

C. H. Peake



James Joyce

The Citizen
and the Artist

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Preface

All of Joyce's books, like Thomas Mann's, fit into the broadening dialectical pattern of Künstler versus Bürger. Harry Levin

This book began as a series of intercollegiate lectures given at Birkbeck College, University of London, in 1963, and, although little of the original material remains unchanged, some of the book's general characteristics derive from its origin. The lecture audience consisted for the most part of interested readers rather than specialists; the book is primarily addressed to a similar audience, and, although I hope it has new emphases, views and interpretations of interest to the specialist, I have not left out materials or steps in the argument merely because he would already know them. The existence of the dialectical pattern referred to by Professor Levin is beyond dispute; but it seemed to me that its complexities and ramifications, shaping not only Joyce's themes but every aspect of his work, had not been fully explored, and that such an exploration would throw light on much that was supposedly obscure or the product of irresponsible virtuosity. I have, therefore, stressed the developing continuity of Joyce's methods as well as of his vision, and have considered most thoroughly those parts of his writings (such as the later chapters of *Ulysses*) which have caused most difficulty for new readers and most controversy among critics. The lectures were not planned to treat of *Finnegans Wake*, and to discuss that book in detail would require more space and more assurance of full understanding than I possess; yet, certainly, the best approach to it is by way of the earlier works, and I have therefore outlined, in the concluding chapter, some of the ways in which *Finnegans Wake* relates to, develops and modifies, in content and manner, the central citizen/artist polarity.

I am well aware of the need to trust the tale not the teller, but, wherever possible, I have used Joyce's own comments, theorizings and schemes as approaches to his writing and as means of ordering my discussions, because I found nothing else that showed as sure a sense of the nature and fundamental structure of the books. For all their imperfections, inaccuracies, limitations, obscurities and vaguenesses, they have provided the basic vocabulary of Joyce commentary and criticism, although, in some of their more speculative and dubious aspects, they may have encouraged the critical tendency to concentrate on surface intricacies regardless of their

function, to devise improbable ingenuities, and to provide symbolic systems supposedly necessary to decode the works and reveal their true significance and beauty. There are notable exceptions among the critics, but 'symbolic' and far-fetched criticism continues to dominate, and to flourish on Joyce's works as on the works of no other writer, familiarizing readers with kinds of evidence and argument that would not be accepted in other contexts and establishing an eccentric orthodoxy: many unlikely and wild interpretations of particular stories or passages are now treated as recognized truths, and repeated unchallenged in book after book, article after article. For all their intricacies, (Joyce's writings survive and will continue to survive because they possess the traditional literary values, articulating a profound, extensive and coherent vision of life by methods adapted and developed from the traditional methods of the novelist.

When I have consciously taken a suggestion from another critic, or where a point, similar to one I have made, has been made elsewhere, I have acknowledged the debt or the coincidence of opinion in the notes. But unconscious debts are always more numerous and substantial than conscious ones. Ideas that originated in other men's minds enter one's own and are modified and given different applications, until one forgets that they did not spring up unaided. There is no way of recognizing and acknowledging this kind of influence. I can only make a general acknowledgement to those critics and scholars whose work has contributed to my understanding and enjoyment of Joyce's books – especially to Robert M. Adams, Chester G. Anderson, J. S. Atherton, Warren Beck, Frank Budgen, Anthony Burgess, Richard Ellmann, Stuart Gilbert, S. L. Goldberg, Clive Hart, David Hayman, Phillip F. Herring, Stanislaus Joyce, Richard M. Kain, Hugh Kenner, Harry Levin, A. Walton Litz, Ellsworth Mason, Michael Mason, Father W. T. Moon, Joseph Prescott, Robert Scholes, William B. Schutte, W. B. Stanford, Erwin R. Steinberg, Stanley Sultan, and, although I distrust the mode of symbolic interpretation of which they are the most distinguished exponents, to Marvin Magalaner and William York Tindall.

I have not supplied a bibliography. A list of the works most frequently referred to is given under 'Abbreviations'; a fuller list would repeat what is already available in Robert H. Deming's *A Bibliography of James Joyce* (Kansas University Press 1964) and, more selectively, in *The New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, Volume 4: 1900–1950, edited by I. R. Willison (Cambridge University Press 1972). These lists go up to the end of 1961 and the end of 1969 respectively, and are supplemented by the annual bibliographies in the *James Joyce Quarterly*.

