

Joyce's Heirs:

Joyce's Imprint on Recent Global Literatures



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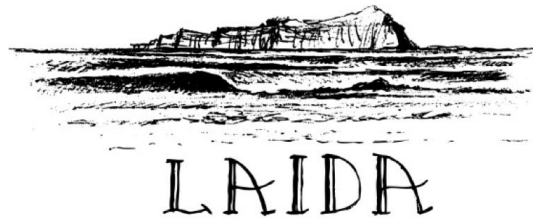
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Foreword

We would like to give special thanks to the research team in LAIDA Literatura eta Identitatea Ikerketa Taldea. Their contribution, which can be found in <https://www.ehu.eus/es/web/laida/helburua>, to the research in Basque literature in a bilingual context, the relationship between literature, gender and identity, and the construction of national identities has been, and is, a paramount example of expertise and dedication. The editors would also like to express their heartfelt thanks to Dr Jon Kortazar Uriarte, professor of Basque Literature at UPV/EHU and main researcher for the LAIDA team, for his invaluable help, without which this volume would have never been published. It has been a real pleasure and an honour to work alongside such a reputed scholar. We are, indeed, indebted to his savoir-faire, his humble approach to all things literary, and his dedication to and passion for literature in general and the Basque Country in particular.

Eskerrik asko, bihotz-bihotzez!



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Introduction

The figure of James Joyce is intangible, an almost all-encompassing figure whose height and breadth bypasses countries, continents and even time constraints and limitations. Many writers have confessed to their being indebted to his works and readings, as have many scholars over the years. Declan Kiberd, in his famed *Inventing Ireland: the Literature of the Modern Nation* (1995), wrote that Joyce's *Ulysses* is "one of the first major literary utterances in the modern period by an artist who spoke for a newly liberated period". However, not everything said about Joyce has always been praising; his contemporary, D.H. Lawrence, is known to have criticised him on the basis of his Biblical references or his journalistic-indebted narrative, which he defined as "old and hard-worked staleness, masquerading as the all-new". Many more writers have, however, found inspiration in Joyce's narratives and stories than not. Joyce Carol Oates praised *Ulysses* assuring that every page "was wonderful and repays the effort" of its reading while George Orwell confessed, after having read Joyce's masterpiece, that it created in him an inferiority complex.

Admirers and detractors aside, it is clear that Joyce's figure is larger than life; almost as a reversed parallelism to D.H. Lawrence's criticism, Joyce can be pronounced a figure of almost Biblical proportions: one may like him or despise him; however, no one is left indifferent by it. This lofty, academic assertion has its more mundane mirror image in the widespread myth that all Dubliners, upon entering a conversation of literary dimensions, will firmly state their own opinions on the Dubliner's work, even discuss some of his passages, only to later acknowledge (perhaps in the intimacy of one of those public houses Joyce himself so well depicted) that they have not read the book at all, at all. This, rather than taking away literary value from Joyce's work, proves how all-encompassing and ever-arching his work can be; discussed alike by high-ranking academics and Dublin taxi drivers, Joyce's oeuvre is an ever-continuing metaphor of life and its essence at the core of the city which he left but always inhabited.

Inspired by the diversity which the Dubliner's work has always fostered in readers and critics alike, the idea to celebrate a gathering which would rejoice in the different approaches, readings and perspectives which his masterpieces invite started to germinate. Of course, one should always start by home. Home has, however, changed enough to include wider perspectives, silenced voices or repressed longings. Aintzane Legarreta's research thus provided a stepping stone from which to see the work of Joyce in the mirror of a feminine approach. Her comparative study of Kate O'Brien and James Joyce proved

inspiring and insightful in bringing up their common approaches to repressed sexuality or the influence of Catholicism on their writings. But one cannot forget that Joyce was a modernist.

Modernism is, without a doubt, at the kernel of Joyce's work; or better said, Joyce is at the centre of Modernism. Be it as it may, like many other Modernist writers, Joyce sought to escape from the well-grounded preconceptions dominating much of his contemporary society. This escape had to be both psychological and physical, for Joyce would leave Ireland for good, but, as Dr Olga Fernández Vicente reminds us "departing Ireland released Joyce from aesthetic, political and family oppression, and provided him with artistic deliverance". Joyce needed freedom to create, to work and to live. However, it would be far-fetched to think that in doing so he was alone. As Dr Fernández Vicente asserts, Joyce could never free himself from Ireland. And that is just as it should be for one's present cannot be explained without looking back; we are as much a product of our actions as we are of our past, individual or collective.

It was with this idea in mind that Dr Richard Jorge first came up with a possible comparison between Joyce's works and one of his antecedents—Bram Stoker. Disparity in narrative style and even genre is what first comes to mind. However, one delves deeper in the similarities and differences, the traits and common intricacies that both writers shared, one quickly comes to the conclusion that there are perhaps more things in common between these two writers than at first meets the eye. It is in their common deployment of the female figure, in their interpretation and realisation of national anxieties, that these two writers come together as one. The female as the nation; the female as the representation of male and colonial anxieties.

However, Joyce's links to an Irish tradition can be taken further back in time. More precisely to the eighteenth century. Dr Charlie Jorge takes us in a journey—almost quite a literary stretch—in drawing the influences of Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* on Joyce's 'the Boarding House.' Nor do we leave the female for, as Dr Charlie Jorge shows us, there is a darker, more threatening side to the interpretation of Mother Ireland than later comparisons would suggest. Indeed, the comparisons established between Joyce and Maturin's works prove that the Gothic genre not only is alive and kicking but that it never ceased to cast its perennial shadow over subsequent generations of Irish writers.

Joyce's work, however, does not look back on its past. Nor is it exclusively associated with Ireland. Indeed, if the Emerald Isle is the roots, the branches are manifold and varied. Nerea Unda shows how the fiction of the Dubliner can take strange, recurrent albeit innovative shapes. If previous analyses have taken us back in time, Nerea Unda transports us to the timeless fantasy world of Harry Potter; where previous research showed the links to nationalism and the imprint of the female as the nation and as a—sometimes vengeful—mother, Ms Unda's research sheds light on the paternal side of Joyce's narrative. Indeed, her analysis of Bloom and Harry in the light of the father archetype is illuminating and insightful.

Not everything in this conference was laughter and merriment, however. As Dr Ricardo Navarrete shows, Joyce's works can take his readers from the realm of fantasy to the depths of the netherworld. His comparison between the Egyptian tradition as presented in *The Book of the Dead*, and the Irish perception of dead, with all its rituals, superstitions

and paraphernalia, constitutes an innovative, interesting and exciting approach to the different myths of resurrection present in literary works. The dead, the idea of the dead, with their ritual and the mysteries that surround them is but the gateway to a more profound if less archaic approach – that of the occult.

As Ms Guillermina Heredia Campos shows us, the world of the occult is very present in Joyce’s writings. Amulets, talismans, and superstition are at the core—one could say they are almost the essence—of the Dubliner’s work. One always learns something new, and who could have said that the different colours employed by Joyce in depicting and creating his characters would have such a significance, such a reading, and offer such a great array of interpretations? And yet there is still room for more for Joyce can also touch upon the infantile.

Ms Macarena Martín Martínez draws comparisons between Lafontain’s classic, *the Ant and the Grasshopper*, and Joyce’s episode in *Finnegans Wake*, “The Ondt and the Gracehoper”. Once again, as is very often the case with Joyce, the reader is baffled by how much seriousness, how much criticism—social, religious, or scholarly, for Joyce was an apt critic—can be found in the most unlikely places; in a paramount example of genetics in literary studies, Ms Martín disassembles, almost dissects, the different traces and cues left hidden by the craft of the Dublin writer regarding the different principles, tenets and procedures of the Catholic Mass. A delightful discovery if not a religious momentum.

This collection would have been left incomplete had it not included an acknowledgement of the Irish imprint on Basque letters. I mentioned at the beginning of this introduction that many writers are indebted to the legacy and genius of James Joyce; a statement that is equally applicable to American writers as it is to Basque *écrivains*. The impact of Joyce’s oeuvre on Basque writers, especially of the latter part of the twentieth century, is still to be determined and researched. It is, however, undeniable that such an impact would have been impossible without the craft and mastery of the translators that have made it a reality. Very often unacknowledged but always required, translation is an art, a profession, that bespeaks of talent, patience and dedication. Dr Olga Fernández Vicente’s interview of Xabier Olarra, translator of *Ulysses* to Basque, is an insightful journey into the always exciting, often ignored, task of the translator: a daunting yet necessary task.

One cannot finish the introduction to this volume, this collection of an acknowledgement without paying tribute to the city that was kind enough to hold the event. Bilbao is, in itself and of itself, an entity that—very much like the Joycean Dublin—bespeaks of the universal without abandoning the immediate. The transformation the city has undergone from industrial backbone to postmodern flagship is epitomized by two landmarks which feature strongly, vividly in the minds of *bilbainos*; on the one hand, dominating the landscape over the city, the remnants of the blast furnace in Exebarria, a reminder of the Basque industrial past; on the other, leading the city to new directions, the ship-shaped Guggenheim Museum, stronghold of a postmodern world in the urban landscape of the city. Without having lost its essence, Bilbao has become an everywhere, a city a little modern in its heart forced to be the most postmodern one. Or perhaps it is because, as the Irish writer John McGahern once asserted, “there’s no here here; every here has become an everywhere”.

Bilbao, 22nd February 2019

Richard Jorge and Olga Fernández Vicente

“James Joyce IS MY Man”: Kate O’Brien and James Joyce

Aintzane Legarreta Mentxaka

Abstract. To Kate O’Brien, James Joyce was “the greatest Artist –there will never be another”. Despite this, her work has long been associated by critics with Balzac’s social vistas, George Elliot’s realism, and populist romance. It is only in the last few years that O’Brien has been discussed for her modernist interests and innovative style, including her rather original development of subtext and fictional autobiography, and her engagement with feminism, post-colonial Irishness, socialism, or queer representation. The influence of Joyce in her work is one of the areas that requires more investigation. Elizabeth Foley O’Connor has recently argued that Joyce is not just a writer O’Brien admired, but in fact her “most sustained and pervasive literary mentor”. Katie Donovan said in 1988 that “James Joyce and Kate O’Brien are an incongruous pair –the former the giant of male Irish writers, the latter one of the least recognised on Irish women writers. Yet people once laughed at the idea of comparing Shakespeare with Jane Austen. They don’t any longer.” This essay discusses points of convergence between the two writers, considering some of their ideas and beliefs, and some stylistic features shared by them. It focuses on the intertextual links between *The Land of Spices* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Mary Lavelle* and *Ulysses*, paying particular attention to two aspects: Anna-Stephen’s education, and Lavelle-Bloom’s flânerie. Before that, I will mention a few.

Keywords. Intertextuality, gender, education, post-colonial, queer, sexuality.

To Kate O’Brien, James Joyce was “the greatest Artist –there will never be another” (Dalsimer 59). Despite this, her work has long been associated by critics with Balzac’s social vistas, George Elliot’s realism, and populist romance. It is only in the last few years that O’Brien has been discussed for her modernist interests and innovative style, including her rather original development of subtext and fictional autobiography, and her engagement with feminism, post-colonial Irishness, socialism, or queer representation.

The influence of Proust, Woolf, or Joyce in her work is one of the areas that requires more investigation. Elizabeth Foley O'Connor has recently argued that Joyce is not just a writer O'Brien admired, but in fact her "most sustained and pervasive literary mentor" (O'Connor 11). Katie Donovan was the first to provide a comparative analysis of the two writers, in a pamphlet of 1988, where she pointed out that:

James Joyce and Kate O'Brien are an incongruous pair -the former the giant of male Irish writers, the latter one of the least recognised of Irish women writers. Yet people once laughed at the idea of comparing Shakespeare with Jane Austen. They don't any longer. (Donovan 19)

This essay will continue the investigation of the relevance of Joyce to O'Brien's work, by focusing on the intertextual links between *The Land of Spices* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Mary Lavelle* and *Ulysses*, paying particular attention to two aspects: Anna-Stephen's education, and Lavelle-Bloom's flânerie. Before that, I will mention a few general points of convergence between the two writers, considering some of their ideas and beliefs, and some stylistic features shared by them.

Common Ground

Common ground: general

How much did O'Brien and Joyce have in common? They were both modernist Irish writers working in English around the same period. O'Brien, born in 1897, was fifteen years younger than Joyce -which means that, like the Irish modernist Elizabeth Bowen (b. 1899), O'Brien was able to benefit from the radical experiments in fiction by Richardson, Joyce, or Woolf, which had put literature on a collision course. By the time O'Brien published her first novel, *Without my Cloak* (1931), Richardson's *Pointed Roofs* (1915), Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922), and Woolf's *Jacob's Room* (1922) were available. Unlike these contemporaries, from the time of publication of her first novel and right through to the mid-1950s, O'Brien was a steadily popular author, thanks to her plots of intellectually-minded women breaking the rules of morality, and her favouring of a less obtrusive experimentation in style, which secured her a loyal following.

In terms of ideas, O'Brien and Joyce have a similar stance on the three connected vectors of nationhood, politics, and religion. Their sense of Irishness, for example, is conditional on their allegiance to Europe, their internationalist politics, and an agnosticism which does not supersede their being shaped by a Catholic education. Both chose to live outside Ireland for most of their lives, partly because of the conservative values promoted by the state after independence, but both remained closely engaged with the country through their work. O'Brien and Joyce documented in fiction "the emergence of a post-colonial elite" in Ireland, and used the *bildungsroman* as "an instrument with which to investigate the Irish experience" (Kiberd 334-6).

The politics of both writers have traditionally been sidelined by critics, who have tended to prioritize the style of Joyce and the radical content of O'Brien. Max Weir has contended that modernism developed partly from "exchanges between individualist

aesthetics and anarchist politics” (Weir 201). It has been argued that Joyce had an interest in anarchism which peaked in 1906-7, at an early, formative period (Weir 216). It is worth noting that *Ulysses* was first published in serialised form in a journal associated with anarchism, *The Little Review*. As many commentators have pointed out, Stephen’s educated ‘Non Serviam’, and his taping of his brow to declare that “in here it is I must kill *the priest and the king*”, are both versions of the anarchist motto ‘No God, No Master’ (Riquelme 211).¹

O’Brien declared her anarchist allegiances in the book she wrote in support of the left in the Spanish Civil War, *Farewell Spain*, of 1937, where she compared living as an anarchist and living as a Christian, and declared that an anarchist world “would be heaven, heaven on earth” (O’Brien 1985, 33). One critic has referred to O’Brien’s “quietly anarchic protagonists”, giving the example of Ana de Mendoza in *That Lady* (Donovan 19), but she also created an outspoken anarchist, Don Pablo Areavaga, the co-protagonist (as Juanito’s double) of *Mary Lavelle*. O’Brien’s feminist politics have attracted increased critical attention, with Elizabeth Cullingford for example describing *The Land of Spices* as “a lesbian-feminist attack on de Valera’s 1937 constitution, which accorded the Catholic Church a ‘special position’ within the Irish State, enshrined the heterosexual family as the national norm, and defined women solely as mothers ‘within the home’” (Butler Cullingford 24).

Both O’Brien and Joyce were agnostic, and both had a middle class Catholic background and were educated as boarders in religious institutions.² Dorothy Richardson believed that Joyce had “remained hampered by the handcuffs firmly fixed in youth by the Jesuits” (Bowler 20). Conversely, Lorna Reynolds described O’Brien as a life-long “Catholic agnostic” (Reynolds 18). But here is the key difference: while Joyce entwined religion and oppressive morality, and often made a point of mocking religious beliefs and practices, O’Brien reclaimed Christianity as a cultural and ethical bond, and despite her critical stance of the Catholic church as an institution, she was by and large respectful of the beliefs associated with it. Adele Dalsimer has suggested that in *Portrait*, “the religious life (...) must be rejected if creativity is to thrive. In Joyce’s writing, unlike Kate O’Brien’s, the Church offers no relief from the deprivations of family life; rather, it emerges as equally noxious to the creative spirit”, and by contrast, “in *The Land of Spices* (...) as in the later *The Last of Summer* and *The Flower of May*, conventual life fosters love and creativity” (Dalsimer 19).

Common ground: representation of sexuality

Katie Donovan claimed that the difference between O’Brien and Joyce was that “Joyce’s description of his characters’ sexual experiences is uncompromising and explicit, and as such, represents his public gesture of defiance against Irish sexual taboos. Kate

1 For ‘Non Serviam’: James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, John Paul Riquelme ed, New York and London: Norton, 2007, pp. 211, 218; and James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Declan Kiberd ed, London: Penguin, 1992, p. 682. For ‘I must kill the priest and the King’, Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 688. Emphasis added.

2 Joyce by the Society of Jesus or ‘Jesuits’, and O’Brien by the Faithful Companions of Jesus, a French order of nuns.

O'Brien is subtle and suggestive in sexual matters, indicating her hesitation to take an authorial stand of defiance" (Donovan 19). This is certainly not true of O'Brien's 'The Good Basque Country' chapter in *Mary Lavelle*, which bears comparison with 'Nighttown'. The most sexually challenging scene in Joyce, Bloom's fantasy in 'Nighttown', depicts a dream-like scenario, in absurdist mode, written as a play-script, set up in a circus ring, and presented as a disjointed narrative -each point in this list is a distancing device. By contrast, O'Brien reverses the priorities, describing an *actual* sexual encounter, and then adding a surrealist *subtext* (Mary-as-bull).

Ulysses is on a mission to refer to sexuality in fiction. Bloom's erotic interests include masturbation, bestiality, coprophilia, paedophilia, incest, sadomasochism, voyeurism, exhibitionism, sodomy, oral sex, transvestism, the use of pornography, fetichism, and homosexuality. O'Brien's novels also cover an array of non-normative attachments, as I have discussed elsewhere, and are notable for positive representations of lesbian and gay characters. Several critics have discussed the relevance of 'homosexual panic' in Joyce's work, for example in the "mixture of (...) attraction and repulsion" which torments Stephen in *Portrait*, or the ambiguous and pre-emptive homophobia of the short story "An Encounter". (Valente 1998) In *Ulysses*, homosexuality is ever-present but not once directly discussed, as in this characteristic plot turn: after Bloom has lost a back button and "entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing" makes light of the "mischance", he walks with Stephen by the back door to the morgue, until they reach an icecream van next to a men's urinal (i.e. like a photograph, and its negative) in an area full of people of "the genus homo" (Joyce 728). Like Joyce, in O'Brien sexuality is always non-normative, and always somewhat dysfunctional. Unlike Joyce, O'Brien is not interested in provocation, and she is rarely light-hearted about sex.

Outrageous is not necessarily the same as subversive. In Joyce, many references are too obscure to go beyond a private joke. Consider this paean to homosocial penetration, disguised as a comment on the welfare-state, when Bloom declares that he wants "to see everyone... having a comfortable tidysized income... That's the vital issue at stake and it is feasible and would be provocative of friendlier intercourse between man and man... I call that patriotism" (Joyce 747). From the discreet (Bloom's "moving hams"), to the sly ("prepare to meet your god, says he"), to the crass (the Nelson pillar story), to the queerly operatic (mistress Bello), the style of *Ulysses* is elusive and straightforward at once (Joyce 720, 726). O'Brien's strategies match her aim: she wants to persuade her reader to let go of prejudice, by activating empathy. If Joyce's interventions are high jumps, O'Brien is a long-distance runner. According to Gerardine Meaney, "[p]rohibition and impossibility are the conditions of social existence in [O'Brien's] fiction" (Meaney 81). Conversely, we could say that tolerance and adventurousness are the signs of a cultivated mind in O'Brien's world, and that she wields her pen like a rake.

Back in 1926, Kate O'Brien's first play had to meet the censor's requirements in Britain, and references to extra-marital sex and an illegitimate child were cut (Moran 1-7). Ten years later, *Mary Lavelle* was banned in Ireland and Spain, as documented by Marisol Morales Ladrón, and in 1941, her novel *The Land of Spices* was banned again in Ireland -because of a single sentence referring to homosexuality, as documented by Jana Fischerova (Morales Ladrón 57-72). *Ulysses* is of course the most famous case of censorship in English literature of the period, together with Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, burnt after

an Obscenity Trial in 1928 for its lesbian content. They became test cases, and warnings to other writers. And here is where Kate O'Brien's arrival on the literary scene later than Joyce, takes on another colour. Because O'Brien *knew* exactly what she was up against when she wrote *Mary Lavelle*, and she was willing to take the risk. Another ten years on, in 1946, after being approached by Irish senator John Keane, O'Brien agreed to officially contest the banning of *The Land of Spices*. Their challenge failed but it was an important step towards the end of state censorship in Ireland. As Eibhear Walshe has explained, the episode also "made Kate O'Brien something of an emblematic figure for liberal dissenters in Ireland", as well as "with Irish lesbians and gay men" (Walsh 44).

Common ground: life-writing

Kate O'Brien declared in 1963 that "James Joyce is my man. Here is a writer who tells the truth about himself" (O'Brien 46). Truth-telling in life-writing plays an important part in the work of both writers. Joyce signed 'Stephen Daedalus' in private letters as early as June 1904, while the poet Austin Clarke's title for an article on him was " 'Stephen Dedalus': The Author of *Ulysses*" (Crowley 129). In similar fashion, the politician and writer José María Areilza, O'Brien's former pupil, opened his recollections of her with the line: "I met Mary Lavelle in 1922" (Areilza 226-9). But then, O'Brien herself had told him that *Mary Lavelle* was "almost autobiographical", a link I have discussed elsewhere (Areilza 1994, 33-41). Lorna Reynolds often asked O'Brien to write her memoirs, "but in a sense this was stupid of me. She had already said what she wanted to say about her life in her novels, however obliquely" (Reynolds 133). O'Brien's biographer Eibhear Walshe has pointed out to several instances where key characters in her work (often sexually non-normative ones) are the same age as O'Brien was at time of writing (Walshe 84, 123), and many plot lines and house-of-mirror duplications revisit her life events.

The protagonist of *Pray for the Wanderer*, the 1938 novel which followed *Mary Lavelle*, is Matt Costello, a banned Irish novelist in voluntary exile. Most critics agree that Matt "is essentially a version of O'Brien herself" (O'Toole). He has been described as "Kate O'Brien's vocal weapon", in a novel that represents a "literary revenge" for the banning of *Lavelle*.³ It is fitting, then, that *Pray for the Wanderer* discusses the maligned *Ulysses* at several points. It would appear, Matt explains, that his own novels are "too crude and small to be considered by the ancient and snobbish sophistication of Catholic Ireland. A sophistication which had produced, but would by no means read, *Ulysses*" (O'Brien 1938, 71). At one point, Matt recites a chunk of *Ulysses* by heart -from the scene in the National Library, with Stephen holding forth on 'Shakespeare'-, and his friend goes on to declare that, despite his travels and his experience, Matt in fact has "the lovely manners of a Jesuit!" (O'Brien 1938, 43). In reproducing the Library scene, O'Brien compares Joyce to Shakespeare, and Matt himself to Joyce. Meanwhile, she presents herself as a second Saint Stephen, stoned by her own compatriots.

3 For 'weapon', see Joan Ryan, "Class and Creed in Kate O'Brien", in Maurice Harmon ed. *The Irish Writer and the City*. Gerrards Cross, Bucks, Colin Smythe, 1984, pp. 125-135, p. 133. James Cahalan, *The Irish Novel*, Boston: Twayne, 1988, p. 208.

The Land of Spices has also been described as "thinly fictionalised", in light of O'Brien's own description of a matching background in 'Memoirs of a Catholic Education' (Ryan 122). As Adele Dalsimer has discussed,

In *A Portrait of the Artist as a young Man*, Joyce returned to Clongowes and Belvedere, the Jesuit schools of his youth. So too, does Kate O'Brien, in her most demonstrably autobiographical work, revisit Limerick's Laurel Hill Convent to which her family had sent her at the age of five, when her mother died. (...) Like Stephen Dedalus, Anna is a partial self-portrait of the author, 'a quiet, reflective child, hardworking and bright.' (Dalsimer 59)

But the art of selfhood is also the art of fiction. As O'Brien herself put it, "Proust has taught us that the memories we sit down to, that we select and seek, are false" (O'Brien 1962, 6). Writers sit down to seek and select and seek. Fifty years ago, but still unheeded, Hugh Kenner carefully reviewed the claims that Joyce had portrayed himself in Stephen, to conclude that "though [Joyce] used everything usable from his own experience, he was creating all the time a character not himself" (Kenner 353). Kenner listed close matches and wide misses in biographical confluence, not just in Stephen but also in Bloom, as well as Gabriel, Mr Duffy, Jimmy Doyle, and other characters from *Dubliners*, which he saw as fictions, in a constellation of "potentialit[ies]" (Kenner 358) or 'what ifs' springing from the writer's life. This is also a useful model for O'Brien's autofictions.

Common ground: style

Many have claimed that in Joyce's work "the style was the subject". (Kiberd 126) By contrast, O'Brien studies have seen subject matter as her *finis terrae*. Both writers favoured certain stylistic devices, however, such as narrative layering and representation of consciousness. I will first discuss intertextuality, and then the use of 'stream of consciousness' and 'narratio obliqua'. Joyce is famous for his intertextuality, and O'Brien should be too. Just as *Portrait* borrowed from *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Mahaffey 121), or *Ulysses* dismembered and devoured the *Odyssey*, O'Brien's *Mary Lavelle* adapted Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, "Genesis" 19, *Don Quixote*, or *Death in the Afternoon* in startling ways. For example, Don Pablo/King Arthur is a Basque anarchist, brought down by his communist son Juanito/Lancelot, when he falls for an Irish postcolonial subject intoxicated by independence in 1922, Mary/Gwenevere, under the watchful eyes of the never-quite-detached exile Agatha/Morgan la Fay. O'Brien's modern update continues the utopian appeal of the Arthuriad.

The other intertextual strands in *Mary Lavelle* are equally rich. In the modernised biblical parable, the novel opens with the arrival of an androgynous and unearthly beautiful foreigner, a guest in the house of the Areavagas/Lot's family. The high furnaces of the city of Bilbo/Sodom, one of the most heavily industrialised cities in the world, burn in the night. It is an apocalyptic scenario. As Catherine Byron has identified, after the last page of *Mary Lavelle*, those left behind will face the catastrophe of the coup d'état of General Primo de Rivera of 1923 and the dictatorship that followed (Byron). In yet another narrative strand, O'Brien reworks Cervantes' classic novel *Don Quixote*, so that Quixote, Sancho, and Dulcinea are symbolically embodied in three penniless Irish governesses from Wexford, Dublin, and Limerick -Conlan, O'Toole, and Lavelle-, in one of the

funniest sideshows in an O'Brien novel. Finally, O'Brien also uses Hemingway's treatise on bullfighting *Death in the Afternoon* to plot the romance narrative, including the sexual initiation of the protagonist, in a surrealist scene where the perfect bull -Mary Lavelle- faces an unprepared bullfighter in the terms described by Hemingway.

O'Brien was part of the 'psychologist' or 'spiritual' writers, as opposed to the 'materialists'. This was Woolf's distinction between fiction writers interested in the inner life of their characters and the shifting perception of the world from the perspective of individual minds, versus writers who were descriptive, fact-bound, and committed to linear plots (Woolf 146-54). Within the wider modernist movement, artists themselves often made a distinction between their own style of 'subjective' art, and the 'objective' approach inherited from the Renaissance. This is the reason for the modernist empathy with medieval European art, African folk sculpture, or Japanese pictorialism -anti-naturalism, the disregard for accuracy in rendition, proportion, or perspective. For Irish artists and writers, the modernist feeling of kinship with the medieval had a crucial bonus: it offered a bridge to pre-reformation Ireland, as a way of transcending the fractures and inequalities of the early twentieth century. For example, Kate O'Brien described medieval Irish monasticism as "a kind of utopia", and Joyce, it has been argued, was not only influenced by medieval literature and philosophy, but adopted a "medieval way of thinking" -of constructing arguments or understanding the world- discernible in his fiction. (O'Brien 1989, 5).

'Mind' was another equalizer, and it is worth considering the assumed universality of the mechanics of thought, in the context of the internationalist aspirations of the modernists. While O'Brien uses stream of consciousness rarely, by comparison to Joyce, her understanding of cognitive processes is the same: a flow of loosely connected ideas and images, which shift continuously. O'Brien, like Joyce, Woolf, and many other modernists, was partial to the use of 'narratio obliqua', third person indirect free style, a technique generally acknowledged to have been invented by Austen. In Joyce, the humour of the Bloom sections is a direct descendant from Austen's displaced irony, where the narrator exposes the absurdities of the character's claims with minimal intervention.

One of the indications that Bloom may have molested his young daughter is done through 'stream' technique. This is an interesting stylistic decision, because the technique eliminates narratorial intervention, and because the 'stream' form is capacious, often moodled, always propelled forward and away from itself. Compare Bloom's 'stream' to the little Anna Murphy's thoughts in 'indirect free style', when she is warned by another girl about a paedophile in *The Land of Spices*. The topic is relatively unclear in Bloom, and explicit in Anna.

Goulding knows it well too. Or he feels still harping on his daughter. Wise child that knows her father, Dedalus said. Me? (Joyce 352).

Anna was embarrassed. Sometimes [Mr Lawson] had asked her to kiss him, and she hadn't liked it but she had thought it was her own evil imagination and things heard at school that made her so uncomfortable. After all, he was a very old man[.] (O'Brien 204)

In terms of representation of thought, 'stream' is often perceived as a more radical technique than 'indirect free speech', because it is undiluted. 'Stream' technique certainly wrinkles up the text in a visible way, it alters rhythm, and it requires a switching of the reader's comprehension skills to a more closely engaged, more creative mode. But 'stream'

can also mean the ability to hint, or indeed declare, without consequences. It can be safer for the writer, just as a burst of ink allows a squid to escape. Lillian Faderman has discussed the notion that the grammatical and lyrical contrivance or exuberance of modernism may have been developed as a strategy to say the unsayable.⁴

The Land of Spices (1941)

Education: Anna - Stephen

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and *The Land of Spices* are two Irish *künstlerromane* focusing on personal, aesthetic, erotic, and ethic development within a formal Catholic education system. O'Brien's novel was designed as a contrapuntal duet to Joyce's. James Cahalan was the first critic to point out the intertextuality in 1988, and it was soon established that O'Brien was rewriting Joyce, to produce what Adele Dalsimer called a "portrait of the artist as a young woman", in a story where Stephen Daedalus is 'transposed' into Anna Murphy, a girl from Limerick ('Mellick' in the novel) (Dalsimer 59).⁵

The Land of Spices tells the story of Anna, who is six years old when she joins 'Saint Famille', a boarding school run by French nuns, in the prosperous Irish midlands town of Mellick, around the year 1905. She is the youngest boarder, and the Belgian head of the convent Helen Archer takes her under her protection. Helen had sought the religious life as a refuge from the world, after the shock of discovering her father's homosexuality. The quiet Anna is studious and has a questioning mind. She spends the summers by the sea, enjoying the company of her little brother Charlie. The siblings meet an impressive English suffragette, Miss Robertson, and Charlie begins to wear a feminist ribbon. Anna learns that an elderly man she knows may be sexually preying on children. In an accident, Charlie drowns, and Helen supports Anna through her grief. The Irish Revival is promoted by some teacher nuns, with the help of the local Catholic bishop. Anna has lost her faith. She wants to continue her studies, and with the support of Helen and a timely scholarship, she is able to go to university.

Dalsimer has discussed "Joycean echoes" in *The Land of Spices*, such as the two children's "fascinat[ion] with words" (Dalsimer 67).⁶ But a wealth of detail seems lifted straight out of *Portrait*: "baby tukoo" (Joyce 1965, 3) is "little mouse" (O'Brien 1941, 47), Simon Dedalus' face at close range is Harry Murphy's, the first prayer heard by Stephen is like one Anna hears, the ghostly marshall in the corridor of Clongoves is the Foundress' bust in 'Sainte Famille' who will nod at any girl meant to be a nun. Later on, Father Dolan's sadism will be matched by Mother May Andrews' cruelty, and so on. However, the children's reactions are different. For example, a link between suffering and pleasure is perceived by Stephen and Anna at an early stage, but he will relate it to personal sin, while she will associate it with social demands (O'Brien 1941, 40).

4 Faderman is specifically discussing Gertrude Stein, and engaging with the critics Edmund Wilson and James Mellow. See Lillian Faderman, *Surpassing the Love of Me: Romantic Friendship and Love Between Women from the Renaissance to the Present* (1981), London: Women's Press, 1985, pp. 399-405.

5 See also James Cahalan, *Novel*, p. 208, 217.

6 See also *Land* 67-8.

One of the many gifts of *The Land of Spices* is that it visibilizes the gendering in *Portrait*, a book of male-centered experience concerned with the development of a viable masculinity for its protagonist, Stephen. His patrilineage is emphasized in the opening and closing lines about his father, as well as his referents Aristototele or Aquinas, with the 'soldier of god' Loyola as an important role model. Later on, in the "riot of his mind" (Joyce 1965, 69, 75), Stephen's "intellectual revolt" compels him to use "violent and luxurious language" (Joyce 1965, 140, 59). This is a substitute for the physical brutality that the male world demands –since the short-sighted Stephen, with his small, frail body, cannot exercise it. In *Land*, Anna's ineffectual parents are left out of the picture when Reverend Mother develops a bond with her. Anna realises that she is unattractive in comparison to other girls, but this is just a momentary setback. Unlike Stephen, who is relentlessly analysing his own reactions to stimuli, Anna is mainly an observer who appears to "memorise" life for "critical purposes" (O'Brien 5). This is another key difference between them – Anna is outward looking, while Stephen is self-absorbed. It is not a coincidence that 'detachment' is the key term in Kate O'Brien's work, or that Augustine Martin once claimed that O'Brien looked at Irish society "with a relentless, yet placid, objectivity" (Martin 88).

The treatment of religion is another important difference in the two novels. For the newly agnostic Stephen, the frame of reference remains intact, as in "the cloister of [his] mind", the artist has now become "a priest of the eternal imagination" (Joyce 1965, 148, 170). Anna loses her faith as a little girl, but she retains the positive elements she perceives in Christianity. Religion is not a repressive force in *Land*, merely a basic set of values promoting generosity over selfishness and compassion over prejudice. Christianity as a set of ideas is therefore a civilising force, as essential to education as History or Arithmetic. Perhaps it can even be a liberating force, like Cullingford has argued, because "the convent family provides an alternative 'home' and power base for women" (Cullingford 24). Being run by a French order, Anna's convent is generally outward-looking, contrasting with the insularity of Irish Catholicism. Stephen, whose alter-ego is the protestant Charles Stewart Parnell (Henke 55-6), is confident that he will in time be reinstated as a national hero, because he seeks no less than "to forge the uncreated conscience of my race" (Joyce 224). The equivalent of Mr Parnell in *Land* is Miss Robertson, a visiting protestant English suffragette who was jailed for her beliefs and went on hunger strike. This is another interesting rewrite by O'Brien, appearing to contrast Stephen's incipient nationalism, and the star-system of epic narratives, to combatant anonymous internationalist feminism.

Stephen's world is a world of men, for men. Women serve to deflate homoerotic anxieties, and provide a refuge from the constant physical and psychological warfare of the male sphere, through sex, since their uneducated minds can offer nothing else. In *Land*, the nuns are painfully aware that they are expected to train the girls to become wives. Thanks to a scholarship and the timely help of Reverend Mother, Anna escapes a fate of domesticity, and the book ends with the news that she will go to university. This happy ending is a radical displacement of marriage in a traditional romance plot, so that Anna is partnered with learning. Stephen's sister Dilly did not receive a formal education, and when he sees her buying second hand books, he thinks: "She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her" (Joyce 122). But he does not try. Ann Owens Weekes has suggested that in *The Land of Spices* O'Brien set out to offer "the sister's story –not, as Virginia Woolf did, the tragic story of Shakespeare's sister, nor even the pathetic tale of the poor Dilly Dedalus

whom Stephen abandoned", but to give his imagined sister Anna "an alternate family", which will foster her "God-given curiosity", through an education "based not on patriarchal concepts of utility but rather [modelled on] the relationship between an individual soul and its creator, one that would train her, in other words, primarily for her own sake" (Owens Weekes 122).

Anna does not know it herself, but her love of words points towards a literary career. She has an epiphany while looking at a fellow student, who under her eyes is transformed into "a motive in art" (O'Brien 1941, 271). The 'girl in the beach' scene in *Portrait* is the culmination of Stephen's *künstlerroman*. How deliciously subversive, then, when Kate O'Brien drops her female protagonist, Anna, into Stephen's shoes, to allow *her* to have an equivalent aesthetic and erotic awakening, triggered by a girl, her schoolmate Pilar.

Now (...) she saw Pilar in a new way. She became aware of her and of the moment on a plane of perception which was strange to her (...) She saw her, it seemed, in isolation and in a new sphere, yet one made up of broken symbols from their common life and which took flight from the simplicity of shared associations. A foolish school-girl [became] an exquisite challenge to creativeness; she saw Pilar as a glimpse, as if she were a line from a lost immortal; she saw her ironically, delightedly, as a motive in art. (O'Brien 1941, 271-2)

The lost immortal refers to 'the immortal Sappho' (a common epithet), many of whose poems have been lost but for a single line. The aesthetic awakening of Anna is thus doubly signalled as lesbian. This is in pointed contrast to Stephen's homophobic trajectory, with Valente going as far as suggesting that Stephen's very "aesthetic vocation figures the sublimation of homosocial ties through the elaboration of a heteroerotic ideal" (Valente 64).

It is worth mentioning that Joseph Valente and Margot Backus, in a jointly written article, have accused me of "paus[ing] to argue specifically against any lesbian presence [in *Land*]" in my book *Kate O'Brien and the Fiction of Identity*, when "she excludes *The Land of Spices*" from a discussion of O'Brien's subtextual strategies, in what they describe as "a classic act of Freudian denegation" (Backus 58). Surely this is a classic act of Freudian misreading. I cannot find any basis whatsoever for such a claim. I fully agree with their reading, in the same article, of Reverend Mother as a "queer ally" of Anna Murphy (Backus 72). Such a bond is in fact more significant than Valente and Backus acknowledge, as it offers a contrasting pedagogical model (potentially a lesbian-feminist model) to the *erastés-erómenos* relationship of Helen's father and his student and male lover Étienne. There are no accidents in O'Brien, and her decision to give the gay Archer a lover by the name of Stephen, in its French form Étienne, is surely a further hint to the homoerotic undercurrent in *Portrait*.

Perhaps the clearest rhyme between *Portrait* and *Land* is O'Brien's development of Stephen's decision to take up "silence, exile, and cunning" (Joyce 218), in Anna's final resolve:

She wanted time, and secrecy, and no interference and no advice . . . she was both cunning and realistic (...) What you had to do was to play for time. You wanted none of the lives you saw about you, and at present saw no way to any other. But the thing was to keep your head, to be still and watchful, and walk into no traps (Dalsimer 71).

Anna's telling addition to Stephen's plan is 'realism'. Reverend Mother supports Anna's bid for college, to "secur[e] time (...) to think and get a glimpse here and there over the great vistas of knowledge" (O'Brien 1941, 260). In an essay of 1955, O'Brien made the point that the young must be trained "to think—not to learn, in their meaning of the word (though all thinking is learning)—but simply to think" (O'Brien 1955, 5). This approach to formal education was test-cased in *The Land of Spices*.

Mary Lavelle (1936)

Flânerie: Lavelle - Bloom

1936 saw the publication of a Basque version of *Ulysses*, Kate O'Brien's novel *Mary Lavelle*. It may be more accurate to say it was a Bilbaian version, as the story is mainly set in Bilbo/Bilbao in 1922. O'Brien had spent that year working as a governess in Portugalete, a near-by village (now a suburb), and in the book she remodelled her experiences, and brought that Bilbo back to life on the page. The differences between *Ulysses* and *Lavelle* are considerable, but the differences between *Ulysses* and any other book are considerable. The striking thing about these two novels is, unexpectedly, how much they have in common.

For example, *Mary Lavelle* presents one of the most explicit and deglamourised sex scenes in the literature of the period that I have come across, a scene which was instrumental in the banning of the novel in two countries. *Ulysses* was notorious for its sexual references, but it may be worth considering that even the most outrageous ones are somewhat muffled by the convoluted style. Bloom's masturbation in 'Nausicaa', when he is aroused by a teenage girl on the beach, happens in a public space, but it is relatively discreet. Molly's masturbation in 'Penelope' appears to have eluded critics until actor Fionula Flanagan identified it (Flanagan 1977), while Molly's implied encounter with Boylan happens off the page. Stephen, I would suggest, also masturbates, alone on Sandymount strand in 'Proteus', which is again indicated in a fashion not readily noted. O'Brien's novel, in addition to the sex scene mentioned, also includes a subplot with a Catholic priest who regularly molests girls in his music class, an abuse which is openly discussed and dealt with by the girls' governess. There are other points of convergence in both novels, such as the attitude towards national allegiance, by turns dismissive, pro-nationalist, muted, and hostile. But the most striking common link between *Mary Lavelle* and *Ulysses* is in fact their flânerie.

Mary Lavelle tells the story of Mary, a young Irish governess who arrives in Altorno to teach English to the children of a wealthy family. The head of the household is Don Pablo Areavaga, an anarchist historian. On her first afternoon off, she sits in a square in awe of her freedom. She then joins the governess community, and gets close to the chirpy O'Toole and the cranky Agatha, with whom she explores the city. Agatha takes Mary to see a bullfight, and the mixture of violence and artistry is a shock to her. Don Pablo's eldest son, Juanito, a communist lawyer, comes to visit from Madrid. Agatha falls in love with Mary, and declares her love. Mary and Juanito, who is married, fall in love, and dance together in a square. Before Mary returns to Ireland, she tells Juanito she wants to have sex with him, and they spend the night together in a field. The experience is so painful for

Mary that it is compared to physical "torture" (O'Brien 1936, 343). Mary learns that life is made of both goodness and pain, and also that knowledge is born of risk. She leaves the country, determined to take control of her life.

The figure of the flâneur, the leisurely stroller in an urban setting, was presented by Walter Benjamin as an emblem of modernity that was emphatically male, yet at the turn of the century women also began to reclaim and enjoy urban spaces in what amounted to a form of "spacial liberation", in Sally Ledger's turn of phrase (Ledger 150). In *Mary Lavelle*, the "fashionable . . . flâneurs" of the 1920s are declared to be boring (O'Brien 1936, 162), but without the female protagonist's ability to stroll and explore unaccompanied (an unimaginable sight a few years earlier), there would simply be no novel. *Ulysses* is organised around flâneur Bloom traipsing through Dublin, and *Mary Lavelle* offers a kind of cultural map, tracing the flâneuse Lavelle's wanderings around Bilbo.

As a heavily industrialised city, Bilbo was as decidedly unglamorous in 1922 as Dublin had been in 1904. A messy, dirty, noisy urban centre, where appalling poverty and ostentatious wealth were seen side by side, O'Brien renamed the city 'Altorno', after the hellish high furnaces in the 'Altos Hornos de Bizkaia' factory. Near the time of composition of the novel, O'Brien pointed out that Bilbo is a city where "no real tourist ever goes" (O'Brien 1936, 201), and in some ways she used the novel to introduce it to Anglophone readers. Her main aim, however, was to preserve the Bilbo of 1922 for posterity. She was mindful of the fact that at the turn of the century the city had been a laboratory of political ideas, a cultural hub, and a test site for industrial capitalism. She was also aware that the radical effervescence she had witnessed herself, largely came to a halt with the coup of General Primo de Rivera in Spain in 1923.

Mary Lavelle, just as *Ulysses* had done, handpicked and carefully documented a selection of sites of cultural production, so that if the city, as Joyce said, "one day suddenly disappeared from the Earth [,] it could be reconstructed out of [this] book" (Brady). *Ulysses* matched the protagonists' internal states to a string of spaces and activities, creating a series of 'tableaux' in a pub, a newspaper office, a brothel, a cemetery, the docks, a beach walk. *Mary Lavelle* took equally revealing snapshots in several relevant spaces, to offer a portrait of the city -and the young woman in it.

Here is a summary of the principal sites.

| Action and chapter | Site of cultural production | Significance |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| going to the café (‘San Gerónimo’ chapter) | “Café Alemán”: Café Suizo, del Boulevard | ‘tertulia’ tradition of informal debate in Bilbo, mocked by the bickering at the weekly meetings of governesses |
| church-going (‘Candles at Allera’ chapter) | “Allera”: Begoña church | Begoñako Andra Mari as symbol of Bilbo. (Also, site of the death of Carlist General Zumalacarreui) |
| taking the ferry (‘Don Pablo’ chapter) | “Cabanes” to “Torcal” ferry: Ibaizabal/ Nervión river, from Portugaleta to Algorta | The Ibaizabal/Nervión river as metonymy of Bilbo. Gasolino ferry as utopian suspension of hierarchy. |
| going for a <i>paseo</i> / walk (‘A Walk with Milagros’ chapter) | “Torcal”: cliff path in Algorta | Discussion on philosophy and anarchist politics. Role reversal between teacher Mary and her pupil Milagros. Knowledge as risk. |
| visiting the country- side (‘The Good Basque Country’ chapter) | “Altorno” hills: north-east of Bilbo (unidentified) | Nature as site of savagery, in the form of a violent heterosexual sexual initiation. Mary as land rich in iron ore, to be plundered and turned into steel by “Altorno”/Altos Hornos foundry. |
| going to the bullfight (‘A Corrida’ chapter) | “Altorno” bullring: Vista Alegre | Bullfight as symbol of life. Aesthetic awakening of Mary. The bullfight will be mirrored in the sex scene in ‘The Good Basque Country’. |
| sitting in the square (‘San Gerónimo’ chapter) | “San Gerónimo” square: San Vicente Square | Contemplation, people-watching, reverie, realisation of “self-government” (O’Brien 1936, 27). (Also, site of birth of founder of Basque nationalism Sabino Arana) |
| dancing in the square (‘The Poetry Lesson’ chapter) | “San Martin” square: Areta/Arenal Square | Worker’s ‘verbenas’/public dances as symbol of workers’ dignity. Dancing with the communist Juanito, Mary becomes “one of them” (O’Brien 1936, 188) |

Mary Lavelle offers an extreme example of flânerie, following one character (for the most part) as she travels around Bilbo collecting ethnographic ‘data’ for the sake of her readers. Two chapters shift the narrative outside the Basque Country: ‘A Hermitage’ to Toledo, and ‘In the Calle Mayor’ to Madrid. Those chapters expand the range of vision, and add two contextual frames for the Basque *Ulysses*, as I have discussed elsewhere -an emotional journey to the Castile of the ‘Generación del 98’ movement, and a political journey to the capital city of “all the Spains” (O’Brien 1936, 152). But the focus is still Bilbo. Strolling is by definition aimless, and may yield at most some random impressions, inconsequential memories, or useless objects picked on the go. Whatever else they did, Bloom’s and Lavelle’s wandering took the pulse of two cities, and left the measure of their steps behind in a methodically drafted cultural document.

Conclusion

In Ireland, O'Brien is regularly praised for fighting censorship, named by women writers as a precursor, and by gay and lesbian writers as a key referent. For readers with a feminist, queer, or anti-authoritarian sensibility, her work is a rare gift from this period. And that is how O'Brien herself felt about Joyce, specially in an Irish context. In an essay of 1965, she exclaimed:

Ah, how pathetically much Ireland-in-Europe owes to James Joyce! Immutable of Dubliners, he became and remains a giant European, holding our name impregnable still in the world's literature. But he did that, for us, on patronage, on the generous understanding of about three people – none of them Irish" (O'Brien 1981, 37)

O'Brien is probably thinking of Harriet Weaver, Margaret Anderson, and Sylvia Beach, who fought so hard to publish *Portrait* and *Ulysses*. In articles, talks, and her own fiction, O'Brien followed in the steps of these modernist queer women by promoting Joyce's work. As a novelist, in fact Kate O'Brien was the Irish writer who followed up Joyce's trail more closely. Not to ape but to append, amend, and amplify. She expanded Joyce's project from a feminist and lesbian perspective. Even as she did so, she pursued her own distinct preoccupations, for example examining Basque cultures, supporting the left in the Spanish Civil War of 1936, or endorsing a version of Christianity devoid of religious feeling. Her determination to represent sexuality in fiction, and her critique of the status quo, resulted in the banning of the two books where she engaged with Joyce more closely, *Mary Lavelle* and *The Land of Spices*. Her career survived, but bore the scars of her decisions. Without sacrificing sophistication of plot or innovation in style, and always mindful of Joyce's object lesson, Kate O'Brien made her modernism popular. That very popularity has been an obstacle for critics, who have rarely acknowledged O'Brien's affinity with her modernist peers (O'Brien 1965, 37).

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Escaping the Boundaries of Modernism: James Joyce's Continuous Search for Independence

Olga Fernández Vicente

Abstract. Modernist works frequently tend to be ordered not on the sequence of historical time or the evolving sequence of character, from history to story, as in realism or naturalism. Thus, the task of modernist art seems to be to redeem, essentially or existentially, the formless universe of contingency as it tends to have to do with the intersection of an apocalyptic and modern time. However, that modernist style fails in its attempts to read the world that imperialism has rendered unreadable.

The Modernist way of reading —however limited, like all frameworks— has been one of the main ways of reading Joyce for nearly three quarters of a century but we argue that an unsuspected Joyce is yet to be found. In this paper we state that Joyce found Modernism restrictive and in his aim to liberate poetics, he included magic realism in his texts.

In fact, Joyce inherited the late- 19th-Century tradition of the naturalistic novel, and the motto at the opening of *A Portrait* —‘and he turns his mind to the unknown arts’— suggests that his flight was to be not from provincial Ireland to the mainland and from Roman Catholicism to the great archetypes of myth, but also from naturalistic novel to the archetypes of mythology as well. We aim to prove how the contradiction embodied in Joyce’s inclusion of magical elements within realism, meant that his novels questioned the political system which had engendered the confusion and lack of control felt in society.

