of fiction. Remarkable contributions came from Diarmuid Maguire (Bologna) who gave a political reading of *Finnegans Wake*, and from Joan FitzGerald (Rome) on the question of Irish Nationalism. Gianfranco Corsini (Salerno), in the chair, stimulated the debate, while a physician, Fausto Federici, advanced an Italian view of Irish politics.

Under the title 'Budget of a Centenary', Richard Ellmann (Oxford) opened the last session, illustrating among other things the additions to the revised edition of his biography, while Franca Ruggieri (Rome) underlined the current interest of the Italian press for Joyce, stimulated also by the publication during the year of bilingual editions of the *Epiphanies*, edited and translated by Giorgio Melchiori, and the first four chapters of *Finnegans Wake*, translated by Luigi Schenoni. The workshop was turned into an open session to accomodate a number of short papers. Different approaches to *Dubliners* were illustrated by a research group from the University of Bari, by Felicity Yorke (Rome), by Imelda Tomasini (Bologna) and by the psychologist Antonio Fusco (Rome); Sandulescu digressed on 'D like Discourse', Franca Ruggieri accounted for the fact that not only *Ulysses* but also the story 'The Dead' was first conceived in Rome. Francesca Romana Paci (Parma) underlined the significance of the Mangan lectures. Jaqueline Risset (Rome) brilliantly explained why Joyce was the truest disciple of Dante, and the closing fireworks were provided by the poet and hispanist Mario Socrate (Rome) who, by asking 'Who fathered Mamalujo?', brought together *Finnegans Wake* and its direct ancestor, *Don Quixote*.

The Centenary was also celebrated by the Comune di Roma during the week 22-27 November under the title 'James Joyce ovvero l'importanza di essere nessuno'. The exhibitions 'Joyce in Rome' and 'Joyce's Dublin' were set up again in the Rispoli municipal library, which arranged also for an exhibition of Joyce's books in Italian, and Italian criticism of

Joyce's work. The RTE documentary 'Is there one who understands me?' was shown daily in the library. Pippo di Marca revived his 'Violer d'amores' at the Metateatro, and there was a performance by Kevin McDermott and Ralph Richey of 'The songs of James Joyce', and one of Luciano Berio's 'Thema' ('Omaggio a Joyce'). A central cinema showed the two Strick films as well as Ruttmann's 'Berlin' and O'Flaherty's 'Man of Aran'."

JOYCE IN ROME - A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION

Sponsors: Università di Roma "La Sapienza" - Assessorato alla Cultura del Comune di Roma

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Luigi Schenoni, Bologna.

Giuseppe Vallifuoco, Roma.

JOYCE AND CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN CULTURE
A SEMINAR, ROME, 3-5 NOVEMBER 1982

- Workshop (a) - *Joyce e la critica italiana*.
Chairman's introductory paper:
G. CIANCI, "Joyce e la critica italiana".
Speakers:
R.M. BOSINELLI, "La critica italiana più recente".
V.M. PAPETTI, "Mollylivia Bloodrabella, sulle orme di Joyce: esperimenti joyciani di Mario Diacono e Emilio Villa".
P. GULLÌ PUGLIATTI, R. ZACCHI, "Analisi semantica di due frammenti di monologo da 'Proteo' e 'Nausicaa'".
O. DE ZORDO, "Joyce e *Solaria*".
- Workshop (b) - *Problems of translating Joyce*.
Chairman's introductory paper:
F. SENN, "Joyce's Dislocution".
Speakers:
C. VAGLIO, "Almosting - translating Joyce".
L. SCHENONI, "Tradurre *Finnegans Wake*".
G. SANDULESCU, "E for Equivalence - Translation as Process".
F. YORKE, "Joyce in the language class: *Eveline*".
H. GRABES.
R. BARONE.
- Workshop (c) - *Trieste - Rome - Ireland: The Politics of Joyce*.
Chairman: G. CORSINI.
Introductory paper:
D. MANGANIELLO, "James Joyce: Anarch, Heresiarch, Egoarch".
Speakers:
D. MAGUIRE, "The Politics of *Finnegans Wake*".
J. FITZ GERALD, "The Citizen and Other Aspects of Irish Nationalism".
S. DEANE, "Joyce and His Contemporaries".
F. FEDERICI, "Joyce e il problema dell'indipendenza irlandese".
Conclusion:
S. DEANE, "History as Fiction, Fiction as History".

- Workshop (d) - *Open Session*.
Chairman: G. MELCHIORI.
Papers:
J. RISSET, "Joyce discepolo di Dante".
F.R. PACI, "Joyce and J.C. Mangan".
F. RUGGIERI, "*The Dead*".
V. BELLOMO, V. INTONTI, R. MALLARDI, G. TODISCO, "Il percorso
soggettività-oggettività in *Dubliners*".
A. FUSCO, "Riflessioni psicologiche su *Gente di Dublino*".
I. TOMASINI, "*Eveline*".

- Workshop (e) - *Budget of a Centenary*.
Chairman: B. ARNETT MELCHIORI.
Introductory paper:
R. ELLMANN, "Joyce at 100".
Speakers:
F. RUGGIERI, "Il centenario joyciano in Italia".
G. SANDULESCU, "D like Discourse".
M. SOCRATE, "Chi era il padre di Mamalajo?".

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