Abbreviations

Page references in the text are to the following editions:

- (D —) *Dubliners*, the corrected text with an explanatory note by Robert Scholes (London, Jonathan Cape 1967).
- (SH —) *Stephen Hero*, edited with an introduction by Theodore Spencer, revised edition with additional material and a foreword by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon (Jonathan Cape 1956).
- (P —) *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, the definitive text corrected from the Dublin holograph by Chester G. Anderson and edited by Richard Ellmann (Jonathan Cape 1968).
- (U —/—) *Ulysses* (London, John Lane, The Bodley Head 1937, reprinted 1941),
and
Ulysses (The Bodley Head 1960).
- (FW —) *Finnegans Wake* (London, Faber and Faber 1939).

In the notes the following abbreviations are used for works and editions referred to several times:

- Adams* Robert Martin Adams, *Surface and Symbol: The Consistency of James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (London, Oxford University Press 1962)
- Allusions* Weldon Thornton. *Allusions in 'Ulysses': An Annotated List* (Chapel Hill, North Carolina University Press 1968)
- Approaches* Thomas F. Staley and Bernard Benstock (eds.), *Approaches to 'Ulysses': Ten Essays* (Pittsburgh University Press 1970)
- Bonnerot* Louis Bonnerot (ed.), *'Ulysses' Cinquante Ans Après: Témoignages Franco-Anglais sur le Chef D'Œuvre de James Joyce* (Paris, Didier 1974)
- Budgen* Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses', and other writings*, with an introduction by Clive Hart (London, Oxford University Press 1972 edn) (originally published in 1934)
- CH* Robert H. Deming (ed.), *James Joyce: The Critical Heritage*, vol. I, 1902–1927; vol. II, 1928–1941 (London, Routledge and Kegan Paul 1970)
- CW* Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (eds), *The Critical Writings of James Joyce* (London, Faber and Faber 1959)
- Diary-SJ* George H. Healey (ed.), *The Complete Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce* (Ithaca, Cornell University Press 1971)
- Ellmann-JJ* Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (London, Oxford University Press 1959)
- Ellmann-Ulysses* Richard Ellmann, *Ulysses on the Liffey* (London, Faber and Faber 1972)
- Gilbert* Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (London, Faber and Faber, 1952 edn) (originally published in 1930)
- Givens* Seon Givens (ed.), *James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism*,

- with a new introduction (New York, Vanguard Press, 1963 edn) (originally published in 1948)
- Goldberg* S. L. Goldberg, *The Classical Temper: A Study of James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (London, Chatto and Windus 1961)
- Gorman* Herbert Gorman, *James Joyce: A Definitive Biography* (London, John Lane, The Bodley Head 1941)
- Hart and Hayman* Clive Hart and David Hayman (eds.), *James Joyce's 'Ulysses': Critical Essays* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, California University Press 1974)
- Hart-Dubliners* Clive Hart (ed.), *James Joyce's 'Dubliners': Critical Essays* (London, Faber and Faber 1969)
- Hart-Ulysses* Clive Hart, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (Sydney University Press 1968)
- JJM2* Marvin Magalaner (ed.), *A James Joyce Miscellany: Second Series* (Carbondale, Southern Illinois University Press 1959)
- JJM3* Marvin Magalaner (ed.), *A James Joyce Miscellany: Third Series* (Carbondale, Southern Illinois University Press 1962)
- JJQ* *The James Joyce Quarterly* (Tulsa University Press 1963—)
- Kain* Richard M. Kain, *Fabulous Voyager: James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (Chicago University Press 1947)
- Kenner* Hugh Kenner, *Dublin's Joyce* (London, Chatto and Windus 1955)
- Letters, I* Stuart Gilbert (ed.), *Letters of James Joyce* (London, Faber and Faber 1957)
- Letters, II* Richard Ellman (ed.), *Letters of James Joyce*, vols II and III (London, Faber and Faber 1966)
- Letters, III*
- Levin* Harry Levin, *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (London, Faber and Faber, 1944 edn) (originally published in 1941)
- Litz* A. Walton Litz, *The Art of James Joyce: Method and Design in 'Ulysses' and 'Finnegans Wake'* (London, Oxford University Press 1961)
- Magalaner and Kain* Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, *Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation* (London, Calder 1957) (originally published in 1956)
- MBK* Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, edited with an introduction by Richard Ellmann, with a preface by T. S. Eliot (London, Faber and Faber 1958)
- New Light* Fritz Senn (ed.), *New Light on Joyce from the Dublin Symposium* (Bloomington, Indiana University Press 1972)
- Noon* William T. Noon, SJ, *Joyce and Aquinas* (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press 1957)
- Notesheets* Phillip F. Herring (ed.), *Joyce's 'Ulysses' Notesheets in the British Museum* (Charlottesville, Virginia University Press 1972)
- Steinberg* Erwin R. Steinberg, *The Stream of Consciousness and Beyond in 'Ulysses'* (Pittsburgh University Press 1973)
- Sultan* Stanley Sultan, *The Argument of 'Ulysses'* (Columbus, Ohio State University Press 1964)
- Tindall-RG* William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce* (London, Thames and Hudson 1959)
- Workshop* Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain (eds.), *The Workshop of Daedalus: James Joyce and the Raw Materials for 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man'* (Evanston, Northwestern University Press 1965)