Keywords. Modernism, escapism, James Joyce, Twentieth Century, archetypes.

It is a well-known fact that James Joyce rejected religion and nationalism in the extraordinary way he clung to reality and declared himself to be apolitical. According to Ellmann, along his career, Joyce broke all physical boundaries to prove the universality of the human spirit:

[...] He had begun his writing by asserting his difference from other men, and now increasingly he recognized his similarity to them. This point of view was more easily demonstrable in sleeping than in waking life. Sleep is the great democratize: in their dreams people become one, and everything about them becomes one. Nationalities lose their borders, levels of discourse and society are no longer separable, time and space surrender their demarcations. All human activities begin to fuse into all other human activities, printing a book into bearing a baby, fighting a man into courting a woman. By day we attempt originality; by night plagiarism is forced upon us. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Joyce had demonstrated the repetition of traits in the first twenty years of one person's life; in *Ulysses* he had displayed this repetition in the day of two persons; in *Finnegans Wake* he displayed it in the lives of everyone. (Ellmann 1982: 716)

Hence, he belongs to the realms of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Cervantes or Goethe – all of whom, whilst often considered to be geniuses of their particular country, awaken, as Joyce does, an even greater interest for having been able to express universal truths.

Undoubtedly, Joyce's Modernism is not just that of Pound or Eliot's. In *Ulysses* he juxtaposed Odyssean marvels against the Irish quotidian, employing the technique of mythical realism. Although this method was already implicit in many texts of the Irish Revival – especially in the early plays of the Abbey Theatre whose writers were among the first to grasp that fantasy— these pioneers did not understand the fact that fantasy without the influence of any sense of reality is just escapism, while reality, unquestioned by any element of fantasy, is merely literalism:

The most powerful and persistent claim is that poetry itself is a kind of magic, the poet not only a seer but a magus, bringing into existence what he has seen in dreams. [...] So there arose a mysticism of poetry, openly announced and pursued by the systematic zealots, covertly underlying and supporting the work of many other poets less prone to theoretical absolutes. This faith becomes so pervasive that poets who owe allegiance to other orthodoxies have to take special pains to detach themselves from it. [...] Eliot austere remarks that the object of poetry is to amuse decent people; [...] But the world in which modern poetry grew up was neither Christian nor moral; and poetry in our age has felt little able to rely on any structure of belief outside itself. (Hough 1991: 319)

Joyce did realise it and went even further.

Modernist works frequently tend to be ordered not on the sequence of historical time or the evolving sequence of character, from history or story, as in realism or naturalism. They tend to work spatially or through layers of consciousness, working towards logic of metaphor or form. The symbol or image itself, whether romantic or classic, whether it be the translucent symbol with its epiphany beyond the veil, or the hard objective centre of energy, is distilled from multiplicity, and impersonally and linguistically integrated within it, thus helping to impose that synchronicity which is one

of the staples of Modernism. The task of modernist art is therefore to redeem, essentially or existentially, the formless universe of contingency. Hence, the act of fictionality becomes the crucial act of imagining; and Modernism thus tends to have to do with the intersection of an apocalyptic and modern time, and a timeless and transcendent symbol or a node of pure linguistic energy:

One of the great themes of the Modernist novel has been, in fact, the theme of the art of the novel itself: a theme that, by forcing the reader to pass beyond the reported content of the novel, and enter into its form, has given Modernist fiction a dominantly Symbolist character. In a phrase of Ortega y Gasset's, it has made the novel today into an art of figures rather than an art of adventures – an art that does not report the world, but creates it. (Fletcher-Bradbury 1991: 396)

Yet, for Joyce, Modernism did not signify a move from uni-focal realism to multi-focal hyper-reality, but from a realism which never seemed real at all, to a pluralism which tried to give scope to the many voices raised after independence (Kiberd 2008: 18-28).

Indeed, one of the principles guiding the formation of the high modernist canon was T. S. Eliot's definition of the 'mythical method' as 'a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history' (Eliot 1975: 12). This control, order, shape, and significance were to come from the author's ability to discern parallels between the chaotic present and the comprehensible past. By coordinating the contingencies of contemporary history with the unchanging patterns of myth, Eliot argued, writers like Yeats and Joyce found a formal principle that made 'the modern world possible for art' (Eliot 1975: 177-78):

For the most part then the poets have refused the great public mythologies of our time, and have evolved rival myths of their own, some grandiose and comprehensive, some esoteric and private, but some with any status in the world of organized scientific and historical knowledge by which the world conducts its business. (Homer to the Greeks was a guide to politics and generalship; we have only to mention this to see how far poetry has retreated from the world of action). Yeats elaborated a large mythological system, which claims to include history, individual psychology and the fate of the soul after death. But he attributed it to the agency of disembodied spirits, communicating by trance and automatic writing, who announced the limits of their enterprise at the start by saying 'We come to give you metaphors for poetry.' At the other extreme, the extreme of particularity, Lorca makes a myth of his own province, Andalusia, in which the gipsies represent the forces of instinctual life and the Guardias Civiles the forces of repressive civilization. (Hough 1991: 318)

When Joyce's Stephen Dedalus remarks, 'History... is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake' (U2. 377), he summarizes the dilemma confronting 20th Century artists everywhere. In his introduction to James Joyce and the Language of History, Robert Spoo argues that

Stephen's 'nightmare' and the text of *Ulysses* itself are distinct but related responses to what Nietzsche called 'the malady of history,' the cultural obsession with the past and with the explanatory power of historiography, which, Nietzsche believed, was destroying intellectual and moral health in the 19th Century. (Spoo 1994: 6)

And he goes on to say that:

Joyce's writings—in particular *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*—are exemplary of the larger phenomenon of modernist historiography, which might be defined as the attempt to extend practices of aesthetic innovation to the representations of the past. [...] For Ezra Pound the imperative to 'make it new' in works of art went hand in hand with a desire to reimagine the past, or as he put it in 1919, to 'build our concept of wrong, of right, of history.' [...] The *Cantos* and *Ulysses* have in common a thoroughgoing scepticism about traditional representations of the past and a fascination with the ways in which the formal resources of art may be marshalled to challenge those representations. Both writers searched the historical record and the traditions of their art for traces of a usable past. (8)

However, if, as Stephen claims, history is a nightmare, should it be depicted as fact or as fantasy? T. S. Eliot was one of the first to claim that *Ulysses* rendered the answer. In spite of the fact that Joyce did not directly portray the violence of World War I or the Irish Revolt, in 1923 Eliot acclaimed the novel as a breakthrough in solving the artistic problem of dealing with 'the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history' (Eliot 1975: 175). Eliot called *Ulysses* 'the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted, and from which none of us can escape.' Furthermore, he credited Joyce with the honour of 'making the modern world possible for art' (Eliot 1975: 175-78).

Indeed, Joyce had demonstrated how to write about history even though it was a nightmare well before Bruno Alfred Döblin wrote about the aftermath of World War I in Berlin Alexanderplatz, before Günter Grass wrote about World War II in *The Tin Drum*, before Gabriel García Márquez wrote about Colombian civil wars and U. S. Imperialism in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* or before Salman Rushdie wrote about the partition of India in *Midnight's Children*. Hence, we agree with Declan Kiberd in 'James Joyce and Mythical Realism' that Joyce 'was by virtue of his location, a leader of European modernism: but, by virtue of his example, he became a pioneer of mythical realism' (Kiberd 1998: 136); keeping the term magical realism for later postcolonial writers. Kiberd regards Joyce's 'canny blend of myth and realism' as a prototype of subversive magic realism:

He was one of the earliest writers to realise that as long as he posed his question to the west solely in the old, familiar terms of the west, he would be surrendering to the ends of its discourse, just as to resort to pure fabulism, untouched by any elements of realism, would be to submit to the intentions of the native tribe. Mythical realism, by its subversive act of combination, disrupted the hegemony of both discourses, so that neither should achieve its goals. (Kiberd 1998: 153)

It has long been a truism of Joyce studies that the critique of Irish civilization in Joyce's works centres upon its representative subjects – 'paralyzed' Dubliners. Craig Werner, for example, has written that 'competing approaches to [Dubliners] generally centre on disagreements concerning the implications of what nearly all critics have recognised as Joyce's central theme: the paralysis permeating Irish life' (Werner 1998: 33). This paralysis is no less an issue in *Ulysses*, a novel which can be viewed as an elaborate and lengthy Dubliners story. Pointing to Joyce's avowed intention to 'write a chapter of the moral history of my country' (Joyce 1966: 134), critics typically view Joyce's fiction as 'an

attempt to represent certain aspects of the life of one of the European capitals' (109). While Joyce insists that the *raison d'être* of a volume like *Dubliners* is 'to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city' (55) —Dublin seeming to him the very 'centre of paralysis' (134)— there has been little scholarly attention to the psychological and the broadly cultural nature and determinants of this crippling discontent.

Indeed, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Artist*, Joyce speaks of paralysis not in individual terms but in terms of the 'general paralysis of an insane society' (Joyce 1965: 266) and Jeremy Hawthorn points out that 'few novels show their characters less as free, autonomous beings or more tied to their society and its history' (Hawthorn 1982: 116). Whatever else one may say of the characters who inhabit Joyce's *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Exiles*, *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, none of them, it is clear, accomplish the task set by Stephen Dedalus: to 'fly by those nets' of 'nationalism, language, religion' (Joyce 1965: 203) – indeed, these fictions are among other things about this impossibility.

In 'Modernism and Imperialism' Fredric Jameson argues that certain disruptive spatial affects afflict the work of modernist novelists. To be more precise, the imperialist moment's dependence on transglobal exploitation and dispossession ensures that the English artist writing out of that moment is unable to map his or her relation to the totality in any enabling way. Jameson's key point is that this failure is expressed symptomatically in textual aporia corresponding to the unrepresentable margins of colonial power upon which the centre depends:

Pieces of the puzzle are missing, it can never be fully reconstructed; no enlargement of personal experience [...] can ever be enough to include this radical otherness of colonial life, colonial suffering and exploitation, let alone the structural connections between that and this, between absent space and daily life in the metropolis. (Jameson 1990: 43-66)

Jameson cites *Howards End* as a work which invents a new spatial stylistic in an attempt to refigure, and thus figure out, the imperialist subject's relation to the world. Forster does this through what Jameson calls an 'apparatus' of modernist style, which he likens to the non-subjective yet non-objective gaze of 'cinematographic perception' (Jameson 1990: 14). A representation of space is thus established which mediates between local relativism and global objectivity to produce a new configuration which is neither one nor the other. As Jameson describes it, this configuration is a 'moment of a properly modernist style [...] in which an appearance of meaning is pressed into the service of the notation of a physical perception' (14). That is to say, the way in which the geopolitical structures of imperialism ensure that 'daily life [...] no longer has its meaning [...] within itself' results in a deterritorialization whereby contingent physical objects of perception are made available for investment with new meanings (14). Meaning is not so easily conscripted however, as Jameson implies here in his play on the ambiguity of the word appearance. Modernist style initially seems to follow the trajectory of romanticism in that it relies on the image, with meaning self-evidently revealing itself through the visual symbol. Yet, this is also an 'appearance' in a second sense of trick or lure, with the image failing to supply the longed for sense of stability or permanence.

Behind the seeming success of the image in its proximity to the Hegelian Idea there lurks another signifying structure, something closer to the contingencies of irony. Hence

the modernist subject, in an attempt to map its otherwise obscure relation with the distant colonial other, seems doomed to oscillate between symbol and allegory.

Modernist style consequently fails in its attempts to read the world that imperialism has rendered unreadable. Or, to put this in terms of postcolonial theory, the otherness of colonized, subaltern space subsists only as an absence within the imperialist writer's *Lebenswelt*, an absence that is filled out by images the meaning of which, while seemingly fixed, are also radically unstable (Carville 2008: 12-14) – in 'The Dead' we find a number of moments which correspond to such a description of formal absences and contingent contents, suggesting that for Irish writers there is too a certain difficulty in mapping:

The high colour of his cheeks pushed upwards even to his forehead, where it scattered itself in a few formless patches of pale red, and on his hairless face there scintillated restlessly the polished lenses and the bright gilt rims of the glasses which screened his delicate and restless eyes. His glossy black hair was parted in the middle and brushed in a long curve behind the ears. (Joyce 1989: 202)

In 'The Dead' Gabriel is rendered as a collection of colours and surfaces. His face is little more than a collection of percepts where there is an oscillation between the real and the unreal – each individually itemized element is powerfully specific, though they fail to add up to a quantifiable whole. Joyce's image of Gabriel would thus seem to be a paradigmatic example of what Jameson calls modernist style, oscillating between the splintered and the total (Jameson 1981: 224-242).

Jameson finds in images such as these a tension between what he calls ideology and utopia, the latter in their suggestion of 'senses and forms of libidinal gratification as unimaginable to us as the possession of additional senses' (231). It is specifically within the realm of representation that Jameson sees the utopian aspect in the ascendant:

The function of the literary representation is not to [...] perpetuate an ideological system, rather, the latter is cited to authorise and reinforce a new representational space. This reversal then draws ideology inside out like a glove, awakening an alien space beyond it, founding a new and strange heaven and earth upon its inverted limiting. In that stealthy struggle between ideology and representation, each secretly trying to use and appropriate the other for its own designs and purposes, the ideological allegory [...] is subverted by the unfamiliar sensorium [...] (231)

Although modernist space signifies negatively, it is positive in that it provokes a redefinition of the structures of cognition adequate to the experience of imperial disorientation; this redefinition, in its expression of the possibility of historical change and the expansion of human perception, Jameson regards as utopian.

Indeed, Jameson's notion of a modernist style demands to be supplemented by a notion of what could be described as nationalist-modernist style. The detailed analysis of this conjuncture might provide a more precise instrument for calibrating the intricate and under-theorised relations between national, colonial and modernist space.

Indeed, it is from the traditions of political thought and literary language that the nation emerges as a powerful historical idea in the west – Benedict Anderson expresses the nation's ambivalent emergence with great clarity:

The century of the Enlightenment, of rationalist secularism, brought with it its own modern darkness... [Few] things were (are) suited to this end better than the idea of a nation. If nation states are widely considered to be 'new' and 'ahistorical', the nation states to which they give political expression always loom out of an immemorial past and... glide to a limitless future. What I am proposing is that Nationalism has to be understood, by aligning it not with self-consciously held political ideologies, but with large cultural systems that preceded it, out of which —as well as against which— it came into being. (Anderson 2006: 11-12)

Furthermore, Cristopher Langlois emphasises the fact that the concept of literature 'becomes a privileged term in the relationship between nationalism and community' since, 'in order to emerge, grow, and develop, must take recourse to fiction. All nationalisms and communities are, after all, imaginative constructs that nevertheless shape the historical reality of our institutions and ideologies. Literature, accordingly, is ideally situated as a critical and transformative mode of thinking precisely because it revels in the analysis, experimentation, and mobilization of fiction' (Langlois 2012).

If we take into consideration the structure of the old-fashioned novel, we realise that it is clearly a device for the presentation of simultaneity whereas the idea of a sociological organism moving calendrically through homogenous time is an analogue of the idea of the nation, which is also conceived as a solid community moving steadily up or down history. That's why —as Anderson points out— the appearance of the novel and the newspaper in Europe in the eighteenth century is of the utmost importance since these forms provided the technical means for 're-presenting' the kind of imagined community that is the nation:

[...] the very possibility of imagining the nation only arose historically when, and where, three fundamental cultural conceptions, all of great antiquity, lost their axiomatic grip on men's minds. The first of these was the idea that a particular script-language offered privilege access to ontological truth, precisely because it was an inseparable part of that truth. [...] Second was the belief that society was naturally organized around and under high centres – monarchs who were persons apart from other human beings and who ruled by some form of cosmological (divine) dispensation. [...] Third was a conception of temporality in which cosmology and history were indistinguishable, the origins of the world and of men essentially identical. Combined, these ideas rooted human lives firmly in the very nature of things, giving certain meaning to the everyday fatalities of existence (above all death, loss, and servitude) and offering, in various ways, redemption from them.

The slow uneven decline of these interlinked certainties, first in Western Europe, later elsewhere, under the impact of economic change, 'discoveries' (social and scientific), and the development of increasingly rapid communications, drove a harsh wedge between cosmology and history. Nothing perhaps more precipitated this search, nor made it more fruitful, than print-capitalism, which made it possible for rapidly growing numbers of people to think about themselves, and to relate themselves to others, in profoundly new ways. (Anderson 2006: 36)

James Joyce's Stephen, for example, develops in a world of intense, claustrophobic intimacy resonant with the clamour of a variety of social styles and voices. As Bakhtin argues, this is the kind of social environment which is so essential to the form of the Bildungsroman:

The importance of struggling with another's discourse, its influence in the history of an individual's coming to ideological consciousness is enormous [...] The process is made more

complex by the fact that a variety of alien voices enter into the struggle for influence in the individual's consciousness (just as they struggle with one another in surrounding social reality). (Bakhtin 1981:348)

The fact that Joyce came to prove that exciting, experimental art did not necessarily raise difficult political questions even in modern age is reflected in his response to Pound in 1928:

The more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band, the more I wonder why I was ever let into it. (Joyce 1966: 276)

As Richard Ellmann writes of Joyce's bewildered response to Pound: '[Joyce] was a musician surrounded by preachers and generalisers' (Ellmann 1982: 609). Like Yeats, the Daedalus of Stephen Hero is searching for an alternative and heterodox tradition with which to identify. In typically modernist fashion, Yeats is engaged on creating through art a tradition to which his own art might then belong; for Yeats, 'Irishness' is an aspect of the identity he desires to create; for Stephen, it is the identity he wishes to escape. In *A Portrait of the Artist Stephen* is indeed devoted to the elaboration of a narrative which distances him from the religious, political and 'national' identifications already established in his biological family. While the content of his quest is in complete contrast to the aspirations of contemporary cultural nationalism — a project which was dominant in the cultural milieu of Joyce's youth— nonetheless the aestheticist self-creation pursued by Dedalus offers a structural homology to the artistic mission to which it is opposed. According to Emer Nolan: 'In his resolutely individualistic self-fashioning, Dedalus ironically re-enacts the self-making and self-discovery of the nationalist cultural project' (Nolan 1994: 38). As critics of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* have observed, Stephen's wish to fly over the nets is never granted:

Stephen's aspiration towards a fully autonomous and self-created identity is nowhere securely achieved in that text. Instead, Dedalus is presented as a subject forever in process, and the projected moment of his ultimate self-fulfilment in art is postponed beyond the limit of the narrative. (Nolan 1994: 38)

Indeed, *A Portrait of the Artist's* depiction of Dedalus's supposed rejection of the ideology of cultural nationalism remains complicit with the terms of nation-building. However disgusted Stephen is with 'the compact body of Irish revivalists' (Joyce 1991: 43) in his college, he is never entirely disengaged, he is alienated rather than isolated. He is granted the opportunity to define and redefine his artistic credo in the face of the Church's own 'ambassadors' (Joyce 1991: 210-11); he is sought out for personal interview by the President of the College, and his views are notorious among his peers. Stephen is present at the opening of the Irish Literary Theatre and witnesses the furore over Yeats's *The Countess Cathleen*. Stephen's intimacy with the emergent forces in Irish society is suggested by the fact that one Hughes stands up to refute the artist after he delivers his paper on 'Drama and Life' to the College Literary and Historical Society:

Mr. Daedalus was himself a renegade from the Nationalist ranks: he professed cosmopolitanism. But a man that was of all countries was of no country – you must have a nation before you could have art. Mr. Daedalus might do as he pleased, kneel at the shrine

of Art (with capital A), and rave about obscure authors. In spite of [his] any hypocritical use of the name of a great doctor of the Church Ireland would be on her guard against the insidious theory that art can be separated from morality. If they were to have an art let it be moral art, art that elevated, above all, national art. (Joyce 1991: 108)

In this society, Stephen's refusal of political commitment in art becomes the subject of general comment and controversy. His assertion of artistic autonomy is assailed and defended, continually thematized and understood as politically charged from the outset.

In his seminal article on 'Magic Realism as Postcolonial Discourse,' Stephen Slemon provides the basis for considering why magical realism has been such a central element of postcolonial literatures. He proposes that:

Although most works of fiction are generically mixed in mode, the characteristic manoeuvre of Magic Realist fiction is that its two separate narrative modes never manage to arrange themselves into any kind of hierarchy. In Mikhail Bakhtin's formulation, the novel is the site of a 'diversity of social speech types' in which a battle takes place' in discourse and among discourses to become 'the language of truth,' a battle for what Foucault has called 'power language.' In Magic Realism this battle is represented in the language of narration by the foregrounding of two opposing discursive systems, with neither managing to subordinate or contain the other. This sustained opposition, forestalls the possibility of interpretative closure through any act of naturalizing the text to an established system of representation. (Slemon 1988: 11-12)

That suspension between two discursive systems resembles the colonial subject's suspension between two —or more— cultural systems, and hence serves to reflect postcolonial situation especially well. It has therefore served a decolonizing role, one in which new voices have emerged. For whatever a realist text may say, the fact that realism purports to give an accurate picture of the world, based on fidelity to empirical evidence, has led to its being experienced by writers in colonized societies as the language of the colonizer. From this perspective, to adopt magical realism, with its irreducible elements that question the dominant discourse, constitutes a kind of liberating poetics – or in other words, of breaking boundaries. To sum up, we argue that Joyce found Modernism restrictive and in his attempt to fly over the nets gave one step beyond and included magic realism in his texts. The contradiction embodied in Joyce's inclusion of magical elements within realism, meant that his novels questioned the political system which had engendered the confusion and lack of control felt in society.

James Joyce inherited the late-19th-Century tradition of the naturalistic novel, and the motto at the opening of *A Portrait* —'and he turns his mind to the unknown arts'— suggests that his flight was to be not only from provincial Ireland to the mainland and from Roman Catholicism to the great archetypes of myth, but also from naturalistic novel to the archetypes of mythology as well. While Joyce and Mann were descending into the mythological realm, in exactly those same years, Frazer was undertaking the same exploration in anthropology, and Freud and Jung in psychology, and all of them were interpreting mythology in psychological terms.

James Joyce, celebrated great modernist writer and arch-priest of high art, worked in his writing —even more than Kafka, Eliot, or Woolf— to disrupt and delegitimize the notion of a discrete and unified modern subject. However much he may have been

sensitive to the inconsistencies of reason and rationality, Joyce was attached to the modern world in all kinds of ways. Indeed, by comparison with the modernist intelligentsia—hostile to city life which they find degrading—he positively embraced urban modern life. Clearly, the Irish novelist, whose technical innovations in the art of the novel include an extensive use of interior monologue and of a complex network of symbolic parallels drawn from the mythology, history and literature which created a unique language of invented words, puns and allusions, was noted for his experimental use of language. Indeed, Joyce entered the experimental mainstream of Modernism by an extraordinary display of technique and not by a previous commitment to some avant-gardist doctrine whose ideology he found irrelevant to his purposes.

Nevertheless, the modernist way of reading—however limited, like all frameworks—has been one of the main ways of reading James Joyce for nearly three quarters of a century and we aim to take a leap across those limits where an unsuspected Joyce is yet to be found. For, as we have already mentioned, whatever a realist text may say, the fact that realism purports to give an accurate picture of the world, based on fidelity to empirical evidence, has led to its being experienced by writers in colonized societies as the language of the colonizer, one of the nets Joyce wanted to fly by. From this perspective, Joyce's adopting magical realism, with its irreducible elements that question the dominant discourse, constituted a kind of liberating poetics. To Joyce, Modernist style failed in its attempts to read the world that imperialism had rendered unreadable. It had therefore served a decolonizing role, one in which new voices had emerged and to which Joyce wanted to give full scope in his work.

Joyceans have always been interested in historical contexts to Joyce, especially Irish contexts; just as 'The Dead' is sometimes seen as Joyce's partial reconciliation with Dublin, so *Finnegans Wake* has been realised as a kind of rapprochement with the world. It should be said, though, that this interest in historical contexts to Joyce has sometimes involved reading Joyce as an intellectual engaged with the subject of history rather than as a historical subject himself positioned in society and culture. Even critics linked to postcolonial traditions, and thus concerned with more immediate political and cultural contexts, have warmed to this idea of history in the abstract.

In 1966 Frederick Hoffman explained how if 'Joyce began his early career hating and fearful of the flux, chaos and disorder, he ended it, and *Finnegans Wake*, by making a virtue of the reality of flux'. Hence the *Wake* became 'an immense 'accommodation' of the many... It is not so much that Joyce has simply 'got over' his rebellion, but rather that the distance ...which maturity put at his disposal helped him immeasurably in assessing the actual depth and value of the noise and vibration of human ambience'(Hoffman 1966: 22-3). This kind of approach shaded off into the more standard view of the universalist *Wake*, positioned above the contamination of specific history and politics – as Finn Fordham points out:

One of the most enduring universal myths about *Finnegans Wake* is that it constructs a myth of enduring universals. It is not hard to trace how this myth grew in selective critical responses. Seeds of the idea were sown in transition by Eugene Jolas, then nurtured in Frank Budgen's *The Making of Ulysses*, to emerge prominently in Levin's humanist and Joseph Campbell's mythographical responses. Ellmann drew on for his biography ... we might read the myth as a seemingly benign attempt to push Joyce's last novel out of the shadows of its curious eccentric unreadable particularity and towards a universally

absorbable relevance and importance, to make it a secular bible for a nuclear world which needs figures of the universal for its post-war transnational institutions and for the intercultural world of globalized trade. Whether in Dublin, Ga. (alluded to on FW, page 3) or Chechnya's capital Grozny (alluded to on page 353), we are all supposed to identify the universal hero of this myth, rising and falling, and even identify with him as he falls and rises within us. We can therefore feel what the universally human is and what universal man is, together comprising the grail of humanist knowledge; 'we' being that tiny minority of people in the world who have read *Finnegans Wake*, or at least know by repute of its universal status. (Fordham 2006:171)

This did not necessarily mean that the Joyce text was taken to be non-political, but that his politics were subsumed in a wider universe where the depth of his radicalism was assured. John Bishop does indeed delineate a political dimension to the *Wake*:

Far from marking a withdrawal from a civilisation in crisis, *Finnegans Wake* in an odd way crystallizes that crisis and not least through its assault on the institution of language through which all the other institutions of a patriarchal culture are transmitted from parent to child and from generation to generation, over and over again 'the seim anew.' (Bishop 1993: 169)

In truth, there was never much question about the radicalism of Joyce's last work. Indeed, Derrida insisted on a transgressive *Wake* that targeted nothing less than rationality, progress and modernity (Derrida 1992: 281).

Unfortunately, as Joyce Wexler points out, the union between history and myth has nowadays been brought into disrepute for ethical and political reasons – critics initially argued that texts employing the mythical method were unconvincing or incomprehensible. Today, the objection is that such texts are immoral. Chinua Achebe's 1975 indictment of *Heart of Darkness* as a racist work in 'An Image of Africa' might be the most influential instance of the current critique. Achebe decries European writers' use of a historical population as a symbol of their own deficiencies, and condemns the use of Africa as a symbol of the West's internal ethical and psychological conflicts:

Africa as setting and backdrop which eliminates the African as human factor. Africa as a metaphysical battlefield devoid of all recognisable humanity, into which the wandering European enters at his peril. Of course, there is a preposterous and perverse kind of arrogance in thus reducing Africa to the role of props for the breakup of one petty European mind. (Achebe 1977: 782)

The alternative Achebe proposes indicates the full scope of his indictment. He wants Africans and other peoples to be portrayed realistically as complex human beings whose existence is independent of their meaning for Western readers; the West should 'look at Africa not through a haze of distortions but quite simply as a continent of people —not angels, but not rudimentary souls either— just people' (Achebe 1977: 792).

A parenthesis may be necessary here in order to explain that our aim in retracing the path from Joyce to the end of the 20th Century is to argue that all these writers used similar strategies because they faced the same problem: how to depict the inconceivable violence of their times – we state that reality that surpasses imagination resembles history

that is a nightmare. This was the world that all 20th-Century writers faced and it was defined by political violence. We point out that almost every critical discussion of Magic Realism begins with a defence of one of these points of origin: Europe after World War I or Latin America after World War II. In his essay 'Magic Realism: An Annotated International Chronology of the Term,' in *Essays in Honor of Frank Dauster*, Seymour Menton labels the two points of origin, that is to say, Europe after World War I and Latin America after World War II, the internationalist and the Americanist. While internationalists emphasise the continuity of form, Americanists distinguish European Magic Realism from 'lo real maravilloso Americano,' a form rooted in the mythological elements in its Indian and African substrata. The stakes in this debate are political as well as literary. According to Anne C. Hegerfeldt in her book *Lies that tell the Truth: Magic Realism seen through Contemporary Fiction from Britain*, Americanists contend that Magic Realism resists the hegemony of European imperialism as expressed in realism, science, and reason and that it advances postcolonial identity as expressed in myths, indigenous traditions, and religious beliefs. This implies that stories and facts, myths and logos do not exist in every culture. However, the Americanist view has come to dominate criticism of Magic Realism. In *Mimesis, Genres and Post-Colonial Discourse*, Jean-Pierre Durix repeats Carpentier's essentialist claims about 'lo real maravilloso Americano:'

Where, in European literature, the fantastic serves to protest against the tyranny of 'fact,' in post-colonial literature it frequently serves to incorporate the old values and beliefs into the modern man's perception. It has a social function, whereas in European literature, it more often expresses individualistic rebellion. (Durix 1998: 81)

In his book *Magical Realism: Theory, History, Community*, Theo L. D'haen argues that the resemblance between Magic Realism and the mythical method of Modernism is rarely noted because most critics associate Magic Realism with Postmodernism. Furthermore, Magic Realism is hailed as an indigenous genre developed in postcolonial cultures to subvert Western aesthetic and political hegemony. In their introduction to *Magical Realism* Lois Parkinson Zamora and Wendy B. Faris summarize the characteristics of Magic Realism and identify its political value as a means of resisting 'monologic political and cultural structures, a feature that has made the mode particularly useful to writers in postcolonial cultures and, increasingly, to women' (Parkinson-Faris 1995: 6). Nevertheless, Magic Realist writers also recognize their affinity with Modernism; Gabriel García Márquez acknowledges the influence of Kafka's use of the fantastic and Joyce's technique of the interior monologue – in *Living to Tell the Tale*, García Márquez distances himself from Carpentier to name Ulysses the 'other Bible' of his generation of Latin American writers, explaining that it 'not only was the discovery of a genuine world that I never suspected inside me, but... also provided invaluable technical help to me in freeing language and in handling time and structures in my books.' According to García Márquez, Joyce taught him that a story did not have to be realistic to be credible:

It was not necessary to demonstrate facts. It was enough for the author to have written something for it to be true, with no proof other than the power of his talent and the authority of his voice. It was Scheherazade all over again, not in her millenary world where everything was possible but in another irreparable world where everything had already been lost. (García-Márquez 2004: 247-48)

Salman Rushdie also relates his aims to Joyce's:

It seems to me possible to make a synthesis between the story telling tradition and the Joycean experiment. A minor, modest project I've set myself. (Rushdie 1985)

However, like Joyce, Rushdie feels ill at ease with the nationalism implicit in Magic Realism:

One thing that I do think is that there seems to be a spot of imperialism left over in the idea of what material a writer can legitimately use: an American can write about anywhere in the world, but an Indian writer is supposed to write only about India. African writers are supposed to write only about Africa. I do want to write at some point books which are not set in the East. (Rushdie 1985)

Eliot defines Joyce's discovery of the 'mythical method,' for example, as 'a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance' to modern life by 'manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity.' Although the mythical method is often understood as an infusion of meaning from the past into the present, Eliot describes it as a structure that accommodates innumerable meanings. The mythical method thus creates a symbolic relationship between contemporary life and something else – in fact, anything else. The absence of any stable parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity makes the mythical method fundamentally ironic as the clash of social discourses and registers in the text prevents readers from discerning a consistent narrative tone or point of view. Joyce Wexler explains it:

Extreme events generate symbolic meanings, and a superabundance of characters, information, allusions, and styles sustains myriad symbolic patterns. Not only does secular excess replace divine plenitude, but no consistent authorial voice provides a hierarchy of significance. Digressions and extraneous details frustrate the reader's search for a narrative of cause and effect. Exaggerated correlations between individual lives and public events aggrandize the former and domesticate the latter. Terrible events are described comically, and everyday matters are treated as portents. These strategies destabilize every apparent statement of meaning. (Wexler 2009: 256)

By demonstrating that a conjunction of history and myth is not inherently dehumanizing, the magic realist writers allow us to assess what is lost if we refuse to read Modernist texts symbolically. In her book *Ordinary Enchantments: Magical Realism and the Remystification of Narrative*, Wendy B. Faris claims that Magic Realism can even redeem historical violence: it 'not only reflects history' but 'may also seek to change it, by addressing historical issues critically and thereby attempting to heal historical 'wounds'' (Faris 2004: 138). Where Eliot saw an aesthetic solution to a moral crisis, contemporary critics detect an ethical problem. Reading modernist symbolism as if it were realism, critics object not only to particular symbols but to the use of extreme acts and foreign cultures as raw materials for Western fantasies. As we have seen, when this kind of political interpretation of symbolism prevails, the reputation of modernist authors suffers.

Symbolism produces responses that seem to exceed their immediate stimuli: it can evoke the unconscious, and it can project visionary and utopian alternatives to everyday experience:

What then did the Symbolist revolution achieve? Most fundamentally, it awakened an acute consciousness of language. Language was no longer treated as a natural outcrop of the person but as a material with its own laws and its own peculiar forms of life. (Scott 1991: 212)

In the wake of the poststructuralist paradigm of self-referential language, realism can be defined as a set of conventions that limit meaning metonymically to a specific social milieu, whereas the conventions of symbolism invite meanings to proliferate metaphorically. Gregory L. Lucente theorises on the dichotomy:

Briefly, then, mythical components are those repeating elements of native which approach an existence apart from the specificity of space and time, which at their core involve unified and idealized figures, and which establish and depend upon a relationship of unquestioning belief. By contrast, realistic components are made up of those elements that claim a clear and definite position in space and time (and so in culture), that involve figures whose relation to experience is not idealized, and that invite an attitude of analysis or even skepticism rather than immediate faith. (Lucente 1981: 42)

A poststructuralist perspective on this dichotomy is provided in D.H. Lawrence: *Aesthetics and Ideology* by Anne Fernihough, who suggests that it is more useful to compare reading strategies than textual features:

Ultimately, it makes little sense to argue that some kinds of language are logocentric where others are not; it is rather that language can be read logocentrically or 'differentially.' An illustration of this would be the fact that so-called realist art can be made, in practice, to yield as much polyvalence as experimental art, provided that it is read in a particular way. (Fernihough 1993: 49)

Yet, these alternatives are asymmetrical because:

[...] there are ways in which the writer can attempt to foreground polyvalence, inviting a particular kind of reading, and it seems to me that this is what Lawrence does wherever we find the insistent repetition with variation which is such a hallmark of his style. (49)

In the terms of Continental linguistic philosophy, Lawrence 'foregrounds polyvalence in his work, and undermines the idea of an essential link between signifier and signified' (11). Fernihough thus associates logo-centrism with realism and polyvalence with symbolism:

For Lawrence defines art in opposition to a realist or mimetic model of language, according to which language attempts to suppress its own rhetorical status, aspiring to transparency and thereby appropriating the world as its own... In other words, the refusal to claim transparency, or one-to-one correspondence between elements of art-work and world, opens up the way to semantic complexity, making art the site of plural and conflicting meanings. (10)

According to Wexler in *Realism and Modernists's Bad Reputation*, symbolism includes the realist referent but continues beyond it, accepting any number of substitutions, including visionary, prophetic or mythical meanings. It is important to examine the social

consequences of literary forms, but symbolism is not inevitably exploitative. Its liberatory possibilities are evident in magic realism, a form that resembles the mythical that he did not find in Modernism.

Although Modernism was canonical by the time Magic Realism emerged, both forms resist conventional models of experience – both fuse history and myth to project alternatives to the contemporary social order. Despite these similarities, the modernists' use of foreign cultures as a source of symbols has been treated as aesthetic colonialism, while adherents of Magic Realism escape such censure. Certainly, one reason for this difference is that magic realist writers are usually members of the cultures whose myths they invoke. But another reason is that the degree of implausibility in Magic Realism exceeds the extremity in Modernism.

Hence, the prevailing critical view is that Magic Realism is a postcolonial genre. This view stems from Alejo Carpentier's claim in 1949 that Latin American writers had a natural connection to an extraordinary world that he called 'lo real maravilloso Americano' (Carpentier 1995:88). Although Carpentier speaks as a native of Latin America, he lived in Paris from 1928 to 1939 and he claims that only when he returned home did Latin America seem marvellous: 'The Latin American returns to his own world and begins to understand many things' (83). Carpentier argued that, whereas Europeans had to create the marvellous, Latin American found it ready-made throughout their history and geography: 'After all, what is the entire history of America if not a Chronicle of the marvellous real?' García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* —the most outstanding example of magic realism so far— seems to represent Carpentier's claim; in an interview in 1973 García Márquez remarked on the indigenous roots of the novel while he claimed the story to be based on his childhood experiences:

My grandmother used to tell me stories and my grandfather took me to see things. Those were the circumstances in which my world was constructed. (Guibert 1973: 323)

and in 1979 Márquez echoed Carpentier:

In Latin America and the Caribbean artists have had to invent very little, and perhaps they have had the opposite problem: to make their reality believable... the reality they encountered surpassed imagination. (Márquez 1979:4)

Likewise, departing Ireland released Joyce from aesthetic, political and family oppression, and provided him with artistic deliverance. Joyce's inability to neglect his Irish identity parallels the central paradox of *Exodus*: the simultaneous capacity and incapacity to forget Egypt or bondage, the Jews seek freedom while trying to escape it – yearly they recount their bondage while promising, as Bloom remembers, 'next year in Jerusalem.' (U 7.207) For Joyce, this takes the form of his denial and acceptance of Ireland, forsaking the country but writing about it exclusively; or, as he stated in *Finnegans Wake*, becoming 'an Irish emigrant the wrong way out' (Joyce 1999:36).

However, we are not implying here that Joyce should be considered a post-colonial writer as there are several testimonies to the efficacy of magical realist narrative in portraying heretofore hidden or silenced voices, even if they do not specifically address the issues of decolonization and history. According to Isabel Allende, 'magic realism is a

literary device or a way of seeing in which there is space for the invisible forces that move the world: dreams, legends, myths, motion, passion, history. All these forces find a place in the absurd, unexplainable aspects of magic realism... It is the capacity to see and to write about all the dimensions of reality' (Allende 1991: 54). Much earlier, Jacques Stephen Alexis maintained that 'the myth, the marvellous can, if they are understood in a materialistic sense, become powerful leavenings for a realistic art and literature, for the transformation of the world' (Alexis 1956: 3). So where does that leave us in the analysis of magical realism and the critical use of the term when referred to Joyce? Slemon has formulated the issue clearly:

The critical use of the concept of magic realism can ... signify resistance to monumental theories of literary practice – a way of suggesting there is something going on in certain forms of literary writing, and in the modalities of cultural experience that underlie those forms, that confounds the capacities of the major genre systems to come to terms with them. At the same time, of course, the concept of magic realism itself threatens to become a monumentalizing category for literary practice and to offer to centralizing genre systems a single locus upon which the massive problem of difference in literary expression can be managed into recognizable meaning in one swift pass. (Slemon 1995: 408-09)

Indeed, Joyce opted to build arbitrary relationships between realistic events and multiple symbolic patterns, thus maintaining the structure of meaning without suggesting any particular meaning. Furthermore, he introduced a kind of irony based on formal incongruities rather than on a disparity between what characters say and what they mean.

The central character of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* must grow wings so as to break into a new setting—one in which he could be free to express his thoughts—'When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets' (Joyce 1996: 231). James Joyce might have agreed in this contention with Dedalus, the artist as a young man and tried to dodge the nets of nationalism, religion and language in order to attain the perspective necessary to create and revolutionise the novel. Joyce broke all boundaries and brought his revolution of the word to its final consequences. Hence, Joyce's adopting magical realism, with its irreducible elements that question the dominant discourse, constituted a kind of liberating poetics. To Joyce's mind, Modernist style had failed in its attempts to read the world that imperialism had rendered unreadable. Magic Realism therefore served a decolonizing role, one in which new voices had emerged and to which Joyce gave full scope in his work. Furthermore, we have seen that John Bishop claims that '*Finnegans Wake* in an odd way crystallizes that crisis and not least through its assault on the institution of language through which all the other institutions of a patriarchal culture are transmitted from parent to child and from generation to generation' (Bishop 1993: 169) which can be summarized as Joyce's revolution of the word. Eventually, the spiritual power that Faris attributes to Magic Realism makes it a postmodern substitute for religion, a source of positive belief. In short, we can conclude here that thanks to his continuous search for new ways of expression James Joyce 'the priest of eternal imagination' flew over his nets and created in his art a substitute for them.

When you open *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the first thing you come on is a little statement in Latin, *Et Ignoras Animum Dimitit in Artes*: 'and he turns his mind to

unknown arts.’ This line has been taken from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* (Ovid Book 8, line 188), where it refers to Daedalus, the great master craftsman who fashioned the labyrinth in Crete and is regarded in the classical tradition as the patron of the arts. King Minos, the tyrant of Crete, tried to keep Daedalus as a kind of serf, but he determined to fly from Crete with his son Icarus. So, Daedalus turns his mind to the unknown arts, makes two sets of waxen wings, and they do fly. The opening motto, then, refers to Joyce’s decision to make wings of art; thus, this motif of flight and the bird of art is a dominant one throughout Joyce’s work. However, when talking about Joyce’s flight we should refer to Daedalus and not to Icarus. Icarus flew too high, the wax on his wings melted, and he fell into the ocean. Joyce’s flight was from the symbolism of the Roman Catholic Church to the universals that Jung calls the ‘archetypes’, of which Christian imagery is an inflection. He escaped (so to speak) from his own spiritual provincialism into the total humanity, which is our deep shared heritage.

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Baleful distractions: the female body in James Joyce's 'The Dead' and Bram Stoker's 'The Coming Home of Abel Behenna'

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Abstract. The female figure has been prominent in literary depictions of the nineteenth and twentieth century alike, especially during the colonising period and the decolonising process that ensued. Understood as the incarnation of the metropolis or as the representation of the mother nation in need of her saviour warrior, female deployments have been used in both colonial and postcolonial literatures to embody the same—if equally opposing—concepts; such tropes of womanhood as the homemaker, the crone or the seductress have been employed by writers to cater for their own conceptions of the nation, national identity and nationalistic/unionistic aspirations. Both James Joyce and Bram Stoker made extensive use of feminine characters in their short narratives, and while both writers experienced the *Revival* process, neither took active part in it. It is, however, rather curious that both writers' embodiment of the female figure lends itself to a postcolonial reading of the nation in feminine terms. The present paper will explore the similarities in these representations and their narrative constructions in an attempt to establish a nexus that links both writers to a postcolonial reading of Irish literature during the *Revival* phase and its immediately preceding times.

Keywords. Postcolonialism, James Joyce, Bram Stoker, feminism, Irish literature, short story.

Scholarly work has delved at ease and in depth in the topic of female representations in literature. Such critics as Elleke Boehmer, Gayatri Spivak or Denis Walder have treated the topic from a myriad of perspectives highlighting the different implications of female figures and characters in literature. It is, however, a rather unexplored field to do

so with two figures so seemingly disconnected as Bram Stoker and James Joyce, which should not come as a surprise. Bram Stoker belongs to what can be termed the fin-de-siècle literary movement, while James Joyce is considered a modernist. This distance in time and literary movement is further emphasised by a similar disparity in their publications: James Joyce's collection of short stories, *Dubliners*, was published two years after the death of the author of *Dracula*, in 1912. A similar assertion can be made about their prose or writing styles, which seem as unconnected as the tropes central to their writings.

There is, however, a nexus, a connection that links both writers and their oeuvres. The first part of the title which prefaces this article, 'baleful distractions,' is not gratuitous and has, in fact, been borrowed from the well-known postcolonial critic Elleke Boehmer, who asserts that in a colonial society the female figure would then be incarnating the prerogative of the woman as "seductive distraction or baleful presence" (70). It is this precisely the point at which both these writers converge, for both Stoker and Joyce lived, at least for a length of time, in what was *de facto*, a colonial society—Ireland at the turn of the twentieth century and well into the *Revival* movement. Further still, women feature prominently in both writers' stories, which is—one must be conscious—a term which is not usually associated to these two writers, whose major novel works eclipsed their writings in the short story genre; this, however, only makes it more meaningful for this analysis, which will revolve around three basic pillars: the short story, the female figure and Ireland as a colonial society.

It is worth considering, however, the context in which these two writers produced the short stories which will be considered in this article and how the female figure was used in nineteenth-century colonial Ireland and in the anti-colonial movements and propaganda that ensued.

The first realization is a lack of acknowledgement. Despite the recognition and empowerment of the female as a symbol for the emerging nation, it is significant that very often in the writings of the period, female figures remain a by-product of their male counterparts, being relegated to a secondary role, their voices unheard. The importance of the female figure in nineteenth-century literature is unquestionable and has been studied extensively by several scholars, among them Bill Ashcroft or C. L. Innes. As these have pointed out, the female figure has had various connotations, both in colonial literature, and in nationalist and post-colonial literature. For the first one, the female represented the land to be conquered; for the second one, it was the mother that had to be rescued, the motherland whose liberation "would also involve the recovery of the mother tongue" (Innes 138). But as Innes reminds us, this iconic use of the female to represent the nation is not restricted to nationalist literature. As she puts it, "Britain and France are most frequently allegorized in female form, while patriotic citizens and colonial subjects were exhorted to fight for 'Mother England'" (Innes 138).

It could be argued, then, that a differing point of view seems to be what differentiates the colonizer from the colonized in their perception of the female. And so, while native peoples tend to perceive their motherland as celebratory, essentialist and mythic, the colonizers saw in the lands they were about to conquer a source of unexplored richness but also of adventure and the exotic.

Wisker's views tend to be a bit naïve in her treatment of native peoples and their perceptions and representations of the female but the fact remains that the idea of the

nation as female was also taken up by the nationalist cause. Returning to Ireland, a paradigmatic example of this case is the figure of Cathleen Ni Houlihan representing Erin in Yeats's homonymous play, and which was staged by the Irish nationalist leader Maud Gonne in 1902, full into the *Revival* movement. There is little questioning that portrayals such as this, were a reaction to the British vision of Ireland as frail and in need of protection, which is in itself paradigmatic of the colonial enterprise. Spivak explains that the colonial quest was very often explicated in terms of "white men saving brown women from brown men".

So, how does this vision of the feminine permeate anti-colonialist writing? To understand this, one has first to realize that colonial writing extended this vision of the colonized as feminine not only to the land itself but also to the subjects that inhabited it. One of the basic principles of postcolonial literature explains that the self is defined in direct opposition to the other. It logically follows that if colonialist writing wanted to transmit an image of the colonizer as mature and masculine, the colonized other—be it Indian or Irish—had to be perceived as effeminate and child-like per force. In nineteenth-century colonial logic, it immediately follows that these peoples had to be saved from themselves, and thus colonial writing performed a twofold task—one the one hand, it defined the colonial self and, on the other, it justified the colonial enterprise. As Innes explicates, "in a nineteenth-century context it could be argued that these feminine nations needed benevolent (but firm) male governance, just as the English law enforced the belief that wives should be subject to their husbands." (139)

If anti-colonialist literature wanted to reverse this perception of colonized peoples, they had to reverse the colonial image and so very often these literatures drew on the dichotomy of the aggressive warrior and the submissive, passive female as model figures of behaviour (Innes 140). Despite individual efforts to subvert it, this dichotomy remains an intrinsic part of many postcolonial nations, where public activity is defined as male, while private, domestic activities are defined as female (Innes 140). Although the scholar Hansen traces such representations in Irish literature back to the 1800 Act of Union, stating that "each side defines the binary in terms of lustful masculine aggression against virtuous feminine vulnerability" (14), the truth is that such national representations of the female could be traced back to Irish legends and folklore, in which the male is very often portrayed as a warrior, while the female is either portrayed as a helpless damsel in need or as a powerful witch. The *Revival* movement, of course, drew on these representations—suffice the example of *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* (1902)—, which, in later days, even became a figure for literary mockery as in the case of the Irish playwright Denis Johnston, who parodied this imprint along with other nationalist icons in his play *The Old Lady Says, No!* (1929). This is, of course, not particular to Irish nationalism but rather a widespread characteristic of many postcolonial, anticolonial and nationalist literatures. Innes mentions that the identification of the nation as female and of the male as her saviour "frequently influences the portrayal of women in anticolonial and postcolonial literature" (140) and goes on to cite such examples as the writers Ngugi wa Thiong'o and Soyinka, who centre their fiction, and their male characters, around female characters that represent the story of their people. This is also the case in Irish literature, where women become somehow signifiers of the nation. Suffice as examples the case of Nora in J. M. Synge's *Shadow of the Glen* (1904) and Pegeen in *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907), who are "perceived by audiences not only as 'figures of Irish womanhood' but also as in some sense representing the race as a whole

in its suffering and its yearning for redemption” (Innes 141). And so, we can finally see the common ground for both Irish writers, as this was the literary background for both of them, or, at least, their most immediate one.

It is fair, then, to questions to what extent these tenets of postcolonial theory can be applied to the Irish case, and —more precisely— to what timeframe. By examining the extent to which these images and tropes are reproduced, subverted and abrogated in the writings of James Joyce and Bram Stoker, and the extent to which links can be found in their respective fictions, new light can be shed on the postcolonial interpretation of Irish literature, thus contributing to the generation of a literary tradition.