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Chapter I *Dubliners*

The scheme

In October 1905, when Joyce was twenty-three, he wrote from Trieste to the English publisher, Grant Richards, offering a collection of twelve short stories to be called *Dubliners*. To support his plea for early publication, he claimed that no writer had yet 'presented Dublin to the world', and concluded with a sentence which implied some native rottenness in Ireland:

From time to time I see in publishers' lists announcements of books on Irish subjects, so that I think people might be willing to pay for the special odour of corruption which, I hope, floats over my stories.¹

He could hardly have foreseen that keen-nosed printers and publishers would locate the corruption in a few vulgar adjectives and such expressions as 'changed the position of her legs often', and that consequently the publication of his book, so far from being early, would be delayed until June 1914.

The first report of the printer's objections drew from Joyce, besides protests, a statement of what he had tried to do:

My intention was to write a chapter of the moral history of my country and I chose Dublin for the scene because that city seemed to me the centre of paralysis. I have tried to present it to the indifferent public under four of its aspects: childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life. The stories are arranged in this order. I have written it for the most part in a style of scrupulous meanness and with the conviction that he is a very bold man who dares to alter in the presentment, still more to deform, whatever he has seen and heard.²

After further pressure he submitted to a few minor alterations, but still fought to preserve his original scheme:

The points on which I have not yielded are the points which rivet the book together. If I eliminate them what becomes of the chapter of the moral history of my country? I fight to retain them because I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way I have composed it I have taken the first step towards the spiritual liberation of my country.

¹ *Letters II*, 122-3. ² *Ibid.*, 134.

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Though this belief, he said, might be a 'genial illusion', nevertheless it had served him 'in the office of a candlestick during the writing of the book'.³

As characteristic of the young Joyce as the confidence, ambition and lofty moral purpose is the thoroughness of his design. The subject is Dublin, a great European capital not previously presented in literature; the theme, the moral paralysis of Ireland; the purpose, to further the spiritual liberation of that country; the form, a collection of stories riveted together; the structure, a progress from childhood to maturity and public life; the pervading atmosphere, 'the special odour of corruption'; the style, one of 'scrupulous meanness'. Add to this that the beginner had already outlined in his notebooks an aesthetic theory which his work should exemplify, and already he appears, in intention at least, a peculiarly systematic and deliberate artist, believing in artistic forethought and conscious devising, practising what he called 'the classical tradition of my art',⁴ and possessing a notion of the social role of the artist worthy of Shelley.

But how could moral paralysis be adequately diagnosed, or a chapter of the moral history of a country contained in a dozen stories, many of them only a few pages long? Could the varied and involved life of a modern city be even sketched, much less evaluated, in so small a compass? If variety were achieved, would it not necessarily be at the expense of cohesion, of the projected formal unity of stories riveted together in a single 'chapter'? Such problems have engrossed the most mature and dedicated of artists, and, like other victims of 'the fascination of what's difficult',⁵ Joyce has been accused of an obsession with the mechanics of his art. But the accusation misses the point: it is the intensity of the imaginative pressure, the profundity of the intuition, the complexity of the moral vision which produce the technical problems, as it is the urgency of the creative purpose which supplies the energy and patience to search for and discover the technical solutions. The specific solutions which a writer discovers depend on his peculiar temperament and bent, if only because these determine the way in which he frames his problems. Joyce's predilection, evident in all his work, was for the construction of an elaborate framework of patterns, systems and schemes of relationship, as though he felt that the fertility of his imagination was both disciplined and encouraged by a firm and carefully prepared structure.⁶ Certainly it was in such a structure that he found a solution to some of the problems raised by his ambitious intentions – though it might be truer to say that intentions, problems and solutions evolved together.

The elementary organization was the simple succession of 'childhood, adolescence, maturity and public life':

³ *Letters I*, 62-3. ⁴ *Ibid.*, 60.

⁵ This expression is the first line of a poem by Yeats, but Joyce knew the fascination. He told Stanislaus that, although he thought *Dubliners* 'indisputably well done . . . I am not rewarded by any feeling of having overcome difficulties' (*Letters II*, 99).

⁶ Cf. 'For the imagination has the quality of a fluid, and it must be held firmly, lest it become vague, and delicately, that it may lose none of its magical powers' (review of Ibsen's *Catilina*, *CW*, 101).

The order of the stories is as follows. *The Sisters*, *An Encounter* and another story [*Araby*] which are stories of my childhood: *The Boarding-House*, *After the Race* and *Eveline*, which are stories of adolescence: *The Clay* [sic], *Counterparts* and *A Painful Case* which are stories of mature life; *Ivy Day in the Committee Room*, *A Mother* and the last story of the book [*Grace*] which are stories of public life in Dublin.⁷

For Joyce, 'adolescence' did not refer to a physical stage, but to a state of spiritual immaturity: Jimmy Doyle may be twenty-six, Bob Doran thirty-four or thirty-five, Lenehan thirty, but having failed to reach adulthood they remain adolescents. The original scheme thus consisted of four sections of three stories each, but as soon as he had sent his book to the publisher Joyce saw the possibility of a pattern more functional and more intricate, though equally symmetrical. He warned Richards that two more stories were needed to complete the design, and within a few months had sent 'Two Gallants' and 'A Little Cloud', which introduced new relationships requiring changes in the order of the stories in the two central groups.

The childhood section remained unchanged in the number and order, presenting the onset of moral paralysis through the frustration of the boy's increasingly conscious desires to escape from the humdrum of Dublin life. In 'The Sisters', Dublin offers to the developing soul two equally stunting and stupefying ways of life; in 'An Encounter' it undermines the spirit of adventure; in 'Araby' it devalues love and romance. In each story, the child, as well as being frustrated by his environment, is progressively corrupted by it as its values impose themselves on him, until at the end of the third story he is revealed to himself in his corrupted state.

The stories of adolescence now numbered four, formed, by a rearrangement of the original order, into two pairs. In 'Eveline' a timid and simple-minded young girl, and in 'After the Race' a nervous and simple-minded young man long for what they call 'life', and are defeated by the inhibiting fears and prejudices which the city has planted in them. The next two stories retain the male/female contrast but concern central figures who appear not inhibited but unscrupulous, parasitical or predatory: in 'Two Gallants' a male predator and his parasite prey on a woman, and in 'The Boarding House' two women, similarly cooperating, prey on a man. Yet underlying the contrasts within and between the pairs are the same moral disabilities.

The new story added to the maturity group also demanded a re-ordering and a pairing of the stories into two of married life and two of celibacy. Chandler in 'A Little Cloud' clings to the belief that his responsibilities as a family man, coupled with his shyness, stand in the way of his ambition to be a poet: on the other hand, Farrington of 'Counterparts' is a brutal and irresponsible husband and father, yet as deeply disappointed, thwarted, humiliated as Chandler. In Dublin 'marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures', for Mr Duffy in 'A Painful Case' steers clear of all emotional ties only to find that his life is barren, while Maria, the old maid

⁷ *Letters* II, III.

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of 'Clay', longing vainly for such ties, is, as it were, living a posthumous existence.

Completing the pattern are the three stories of public life, involving the three centres of civic activity: politics, reduced in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' to mercenary triviality and lip-service; art, represented in 'A Mother' by a petty squabble between part-time entertainers; and religion, exposed in 'Grace' as a respectable disguise for the service of Mammon.