The female figure in Stoker is complex to analyse. Many critics, among them Kathleen L. Spencer, have noted how the Dubliner’s longer fiction challenges Victorian fin-de-siècle anxieties about the threat of hybridization. Both *Dracula* (1897) and the *Jewel of the Seven Stars* (1903) portray ancient figures from the East (a vampire and a resurrected Egyptian Queen, respectively) which threaten modern Western civilisation—“seeking to objectively reproduce the Orient, Western science fails before the occult power of the East and instead becomes the surface on which the East reduplicates itself” (Wright 195). Stoker’s shorter fiction reacts differently to hybridization, however, as has already been pointed out. Hybridization is, for Stoker, the solution, not the problem.

In many of his stories, the female figure is still portrayed as a source of conflict or as a prize to be won, if not both at the same time. This is the case in “The Coming of Abel Behenna”. In this story, told by a third-person omniscient narrator, Abel Behenna and Eric Sanson, “both young, both good-looking, both prosperous, and who had been companions and rivals from their boyhood” (Stoker 75) fight over the love of Sarah Trefusis, who —unable to decide on either— lets them toss a coin, “the man who wins takes all the money that we both have got, brings it to Bristol and ships on a voyage and trades with it. Then he comes back and marries Sarah, and the two keep all” (Stoker 80). The bet is given an extra turn by adding the prerogative of a timespan of a year. Abel wins the bet and sets off on his journey, keeping no communication with his beloved, however. As time passes by, and the appointed period comes to an end without any news from him, Eric’s hopes are encouraged. It so happens that on the day which should see the coming home of Abel a great storm comes on, the “sea rose and lashed the western coast from Skye to Scilly and left a tale of disaster everywhere” (Stoker 84). The *Lovely Alice*, sailing from Bristol to Penzance, is caught up in this maelstrom, and a shipwreck follows. Without a minute’s hesitation, Eric goes to the cliffs to try and rescue anyone who may have escaped the disaster, showing great prowess by risking his life to save a man who had fallen into a recess, only to discover when lifting him with the help of a rope, that the person whose life he is saving is Abel,

On the instant a wave of passion swept through Eric’s heart. All his hopes were shattered, and with the hatred of Cain his eyes looked out. He saw in the instant of recognition the joy in Abel’s face that his was the hand to succour him, and this intensified his hate. Whilst the passion was on him he started back, and the rope ran out between his hands. (Stoker 87)

From then on, Eric becomes a haunted man, and strange tales begin to be heard about a monster appearing on the very same spot where he had dropped Abel. Finally, on the day of the wedding, the corpse of Abel Behenna is found, with the rope around his waist.

Of key importance in this story is the figure of the female, in this case incarnated in the person of Sarah Trefusis. The female figure in this story is characterized as both the prize to be won, and as a capricious and demanding goddess. Ironically, her role in the story is secondary, just providing an argument to trigger Abel's adventure. Significantly, however, Sarah seems aware of the capriciousness of her wont. As has been mentioned before, unable to choose between her two suitors, she accepts a cruel offer—a toss of a coin in which one of them will get everything the other wants and possesses. In fact, it is her who adds the temporal span to the bet, "I'll marry him on my next birthday," said Sarah. Having said it, the intolerably mercenary spirit of her action seemed to strike her, and impulsively she turned away with a bright blush" (Stoker 80). But this instant of recognition does not last, as she does nothing to stop what she really knows will be a terrible curse on one of the men. Indeed, since the very beginning, Sarah is described as "vain and something frivolous" (Stoker 76). The female figure would then be incarnating Boehmer's colonial prerogative of the woman as "seductive distraction or baleful presence" (Boehmer 70) or Innes's land to be governed by the male (Innes 139). There is, however, a weak point in this argument. Keeping up with nineteenth-century tropes of the female as a representation of the nation, Sarah is revealed as a colonizer figure, being the reverse image of the colonial quest—she incarnates the colonizer's homeland; Sarah is England sending her sons to the conquering of foreign lands. At the very beginning of the story, the narrator outlines both Abel's and Eric's foreign origins, "Abel Behenna was dark with the gypsy darkness which the Phoenician mining wanderers left in their track; Eric Sanson [...] was fair, with the ruddy hue which marked the path of the wild Norseman" (Stoker 75). Both Abel and Eric are a by-product of a much older hybridisation, which is portrayed in a positive light, as has been seen earlier on, both sporting good personal traits and a prosperous future at home. It is the figure of Sarah—the only one who can claim an ancient belonging to Cornish land—who pollutes and destroys them. Read thus, the story reverses one of the inner structures of colonialism, revealing it as a force for devastation—Sarah is not the prize to be won but rather the cause of destruction. Her caprice ruins Abel's and Eric's friendship, prompting the death of the former and the unmaning of the latter—for Eric has lost all honour. As can be seen, the colonial quest has destroyed one of the pillars of society—friendship and the stability of community life.

Joyce's 'The Dead' is a completely different story. Using a third-person limited narrator who views the story through the character of Gabriel Conroy, Joyce narrates the annual dance and dinner party held by Kate and Julia Morkan and their young niece, Mary Jane Morkan. The story is set at or just before the feast of the Epiphany on January 6, and it draws together a variety of relatives and friends. Joyce deftly manages to represent all the strata of his contemporary Irish society in what deceptively seems to be a piece of anecdotal narration; and, therefore, in between the piano playing, the singing, the speech delivery and the drunkard's disruption which could be attributed to a typical anecdotal narration of a stereotypical Irish scene, one realizes that the party is an amalgam of lawyers, writers, professors, country and city, upper and lower-class individuals and—perhaps more remarkably—nationalist and non-nationalists. The story really comes to a head when Gabriel and his wife, Gretta, return home. During the trip back to the hotel, Gabriel fantasises with the intimate encounter they are going to experience. He is, however, taken aback by the cold and distant reaction of his wife, Gretta. When he inquires as to the nature of her coldness, she tells him that the air which had been sung just

right before their leaving the house had reminded her of a man back in Galway she used to know, one Michael Furey, and who, presumably, died because of her unreturned love. This confession prompts an emotional reaction on both Gretta and Gabriel, and the story finishes with the latter theorising about the importance of the past on the present.

Joyce's story yields to many interpretations, although it would not be too farfetched to assert that it is best read as a snapshot of his contemporary Irish society. This notwithstanding, the focus of the analysis will remain on what prompted the initial research – the representation of the female. Even the previous short summary of the story suffices to make one realize that women play an apparently irrelevant role in this story, epitomized in the three main female characters within it: Gabriel's aunts, Miss Ivors, and Gabriel's wife – Gretta. There are, of course, other less important female figures in the story, but these have a common link which will serve the purpose of this presentation. They all, one way or another, seem to twirl around Gabriel, and while it could be argued that it is only logically so – in the end, it is an intimate celebration seen through Gabriel's eyes and, therefore, all these characters must be somehow connected to him – their relation goes further than this, being based on dependence, confrontation and subservience, respectively.

Kate and Julia Morkan are the hostesses of the party, as it is, in fact, held in their house; a party which is described as “a great affair [...]. Everybody who knew it came to it, members of the family, old friends of the family, the members of Julia's choir, any of Kate's pupils [...] and even some of Mary Jane's pupils too” (Joyce 138). They seem to be the people around whom everything revolves. This is, however, a superficial perception for whenever they are in trouble, they seek masculine protection and action, fulfilling Innes' comment that postcolonial or anticolonial literatures portray the nation as female and the male as her saviour (Innes 140). Other critics, like Hansen, view this as a consequence of the 1800s Act of Union between Ireland and Great Britain, arguing that “each side defines the binary in terms of lustful masculine aggression against virtuous feminine vulnerability” (Hansen 14). Both aunts' anxiety is felt since the very beginning of the story, when the maidservant informs Gabriel that “Miss Kate and Miss Julia thought you were never coming. Good night, Mrs. Conroy” (Joyce 139). The very fact that she is addressing him before greeting Mrs. Conroy -by all means a breach of politeness- indicates the anxiety felt. This is built on further on in the story, when the reason for that anxiety is revealed: the aunts are afraid Freddy gets drunk and spoils their party. As Aunt Kate makes explicit, “Slip down, Gabriel, like a good fellow, and see if he's alright, and don't let him up if he's screwed. I'm sure he's screwed. I'm sure he is.” (Joyce 143). Both the anaphora ‘I'm sure’ and the emphasis with which Kate repeats the assertion that ‘he is screwed’ is indicative of her fear. Most revealing yet is the fact that she resorts to Gabriel to defend what, in the end, constitutes her home. This, of course, reinforces the idea of the damsel that needs to be rescued, of a Joycean Kathleen Hi Houlihan but also of a capricious goddess sending her followers on whimsical errands, thus emulating Stoker's female character. It would not be too farfetched to assert, then, that the Miss Morkans represent old Ireland, or at least the old Ireland perceived by certain male sectors. This idea is further emphasised by Gabriel's characterisation of them, which is both external and internal.

Gabriel is responsible for the delivery of the speech thanking his aunts at dinner. Being a man of letters, he has prepared a speech that praises what he considers to be virtuous,

adding here and there certain literary references. On mentally going over the task, the following interior monologue takes places:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the generation which is now on the wane among us may have had its faults but for my part I think it had certain qualities of hospitality, of humour, of humanity, which the new and very serious and hypereducated generation that is growing up around us seems to me to lack. Very good: that one was for Miss Ivors. What did he care that his aunts were only two ignorant old women? (Joyce 151)

This extract is very telling as far as it reveals his external stance (the speech he is going to deliver) in opposition to his internal one (his comment delivered as a rhetorical question) regarding the role of women. The attributes 'hospitality' and 'humanity' are directly opposed to being 'ignorant' and 'hypereducated', which latter comment Gabriel intends as a direct attack on Miss Ivors, thus creating the false dichotomy that if women are educated they cannot be hospitable or worse yet – that for women to be representative of the nation they have to remain ignorant, a beautiful but useless piece of decoration; otherwise, they are defeminised, no longer representing the idea of the home, of Ireland; Joyce's recreation of a male perception through the character of Gabriel perfectly illustrates Boehmer's assertion of the double binary role which women sustain.

The character of Miss Ivors is, then, very interesting as it renders itself to many interpretations. In many ways, Miss Ivors can be pronounced to be Gabriel's female image: both have received a university education, both are highly literate and both work in the education field; Gabriel himself reflects upon this while dancing with Miss Ivors, "they were friends of many years' standing, their careers have been parallel, first at university and then as teachers: he could not risk a grandiose phrase with her" (Joyce 148). Miss Ivors is, therefore, his counterpart, his female other, equal in status and intelligence so much so that this baffles Gabriel and he is only able to continue "blinking his eyes, and trying to smile and murmured lamely [...]" (Joyce 148). In Miss Ivors, Gabriel sees all his weaknesses reflected and has, therefore, to find a way to assert his masculinity over her dominant presence, which he does but only in his interior monologue and in retrospective, thus highlighting his bafflement.

Most interesting is, however, the connection that can be established between Miss Ivors and Bram Stoker's Sarah Trefusis. Although they are very different characters, they do share some important traits. In their respective fictions, both Stoker and Joyce created female characters who are on a par with their male protagonists: Sarah belongs to the same class as Abel and Erik, while Gabriel and Miss Ivor's common background has already been established. In this sense, Stoker establishes a pattern that Joyce—whether consciously or otherwise—followed, a pattern both logical and telling, for its effect and intention are clear: to prompt a powerful reaction, an impact in the narrative. In Stoker's case, this implies moving the plot forward for without Sarah's intervention, there would be no competition between the two men and, consequently, no murder and no plot; in Joyce's case, the effect is the establishment of the main character's identity as Miss Ivors is, in national terms, all that Gabriel is not. In both cases, it is the female figure which prompts this reaction while, at the same time, conditioning the characters; in other words, the female figure *characterizes* her male counterparts, shaping them and providing them with an identity.

This shaping of identity is especially relevant if we take Innes previously mentioned assertion that nations "are most frequently allegorized in female form" (Innes 138). There

is, then, little doubt that Miss Ivors stands for a female representation of Ireland; she is described as a “frank-mannered, talkative young lady, with a freckled face” wearing a large brooch which “bore on it an Irish device” (Joyce 147). Furthermore, she is a firm defender of all things Irish, from the national landscape to nation’s vernacular, as is made clear when she accuses Gabriel of neglecting the latter, “and haven’t you your own language to keep in touch with – Irish?” (Joyce 149). On the other hand, Sarah’s impersonation of colonial powers was established at the beginning of this paper. Stoker and Joyce would, therefore, be using the same device in directly opposing ways for the same purpose; both deploy female characters to criticise excessive national zeal. However, while Stoker does so as a critique of British colonization, Joyce passes his judgement over the new, incipient Irish nationalism.

Stoker and Joyce’s interpretations of (excessive) nationalism differ, however. Stoker’s Sarah Trefussis finds no final redemption—Abel dies, and both Eric and Sarah are doomed forever, their marriage frustrated by Eric’s crime and the prospect of any descendants banished; Stoker’s criticism of the British colonial enterprise is, therefore, clear. Joyce’s Miss Ivors, however, is portrayed in a different light. Her impersonation is, of course, constraint by the male gaze—therefore, reproducing Anglo-Saxon’s conceptions of the Celtic race as feminine (Innes 139)—, manifested in the narrative through Joyce’s deployment of Gabriel as a focalizer of the action, supported by the extensive usage of free indirect speech interspersed by narratorial intrusions. This narrative deployment, while still limited, transmits the false impression of listening to an all-encompassing myriad of voices, therefore, monopolizing the whole discourse of the narration; although there is no specific hint at the gender of the narrative voice, its coalescence with Gabriel’s perspectives reinforces its perception of its having a male tone. Nowhere is this more clearly seen than in Gabriel’s reaction to Miss Ivors’ comments on his being a West Briton, “He ran over the heading of his speech: Irish hospitality, sad memories, the Three Graces, Paris, the quotation from Browning. [...] Miss Ivors had praised the review. Was she sincere?” (Joyce 151).

As can be seen, while the overall narrative voice is male-dominated, the discourse is female-centred, for it is Miss Ivors who dictates what Gabriel considers right or wrong, a success or a failure. This perception, however, only reinforces Boehmer’s perception of the female as an object of desire or a “baleful presence” (73) for the female —no matter how elegantly portrayed— remains encapsulated in the sphere of the home: Miss Ivors’ comments, while most definitely influential on Gabriel’s presence of mind, are kept to the seclusion of an intimate conversation, an effect that is heightened by the overall atmosphere created by the festive season and the family-orientated reunion. Miss Ivors, then, only conditions the dominant discourse in so far as she constitutes an element which is capable of providing a certain feeling of intrigue and comfort. In other words, she seems to constitute Gabriel’s female counterpart but, deeply read, this is only on the surface for she really poses no threat to Gabriel, her only real effect being that of upsetting his mood, “There were no words, said Gabriel moodily, only she wanted me to go for a trip to the west of Ireland and I said I wouldn’t” (Joyce 150).

Miss Ivors is, however, a more convoluted representation of nationalism than Stoker’s Sara. It is true that Miss Ivors is depicted in a better light than Stoker’s female character; unlike Sara, Miss Ivors is shown as an intelligent, soft-spoken and educated woman. Even when she taunts Gabriel, her traits are described in suave, appealing terms, “Miss Ivors

promptly took his hand in a warm grasp and said in a soft friendly tone [...]” (Joyce 148). The usage of the adjective ‘warm’ along with grasp, together with the expression ‘soft friendly tone’ in reference to her previous comment that she was “ashamed of you [Gabriel]” (Joyce 148), has a twofold effect: on the one hand, it reduces Gabriel’s criticism as a traitor to the Irish cause, while, at the same time, it helps portray Miss Ivors in a more pleasant, less menacing light. This notwithstanding, criticism of Irish nationalism and its cause is still present.

Miss Ivors embodies the often-remarked nationalist tendency to look for inspiration back home instead of elsewhere; this is, however, most often carried out in opposition to the metropolis. Thus, instead of using British settings, Irish cultural nationalism would deploy Irish places, plots and self-referential allusions, most commonly to Irish folklore and legends. This has been clearly exemplified by Yeats in his later poetry and drama compositions, and his insistence that Irish writers’ resort to Irish themes (Innes 73). In this sense, Miss Ivors plays along the lines already established, overtly accusing Gabriel of being a West Briton, and publicly questioning him on whether he does not “have your own land to visit [...] that you know nothing of, your own people and your own country?” (Joyce 149).

However, Joyce chose to oppose this vision to a very different cultural approach for although Gabriel has been characterized by Miss Ivors as a “West Briton,” Joyce’s portrayal does not conform to this idea. Far from what could be expected in a nationalistic dichotomy, there is no real clash between Irish nationalism and British imperialism, as there is no overt opposition in the narrative between Irish and British culture, between visiting Dublin and doing so with London, as could be expected; instead, what the narrative suggests is a confrontation between emerging nationalism and a sort of pan-European cultural intelligentsia. Miss Ivors’ accusation of Gabriel’s lack of geographical knowledge of Ireland is, in fact, juxtaposed to the latter’s remark that “we usually go to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany” (Joyce 149), further reinforcing his argument by adding that “it’s partly to keep in touch with the languages and partly for a change” (Joyce 149). Gabriel is, therefore, presented to the reader as an open-minded, well-read university professor; he has travelled extensively through Europe and can speak, it is assumed, at least two more languages apart from English. As opposed to this, the reader is confronted with the verbal attack and scrutiny Miss Ivors has him under, “Their neighbours had turned to listen to the cross-examination. Gabriel glanced right and left nervously, and tried to keep his good humour under the ordeal which was making a blush invade his forehead” (Joyce 149). By comparison, Irish nationalism —incarnated in the figure of Miss Ivors— comes across as reductionist and close-minded, lacking the elegance, refulgence and sophistication impersonated in Gabriel.

One could almost read Joyce’s own aspirations at cosmopolitanism: like Gabriel, he was acquainted with other languages, and like him, Joyce also had a different vision of the world far from nationalistic aesthetics and mindset. However, this portrayal of nationalism through the female figure does more than just criticise it; as with Stoker, Joyce’s depiction of the female in national terms reveal more about his own sense of Irishness and his conflicting views on any national sentiment than at first meets the eyes. Not unlike many of his Irish predecessors, like Somerville and Ross, Joyce deploys “a female figure from the native community in terms of whom or against whom [he] can play off [his] conflicted

sense of [his] Irishness, the battle in [his] spirit of two cultures, two loyalties, even two somewhat distinct senses or reality.” (Moynahan 173). This inner conflict, the same which would drive him away from Ireland but kept him always there via his own writings, would explain why Miss Ivors—and Irish nationalism by extension—is, then, depicted in such a benevolent light. As opposed to nationalist interpretations of history and literature as he was, Joyce could not extricate his Irishness; in a similar way, Miss Ivors constitutes an essential part in Gabriel’s characterization.

Miss Ivors is not, however, the only female character present in Joyce’s work. There is, at least, another character whose embodiment of the female as the nation is worth analysing, and who—somehow—parallels and completes Miss Ivors’ impersonation of the emerging Ireland. Gretta Conroy (Gabriel’s wife) is a more convoluted if less outstanding character than the college-educated Miss Ivors; however, her presence and relevance in the story is, perhaps, even more important and not only due to her marital relationship with the (arguably) main character but also because of her embodiment of those traits which Miss Ivors’ presence and realization as the representation of the nation cannot fulfil.

Rather significantly, the first time she is introduced in the narration, she is presented through narratorial intervention, “She broke out into a pearl of laughter and glanced at her husband, whose admiring and happy eyes had been wandering from her dress to her face and hair” (Joyce 142). While it is true that the expressions “pearl of laughter” does add a positive connotation to Gretta’s characterization, it is no less true that this constitutes a rather poor description, for the reader is left wondering as to her physical or psychological traits. One has to advance further into the narration to find the next reference to Gretta’s character; this is, however, less pleasant to read, if yet more humanizing, “she had once spoken of Gretta as being country cute and that was not true of Gretta at all. It was Gretta who had nursed her during all her last long illness in their house at Monkstown” (Joyce 147). Although still far from Joyce’s usage of stream of consciousness so prominent in *Ulysses*, the technique employed here is quite similar as to its effect. Joyce had before used free indirect speech to create a symbiosis between the reader, the narrative voice and Gabriel; this is now sustained by a rather different approach, as now it is the narrative voice that encapsulates the narration. The effect, however, remains the same, for the reader still gets the impression of following Gabriel’s thoughts and presence of mind. It is through the concatenation of apparently disconnected elements that this effect is achieved. Tired of the party, Gabriel examines the room he is in, and the reader is subsequently presented with the different elements which Gabriel’s eyes encounter and a short but tantalizing reflection on their origin. Until finally his eyes are fixed on Julia Morkan’s picture and his mind is taken back to the above reflection on Gretta. Engaging as this technique is, it has two major consequences.

The first, perhaps most obvious, implication is the nature and constraint of the narration and the narrative voice. From the very first line till the last, the narration is encapsulated, controlled and viewed from a male-dominated perspective. Up to a point, this only logical, as it is the narration of an event from the perspective of Gabriel, who is—rather undeniably—a male character; however, Joyce’s choice of a third person narrator could have opened up for a greater, more encompassing approach in his representation of the female voice. This, as has been seen, is not absent but constrained, which is paradoxical given the imprint of the female in this story: not only are most of the characters feminine

but also—and more significantly—the party's hostesses are so. Despite the fact that this could be read as a lack of critical insight, there is a second, more tantalizing, reading that can be performed.

Much in the same way as Stoker's male characters in 'The Coming Home of Abel Behenna', Joyce's Gabriel, in spite of all his manliness, remains subject to the commands of his hostesses. Nowhere in the narration is this clearer than at the very beginning, as has already been mentioned, when Julia asks Gabriel to check on Freddy and see if "he is all right" (Joyce 143). The interpretation of this passage, already mentioned, remains ambiguous; however, this ambiguity, though paradoxical, does not constitute a contradiction. The Miss Morkans, much like Gretta and Stoker's Sarah, are encapsulated in a male-dominated world, very well represented by Joyce's and Stoker's male-dominated narrative, and are forced, therefore, to abide by the rules which have been imposed onto them. Joyce's narration can, therefore, be read in the same terms as Stoker's, the implication being that the main male character, though still dominant in the narration, is guided—rather connivingly—by the female figures present in the narrative, which is brought full circle—in a very concise and telling way—by Joyce's characterisation of Gretta.

Remarkably enough, Gretta's importance in the narration becomes central towards the latter part of the story, when the party is over and a more intimate section begins, "He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was a grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something [...] If he were a painter, he would paint her in that attitude" (Joyce 165). Joyce's choice of diction could not have been more telling for Gretta definitely is a symbol of something and a great counterpart to the female idea which has been embodied by both Miss Ivors and the Miss Morkans; indeed, she completes the picture which Joyce so skilfully has painted of the representation of Ireland. For Gabriel—the embodiment of a West Briton—Gretta is "grace and mystery," thus realizing Boehmer's assertion of the colonized as both appealing and threatening, an object to be possessed, mysterious and alluring but ultimately a fantasy, a projection of male desires. And, indeed, he fantasizes about his possessing her—physically and psychologically—later on in the narration, "He longed to be alone with her. When the others had gone away, when he and she were in the room in the hotel, then they would be alone together" (Joyce 169). It is in this fashion that he projects all his desires and his lust on Gretta, to the extent that he misinterprets Gretta's reaction when she is listening to a ballad, "At last she turned towards them and Gabriel saw that there was colour on her cheeks and that her eyes were shining. A sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart" (Joyce 167), his assumption being, of course, that she is fantasising about him much in the same way he is about her. However, as the narrative discloses later on, he could not have been more mistaken, for, in fact, Gretta's thoughts and fantasies had been brought back in time to her first lover, who she thinks died for her (Joyce 174).

A section which, however, yields to a more significant interpretation is Gabriel's reaction to this disclosure. When he discovers that Gretta had been reminiscing his long-lost first love, Gabriel becomes distant and even aggressive, if only verbally so, "A dull anger began again to gather at the back of his mind and the dull fires of his lust began to glow angrily in his veins" (Joyce 172). His reaction to his wife's disclosure of her feelings,

far from understanding, is threatening and hurtful even if the intended effect is lost in the anguish of the moment, “Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead” (173). One of the most interesting readings this section has can be seen through the already established paradigm of Gabriel as a West Briton and the female figure as a national representation, in this case, of Ireland. Gabriel’s reaction to his wife’s feelings is one of attack, as if his possessions were at stake, as if the land he had gained by conquest was, once again, being reclaimed by an ancestral native warrior. The interpretation is further backed up by the characters themselves; Gretta is a girl from Connaught, and her long-lost first lover was “a young boy I used to know [...] named Michael Furey. He used to sing that song, *The Lass of Aughrim*.” (172). The fact that both Gretta and Michael come from the West of Ireland, a place associated with the ‘real Celts’ even in the narrative by the very same figure of Miss Ivors, further emphasizes this attempt at retrieval. Despite his many qualities, his various attempts at conquering the native land epitomized by Gretta, he cannot but feel defeated by the ancient past coming back to haunt the colonizer. This, in turn, has a further effect—both Gretta and Gabriel—colonized and colonizer alike—become estranged, “he saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealizing his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror” (Joyce 173).

Even when reflecting on something that is not really related to him, for presumably Gretta’s love story happened before she first met him, Gabriel manages to become the offended party; this is, however, made extensible to all the rest of the crowd and the world that surround him, and while the overall intended effect is for a sympathy for his hurt feelings, the dichotomy he establishes can be clearly seen, for he is “orating to vulgarians” (Joyce 173). The verb ‘orate’ establishes him as the orator, as the source from which all truth emanates, while the term ‘vulgarian,’ closely related to ‘vulgar’ and ‘vulgarity’ clearly reflects his opinions on the nature and characteristics of his surrounding audience, Gretta, Miss Ivors and his aunts included. Meanwhile, he refers to himself as a “well-meaning sentimentalist” (Joyce 173), which by opposition pictures the remaining characters as mean and self-interested. It is rather difficult not to see in this discourse the pivotal tenets of the British colonial enterprise (Loomba 38) that much like in Stoker’s fiction configure the narrative by which Gabriel acts as a representation of British imperial rule while the female characters epitomize Joyce’s representation of Ireland as passive, subjected to British cultural hegemony. Gabriel Conroy’s victimization of his situation only emphasizes the colonial delusion of the White man’s burden: while he is the one afflicting the punishment, he feels rejected and attacked by the native in their attempts at cultural retrieval.

Although James Joyce and Bram Stoker cannot be said to belong to the same literary movement, nor to have actively participated in the *Revival* process that empowered Irish literature from a national point of view, it can be clearly seen that the narratives of both authors do share some similarities in their respective displays of female characters. Both writers’ short fictions deploy the figure of the female to subvert and revert the colonial process which had taken place in Ireland for over seven hundred years. Paradoxically, however, neither writer was passionate about an intransigent nationalist process, both perceiving the dangers which lay subdued to any decolonising procedure and which would later on be manifest in postcolonial Ireland in the form of a rejection of anything non-Irish, be it culturally or economically speaking. It is perhaps too far-fetched an assertion to state

that Joyce's short narratives are indebted to the creator of *Dracula*; however, as has been seen, these female depictions do share similar traits and features worth exploring. Joyce's short fiction, while reduced in its production, is an effervescent source of scrutiny for any scholar interested in female representations in Irish literature, as proven by the many-fold female tropes present in *Dubliners*. Likewise, Stoker's short fiction—more prodigal than that of Joyce—clearly depicts a many-layered female presence, especially in his later production. The comparisons and similarities in patterns, approaches and embodiments of female characters explored in this paper are but the tipping point of a research field worth studying, and which has much to contribute to the understanding of Irish literature in its postcolonial phase.

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The Terrible Mother Archetype in James Joyce's "The Boarding House" and Charles Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*

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Abstract. The topic of figures and symbols surrounding the Feminine, and with her the archetype of the Goddess, is deeply embedded in today's politics of gender, culture and art. It is its Demonic Aspect —the one possessing the negative qualities of the Great Mother—, and its representational possibilities that has been attracting a great deal of attention for a long time. The Terrible Mother has been around us since the dawn of humankind alongside its positive counterpart, the Good Mother. As Erich Neumann points out, the Terrible, or Dark, Mother is "the devourer of the dead bodies of mankind, the orderer, and producer, and creator of slaughter" (Neumann, 2015: 162), and her symbol is the gaping mouth full of bristling teeth, ready to tear the flesh of her victims apart. The attributes of the Terrible Mother revolve around death and decay, as her womb cannot give birth to life and prosperity, but only ruin and destruction. She is also the queen of the underworld, where she is a cold-hearted ruler accompanied by her faithful hound, the guardian of the gates. In this archetype, we recognise figures from all over the world, such as Hecate, Hel, Tlillan, Kali, or Scylla, all of them sharing these deadly qualities.

Her figure is also noticeable in literature, which is one of the multiple channels by which archetypes find their way into the world of consciousness, as scholars such as Northrop Frye remind us. This paper will focus on two characters of two canonical Irish authors with a time-span of almost a century between them: Charles Robert Maturin's Donna Clara, in his novel *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820), and James Joyce's Mrs Mooney, in his short story "The Boarding House" (1914). Analysing these characters will show that they share features that belong to the archetype of the Terrible Mother, such as her

attributes relating her to the underworld —through her abode itself, as well as through her companions: her faithful guardian-dogs—, the barren womb characteristic of the Demonic Aspect of the Great Mother, or her mouth full of sharp teeth: her *vagina dentata*. This, therefore, will expose how the Terrible Mother is a recurrent archetype, not only in literature in general, but in the Irish literary and cultural sphere in particular, which unveils the darker side of a “Great Mother Ireland,” revealing the need to be deeply analysed in relation to Irish literature.

Keywords. Terrible Mother, Maturin, Joyce, Irish Literature, Great Mother.

Northrop Frye, in *Fables of Identity*, introduces the whole notion of archetypes and archetypal criticism by stating that each poet has their own intrinsic set of images, but when “so many poets use so many of the same images, surely there are much bigger critical problems involved than biographical ones” (Frye, 1963: 12). According to him, and other archetypal critics and experts, like Joseph Campbell, archetypes and archetypal figures are to be found everywhere in myth, psychology, art and literature. They “have inspired, throughout the annals of human culture, the basic images of ritual, mythology, and vision” (Campbell, 1973: 18), as he tells us in his canonical study on mythology *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*.

Since Carl Gustav Jung and his school of psychology started to define and study the world of mythology and apply it to his patients in his clinic at the beginning of the 20th century, there has been a lot of discussion about archetypes and their use in different fields. Among these areas of study, they have had special recognition in art and literary studies, for archetypes and their symbolic imagery, as Erich Neumann reminds us, are “the creative source of the human spirit in all its realizations” (Neumann, 2015: 17), thus being the fountain from which the artist’s unconscious has drunk for generations. It is Northrop Frye who tells us that an archetype is a “spectroscopic band of peculiar formation of symbols” (Frye, 1963: 11), many of which the writer is quite unconscious of. All these small units, the symbols, are interconnected, as Maud Baudkin tells us, forming the patterns that ultimately form the archetype (Baudkin, 1965: 4), which is expressed in its narrative form, i.e. the myth: “[I]n myth [...] we have other sequences of images which emotional patterns determine, and which seem to us strange as dreams, when, repeating them in the words used also for the results of logical reflection, we are led to contrast these incompatible renderings of experience” (Baudkin, 1965: 8). With all that, an archetype is the structure, the pattern behind the myth, the narrative, the group of which is a mythology. This last one is “the matrix of literature”, the one source literature always returns to, as Frye tells us: “[M]ythology as a total structure, defining as it does a society’s religious beliefs, historical traditions, cosmological speculations—in short, the whole range of its verbal expressiveness—is the matrix of literature, and major poetry keeps returning to it” (Frye, 1963: 33).

One of the primordial archetypes that we can find in every mythology around the world, as many scholars point out, is the Great Mother—also known as Great Goddess—archetype¹, and her two aspects, what Erich Neumann calls her positive and her negative

1 See Maud Baudkin (1965), David Leeming (1994), Northrop Frye (2004) or Erich Neumann (2015).

elementary characters², as will be made clear in the following lines. Following David Leeming's study *Goddess: Myths of the Female Divine*, the archetype of the Great Mother is a potential being that dwells in the unconscious of all humankind, since its early dawn in prehistoric times, and who "has emerged in varying degrees into consciousness in the many and diverse cultural forms to which we apply the word *goddess* in the sense of female deity" (Leeming, 1994: 3). Thus, the Great Mother is not any concrete image existing in space and time, but rather "an inward image at work in the human psyche" (Neumann, 2015: 3), and its effect can be seen in the rites, myths, and symbols of early humankind, and also in the dreams, fantasies, and creative works of the sound as well as the sick of our own day (Neumann, 2015: 3).

Every archetype, and archetypal pattern, image and symbol has two opposing but complementary aspects, as Frye tells us: the Apocalyptic or Ideal Aspect, on the one hand, —a category that relates to images of "revelation" and the "good" aspect of the archetype (Frye, 2004: 31)— and the Demonic Aspect, on the other —linked to images of downfall and the terrible:

I was speaking about the structure of imagery [...] and was saying that the imagery tends to split into two opposed categories. One I'm calling the apocalyptic or the ideal, the one that's associated with the Garden of Eden, with the Promised Land, with Jerusalem and the temple, with Jesus' spiritual kingdom. The other I'm calling the demonic: it's what is associated with the heathen kingdoms of tyranny. (Frye, 2004: 41)

These two archetypal aspects can be found in every symbol and image all along the different mythologies in the world, which are nothing else but the manifestations of our collective unconscious; that means that "imagery tends to fall into these two sharply opposed categories, and that there is no image [...] which does not have both an apocalyptic and a demonic context: or at any rate, which *may* not have both" (Frye, 2004: 41). These aspects would correspond to what Erich Neumann termed the Good Mother archetype, a more creative, feminized aspect of the Goddess, on the one side, and the Terrible Mother archetype, a more violent, death-related and masculinized aspect, on the other (Neumann, 2015: 20). Both archetypes would come to represent, respectively, the positive and negative elementary characters of the Primordial Goddess, or Great Mother. This is an ouroboric primeval goddess stemming from a primordial archetype which would contain both of the former aspects, the Good and the Terrible, thus forming a unity within it:

A configured form of the Great Mother has emerged from the primordial archetype. Now an order is discernible in the elements. She has three forms: the good, the terrible, and the good-bad mother. The good feminine (and masculine) elements configure the Good Mother, who, like the Terrible Mother containing the negative elements, can also emerge independently from the unity of the Great Mother. The third form is that of the Great Mother who is good-bad and makes possible a union of positive and negative attributes. [...] Great Mother, Good Mother, and Terrible Mother form a cohesive archetypal group. (Neumann, 2015: 21)

2 See Erich Neumann (2015).

They would also be manifested in the human conscious in different images, for “[t]he symbolism of the archetype is its manifestation in specific psychic images, which are perceived by consciousness and which are different for each archetype” (Neumann, 2015: 4). Thus, for example, the Terrible Mother and the life-giving, kind Good Mother archetypes would appear in diverging images, or, as Frye would put it, in opposing aspects of the same symbol. To draw the pattern for both archetypes, Neumann, and other scholars, examined figures extracted from different myths around the globe that have the same recurring predications in common, and applied them to art, literature and psychology.

The following lines will focus on an analysis of two mother figures in Irish literature from different periods and historical contexts, but which present similar traits and characteristics akin to those of the Terrible Mother. These are the figures of Mrs Mooney, in James Joyce’s “The Boarding House” —a short story in the collection *Dubliners* (1914)—, and Donna Clara, in the long story “Tale of the Indians”, one of the many interpolated tales in Charles Robert Maturin’s novel *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820), both masterpieces in the literature of Ireland. The span of almost 100 years between the publications of these two works will also give an idea of the permanence of the Terrible Mother archetype not only in the Irish literary world, but also in the Irish —and human— cultural unconscious. As an archetype is represented in the conscious by a vast number of forms, symbols, and images, as well as of views, aspects and concepts, which complement one another (Neumann, 2015: 9), to analyse the archetype of the Terrible Mother in Maturin’s and Joyce’s works, this paper will pay attention to three different traits out of the numerous ones present in all the figures in myth related to it. These will namely be the deadly, petrifying countenance that surrounds these figures, the Demonic Aspect of the “upper womb” —both part of the destructive, negative male attributes of the Feminine—, and the figure of the Terrible Mother as Goddess of the gate to the underworld. By doing so, it will be shown that the Terrible Mother Archetype is a recurrent *motif* in Irish literature, from the earliest Irish Gothic novel, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, (Villacañas, 2007: 32) until James Joyce’s works at the start of the 20th century and beyond, in Edna O’Brien’s *Mother Ireland* (1976) or Claire Keegan’s *Antartica* (1999) or *Walking the Blue Fields* (2007), as Asier Altuna-García de Salazar reminds us (Altuna-García de Salazar, 2014). In that way, this paper will highlight and unveil the features belonging to the darker aspect of a “Great Mother Ireland”, her Terrible side.

As it has just been mentioned, the first feature of the Terrible Mother this paper will focus on is the destructive male attributes of the Feminine. As Neumann points out, the uroboros —the snake biting its own tail— is a symbol of the “psychic state of the beginning, of the original situation, in which a man’s consciousness and ego were still small and undeveloped” (Neumann, 2015: 18). Thus, it is a symbol of the united primordial parents from whom the figures of the Great Father and Great Mother later crystallized out and, therefore, “the most perfect example of the still undifferentiated primordial archetype” (Neumann, 2015: 18). From this undifferentiated primordial archetype, as Neumann calls it, the Archetypal Feminine and the Archetypal Masculine have been differentiated, both still containing elements of the other: “This primordial archetype of the Feminine contains positive and negative male determinants aside from the predominant female elements” (Neumann, 2015: 21), of which the Terrible Mother contains the negative ones of death and destruction, danger and distress, which appear as helplessness in its presence (Neumann, 2015: 149). Its symbolism draws its images predominantly from the “inside”,

the inner experience, the anguish, horror, and fear of danger (Neumann, 2015: 147); that is, chimerical and fantastic images that cannot be found in the outside world. This means that the dark side of the Terrible Mother often takes the form of monsters all across the world, as it will be seen later, be it in myths and legends from India, such as Kali, Greece, in the form of the Gorgon Medusa or the sea-monster Scylla, or Mexico, where the serpent-goddess Tlillan dwelt. As Neumann says, “[t]he dark half of the black-and-white cosmic egg representing the Archetypal Feminine engenders terrible figures that manifest the black, abysmal side of life and the human psyche” (Neumann, 2015: 148).

One of the attributes associated to this archetype, as we mentioned above, is the petrifying look issuing from these figures, which stands in direct opposition to the mobility of the stream of life that flows in everything that is alive, and that plays an essential role in Irish myth³; being, thus, the counterpart of the life womb. Bearing this in mind, the first mythological figure one can think of is one of the Gorgons in Hellenic myth, the Medusa⁴, who could literally petrify all the men she looked upon. This petrification, or rigidity, is directly linked to death⁵ for, as Neumann reminds us, Medusa’s petrifying gaze “belongs to the province of the Terrible Great Goddess, for to be rigid is to be dead” (Neumann, 2015: 166). Not only in a metaphorical way, but also in a more real one, once the myth of the feared Gorgon is considered, Medusa’s victims are described as inert and lifeless, and her lair a place of cold death. David Leeming, in his study on the figures of the Goddess, sheds some light on the myth of Zeus’s son Perseus, and his encounter with the Gorgon. As the sun-hero is sent off on a dare that he would return with the head of the snake-haired Gorgon⁶, and with the invaluable help of Hermes and Athena, Perseus is led to Medusa’s island, where “armed with Athena’s bronze shield and Hermes’s sword, Perseus eventually passed through rank after rank of inert, lifeless warriors standing like statues in the icy wind” (Leeming, 1994: 118), after which, with a stroke of his sword, he severs her head. However, the deadly powers of the petrifying look of Medusa are not done with after her death. When Perseus safely returns home, he kills the king and all his retinue by holding aloft Medusa’s rotting head turning them into stone (Leeming, 1974: 119).

3 In Irish myth, female figures play an important role as symbols of fertility and the well-being of the landscape, meaning that some mythic female characters in the sagas are also territorial goddesses whose names are made patent in place-names around the country (Tymoczko, 1997: 97). That also often leads to the representation of Ireland as a female voice in Irish literature —the goddess of the land—; that —eternal feminine— Altuna-García de Salazar reminds us of (Altuna-García de Salazar, 2014: 197). A common connection most of these goddesses would have is that of wells and rivers, as we can see in cases like the Liffey (An Life in Irish, Life being a fertility local goddess) or the Boyne (An Bhóinn in Irish, related to the goddess Boann, one of the most significant goddesses in the Irish sagas). Joyce personified the goddess Life in his wife/mother figure Anna Livia Plurabelle in *Finnegans Wake* (1939) that, in a way, tries to save the father from falling and his potency by procuring younger women (Norris, 2004: 152). By doing so, Joyce goes deeper into the Great Mother archetype, and its aspect as fertility goddess. As Maria Tymoczko tells us, “evidence indicates that river goddesses are simply one specific manifestation of the fertility goddesses and the mother goddesses” (Tymoczko, 1997: 100), thus being the form the positive elementary character of the Great Mother archetype would take in Irish myth.

4 Eduardo Cirlot, in his canonical *Diccionario de símbolos*, deems the Gorgons, and Medusa in particular, as a prototypical Terrible Mother figure (Cirlot, 2006: 225).

5 The Terrible Mother is a goddess of death, from myths of Hecate or Medusa, in Greece, to Kali, in India, or Tlillian, in Aztec Mexico. See Baudkin, 1965, Schechter, 1973, Leeming, 1994, Neumann, 2015.

6 The negative aspect of the snake is a recurring symbol of Terrible Mother figures (Cirlot, 2006: 405-406).

In James Joyce's "The Boarding House", Mrs Mooney, when she is getting ready to talk to Mr Doran on the topic of her daughter, studies her appearance in order to, seemingly, confer it with this power to destroy her male victim, in this case Mr Doran, the sun-hero of myth⁷, who walks down the stairs like a lamb to the slaughter. Mrs Mooney's power in this scene reminds us of the terrible battle-goddess of ancient Ireland, Medhbh, and can be sensed as she acquires a battle-ready appearance: "She stood up and surveyed herself in the pier-glass. The decisive expression of her great florid face satisfied her and she thought of some mothers she knew who could not get their daughters off their hands" (Joyce, 1993: 46). Mrs Mooney is satisfied with the terrible expression she has assumed, ready to tame, or "castrate" her potential male victim, as Medusa would do. Her look is terrifying, and petrifying, to such a point that the sole thought of having an interview with her makes Mr Doran anxious. His anxiety is made patent as the reader is shown that he could not shave that morning, in spite of the several attempts, and his glasses "became so dimmed with moisture that he had to take them off and polish them" (Joyce, 1993: 47). He is literally petrified with fear at the prospect of facing the goddess of Hell in his descent to the underworld, as it will be later seen. At the same time, Mrs Mooney compares herself to these mothers who do not have the ability to do so, probably examples of the Good Mother—a Frigg, a Demeter, a Mary, or a more Irish Bridget⁸—, and in a way pities them. She does not belong in the Paradisal Aspect of the Great Goddess/Mother Ireland, as Bridget would, but rather a darker side of the archetype.

In the case of Donna Clara, in Charles Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*, she is not seen transfixing anybody with her terrible look, but rather to show that sterility of icy death and heartless, stone-like soul that Perseus witnessed on the island of the Gorgons. When Melmoth re-encounters Immalee—the lovely innocent Spanish-descendant raised on the island in the Indian Ocean—in Madrid, she lets go of a cry, in an inappropriate manner, and faints due to the shock of seeing him again, in such an unlikely situation and place⁹. After such an incident, she is carried back to the carriage of her newly-found family of Grandees of Spain. That is the precise moment when the reader is introduced to them for the first time in the novel, and can get a brief glimpse of the state of affairs in the house of the Aliagas. It is in the gloomy and "withering" carriage, after such an incident, where Immalee—now addressed as Isidora—is lectured by her "cold and grave" mother, who looks at her with a "sterile" face—one that lacks life—and, with a look and tone she is used to employing to order and command in her house, she reprimands the young scared girl. In this scene, one discovers a cold household, and a heartless, cold and distant family, who are those Immalee is about to wither away with:

7 Quite conveniently, James Joyce makes his male hero a worker in "a Catholic wine-merchant's office" (Joyce, 1993: 45) who, despite his agnostic past, he is now a serious, God-fearing man who "attended his religious duties and for nine-tenths of the year lived a regular life" (Joyce, 1993: 46).

8 See Leeming, 1994.

9 In his search to find a victim to swap destinies with—a compact with the devil in exchange of almightiness and knowledge—, Melmoth appears on the island where Immalee's ship wrecked and she grew up. During all his visits to the island, Melmoth speaks and teaches the young girl, at the same time that feelings spring in both their hearts. When he becomes aware of these feelings, Melmoth, in a dramatic scene in which he seems to struggle with an entity from beyond this world, disappears from Immalee's life without a trace, until they meet again in Madrid.

The interior of this arrangement was the counterpart of its external appearance, –all announced dullness, formality, and withering monotony.

‘Donna Clara was a woman of cold and grave temper, with all the solemnity of a Spaniard, and all the austerity of a bigot. [...]

‘And it was amid such beings that the vivid and susceptible Immalee [...] was doomed to wither away [...]

‘It is certain that the gloomiest prospect presents nothing so chilling as the aspect of human faces, in which we try in vain to trace one corresponding expression; and the sterility of nature itself is luxury compared to the sterility of human hearts, which communicate all the desolation they feel.

‘They had been some time on their way, when Donna Clara, who never spoke till after a long preface of silence, perhaps to give what she said a weight it might otherwise have wanted, said, with oracular deliberation, ‘Daughter, I hear you fainted in the public walks last night – did you meet with any thing that surprised or terrified you?’ – ‘No, madam,’ – ‘What, then, could be the cause of the emotion you betrayed at the sight, as I am told – I know nothing – of a personage of extraordinary demeanour?’ – ‘Oh, I cannot, I dare not tell!’ said Isidora, dropping her veil over her burning cheek. (Maturin, 1998: 331)

Her eyes might not petrify her victim, as in the case of the fearful Gorgon, but are able to transfix her with the sterile look of death and barrenness, to the point that Immalee does not dare to tell her about her encounter with Melmoth, and rather looks down hiding her face and choking back her feelings. After her lecture, Donna Clara goes back to her beads without any show of human feeling or love for her daughter.

Another link that the Terrible Mother Archetype has to death, apart from its transfixing, petrifying gaze, is that of the negative aspect of what some scholars call the “upper womb”, that of the lips, the birthplace of breath and the word, the *logos*. The Paradisal Aspect of the womb appears as a lush, tender mouth, as ““lips” are attributed to the female genitals, and on the basis of this positive symbolic equation the mouth, as “upper womb”” (Neumann, 2015: 168); thus, as the origin of life and knowledge. Similarly, the destructive side of the Feminine, its Demonic Aspect, as Neumann mentions, is “the destructive and deathly womb, [which] appears most frequently in the archetypal form of a mouth bristling with teeth” (Neumann, 2015; 168), what some call the motif of the *vagina dentata*. This symbolism appears in several mythological figures and symbols across the world, from statuettes of Mboze and her serpent-daughter Bunzi, of the Woyo people of Zaire in Africa (Leeming, 1994: 97-98), to the meat-eating fish that inhabits the vagina of the Terrible Mother in the mythology of some North American Indian tribes, like Kicking Monster and her four daughters Vagina Girls, of the Apache tribe (Leeming, 1994: 125-127). In Greece this aspect of the Terrible Mother appears in the alluring and death-dealing figure of Scylla, the devouring whirlpool, which has the upper parts of a beautiful woman, while her lower parts consist of three sharply fanged hellhounds¹⁰. As well as the deadly sea-monster Ulysses had to encounter on his way back to Ithaca, Greece has also given other figures to this archetype, such as Medusa and her other Gorgon-sisters, who, with their writhing snakes for hair, their boar’s tusks, beards and outthrust tongues, are symbols

10 As Neumann notes, the negative Masculine as an attribute of the Feminine “often takes the form of a destructive male companion, a wild boar, for example. And boar’s tusks or other animal fangs often appear beside the teeth of the Terrible Female” (Neumann, 2015: 168). Similarly, the hellhounds’ fangs in Scylla’s “lower parts” are her *vagina dentata*.

of a Mother Goddess in her devouring aspect (Neumann, 2015: 169; Leeming, 1994: 117; Cirlot, 2006: 225). However, it is India where one of the clearest and greatest experiences of the Terrible Mother comes from in the grandiose form of Kali, "dark, all-devouring time, the bone-wreathed Lady of the place of skulls" (Zimmer, 1968: 81)¹¹. Kali's death-related "upper womb" attributes become clearer as we see that "[h]er teeth are blood-stained fangs. Rivers of blood flow from her; her stomach is a constant devourer of the equally constant plenitude of her womb" (Leeming, 1994: 24); or, also, when she appears to the great Hindu mystic of the 19th century, Ramakrishna, giving birth to a child that she immediately eats:

One quiet afternoon Ramakrishna beheld a beautiful woman ascend from the Ganges and approach the grove in which he was meditating. He perceived that she was about to give birth to a child. In a moment the babe was born, and she gently nursed it. Presently, however, she assumed a horrible aspect, took the infant in her now ugly jaws and crushed it, chewed it. Swallowing it, she returned again to the Ganges, where she disappeared. (From *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, quoted in Campbell, 1973: 115, and Schechter, 1973: 253)

In this description of the blood-thirsty Goddess, one can see how life is destroyed and annihilated by her "upper womb", as she eats the child that she has just brought to life with her mouth full of sharp fangs, her *vagina dentata* (Schechter, 1973: 254). That image of the Terrible Mother eating her own children is akin to Joyce's Ireland as an old sow eating her own farrow, when Stephen Dedalus speaks about the futile sacrifice of national heroes and how the country herself casts nets to prevent souls to be free: "When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. [...] Do you know what Ireland is? asked Stephen with cold violence. Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow." (Joyce, 1992: 157). Joyce shows the most life-depriving, negative traits of Ireland as a Great Mother.

In a similar manner, in the case of Mrs Mooney, in "The Boarding House", she may be more in the likeness of Terrible Mother figures with tools similar to teeth: knives (Schechter, 1973: 257). David Leeming reminds us of one of these figures, the Aztec death goddess Tlillan, who is furnished with a variety of knives and sharp teeth, and demands bloody child sacrifices:

The Aztecs of ancient Mexico had a particularly violent form of Goddess as devourer. [...] Once a week, [her priests] would present themselves to the emperor to receive the goddess's ration, a succulent baby. [...]

And when Tlillan did not receive her weekly ration, the priests put a knife in the cradle, which a woman carried to the marketplace to stay until she returned. When she did not return, the market people would discover the knife in the cradle and know that Tlillan had not been fed, and they would make this known. The priests would come, take the knife, and, weeping, go off, while the emperor and his nobles, covered in shame, would promptly provide the priests with that which Tlillan so implacably insisted on. (Leeming, 1994: 26-27)

Like Tlillan, there are other Dark Mother deities and figures connected to knives, and similar weapons, symbolising the teeth of deadly "upper wombs" (Neumann, 2015: 190;

11 See also Puhvel, 1987: 87.

Caffrey, 2018: 13). Mrs Mooney is not only a butcher's daughter —these are actually the first words in the story and the first thing we learn about her—, which also determines her character¹², but she also married her father's foreman and set up a butcher's shop with him¹³, making a clear connection between her and the quintessential tool related to these dark deities: “Mrs Mooney was a butcher's daughter. She was a woman who was quite able to keep things to herself: a determined woman. She had married her father's foreman and opened a butcher's shop near Spring Gardens” (Joyce, 1993: 43). After her father's death, Mr Mooney —her husband— started drinking heavily, stealing money from the till and neglecting the business, leading to their separation. It is in one of their usual fights after Mr Mooney was heavy on the spirits that we see that knives are deeply integrated in Mrs Mooney's background, as her husband “went for his wife with the cleaver and she had to sleep in a neighbour's house” (Joyce, 1993: 43). After such a point-turning row, she takes her share of the business and with that money opens the boarding house of the title. Moreover, she is not only related to the butcher's world —a meat-eating world where knives are daily tools¹⁴—, but also deals with moral issues “as a cleaver deals with meat” (Joyce, 1993: 44), using such a tool as part of a meaningful phrase.

In Mrs Mooney's dealings with her daughter, Polly, and the young men at the boarding house —Mr. Doran in particular—, we see another attribute already mentioned above: the Terrible Mother as a devouring temptress, which is also present in figures such as the Greek Scylla. Polly, a young and pretty girl who is barely nineteen years old, enacts Mrs Mooney's tempting side and need to entice her victims when she sings her naughty songs on Sunday evenings, as her voice, youth and angelic appearance are the perfect bait for the men in the house:

On Sunday nights there would often be a reunion in Mrs. Mooney's front drawing-room. The music-hall *artistes* would oblige; and Sheridan played waltzes and polkas and vamped accompaniments. Polly Mooney, the Madam's daughter, would also sing. She sang:

‘I'm a ... naughty girl.
You needen't sham:
You know I am.’

Polly was a slim girl of nineteen; she had light soft hair and a small full mouth. Her eyes were grey with a shade of green through them, had a habit of glancing upwards when she spoke with anyone, which made her look like a little perverse madonna. (Joyce, 1993: 44)

Not only is Polly Mooney described voluptuously as having “soft hair and a small full mouth”, which is a quite overt sexual description of the Terrible Mother, as Schechter

12 The link between her being a butcher's daughter and her strong character is made clear as Joyce puts both statements together, and first thing in the story, as he describes Mrs Mooney.

13 Mrs. Mooney's links with the profession of a butcher highlight her characteristics of the archetype, as butchers are closely related to slaughter and death, both images of the Terrible Mother, as we have already seen. Also, knives are the main utensils of such a profession, and these are also closely associated to the Terrible Mother in images such as the *vagina dentata*.

14 It is also interesting to notice that Joyce does not use just the generic term “knife” to refer to the utensils used by butchers, but chooses the specific term “cleaver”, a tool of the knife family used for cutting meat into joints or pieces, which by itself brings forward the idea of one of these bloody sacrifices practised in the name of many Terrible Mother figures.

reminds us (Schechter, 1973: 255), but she is also compared to a distorted image of a madonna, the image of Mary, the Good Mother figure in Christian mythology (Leeming, 1974: 154). Hence, Mrs Mooney's daughter becomes the Demonic Aspect of such meaningful figure: the tempting attribute of the Terrible Mother.

That characteristic of the Terrible Mother is emphasised by the "lower parts" of the devouring Scylla when Mrs Mooney is clearly perceived using her daughter's temptations in her favour, as she gave her "the run of the young men" (Joyce, 1993: 44). These young men become her victims, who "like to feel that there is a young woman not very far away. Polly, of course, flirted with the young men but Mrs Mooney, who was a shrewd judge, knew that the young men were only passing the time away: none of them meant business" (Joyce, 1993: 44). Her tempting flirting business goes on until Mrs Mooney finds her perfect victim amongst all the rest: Mr Doran, the "serious young man, not rakish and loud like the others" (Joyce, 1993: 45). Mr Doran seems to belong to a respectable rank of society, with a stable job—"employed for thirteen years in a great Catholic wine-merchant's office" (Joyce, 1993: 45)—, and with the noble intentions that would not let him run away with a simple pay-off for the damage in Polly's reputation, thus becoming the perfect candidate, and victim, for Mrs Mooney's plans:

She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming he was a man of honour, and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse; nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident. The question was: What reparation would he make?

There must be reparation made in such case. It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt. Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it. But she would not do so. For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour: marriage. (Joyce, 1993: 45)

Mrs. Mooney's final victory will be to secure a good marriage for her daughter, and she is convinced that she will win.

Donna Clara's motif of the *vagina dentata*, in *Melmoth the Wanderer's* "Tale of the Indians", might be less obvious than that of Mrs Mooney, in Joyce's short story, but still present. A few paragraphs above we saw that the "upper womb" is the birthplace of breath and the word, the source of life; and that in the case of the destructive side of the Feminine that would be the barren, inert womb. When examining the mother role of Donna Clara all along the story, we cannot see any reference to her conception of Immalee, and only vague recollections of her being Immalee's biological mother, mostly quick reminders uttered by Melmoth himself. Actually, Immalee is believed to have been dead after the ship where she was travelling with her nurse sank in the ocean, and, when we learn that she survived the shipwreck, it is to see that the mother duties had been performed by her nurse and nature herself—her real mothers:

The nurse and infant were supposed to have perished in a storm which wrecked the vessel on an isle near the mouth of a river, and in which the crew and passengers perished.

It was said that the nurse and child alone escaped; that by some extraordinary chance they arrived at this isle, where the nurse died from fatigue and want of nourishment, and the child survived, and grew up a wild and beautiful *daughter of nature*, feeding on fruits, – and sleeping amid roses, – and drinking the pure element, – and inhaling the harmonies of heaven, – and repeating to herself the few Christian words her nurse had taught her, in answer to the melody of the birds that sung to her, and of the stream whose waves murmured in accordance to the pure and holy music of her unearthly heart. (Maturin, 1998: 503) (Italics mine)

The young girl learnt the few words she uses to address Melmoth upon his arrival on the island from her nurse. It is she who gives Immalee speech, the power of the word that comes from the “upper womb”, not Donna Clara, whose barren womb is made clear when her daughter “died” in the wreck. Even more, it was not only Immalee’s nurse that helped in her raising, but on several occasions in the story the young girl is referred to as “daughter of nature”. By doing so, the last mother-daughter bond Donna Clara and Immalee had is broken.

Another feature that would break the bond between the Spanish lady and the young Indian is the issue of Immalee’s name itself. When she first makes an acquaintance with Melmoth on her island, she goes by the name of Immalee, a name close to her heart and the one that not only has she used for almost all her life in the novel, but also the only one the reader knows for half the story. However, when she is rescued by the Portuguese trading ship and brought back to her biological family’s home in Madrid, they, or rather Donna Clara —following the appropriate role of a mother—, rename her Isidora. Despite this, her more proper Spanish name is nothing but a cold appellative which does not stir any feelings in her heart, unlike the name she loves, and the one she asks Melmoth to use with her after their second encounter in Madrid. As she makes patent by using the name of Immalee with the man she loves, Isidora is not a real name for her, it would belong to another person. Her true self answers to the name her real mothers —her nurse and nature— gave her: Immalee:

Suddenly she saw one of the moonlight alleys darkened by an approaching figure. It advanced – it uttered her name – the name she remembered and loved – the name of Immalee! ‘Ah!’ she exclaimed, leaning from the casement, ‘is there then one who recognizes me by that name?’ – ‘It is only by that name I can address you,’ answered the voice of the stranger – ‘I have not yet the honour of being acquainted with the name your Christian friends have given you.’ – ‘They call me Isidora, but do you still call me Immalee.’ (Maturin, 1998: 342)

If that had ever been her name before her raising on the Indian isle, “Isidora”, Donna Clara’s daughter, “died” in the shipwreck, as one can see at Immalee’s subtle rejection of her Spanish name. The young child that took up her place is the legitimate “daughter of nature”, as it has been remarked above. Donna Clara’s inert womb, thus, can only give birth to death.

Donna Clara’s ties with Immalee, if not biological, at least sentimental ones¹⁵, seem to be broken, as the few words that she speaks to her are heartless lectures and commands

15 When Immalee talks to Melmoth in the first of their meetings at her family’s villa in Madrid, she confesses that she does not love or trust her mother, alongside her whole family: “I am among those whom I cannot trust or love. My mother is severe – my brother is violent.” (Maturin, 1998: 342)

on how to behave, instead of being the encouraging motherly ones they should be, as in the scene after Isidora's swooning. Donna Clara tells Immalee quite explicitly that she does not want to have any confidence with her, or know anything about her feelings. Immalee should only fulfil her duties as an obedient child. Immalee is treated as a submissive product, a soulless property, not only by those around her, but, most importantly, by her own mother:

‘No!’ said Donna Clara, repelling her with a cold feeling of offended pride; ‘no! – there is no occasion. I seek no confidence withheld and bestowed in the same breath; nor do I like these violent emotions – they are unmaidenly. Your duties as a child are easily understood – they are merely perfect obedience, profound submission, and unbroken silence, except when you are addressed by me, your brother, or Father Jose. Surely no duties were ever more easily performed – rise, then, and cease to weep. If your conscience disturbs you, accuse yourself to Father Jose, who will, no doubt, inflict a penance proportioned to the enormity of your offence (Maturin, 1998: 331).

Instead of consoling her daughter, Donna Clara sends her off to the family confessor to receive penance, which very often took the shape of physical punishment.

In another scene, after Isidora is accused of having religious ideas diverging from those of the Catholic Church, Melmoth describes to her a clear picture of Donna Clara, alongside the rest of her family, as the person to send her to die at the hands of the Inquisition in order to avoid any suspicion or connection with a heretic. In such a description, Donna Clara is shown as an archetypal Medea¹⁶ about to murder her children in what Shauna Louise Caffrey calls the “antimother”, one who, “rather than creating life, extinguishes it” (Caffrey, 2018: 8). Hence, not only is Donna Clara's inert womb made patent again, but also her potential for destruction and annihilation. Once again, Donna Clara is shown as having no maternal feelings towards her daughter. She can only be the messenger of death, thus subverting the traits of motherhood:

Are you aware of the danger of the words you utter? Do you know that in this country to hint a doubt of Catholicism and Christianity being the same, would consign you to the flames as a heretic incorrigible? Your mother, so lately known to you as a mother, would bind your hands when the covered litter came for its victim; and your father, though he has never yet beheld you, would buy with his last ducat the faggots that were to consume you to ashes; and all your relations in their gala robes would shout their hallelujahs to your dying screams of torture. (Maturin, 1998: 344)

In this meaningful passage, we can see two main points that should be addressed. The first one is that Melmoth, in his vivid description of what would happen to the young girl if her religious ideas continued to be known to her family, stresses the fact that Donna Clara has only been Immalee's mother recently. Through Melmoth's statement we go back to Donna Clara's barren, inert womb: Isidora might be her daughter, but Immalee was not. The second point that should be noted is related to Donna Clara's deadly “upper womb”,

¹⁶ As a pre-existing literary and mythic figure, Medea is regarded as an archetypal figure of the Terrible Mother, not only for the murder of her children to punish Jason, but also for being the priestess of Hecate, the Greek goddess of the underworld (Leeming, 1994: 151, Caffrey, 2018: 7).

her *vagina dentata*; not only does she use cold, harsh lecturing words with Immalee, but she would also denounce her to the Inquisition and shout “hallelujah”, as would the rest of the family, while the young girl burnt at the stake. Donna Clara’s words can only bring death, or, in other worlds, the inversion of features associated with maternal love, nurturing and nourishment become “the source of unknowable destructive power” (Caffrey, 2018: 16).

The third one of the traits of the Terrible Mother Archetype that we intend to analyse in this paper is its characteristic as Goddess of the gate to the underworld, also called the otherworld, as this archetype of the Feminine acts as “mistress of the West Gate, the gate of death, the engulfing entrance to the underworld” (Neumann, 2015: 170). As many scholars point out, the figures of the Terrible Mother Archetype are mistresses of the night road, of the fate and destiny of mortals, and of the world beyond the realm of the living: the afterlife (Schechter, 1973: 257; Neumann, 2015: 170). In Hellenic myth its figure is Hecate, the snake-entwined moon goddess of ghosts and the dead –“Hecate is Mother of ghosts, Queen of the Underworld, of death [...] she waits –stiff, adorned with a necklace of testicles and hair of writhing snakes that one dares not look upon” (Leeming, 1994: 152)–, in the Germanic tradition she is Hel, daughter of Loki and mistress of her eponymous world (Puhvel, 1989: 214).

What is more, not only does the otherworld play an important role in the world’s myths and sagas, but it is also a crucial belief and theme in ancient Ireland and Irish mythology. As Tymoczko reminds us, “the belief in the otherworld is one of the most important and most persistent aspects of Celtic thought” (Tymoczko, 1997: 180). Thus, it is not surprising that it is a dominant theme of the literature of every Celtic country, and prominent in the case of Ireland. Otherworld tropes and elements are found in Irish literature from its earliest instances to the modern period, where it has adopted many names and characteristics, including Tír na nÓg (The Land of the Young), Tír Tairngire (The Land of Promise) or Magh Meall (The Plain of Joy). Many scholars have noted the duality of the Irish otherworld, these two aspects Frye talks about and that are present in all myths and archetypes: the happy otherworld, a place of pleasure and eternal youth, and the otherworld as “an ominous, hostile, entrapping, or dangerous place” (Tymoczko, 1994: 181). The inhabitants of this terrible place make war on human beings; it is the underworld abode of the Terrible Mother and her destructive elements. All these figures, being Irish or from other cultural backgrounds, find a common aide-de-camp in the dog, or any other member of the canine family, such as the wolf¹⁷ –the howler by night, the finder of tracks. This totemic animal is the companion of the dead and symbol of loyalty to their masters in mythologies from Egypt to Mexico, as Juan Eduardo Cirlot in his acclaimed *Diccionario de símbolos* reminds us (Cirlot, 2006: 364-365).

Both Mrs Mooney and Donna Clara have faithful dogs at their disposal to guard the gates of the underworld, the Terrible Mother’s dwelling. The most striking example is that of Mrs Mooney’s “bulldog”, Jack Mooney –her son. As Mr Doran descends the stairs, in an allegory of a descend into the underworld, he meets Jack Mooney, who is literally

17 As Neumann reminds us, Hel is the sister of the world-snake Jörmundgandr, which girds the earth, Midgard, and also of the devouring wolf Fenrir (Neumann, 2015: 170-171). We cannot forget either the role of the hound as guardian of the otherworld, such as in the case of Cwn Annwn, the Welsh guardian-dogs of the otherworld, or the guardian-dog qualities of the Morrígan as protector of the otherworld and Ireland (Tymoczko, 1994: 99-101).

described as "coming up from the pantry nursing two bottles of *Bass*" (Joyce, 1993: 47), as any dog would zealously protect his precious bone, and also as having "a thick bulldog face and a pair of thick short arms" (Joyce, 1993: 47), where his transformation into a dog is complete. Once he had passed him, he saw Jack "regarding him from the door of the return-room" (Joyce, 1993: 47), as a distrustful dog would do to any stranger, looking back at him from the gate he has to guard. At this very same moment, Mr Doran remembers a night in which Jack Mooney had a fight at the house when one of the music-hall *artistes* "had made a rather free allusion to Polly" (Joyce, 1993: 48), and Jack, in a rather violent guardian-dog-like manner, swore that "if any fellow tried that sort of a game on with his sister he'd bloody well put his teeth down his throat, so he would" (Joyce, 1993: 48). Being the guardian-dog of the Terrible Mother's abode, Jack has to protect his mistress, in the case of the "free allusion" directed to his sister, to protect his mistress's temptress, Scylla's upper half.

As for Donna Clara, we can see her all along the story flanked by the guardian figures of Father Jose —the guardian of her faith— and Don Fernan, her son and protector of their family fortune. It is Fernan who, at the climax of "Tale of the Indian" —and in a likewise guardian-dog manner as that of Jack Mooney—, defends the interests of his family, more than the honour of his sister. When Melmoth makes his appearance at Immalee's wedding with Montilla, and claims to be her lawful husband, Don Fernan's hound qualities are empowered as we see that he faces his antagonist to his death, even after Melmoth's warning:

'Stop, villain, stop!' exclaimed the voice of her brother, who, followed by Montilla, sprung from the balcony —'Where do you drag my sister?— and you, degraded wretch, where are you about to fly, and with whom?' Melmoth attempted to pass him, supporting Isidora with one arm, while the other was extended to repel his approach; but Fernan, drawing his sword, placed himself directly in their way, at the same time calling on Montilla to raise the household, and tear Isidora from his arms. 'Off, fool – off!' exclaimed Melmoth – 'Rush not on destruction!' – I seek not your life – one victim of your house is enough – let us pass ere you perish!' – 'Boaster, prove your words!' said Fernan, making a desperate thrust at him, which Melmoth coolly put by with his hand. 'Draw, coward!' cried Fernan rendered furious by this action – 'My next will be more successful!' Melmoth slowly drew his sword. 'Boy!' said he in an awful voice – 'If I turn this point against you, your life is not worth a moment's purchase – be wise and let us pass.' Fernan made no answer but by a fierce attack. (Maturin, 1998: 520)

Fernan thrusts and attacks Melmoth as though he was a rabid infuriated hound defending his territory to his last breath. He viciously tries to hurt Melmoth's honour by calling him "coward", finally making him draw his sword with fatal consequences for the Aliaga family. A few moments later, Fernan dies at the hands of his opponent, Melmoth the Wanderer, surrounded by a speechless crowd.

Related to the symbol of the dog, we can find the abode of the different figures of the Terrible Mother, the place this hound protects and guards alongside her: the underworld. This is one of the archetypal symbols of the Terrible Mother, according to Neumann, who identifies it with the Demonic Aspect of the earth womb, which "becomes the deadly devouring maw of the underworld, [...] the abyss of hell, the dark hole of the depths, the devouring womb of the grave and of death, of darkness without light, of nothingness"

(Neumann, 2015: 149). Precisely, parting from that description of the underworld and abode of the figures of the Terrible Mother, where goddesses like Hecate, in Greece, or Hel, in Scandinavia, dwell, we can discern the boarding house of Joyce's story and the house of the Aliagas, in Maturin's novel.

Both Joyce and Maturin describe the houses sternly and severely directed by their owners as places that would belong to the realm of the dead. In the case of Mrs Mooney's house, as it has already been seen, Mr Doran —the sun-hero of the story— makes a descent into the underworld when he proceeds to meet the house's "madame", and halfway down meets her hound, Jack Mooney. In his allegorical descent into the land of the dead, it seems as though the heat steaming up from the flames of Hell dimmed his glasses with moisture, coming straight from where Mrs Mooney awaits for her victim: "Going down the stairs his glasses became so dimmed with moisture that he had to take them off and polish them" (Joyce, 1993: 47). Also, the house is the place where Mr Doran committed the sin he must find reparation for, as he admits after confession with the local priest: "[T]he priest had drawn out every ridiculous detail of the affair and in the end had so magnified his sin that he was almost thankful at being afforded a loophole of reparation. The harm was done" (Joyce, 1993: 46). Moreover, all across Dublin the boarding house has gained a reputation of a place propitious for sins to be committed —"[Polly's] mother's boarding house was beginning to get a certain fame" (Joyce, 1993: 46)—, and a feeling of having been taken in is growing in his heart, as if he had fallen into the trap of the queen of the underworld¹⁸: "He had a notion that he was being had" (Joyce, 1993: 46).

In Maturin's descriptions of the house of the Aliaga family, as we have already seen, the reader can only find cold, dead stares and a "withering monotony" (Maturin, 1998: 330), more akin to the world beyond the grave than to that of the living. Perhaps, the most striking scene is the novel's climactic moment, when Melmoth interrupts Immalee's wedding leading to its fatal consequences. In this scene the house of the Aliagas becomes most clearly a symbol of the underworld, or the gates to its depths, as it is the scene of death and horror, the ruin of a family, and of the story's heroine, Immalee. As we have already seen, despite all his warnings, first to Don Aliaga —Immalee's absent father— and then to Don Fernan, during his suicidal duel, Melmoth ends up killing the young cavalier, which leads the crowd to recognise him and realise who Immalee had married: Melmoth the Wanderer, the enemy of mankind (Maturin, 1998: 521). At such a revelation, Melmoth abandons the house without being molested by a single soul, leaving Immalee behind in a state of shock, a mental death that prevents her from reacting in such circumstances. When she next recovers consciousness, some weeks have elapsed and she finds herself no longer in her house, but rather in a cell in the prison of the Inquisition, being tried for dealing with the agent of the Devil. Her house is just the antechamber of horror, or, perhaps, another stage in her infernal descent: "It was not till after some weeks, that Isidora recovered her perfect recollection. When she did, she was in a prison, a pallet of straw was her bed, a crucifix and a death's head the only furniture of her cell" (Maturin, 1998: 525). This grave, where she finds herself with the only company of the offspring of her satanic marriage, is where she, and her baby before her, will ultimately die, thus completing her passage to the otherworld:

18 As it has been mentioned before, the Terrible Mother "takes [life and all living things] back into herself, who pursues her victims and captures them with snare and net" (Neumann, 2015: 149).

'My daughter, [...] you are passing to bliss —the conflict was fierce and strong, but the victory is sure— harps are tuned to a new song, even a song of welcome, and wreaths of palm are weaving for you in paradise!' [...] 'Paradise!' uttered Isidora, with her last breath — 'Will he be there!' (Maturin, 1998: 533)

Donna Clara's abode and realm, governed with a severe, cold heart, is the gate to the underworld, if not one of the multiple rooms belonging to the world of the dead that often appear in myth.

In this light, it has been seen that both Mrs Mooney, in "The Boarding House", and Donna Clara, in "Tale of the Indians", share certain traits and characteristics with other Terrible Mother figures from myth and legend across the world. This paper has also shown the negative attributes of the Feminine in their violent and transfixing, and deathlike and stern appearances respectively. As well, this paper has remarked their qualities as Goddesses of the gates of their realm: the underworld, the earth womb, a "perilous land of the dead through which the deceased must pass, either to be judged there and to arrive at a chthonic realm of salvation or doom, or to pass through this territory to a new and higher existence" (Neumann, 2015: 157). Perhaps, that salvation, or doom, awaits both Mr Doran and Immalee —Isidora in her new Spanish home— beyond the world of the dead, metaphorically in Mr Doran's marriage to Polly, and in the case of Immalee, as she passes from her house to the prison of the Inquisition, where she dies in solitude. In the end, we could say that Mrs Mooney and Donna Clara are good examples of figures of the Terrible Mother, marking the permanence of this archetype, and its influence, in Irish literature over the years. Moreover, as we are often reminded, Ireland has been engendered in literary, as well as cultural, discourse as a female figure, a kind of allegorical goddess of the land and mother of all the Irish nation. Thus, one cannot avoid seeing these Terrible Mother figures, Donna Clara and Mrs Mooney, portray the darker side of an archetypical "Great Mother Ireland".

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‘The father without a son be not a father, can the son who has not a father be a son?’: The Quest for Paternity in *Ulysses* and *Harry Potter*

Nerea Unda

Abstract. It is well known that Joyce’s work has been widely and exhaustively studied. In fact, the Irish writer has often been compared with both national and international writers; we can just mention as an example Dr. M^aSol Morales Ladrón’s doctoral dissertation entitled ‘*Tradición y recepción de la obra de James Joyce en la narrativa de Luis Martín-Santos*’, or, more recently, that of Dr. Olga Fernández Vicente, ‘*Quests for Independence: A Comparative Study of James Joyce and Pío Baroja’s Attempts to Break Boundaries*’. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that what nobody has dared do so far is compare James Joyce’s *Ulysses* and J. K. Rowling’s *Harry Potter*, which is the aim of this paper. Both novels shall be compared in order to interpret and synthesise the newly developed merging point within and between these two sources: James Joyce’s *Ulysses* and J. K. Rowling’s *Harry Potter*.

This article addresses this merging point of the father archetype taking into account Carl Jung’s archetypal theory. In Jungian Psychology archetypes are highly developed elements of the collective unconscious, Jung understood archetypes as those universal, autonomous, but, also, hidden, archaic patterns and images that originate from the collective unconscious, which, once they enter consciousness, are transformed and expressed particularly by individuals and their cultures.

Jung’s archetypal theory will help with the understanding of the transcending of *Ulysses* and *Harry Potter* into the collective unconscious, regardless of the reader’s nationality, time, context, and/or background. Within the framework of Jung’s archetype’s criteria, the merging point, the father archetype, between the literature mentioned will be examined, alluded to, and explained with the help of the selected literature.

Keywords. Potter, Joyce, *Ulysses*, father, archetype, comparativism.

Ulysses could certainly be said to have become a vital manifesto more than a novel, since this life-changing reading is considered to be a must for millions of readers throughout the entire world. No matter which god we pray to or what the streets we walk through are, *Ulysses* has become part of a general state of mind and heart condition. Yet, it was not always this easy since we must bear in mind that back in the days when *Ulysses* was published, James Joyce was prosecuted for obscenity, as James Douglas stated on the *Sunday Express*:

All the secret sewers of vice are canalised in [*Ulysses*'s] flood of unimaginable thoughts, images, and pornographic words. And its unclean lunacies are larded with appalling and revolting blasphemies directed against the Christian religion and against the holy name of Christ... The greater the artist the greater is his moral responsibility. If he debases and perverts and degrades the noble gift of imagination and wit and lordship of language in the service of Priapus, in the worship of Libitina, and in the adoration of Libido, let him die the death, and let his works perish with him. (Douglas, 2013: 97-98)

Surprisingly enough, *Harry Potter* has also been banned in the 21st century for promoting witchcraft, however outrageous this may sound. In fact, the amount of ink and digits put to use to establish a predominant despising idea regarding the *Harry Potter* heptalogy has been collected in many books, such as Suman Gupta's *Re-Reading Harry Potter*:

The *Harry Potter* books are the most banned books of our time. According to the American Library Association's Office for Intellectual Freedom the *Harry Potter* books headed the top of their most challenged books list in 1999, two years after the first book was published, reaching the top of that list to remove them from the shelves of libraries in 16 states. The hatred turned so violent so as for several Reverends to lead ceremonial burnings of the 'ungodly' items, including the *Harry Potter* books. Censorship of the above sort was also reported from several other countries including the UK, Australia, Canada, Germany, the United Arab Emirates, and Taiwan – no mean achievement for a series of books that was supposedly meant for children. (Gupta, 2003: 18-19)

'Incongruent', 'utterly alien', or 'visceral' together with 'childish', 'tacky', or 'mindless mass entertainment' are some of the epithets employed in the British newspaper 'The Observer' by Anthony Holden, one of the many critics of the Harry Potter phenomenon. Surprisingly, some of them were also applied to Joyce's work back in the 19th century. This major criticism might be due to the fact that both Joyce and Rowling were set ahead of their times, understood by few, and accepted by even fewer people. People who were too adamant to believe that all human beings are indebted to both writers, in some way or another, that is, to understand that there is no escape from our essence. Be it as it may, it is undeniable that all those attributes mentioned above have at some point been used to describe and criticise *Ulysses* first, and *Harry Potter* later on. When it was first published, T.S. Eliot gave his readers a hint as to why future generation would find James Joyce's *Ulysses* hard to understand:

Joyce was not at fault if people after him did not understand it. The next generation is responsible for its own soul; a man (or woman) of genius is responsible to their peers, not to studios full of uneducated and undisciplined coxcombs. (1975: 175)

Thus, Eliot may help in understanding why people have failed to see the existing connection between *Ulysses* and *Harry Potter*, i.e. the fact that both of them travel beyond and into the individual conscience. In fact, many scholars might still say that there is no real link between James Joyce’s *Ulysses* and the *Harry Potter* universe created by J. K. Rowling, for the first one falls under the well-established canon whereas the latter does not. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. *Ulysses*, as Blamires states in his *Short History of English Literature*, presents certain characteristics of narrating which make of this novel a canonical work:

The full development of the ‘stream-of-consciousness’ technique faithfully records the flow of thought and feeling, doing justice to persistent emotional currents and logical randomness alike. The natural flow of mental reflection, the shifting moods and impulses that constitute the fabric of inner life, are represented with uncanny penetration. Moreover, the outer and inner action proceeds, Joyce’s ‘poetry’ continuously throws up metaphors, symbols, ambiguities and overtones which gradually link themselves together so as to form a network of connections and cross-connections binding the whole edifice in unity. (Blamires, 1984: 398)

By contrast, *Harry Potter* seems to be exempt from any of these narrating conditions that redirect the reader and, since it is considered not to follow the canon, it is, therefore, not deemed worthy of analysis. However, it must not be forgotten that *Ulysses* did not use to be considered canonical either, since, at least in appearance, the book simply revolves around a day in the lives of three Dubliners. Yet, as Joyce proved, under all simplicity hides a great depth, as we can also see in the *Harry Potter* heptalogy, where the more subtle ideas, mental images and pastiches that inhabit it require little effort from the reader.

On the other hand, both worlds seem to have several aspects in common. As indicated by Eliot in ‘Ulysses, Order, and Myth,’ when considering the importance of *The Odyssey* in Joyce’s work, *Ulysses* was revolutionary because it employed the ‘sordid detail’ of the present day and world to resurrect and reenergize humanistic antiquity. Likewise, the pastiche technique for the novels of the wizard boy which, as stated by John Granger, are a gathering together of schoolboy stories, hero’s journey epics, alchemical drama, manners-and-morals fiction, satire, Gothic romance, detective mysteries, adventure tales, coming-of-age novels, and Christian fantasy (Granger, 2003: 4), introduce its readers to a constantly changing non-placeable reality. What is more, both Joyce and Rowling expose their readers to myriad perspectives in their books by changing the narrative voice, granting the freedom to stray from one mind to another, to refocus from a different perspective. However, it is the connecting father archetype present in both novels which will be key in understanding why such concepts that unite us as humankind, having been internalised by all, are no longer perceived and distinguished in an exceptional way but rather presented in a subtle way, which is what makes it so hard to pinpoint what good literature should be. Nevertheless, they are still there, like dormant currents of perception. This is the reason why a comparative analysis between these two written worlds must be undertaken, and, more specifically, it is about time critics started considering the *Harry Potter* saga as a set of novels worth of analysis along with canonical authors such as Joyce, Cervantes, Homer, Dante or Goethe.

Archetypes, those concepts working at a subconscious level even if unacknowledged, lead back to Carl Jung's theory, which serves as the intermediate point and union between *Ulysses* and *Harry Potter*. As has been seen, the task of comparing James Joyce's masterpiece, *Ulysses*, with any of the books in the Rowling saga seems almost impossible at first sight, but, we will be analysing the quest the protagonists follow in each of them, that is: 'The quest for a symbolic father'.

As is well known, Carl Jung was a Swiss psychiatrist and influential writer/thinker whose work had a profound impact on both the fields of literature and psychiatry. On the other hand, he collaborated closely with Freud until they broke apart and Jung devoted his studies to analytic psychology.

Jung describes the process of psychically assimilating the unconscious by means of archetypes or, more specifically, via archetypal images, which can be defined as a natural tendency that shapes and transforms the individual consciousness; in short, archetypes are inborn tendencies that mould the human behaviour. According to Jung, the archetype concept can derive from the often-repeated observation that myths and universal literature stories contain well-defined themes that appear every time and everywhere. Among them, he devotes special attention to three of them: *Shadow*, *Animal/Animus* and the *Wise Old Man*. It is the latter that will be addressed in this article via Edinger's definition in his *An Outline of Analytical Psychology*:

The image of the wise old man as judge, priest, doctor or elder is a human personification of this same father archetype. It often appears as grandfather, sage, magician, king, doctor, priest, professor, or any other authority figure. It represents insight, wisdom, cleverness, willingness to help, and moral qualities. In order to warn of dangers and provide caring gifts to his protégée(s) through his appearances. As with the other archetypes, the wise old man also possesses both good and bad aspects. (Edinger, 1968: 6-7)

This archetype represents for Jung an authority figure that offers a guide on how to live life based on example, preparing children for what may come. There is also a sense of irony in the father archetype, as in order to gain individual maturity, children have to separate from their fathers. This archetype, traditionally represented from the child's point of view, is recognised, as Moore explains in his novel *Care of the Soul: A Guide for Cultivating Depth and Sacredness in Everyday Life*, as helping the descendants to begin to know the shadow within and without, removing their protective parental barriers. Nevertheless, with no father figure to guide them, the child/offspring feels insecure and unprotected against the vast world:

Without the father there is chaos, conflict, and sadness. When we feel the confusion of a fatherless life and wonder where he could be, the father has been evoked, he is finding his way back. (Moore, 1992: 34)

This poses the question of what happens when that father figure is ripped off of our lives, or when their children cease to exist and leaving their parents broken, unfinished, and incomplete.

Indeed, the father archetype can also be interpreted from the parenting perspective in respect to the lack of children, i.e., to the broken cycle. This is incarnated in Bloom, the

father, on his particular quest for a son after the death of his only male offspring, Rudy; a loss which contributes to Leopold's feelings of impotence and unimportance. However, Bloom suffers the loss of both his father, Rudolph, and his son, Rudy. In *Ulysses* we find implications of Bloom's guilt revolving his refusal to enter the suicide scene, while at the same time, Bloom's self-reproaches concerning his accountability for the death of 11-year-old Rudy are revealed throughout the novel. Bloom's losses of father and son are alluded to in the novel in proximity to one another. That, alongside the association produced by their namesake (both are named Rudolph) indicate that these two losses are, for Bloom, intrinsically connected. It can be even suggested that Bloom's painful and bewildering self-reproaches concerning his alleged responsibility in the death of his son, are, in fact, reproaches directed towards the incorporated loss object, i.e., his father.

This paternal representation can be found in *Ulysses*, on whose analysis Susan Jane Mackenzie's *Paternity and the Quest for Knowledge in the Works of Joyce and Proust* (1969) shed a new light. On the other hand, examples of the paternal representation are equally found throughout the *Harry Potter* series in the form of the different characters that lead young Harry to become an adult and create progeny himself, as seen in the seventh novel, *Deathly Hallows*, when Harry goes back to the 9¾ platform with his kids. In 'Harry Potter's Four Fathers,' John Algeo (2004: 145-149) explains the four different types of paternal figures which can be found in the J. K. Rowling saga ('Devotion', 'Knowledge', 'Intuition', and 'Passion'); as will be demonstrated later on, however, a fifth father figure should be added. Harry looks up to all these paternal representations because each of them has some different characteristics to teach him.

The first character to take up the role of a father is James Potter, Harry Potter's deceased father. In *Harry Potter and The Philosopher's Stone*, a vague description of James Potter's appearance is given when Harry is looking at himself in the mirror of Erised, "The tall, thin, black-haired man" (1997: 233) but it will not be until *Harry Potter and The Order of The Phoenix* when another bigger glimpse of James' description is given:

A boy with untidy black hair ... very untidy black hair.... It was as though he was looking at himself but with deliberate mistakes. James's eyes were hazel, his nose was slightly longer than Harry's, and there was no scar on his forehead, but they had the same thin face, same mouth, same eyebrows. James's hair stuck up at the back exactly as Harry's did. (2003: 818)

By means of these descriptions, it is easy to note the extreme-looking similarities both father and son share. Yet, they do have some inner differences portrayed in *Harry Potter and The Half-Blood Prince* when it is stated that unlike Harry, his father was a pure-blood, which can deceive the reader "Harry remembered that his father had been pure-blood" (2005: 270) and also "one of the best friends one could wish for and an animagus. James was Prongs" (1999: 395-396) (a creature with the magical power to change itself at will into an animal), as told in *Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban*, by Professor Lupin, one of James' friends.

Even though Harry knows that his father is dead, the thought of being entirely alone in the world scares young Potter. As a result of this fear, in *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, Harry still has the incongruous idea of his father coming to rescue him from

the infamous creatures of the dementors when he thinks his father is the one using the Patronus spell to cast these creatures away, but, in fact, it is Harry himself using the same spell:

Something was driving the dementors back... Harry raised his head a few inches and saw an animal amid the light, galloping away across the lake... It was as bright as a unicorn... For a moment, Harry saw, by its brightness, somebody welcoming it back... someone who looked strangely familiar... but it couldn't be.... (1999: 430)

(...)

Whoever had sent that Patronus would be appearing at any moment... And there were the dementors, emerging out of the darkness from every direction. "Come on!" he muttered, "Where are you? Dad, come on—" And then it hit him— he understood. He hadn't seen his father — he had seen *himself*. "EXPECTO PATRONUM!" he yelled. And Harry realised... "*Prongs*," he whispered." (1999: 459-460)

It is in this last battle scene in *Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban*, that Harry finally comes to a twofold realisation: he comprehends the fact that his father is gone forever while at the same time realising that the true power to take care of himself resides in himself alone, and not in his father. This realisation frees Harry of the burden that his father was to him, as James Potter personified the perfect man through Harry's eyes which was a heavy weight to carry on his shoulders. He has, finally, 'killed' his father in order to become a more adult self on his own. This image of 'killing the father' can also be appreciated in *Ulysses* when Stephen is continuously accused of having killed his mother by not kneeling to pray for her. In fact, in the 'Circe' episode the mother comes back to haunt Stephen

Stephen

(*choking with fright, remorse and horror*) They say I killed you, mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny. (2011: 474)

As is well known, 'Killing the father' is a metaphorical figure used by Freud to express the exact moment in which the individual matures and leaves their parents behind; in other words, it expresses a process in which the individual is freed from parental guardianship in order to start a new life on their own. It implies breaking away with what the father represented, defended or believed in. What requires bravery and kills the father definitively is the moment the child stops admiring him, i.e., stops looking at him with the eyes of a child—idealizing him—and starts perceiving him for what he really is, a flawed and virtuous being at the same time. That is the case with Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. From the beginning, Stephen's relationship with his father is marked by distance. The distance is marked repeatedly by the look through the glasses (Portrait p. 7, p. 32, p. 81) and grows when Stephen gets older. Nevertheless, Simon Dedalus is a loving father and Stephen's first childhood memory shows him reading his son a story from a book. Simon Dedalus is the role model for Stephen throughout his boyhood, but, like his childhood memories, his father slowly fades out of Stephen's life. When he is at Clongowes, Stephen pities his father for not being a magistrate like all the other fathers

(p.29). On the trip to Cork he already listens to him “without sympathy” (p. 98) and shortly before he leaves Ireland, he ironically describes his father’s attributes to Cranly as follows:

A medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody’s secretary, something in a distillery, a tax-gatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past. (p. 274)

This process that can be really painful if the individual is not prepared to accept and assume the truth. Following John Algeo’s paradigm, James Potter stands for the ‘Eternal wisdom’ that can only be found in ourselves. As Dumbledore said in *Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban*:

You think the dead we have loved every truly leave us? Your father is alive in you, Harry. How else could you produce that particular Patronus? Prongs rode again last night... So you *did* see your father last night, Harry... you found him inside yourself. (1999: 479)

Thus, Harry begins to project the love he had for his father onto Sirius Black, a childhood friend of James Potter and Harry’s godfather.

In *Harry Potter and The Order of The Phoenix*, Sirius was the last remaining heir of the House of Black, a once-notable pure-blood wizarding family famous for the hatred they used to lavish onto others with different blood origins, most of whom used to belong to the Death Eaters, followers of Voldemort, the dark wizard *par excellence*:

“Were—were your parents Death Eaters as well?” Harry asked. “No, no, but believe me, they thought Voldemort had the right idea, they were all for the purification of the wizarding race, getting rid of Muggle-borns and having pure-bloods in charge. (2003: 145)

However, Black’s love for Harry lies deep regardless of his nephew’s blood type (half-blood), because Black does not believe himself to be following his family’s affairs regarding blood purity. In fact, Black, as well as Harry, is an orphan seeking for a family.

Thus, as soon as Harry realises that he has a family again, one that loves him and offers him willingly a home to stay at—not a house like the Dursley’s, which was more like a prison cell—he does not hesitate to imagine a future where he sees himself living with Sirius, and the latter accepts this for the sole idea of recovering his lost friend, even if it is in the reflection of James’ son, Harry. For Black, every time he sees young Potter, he imagines that his friend James is back with him, as in the old days. This is the reason why Sirius embodies ‘Devotion’ towards Harry who resembles his father. In *Harry Potter and the Order of The Phoenix* Sirius is reminded by Molly Weasley that:

“He’s not *James*, Sirius!” “I’m perfectly clear who he is, thanks, Molly,” said Sirius coldly. “I’m not sure you are! Sometimes, the way you talk about him, it’s as though you think you’ve got your best friend back!” “What’s wrong with that?” said Harry. “What’s wrong, Harry, is that you are *not* your father, however much you might look like him!” (2003: 115-116)

Molly Weasley, here, points out the sad truth hidden in Harry and Sirius’ relationship: she sees young Potter as a son, while Sirius not only sees him as a/the son, but also as his

best friend's successor. Meanwhile, in the relationship between Bloom and Stephen it is Molly Bloom the one who thinks about Stephen as something else than a son, rather a lover. Both Mollys seem to be the portrayals of truth—the visionary women.

All in all, Sirius has, knowingly, chosen what price he is willing to pay for he refuses to fulfil certain stereotypes attached to his role as godfather. That is why Sirius is a rebel, as so is devotion, the rebel of the feelings, for it cannot be consciously chosen and directed. This way, Sirius becomes the perfect candidate for a young, frustrated and angry Harry to love.

At a certain point in the novel, the understanding of Sirius' loyalty lying with Harry alone is perceived by readers, soon to realise the sad truth hidden in Harry and Sirius' relationship, i.e. they both see the other as a substitute for James. Likewise, this can be perceived in *Ulysses*, for Bloom sees in Stephen a son and a heir, and Stephen reciprocates by seeing a father in Bloom. In James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom's own father committed suicide by poisoning himself —“His name was Virag, the father's name that poisoned himself” (2011: 615)— due to the grief he was feeling after the loss of his wife and Bloom's mother. On the other hand, Leopold Bloom, has lost his own son, Rudy, very shortly after birth, leaving him with no patrilineal lineage, for although Bloom has an heir—Milly, whose true paternity still lingers in the air—, Leopold's surname will be lost forever as women getting married at the time adopted their husbands' surnames. In fact, Bloom's life has never been the same since Rudy died as he himself states, “When we left Lombard street west something changed. Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand” (2011: 299), which is extensible to all aspects in his life since then, “the second (and only male) deceased 9 January 1894, aged 11 days, there remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete, without ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ” (2011: 1214-1215). Bloom has been left with no son, not even the faintest possibility of future offspring to carry the family's name. This idea is further enhanced by the questioning of Bloom's paternity over his daughter, as mentioned before, as he has been cuckolded—or so readers are led to believe— by his wife on several occasions, which has contributed to feelings of impotence and unimportance in Leopold. Due to these facts, the estranged awareness of Leopold being the last remaining member of his line lingers in the atmosphere. “Last of my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not? If not? If still?” (2011: 516). Yet Bloom has hope. Even more, hope blooms in him; hence, he can be seen acting as a father figure when he tries to educate a young man, Stephen Dedalus, who also seems to need some guidance in life.

Rowling, like Joyce, is especially involved in his young protagonist's rising to life and, in due course, to creation. In Stephen's case, physical creativity, or fertility, seems as important as intellectual creativity. In Harry's case, there is no explicitly physical creativity in terms of fertility until the very end of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* when James, Albus Severus and Lily, Harry and Ginny's three offspring, are presented. There is, however, a magical capacity to create a spell strong enough as to protect himself and those who he loves (the *patronus* spell) through the control of his own wand, an element which gives him power for creation. In other words, Joyce portrays the masculine power for creation through Stephen's character, whereas Rowling does the same with a more spell-bound creation by means of Harry's expertise with his wand, in itself a phallic symbol.

As Mackenzie states in her *Paternity and the Quest for Knowledge in the Works of Joyce and Proust* (1969), Stephen seems to be needing a mentor to usher him into life, a tenderly father-figure who will help him master his fears, being these either physical or creative, for Bloom himself suffers the physical aspects of life, such as the impossibility for fertilisation, and, therefore, has committed in the past the same mistakes as his apprentice, a fact which creates a sympathetic bond between them. As a matter of fact, the shared difficulties —Stephen lost his mother, his lineage roots; Bloom lost his son and father, his lineage path— help Bloom to understand Stephen better than Stephen’s own father can. By initiating Stephen into life, fulfilling one of the primary functions of the role of father, Bloom guides and educates the son. Bloom acts this way due to the fact that this will help him heal the loss of his own son, progeny and future, Rudy, for he blames himself, or his own lack of virility, “Mistake of nature. If it’s healthy it’s from the mother. If not from the man” (2011: 168).

Another paternal figure Harry turns to is the teacher and werewolf Remus Lupin. If Sirius embodies the irrational part of James’ friends, Lupin does the same except for the fact that, in this case, it is from a more rational aspect. In fact, Remus Lupin, according to Algeo (2004: 145-149), stands for ‘Knowledge’, known in the Oxford English Dictionary as the amount of “facts, information, and skills that can be acquired through experience or education, the familiarity gained by experience, the theoretical or practical understanding of a subject, the sum of what is known”¹. The great deal of useful enchantments and curses he taught to his students during his year at Hogwarts as a professor proves this fact, such as in that scene of *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* when it is possible to imagine Professor Lupin teaching Harry a very advanced curse, the *Patronus* which will be very helpful for Harry and his friends. Indeed, Remus Lupin could be said to have been the best teacher of Dark Arts that Hogwarts has had in its many years, because he is a rational creature. Despite his transforming once a month into a ferocious werewolf, he knows what he is doing, which —together with teaching young Potter to lead his own path— showcases his rationally.

Bloom also follows this knowledgeable and rational behaviour when, as Mackenzie asserts (1969), the greatest test for Leopold Bloom is seen. In the “Circe” episode, when magic finally becomes important in the novel, he must save himself and Stephen from the toils of the Dublin witch who enchanted Ulysses’ men. Surprisingly enough, Bloom acts most rationally on the least rational of all episodes, for as Christopher Butler states in ‘Joyce the modernist,’ included in *The Cambridge Companion to James Joyce*:

Although the ‘Circe’ episode could certainly be said to incorporate, as Freud said dreams would, the events of the previous day, and to reveal various complexes and fears in the main character, Joyce’s moral attitude to psychoanalysis seems to have been very hostile, at least in the period of *Ulysses*. However, *Finnegans Wake* is clearly indebted to psychoanalysis, to which it frequently alludes. A Freudian interpretation of its language, and a Jungian one of its myths and symbols, seems inevitable. (2004: 79-80)

By means of reinterpreted symbols (the potato), Bloom tries to save himself from the Dublin Circe, who is the madam of the brothel which Stephen has decided to visit, and who turns men into lustful animals, into pigs. When Bloom arrives at the Mabbot street

1 <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/knowledge>

entrance of nighttown with the express purpose of looking after Stephen, Zoe Higgins—a prostitute—approaches him. Zoe makes a guess about Bloom and Stephen having come together and she asks Leopold:

“Are you looking for someone? He’s inside with his friend” (2011: 840). Then “Zoe playfully steals Bloom’s lucky potato from his pocket, “Zoe: (In sudden alarm) You’ve a hard chancre. Bloom: Not likely. Zoe: I feel it. (Her hand slides into his left trouser pocket and brings out a hard black shrivelled potato. She regards it and Bloom with dumb moist lips.) Bloom: A talisman. Heirloom. Zoe: For Zoe? For keeps? For being so nice, eh? (She puts the potato greedily into a pocket then links his arm, cuddling him with supple warmth.)” (2011: 841).

Bloom’s potato has some specific sexual implications but it also unifies both the Irish and Jewish traditions. These two traditions can be seen linked due to the Ashkenazi Jews who have prepared *Latkes* or *latkas*—potato pancake—as part of the Hanukkah festival since the mid-1800s; as for the Emerald Isle, it is important to remember that about two-fifths of the population, back in 1845, were solely reliant on this cheap crop, subsequently suffering the Great Famine or the Great Hunger, a period of mass starvation, disease, and emigration between 1845 and 1849, known as the Irish Potato Famine. Hence, lack of potatoes for these two cultures meant lack of prosperity. Despite the fact that Bloom may regard the potato as “a talisman, heirloom” that saves him from the women’s spell, what terrifies Bloom is a more metaphorical death: his bloodline’s end, for which he feels responsible, as his apparatus does not seem to be properly working nor does he want to use it with Zoe or any of the other women. Hence, the potato is the talisman protecting Bloom from having offspring, whereas in the case of Lupin it is his own werewolf condition the one banning him from having kids. Zoe, then, shepherds Bloom inside Bella Cohen’s brothel, where Stephen and Lynch are socialising with the prostitutes Kitty and Florry. It is this episode the one which finally asseverates the true father-like behaviour that Bloom has when he guards Stephen’s money for him, haggles down Bella Cohen, the madam of the brothel, after Stephen breaks her chandelier, and then tries to talk down Private Carr, who Stephen has infuriated:

Stephen lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier. Time’s livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry. Bloom: Stop! Lynch: (Rushes forward and seizes Stephen’s hand) Here! Hold on! Don’t run amok! Bella: Police! (Stephen, abandoning his ashplant, his head and arms thrown back stark, beats the ground and flies from the room, past the whores at the door.) Bella: (Screams) After him! Bella: Who pays for the lamp? (She seizes Bloom’s coattail) Here, you were with him. The lamp’s broken. Bloom: (Rushes to the hall, rushes back) What lamp, woman? (2011: 961) Bloom: (To the privates, softly) He doesn’t know what he’s saying. Taken a little more than is good for him. Absinthe. Greeneyed monster. I know him. He’s a gentleman, a poet. It’s all right. (2011: 970)

Thus, it is Bloom’s act of kindness, his father-like attitude, that saves Stephen from his own self-destructiveness. By now, it must be obvious that Stephen is experiencing a “trial” in a quest much like Harry’s. Bloom, saving Stephen from prison, giving him advice, paying for the damage he has done, and generally taking him by the hand, helps Stephen, if not to pass the test, at least to escape from it without serious consequences.

Likewise, Dumbledore helps Harry throughout all his life, and even sacrifices himself in order to save his protégé. The headmaster of the school, and always a controversial figure, Albus Dumbledore stands for another (the fourth) paternal figure that Harry encounters throughout the seven books, as well as for 'Intuition', if Algeo's paradigm is to be followed. Considered to be the most powerful wizard of all time, Dumbledore was benevolent and wise; although not related by blood, Dumbledore definitely acts as a guide and father figure to young Harry Potter. Whether offering advice, providing magical gifts of assistance, or sacrificing his life to indirectly protect Harry's life, Dumbledore exemplifies the father archetype. He has always acted as a father to Harry, from the very first year, when Harry became obsessed with his parents' reflection in the Mirror of Erised. Dumbledore was there to sit down next to Harry and to begin one of the many lessons he would share with his young student, "it does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live". (1997: 239) At the end of *The Philosopher's Stone*, after Harry has fought Voldemort for the first time since he was a baby, and remaining in the hospital wing, Dumbledore kept bedside vigil over Harry. By *The Chamber of Secrets*, Harry has devoted such strong loyalty to Dumbledore he is capable of having Fawkes called, Albus Dumbledore's phoenix pet bird, to rescue him from the wounds the basilisk has inflicted, "'First of all, Harry, I want to thank you,' said Dumbledore, eyes twinkling again. 'You must have shown me real loyalty down in the Chamber. Nothing but that could have called Fawkes to you'" (1998: 369). Dumbledore was also there, during the final event in the Triwizard Tournament of The Goblet of Fire, after Harry endured the horrible experience of watching Peter Pettigrew murder Cedric Diggory for Lord Voldemort to fully recover his body and come back to life. Indeed, it was Dumbledore who made Harry confront what had happened when Sirius died in *The Order of The Phoenix* with these wise words:

"There is no shame in what you are feeling, Harry," "On the contrary... the fact that you can feel pain like this is your greatest strength." (...) "You care so much you feel as though you will bleed to death with the pain of it." (2003: 1050-1051)

Not only was Dumbledore the guiding force to walk Harry through the pain, helping Harry to deal with its horror, but Dumbledore also admitted to having made bad decisions, showing his regret, and, therefore, acknowledging his fallibility; most remarkably, this links him to a father archetype as parents make bad decisions for their children, especially when they are trying to protect them, as is the case with Dumbledore. In *The Half Blood Prince*, Dumbledore taught some of the most important lessons which Harry learned and which prepared him, to a certain degree, for the real hunt he would face the following year. In fact, the greatest test of the whole Dumbledore experience, regarding Harry Potter, occurs when he, in *The Half-Blood Prince*, travels to the enchanted cave, accompanied by Harry, to find the locket, which is in fact another one of Voldemort's Horcruxes. Dumbledore has to drink the water into which the locket is plunged, and he knows that he will become weak, nearly a zombie-like powerless creature:

"Undoubtedly," Dumbledore said, finally, "this potion [which holds the locket] must act in a way that will prevent me taking the Horcrux. It might paralyse me, cause me to forget what I am here for, create so much pain I am distracted, or render me incapable in some other way. This being the case, Harry, it will be your job to make sure I keep drinking, even if you have to tip the potion into my protesting mouth. You understand?" "Why can't

I drink the potion instead?” asked Harry desperately.” “Because I am much older, much cleverer, and much less valuable,” said Dumbledore. (2005: 640-641)

As a consequence, the true love Dumbledore feels towards Harry becomes more evident. Like Bloom, Dumbledore, too, shows mercy and cares for his protégé, even if it means risking his life.

On the whole, what parents want is to see their children succeed where they themselves have failed. Dumbledore is no different in this regard, and all of the lessons he shared with Harry were methods to make better decisions than he had made himself. As a child, Harry believed Dumbledore not to be fallible, yet as an adult, Harry can see Dumbledore struggling. He finally discussed the mistakes he had made, his own failings and asked Harry for forgiveness. At the very end of *The Deathly Hallows*, an adult Harry goes to Dumbledore, as a normal grown-up son would go to the father who raised him. Thus Dumbledore is seen acting as a father until the last year, when Harry and the headmaster had their “King’s Cross” discussion, and Harry became an adult himself, no longer needing a paternal figure to guide him, a real passage to adulthood having occurred.

Yet, the quest for paternity would not be complete if it were not for the final stage, which is paternity itself. Whether it is Harry looking for a paternal figure, or Bloom seeking for his lost child, there is a constant feeling of longing throughout the novels that only terminates when both characters create some sort of life.

Bloom wants to be that paternal creator Stephen looks up to, as that is Bloom’s wish, and so is stated in the novel “From infancy to maturity (Bloom) had resembled his maternal procreatrix. From maturity to senility he would increasingly resemble his paternal creator” (2011: 1165). Therefore, Bloom guides Stephen through an ‘initiation rite’, most probably assuming that he is aiding Stephen to overcome the past, “History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake” (2011: 60), and to move towards paternity. Bloom having been sterile for many years, as his “waterworks are out of order” (2011: 660), if Stephen—the young questor— passes the test, Bloom can hope to regain his virility, if not directly, indirectly through Stephen. Bloom also teaches Stephen that he cannot ‘own’ the stream of life. He must rejoice, as Bloom does, in a son even though that son may not really, physically, belong to him. “How can you own water really? It’s always flowing in a stream, never the same...” (2011: 271). In “Ithaca,” Bloom and Stephen urinate together, if not owning, rejoicing in the water, masters of their own destiny and progeny, the “profound ancient male” has passed on to Stephen, the “quick young male,” much of his wisdom. The test has been passed and fertility returns to the Wasteland; rain falls in Dublin: the cycle is complete. Even the name of ‘Bloom’ suggests a common origin in Nature. Flowers need water in order to blossom, to bloom.

On the other hand, Albus Dumbledore, whose name is formed by the words Albus—meaning ‘white’— and Dumbledore, which is a type of bee—metaphorically speaking—, uses Harry as a vessel to pour himself onto, pollinating, in this way, his knowledge. Preserving, thanks to Harry, the goodness in this world so it can be passed on to future generations. Nowhere in the novels is Dumbledore’s sexual preference firmly stated although J. K. Rowling has confirmed the homosexuality of this character, which makes the fact of pouring his white seed of kindness and magic onto his disciple and son-to-be Harry quite a controversial issue.

Harry, due to the knowledge acquired from Dumbledore, manages to survive and create new legacy, a family of good wizards and witches to continue with the lasting influence of Albus Dumbledore. If one is to take insects as a pollinating metaphor, Bloom would be the flower and Dumbledore is the pollinating bee. Above all, Albus Dumbledore can be said to incarnate intuition, which is the ability to comprehend something instinctively without the need for conscious reasoning, for the simple reason that he being the headmaster of a school like Hogwarts, he should not make distinctions among students; Dumbledore, however, does not only care about Harry, he also loves his student as if Harry were his own child. It is purely ironic of J. K. Rowling to have gifted one of the most intelligent characters in the whole of the Harry Potter universe with such an intuitive self, yet it is not illogical, since love does not necessarily coalesce with reason.

A fifth and last type, not mentioned by Algeo, and which perfectly represents the father archetype, must be mentioned: Hagrid, the very many times forgotten character in the *Harry Potter* heptalogy. It is in *Harry Potter and The Philosopher’s Stone* that the character of Rubeus Hagrid appears for the first time when he goes to rescue young Harry from the Dursleys:

A giant of a man was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

(...)

He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild — long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of trash can lids, and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. (1997: 51-52, 16)

Even though this first impression might sound scary, Harry soon realises Hagrid is not somebody to be frightened of, “Harry looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile” (1997: 52). This is further confirmed by Dumbledore’s assertion that the giant is somebody to trust, ““I would trust Hagrid with my life,” said Dumbledore” (1997: 16). Hagrid can be safely added to the list of paternal figures as that the very same J. K. Rowling posted an essay on the official *Harry Potter* website *Pottermore* entitled ‘Alchemy’ (2018). The essay, as its title could have predicted, focuses on the study of turning metal into gold, as the process appears and is explained in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone*:

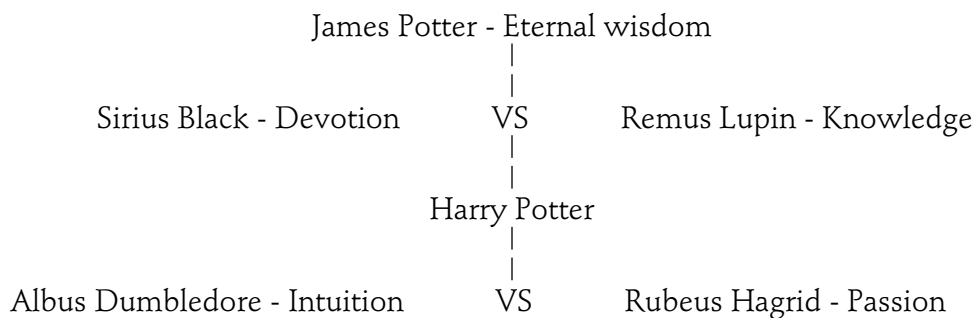
The ancient study of alchemy is concerned with making the Sorcerer’s Stone, a legendary substance with astonishing powers. The Stone will transform any metal into pure gold. It also produces the Elixir of Life, which will make the drinker immortal. There have been many reports of the Sorcerer’s Stone over the centuries, but the only Stone currently in existence belongs to Mr. Nicolas Flamel... (1997: 246)

Later on, in the ‘Alchemy’ essay, Rowling makes the connection between the colours *red* and *white*, frequently mentioned in old alchemy texts, with Rubeus (red) Hagrid and Albus (white) Dumbledore:

These two men, both immensely important to Harry, seem to me to represent two sides of the ideal father figure he seeks; the former is warm, practical and wild, the latter impressive, intellectual, and somewhat detached. (2018)

Yet, it is not the first time Rowling considers these two paternal figures' names and their connection to alchemy. In another essay entitled 'Colours' (2018), posted on the *Goblet of Fire* section at *Pottermore*, Rowling discussed naming Hagrid and Dumbledore for alchemical colours in order to convey their "opposing but complementary natures: red meaning passion (or emotion); white for asceticism; Hagrid being the earthy, warm and physical man, lord of the forest; Dumbledore the spiritual theoretician, brilliant, idealised and somewhat detached" (2018). Put together, the two characters do seem to form the ideal father figure for Harry, in absence of one of his own. All in all, following Jung's archetypal theory, and in the words of Thea Euryhaessa found in *Running into Myself* (2010: 278), "rubedo (Latin word meaning 'redness') represents the Self Archetype and is the culmination of the stages of alchemy, the merging of the ego and Self. The Self manifests itself in "wholeness," a point at which a person discovers their true nature. Hagrid, then, stands for 'Passion.' He embodies all the positive qualities a good father should have to such perfection that even Dumbledore, incarnating intuition, trusts him with his life. Passion, in comparison with devotion, seems more consistent, since devotion stands for loyalty, whereas passion is such a pure and strong feeling that only a true father would feel it towards their offspring. That is why Sirius does not last long into the *Harry Potter* novels, while Hagrid does.

Recapitulating the aforementioned fatherly archetype tropes which have been stated, the parental figures diagram appearing in the *Harry Potter* novels could be applied to the character of Harry in the following manner:



James Potter would preside the diagram due to his fundamental quality of being the real father; hence, a combination of all four—'Devotion', 'Knowledge', 'Intuition', and 'Passion'—encompassed into one single principle of 'Eternal wisdom,' which precedes all human beings throughout their lives, but from which they have to come free in order to gain their own *sapientiae*. This is the process towards adulthood, the process that Harry follows throughout this heptalogy. One step below and in opposing axes, Sirius Black and Remus Lupin are found, as both of them used to be friends with father Potter and both stand for feelings that can be explained rationally, either 'Devotion' or 'Knowledge', which are both acquired through a series of repetition and explanation, be it divine or rational knowledge. Then comes Harry, who is the meeting point between his father's friends and the Hogwarts' staff. At the lower end of the vertical axis, Albus Dumbledore and Rubeus Hagrid can be placed, as they act as opposing forces but merge to incarnate the essence of a true father; both of them stand for feelings that cannot, at least easily, be explained rationally, either 'Intuition' or 'Passion', as both feelings are experienced rather than learnt.

Harry stands at the centre of these four axes, with the more earthly-based feelings below the central apex, while the more divine feelings—devotion and knowledge—stand above him. Yet, the paternity of these four father figures is constantly questioned as none of them is Harry’s real father; in fact, none of them is known to have progeny, at least, not while being *alive*.

On the contrary, the parental figure diagram appearing in *Ulysses*, where Simon Dedalus is purposely crossed out, would look like this:

Leopold Bloom ←-----→ (Stephen Dedalus) ←-----→ ~~Simon Dedalus~~

This Jungian concept, which has traditionally been represented from a child’s point of view, in J. K. Rowling’s novels is recognised as it helps the descendants to begin to know the shadow within and without, removing their protective parental barriers. With no father figure to guide them, children/offspring feel insecure and unprotected against the vast world. Hence, the quest to find *a*, or *the*, symbolic father begins. On the other hand, Stephen finds no solace in his real father; therefore, he seeks a temporary father figure to trust and to walk this world with.

Harry, by seeking an ideal image of his father, places it in different people, each of whom reflects some particular characteristics of the father image and each of whom also has their own limitations. Harry learns he will always be a son regardless of the father he has had but the cycle will not come full circle until he becomes a father himself. In contrast, Bloom, whose name is suggestive of a common origin in Nature, tries to make sure that the power of fertility passes on to future generations, so the cycle is never broken, being always a father regardless of the son, be it blood-related or rain-related.

It would not be too farfetched to assert that if Harry is a Heracles starting out on a voyage of life, Bloom is a Ulysses, ‘returning.’ Only then can Bloom find the perspective he needs just like Harry. In conclusion, even though at first both worlds, *Ulysses*’ and *Harry Potter*’s, seem not to have anything in common—due to the very different writing techniques, narrative voices, dissimilar points of view, and the different composition context from which they sprang—have proved to share a common journey, a common quest. One which summarises Jung’s archetypal theory and encompasses what the collective unconscious is as expressed by individuals, regardless of the readers’ temporal or spatial context. Finally, both Harry and Bloom’s fatherly journeys come to a resolution as their quests come to an end, bringing the life cycle full circle.

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The Book of the Dead in Finnegans Wake: An Approach Through Joyce's Late Additions

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Abstract. This paper explores the impact of the Egyptian Book of the Dead in Finnegans Wake from a genetic perspective. Following late additions to the manuscripts, it is possible to entertain the idea that Joyce understands resurrection as resurrection of the body, and the Egyptian ritual as the awakening of Shaun's body, in a process that involves: listening to a voice, receiving a kiss, beating of the heart, looking up, opening the mouth, breathing, speaking, walking, and reconstructing the penis. To stay alive means to stay with the body: to be able to eat, and drink, and dance.

Keywords. Egyptian Book of the Dead, Finnegans Wake, Genetic Criticism, Religion..

Despite frequent or sporadic frustrations, for many of us, Joyce's last book has something that looks like a story, and it is the story of resurrection. As Joyce spent years and years writing and writing, he was, at the same time, weaving his own shroud, writing on its surface his name and the book of his life, like an ancient Egyptian. "Egyptian morticians," Wallis Budge explained, "wrapped the corpse in bandages that had been separately inscribed with the name of the deceased and with verses from The Book of the Dead" (Budge 160-5, quoted in Bishop 106). Frank Budgen, who had the difficult task of writing the first essay on The Book of the Dead in Finnegans Wake, rapidly pointed out the importance of the Egyptian source, not as a structural "scaffolding" for the story, but as a way to connect life and work, the raw materials from the life of the author and the transformed literary productions. His comment has largely gone unnoticed: «It is truer of Joyce than of most writers to say that his books grew up out of his own life» (Chapters of Going Forth by Day, 343). Years later, Budgen would remember again Joyce's interest in resurrection: «he once told me (no doubt others too, that Finnegans Wake was

a resurrection myth» (Resurrection 12). Northrop Frye also noted much later that «in one extraordinary interview, Joyce spoke of himself as a kind of psychopomp summoning the spirits of the dead» (Cycle and Apocalypse 12). *Finnegans Wake* is, in this sense, also the author's own wake.

Needless to add, this is to be taken with a pinch of salt. When Arthur Power asked his friend about the next life: «do you believe in a next life?» the answer was categorical: «I don't think much of this life»(49). Joyce's religious beliefs, his rejection of the Irish Catholic Church, or his Jesuit education, certainly have to be pondered if we take this affirmation seriously. But, it is not our purpose to judge Joyce's religious belief in these pages. Suffice to say at this moment that he was certainly interested in the Egyptian discoveries that were being made in the 1920s, like so many others. «Joyce,» Arthur Power recollected, «seemed very interested in the religious aspects of Tutankhamen's tomb, which we discussed shortly after its discovery on 26 November, 1922» (48). The discovery itself was well publicised between 1922 and 1927 and is mentioned at least eleven times in the *Wake*, according to Atherton, who added that «the discovery of this mummy seems to have been counted by Joyce as a resurrection, so he is a type of HCE and scattered evenly through the book» (195). In their way, it seemed to many historians then, Egyptologists were resurrecting a dead culture:

For Adams, the work of the Egyptologists, working by the banks of the eternally flowing river, had effected the rebirth of the ancient culture: 'As we contemplate the heaven reflected in the blue waters of the river as it flows without. Egypt, for so many years the land of the buried, becomes the land of the rising dead' (p.70). (Troy 63).

Thanks to Frank Budgen, James Atherton, Mark Troy or John Bishop, we can clear things out, if only precariously. We have at our disposal valuable information about the Egyptian sources that Joyce used, and how he used them, in the *Wake*. Joyce's personal interest was also made evident in his letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver dated May 28th 1929):

To succeed O [his symbol for An Exagmination] I am planning X, that is a book of only four long essays by 4 contributors (as yet I have found only one--Crosby--who has a huge illustrated edition of the Book of the Dead, bequeathed to him by his uncle)--The subjects to be the treatment of night (of B of D, S. John of the Cross Dark Night of the Soul), the mechanics and chemistry, the humour, and I have not yet fixed the fourth subject. (Letters 281, quoted in Atherton, *The Books* 192).

Joyce failed in his attempt to find a contributor, except perhaps for his friend Frank Budgen's *Joyce's Chapters of Coming Forth by Day*, later completed as *Resurrection*. Atherton's chapter *The Book of the Dead* (191-200), in *The Books at the Wake*, states that Joyce used the Papyrus of Ani, the most complete copy of a *Book of the Dead* in the British Museum, whose facsimile edition was published by Wallis Budge in 1890. «Joyce,» Atherton insisted, «considered that some knowledge of *The Book of the Dead* was necessary if *Finnegans Wake* was to be understood. It is unfortunate that he never explained why this was necessary»(192). Years later he added that «the late Frank Budgen assured me that Joyce at one time owned the three-volume translation by Budge and he had seen him studying it» («Shaun A/ *Book III*, chapter i» 157). How is *The Book of the Dead* present in the *Wake*?

Danis Rose's curious booklet *Chapters of Coming Forth By Day*, a pioneering work in Genetic Criticism, is a rather complicated index where Rose classified the additions from the Egyptian source that Joyce incorporated to the drafts over the years (apparently included later to the recent study of the manuscripts). Although it is not possible to draw general conclusions using this limited material, looking at these indexes a little bit, and using them as a method for reading selectively, we can see a very basic pattern. In the first place, the clearest allusions to the Books of the Dead, the most ostensible ones, seem to be also very late additions. The later the additions, the clearer the references, so much so that the last ones, those dated 1936-7, are no more than very general, very basic clarifications about the Book of the Dead. This is curious, at least if we remember that Joyce was looking for someone to write a study to clarify the presence of the Book of the Dead in *Finnegans Wake* as early as 1929, that is, many years before inserting these clearest examples.

Of course, there is no easy way to know Joyce's intentions, and whether he attempted to clarify himself, with these late additions, what none of his friends had been able to do. Besides, those of us who have only an inkling of the James Joyce Archives are like Noah out of the ark, never comfortable in the new world, always afraid that our mis-readings have not been forgiven. Nonetheless, these additions result very useful, as a perspective, as a way to read, and to see, not where the references come from, but where they go, where they fit. Not where they come from—it is important to insist—, but what contexts from *Finnegans Wake* they highlight. The additions show us the author as reader. They are very much like Joyce's finger, a finger pointing to particular passages.

Again following these additions as indications to read, a very basic pattern shows up. Joyce did not seem to add information, regarding this subject, in contexts near Shem. On a very few occasions, these additions pointed to Earwicker's fall or Anna Livia. The vast majority of them ended up in passages where Shaun was present in one way or another. And very often, there is also a reference to a part of the body somewhere in the vicinity. Indeed, for the unbeliever, the awakening of the body, not the soul, is the only possibility of resurrection, and that is where *The Book of the Dead*, i.e.: *The Book of Coming Forth by Day*, proves to be a good manual.

The Egyptian ritual of resurrection and the myth of Osiris—it is apparent—occupy a privileged position in the *Wake* and help us to move forward as we flip through the pages of the book. The Books of the Dead, «boke of the deeds» (13.30)—there are many versions—are something like sophisticated epitaphs, or instruction manuals, to be used in afterlife, to reach immortality. Unlike other religions, here the deceased continue to have responsibilities once dead. These books provide information on “how to” eat, drink, breathe, walk, remember one's own name; in short, “how to” stay alive. The books are personalized and written on the walls, coffins, and even the bandages of the mummy (Bishop 106). If we unwrap each Book of the Dead, we might well find, in the center, the deceased shrouded in his/her own text, just as we find the shadow of the author behind the pages of the *Wake*. Likewise, readers of *The Books of the Dead* had a role to play at the funeral: «some chapters from Egyptian books of the dead were designed to be read at the funeral specifically in order that the dead subject of the book might hear the words and so begin the process of his own internally self-performed resurrection» (Bishop 107).

The ritual of these Books also tells us about Osiris myth of resurrection. Briefly, Set killed his brother Osiris, buried him in a coffin and threw it into the river. As Osiris's sister

and wife, Isis, recovered her husband's body, Set split the corpse into pieces and scattered them in the fields. Again, Isis recovered the fragments, except the penis, which she made artificially, and restored the body of Osiris once again. Thus they conceived their son Horus, who castrated his uncle Set in revenge, though he lost an eye in the fight. Despite the dangers of imposing form where perhaps it does not belong, readers are thus invited to see ghostly parallels between Osiris-Isis-Horus and H.C.E.-Issy-Shaun.

For the resurrection process to be successful, the marriage between brother and sister has to be consummated. Earwicker complies with the myth when he shows incestuous attraction to his daughter Issy, but —the problem— the marriage has to be between brother and sister. That is why Shaun, who was initially only an intermediary (just as in the story of Tristan and Isolda), tries to occupy the place of his father in front of Issy. That is also why The Four Old Men try to carry out the resurrection ceremony upon Shaun (III.3, 474-554). Earwicker, the father, like Osiris, comes back to life through his own son, Shaun. It is almost an accident, as Yawn (Shaun) tells us: «you might, bar accidens, be largely substituted in potential secession from your next life by a complementary character, voices apart» (487.02-04).

It is further admitted that several characters, or rather sigla, from *Finnegans Wake*, are associated to certain parts of the body (Gordon 45-51): Earwicker and ears, and penis, Shem and the lower part of the body, Shaun and the upper part of the body, Anna Livia and lips (Brivic). It is only logical to think that these references have something to do with the Egyptian ritual that awakens the dead mentioning —like in a prayer— the different parts of the body: “My face is as the face of Ra. . . . My legs are as the legs of Nut. My feet are as the feet of Ptah. My toes are as the toes of of the Living Uraei. There is no member in me which is not without a god « (Budge 676). More concretely, we might draw certain parallels between Shaun's mouth (in the third book) and this ritual process that involves listening, opening the lips, breathing, and speaking.

If we follow some of Rose's additions more in detail, we may find that the announcement of a resurrecting process goes hand in hand with references to parts of the body and bodily functions. At the very beginning of Book III.i, we find Earwicker listening to the radio, whose sounds pierce his ears like an earwig (310.10) and then comes a reference to a Negative Confession:

1. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from Anow (I have not mislead the key of Efas-Taem), O, Anna, bright lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in the path of the sweeper of the of the threshold, O. (311.11-4)
According to Rose, this is a fragment included in the drafts in 1936-7. It is indeed a very late addition, and interestingly one of the few ones detected by Campbell and Robinson(198). This confession is a definitive clue for Atherton (195), who thus continues reading in an Egyptian key. The second addition listed by Rose is also very late:
2. Yet never shet it the brood of aurowoch, not for legions of honour of Gamuels. I have performed the law in truth for the lord of the law, Tail Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Annapolis, my youthrib city. (318.22-26)
The «lord of the barrels» (Shaun travels inside a barrel down the river is now the «lord of truth» and again it is inserted right after «aurowoch,» a word that takes us to “earwig” and thence to the protagonist, «Earwicker,» who eventually will

hear the resurrecting formula and will cross the Gates to The Other World. The reference to the heart takes us to the ceremony of weighing the heart of the deceased. And the fact that it takes place in his hometown, "Annapolis," brings the recurrent association between "mother" and "heart": «My heart, my mother; my heart, my mother! my heart whereby I came into being!» (Budge 150).

The intermediary, or «marriage mixer» (328.04) for the wedding also points to «Kersse» (328.04) the taylor (the story that Joyce's father used to tell him). Then comes the next addition, in the immediate context of this potential wedding:

3. hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he. (328.18, emphasis added to the addition)

Rose (Chapters 21) identifies «hop» as river "Nile" and Atherton (200) as "the name" of the river "Nile." The interesting part is not the addition in itself, but the immediate context where it is inserted, a context that includes references both to "wedding" and to "heart." It is, then, a context that brings together "heart-mother-river-waking up." First the journey through night; second, the river where the deceased drowned: where «the breath of Huppy Hulespond swumped» (328.19-20); and third, the moment when «the deed comes to life» (328.28) in the morning and his heart, his «sweetheart emmas» (328.21) revives. In other words, the deceased has to cross the river of night and learn to breathe again (under water) in order to reunite with his beloved at daybreak:

4. Upon the night of the things of the night of the making to stand up the double tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty deep and on the night of making Horuse to triumph over his enemy. (328.31-5)

The reference here is to the restoration of the "tet" or backbone. The immediate context where the addition is inserted (let us remember, in 1936-7), points to Earwicker (HCE) again: «rinsgengd, ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho» (328.25) and to an awakening apparently known to everybody: «all Thingavalley knows for its never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life» (328.27-8). An awakening that takes place as an act of love, in this case an embrace: «she'll have then in her arms-brace to doll the dallydandle» (328.30-1). We may infer that once the scattered fragments of the corpse are reunited again, a wedding follows. It is actually the reversal of the Christian ceremony: death does not separate, but reunites. Instead of "till death do as part," we find a reunion of the couple in the limestone of the river: «limestone deaf do his part» (331.05).

As Book III proceeds, Shaun takes a more central position as the bearer of the words of "silent power":

5. [He] «had been lavishing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu glouglou biribiri gongos» (345.19, emphasis added to the addition).

While Shem's responsibilities are in writing, Shaun is in charge of the spoken words. Rose (Chapters 21) points to Budge as a source: «the Egyptians believed that every word spoken under certain circumstances must be followed by some effect, good or bad (vii, lxxv [sic]). Budge also explains that his compilation includes mainly specific chapters from Chapters of Coming Forth by Day, some scattered materials from the Book of Breathings and the Book of Traversing the Night, as well as —and especially relevant here— other formulas probably used as charms: «introductory hymns, supplementary extracts from ancient cognate

works, rubrics, etc.; which were intended to be used as words of power by the deceased in the underworld» (xiii).

While Earwicker is listening to the radio, on page 360, we find more late additions referred to the Books of the Dead:

6. Lou must wail to cool me airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the Nutsky) till thorush. Secret Hookup. (360.13-16)

In the vicinity of “Nut,” “Horus,” “Sekhet-hetep,” now it becomes clearer that the deceased needs to breathe again (“cool me airly”) to come back to life, concretely needs to breathe under water, as The Book of Breathings teaches.

7. Which that that rang ripprippipling (360.22).

This addition would be more difficult to reconstruct without the help of the manuscripts or the surrounding references. Danis Rose maintains that the source here is «»The region of the dead, or Dead-land, ruled over by Osiris, is called ‘Tat’ or ‘Tuat’ (p.19)» (Chapters 15). Shaun’s “vetruquulence” a line above, in «We know his ventruquulence» (360.20-21) is relevant if we remember that the voice of others will come out of the mouth of Shaun, as if he were a ventriloquist, when the resurrecting ritual is performed upon him. Atherton, on his part (199), goes on reading in the same key and sees in «golden sickle’s hour» (360.24), «mistellose» (360.25), or «our goatsuper serves to us Panchomaster» (360.36), parallels with Frazer’s *The Golden Bough*, whose golden bough is made precisely of «mistletoe.» McHugh also recognizes in these lines «The Perils of the Soul» from *The Golden Bough*. Although these allusions do not make much sense like this, that is, isolated from others that appear later on, it becomes more or less clear that the radio and ventriloquism have something in common: in both a voice comes out of another object/subject: they are prosopopeias, and prosopopeia is the main device in the epitaph, where a voice (the voice of the dead) comes out of an inert body (the tombstone).

In the next 7 pages (361-3679), Earwicker tells his audience about the incident in the park, his possible voyerism, and then, the Four Old Men call him Tutankhamen:

8. Look about you, Tutty Comyn! (367.10).

This is not a late, but an early addition to the first draft, and very useful to identify the body of the deceased as that of Earwicker, who travels by boat: «Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders» (367.20-21). Atherton (195) counts this as one of the eleven references to “Tutankhamen.” Likewise, with the help of a basic, and faulty, Italian, «Tutty Comyn,» resembles in part one of the names of H.C.E, «Here Comes Everybody.»

Someone has to bring the keys to open the lid (of the coffin) of Tutankhamen, and that is a task assigned to Kate, the keeper of the keys:

9. The keykeeper of the keys of the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the house-hold of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over, give it up. (377.01-03)

Here we find two recurrent associations. One is with Kate, the keeper of the keys, or housekeeper, who will open the door of the tomb when the riddle is answered correctly. The other, a kiss that will unlock the heart, return life, and let the rest of

the body move. The key that opens the mouth is a kiss that brings life, just as it happened when Arrah-na-Pogue freed her brother from prison.

So far, in Book II.iii we can see links between H.C.E., Shaun, and The Book of the Dead, while a sophisticated ritual of resurrection proceeds: a negative confession (addition 1), recovering the heart and the breath (addition 2), through marriage (addition 3); the restoration of the backbone carried out by the wife (addition 4), the role of Shaun as carrier of the words of power (addition 5), the role of the radio, or a ventriloquist, to make those words work (addition 6), the song to the land of "Tuat" where Osiris reigns (addition 7), the parallel between Earwicker and «Tutankhamen» as they get ready to embark on a trip (addition 8), the association between the keeper of the tomb and the kiss that will work as a key (addition 9). The chapter ends telling us about a trip: «so sailed the stout ship Nansy Hans. From Liff away» (382.27), away from the Liffey, away from life, «For Nattenlaender» (382.28), It is a trip to the land of the night, sleep, and death. The return is, nevertheless, announced, «as who has come returns» (382.28); as well as a farewell, «Farvel, farerne! Goodbark, goodbye» (282.29); while it is suggested that someone cruises through the night under the light of the stars: "now follow we out by starloe» (382.30).

In the next chapter, II.iv, the four old men observe the beginnings of a similar process —always in the context of the Book of the Dead— and very similar actions: listening, a kiss, opening of the mouth, breathing, use of words:

11. In the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with Mesh, the cutter of the reed. (385.04-06). Again, «key» points to «kissing» (385.02), to «the man on the door» (385.09), and to the importance of the tongue (for the kiss of life), «to see the mad dane ating his vitals. Wulf! Wulf! and throwing his tongue in the snakepit» (385.16-17).
12. Before going to boat with the verges of the chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the pogue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching, ay, ay. (395.22-5)

In the broader context of the story, Earwicker hears a voice, a voice coming from the radio, like voices come from inert bodies, from epitaphs. This voice pierces through him like an earwig and awakens in him memories of stories that his father used to tell him (like the ones of Kersse the Taylor). Then, after listening, a kiss opens the sleeper's mouth and wakes him up, like the sleeping beauty. And by a process of reversal, «Nema Knatut» becomes again «Tutankhamen.»

"Two tongue in common" are kisses that were heard at night, «they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapeldeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned. Plop» (396.30-3). They are kisses that awake the dead from their long lethargy, «they used to be in lethargy's love» (397.07), «after doing the mousework and making it up» (397.08). And kisses that glue together the dismembered body of the deceased: «she renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes» (395.32-33).

An analogous process takes place in the third book and centers on Shaun. The lamp that illuminates Shaun's night trip at the very beginning is also in his eyes, like in the Egyptian prayer that says: «let it be granted to me to have light within my eye, so that I may walk by night» (Budge 675). As soon as Shaun starts to

- speak in III.i and as they ask him who has given him permission to do so, he answers, again, pointing to the Book of Breathing:
13. There does be a power coming over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of breedings. (409.36-410.02).
After he recovers his breath, the ritual focuses on the need to restore the mobility of legs and toes:
14. I mostly was able to walk . . .telling those pedestriasts. . . possessing stout legs. (410.32-411.02)
The prayer in the Book of Breathing to awaken legs, feet, and toes is very similar: «My legs are as the legs of Nut. My feet are as the feet of Ptah. My toes are as the toes of of the Living Uraei. There is no member in me which is not without a god» (Budge 676).
At this point too Shaun clears his mouth (414.19-20), his eloquence gets better and he tells the story of the fable of the Ondt and the Gracehopper, which includes quite a few references to the Book of the Dead.
14. funny funereels with Besterfarther Zeuts, the Aged One, with all his wigearred corollas. (414.36).
When the grasshopper dances he does it “to the ra, the ra, the ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis” (415.11-12). That is, he dances invoking the god Ra and moving heels and toes. And of course, never forgetting the instructions from the Book of Breathing, as these examples show:
- 15, 16. Erething above ground, as his Book of Breathing bed him, so as everwhy, sham or shunner zeemliangly to kick time. (415.23-24, emphasis added to the additions)
“Sham or shunner” is a repetition of “Book of Breathing,” also known as Shai en Sensen. In the immediate context we can also find:
17. Groucious me and scarab my sahu! (415.25)
The scarab, as it is well known, is an amulet that replaces the heart and, therefore, is often placed upon the chest of the deceased. Consciousness is located in the heart itself, or «sahu,» and is also «habitation of the soul» (Budge lxx).
18. What a bagateller it is! Libbelulous! Inzanzarity! Pou! Pschla! Ptuh! (415.25-26, emphasis added to the addition).
«Ptah» is again mentioned here, in one of its varieties, most probably associated to Shem the writer.
19. vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was thothfully making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass of his windhame. (415.27-29, emphasis added to the addition).
It is difficult to separate the Egyptian allusion to Thoth in “thothfully” from Shem (the writer), from the Gracehopper (the artist), and from the Ant (“windhame” Lewis). They nevertheless give the fable of the “Ondt and the Gracehopper” a strong Egyptian flavor.
20. Nor to Ba’s berial nether, thon sloghard, this oldeborre’s yaar ablong as there’s a khul on a khat» (415.31-32, emphasis added to the additions).
21. May he me no voida water (415.35).
22. Seekit Hatup (415.34-35).
As we can see, the fable of the Ondt and the Gracehopper contains quite a few words coming directly from the Egyptian source. “Ba” (415.21) is «heart-soul» (Budge lxvi), while «Ab is also «heart. . . . or ‘conscience’ «(Budge lxvi-lxvii).

«Khat» (415.32) is the «physical body» (Budge lxx). And «Seekit Hatup» or «Sekhet-hetepet» are the Elysian fields, a place we can find, if we «seek it, with heads up.» To remember one's name is critical in the resurrecting process, as it is made manifest in the following three additions:

23, 24, 25. As broad as Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as Heppy's hev'n shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow, shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum. (415.36-416.02)

The «ren» or name, was an essential, constitutive part of the self, and consequently could not be forgotten:

Name, to preserve which the Egyptians took the most extraordinary precautions, for the belief was widespread that unless the name of a man was preserved he ceased to exist. Already in the time of King Pepi the name was regarded as a most important portion of a man's economy. . . . Pepi passeth with his flesh, and he is happy with his name. . . . Already in the Pyramid Texts we find the deceased making supplication that his name may 'grow' or 'shoot forth.' (Budge lxxviii-lxx).

The coffin, as we can see, is full of Egyptian vocabulary, which invites us to imagine an Egyptian burial ground. It is also full of insects, scarabs, praying mantis, which appear to live and feed of the garbage that is the body:

26-27. after his thrice ephemeral journeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed animule, actually and presumptuably sinctitying chronic's despair (417.33-34, emphasis added to the additions).

Among the references to insects, the "pupa"(414.25) or "larva" is of interest here. The larva is, in the insect world, the substitute of the soul, and the genesis of the new life that is to come forth. In the words of Giorgio Agamben, death's first result is to transform the dead person into a phantom (the Latin larva, the Greek eidolon and phasma, the Indian pitr, etc.). that is, into a vague, threatening being who remains in the world of the living and returns to the familiar places of the departed one. The purpose of funeral rites —scholars are in agreement on this— is to guarantee the transformation of this unsettling, restless being into a friendly and powerful ancestor living in a separate world, with whom relationships are ritually defined" (Infancy and History 82).

Finally, as it occurred at the end of the previous chapter, the deceased departs for afterlife on a boat, this time an antboat, which facilitates for Bishop (104) the connection with the other world:

28. A darkener of the threshold. Haru? Orimis, capsizer of his antboat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded. Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spinddhrift, impfang thee of mine of mine wideheight. Haru! (418.05-08)

To summarize so far, the Book of the Dead is firstly related to Shaun. Secondly, it is connected with the deceased, with everything he has to do to recover his breath and the constitutive parts of his self. Thirdly, it is Shaun's job to go through the first hours of the night and keep Earwicker from a second death, that is why they are known as Shaun's Watches. In a gradual process, Shaun opens his mouth, recovers the power of words and Shaun-Yawn-Jaun manages to wake in

himself his own father. But in order to finish the process, he has to meet his wife Isis and go through crucifixion. That is to say, we have to read the remaining two chapters from Book III.

As Shaun loosens up at the end of III.i, it is noticeable that the amount of dialogues increases significantly too, at least in comparison with Shem. However, soon after this exhaustive list of parts of the body in Egyptian, and this dialogue, Shaun gets tired, his jaw relaxes, (18) «him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk urthing hurther» (426.18-19), and the chapter closes.

So relaxed is his jaw that the way he articulates words changes, and his name, Shaun, becomes Jaun in III.ii, and even «Yawn» later. This chapter also opens describing Jaun's body movements, concretely the first steps in his night trip:

«Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before made aware, next halted to fetch a breadth, the first cothurminous leg of his night-stride been pulled through» (429.01-03). Among the few references to the Book of the Dead that appear in this chapter, most keep to the same pattern, they are associated to Paradise, to recognition of relatives, Horus, and to body functions, as in these three examples:

29. To it, to it! Seekit headup! (454.35-36)
 30. You will hardly reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the farmer shinner in his latterday paint. (455.03-05)
 31. It's the fulldress Toussaint's wakewalks expedition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus. (455.05-06)
 32. Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you'd avider to like it and lump it, but give it a name. (455.07-08)
- At the end of this chapter III.ii, Jaun clears his voice, spits, coughs again, blows his nose (all preparatory to speak) and takes off like a phoenix, the Bennu bird:
33. shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird. (473.17)
- So that, in chapter III.i Shaun opened his mouth—it was a chapter full of dialogue—and brought his legs back to life. In chapter III.ii Jaun, now able to walk, undertakes a journey on foot. Chapter III.iii is full of dialogue again. The beginning juxtaposes equally The Book of the Dead and the body.
34. Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. On the mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed landshape. (474.01-3, emphasis added to the addition)
- Yawn's heart is calm (it beats again), his mouth is open, a wail goes forth successfully and he breathes sweetly. That is, his resurrection is going fine, just as Budge's *The Books of the Dead* corroborates: «may my heart be with me, and may it rest there, [or] I shall not eat of the cakes of Osiris on the eastern side of the Lake of Flowers» (Budge138).
- As it is known too, the four old men interrogate consistently. The burial ground, they suggest, must be like a boat to cross the waters of the night.
35. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plague-burrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat of millions of years. (479.25-26)
 36. The Frenchman, I say, was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how you see is they! Draken at Danemork! Sacked or eat it? What? Henu! Spake ab laut. (479.30-33)
- The Four insist, they want to know who steers the boat. Is it Osiris? Is it Christ?

37. A cataleptic mithyphallic! Was this Totem Fulcrum Est Ancestor you hald in Dies Eirae where nospider webbeth or Anno Mundi ere bawds plied in Skifftrait? Be fair, Chris. (481.04-06)
They even get unsettled as they cannot know for sure whether he (H.C.E.) is Christian or Buddhist:
38. Hell's Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moohootch! (485.35)
Considering the difficulties to make Yawn speak, they seem to hypnotize him and resort to Egyptian spells. They place a «t» onto his forehead:
39. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing a moment that initial T square of burial jade upright to your temple. (emphasis added to the addition, 486.14-16)
And, later, they put a snake to the lips:
- 40- I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it lightly to your lip a little. What do you feel, liplove? (emphasis added to the addition 486.21-22)
The lips, as we kiss, retain the trace of otherness. The Four go on with their interview and now place a magic staff upon his chest:
41. an adze to girdle. (486.28)
Shaun responds that he hears a gracehopper, «a hopper behidin the door» (486.30). They also want to know whether it is he or someone else that speaks. Shaun confesses that at times he is not himself: «I swear my gots how that I'm no meself at all» (487.17-18). Five pages later, it is Anna Livia that seems to come out of Shaun's mouth:
42. Mother of emeralds, ara poog neighbours (492.11).
And when Anna Livia comes out of Yawn, and the ritual or opening of the mouth is performed upon her, the riddle ("why do you lack a link of luck?") has to be solved:
43. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee! For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect, peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as the hawk, cry as the worncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy name; shout!
— My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast!» (493.28-35).
This long quotation includes familiar ingredients. The rise of Osiris is also that of the Irish who wakes up (Levin 203). It is also habitual to see these late additions in the vicinity of one of the riddles of the book: «the passing of the key of Two-tongue Common» (385.04-5), transformed here in «poise a pont of perfect, peace» (493.29-30) and later presented as the Christian «pass the fish for Christ's sake» (535.25). It is also characteristic that "heart" and "mother" go together. When does all this occur? The position of the stars, in the next two additions, gives us a clue:
44. muliercula occluded by Satarn's serpent ring system. (emphasis added to the addition, 494.10).
45. Apep and Uatchet! Holy snakes, chase me charley. (emphasis added to the addition 494.15).
They are stars that compete with sun god Ra at dawn. Indeed, morning is very near: «The giant sun is in his emanence»(494.27). And, as it is known, the triumphant, resurrected soul comes back riding the sun at daybreak. At around this time, several people take possession of Shaun. For a few moments, it is Anna Livia that speaks through Shaun's mouth, but soon Yawn will bring out someone else:

46. if you may identify yourself with the him in you. (496.25-26).
Eventually, he will bring Earwicker himself to his mouth. But before, as the pieces are being put together, other people become visible:
47. socializing and communicating in the deification of his members. (emphasis added to the addition, 498.20-21)
The way the corpse is dressed, "his swathings," makes us think it is a mummy:
48. busted to the world at large, on the table round. . . lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress and ludmers chain, with a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings (emphasis added to the addition, 498.24-29)
H.C.E. is embalmed, cured, like a codfish, and ready to be resurrected. He (HCE) is «healed cured and embalsemate, pending a rouserrection of his bogey» (498.36-499.01). Readers are hesitant, expectant. But again preparations delay the outcome. It is extremely important to spit and clear his throat:
49. In other words, was that how in the annusual curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary, their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister started? (516.32-36, emphasis added to the addition)
At a critical moment in the conversation, Yawn exclaims, «Hah!» (522.19), that initially confuses the Four: «What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don't hah to do thah» (522.20-21). However Yawn makes clear that it seems to be «only a bone moving into place» (522.22). He does not have a tapeworm, like his brother Shem (perhaps inherited). Yawn has something inside because he is some sort of ventriloquist:»I have something inside of me talking to myself» (522.26). What he has inside is not food, as the next addition makes clear:
50. He is cookinghagar that rost her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. (emphasis added to the addition 530.34-35)
Three early additions from 1929-30 indicate that Joyce had in mind that the ghost inside was Osiris, The Lord of the Ladder (with the help of goddess Hathor):
51. O Sire! (566.29).
52. Lord of ladders, what for lungitube!» (566.35, emphasis added to the addition)
53. I am hather of the missed. Areed! (566.36).
The so-called Osiris is no other than Earwicker, but, again, before he appears, Yawn gets his whole body ready. His mouth is moistened, his ears clean; he spits, coughs, clears his mouth again (516.28-36), and counts his toes (30) Once mobility is recovered, Earwicker delivers the well known message, «Haveth Childers Everywhere:» Resurrection is reproduction, we only survive in the family, in the children.
In the last chapter of the Third Book, in III.iv, the assemblage of the body is finally completed:
54. At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly? Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!) because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point» (emphasis added to the addition 567.05-07).
Which is the last, missing part of the deceased? Is it the "tet," as the following late addition seems to suggest?
52. a tet-at-tet (567.09)
The «tet,» or backbone, seems to be one of the last pieces. McHugh also annotates that this is a reference to the coffin of Osiris. If we recall the elusive

story of the Wake, the ghost of Earwicker seems to be around at this point, walking up and down the house. In the bedroom, on the night table, we are informed, there is a suspicious article (31) «man's gummy article, pink» (559.15-16). Critics do not agree. Some say this may be a set of false teeth, a condom, or the part of the body you put in a condom (Rose, *Understanding* 269). If we recall the myth of Isis, there was a part of Osiris she had to fabricate herself, because she could not find it after the dismemberment. The truth is that a few pages later the ghost, identified as Osiris, comes well prepared: "O Sire! (566.29). Lord of ladders, what for lungitube!" "I am hather of the missed (566.36)" . . . and "(O my big, O my bog, O my bigbagbone!)"(567.06). Taking into account that these are also references from the Book of the Dead, we might want to conclude that this «gummy article» that causes so much admiration in the witnesses is yet another part of the body, the only one that the ghost was lacking to be complete, the one that Isis restored for Osiris and allowed him to say proudly: «I am Osiris, the lord of the heads that live, mighty of breast and powerful of back, with a phallus which goeth to the remotest limits [where] men and women [live]» (Book of the Dead 234).

The queen is important in all this, not only for providing him with a penis, but because we come to the realization that Isis is also Isolda, and consequently the story of Tristan and Isolda and the myth of Osiris merge together and Issy, now also Isolda, comes from a dangerous trip at sea, due to «the fury of the gales» (567.14). She is further described using another early addition:

53. her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on their bay tomorrow» (567.15).

Going back to the deceased, and as it is familiar by now in these kinds of ceremonies, the capacity to walk is also to be restored, «a progress shall be made in walk, ney?» (567.20). The walking dead will follow the instructions of a book, «by a speechreading from his miniated vellum» (568.31-32). The following addition makes clear that this book is an illustrated papyrus:

54. Papyroy of Pepinregn. (emphasis added to the addition 568.34)

As a matter of fact—it is added—the ghost will carry an umbrella, which represents, symbolically, the shadow of the deceased:

55. his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted, umbrilla-parasoul. (emphasis added to the addition 569.19-20)

And once again we are reminded that everything said is in the Books:

56. «You do not have heard? It stays in book of that which is» (emphasis added to the addition 570.08-09).

The book is the Book of the Dead, and the place is the Egyptian Underworld:

- 56, 57. it is always tomorrow in toth's tother's place. Amen» (emphasis added to the addition 570.12-13).

As it is repeated again and again with the help of early additions, the book is the Book of the Dead, the ghost is Osiris ("of sairey") who casts its shadow ("khaibits" is shadow).; and the wife ("Is, is") is Isis, Isolda, Issy:

- 58,59. Here we shall do a far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey's place. Is, is» (emphasis added to the addition 570.28-30).

The instructions also warn us of the danger of crocodiles, or "dui sui," because they could some times eat the heart of the deceased:

60. 61. crookodeyled . . . I will dui sui, tefnute! (570.34-571.01)

As we are informed in the following line, they are “Stealer of the Heart!» (570.35), and a familiar exclamation appears on the next page, to make clear that these crocodiles are the ones from the Nile in Egypt:

62. Seekhem seckhem! (571.02).

At the very end of Book III John announces that morning is finally coming. And at the very beginning of Book IV we find “a hand from the cloud [that] emerges, holding a chart expanded” (593.19), that says:

63- The eversower of the sees of light to the coowld owld sowls that are in the domnatory of Defmut after the night of the carrying of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to cuddle up in a coddlepot, Pu Nushet, lord of risings in the yonderworld of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh. (593.20-24).

The body of the deceased is complete again, ready to come back to life. The inversions, by now familiar, indicate the return of the dead. «Pu Nushet» is «the sun up,» «Nuahs» is Shaun, the carrier of the word; «Mehs» is Shem. As John Bishop says, «in Joyce’s book of the dead the opening of the mouth accomplishes the same miracle treated in its Egyptian antecedents: it resurrects» (119).

In short, Joyce seems to understand resurrection, quite literally, as resurrection of the body. And the Egyptian ritual of awakening, therefore, as the awakening of the body, in a process that involves: listening to a voice, receiving a kiss, beating of the heart, looking up, opening the mouth, breathing, speaking, walking, and the restoration of the penis. This is not the Christian neglect of the body in favor of the spirit, nor Shem’s literary reliance on the dead letter. Here, to stay alive means to stay with the body, to be able to eat, and drink, and dance, and jump. That is, if we ever awake.

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The Catholic Mass in Finnegans Wake's "The Ondt and the Gracehoper"

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Abstract. This paper will explore whether "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" in Finnegans Wake can be considered a "version" of the Catholic Mass, besides being a version of the classic fable by Aesop and La Fontaine "The Ant and the Grasshopper," as is well-known. Joyce's manuscripts point out that all the references to the Catholic Mass were added to the original draft of "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" after its composition. This genetic study may indicate that these Catholic references were added on purpose both regarding formal and content reasons, rather than being just a coincidence.

Keywords. Finnegans Wake, Ondt, Gracehoper, Mass.

Contrary to the majority of Joyce's works, not many essays can be found about the relationship between Catholicism and "The Ondt and the Gracehoper." Some critics, such as Dennis Brown, have focussed on the reflection in this fable of the space-time argument that Joyce and his rival, the writer Wyndham Lewis, had after Lewis' massive attack to Ulysses in *Time and Western Man* (1927). Others, such as Benstock, have focused on the moral issues as this story simulates a fable, concretely, Aesop and La Fontaine "The Ant and the Grasshopper." However, not much attention has been paid to the influence Catholicism precisely has on morals and the perception of time (eternal life, resurrection...). This paper will explore "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" in light of Catholicism, more precisely, establishing a parallelism between this fable and the Catholic Mass.

Critics such as Briand, McCarthy and Sullivan claim that the Catholic Mass is a structural base for Ulysses. Following these examples, it could be said that Mass is used together with the "The Ant and the Grasshopper" for the composition of this section.

Nevertheless, thanks to the drafts of *Finnegans Wake* that have been preserved, it is known that the references to the Mass in the fable were added after its composition. Indeed, whereas the first draft of the fable was written in February 1928, most of the liturgical references were introduced between April and May 1929 and a few more in 1932. The fact that Joyce added almost all the references to the Mass at once (April-May 1928) after he had written the first draft (February 1928) is very significant. Firstly, it can be concluded that whereas Joyce did use Aesop and La Fontaine's fable as a framework for "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" —Joyce knew the fable and he was inspired by it to write his version; indeed, he is mocking it by reversing the roles of the ant and the grasshopper—; Joyce did not use the Mass as scaffolding since he first wrote a draft of the fable and then he added these liturgical references. However, this does not imply that the Mass does not provide support. Indeed, the Mass, together with the scaffolding of the classical fable, serves as a structure for Joyce's fable. Secondly, the fact that these references were introduced all at once reveals that Joyce did it on purpose. They were not the result of his Catholic subconscious as O'Shea claims to be the case in *Ulysses*: "liturgical allusion in *Ulysses* is not the result of the artist's imposing an arcane system of symbols upon his work, but is rather the reflection of cultural threads woven through the fabric of Dublin life" (133).

Attention must also be paid to Tindall's analysis of book III chapter 2 —the following chapter to the one of the fable—. Tindall claims that Jaun is celebrating a Mass from "introit" and "offertory" to *Ite Missa est* "eat a missal lest" (Joyce, FW 456. 18) including communion with *O salutaris hostia*/"O salutary" (Joyce, FW 454.18) (236). If the Viconian cycles that are attributed to *Finnegans Wake* are considered, the Mass that Tindall claims to appear in chapter 2 should be repeated elsewhere. Taking into account both Tindall's analysis and the idea of Viconian cycles, the hypothesis of having a Mass in other sections of the novel makes sense. Nevertheless, Tindall does not mention the appearance of liturgical references in this fable. Perhaps "The Ondt and the Gracehoper" is already full of echoes to Aesop and La Fontaine's fables, to Joyce and Lewis' argument, or to Egyptian religion to look for one more reference. But precisely this paper suggests that this fable still admits a Christian interpretation.

It is clear that Joyce uses Catholic references. What is uncertain is his aim: was it a parody for mere fun? Was it criticism? Was he trying to moralize the readers as one of the priests of his stories —for instance Father Arnall in *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*— do by giving sermons? Evans challenges the assumption that Joyce totally refuses religion, arguing that his criticism of the Irish Catholic Church "also conveys a nostalgic yearning for the comfort and stability of the faith that "enable[s] rather than dismantle[s] the institutional church"" (DeVault 372). Maybe this nostalgia within mockery was a way of not answering the question: who do you love the most your (ant clerical) father or your (devoted) mother? Other reasons why Joyce may have introduced the ghost of a Catholic Mass are to provide support to the structure of the fable, as has been said; to include another mythology to this text, as it also has references to the Egyptian and Greek mythology (not only in *Ulysses*, but also in *Finnegans Wake* since indeed "The Ant and the Grasshopper" was first written by the Greek fabulist Aesop); and to portray —in an intentional way, as it has been previously discussed— his Irish culture since it is very much linked with Catholicism. The question of intentionality is not disjunctive. All these factors are not options to choose, but reasons that coexist. Indeed, modernity, in which *Finnegans Wake* is inscribed, allows different possibilities to occur.

Although Joyce's fable does not always do it, this paper will follow the order of the Catholic Mass. This change of order, however, is not attributable to Joyce's desire to portray a Black Mass as Briand claims happens in *Ulysses* (314). In this fable only the Gloria is not in the usual order while the places of the Rite of Peace and Holy Communion are interchanged; the rest follows the order of the Mass with slight changes. Therefore, a complete inversion, as happens in Black Masses, does not take place in this fable since the fable starts with the Penitential Rite, by saying "I apologise" (Joyce, FW 414.16), and it ends with the Concluding Rites in which the priest makes the sign of the cross before the dismissal: "In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen" (Joyce, FW 419.9-10).

The first rite within the Introductory Rites is the Penitential Rite. In it, the audience shows repentance of their sins and asks God for forgiveness. The fable starts with Shaun saying "I apologise" (Joyce, FW 414.16), and he seems to be talking to an audience as he says "my dear little cousin" (Joyce, FW 414.18) which is reminiscent of priests use of "my brothers" in Mass to address the Christian followers. The next section is Gloria (Joyce, FW 418.4-8), in which formulas such as "orimis" (Joyce, FW 418.5) —"oremus" ("let's pray")— and "so be it" (Joyce, FW 418.7) were introduced in May 1929. "Ad majorem laus semper deo! Divi gloriam" (Joyce, FW 418.4) was also added after the first draft (1928). But in this case it was long after, in 1932. "Ad majorem laus semper deo! Divi gloriam" means "praise to God forever, glory to God." This prayer starts praising God, and concludes with the word "haru" (Joyce, FW 418.8) which refers to "Hru" —the last word in "Hymn to Ra" (The Book of the Dead 15)—, and therefore, it serves as an "amen."

Furthermore, "lord of loaves in Amongded" (Joyce, FW 418.6), which was also added in May 1929 to the fable, can be interpreted from a religious point of view. "Loaves" means "what is left", in other words, what nobody wants. This could make reference to Christ because he was the lord of the people who nobody wanted: children, lepers, prostitutes... "Loaves" also refers to "loaves of bread", and this is reminiscent of Christ since his body is transformed into bread (transubstantiation). The connection with Christ becomes clearer if attention is paid to the word "Amongdead" (Joyce, FW 418.6) since it recalls the sentence of the Creed "Christ resurrects from among the dead."

Although the Christian imprint is obvious, so is the Egyptian one. As Frye says, "I could see that the Bible, the Koran, and the Egyptian Book of the Dead were much in Joyce's mind" (6-7). Indeed, "Haru" (Joyce, FW 418.8) does not only refer to the last word of "Hymn to Ra", but also to Horus, one of the most significant ancient Egyptian deities. Another example is the word used for "let's pray", which is not "oremus" (the Latin translation), but "Orimis" (Joyce, FW 418.5) —a mixture between "oremus" and "Osiris" who is precisely the Egyptian god of resurrection. The same happens with "Amongded" (Joyce, FW 418.6) which apart from making reference to "among the dead" also refers to "Amenta" which was the Egyptian Underworld, that is to say, the Egyptian Place of the Dead. More references to the Egyptian culture are: "sekketh" (Joyce, FW 418.6), which refers to the goddess Sekhmet, and the formula "evil-it-is" (Joyce, FW 418.6) that appears in The Book of the Dead (CXXII).

During the Liturgy of the Word, there are two readings, one from the Old Testament and one from the New Testament. The reading from the New Testament sometimes happens to be a letter. The analogy with FW might be the letter that Shem wrote to his

father and whose postman is Shaun. In this way, Shaun functions as a priest: just as the priest delivers the apostle's epistle to the followers, Shaun delivers the letter to his father. This similarity goes further if Norris' words are taken into consideration. She claims that "the letter will exonerate HCE" (20), so both a priest and Shaun deliver a letter with a religious purpose. After the readings in the Mass, sometimes the server says "deo gratias," which is a formula that was versioned by Joyce in April 1929 when he introduced "dey as gratias" (Joyce, FW 415.20) in the fable. The entire section in which the deo gratias appears is also very relevant.

For if sciencium (what's what) can mute us nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omnibus, perhaps an art accord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-heated publics and the whole dey as gratiis! (Joyce, FW 415. 15-20)

"Sciencium can mute us nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy" (Joyce, FW 415.16-17) might mean that while science was not able to answer people's questions, that is to say, science cannot completely silence people's disquietudes—"mute us nought" (Joyce, FW 415.16)—; God—"the Great Sommboddy within the Omnibus" (Joyce, FW 415.17)— can. In this way, this sentence refers to the next part of the Mass: Gospel, which is God's way of giving answers. On the other hand, this section can be interpreted very differently. "Sciencium can mute us nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy" (Joyce, FW 415.15-16) might mean that science has brought religion to nothing (Benstock 261). This interpretation seems opposed to a Catholic analysis. However, Benstock claims that the Gracehoper is actually disillusioned by what science has done to God (261). Furthermore, even if science had muted religion, the Gracehoper is still thanking God ("deo gratias") for the gift of music—"an art accord might sing" (Joyce, FW 415.18) "ring his panch" (Joyce, FW 415.19)—. Music is very much linked with religion; in fact, it is normally part of the Mass. Thus Joyce's perspective on religion is portrayed here: as an intellectual, he is aware of the inexistence of a Divine Being and as an artist, he has to sacrifice religion; but, at the same time, he hopes for his existence since he is a Grace-hoper. Indeed, Evans claims that Joyce's persistent hope for salvation despite his misgivings about the Church is portrayed in this fable (DeVault 373).

After the readings, the Gospel is proclaimed. Norris claims that the fable "like a reversed parable of the prodigal son, is presented as Gospel of sorts of the Mass" (20). The Gracehoper is compared with the younger son who runs away with his father's money wasting it on a wild life, as the Gracehoper also spends his money, and especially his time, on "drinking with nautonects,...horing after ladybirdies" (Joyce, FW 416.10-12). On the contrary, the Ondt is compared with the older son, who having worked hard and not having spent the money, is mad at his father since he celebrates a feast in his brother's honour. This parable emphasizes the importance of repentance, the younger brother "resurrects" because he apologises. However, this fable is precisely a reversal, as Norris claims, because in this fable the one who says "I apologise" (Joyce, FW 414.16) is Shaun standing for the Ondt. On the other hand, the Gracehoper—who should be sorry for having a wild life instead of working (as the younger brother in the parable)— does not show any repentance.

A reference to the Homily is found within the paragraph cited before with this claim: "a high old tide for the bar-heated publics" (416.19-20). This sentence was also added to

the fable later on in April 1929. “For the bar-heated publics” (Joyce, FW 416.19-20) alludes to the Homily since “bar” comes from “berate” and the Homily can be seen as a scolding from the priest to the audience. And it is time for it —“high old tide” (416-19)— since the Homily is the following part of the Mass after the Gospel. The Homily of this fable can be the whole fable itself —“Let us here consider the casus my dear little cousins...of the Ondt and the Gracehoper” (Joyce, FW 414.18-21)— since, as Norris claims, “the themes of Christ’s teachings...are maliciously, parodied in the fable of the Ondt and the Gracehoper” (20). Indeed, this is a very peculiar Homily or fable since it praises what seems to be wrong. Joyce reverses Aesop and La Fontaine’s roles of the ant and the grasshopper. The classical fables present the ant as a role model because of being a hard-working animal, unlike the grasshopper that is playing music and having fun. On the contrary, Joyce associates the grasshopper with grace by calling it “Gracehoper”; while he links the ant with evil by naming it “Ondt” (“ondt” is a Danish word which means “evil”) and by presenting it to be delighted with money (avarice is one of the capital sins) and with the Gracehoper’s misfortunes.

This reversal of the original fable might make the reader think that the Mass is also being reversed; and, therefore, the Mass in this fable is indeed a Black Mass. Black Masses worship Satan. Joyce praises the Gracehoper’s immoral attitudes (drinking, flirting and dancing instead of working) by calling it “Gracehoper”; and, on the contrary, he disdains the Ondt’s attitudes such as apologising —“I apologise” (Joyce, FW 414.16)—, which is a commonplace assumed to be morally right, by naming it “Ondt”. However, it is also important to take into account that, although the Gracehoper is not repentant of his attitudes, he forgives the Ondt during the “Rite of Peace.”

Regarding the next section, the Profession of Faith, the Creed prayed is present in *Finnegans Wake* (Joyce, FW 415.7-15), as it is in “Cyclops” (Brian 315). Firstly, the rhythm which the enumeration —of entities to believe in— provides to the Creed is similar to the one in Joyce’s fable from 415.7 to 415.15. Secondly, the three stanzas in which the Creed is divided (each one praising a member of the Trinity) are referred to in this section. The first stanza begins with “I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of the Heaven and the earth.” This line of the Creed corresponds to “the wheel of the world” (Joyce, FW 415.7-8) —which was introduced in the fable in April 1929— and makes reference to God’s almightiness. Furthermore, words such as “McCaper”, “soturning” and “retrophobia” (Joyce, FW 9-10) allude to the constellations of Capricorn, Saturn and the moon; and therefore refer to God as the creator of Heaven.

The second stanza is dedicated to Christ and his mother the Virgin Mary: “I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit born of the Virgin Mary.” The correspondence to this stanza are the words “mutter and doffer” (Joyce, FW 415.13) —mother and daughter— which represents the figure of the Virgin because she is at the same time God’s daughter, as everyone is, and God’s mother since she conceived Jesus. The third stanza deals with the Holy Ghost. It begins saying “I believe in the Holy Spirit” and it ends with “[I believe in] the resurrection of the body.” “Wake!” (Joyce, FW 415.15) is a reference to resurrection since, as sleeping is associated with death, waking is associated with resurrection. This is a motif throughout *Finnegans Wake*, that here once again is repeated.

Once the Liturgy of the Word finished, the Liturgy of the Eucharist starts. During the preparation of the gifts, the bread and wine are prepared, and money is received. The word

"ablebodied" (Joyce, FW 416.3) alludes to Abel. The story of Cain and Abel is relevant here not only because of the enmity between Shem and Shaun—who the Gracehoper and the Ondt stand for respectively—but also because Abel and Cain's argument was caused by the gift they offered to God. Abel made a good oblation by sacrificing his best sheep; while Cain offered fruits and God denied this gift since it did not imply from Cain a real sacrifice—bread and wine are symbol of Christ's sacrifice.

Concerning the money raised (another type of gift), the fable says that "the Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybut and ablebodied, bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers" (Joyce, FW 416.3-4). "Weltall" is a German word that means "universe." The Ondt was so universal that the currencies given during the collection belong to different countries. There are "shelling in kopfers" (Joyce, FW 416.4) and "pickopeck of muscow" (Joyce, FW 416.17). "Shelling" is the name of the German currency and "kopfer" is the German word for "money". Regarding the "pickopeck of muscow" (Joyce, FW 416.17), "kopeck" is a Russian coin; therefore, it is clear that "pickopeck of muscow" refers to the currency of Moscow. It is not strange that the Ondt is a global animal. He has been everywhere because he is a "space animal," as will be explained in the next section (Consecration). Indeed, it is repeated twice in this paragraph (the one in which the different currencies are mentioned) that he was "making spaces" (Joyce, FW 416.5-6).

The money raised—apparently only by the Ondt—should go to the Gracehoper who, living the life of an artist, is as poor as a church mouse—"churchprince" (Joyce, FW 416.13)—, and has no money to buy: "Nichts nichtsundnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow- money to bag" (Joyce, FW 416.17-18). "Nicht" means "nothing" in German, and "bag" works as a combination of "buy" and "bag" since it is a way of saying that he has no money to buy things and put them in a bag. The Gracehoper, as Max Estrella in *Lucas de Bohemia*, "viv[e] de hacer versos y viv[e] miserable" (388). While the Ondt was working; the Gracehoper was playing the guitar drinking and "hunting" girls—"drinking with nautonects..., horing after ladybirdies" (Joyce, FW 416.10-12). Having succumbed to the pleasure principle, the Gracehoper is now in "a jungle of love and debts" (Joyce, FW 416.9).

The next part of the Mass is the Consecration. The analogy between the Mass and the fable in this case has to do with the transubstantiation of bread and wine that takes place during the Consecration, and Lewis and Joyce's "transmutation" into Ondt and Gracehoper. Wyndham Lewis criticised Ulysses in his massive attack on time-philosophy in *Time and Western Man* (1927). Thus, Joyce gives the role of the Ondt (evil) to Lewis. As Lewis attacks time, he (Ondt) is associated with place while Joyce (Gracehoper) is associated with time (Brown 34). In addition to this, the Ondt can also be considered a representation of Stanislaus (Joyce's brother) (Henkes & Bindervoet). Although Joyce enjoyed a comfortable solvency position when writing *Finnegans Wake*, he could not make a living of his art for many years. Similarly, the Gracehoper suffers economic problems: it is said that he is "heartily hungry" (Joyce, FW 416.20) since he has so many "debts" (Joyce, FW 416.9). Due to that economic situation, Stanislaus, as the Ondt, sustained him in some occasions. The lack of solvency is not the only feature of the Gracehoper that can be attributable to Joyce. The Gracehoper illustrates Joyce both as an artist whose "song sense" (Joyce, FW 419.6) and literary sensibility is able to "beat time" (Joyce, FW 419.8), and as a person who drinks and hunts girls (Joyce, FW 416.10-12); that is to say, the Gracehoper encapsulates "the blurred space between erudition and inebriation that Joyce often occupied" (Farmen 10).

The next step in the Mass is the Lord's Prayer. Two "Lord's Prayers" are found within the fable: one from line 415.31 to 416.2, and the other from line 415.20 to 415.24. Regarding the first one (415.31-416.2), the beginning and the ending are fundamental for the recognition of the prayer. At the end "Hummum" (Joyce, FW 416.2) echoes "amen" ("so be it") because of sonorous similarities. Concerning the beginning, the first lines of the Lord's Prayer ("Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name") are linked to "nor to Ba's berial nether" (Joyce, FW 415.31). "Ba" sounds similar to "pa" —bilabial consonants— and "pa" is a term of endearment for "father." The fact that "Ba" ("daddy") is capitalised makes clear the connection with god, as god is the father of humanity and his name is capitalised by his followers. In addition to this, "nether" is an Egyptian term for God. Also "berial" (Joyce, FW 415.31), which makes reference to "burial," is linked to "Heaven" since death is connected with heaven for Christians.

The following lines of the Lord's Prayer ("Your kingdom come, Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven") are paralleled in "Beppey's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as Heppy's hevn shall flourish my haine shall hurrish" (Joyce, FW 415.36-416.1). On the one hand, "Beppey" seems to be God as he is the lord of the realm —"Beeppy's realm (415.36)— of heaven —"hevn" (416.1). "Beppe" is the diminutive of Joseph in Italian, and St. Joseph is Jesus' putative father. It is common for children to be named after their parents. In these cases, the child is normally named a diminutive of their parents' name to show the difference between father and son, or mother and daughter. By naming Jesus "Beppey" (the diminutive of his putative father's name), Joyce is emphasizing Jesus' mortal origin, as the father to whom he is linked is Joseph, rather than God. On the other hand, the way in which "heaven" is spelled —"hevn" (Joyce, FW 416.1)— echoes the Danish word "häv" which means "vengeance." Similarly, the word "haine" (Joyce, FW 416.1) is a mixture of the words "hatred" and "Haine", who is a character of Ulysses not seen as the kindest one. The praise for vengeance, hatred and negative attitudes such as those held by Haine is reminiscent of a Black Mass in which Satan is praised. Furthermore, "Suckit Hotup!" (Joyce, FW 415.35) sounds like "suck it up hot", that is to say, oral sex, which is very far from being part of the Lord's Prayer. In Black Masses some bizarre sexual rituals are involved, such as consuming semen and menstrual blood as the body and blood of Christ (Hanegraff & Kripal 11-12). Perhaps the water that may be avoided —"May he me no avoid water!" (Joyce, FW 415.34)—, or what "shall flourish" (Joyce, FW 416.1) refers to these particular fluids.

The next connection between this paragraph and the Lord's Prayer has to do precisely with "loftet hails and prayed: May he me no avoid water!" (Joyce, FW 415.34). In this sentence, the priest raises his hands and prays this strange sentence that apparently has nothing to do with the Lord's Prayer. However, there is a vague connection regarding the sounds and the translation, the kind of connection that one can imagine Joyce would like, so it may be worthy to discuss. In Spanish the line of Lord's Prayer "but deliver us from evil" is translated as "y líbranos del mal." The word "mal" (evil) sounds similar to "mar" (sea). Therefore, there could be a connection between "líbranos del mar" and "may he me no avoid water" as if Lord's Prayer was asking God for protection in order not to be drowned.

What is clear is that this line —"May he me no avoid water!" (Joyce, FW 415.34)— belongs to The Book of the Dead. Again the mixture between religions (Christian and

Egyptian) is present here. Indeed, this is not the only case in which words share both backgrounds. It is the same with "Ba" (Joyce, FW 415.31), which apart from being similar to "pa," is an Egyptian term which means immortal soul. Similarly, "Beppey" (Joyce, FW 415.36) does not only allude to the Italian term "Beppe", but also to Pepi II, the last ruler of Egypt. Other references to the Egyptian tradition are: "oldeborre" (Joyce, FW 415.32) which in Danish means "beetle," a symbol of Egyptian culture; "Nefersenless" (Joyce, FW 415.33) which is a mixture between "nevertheless" and "Nefertiti"; or goddess such as Sekhmet —Sekkit (Joyce, FW 415.34)— and Hapi —"Heppy" (Joyce, FW 416.1)—, the Egyptian god of the Nile River. However, there is a contrast between both religions. While Christian confessions are positive (for example, "I believe"), this one is negative —"nor" "nether" "no avoid" (Joyce, FW 415.31,34)— as are the ones that appear in *The Book of the Dead*.

As previously mentioned, there is another fragment in Joyce's fable that seems similar to the Lord's Prayer (415.20-415.24). Curiously enough, this section was also added subsequently to the fable, more precisely, in April 1929 like most of the religious references. "Our father" in the Lord's Prayer is paralleled with the word father —"fudder" (Joyce, FW 415.20)— who, as with thunder, is light for everybody and every son in the fog —"ally looty and filly" (Joyce, FW 415.21). "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven" is paralleled in "Fudder's" kingdom is "erething" (Joyce, FW 415.22). "Erething" (Joyce, FW 415.22) is a mixture of "earth" and "everything." Therefore, God's kingdom is everything since it is "still" (Joyce, FW 415.23) on earth with his sons and grandchildren —"his sands, his sunsunssuns" (Joyce, FW 415.22) —, that is to say, the whole humanity; and in Heaven, that is to say, "above ground" (Joyce, FW 415.22-23).

This fragment (415.20-415.24) also refers to God's ability to "kick time" (Joyce, FW 415.24) since resurrection makes life eternal, and, therefore, metaphorically kicks time. As a consequence of having kicked time, Cronus, the Greek God of time (once more mythologies are mixed), lays crumbling: "Cronione lags acrumbling" (Joyce, FW 415.21). Thus, Joyce is placing himself on the winning side with God. Just as God kills time by resurrecting, he also does so thanks to his writing (HCE's resurrection in FW is a defeat of time). In all competitions, as in the one between Joyce and Lewis about time and space, there must be a winner: "sham orshunner" (Joyce, FW 415.23-24), that is to say, Shem or Shaun, the Gracehoper or the Ondt, Joyce or Lewis. Joyce ends up being the winner as he is able to completely control time.

After the Lord's Prayer, the members of the assembly ask for Christ's peace as they offer one another a sign of peace (a handshake, embrace or kiss). The Rite of Peace is portrayed in the poem that concludes Joyce's fable (Joyce, FW 418.10- 419.8). This poem describes a place to love, and a time to hug —"A locus to loue, a term it t'embarass" (Joyce, FW 418.24)— in which the rivals (the Gracehoper and the Ondt, Shem and Shaun, Joyce and Lewis) are compared to brothers. Furthermore, to emphasize the idea of two parts that are united —"two and true" (Joyce, FW 418.30)—, the poem is written in couplets (two-line poetic compositions) and two-parts-proverbs are also used, such as "waste not, want not" —"wastenot with want" (Joyce, FW 418.30—, or the Latin saying "nolens volens" —"Nolans go volants" (Joyce, FW 418.31).

These adversaries are now said to be twins: "these twain" (Joyce, FW 418.25), "twinwhins" (Joyce, FW 419.1), and "castwhores pulladeftkiss" (Joyce, FW 418.22) which

refers to the Latin words used for both of the brothers in a pair of twins. They are also compared to famous brothers such as the booksellers Nolan and Browne —“Nolans” and “Bruneyes” (Joyce, FW 418.31)—, or Aquilant —“Aquileone” (Joyce, FW 418.26)— and his brother Gryphon from the epic poem *Orlando Furioso*. However, it is necessary to take into account Bruno’s idea of coincidence of opposites, since “the poem...repeats the various characteristics of the brother dichotomy” (Benstock 140). Indeed, Joyce refers to Bruno by saying “Nolans and Bruneyes” (Joyce, FW 418.31) as Giordano Bruno was from Nola (Budgen 335). This dichotomy is also reflected by mentioning Aquilant —“Aquileone” (Joyce, FW 418.26)— who stands for black and his brother Gryphon, for white; “Nolans go volants” (Joyce, FW 418.31), the Latin proverb “*nolens volens*” meaning unwilling or willing; and “Bruneyes come blue” (Joyce, FW 418.31) since brown and blue are opposed in the colour wheel.

Taking into account Bruno’s idea of opposition begetting reunion, it is not strange that in this poem (Joyce, FW 418.10- 419.8) the Ondt and the Gracehoper finally make peace in spite of their differences. This union contrasts with the examples of Biblical brothers that are referred to in Joyce’s fable: Cain and Abel whose relationship ends in murder, or the brothers in the “Prodigal Son Parable” one of them being jealous of his brother’s “resurrection.” This might be a critique of Catholicism since the brothers in this fable (Shem staring as the Gracehoper, and Shaun staring as the Ondt) seem to be reunited in the end, while the biblical brothers are much more belligerent.

The peace between animals is made when the Gracehoper weeping forgives the Ondt —“I forgive you, grondt Ondt” (Joyce, FW 418.12)— for mocking him —“mocks for my gropes” (Joyce, FW 418.32). Therefore, the Gracehoper rejects the revenge and starts the reconciliation by saying “So saida to Moyhammlet” (Joyce, FW 418.17). “Saida” is an Arabic word that means “goodbye,” and “Moyhammlet” makes reference both to Hamlet — a symbol of revenge— and to the prophet Mohammed — a symbol of reconciliation between God and humanity. This is as a way of saying goodbye to revenge and of welcoming reconciliation.

The Gracehoper is renewed by forgiving the Ondt. His resurrection is reflected in the first line of the poem: “He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses” (Joyce, FW 418.10). By mentioning the beetle’s practice of putting its larvae in the excrement (“merd”), Joyce alludes to the Egyptian belief in resurrection. Therefore, it can be said that the first line of the poem foreshadows the rebirth the Gracehoper is going to experience by forgiving the Ondt two lines after —“I forgive you, grondt Ondt” (Joyce, FW 418.12). Again, there is a mixture between mythologies: on the one hand, the Catholic forgiveness; and, on the other, the idea of resurrection linked to the figure of beetles.

The Gracehoper resurrects as the younger brother in the parable of the prodigal son. However, there are striking differences between both attitudes as has been pointed out in the Gospel section. While the younger son in the Biblical parable is repentant of his actions, the Gracehoper does not only show no repentance for being idle, but also indirectly blames the Ondt —for mocking him— by forgiving him. Thus, Joyce is reversing the situation. The grasshopper is the “Gracehoper” as he forgives the Ondt. However, the Gracehoper never apologised, while the Ondt did in Shaun’s voice —“I apologise” (Joyce, FW 414.16). In spite of his repentance, the Ondt is associated with evil.

With these contradictions, Joyce criticizes the contradictions of the Catholic Church itself. Joyce could be saying that people considered themselves graceful are not as full of grace as they think are, as is the case of the Gracehoper, who in spite of being called and defined by his grace, does not feel repentant of his loose life —drinking and hunting girls: “drinking with nautonects... horing after ladybirdies” (Joyce, FW 416.10-12)— and blames others. Through the figure of the Gracehoper, Joyce is also criticizing hypocrisy. The Gracehoper is related to grace by his name although he is not graceful at all, as has been said. Similarly, he uses forgiveness to disguise his blame. The Gracehoper’s apologies and lack of repentance has another meaning as well. Taking into account that the Gracehoper represents Joyce in the fable, the fact that the Gracehoper does not repent implies that Joyce does not either. Indeed, Joyce is stating that both he and the Gracehoper have nothing to repent. Joyce and the Gracehoper have not been lazy, but have worked on their art: music, in case of the Gracehoper, and literature, in the case of Joyce. Therefore, Joyce is not praising sloth by making the Gracehoper the good character (associated with grace and hope) because the Gracehoper, as the representation of artists, has not committed sloth. In this way, Joyce is not reversing the morals of the Mass (praising sloth)—as in a Black Mass—, but reversing the stereotype about artists that is portrayed in the original fable (artists, as the grasshopper who plays the guitar, are lazy). Thus, Joyce legitimizes art as a real job, and both criticizes the indecent wages of artistic jobs that he himself suffered by portraying the Gracehoper as poor as a “churchprince” (Joyce, FW 416.13), and the common assumption that the lives of artists are completely hedonistic —“drinking with nautonects... horing after ladybirdies” (Joyce, FW 416.10-12). Indeed, although Joyce’s drinking habits are known, so are his working traits. Therefore, although he recognises this “loose life” by saying that the Gracehoper drinks and flirts, he also defends his work by not repenting.

On the other hand, the Ondt is the representation of all who do not understand Joyce’s work, and therefore mock it —“mocks for my gropes” (Joyce, FW 418.32). The word “grope” can refer to “grope for” which means “to try to think of something, especially the right words” (Cambridge Dictionary). Therefore, “grope” is a representation of Joyce’s works as the words in them are precisely well-chosen, taking into account that most of them have different layers of meaning which can have different readings.

Therefore, when the Gracehoper says that “as [he] once played the piper [he] must now pay the count” (Joyce, FW 418.16), he does not mean to regret having played the piper. For Joyce playing the pipe is not an act of laziness, but an act of making art; and art is never a thing to be repentant of. What Joyce means is that he knew what he was writing (how he played the piper, how his “gropes” were), so he must pay the price by being criticized or mocked. Joyce understands that the Ondt (Lewis), and some other people, cannot dedicate their time —indeed the Ondt does not have time, but space— to understand his work. Therefore, Joyce (the Gracehoper) has to pick the Ondt’s reproof as a gift he cannot deny —“I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend” (Joyce, FW 418.20). In fact, many friends, such as Pound, who were former admirers of Joyce, told him that his work was incomprehensible (Ellmann 584). That is why the Gracehoper, representing Joyce, forgives them all through the figure of the Ondt for criticizing his work, just as Christ asks God for forgiveness as “they do not know what they are doing.”

Finally, the Gracehoper praises the Ondt—“Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!” (Joyce, FW 419.7). However, the following line continues “But, Holy Saltmartin,

why can't you beat time?" (Joyce, FW 419.8). This last line of the poem can be interpreted in two different ways (again Joyce making use of his modern ambiguity). One reading corresponds to what Tindall maintains: the Gracehoper reminds the Ondt that in spite of his spatial virtues —"your spacest sublime!" (Joyce, FW 419.7)—, he cannot beat time. Up to this point it seemed that the fable was convincing the reader that "making spaces and money is better than wasting time [playing music], prudence better than art, and bourgeois better than artist" (Tindall 231). Nevertheless, this last line seems to suggest how much nicer it would be to have "song sense" —indeed, the Gracehoper wishes the Ondt had song sense: "May the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!" (Joyce, FW 419.6)— or literary sensibility to "beat time" (Joyce, FW 419.8) (231).

"Beat" means both "to make a regular sound", and "to defeat" (Cambridge Dictionary). Both the Gracehoper and Joyce fit in the first sense (the musical one) being the Gracehoper a musician and Joyce an expert in musicality. Regarding the second sense of "beat" as defeating, it is not the first time that Joyce states that he can defeat time: he already said that he could "kick time" (Joyce, FW 415.24). Indeed, thanks to his literature, Joyce managed to kill time (*ars longa, vita brevis*). On the one hand, HCE, the main character of *Finnegans Wake*, resurrects. On the other, the Gracehoper's forgiveness also implies a rebirth, that is to say, resurrection. Resurrection makes life eternal, and, therefore, it metaphorically kills time —Cronus lays dead: "Cronione lags acrumbling" (Joyce, FW 415.21).

Another possible reading emerges from the fact that "Holy Saltmartin" (Joyce, FW 419.8) is the addressee of the sentence, as it is written between commas. If this hypothesis is taken into account, then the one who utters the sentence must be the Ondt. "Holy Saltmartin" (Joyce, FW 419.8) makes reference to the Gracehoper as "saltamarino" is the Italian word for "grasshopper." Furthermore, "Holy Saltmartin" (Joyce, FW 419.8) implies good Christian connotations —"Holy" and "Salmartin", which refers to "the good Samaritan" in the Bible—, and the Gracehopper is always attributed the good religious connotations (Grace-hope). In addition to this, "Saltmartin" (Joyce, FW 419.8) refers to Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, a French philosopher, whose work *Le Crocodile ou la guerre du bien et du mal* deals precisely with good and evil.

If this reading is considered, the Ondt does not behave in the right way because in spite of the Gracehoper's efforts to end with the disagreement by forgiving him, the Ondt keeps mocking the Gracehoper by reminding him of his inability to beat time. Joyce (being represented by the Gracehoper) rejects what he previously stated: that he can indeed "kick time" (Joyce, FW 415.24) through his literature. This could be a way to show his humility or his failures as an artist. Indeed, Hayman claims that this fable is a portrayal of the artist: a reconstitution of his loves and his frustrations (85). Alternatively, this sentence might be a strategy to depict Lewis as a resentful and jealous person who, as the older son in the prodigal son, remarks his brother's faults.

No matter what interpretation is considered, the Gracehoper and Joyce always win. On the one hand, (according to the first reading), the Gracehoper/Joyce is portrayed as good artist who can beat time. On the other (according to the second interpretation), Joyce shows a positive attitude of the Gracehoper (himself) by being humble and recognizing his inability to beat time versus the arrogant and resentful Ondt who reminds the Gracehoper of his inability.

The next rite in the Mass is the Holy Communion. This is how the Communion takes place in the fable: "A tittlebits of beebread! Iomio! Iomio! Crick's corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melancholy. Meblizzered, him slugged! I am heartily hungry! He had eaten...chip so mitey" (Joyce, FW 416.18-26).

There are two main references to the Host. The first one, "a tittlebits of beebread", was introduced in April 1929, that is to say, after the first draft of the fable was already written in 1928. Firstly, the Host is a little bit of bread—"tittlebits of beebread!" (Joyce, FW 416.18)—, rather than a whole loaf. The word "tittlebits" (Joyce, FW 416.18) is also a reference to a "titbit." And such a titbit the Host is, since it is Christ's body. The second allusion to the Host, is when a "chip so mitey" is eaten (Joyce, FW 416.26). "Mitey" (Joyce, FW 416.26) refers to "meaty," in this way, what he ate must have been a chip that tastes like meat. Indeed, the Host has a circular small form that is reminiscent of the form of a chip, and symbolically it can taste like meat since it stands for Christ's flesh. But also "mitey" (Joyce, FW 416.26) refers to "mighty" as God is almighty. This makes sense if it is considered that the expressions "Iomio" and "O moy Bog" that refer to God (Joyce, FW 416.18-19)—for their similarities with the Italian "Dio Mio" and English "Oh my God" expressions—are also introduced in this fragment. Therefore, the relation between it and the Holy Communion becomes clearer.

Furthermore, an allusion to the deadly sin that the Gracehoper is supposedly committing, which is sloth, is made by introducing the words "slugged" and "contrited" (Joyce, FW 416.19-20). These words were introduced in 1932, very late after the composition of this fable back in February in 1928. The term "slugged" (Joyce, FW 416.20) does not only refer to a slug, continuing in this way with the semantic field of this fragment—"bee", "crick's corbicule"... (Joyce, FW 416.18-19)—, and of the fable in general: the insects; but also refers to being a sluggard. On the other hand, to contrite means to be crushed or broken in spirit by a sense of sin and so brought to complete penitence. In this case, the Gracehoper should be constricted by his sloth which is making him starve now. However, the Gracehoper is not constricted at all because he knows he has not committed a sin of sloth. The Gracehoper (Joyce) is indeed a very hard worker in his field (art) as previously said. Therefore, he never apologises.

In relation to the Concluding Rites, the priest blesses in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit as he makes the sign of the cross before dismissing the audience. This is precisely what happens at the end of the fable: "In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen." (419.9-10). This sentence was also a late addition to the fable. Indeed, it was introduced in April 1929. The priest blesses in the name of the former (Father), of the latter (Son) and of holocaust (Holy Ghost). In the Holy Spirit's case, at first the correspondence seems to be only at an audible level as "Holy Ghost" sounds similar to "holocaust" (Joyce, FW 419.9-10). However, the correspondence is at a semantic level, too. This might sound macabre for a contemporary reader since they can think only of the "holocaust" as the genocide that took place during World War II.

But if this word is looked up in the Oxford English Dictionary, it can be noticed that the first trace of "holocaust" being used with this sense was found in 1942. As Joyce died in 1941, it is improbable that he was thinking of the genocide. Before this tragedy occurred, "holocaust" used to make reference to a "sacrifice wholly consumed by fire" (Oxford English Dictionary). Indeed, in Greek "holos" means "all" and "kaustos," "burnt." Therefore,

“holocaust” does not only function at an audible level, but also at a semantic level since “sacrifice” is linked with religion from its very beginning. Indeed, Christ was the greatest sacrifice ever made. God sacrificed his own son for the salvation of humanity. Clearly, sacrifice is connected with religion but the question now should be: why is the word “holocaust” used precisely here, at the very end of this fable, and why is it associated with the Holy Ghost?

One reason is the relation between the flames in a holocaust (sacrifice by burning) and in Holy Ghost’s representation since as well as being embodied in the form of a white dove, it is represented as a flame in some biblical episodes such as Pentecost. Another possibility has to do with the fact that sacrifices were indeed considered gifts as has been exemplified with Abel’s sacrifice. Furthermore, nowadays Christ’s blood and body, which is in fact a sacrifice, are offered as gifts in Mass. In this way, the word “sacrifice” is not only linked with religion in general, but also with the rite in particular. Being the two last words of the fable, holocaust and “allmen” (Joyce, FW 419.10) —a mixture between “amen” and “all men”— associated with rituals, the importance of a Mass structure in the fable is emphasised.

Although Joyce refused Catholicism in favour of his art—as Stephen continuously stated in *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*—, Catholicism plays an important role in this fable both in terms of form and content. Regarding the formal aspects, the Mass has not served as a scaffolding for the composition of this fable —since, as the drafts have revealed, the references to the Mass were added after the composition of the fable—, but as a support for the framework that “the Ant and the Gracehoper” provides to the “Ondt and the Gracehoper.” Concerning the content, Christian values are fundamental for the question of time, which many critics have analysed in this fable, since resurrection is defined as a way of “beat[ing] time” (Joyce, FW 419.8). The Gracehoper resurrects —as HCE does— since he experiences a rebirth after forgiving. Therefore, Joyce’s victory over time and Lewis is very much linked with Christian values and beliefs: forgiving and resurrection. With regard to the reasons why Joyce used the Catholic Mass, there are multiple. The Catholic references could be included with a parodic, critical, or even nostalgic aim, as Lowe Evan suggested. But what is clear is that Joyce used it as a support for the form and content of his fable, as he uses Egyptian and Greek mythology, and that by referring to Catholicism Joyce depicts Irish culture in a realistic way, as it was a very important part of it; so as Joyce would say —echoing the very last word of this fable— Catholicism is in the life of “allmen” (Joyce, FW 419.10), at least, in the life of all Irish men.

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Learning about Superstitions and Irish Beliefs Through *Ulysses*

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Whilst reading *Ulysses*, readers are more than likely to be struck by countless instances of superstitions and beliefs. James Joyce, himself very superstitious, subtly included many of them in his work, sometimes through Molly, Bloom, Stephen or any of the many characters that walk through his novel. Although the initial intention was to mention most of them, given the limitations pertaining the nature of the present paper, those that attract attention most ostensibly have been selected. What follows is thus a partial, rather personal, catalogue, classified according to random criteria, and beginning with simple categories such as “colors,” “days of the week” and reaching some more complex ones, concerning superstitions about maternity or menstruation. Because the line that separates superstitions from beliefs is very thin, confusions may be very frequent. For example, believing that walking under a ladder brings bad luck is not belief, but superstition.

A basic dictionary definition of superstition is “a widely held but irrational belief in supernatural influences, especially as leading to good or bad luck, or a practice based on such a belief.” In a belief, on the other hand, “complete credit is given to a fact or notice as being true.” For instance, if your nose itches, it means a fight.

Colours

Colours are often related to superstitions. In “Nausicaa,” blue means good luck: “Gerty, while on Sandymount beach, is thinking about the colour blue as it is her favourite colour and she is wearing blue clothes. In his Annotations, Gifford makes clear that Blue is for luck: “She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour and lucky too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her (U 13.179-180).” Blue is also

a colour-attribute of the Virgin Mary, chastity, and thus is an appropriate good luck charm for a bride, as in the rhyme singing about what a bride should wear: «Something old, something new, Something borrowed, something blue. And a silver six-pence in her shoe» (suggested by Joan Keenan). When the custom began, it used to be said that something old represented the past, something new the future, something borrowed meant the present; and something blue symbolized chastity.

Also, in “Nausicaa,” green means affliction: “The green she wore that day week brought grief” (U 13.181). These were part of Gerty’s thoughts when she was on the beach: “since the day she wore it, and the boy she liked, is kept at home by his father to study for intermediate exhibition (U 13.182)”. Gerty grieved at not being to see him and blamed this ill omen on a green dress she had worn that week” (U 13. 181). “In its negative aspect, green is regarded as the colour of envy and jealousy, of love gone sour or thwarted, as in the proverbial saying: «Blue is love true, / Green is love deen [dying]» (Gifford 387). Actually, in the sixteenth century it was an omen of ruin and misfortune, and in the Middle Ages it was considered the colour of the fairies. When Bloom is named the successor to Parnell, by John Howard Parnell, the freedom of the city is presented to him embodied in a charter, and the keys to Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion: “He shows all that he is wearing green socks” (U15.1521). “The joke here is that Parnell, a profoundly superstitious man, was convinced that the colour green was unlucky for him. His aversion to «Ireland’s colour» was a source of frequent embarrassment to him and his associates” (Gifford 475).

Wearing clothes inside out, in “Nausicaa,” is good luck, too. While on the beach, Gerty is musing over this: “She nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and lovers’ meeting if you put those things on inside out so long as it wasn’t of a Friday” (U 13.184-87). It is lucky to put a garment on inside out when dressing, that is, if it is done accidentally, it must be left as it is, otherwise, luck will be changed. Also, if a shoe or garment comes untied, it means that someone is thinking of you. As long as it is not on a Friday.

Numbers

“Numbers” occupy an important place in the world of superstitions. Number thirteen appears, as is well known, in “Hades”: “Mr Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hands, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I I’m thirteen. Death’s number” (U 6.825-26). Bloom arrives with his friends at Dignam’s burial in the Glasnevin cemetery. While Dignam is being buried, he is thinking about the number of assistants.”Thirteen, an unlucky number in both the pre-Christian and Christian worlds. One Christian tradition holds that the ill luck of the number stems from the thirteen who sat at the Last Supper. Judas, the betrayer, being the thirteenth guest” (Gifford 121).

Number sixteen, in “Eumaeus,” has been very much discussed: “He accommodately dragged his shirt more open so that, on the top of the time-honoured symbol of the mariner’s hope and rest, they had a view of the figure 16 and a young man’s sideface ...” (U 16.675). While Bloom and Stephen are in the coachman’s lodge, a sailor opens his shirt to show his number 16, a tattoo which his Greek companion, Antonio, had made on his chest. His livid face had also been tattooed. In European slang and numerology the number

sixteen is often associated to homosexuality. It is curious that Joyce speaks of the number 16 in episode 16.

The “third time” we do something means a lot, as it is maintained in “Circe:” “Third time is the charm” (U 15.203-4), that is, “after the popular belief that a third try at a difficult task or game (after two previous failures) is attended by special luck” (Gifford 455). Bloom is walking here in the night district of Abbot Street, in a heavy traffic, while everybody is shouting at him because he is immersed in his thoughts and is about to be run over by an “insolent driver” (U 15.204). He makes a triple jump to the curb and thinks “the third time is the charm” (U 15.203-204).

Number nine, in “Proteus,” means a “boundary.” Stephen is on the beach looking at the sea, watching a dog play in the sand, and the waves: “They serpent towards his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves” (U 3.340). “Every ninth - In Irish mythology the ninth wave out from land was considered to be a magical boundary” (Gifford 60). According to the seafaring tradition, the ninth wave is the largest, most powerful of the storm; if the sailors manage to survive it, the danger is overcome. In the Irish tradition, it is the frontier that separates the mortal realm from the afterlife. The ancient Celts firmly believed that the ninth wave possessed surprising beneficial properties for the human being. It is especially applied to female fertility, general well-being and protection against pest, pestilences and diseases. For many people, the most beautiful Russian painting is called *The Ninth Wave* by Ivan Aivazovsky. “Nine” is the number of wisdom, mystery and creativity. It also represents, in numerology, the Wholeness and eternity in three successive series.

Days

Some specific days bring with them some particular superstitions. When the sun rose on Easter Morning—a popular superstition in Ireland—it danced with joy at the birth of man’s hope of salvation. Molly remembers, in “Penelope,” the times when she lived in Gibraltar and the indigenous religious habits: “The sun dancing 3 times on Easter Sunday morning” (U18.760). Every Thursday, in turn, carries some significance. In “Circe,” Zoe, examining the palm of Stephen’s hand, asks him on what day was he born: Thursday. Her reply is that “Thursday’s child has far to go” (U 15.3.687). Needless to say, Joyce was born on Thursday, 2 February 1882, the assumption being that it was also Stephen’s birthday. In terms of friendliness, those born on Thursdays tend to have many social skills: they are friendly, optimistic and have great self-confidence. Joyce asked James Stephen to take on the role of an author and to finish *Finnegans Wake*. The reasons, of course, superstition. Joyce asked him about the possibility of completing in July 1929, since both had been born, a week apart, in the same hospital (Thursday, February 9th, 1882) and because he shared with his friend the name of Joyce’s alter ego, Stephen Dedalus. Joyce was discouraged by the poor reception of his proposal.

In astrology, Thursday (Jupiter’s day) is a day for courage but it is also regarded as a favourable one to transact business. Its influence favours material growth, the expansion of money, prosperity and generosity. Gerty’s thoughts while she is on the beach in “Nausicaa” reminds us: Thursday for wealth (U 13.119). Also Molly’s, in “Penelope,” when

she reminds us that, unlike Thursdays, “In case he brings him home tomorrow today I mean no no Friday is an unlucky day” (U 18.1550). At this point, Molly is thinking about getting some flowers from Lambes, in case Bloom brings Stephen home next day, but suddenly she notices that it will be Friday. Indeed, Friday «is the most unlucky day of the year» and “consequently good luck omens tend to be reversed on Fridays” (Gifford 387). What is more, Jews and Fridays do not go together. The day before the Jewish Sabbath is considered by Jews as an unlucky day because it is traditionally supposed to be the day on which Adam and Eve fell and were expelled from the Garden of Eden. In the Christian tradition, we should not forget, Jesus was crucified on Friday.

Lunar cycles have an important influence on growth. The New Moon is a good time to cut one’s hair, that is, excepting Fridays. Molly “had cut it that very morning on account of the new moon and also had cut her nails” (U 13. 117-18). Gerty knew it is good to cut hair and nails on the new moon because the hair grows healthier, brighter and stronger and also reduces the volume (curls and locks). Whenever there is “r» in the name of the day (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) you cannot cut your nails since this produces hangnails: “Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon” (U 8.587 (29 May 1904 was full moon). Popular superstition considered the new moon as a positive moment, associating the disorder with the waning moon. A notable exception were wolves; they were supposed to be aroused by the activity of the new moon (and reduced to “their human alter egos as the moon developed through its phases” (Gifford 163)).

Objects

Among objects, knives carry an important load of superstition. Molly, thinking about Milly’s behaviour and the recommendations she had given her before she left, reminds her: “I told her over and over again not to leave knives crossed” (U 18.1075). Crossing knives means fighting, arguing. They are not appropriate as a gift because they cut the affective current. To remove the hex you have to either slightly puncture the person who gave them to you or make a symbolic payment. Also, during storms, knives attract lightning:

My Leitrim-bred grandmother, among numerous other superstitions, harbored one dealing with the impiety of crossed silverware, so that my sister, when she wished to annoy the ordinarily serene old lady, would cross the knives or the knife and spoon. Our grandmother, tight-lipped, would uncross them, cross herself, and sometimes, unable to suppress her irritation, object crossly. (Gifford 626)

Molly imagines how she could have served Stephen if he would have been to sleep at home, how she “could have brought him breakfast in bed with a bit of toast, so long as I didn’t do it on the knife for bad luck” (U 18.1479-80). To finish with knives, “It is considered bad luck to use a knife as a substitute for a spoon («to stir with a knife brings on strife»)” (Gifford 632).

Pins also point to some superstitions: “Women won’t pick up pins. Say it cuts lo” (U 8.630-31) refers to the superstition that if a girl picks up a pin, she will make a staunch new boyfriend; therefore, a woman should avoid picking up pins because it would divide

her affections they would «cut love» (Gifford 177). While walking down Grafton Street, Bloom looks at the scratch on his left forearm, caused by the pins that Molly had put in the curtains she had made for him and thinks about giving her a pincushion for her birthday. The relationship pins have with magic is ancient, so it is not recommended to give or receive them. Once, it was believed that one way that a woman became a witch was to receive a pincushion from another witch. You had to be careful (about loans and borrowing). Bloom thinks about Martha's letter and remembers that it contained a daisy, which is associate with innocence: "Flowers to console me and a pin cuts lo" (U 11. 297)

Bloom's thoughts while he watches Gerty walk across the beach with a limp makes him conclude, a "woman loses a charm with every pin she takes out" (U 13.802-3). Molly thinks that "I oughtn't to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting" (U 18.1.031) because she had sewn a button on Milly's jacket while she was wearing it , and that meant separation. "The superstition is that sewing or repairing a garment when a person is wearing it implies a parting (since that kind of sewing is so often a last-minute adjustment before some occasion)" (Gifford 625).

Salt is a very good conductor of good or bad luck. Molly remembers that she had not brought salt to the new house when she moved: "I never brought a bit of salt in" (U 18.979). "In Roman and many other mythologies, salt was regarded as a sacrificial substance, sacred to the Penates, or household gods; hence, to bring 'a bit of salt' into a new house before one moves in is to propitiate the household gods and to ensure good luck" (Gifford 625). The term salary (wages given to workers) derives from the Roman custom of giving workers along with their pay an amount to acquire salt. In the Jewish tradition, bringing «a little salt» to a new house is to attract a life «full of flavour,» therefore, in houses where there was no salt, all was misfortune. Salt purifies and prevents corruption. If you spill a little, you have to throw some grains over your left shoulder and thus blind the demon or pour water on the spilled salt.

Bubbles on tea, coffee and urine are very meaningful. Molly's thoughts while she is using the chamber pot, are as follows: "O Lord how noisy I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of money from some fellow" (U 18.1143). "It was a popular superstition that coffee or tea (and also urine) covered with bubbles after it has been poured is a sign of money to come, provided the pourer has not tried to insure his own luck" (Gifford 626).

In "the last plumpudding too split in 2 halves" (U 18.1.032), Molly remembers how Milly split the plumpudding she was removing it from its mold. This meant that there might be a separation or a parting:

It was Irish tradition to bake rings (or other symbolic objects) into cakes served at ceremonial occasions and to tell fortunes by the cake. For example, the person who found the ring in his slice could look forward to marriage. If the cake broke when being removed from its mold, the forecast was for a separation or a parting. Gifford 625

Bloom's potato is famous. "On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there. In the trousers I left off. Must get it. Potato I have" (U 4.73). Gifford is very precise:

Potato - A talisman, symbolic of the continuity of life and, in Jewish tradition, a central dish in the ritual meal after a funeral. The potato is also a reminder of the staple food of the

Irish peasant and of the potato blight that triggered the famine. One was given to Bloom by his mother. Gifford 71

In addition, “a potato talisman, such as the one Bloom carries, was superstitiously believed to protect the bearer from rheumatism” (Gifford 444). The idea is confirmed in “Oxen of the Sun”: “Spud again the rheumatic? (U 14.1480-81). In “Circe,” Bloom takes a leap to the curb of the pavement and he does not mind the sting he had. Then touching his pocket to fill the potato that his mother had given him, he thinks she had given it to him to take as a talisman and thus avoid rheumatism: “Poor mamma’s panacea Bloom’s potato talisman” (U 15.201-2).

Weather and Death

The influence of the weather, the rain, and other natural phenomena are also well known to the superstitious. Molly assumes that she has started menstruating because she is wearing clean clothes; somewhat akin to “the superstition that wearing a new hat will cause rain” (Gifford 626): “The clean linen I wore brought it on too” (U 18.1124-25)

While on the beach, as Bloom feels the humidity of the environment on his body; he hears a whistle: “whistle brings rain they say” (U 13.1063). A popular superstition dictates that “a whistling steam locomotive can cause rain on an otherwise dry but cloudy day” (Gifford 398). Whistling is something that witches or sorcerers do when calling the devil so that he can move winds and storms. The following equation is also valid: “A donkey brayed. Rain” (U 6.837). Bloom hears it while he watches the gravediggers lower Dignam’s coffin carefully. “The ancient Romans regarded the donkey as a beast of ill omen. Bloom associates that belief with the Irish superstition that a donkey braying at midday forecasts rain” (Gifford 121). His reflection after hearing a donkey braying is: “No such ass. Never see a dead one, they say. Shame of death. They hide” (U 6. 837-39). This is modelled after an Irish saying: «three things no person ever saw: a highlander’s knee buckle, a dead ass, a tinker’s funeral.» These are three indications of imminent death (popular superstition). “Press his lower eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow” (U 6.849-50). These are Bloom’s reflections, during Dignam’s funeral, about death and how to find out if a person is really dead. And if he/she is dead, their touch can be a cure.

Bloom and Virag know that “The touch of a deadhand cures” (U 15. 2389), “after the superstition that the touch of a dead man’s hand would cure warts and other blemishes of the skin” (Gifford 494). In “Circe,” Virag talks to Bloom about the remedies for styes.

It was common superstition that contact with a gold ring would cure a sty. If you rubbed a gold ring until it was warm and then placed it near the sty, this would be reduced and if the operation was repeated it would disappear: “The sty. I dislike. Contact with a goldring” (U 15.2371). One last reference to death, superstition and “Hades.” Bloom is in the cemetery thinks about death during Dignam’s funeral: “someone walking over it”(U 6.861). “The superstition hinted at is that when you shiver in the sun someone has walked over your grave, and this is a reminder that you will die” (Gifford 122).

Murder, as a dark companion of death, also tells us about various superstitions. When Bloom and his friends are in the undertakers' coach on their way to Dignam's funeral, they pass in front of the house where Child was murdered and then Bloom thinks: "Murder. The murderer's image in the eye of the murdered" (U 6.478). He "refers to the superstition that the image of the murderer would be fixed on the retina of his victim and therefore could be «seen" (Gifford 115).

Pregnancy and The Body

From death to life is a journey from "Hades" to "Oxen of the Sun." Mrs. Purefoy has been in labour for three days, there is a covey of idle people in the waiting room at the Maternity Hospital who are talking about fertility, pregnancy, etc. and then the following indication is found: "The forbidding to a gravid woman to step upon a countrystile lest by her movement, the navelcord should strangle her creature" (U 14.979-81). "In popular superstition, a pregnant woman was believed to endanger her unborn child if she stepped over a stile, a grave, a coil of rope, etc" (Gifford 430). Similarly, "a pregnant woman should not touch her genitalia lest her child be born malformed" (Gifford 430): "The injunction upon her in the event of a yearning, ardently and ineffectually entertained, to place her hand against that part of her person which long usage has consecrated the seat of castigation" (U 14.981-84). Birthmarks, "Negro's inkle, strawberry mark and portwine stain" (U 14.985) are obviously very meaningful in our context. Family connections are also part of these set of superstitions. Bloom, while looking for a restaurant, sees Parnell's brother (John, who had peach plantations in Alabama) pass by and thinks about him: "Great man's brother: His brother's brother" (U 8.509). "Bloom plays with the superstition that the brilliance of one of two brothers will be compensated by the dullness of the other" (Gifford 172). In turn, there is a "superstitious assumption that brothers born of the same mother but different fathers are innately antipathetic" (Gifford 430), "The prenatal repugnance of uterine brothers" (U 14.956). Priests are supposed to be different, more concretely, smell differently, because of their celibacy. "Odour of sanctity" (U 13.1121). Following the path of a bat and how it eventually hangs from the bellfry, Bloom remembers the "sweet or aromatic odour given off by the corpses of great saints either before burial or after exhumation. The odour is believed to be evidence of extraordinary sanctity" (Gifford 400).

Bloom is afraid of very minute details that "turn up like a bad penny" (U 8.216). His black dress, for instance, causes him some concern. He is afraid everyone is going to ask him all day long why he is dressed in black. It is part "of the superstitious belief that it is almost impossible to rid oneself of a small, meaningless, and annoying detail" (Gifford 162).

Falls are more than simple details, but are also very significant. Zoe tells Bloom: "Don't fall upstairs" (U 15.2025), while she catches him, as he had stumbled down stairs. "Falling upstairs means one is entering where he is not welcome or where he will be unlucky" (Gifford 486).

Charms and Amulets

Charms and amulets are important objects to counter the ill effects of superstitions. And yet, often amulets and talismans are confused. While the amulet is an object with inherent magical properties, the talisman is said to be loaded with a magical aura by the person who created it. The act of «consecration» of a talisman is when the owner gives the talisman its due magical properties. In fact, the talisman is always created for a specific reason, while an amulet is used in a general way, for purposes such as attracting good luck or avoiding evil. The Catholic tradition advise sailors to “wear sacred medals or cloth badges, symbolic of a saint’s protective presence” (Gifford 401), such as the one in “Nausicaa:” “With a scapular or medal on him” (U 13.1156-57). Bloom is thinking about the «talisman» that sailors wear on their chest to save them from the dangers of the sea. This is a custom somewhere between piety and superstition (of hanging them around the neck) which comes to us from the first century B.C. A badge, “A badge maybe” (U 5.93) is “a token of membership in a Catholic Church organization, regarded as a charm by the superstitious” (Gifford 86). Gifford goes on to say:

The Children of Mary, confraternities established in schools of the Sisters of Charity after 1847 in honour of the manifestation of the Miraculous Medal (1830). (The Sisters of Charity had a convent and school on Park Avenue in Sandymount.) The medal has an image of Mary with the words «0 Mary, Conceived without Sin, Pray for Us Who Have Recourse to Thee»; the obverse, the letter M with a cross and twelve stars (an attribute of Mary as Queen of Heaven) above the hearts of Jesus and Mary. Gifford 393.

Kitty, confessing where and with whom she lost her virginity during a moment of weakness, “enrolled in the brown scapular” (U 15.2227-28). Again, Gifford is essential to see the connections: “enrolled” means “Enrolled in a sodality for young women dedicated to the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Its members wore brown scapulars as a signs of their devotion (and, in popular superstition, as charms to protect their virginity)” (Gifford 490).

Menstruation. Masturbation

Menstruation and superstitions is an inevitable couple. Bloom stays on the beach after his “meeting” with Gerty and wonders “if it’s bad to go with them then” (U 13.825). The answer, of course, is no, but Jewish law is quite explicit in its prohibition of any contact with a menstruating woman. The origins of this belief could well be in Leviticus 15:19-33: “when a woman has her regular flow of blood, the impurity of her monthly period will last seven days, and anyone who touches her will be unclean till evening:

Anything she lies on during her period will be unclean, and anything she sits on will be unclean. 21 Anyone who touches her bed will be unclean; they must wash their clothes and bathe with water, and they will be unclean till evening. 22 Anyone who touches anything she sits on will be unclean; they must wash their clothes and bathe with water, and they will be unclean till evening. 23 Whether it is the bed or anything she was sitting on, when anyone touches it, they will be unclean till evening. 24 “If a man has sexual relations with

her and her monthly flow touches him, he will be unclean for seven days; any bed he lies on will be unclean. (New International Version)

Pliny (23-79 A.D.), in his *Natural History*, gives long lists of a menstruating woman's powers (good or evil):

On the approach of a woman in this state, must will become sour, seeds which are touched by her become sterile, grafts wither away, garden plants are parched up, and the fruit will fall from the tree beneath which she sits. Her very look, even, will dim the brightness of mirrors, blunt the edge of steel, and take away the polish from ivory. A swarm of bees, if looked upon by her, will die immediately.

In addition to this, neither can she go into a cellar where the wine is being racked as there is a risk that this will be spoiled, as Virgilius saith, by the reek of the moonflower" (U 14.244-45). That is, by the presence of a menstruating woman.

Masturbation brings about consequences, "Prematurely bald from selfabuse" (U 15.1780-81), Mulligan states about Bloom's sexuality. "The moral prohibition of masturbation was backed up by bits of folk wisdom such as that it would result in loss of hair" (Gifford 481). Though not directly related to this, parts of the body also tell a lot about the individual. Zoe reads the Bloom's hands and tells him that his "short little finger" (U 15.3.706) indicates lack of maturity, lack of development. "In folklore, a large nose is supposed to indicate a large penis" (Gifford 611), although Molly has a doubt about Boylan, for "his nose is not so big" (U18.145-46).

A list like the one pinned down here needs no conclusion, but a recapitulation, and an appendix, for it can hardly be complete in a few pages. As has been shown, superstitions in Ulysses involve, among others --and alphabetically-- bubbles on urine, charms and amulets, clothes, colours, days of the week, death, details, falls, knives, lunar cycles, masturbation, menstruation, murder, numbers, parts of the body, pins, potato, pregnancy, pudding, salt, and weather.

Appendix. Superstition/Quote/Explanation

Maternity

"The recorded instances... or of consanguineous parents." (U 14.973-75)

"More superstitious lore about multiple births and the births of monstrosities." (Gifford 430)

Womb

"involution of the womb consequent upon the advent of menopause." (U 14.970-71)

"A popular medical superstition before the advent of modern medicine." (Gifford 430)

Tenors

Tenors get women by the score. Increase their flow.” (U 11.686)

“After the popular belief that intense sexual activity increased a singer’s vocal capacity, and that more singing increased sexual desire.” (Gifford 302)

Bees

“barring the bees.” (U 16.1794-95)

“Refers to the popular late-nineteenth-century belief that the communal organization of bees was superior to man’s communal arrangements.” (Gifford 561)

Reading of Cards

He was on the cards this morning .Union with a young stranger neither dark nor fair.” (U 18.1.314-20)

“The 10 of spades for a journey by land.” (U 18. 1.315)

“The 8 of diamonds for a rise in society: this is covered by the three Queens.” (U 18.1.316-17)

“The ace of spades!” (U 8.253)

Molly’s thoughts about the cards she had dealt that morning and the appearance of Stephen in them.

Mrs. Breen’s husband tells Bloom that the night before he had dreamed that the ace of spades was going up the stairs.

Reading the Lines of the Hand

Line of fate. Influential friends.” (U 15.3687-88)

Imagination Mount of the moon.” (U 15.3690-92)

“Knobby knuckle.s” (U 15.3698-99)

“The Line of Fate bisects the palm of the hand from the middle of the wrist toward the middle finger. If particularly well marked and coloured with certain tributary hatchings, it indicates a life of good fortune as the result of association with «influential friends”. (Gifford 512)

Zoe reads Stephen’s hand and does not want to tell him what she sees.

“Knobby knuckles are supposed to be the sign of a person who thinks and works systematically.” (Gifford 512)

The Language of Fingers

“Touch. Fingers.” (U 8.591)

“Not just literally, since «touch» is slang for sexual intercourse. In the finger code Bloom suspects Molly and Boylan of having used, the questioner touches the palm of the person being questioned with the third finger; an answer of yes is conveyed by the same gesture in response.” (Gifford 175)

Language of Knots

“Every knot says a lot.” (U 15.2807)

Bloom learned to tie knots when he was working at the Post office at the orders desk.

Language of Stamps

“The language of stamps.” (U 18.767)

Molly did not want her father to know that an admirer had proposed a date through the language of stamps.

Language of the Flowers

“If the flower she wears withers she’s a flirt.” (U 13.827-28) Bloom’s thoughts whether the girl who is wearing the flower is having her period.

Breast

“Left one is more sensitive.” (U 13.1200)

“After the popular belief that a woman’s left breast, because «nearer the heart,» is the more sensitive of the two.” (Gifford 402)

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'eta bai esan ninan bai nahi dut Bai':
An Interview with Xabier Olarra,

Translator of *Ulysses* into the Basque Language

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Universidad Isabel I

Punpeziatz, Buck Mulligan potoloa, xaboi-aparra katilu batean eta haren gainean ispilu bat eta bizar-labana gurutzatuta zeramatzala, eskailburutik etorri zen. Goizeko haize epelak orekan eusten zion haren bizkar aldean gerrian lotu gabeko txabusina hori bati. Katilua buruz gain altxatu, eta intonatu zuen:

Introibo ad altare Dei
(Xabier Olarra, trans., *Ulises* 2015.13)

Any Joycean will remember the first lines of Joyce's most celebrated work, and now, thanks to Xabier Olarra's endeavor, Basque readers—and other readers—can enjoy them in Basque.¹ Translating *Ulysses* into any given language has attracted public attention ever since the book was first published almost one hundred years ago, in part, due to the fact that the first translations into French and German had already opened up the question of translatability. Even today, in the first quarter of the twenty-first century, its translation into Basque draws considerable attention, since many people still consider this language as backwards and inadequate to convey the meaning of a text of such complexity as *Ulysses*.

Undoubtedly, such a translation is no easy task; this assertion, however, could be made about any of the languages—French, German, Spanish, or Italian—into which the novel was first translated. There are also languages *Ulysses* translators have undertaken that have very little to do with the Indo-European family, such as Arabic, Japanese, or Chinese:

1 James Joyce, *Ulysses*, trans. Xabier Olarra (Iruñea: Igela Argitaletxea, 2015).

to quote Galileo Galilei, “*Eppur si muove.*”² *Ulysses* has been translated into these and many other languages and will continue be in the future, whether to improve an already existing version or to do so for the very first time.

Some of the main difficulties in translating *Ulysses* into Basque stem from the typological distance existing between the linguistic system in the original (English) and that of the target language (Basque, a linguistically isolated language, which does not belong to the Indo-European family). This notwithstanding, the main advantage for the Basque translator resides in the fact that Basque has been in permanent contact with those languages surrounding it, Latin at the beginning of the modern era and Romance languages thereafter. The fact that Basque is an agglutinative, postpositive SOV (subject-object-verb) language, however, also raises technical problems—in effect, a differentiated treatment pertaining to the place that restrictive and explicative relative clauses occupy in the sentence—which have, nonetheless, been solved by drawing inspiration from the more educated prose in European languages from the sixteenth century to our day.

Although there is no place here for an in-depth analysis, it could be asserted that one of the most difficult tasks in translating *Ulysses* is how to adapt the content of a language like English, with a predominantly synthetic vocabulary (a high frequency of monosyllables) into a language like Basque, which necessitates a greater number of phonemes to convey the same idea. It is even more so in the translation of the poems, songs, and similar items present in *Ulysses*. An example of this is the impossibility of using the hendecasyllabic meter when translating the content of “The Ballad of Joking Jesus” into Basque. Instead, a traditional Basque meter (employed, among others, by Bernard Etxepare, the first Basque poet) consisting of 8 + 7 syllables was used. Even though this is more obvious in songs, rhymes, and poems, it is also commonplace in other parts of the text, in which the musicality is an essential part, as in “Sirens.”

Another issue that the translator of *Ulysses* into Basque must be aware of is the treatment of the topic and the object in Basque. As in other languages, the comment appears in a particular position in the sentence; in Basque, it is immediately before the verb. This, together with the fact that Basque is a SOV language, poses significant problems for those who want succinctly to adhere to this commonly accepted law in the current written language. Excesses in the interpretation of such usage during the greater part of the twentieth century caused the appearance of a convoluted prose, which required enormous effort from the reader. Fortunately, the issue is treated differently these days, resulting in greater ease for the translator when approaching complex texts such as this.

Finally, a word must be said on the multiplicity of registers present in *Ulysses* and the question of their translation into Basque. An example is “Oxen of the Sun” whose different textual pastiches are not easily adapted into Basque not only because the oldest prose in Basque dates back to the sixteenth century but also because non-religious texts in Basque are very scarce until the twentieth century. In any case, if reproducing the language of archaic texts is by no means an easy task, adapting the Dublin brogue is an even more daunting one, given that, in the best case scenario, not even a parallelism will be achieved.

2 Supposedly Galileo Galilei muttered the words “*Eppur si muove*” (“And Yet It Moves”) at the end of his trial for heresy by the Inquisition when he was forced to recant his belief that the earth revolved around the sun. This story is now thought to be apocryphal—see <todayinsci.com/G/Galilei_Galileo/GalileiGalileo-AndYetItMovesQuote500px.htm> (accessed 30 July 2018).

Following this line of thought, and by no means exhausting the question of the translation of the different registers and jargons existing in *Ulysses*, it can be asserted that the translation of “Ithaca” would not have been possible had there not been textbooks, specialized dictionaries, administrative documents, and scientific literature written in Basque, which has only occurred during the last forty years.

Even though the typological system of Basque presents many inconveniences, the greatest one very likely stems from the fact that Basque is a minority language—historically marginalized in educational systems, government administrations, and other entities—and has only recently acquired the status of language in the process of normalization.

To this, it must be added that the works constituting the hard core of universal literature were not being systematically translated until well into the twentieth century. Ioannes Leizarraga, the first translator of the New Testament into Basque, assessed the difficulty of his work at the end of the sixteenth century thus: “*cembatez nic scribatu dudan lengoage motá baita, sterilenetaric eta diversenetaric eta oraino, trnslationetan behinçat, vsatu gabea*” (“because the language in which I have written is one of the starkest and diverse ones, and it has not yet been used in translation”).³

One could also mention the justified lament of Pedro de Axular, a seventeenth-century Basque writer, considered the *princeps* of Basque literature:

Baldin egin baliz euskaraz hanbat liburu, nola egin baita latinez, frantsesez, edo bertze erdaraz eta hitzkuntzaz, hek bezain aberats eta konplitu izanen zen euskara ere, eta baldin hala ezpada, euskaldunek berèk dute falta eta ez euskarak (If there had been as many books written in Basque as there had been in Latin, French, or other foreign languages, Basque, then, would also be as rich and full a language, and if this is not so, the fault is with Basque people and not with the Basque language).⁴

The situation altered substantially at the beginning of the twentieth century, however, and today we enjoy translations of the classics, *The Odyssey*, the works of William Shakespeare, the works of Miguel de Cervantes, and the translations of *Dubliners* or *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. It is evident, then, that the translation of *Ulysses* into Basque was not outside the sphere of twenty-first-century Basque translators.

A tweet dated 16 June 2012 announced the beginning of such an epic project. Publication was set for September 2015, complete with prologue, three annexes, and three thousand footnotes. The translator, Olarra, undertook this momentous task. He began his career as a literary translator in the 1980s and, from the beginning, devoted his time to translating two kinds of works into Basque: “popular” literature (like that of Arthur Conan Doyle, Dashiell Hammett, or Raymond Chandler) and mainstream literature. He was awarded the Translation Award of Euskadi in 2006 for his translation of Raymond Queneau’s *Exercises de Style* and the Excellence Diplome of the International Board on Books for Young People for his translation of J. R. R. Tolkien’s *The Hobbit* in 2009.⁵ Additionally, his translation of Truman Capote’s *In Cold Blood* was proposed for the

3 See Ioannes Leizarraga, *Testamentu Berria* (1571; Bilbao: Euskaltzaindia, 1990).

4 See Pedro de Axular, *Guero* (Vitoria: Armiarma, 1643).

5 See Raymond Queneau, *Exercises de Style=Estile-Ariketak*, trans. Olarra (Iruñea: Igela Argitaletxea, 2005), and J. R. R. Tolkien, *Hobbita edo Joan-etorri bat*, trans. Olarra (Iruñea: Igela Argitaletxea, 2008).

Spanish Translation Award in 1994 and his translation of Sándor Márai's *Embers* for the Basque Translation Award in 2002.⁶ Finally, his translation of *Ulysses* has been selected for the Basque Translation Award that was awarded in October 2016.

After *Ulises* was published, and as a consequence of my personal interest in Joyce, I got in touch with Xabier Olarra, who kindly agreed to be interviewed by me. We met in Bilbao in February 2016 to discuss his personal "odyssey":

O.F.—You mentioned in an interview that having translated Ambrose Bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary* and Raymond Queneau's *Exercises in Style* into Basque you felt ready for Joyce.⁷ To what extent is this true? What do the previous works you have translated have in common with Joyce? Could it be the satirical tone in Bierce and the way in which Queneau demonstrates the tremendous varieties of style in which storytelling can take place?

X.O.—Yes, dealing with the satirical tone, puns, etc. in Bierce (and especially with his epigrams in verse and humorous definitions) is, in my opinion, a good training to confront *Ulysses*. And the struggle to render R. Queneau's exercises into any language is a good introduction to the multiplicity of narrative modes, tones, parodies, and styles we find in *Ulysses*.

For example, translating Bierce's epigrams was magnificent training for "The Ballad of Joking Jesus." The biggest challenge though, when translating any piece of written English into Basque, is transposing the content plus the puns and other text features into the same number of syllables. In order to do this, I made two versions of the ballad, one which scanned with the hendecasyllables and decasyllables of the original, and the other in 8/7 (frequently used by [the] Basque poet Bernard Etxepare in his *Linguae Vasconum Primitiae*⁸), which more comfortably accommodates the content. Readers who know the original prefer the sound of the first version. However, I am inclined to prefer the second because it allows for greater faithfulness to the original, within a composition in which the formal aspect comes second to the content.

O.F.—What were your main problems in translating Joyce into Basque?

X.O.—Even though nothing was easy in the translation, I remember having tagged some sentences, puns, etc. as "untranslatable." When the translation was almost complete, I had to return to those extremely difficult fragments set aside and deal with them. As far as I remember, the first stumbling block I came across (putting me up there with all the great *Ulysses* translators, or so it seems) was how to translate Joyce's play on words between "Pyrrhus" and "pier" in the "Nestor" scene. It gets more complicated with the "word/world" confusion in Martha's letter to Bloom in "Lotus Eaters," as it was practically impossible to recreate this in Basque. Everything reaches a head in "Scylla and Charybdis," where the plays on words and malicious allusions to William Shakespeare ("Will/will") and Anne Hathaway put all the translator's wit and skill to the test.

6 See Truman Capote, *Odol Hotzean: Sarraski Baten eta Haren Ondorioen Zinezko Kontaera*, trans. Olarra (Iruñea: Igela Argitaletxea, 1993), and Sándor Márai, *Azken Hitzordua*, trans. Olarra (Iruñea: Igela Argitaletxea, 2002)

7 Ambrose Bierce, *Deabruaren Hitzegia*, trans. Olarra (Euba, Bizkaia: Ibaizabal, 2000).

8 Bernard Etxepare was a Basque writer of the sixteenth century, who was most famous for a collection of poems titled *Linguae Vasconum Primitiae* (1545; Bilbao: Real Academia de la Lengua Vasca-Euskaltzaindia y Ediciones Mensajero, 1980). His was the first book to be published in the Basque language in 1545.

O.F.—One handicap that other languages have is their lack of a double vocabulary, which in English has always given speakers and writers much opportunity and scope. Is that the case with Basque?

X.O.—Basque also has a “double” vocabulary. We have our original (non-Indo-European) vocabulary and that taken from Romance languages throughout the centuries (directly from Latin at the beginning of our era, and borrowings from Spanish and French more recently). But I think it is extremely difficult to use it in exact correspondence with the English double vocabulary.

O.F.—Could you offer an explanation of the origins of Basque and the “doubleness” of its vocabulary?

X.O.—The question of the Basque language has definitely aroused interest, principally amongst linguists, as having survived down the centuries as an isolated pre-Indo-European language whose origins and possible links with other tongues have not been satisfactorily solved, despite diverse theories considering its belonging to one or other linguistic family.

We have, then, what could be considered as the original nucleus of Basque vocabulary, which is concerned with the most primitive elements of daily life: *haitz*, *ur*, *etxe* (rocks, water, house). Alongside these, we have a never-ending ream of romance borrowings adopted over the centuries in the spheres of both day-to-day lexis (*kale*-street, *mendi*-mountain, *erreka*-stream) and more cultured language, for example, scientific terminology (*deliberatu*-deliberate, *administrazio*-administration, *oxígeno*-oxygen, etc.). We also have double-ups such as *trikuharri/dolmen* (dolmen), *zutarri/menhir* (menhir) and *harrespil/cromlech* (cromlech), used on different linguistic levels.

Insofar that *Ulysses* makes a marked difference between day-to-day and cultured language use (for example, between the different ways the opposing elements in “Cyclops” express themselves), this general effect can be easily translated without the need to faithfully translate word for word at every level. Since, due to the evolution of each language, the vocabularies formed over centuries of usage do not necessarily belong to one or another level of either tongue.

O.F.—Are you familiar with *The Odyssey*? Do you think some knowledge of Homer is necessary to translate *Ulysses*?

X.O.—Some knowledge of Homer is obviously helpful. I would not say that it is absolutely necessary. But the better you know *The Odyssey*, the clearer you can see what stands behind the behavior and words of some of the characters in *Ulysses*, and that can result in a better translation.

O.F.—What use did you make of foreign translations?

X.O.—On the one hand, I felt that all the help I could receive from other translators who had preceded me in so honorable a task would be welcome. And, on the other hand, I thought that they would be generous enough to help me in my tribulations. So, when I came to a dead end or was stuck and could not find an easy way out, I looked for help in the Spanish and French translations (in all of them: the older ones and the newer ones). The translation of *Ulysses* into Spanish by Professor García Tortosa and María Luisa Venegas Lagüens, and the second (and last for the moment) translation into French by a team conducted by Professor Jacques Aubert have been for me the most helpful of them all.⁹

O.F.—Why did you find them so helpful?

⁹ See Joyce, *Ulysses*, trans. Francisco García Tortosa and María Luisa Venegas Lagüens (Madrid: Cátedra, 1999), and *Ulysses*, trans. Jacques Aubert et al. (Paris: Gallimard, 2004).

X.O.—The older translations have allowed me to see the multiple problems facing translators from page 1 of *Ulysses*, including the superior usage of language and the errors of translation as well. For example, J. M. Valverde’s acclaimed Spanish translation translates “christine” (*U* 1.21) as “cristino” (a partisan of María Cristina de Borbón-Dos Sicillas) in his 1976 edition, later correcting this to “cristiano” (“Christian”) in his 1986 edition.¹⁰ This simply illustrates the truth behind the Latin *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus* (“Even Homer nods”). Fortunately, both García Tortosa’s great Spanish version and Jacques Aubert’s team’s French rendering serve to rectify the confusion by translating the “christine” of the original for “cristina” (G.T.-V.L.)/“Christine” (J.A.), both of which are more acceptable translations for the modern reader. In these cases, once you confirm your inkling that the solution to the problem will require something different to the commonly accepted path, it is comforting to see that other translators have taken this same route and have opted for solutions which corroborate the intuitions of others less experienced—intuitions I have followed at determinate moments of my career.

O.F.—What would you have asked these translators?

X.O.—I would have liked to have questioned them on some strategic points, such as, for example, the merit of falling back on the lexis used by writers in the past, in the case of each different language, when translating the pastiches of “Oxen of the Sun.” If they said “oxen” are indeed oxen or simply cows (in old English, “oxen” sometimes refers to “cattle” in general, as with the original “*bous-boós*”). However, the majority of the answers (to the difficulties encountered by translators and the solutions they have come up with) lie in the translations themselves. It is these I have visited as and when the need arose, which has been often.

In “Telemachus,” for instance, where Stephen says “I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes” (*U* 1.310-11), translators into diverse languages have adopted different solutions. The majority has gone for a translation of “boat of incense” as “incensario” (incense carrier), whereas a few have chosen “naveta” (vessel), which I feel to be the correct translation. It seems difficult to believe that a writer like Joyce would have confused these two tools of the Catholic cult, especially when one considers that if he had wanted to say “incense carrier” he could have used such terms as “censer” or “thurible.”

O.F.—What do you do with jingles like: “Oh, Mairy lost the pin of her drawers” (*U* 5.281)? Do you translate them or do you use Basque material?

X.O.—When possible, I have tried to translate the meaning, without forgetting rhythm, rhyme, and measure. When I came across this particular jingle, I did not know what to do with it. In the end, I fell back on the repetitive form which exists in Basque at the start of riddles and which, although phonetically different, transmits the feel of the original to a certain extent.

Riddle me, Riddle me, Randy-ro
My father gave me seeds to sow.

Pipitaki-papataki, hau duzu asmatzeko
Aitak eman hazi haiek hor dira ereiteko.

In another case, I had to use Basque lexis originating in the gypsy tongue, once used by the Basque poet Jon Mirande in his poem “Kama-Goli,” which he wrote in a form of

¹⁰ Joyce, *Ulysses*, trans. José María Valverde (Madrid: DeBolsillo, 2011), and Joyce, *Ulysses* (2 volumes), trans. José María Valverde (Barcelona: Lumen, 1976). Joyce, *Ulysses* (revised edition), trans. José María Valverde (Barcelona: Lumen, 1986),

Basque only decipherable through this vocabulary.¹¹ I also had to think hard about keeping to the rhythm and rhyme of that part. The result is a poem with an air of mystery, which is probably what an English-speaking reader finds on a first reading of *Ulysses*.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| White thy fables, red thy gan | Basta zuri, ezpain gorri |
| And thy quarrons dainty is. | Ene elakri-lumia |
| Couch a hogshead with me then. | Zatoz gaur txaribelera |
| In the darkmans clip and kiss. | Gure da gau guzia. |

O.F.—What about slang? Do you think that the translator of *Ulysses* can replace English or Irish colloquialisms or slang with something very contemporary to us?

X.O.—Slang is a very variable and changing field of a language. So, in my opinion, the translator of a work written almost a century ago must (except in pastiches) update the language used in the translation (including colloquialisms and slang).

O.F.—And the musicality of the prose? Have you been able to compensate for it?

X.O.—It is not easy to imitate the musicality in a translation between two languages so remote from each other. Each language has its own music, and first of all I tried to achieve an accurate translation that all in all can be read “easily” but without forgetting that it must also sound right.

O.F.—Can you give us an example of a part you are especially proud of?

X.O.—In general, I am quite satisfied with my version of Molly’s monologue. Especially having watched it in a public performance given by Agerreteatro last year, on September 8th, in San Sebastian, and on later occasions, and [having] seen that it “worked.” As they say in English, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We could say that the definitive proof of a text such as this monologue is how it works ORALLY, since, from a formal point of view, the fundamental basis is its orality.

O.F.—Would you say you have been able to render the syntactic fragmentariness of Bloom’s monologue in Basque?

X.O.—I do not think this fragmentariness is the most difficult aspect in the translation of *Ulysses*. Even if Bloom’s monologue becomes a bit less fragmentary as the different episodes unfold, when trying to convey this fragmentariness it was enough for me to imagine my father’s (a laconic kind of man) or a lot of my Basque friends and acquaintances’ interior monologues.

O.F.—What have you done with the different styles in “Oxen of the Sun”? Have you traced the development of the language?

X.O.—Yes, and it was an awfully difficult task. In my translation, I had to imitate the style of a lot of the Basque classics (from the sixteenth century until today). I studied the last translations into Spanish (by García Tortosa) and into French (Aubert) in order to try to find a way to translate these Joycean pastiches acceptably. However, the correspondence with the original cannot be as accurate as in Spanish or French since Basque texts of some extension date back only to the sixteenth century.

For instance, the first Basque poet, Bernard Etxepare (1480?-1560?), wrote the anthology I mentioned earlier, *Linguae Vasconum Primitiae* (1545), with a brief dedication in prose to Bernard Lehete, which I have also used. The second model is the translation of *Testamentu Berria* (*New Testament*) (1571), done by the Calvinist Johannes Leizarraga for Queen of Navarre Jeanne d’Albret or Juana III of Navarre. And the third is, without doubt, Axular’s *Guero* (*After*) (1643), whose Ciceronian prose helped me through many a passage of “Oxen of the Sun.” Apart

11 Jon Mirande, “Kara-Goli,” *Orhoituz*, ed. Andolin Eguzkitza (Vitoria: Armiarma, 1992). Mirande was a Basque writer considered to be one of the most important poets in the Basque language in the twentieth century.

from that, I have journeyed through eighteenth- to twentieth-century prose, parodying the styles of other authors such as [Sebastián] Mendiburu, [Antonio] Arrúe and the already cited Gabriel Aresti (who was not only a great poet but also left us several narratives and plays)¹² or the Basque philologist and essayist, Koldo Mitxelena. My journey led me right up to modern-day standard Basque, used by the majority of writers today, including several short trips into spoken Basque in Guipúzcoa, Biscay, and Navarre, and balancing these models with the dialects spoken in the north of the Basque Country.

O.F.—How are Shakespeare’s quotes or echoes present in your translation?

X.O.—When a modern translation of a work by Shakespeare (*Hamlet*) was at hand, I took the quotes from it. The *Complete Sonnets*, for example, translated by my colleague (and nevertheless friend) Juan Garzia Garmendia, were published only in 2014.¹³ It was good luck for me. I have had at hand almost everything I wanted.

O.F.—Joyce plays constantly with words and languages. Is that not the biggest danger for this translation?

X.O.—Yes, it is. Most of the jokes are untranslatable. So, the reader sometimes gets confused because some great jokes or witticisms cannot be understood or become very dull in translation. The challenge consists in conveying to the reader (if possible) a parallel sensation to the original and compensating for what could be lost.

O.F.—In *Joyce’s Dislocutions*, [Fritz] Senn writes a lot about “transluding.”¹⁴ He often writes that translations, as a rule, foreshorten the potential of Joyce’s original, he claims that “Eumaeus,” for example, probably reads much more “correct” or “rectified” in translation and could therefore be called better according to editorial standards. But that also makes it less *Eumaeian* and renders it commonplace. Would you agree?

X.O.—I agree, and I feel that some parts of the translation of *Ulysses* are in fact “translusions” (or “transillusions” or “traditions” in the “etymological” sense of the word). But, in my opinion, this concept is more applicable (as a whole) to *Finnegans Wake* than to *Ulysses*.

If I have understood Senn correctly, I would hazard a guess that it is perfectly applicable to the translation of texts where the main component is humor, irony, or plays on words. This is because their translation—where possible—turns them, almost inevitably, into flatter texts, sometimes even nonsense texts. You could say that in these cases the result of working on the text produces an “apparent translation” (a translation which “eludes” the meaning of the original, producing an “elusion” from the original or the “illusion” of having been translated; a “*traditio*” (surrendering) rather than a “*traductio*” (transference).

O.F.—Thank you very much both for your time and for your translation.

Mila Esker

Thanks a lot

“*eta bai esan ninan bai nahi dut Bai*” (Olarra, 2015. 781)

12 Gabriel Aresti, “Nire Aitaren Etxean,” *Obras Completas* (Guipúzcoa: Editorial Ediciones Impresas Xabier Iñaki Amézaga Iribarren, 2013).

13 William Shakespeare, *Sonetoak: Zeru Horren Infernuak*, trans. Juan Garzia Garmendia (Donosti: Hernani Aztorna, 2014).

14 Fritz Senn, *Joyce’s Dislocutions: Essays on Reading as Translation*, ed. John Paul Riquelme (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1984), p. 24.

Joyceday

Joxe Mari Iturralde

James Joyce idazleak kalean ezagutu zuen Nora Barnacle, Dublin hirian, ekaineko egun batean. Hitzordua eman zion neskato ezagutu berriari Merrion Square-ko 1 zenbakian, baina Nora ez zen azaldu. Handik egun gutxira, 1904ko ekainaren 16an, berriro elkartu ziren eta betiko izango zen harremanari eman zioten hasiera. Horregatik bilakatu zen data hori, 1904ko ekainaren 16a, hain garrantzizkoa idazle irlandarrarentzat. Eta halako garrantzia hartu zuen data horrek James Joycerentzat, non *Ulises* bere nobela ospetsua oso-osorik gertatzen baita egun bakar batean, jakina denez, 1904ko ekainaren 16 horretan, hain zuzen ere.

Patrick Kavanagh irlandar idazle handia urte horretan, 1904an, jaio zen Inniskeen herrixkan; beraz, hemezortzi urte zituen James Joycek *Ulises* eleberria kaleratu zuenean. Beste idazle lagun batzuekin elkartu eta Kavanaghi bururatu zitzaion *Bloomsday* delakoa ospatzen hastea. Hori 1954an izan zen, nobela gertatzen deneko egunaren berrogeita hamargarren urteurrena iritsi zenean. Ospatze festa hori zela eta, Sandycove herrixkan kokaturik dagoen Martello dorrera joan eta Kavanagh eta bere lagunak zeharo mozortu ziren bertan, benetako irlandarrek egin dezaketen modura edozein ospakizunetan. Harrezkeroztik urtero egiten da omenaldi hori Dublingo kaleetan zehar. Omenaldia baita *Bloomsday* delakoa: egun seinالاتu horretan, ekainaren 16an, *Ulises* nobelan Leopold Bloom protagonistak egindako ibilaldia egiten du berriro jendeak, leku garrantzitsuak bisitatuz eta zenbait tabernatara sartuz, bertan nahi beste jan eta edateko.

Urtero ehunka pertsona biltzen dira Dublinen, munduko bazter guztietatik iritsiak, *Bloomsday* deituriko omenaldi hori ospatzeko, eta handitzen doa urtetik urtera jende kopurua, milaka pertsona prest, ederki jan eta hobeto edateko, Leopold Bloomek egindako ibilera berriz egin eta James Joyce handiaren memoria goraiatzeko, *Ulises* nobelatik hainbat pasarte hautatu irakurrita.

Nik neronek ere omenalditxoa egin nahi izan diot hainbeste maite dudan James Joyce idazle handiari, eta horrexegatik aukeratu dut egun arrunt bat, ez ekainean, maiatzean baizik, eta ezta 16an ere, beste edozein egunetan baino, eta bakar-bakarrik egin ere,

horrela jendetzatik libratuz, lasaitasun osoz. Eta ekitaldi horri ez diot *Bloomsday* deitu, nire omenaldia ez delako Leopold Bloom pertsonaiaren ohorez, *Joycesday* baizik, James Joyceren omenez delako.

Bitxitasun modura esan beharra dago *Bloomsday* omenaldia asmatu zuen Patrick Kavanagh idazleak ere baduela nork omendu. Urtero eta martxoaren 17an, idazle dublindarrek omenaldi txiki bat egiten diote, *Kavanaghsday* esango genukeena, Kanalaren ertzean daukan estatuaren ondoan. Martxoaren 17an egiten da ospakizun hau egun hori San Patrizio eguna delako, Irlandaren patroï handiaren eguna, eta baita Kavanaghen izena Patrick zelako. Bertan idazlearen bertsoak errezitatzen dira eta *Raglan Road* abesti ezaguna abesten dute. Kanta hau are ezagunago egin zuten The Chieftain's taldeak eta Van Morrison abeslariak elkarrekin bertso zoragarria biribildu zutenean. Abestiaren hitzak, jakina, Kavanaghenak dira.

Orokorrean esan daiteke irlandarrek gustukoa dutela edatea, gogotik gainera. Joycek asko edaten zuen, eta gehiago oraindik Kavanaghek. Onar daiteke Kavanagh alkoholizatuta hil zela, eta Dublinen hil bazen ere, bere jaioterrian, Inniskeen-en, lurpera zezaten eskatu zuen. Zergatik? Ba, berak hau zioelako:

Ene bizitzaren zati bat hantxe izan zen,
zoriontsuena.

Inniskeen herrixkan, Fane ibai ertzean, Kavanaghen bertso batzuk ezarri dituzte harri batean irarrita, berak gogoko zuen zuhaiztian:

Egongo dira
Txilintxak hazten
Zuhaitz handien azpian
Eta zu bertan egongo zara
Eta ni bertan egongo naiz
Maiatzean.

Oso gogoko dut nik Kavanaghen poesia. Bere bertsoak berrirakurriz, eta nire *Joycesday* partikularrari hasiera eman baino lehen, trena hartu dut Dublin hiria atzean uzteko asmotan, oraingoz. Azalduko dut zergatik. Goiz eder batean, hoteletik aterata oinez paseo lasai bat eman ondoren, Dublingo erdialdean kokaturik dagoen Heuston tren geltokiraino hurbildu naiz. Nire trena hartuta, Irlanda osoa, alde batetik besteraino, korrituko dut, ekialdetik mendebalderaino, Dublindik Galway hiriraino, itsaso batetik besteraino. Ia hiru orduko trenaldia da, Irlanda erdialdeko lurralde lau eta berdeak leihotik gozatuz. Halako batean, iritsi naiz Galwayko Ceannt tren geltokira. Hotela ez daukat geltokitik oso urrun. Maleta hartuta, oinez noa bertaraino.

Galway ez da oso hiri handia, 75.000 biztanle inguru baititu, baina bai oso ederra eta ikusgarria, ordea. Diotenez, bertakoek oso doinu kantaria dute hitz egiterakoan. Horrela jakin zuen Joycek nongoa zen Nora Barnacle, honek ezer aipatu gabe, lehen aldiz elkartu ziren egun hartan. Jakinda zer-nolako garrantzia izan zuen emakume honek idazlearen bizitzan, erabaki dut bere jaiotetxea bisitatzea hemen, nire *Joycesday* partikularrari hasiera eman baino lehen Dublinen.

“Zuk gizon egin ninduzun” esango zion aurrerago Joycek Nora Barnacleri. Eta idazlea, elkarrekin lehen aldiz atera ziren egun hartan bertan, hots, 1904ko ekainaren 16an, maitemindu zen Galwayko neskato harekin. Nora, sasoi hartan, hogeituro urteko neska zen, garaia, kobre-koloreko ilea zeukan eta ibilera airosoa erakusten zuen. Neskaren abizena, Barnacle, barregarria egin zitzaion idazleari, baina zoriontasun zantzua ere ekar zezakeela izen bitxi hark pentsatu zuen. Joyceren aitak, jakin zuenean nolako abizena zeukan neskato hark (barnacle hitzak, ingelesez, lanperna, lapa, esan nahi du), aipatu zuen: “Ez du inoiz utziko”. Dublinen elkar ezagutu zutenean, Norak ez izen handiko hotel batean egiten zuen lan. Bere aita, analfabetoa, okina zen Galway hirian eta zurrutero handia zenez, familia osoa pobrezia gorrian bizi zen. Ama jostuna zuen eta bikoteak zazpi seme-alaba izan zituen, Nora zaharrena zelarik. Aurrerago gurasoak banandu egin ziren eta orduan Nora osaba-izeba batzuen menpe geratu zen.

Hoteletik irten naiz eta oinez beti, Eyre Square plaza zeharkatu dut. Eguraldi ederra egiten du eta komertzio-kalea, Shop street, jendez josita dago ordu horretan. Halako batean, eskuinerantz joan naiz bat-batean eliza handi batekin topo egin arte. St. Nicholas’ Collegiate Church deituriko eliza da aurrean daukadana. Gainean daramadan gidaliburuak dioenez bertako kondairak esaten omen du han Kristobal Kolon egon zela errezatzen, 1477 urtean, hiria bisitatu zuenean. Eliza erraldoiaren pare-parean hasten da kaleka bat, Bowling Green izenekoa, eta hura hasi naiz ibiltzen, eta ehun metro egin baino lehen, ezkerretara, antzeman dut askotan argazkietan ikusitako etxea: Nora Barnacleren jaiotetxea. Bertan pasaeran doan emakume bati eskatzen diot niri argazkia egiteko, etxe aurrean. Jende oso-oso atsegina da Irlandan, arazorik ez bizpahiru argazki egiteko. Harritzen nauena zera da, oso etxe txikia dela, benetan. Pentsatzen nuen auzo txiro batean, familia pobre baten etxea ezin zitekeela oso apartekoa izan, baina halere uste baino txikiagoa iruditu lehen begiratuan.



Nora Barnacleren jaiotetxe aurrean nago, Galway hirian

Etxe hau, eta Galway hiria, utzita joan zen Nora Barnacle Dublinera, etorkizun distiratsuago baten bila. James Joycerekin Nassau Street kalean topo egin zuenerako, sei hilabete zeramatzan jada Norak hiriburuan eta Finn's Hotel-ean zebilen lanean, enplegatu. Elkar ezagutu eta handik bost urtera, biak Triesten bizi zirenean, 1909ko abuztuan, James Joyce Galwayra joan zen eta postal hau idatzi zion emazteari:

“Ene Nora maite eta iheskorra: zure amaren etxeko sukaldeko mahaian jarrita ari natzaizu idazten! Egun osoa eman dut hemen berarekin hizketan, nabari da maite dudan pertsonaren ama dela eta oso gustukoa dut. The Lass of Aughrim (Aughringo neska) abestu du niretzat, baina uko egin dio azken bertsoak, maitaleek euren prendak trukutzen dituzteneko horiek, abesteari. Gaua Galwayn pasatuko dut.

Ez al da bizitza bitxia, ene maitea? Hemen nagoela pentsatzea ere! Pasatu naiz zu amonarekin bizi zinen Augustine Street-eko etxetik eta bihar joango naiz bisitatzera, erosi nahi dudala esanez aitzakia gisa, horrela zuk lo egiten zenuen logela ikusi ahal izateko.

Zu haurra zinen garaiko argazkiak eskatu dizkiet, baina bakar bat ere ez dute.”

Nik ere, Bowling Green kaleko Nora Barnacleren jaiotetxea utzita, jarraitu egin dut paseoan Galwayko kaleetan barrena. Eskuinera jo dut, eta Lombard Street eta Cross Street Upper osorik ibili ondoren, ezkerretara hartu dut Augustine Street mutur batetik besteraino korrituz. James Joycek, Triestetik Irlandara egindako bidaia honetan, lau urteko semea, Giorgio, berarekin ekarri zuen eta Galway hirian egon ziren bitartean Noraren osaba baten etxean, Dominick Street kalean, egon ziren bizitzen. Egun, komertzio-kalea da, jatetxe, denda eta pubez josia dago.

Dominick Street kalean paseatu ondoren, pixkanaka joan naiz hiritik urruntzen, betiere itsasoa nire alboan nuela, ezker aldean. Salthill herrixkaraino joan naiz, lasai ibiltzen, presarik gabe. Ia ordubete aritu ondoren, eta Salthill-era ailegatu baino lehen, oroitarri eskerga pare batekin egin dut topo, espero bezala, horien bila nenbilen eta. Jakina da XIX. mendean zehar gosete izugarria izan zela Irlanda guztian. Gosete Handi honi Great Famine edo Great Hunger deitzen diote ingelesez, eta An Gorta Mór edo An Drochshaol irlanderaz. Gosete izugarri honek gaixotasuna, izurritea eta heriotza ekarri zituen. Lau milioi pertsona inguru hil ziren edota Ameriketara emigratu behar izan zuten gosete lazgarri honengatik, hots, garai hartako populazioaren erdia ia. Solik Aran uharteetako biztanleak libratu ziren triskantza hartatik, aparte eta isolaturik bizi zirelako. Patataren izurriteak eragin zuen gosete izugarri hori, populazioaren herena patataren menpe bizi zelako arrazoi askorengatik (arrazoi hauen artean, garrantzizkoenak: politikoak, sozialak, ekonomikoak, eta erlijiosoak).

Milaka eta milaka pertsona abiatu ziren hemendik, Galwayko portutik, Ameriketarantz, zapaldu daitekeen azken lurra baita hau itsasoa zeharkatu baino lehen. Hauxe dio, ingelesez eta irlanderaz, itsaso ondoan dagoen oroigarri eskergak:

MUTTON ARGIA – GOSETEAREN OROITARRIA

Urruntasunean ikusten duzun itsasargia Mutton Argia deitzen da. Bere herriko azken argi hau ikusten zuten milaka errefuxiatuek Gosete Handitik ihes egiteko Galwayko portutik irten zirenean 1847-1850 urteetan.



Gosete Handiaren oroigarria. Galwayko portutik joan ziren milaka eta milaka irlandar Ameriketara heriotzatik eta miseriatik ihes egin nahian



Gosete Handiaren oroigarria. Galwayko portutik joan ziren milaka eta milaka irlandar Ameriketara heriotzatik eta miseriatik ihes egin nahian

Berriro hartu dut trena Galwayko Ceannt tren geltokian eta beste hiru ordu inguru eman ondoren —eguraldi ederra, eguzkitsua, bista ederrak tren leihotik—, iritsi naiz Dublinera, Heuston tren geltokira. Oinez hoteleraino berriro. Maleta logelan utzi, eta kalera. Hiru ordu laurden, gelditu gabe ibiliz, daukat Dublingo erdiguneraino. Bidean aurkitu dudan pub polit batera sartu, eta pinta bat guinness eskatu dut. Garagardo on, apartsua dastatzen dudan bitartean mapari egiten diot begiratua, jakiteko nondik nora joango naizen. Talbot Street jendetsua ibiliko dudala, aurrena, erabaki dut, kale horren amaieran, O’Connell Street etorbidearekin batzen den lekuan dagoen James Joyceren estatuari *kaixo* esateko: eman diot hasiera ene *Joycesday* partikularrari!

Jendetza dabil gora eta behera kale horietan. Nire ondotik pasatzen ari zen mutil txinatar bati eskatu diot, mesedez, niri argazki bat egiteko James Joyceren estatua ondoan.



James Joyceri kaixo esaten, Talbot Street eta The Spire artean daukan estatua ondoan

Argazkia egin ondoren, eta Joyceri *gero arte* esanda, ezkerretara jo dut, O’Connell Street beherantz hartuz. Joycek bere liburuetan hainbat aldiz aipatutako Liffey ibaia zeharkatu dut eta orduan konturatu naiz berandu samar dela nire ibilbide bereziari hasiera emateko. *Biharko utziko diat*, pentsatu dut. Bat-batean, gaur arratsaldeko plana aldatzea erabakita, aurrerantz egin dut ibilian ibiliz, eta aldamenetik pasatzen ari zen nire adineko gizon bati, geldiarazita, hauxe galdetu diot, gogo handiz:

—Ezagutzen duzu Trinity College?

—Bai —erantzun dit gizonak.

—Non dago?

—Segi zuzen aurrera eta jo gero ezkerretara —esan dit besoarekin seinalatuz.



**Trinity
College**

Trinity College-ko patioan

Horixe galdetu diot nire ondotik pasatu den gizon bati gogoan nuelako James Joycek *Dublindarrak* liburuan (eta zehazkiago, *Hilak* deituriko ipuinean) idatzi zuen eszena hura:

- Ezagutzen duzu Trinity College?
 —Bai, jauna —esan zuen kotxe-gidariak.
 —Jarrai ezazu, orduan, Trinity Collegeko ateak jo arte, eta gero esango dizugu nora joan. Ulertu duzu?
 —Bai, jauna —esan zuen kotxe-gidariak.
 —Airean Trinity Collegera.
 —Ondo da, jauna —hots egin zuen kotxe-gidariak”.

(Euskarazko itzulpena Irene Aldasorok egin da):

Nik ez dut izan kotxe-gidaririk Trinity Collegeraino eramango nauenik, baina ziztu batean iritsi naiz oinez bertaraino. Izen handiko unibertsitatea da, James Joycek maiz aipatzen duen lekua bere liburuetan. XVI. mendean fundatua, bertan ikasi zutenen izen ospetsuen zerrenda oso luzea bezain loriatsua da;hona hemen horietatik izen gutxi batzuk: Jonathan Swift, George Berkeley, Oliver Goldsmith, Sheridan Le Fanu, Bram Stoker, Oscar Wilde, Oliver St John Gogarty, Samuel Beckett... Eguraldi ederra egiten duela aprobetxatuz txango ederra egin dut unibertsitateko patioan eta klaustroan paseatuz.

Ordua ailegatu dela iritzita, Temple Bar deituriko auzora zuzendu ditut ene pausoak, hortxe baitago pub eta jatetxeak pilatzen diren zona. Kaleetan, animazioa erruz, jendetza, musikariak... eta pub eta tabernetan, are gehiago oraindik.

Aukeran, pub eta jatetxe dezente daude auzo honetan erakargarri egiten zaizkidanak, baina bereziki bat dago biziki gustuko dudana. *The Oliver St John Gogarty Traditional Irish Bar* deitzen da pub eder hori, eta bertara sartu naiz segituan. *Ulises* nobelan James Joycek idazten du: “Ekainak ez errerik ez ostrarik”. Maiatzean gaude, eta maiatz hilak errerik ez duen arren, nik ostra batzuk eskatu ditut, dena dela, guinness pinta batekin. Hori izango da aperitiboa. Segidan, arraina eta patata frijituak eskatu ditut afaria osatzeko eta, amaieran, beste pinta bat garagardo. Pub hau oso handia da, zabala, areto eta gelatxo askorekin, eta gainera hiru pisu ditu. Nola ez, kanpotarrez, turistak gehienak, josia dago. Hiru gazte irlandar musika tradizionala ari dira zuzenean jotzen, gitarra, bateria eta baxua erabiliz, entzuleen txaloen artean. Kanta baten eta bestearen artean, abeslariak azalpenak ematen ditu, jendearen kolaborazioa eskatzen du eta noizbehinka, entzuleen arteko norbaitzuei zuzenean galdetzen die nongoak diren. Italiarrak, estatubatuarrak, australiarrak, frantsesak, espainolak, kanadarrak... Denetik dago entzuleen artean, baita bikote ingeles bat ere. Abeslariak, irlandarra izanik, ez du aukera alferrik galtzen eta “ongi etorri Europara!”, esan die Londresko mutil neskari. Brexit auzia pil-pilean dabil nonahi, ikusten denez. Jendea barrezka hasi da eta bikote ingelesak kirol-lege handiz hartu du eztenkada umoretsua. Jarraian, eta besterik gabe, musika taldea *Molly Malone* abesti ezaguna hasi da interpretatzen, entzuleen kolaborazioa eskatu ondoren. Halako batean pub osoa ari zen abestiaren leloa indarrez eta gogoz abesten, baita ni ere, garagardo pinta goratuz, eta gogoratuz pub honetara etorri aurretik Mollyren estatuaren aurretik pasatu naizela, Grafton Street kalean.

In Dublin's fair city
 Where the girls are so pretty
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
 As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
 Through the streets broad and narrow
 Crying «cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh”

Dublingo hiri ederrean,
 neskak hain politak diren horretan,
 begiak joan zitzaizkidan lehen aldiz
 Molly Malone lirainaren atzetik.
 Gurditxoa zeraman
 kale estu eta zabaletan
 “Berberetxo, muskulu freskoak!”
 oihukan.

Irlandako pub tradizional guztietan, egunero —hobeto esanda, gauero— badira hiru abesti, oso ezagun, herrikoï bilakatu direnak, behin eta berriz jendeak kantatuko dituenak, eta horietatik bat *Molly Malone* delako hau da. Dublin hirian, bertako himno ia ofiziala bihurtu da (Londresko pub askotan ere entzun izan dut abesti hau maiz). Bertako kondairak dioenez, Molly Malone benetan existitu zen, XVII. mendearen amaieran. Muskuluak, txirlak, eta abar... saltzen zituen Grafton Street kalean. Esaten dute, baita ere, egunez arrain-saltzailea zela eta gaez, prostituta. Gaur egun, bere eskultura dago kale horretan. Turista askok egiten dituzte argazkiak bere ondoan, eta gizon askok, argazkia egiterakoan, bularrak ukitzen dizkiote Mollyri. Neuk ere egin diot argazkia, baina ez naiz ausartu bularrak ukitzera (euskalduna naizelako ote?).



Molly Malone arrain-saltzaileari eraikitako estatua

Hemen orain gogoratu beharko da *Ulises* nobelan James Joycek Molly izena ematen diola Leopold Bloom protagonistaren emazteari, eta Molly horrek adarrak jartzen dizkiola senarrari. Leopold Bloom irlandar judu lotsati bat da eta, aldiz, bere emaztea, odol bero eta hitz sutsuko emakume gibraltartarra.

Molly Malone da, horrenbestez, pub guztietan abesten den kanta, *The Wild Rover* eta *Whiskey in the Jar* dira beste bi. Apustua lasai egin dezakezu: zoaz Irlandako pub tradizional batera, eska ezazu pinta bat guinness, eta seguru egon zaitez pinta hori amaitu baino lehen zure aurrean abesten daukazu talde horrek hiru kanta horietatik gutxienez bat interpretatu duela, biak edo hirurak ez badira izan. Tira, gustura nago, taldeak biziki animatzen du pub hau, giro ezin hobea sortu da, eta neu ere animatu egin naiz hirugarren guinness pinta eskatzera. Gero, nahiko pozik, hartuko dut hotelerako bidea nolabait.

James Joycek, *Ulises* nobelan, honelako hasiera ematen dio liburrari. Hauxe da irakur dezakegun lehen eszena (euskarazko itzulpena Xabier Olarrak egina da):

Punpeziaz, Buck Mulligan potoloa, xaboi-aparra katilu batean eta haren gainean ispilu bat eta bizar-labana gurutzatuta zeramatzala, eskailburutik etorri zen. Goizeko haize epelak orekan eusten zion haren bizkar aldean gerrian lotu gabeko txabusina hori bati. Katilua buruz gain altxatu, eta intonatu zuen:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Gelditurik, ilunpetako eskailera kiribildua arakatu, eta zakar esan zuen, oihuz:

—Igo hadi hona, Kinch. Igo, jesuita izu hori.

Arranditsu aurrera urrats batzuk eginda, kanoi-oinarri biribilera igo zen Mulligan. Burua pixkanaka biraraziz, hiru bedeinkazio egin zizkien, serio, dorreari, inguruko lurri eta mendi esnatu berriei. Gero, Stephen Dedalus begiz jota, gurutzeak egin zituen azkar airean harenganantz makurtuta, gurgurka eztarrian eta burua astinduz. Stephen Dedalusek, muzindurik eta erdi lotan, eskailearen gainaldean besoak ezarri, eta hotz begiratu zien bera bedeinkatu ondoren gurgurka astintzen ari zen buruari, zaldiena bezalako luzexka baitzen, eta tontsura gabeko ile argiari, haritz gaztearen marra horixkak nabari baitzituen tarteka.

Buck Mulliganek, ispiluaren azpira une batez kirikatu eta gero, arretaz estali zuen katilua.

Nobelaren lehen eszena hau ez da Dublinen bertan kokatzen, hegoalderago baizik, kostaldean dagoen Sandycove herrirka batean. Hantxe, itsasertzean dago kokatua Martello Tower, XIX. mendean militarrek eraikitako dorrea. Nobelan irakurriko dugunez, dorre horretan bizi dira hiru pertsonaia: Stephen Dedalus, *Kinch* ezizenez, garrantzi handiko pertsonaia nobela osoan, Buck Mulligan potoloa eta Haines deituriko ingeles antisemita. Nobela mardula da *Ulises*, oso trinkoa eta sakona, sinbolismoz josia, jakina denez, baina, baita ere, zehaztasun autobiografikoz betea. Martello dorrean kokatzen den nobelaren lehen eszena hau James Joycek berak bizi izandako gertakizun batean dago guztiz oinarritua.

1904an, Dublinen, James Joycek ez zeukan leku finkorik bizitzeko, baten eta bestearen etxean bizi zen. Nora, ekainean ezagutu eta hiru hilabetera, irailean, berdin jarraitzen zuen, norbaiten etxean bizipahiru egun eman eta beste baten bila hasi behar. Orduan, irailaren 7an, Oliver St John Gogarty (bai, ohartu zarete, Dublingo nire pub gogokoenak bere izena dauka) deitzen zen lagunak berarekin bizitzera joateko gonbita egin zion. Honen etxea, egun haietan, ez zen batera arrunta, aski bitxia baizik, eta guztiz antikonbentzionala: Martello dorrea. Joycek gustu handiz eta gogoz biziz onartu zuen lagunaren eskaintza.

Goiza freskoa zen, baina eguzkitsua, hoteletik atera naizenean. Oinez joan naiz Connolly geltokiraino. Bertan gosaldu eta tren hartu dut Sandycove herrixkara joateko. Ordu Erdiko trenaldia da, Dublindik hegoalderantz, betiere kostaldea begien aurrean duzula, ezkerretara. Sandycove iritsi naizenean, itsasertzera hurbildu eta Martello dorrea dagoen lekurantz hasi naiz ibiltzen. Ordu erdi inguruko txango atsegina. Berehalaxe antzeman dut urruntasunean Martello Tower deituriko eraikuntza gotorra.



Martello dorrea (eskuinean), Sandycove herrixkan

“Hondar senadia” esan nahi du, ingelesez, Sandycove izenak eta inguratu ahala, ibiltaria berehalaxe jabetzen da izenaren egokitasunaz, ikusirik begien aurrean daukan hondarrezko badiatxo. Bertan, lauzpabost pertsona, hiru gizon eta bi emakumezko, adinean jada aurreratu samarrak, bainatzera doaz, berdin dio itsasoko ura hotz samarra badago ere. Galdetu, eta esan didate urte osoan etortzen direla eguneroko bainua egitera.

—Eta euria egiten badu? —galdetu diet inozo samar, jakinda Irlandan egunean behin ez bada bitan egiten duela euria.

—Ba, hobe! —erantzun didate irribarrez.

Martello dorrea eraikuntza gotorra da, gerra garaian defentsarako altxatua. Hormek bi metro eta Erdiko lodiera dute, eta goiko aldean kanoi ikusgarriak prest egoten ziren

behar zirenerako. 1904ko abuztuan Oliver St John Gogarty-k, dorrera bizitzera etorri zenean, James Joyce gonbidatu zuen berarekin bertan denboraldi bat pasatzera. Nahiz eta gonbidapena luzatu, ordurako euren arteko harremana ez zen oso samurra. Oliver St John Gogarty medikuntza ikasketak egiten ari zen eta ordurako poeta nahiko ezaguna zen Dublinen. James Joycek hogeita bi urte zeuzkan eta bere ibilbide literarioa hasi berria zen. Urte horretan Joycek kaleratua zuen *The Holy Office* deituriko poema, non erasotzen zituen Dublingo garai hartako figura literario guztiak, bere burua “arima independentetzat” hartzen zuelarik. Poema horretan Joycek eraso egin zion Gogartyri berari, esanez “harroputz” samarra zela. Horregatik Joyce, Martello dorrera iritsi zenean 1904ko irailaren 9an, berehala konturatu zen Gogartyk egiten zion harrera aski hotza zela. Halere, Gogartyk onartu zuen Joyce berarekin gera zedin dorrean, seguru asko beldurtuta zegoelako handik aurrera Joycek berari buruz idatzi zezakeenaz. Handik egun gutxira, Gogartyren beste adiskide bat elkartu zitzaizen, Samuel Chenevix Trench, anglo-irlandar jatorria zuen mutila, lehen unetik bertatik irlandez mintzatzen tematu zena, nahiz eta Oxfordeko doinu ezkutaezina zeukan, eta detaile horrek ere, giro hartan tentsioa handiagotu egin zuen dudarik gabe.

Joycek sei egun zeramatzanean dorre hartan bizitzen, Trenchek amesgaiztoa izan zuen pantera beltz batekin, eta horrek eraginda, zutitu zen gauaren erdian, pistola bat hartu eta tiroka ekin zion tximiniari, ondoren lotara itzuliz. Gogartyk, orduan, hartu pistola bera eta oihuka esan zuen “Utzidazu niri”, eta tiroka hasi zen Joyce lotan zegoen kamaina gainean zintzilik zeuden zartaginen aurka. Hori guztia nahiko eta gehiegi izan zen Joycerentzat: goiz hartan bertan alde egin zuen dorre hartatik, inoiz gehiago ez itzultzeko.



Martello Dorrea – barruko gela

Handik hilabetera, Joycek ihes egin zuen Europara Nora Barnaclerekin eta hasiera eman zion borondatezko atzerrialdi luzeari. Gero, *Ulises* liburua idaztean, lehen eszena hori, irakurri dugun moduan, Martello honetan kokatu zuen. Dorreko goiko aldean azaltzen da Buck Mulligan potoloa, eskaileak igo ondoren. Egurats zabalean bizarra egiten du eta, une horretan, azaltzen da Stephen Dedalus. Mulliganek burla egiten dio Dedalusi, honek amarengatik gordetzen duen dolu luzea barregarri iritzita. Lehen kapituluan Buck Mulligan (Gogarty), Stephen Dedalus (Joyce) eta Haines ingelesa (Trench) gosaltzen ari diren sala biribila deskribatzen da. Deskripzio honi esker badakigu egun nolakoa zen garai hartan dorreko gela hori.



Martello Dorrea – Hemen bizi ziren hiru pertsonaiak

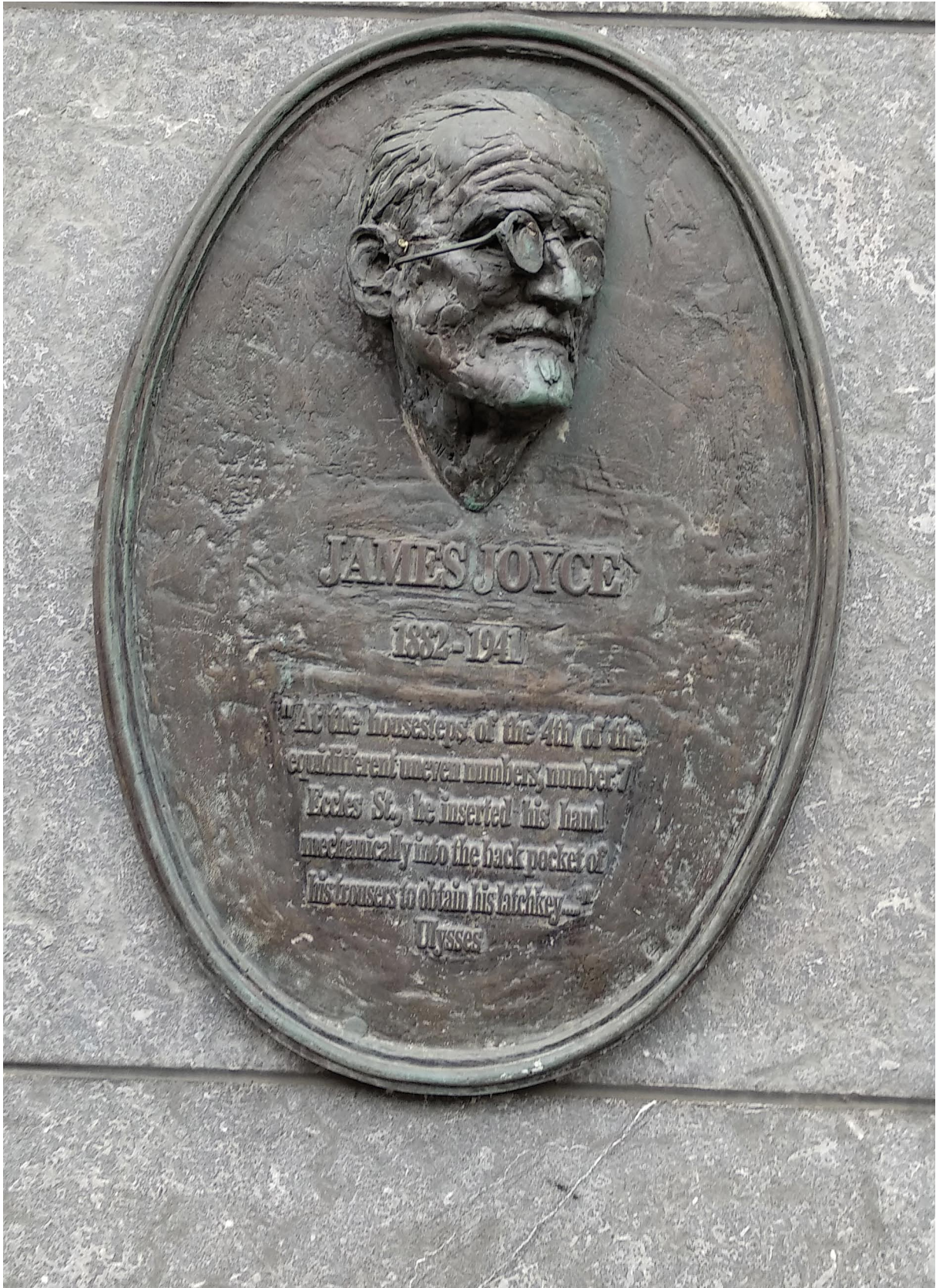
Bertako bisitaldia amaitu ondoren, atzean utzi dut Martello Dorrea eta, oinez, tren geltokira joan naiz. Iritsi denean, ordu erdiko trenaldia eta berriro nengoen Connolly geltokian, Dublingo erdialdean. Maparen laguntzarekin hurrengo bisita egitera abiatu naiz.



Martello Dorrea – Goiko aldea. Hemen hasten da Ulises nobela



Martello Dorrea – Beheko aldea



Medailoi hau ezarri dute Eccles Street-eko 7. zenbakian

Ulises nobelan esaten zaigu Leopold Bloom eta Molly emaztea Eccles Street kalean bizi direla, 7. zenbakian. Harantz zuzendu ditut ene pausoak, nahiz eta badakidan jada etxe hori ez dela existitzen duela berrogeita hamar bat urte bota zutelako. Laugarren kapituluaren hasieran, Leopold Bloom jaikita dago goizeko zortzietarako, eta gosaltzen ari da bere etxeko sukaldean. Beltzez dago jantzita, gero ehorzketa batera joan behar duelako.

Leopold Bloom jaunak atsegalez jaten zituen abereen eta hegaztien gibel- erraiak. Gogoko zituen barrenki-zopa, errota intxaurkarak, bihotz bete errea, gibel-xerrada albardatuak, bakailao-arraba frijituak. Arkume-giltzurrun errea gustatzen zitzaion gehiena, gernu-lurrin arin baten gustu fina uzten baitzion aho-sabaian.

Giltzurrunak zerabiltzan gogoan gosariko gauzak erretilu konkortsuan bérarentzat txukun jartzen ari zela, sukaldean poliki zebilen bitartean. Argitasun eta giro izoztua zeuden sukaldean; kanpoan, ordea, uda-goiz giro atsegina zabaldua zen dagoeneko. Gose-puntu bat pizten zion horrek.

Ikatz-kozkorrek goritzen ari ziren.

Beste ogi-xerrada bat gurinarekin: hiru, lau: ederki. Bérari ez zitzaion gustatzen platera gainezka. Ederki. Erretiluari atzea eman, irakin-ontzia su-zulotik altxatu, eta zeharka paratu zuen su ganean. Hantxe gelditu zen hura, zozo eta kokoriko, muturra irtenda zuela. Te-kikarakada laster. Ona. Ahoa lehor. Katuak mahaiaren hanka bat inguratu zuen zurrun ibiliz, isatsa tente.

Iritsi naiz Eccles Street kaleko 7. zenbakiraino. Garai batean hemen, helbide honetan, Joyceren lagun bat bizi zen, horregatik hartu zuen leku hau idazleak nobelan Leopold eta Molly Bloomen etxebizitza izan zedin. Egun, ospitale erraldoi bat dago bertan.

Inguratu naiz ospitaleko horman ezarri duten James Joyceren medailoia ikustera eta hauxe irakurri dut:

JAMES JOYCE (1882-1941)

“Zenbaki bakoiti ekidiferenteetako 4.aren sarrerako eskaileretan, Eccles Streeteko Streeteko 7. zenbakian, eskua mekanikoki sartu zuen bere galtzen atzeko patrikan etxeko langako giltzaren bila”.

Zorionez, kale horretan bertan, baina beste aldean, oraindik zutik diraute garai hartan eraikitako etxeek, bota gabeak oraingoz, beraz, eta garaiko etxe horiei esker posible da jakitea zer-nolako itxura izango zuen Leopold eta Molly Bloomen etxeak.



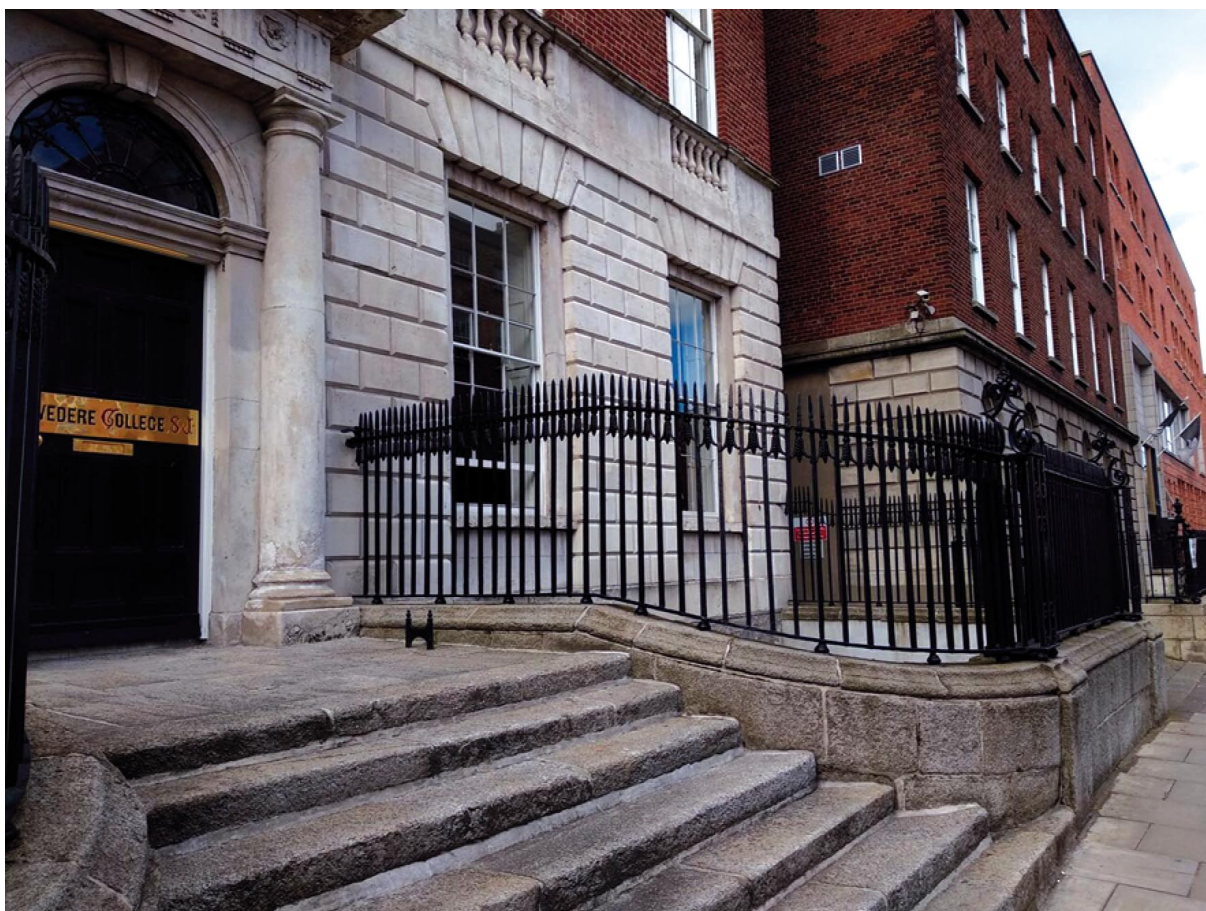
Horrelako etxe batean bizi ziren Leopold eta Molly Bloom, Eccles Street kalean

Baina, izatez, honako hau da benetako etxea, eraikina erauzi zutenean saiatu baitziren sikiera atea salbatzen. Egun, ate hau James Joyce Museum-ean dago eta nik bertara joanda egin diot argazkia.



*Hau da Eccles Street-eko 7. zenbakian zegoen etxeko atea.
Ulises nobelan hortxe bizi dira Leopold eta Molly Bloom*

James Joyce 1882 urtean jaio zen Dublingo hegoaldean, Rathgar deitzen den auzo batean. Bere aita ez zen aberatsa, horregatik, James txikiaren hezkuntza ez zen seguruenik batere apartekoa izango apaiz jesuita batengatik izan ez balitz. John Conmee apaiz jesuitak eragin handia zuen orduan (geroago, askoz handiagoa izango zuen, Irlandako jesuiten prefektu kargua lortuko baitzuen) eta bere eraginari esker James Joycek, eta bere beste anaiek, aukera izan zuten jesuiten Belvedere College ospetsuan ikasketak doan egiteko.



Belvedere College: jesuiten ikastetxea. Hemen ikasi zuen James Joycek, John Conmee apaiz jesuitari esker

Ordurako North Richmond Street kalean bizi zen Joyce bere familiarekin eta ordu laurden bat oinez, ez gehiago, zuen etxetik ikastetxera joateko. Jakina denez, James Joycek amodio-gorrito moduko harremana izan zuen beti jesuitekin, baina egia da ez zuela inoiz ahaztu Conmee apaiz jesuitak egin zion mesede handia, taxuzko hezkuntza izan zezan. Hori dela eta, James Joycek ez zuen inoiz ahaztu apaiz jesuita hori. *Ulises* nobelan maiz azaltzen da John Conmee eta behin baino gehiagotan Joyceren bizitzako pasarte batzuekin erlazionatuta. Hona hemen bizpahiru aipamen nobela horretatik hartuak:

“Aita txit agurgarri John Conmee, S. J., Upper Gardiner Streeteko Saint Francis Xavier’s elizakoa...”

“Eta zer moduz umeak?, etsitzen al dute Belvederen? Benetan? Aita Conmee benetan poztu zen hori adituta”.

“Aita Conmeek hiru eskola-ume geldiarazi zituen Mountjoy Squareko kantoi batean. Bai. Belvederekoak ziren. Eskola txikikoak. Aha. Eta mutil txintxoak al ziren eskolan? O. oso ondo zegoen hori”.



Upper Gardiner Street kalean dago Saint Francis Xavier eliza. Bertako apaiza zen John Conmee jesuita

James Joyce orduan bizi zen, esan bezala, North Richmond Street kaleko etxean, bere anaiekin batera, Belvedere ikastetxetik ez oso urruti. *Dublindarrak* liburuan aipatzen da etxe hori, adibidez, *Araby (Arabia)* deituriko ipuinean, eta baita *Eveline* izenekoan ere. Eta baita, jakina, *Ulises* nobelan ere, berriro Conmee aita jesuitaren beste aipamen batekin lotuta:

“Eskola-zorrodun mutiko talde batek Richmond Streetetik gurutzatu zuen. Guztiek erantzi zituzten burutik beren kapela zoldatsuak. Aita Conmeek behin baino gehiagotan adeitasunez egin zien diosala. Anaia kristauekako mutikoak”.

Ikusi dugu James Joyceren gatzaroan zer-nolako garrantzi handia izan zuen Belvedere ikastetxeak. Baita North Richmond Street-eko bere etxeak ere. Bi puntu garrantzitsu horiek hartuta triangelu bat osatu behar bagenu, jakiteko non eta nondik nora mugitzen zen orduan Joyce txikiaren bizitza, behar dugun hirugarren puntua Saint George elizak osatuko luke. Egunero ikusten baitzuen, egunero pasatzen baitzen aurretik, behin baino gehiagotan gainera, nahitaez.



Saint George eliza. Egunero pasatzen zen aurretik James Joyce gaztea

Jakina, gero bere obratan behin baino gehiagotan aipatuko zuen eliza hau. Leopold Bloomek ere, *Ulises* liburuan, ezin zuen saihestu eliza horren presentzia:

“Egutera aldera igaro zen, hirurogeita hamabosgarren zenbakiko sotoko tranpa saihestuta. Eguzkia George’s elizako kanpandorrera hurbiltzen ari zen. Egun beroa zatorrek, nik uste. Jantzki beltz hauekin areago. Beltza beroaren eroale ona, erreflexatu (errefraktatu esaten al da?) egiten dik. Baina ezin joan traje argiarekin”.

Izan ere, Leopold eta Molly Bloomen etxea, Eccles Street kalean, ez dago oso urruti Saint George elizatik. Eta nola ez, eliza honi buruzko aipamenak ugariak dira *Ulises* nobelan:

“Kirrinka eta durundia airean, George’s elizako kanpaiak. Ordua eman zuten: burdina goibel ozena”.

“Aurrera eginez, banaturik, ibilera lasaian George’s elizaren aurreko zirkulua zeharkatu zuten Leopold Bloomek eta Stephen Dedalusek diametralki, edozein zirkuluren korda laburragoa baita mugatzen duen arkuarena baino”.

“Gaueko orduen durundia, Saint George’s elizako kanpaien kariloiak emana”.

Eta Molly Bloomek ere, liburu amaierako monologo ospetsuan, Georges elizako kanpaiak aipatzen ditu:

“eta benetako irlandarra bada hala izango dun soinean zeuzkan galtzak ikusita itxoin Georges elizako kanpaiak ditun itxoin 3 laurdenak ordu 1a itxoin ordu 2ak goizeko ordu polita etxera ailegatzeko edozeinentzat”.



Saint George eliza ez zegoen urruti James Joyceren etxetik. Ezta Leopold eta Molly Bloomenetik ere



Hardwicke Street kalean zeukan ez oso izen oneko ostatua Mooney andreak

Inguruko kaleak eta plazak bisitatuz, neu ere Saint George eliza han aurrean dudala gelditu naiz orain, atsedean apur bat hartzearren. Hardwicke Street kalean nago, eta kale honen amaieran dago eliza, Hardwicke plazan, James Joyceren eta Leopold Bloomen zonaldeko erdigunean. Kale hau ere, Hardwicke Street, maiz aipatzen da bai *Ulises* nola *Dublindarrak* liburuetan.

“Mooney andrea, zeinak harategiko negozioan geratzen zitzaion dirua atera eta apopilo-etxe bat jarri baitzuen Hardwicke Streeten, emakume handi sekulako bat zen. Liverpool eta Man Uharteko turistaz eta, batzuetan, music-halleko artistaz osatutako biztanleria aldakor bat egoten zen haren etxean. Etxeko biztanleria iraunkorra, berriz, hiriko enplegatu-jendeak osatzen zuen. Maltzurki eta irmo gobernatzeko zuen Mooney andreak etxea; bazekien nois sinetsi, noiz gogor jarri eta noiz gauzak pasatzen utzi. Madama esaten zioten mutil gazte egoiliarrek”.

(*Dublindarrak: Apopilo Etxea* ipuinetik)

“Badaezpadako malkoak. Astakeriak esaten isildu gabe. Hobe likek etxera joan, han izango baitu zain esposatua duen purtzil sonanbulu hori, Mooney, aguazilaren alaba. Amak ostatu bat zian Hardwicke Streeten, eta han ibiltzen omen zuan eskailburuan atzera-aurrera zapirik bat ere gabe soinean, Bantam Lyonsek niri esana, bere amak mundura ekarri bezala, goizeko ordu bietan zetorren edonorentzat prest, sartu barrura, eta ez horregatik”. (*Ulises*)

Atzean utzi dut orain Hardwicke kalea eta, nire Joycesday partikularrari jarraipena emanik, Dublingo beste auzo batera joatea erabaki dut. O’Connell Street goitik behera ibiliz, Gresham Hotel ospetsura iritsi naiz. Joyceren garaian O’Connell etorbide hau Sackville Street deitzen zen, Dublingo erdiguneko etorbide garrantzitsua zen, ibaiaren iparraldean —eta da oraindik ere— eta bertan zegoen —eta dago— Gresham Hotel delakoa, garai hartan modan zegoena, eta aski garestia zena, gainera. Besterik gabe, hoteleko ate nagusia bultza eta barrura sartu naiz. Dotorea da oraindik ere hotel hau, eta garestia behar du izan, dudarik ez. *Nora Barnacleri amodiozko gutunak* deituriko liburuan James Joycek idazten dio gerora emaztea izango zuenari:

“Eta orain zerbait guri buruz. Ene maitea, bart Gresham Hotelean egon naiz, eta hogeitau bat pertsonaren aurrean aurkeztu ninduten. Denei esan zitzaion ni herri honetako idazle handia izango naizela etorkizunean. Ia ez ninduen batere hunkitu nire inguruko buila eta lausengu hark guztiak”.

Bere liburuetan ere azaltzen da Gresham Hotel hau. Horrela, esate baterako, *Dublindarrak* liburuan (*Hilak* deituriko ipuinean), hotel honetan ematen dute gaua Gabriel eta Gretta Conroyk.

“—Baina, esadazu, Gabriel —esan zuen izeba Katek bat-bateko zuhurtasunez-. Arduratu zara gelaz, noski. Gretta esaten ari zen...”

—A! Gelarena eginda dago —esan zuen Gabrieleke-. Gresham-en hartu dut.

—Bai horixe —esan zuen izeba Katek-, egin zenezakeen gauzarik onena egin duzu”.



*The Gresham Hotel (O'Connell Street):
bertan esan zioten James Joyceri bera izango zela etorkizunean Irlandako idazle handiena*

Irten naiz hoteletik eta kalearen amaieraraino joan naiz. Gero, Liffey ibaiko zubia zeharkatu, eta Trinity College alde batera utzita Grafton Street komertzio-kalean sartu naiz. Aurrera noa ene peleginazio literario bitxi honetan. Halako batean, aurrera eginez, ezkerretara jo dut Duke Street kalearekin topo egin arte. Dagoeneko gose naiz, beraz, Leopold Bloomek egin bezala, neu ere kale horretan, 21. zenbakian, dagoen Davy Byrnes pub edo tabernara sartu naiz. Sartu, eta jendez gainezka dagoenez, kosta egin zait eserleku bat aurkitzea. *Ulises* nobelan, Leopold Bloomek gorgonzola gaztarekin egindako sandwicha eskatzen du eta edateko, burgundy edo borgoinar motako ardoa. Egun, Bloomsday eguna ospatzen duten askok eta askok horixe bera eskatzen dute, ekainaren 16an, pub honetan. Nik gaur gorgonzola sandwicha eskatu dut eta ardo beltza, baina ez burgundy motakoa, beste batekoa baizik. Kuriositatea duen irakurlearentzako informazioa (agian beste egun batean bertaratuko delakoan): hauxe nik ordaindutakoa: gorgonzola sandwicha, 5,95 € eta kopa bat ardo, 7,50 €.



Davy Byrne's pub. Hemen Leopold Bloomek gorgonzola sandwicha eta Borgoinako ardoa dastatu zituen

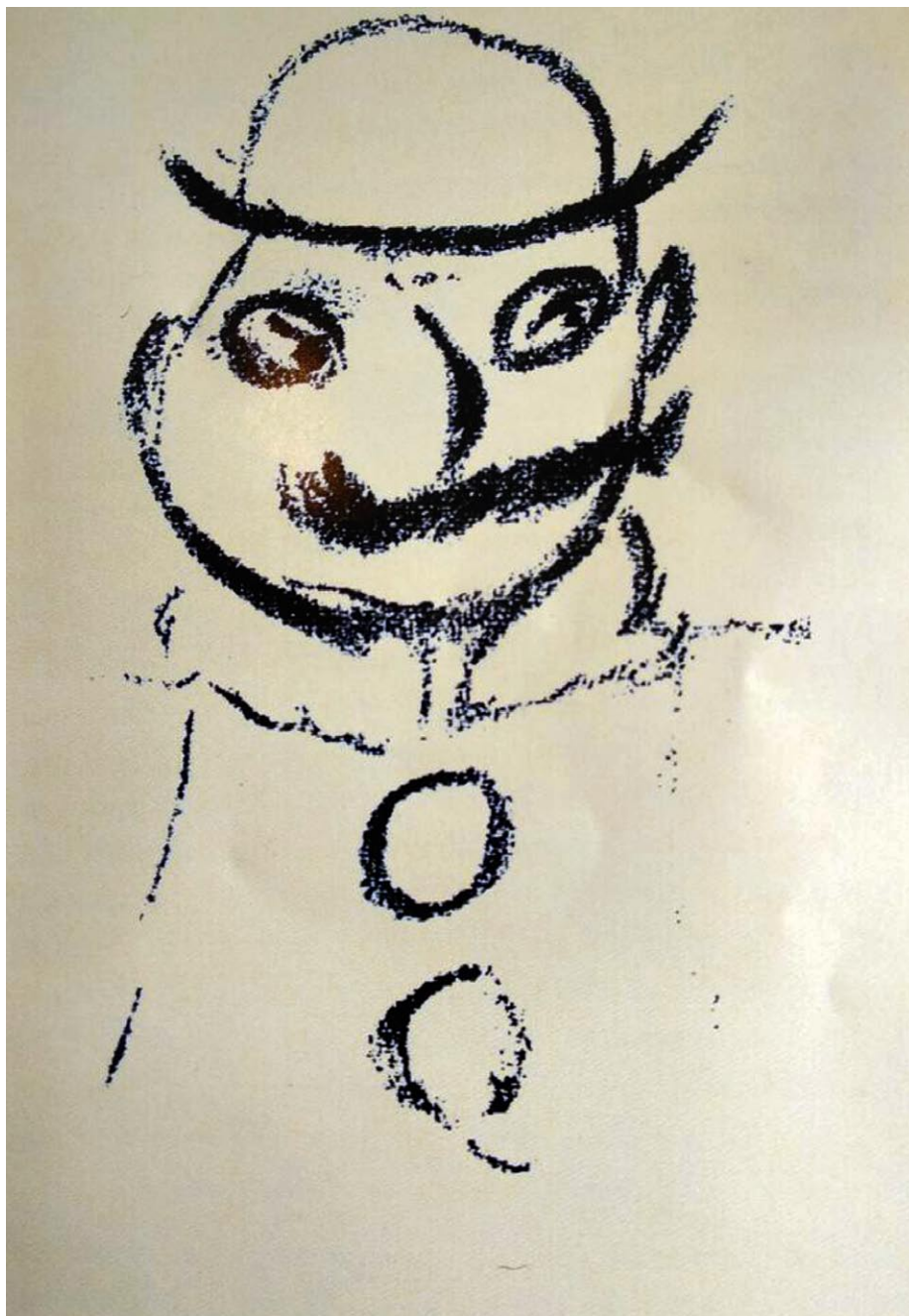
Jakina, ia ehun urte joan dira nobela idatzi zenetik, ez da harritzekoa, beraz, Davy Byrne's taberna edo pub hau dezente aldatuta egotea. Leku dotorea da, eta alde batean, horma ondoan, oroigarri bat dago James Joyce gogoratuz. Nobelan, Bloom hizketan ari da lagun batekin eta halako batean, tabernaren jabea, Davy Byrne bera, barra atzetik atera eta bi lagunekin elkartzen da honetaz eta hartaz berrikerian hasteko.

Berrero Grafton Street kalera joan naiz. Paseoa luzatu dut, gora eta behera ibili eta inguruko kaleka batera zuzendu ditut ene pausoak. Harry Street kale txikian dago kokatua McDaid's puba. Barruratu eta pinta bat Guinness eskatu dut. Pub txiki hau argazkiz josia dago, horietatik asko idazlerenak gainera (ez dago gaizki!). Hantxe ikusi ditut James Joyce, Patrick Kavanagh eta Brendan Behan, idazle handiak hirurak eta baita edale amorratuak ere. Berrogeita bat urte zituen Behanek hil zenean, zeharo alkoholizatuta. Diotenez, egunero goizeko zazpitan jaikitzen zen idazten hasteko. Egurdiko hamabiak arte lanean jarduten zuen, idazten eta hamabietan puntu-puntu uzten zion idazteari pubetara joateko, orduantxe zabaltzen baitzituzten tabernak. Hauxe esatea gustatzen omen zitzaion Brendan Behani: "Ni ez naiz alkohol arazoak dauzkan idazlea; idazte arazoak dauzkan alkoholikoa baizik".



*Pub honetara etortzen ziren maiz idazle handiak (James Joyce, Patrick Kavanagh, Brendan Behan...),
egarria asetzer*

Garagardo eder apartsua dastatzen ari naizela, eta James Joyceren argazkia aurrean dudalarik, hausnartzen hasten naiz honek Irlandarekin izan zuen amodio-gorrotzko harreman aski bitxia. Ezin izan zuen bizi bere jaioterria aintzat eta kontuan hartu gabe, baina aldi berean, ezin izan zuen bertan bizi. Jakina denez, Irlandatik kanpo eman zuen ia bizitza osoa eta hil ere, Irlandatik eta Dublindik urrun hil zen, Zurich hirian. Nora Barnacleri idatzitako gutunetan, Dublin *"porrotaren, gorrotaren eta zorigaitzaren hiria"* dela esaten dio. *"Iruditzen zait hemen egun osoa alferrik galtzen dudala Dublingo jende arrunt eta zarpailtsuaren artean, gorrotatzen eta mespretxatzen dudan jendearen artean"*.



James Joycek egindako marrazkia 1926 urtean: horrela irudikatu zuen Leopold Bloom pertsonaia

Eta halako batean, inoiz irlandarren aurka esan den sententziarik gogor eta ankerrena botatzen du, nire iritziz behintzat, huts egin zion adiskide ohi bati buruz ari dela: *“Irlandarra zen, hots, traizionatu ninduen”*.

Hainbeste ibiliz, hainbeste edanez, gose naiz dagoeneko: afaltzera joan beharko dut laster. Eta *The Oliver St John Gogarty* pubera joan baino lehen, azken egitekoa burutu behar. Horretarako Temple Bar auzoan sartu baino lehen, atzera egin dut berriro eta James Joyce Museum-era zuzendu ditut ene pausoak. Lehendik bisitatua nuen leku eder hau, baina orain ahaztutako zerbait erostera joan naiz. Museum honetan, sarreran eskuinera, idazlearekin lotura duten hainbat gauza daude salgai: liburuak, argazkiak, mapak, katiluak, kamisetak... Barruratu eta pare bat gauza erosi ditut: a) Leopold Bloomen marrazki bat, James Joycek asmatu eta egina 1926 urtean. Hau da, bertan ikus daiteke nola irudikatu zuen idazleak berak sortutako pertsonaia.

Eta hona hemen erosi dudan bigarren gauza:



Hitz hauekin amaitzen da Ulises nobela: Molly Bloomen monologo ospetsua

Bloomsday eguna ospatuz, hona hemen ekainaren 16an jantziko dudan kamiseta, *Ulises* nobelaren amaiera ospetsua erakusten duena. Honela dio euskarazko bertsioan:

“eta bai esan ninan bai nahi dut Bai”

* * *

Oharrak:

- Ulises* nobelatik aukeratutako aipamenak Xabier Olarrak egindako itzulpenetik hartu ditut.
- Dublindarrak* ipuin-liburutik aukeratutako aipamenak Irene Aldasorok egindako itzulpenetik hartu ditut.
- Testu honetan azaltzen diren argazkiak neronek eginak dira.