This simplification of the content of the stories does at least bring out the central pattern of organization round the theme of paralysis, a pattern worth emphasizing, for it is, as far as I know, an original way of composing a collection of short stories and the reason why the stories are so much more powerful and significant in their context than when plucked out by anthologists. But besides giving extra point to each story through its relationship to the other stories of the group and to the book as a whole, the systematic arrangement suggests that all the chief aspects of Dublin life are covered, permits the metaphor of moral paralysis to emerge implicitly as the common thematic centre of the varied lives examined, and creates the basis of an aesthetic coherence and unity extremely rare in collections of short stories.

Many other relationships rivet the stories together in subsidiary aspects of theme and subject matter. The first story, (showing the child's experience of Dublin religion, is related to the last (i.e. 'Grace' - 'The Dead' was a later addition), where the adult attitude towards religion and its role in public life is critically viewed. The political squalor exhibited in its public manifestations in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' is briefly seen from a personal viewpoint in Mr Duffy's political dabbings in 'A Painful Case'. 'Eveline' is linked not only to 'After the Race', but also, (as a presentation of a debilitated desire for romance), to 'Araby', and, as a portrait of a woman defeated in life by a helpless submission to family, to 'Clay'. The dream of life 'abroad' operates in 'A Little Cloud' as well as in 'Eveline' and 'After the Race', and, less conspicuously, in 'The Sisters' and 'An Encounter'. Domineering and scheming motherhood unites Mrs Mooney of 'The Boarding-House' and Mrs Kearney of 'A Mother'. 'A Painful Case' very properly concludes the stories of individual lives because Mr Duffy carefully avoids all the snares into which his fellow-citizens fall, and yet through his Pharisaical avoidance of involvement becomes the purest specimen of the moral paralytic. The unity of the book is also sustained by a network of similarity and contrast in image, symbol and formal treatment, and by the recurring elements of the Dublin scene - the shabby streets, the shallow nationalism, and the pathetic dependence on alcohol (in nearly every story drinking or intoxication is somehow involved).

Although these patternings and relationships help create a structural unity and show the pervasiveness of the disease through the apparent variety of Dublin life, they were no more than a partial solution to Joyce's problems. In particular he needed to find some way of avoiding monotony and repetitiveness in a series of related studies of the same disease. To show more or less identical signs in different people and in different situations

would not be enough: moral paralysis is not the measles. There would have to be diverse actions, finely discriminated symptoms and manifestations, distinct and appropriate techniques of presentation, distinct and appropriate styles. Consequently, one is more conscious of the differences between the stories in *Dubliners* than of their similarities, and the focusing of such varied stories on a single thematic centre diagnoses the moral disease and illustrates its diffusion throughout the city much more effectively than could the parallelisms of a homogeneous collection. Whether the story, like 'Counterparts' or 'A Painful Case', approximates to tragedy, or, like 'Grace', is near farce; whether the overall tone is satirical, as in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', or pathetic, as in 'Eveline' and 'Clay'; whether the presentation is in the mode of social comedy, as in 'After the Race' and 'A Mother', or savage and squalid, like 'Two Gallants' – the same sickness appears, and the variations of all kinds contribute to its identification and to recognition of the extent of its contagion.

Similarly, even within the groups, there are elements of resemblance and of variation. (First-person narrative distinguishes the stories of childhood; the stories of adolescence share an ironic detachment; the mature are explored more deeply and emotionally; and there is more comedy, as well as a greater dispersal of interest, in the stories of public life. But, on the other hand, every story has an individual character, and a distinctive style (or styles), which makes Joyce's reference to 'a style of scrupulous meanness' puzzling. The context of this phrase was Joyce's resistance to the printer's complaints about certain expressions in his book, and it seems possible that he was merely insisting that the words and phrases objected to were such as might be heard every day in the streets of Dublin; he may have had in mind the commonplace language of the stories rather than their style in the full sense.⁸ This is to reject what seems the natural sense of the phrase, but the apparently natural sense is inapplicable to *Dubliners*. 'A style' is even more misleading than 'scrupulous meanness', for *Dubliners* has no one style, any more than *Ulysses* has, and many of the invented styles of the later work are foreshadowed in less extreme form in the short stories.

The simple stylistic distinction between direct and indirect speech is used to mark out the basic structure of 'The Sisters', and in other stories this same distinction is part of the story's total meaning: for instance, in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', with a single significant exception, everything is in direct speech, to present Joyce's vision of Dublin politics, whereas in 'A Painful Case' (this time with two important exceptions)

⁸ Joyce's review of the poems of William Rooney (*CW*, 84–7) offers a clue to the meaning of 'scrupulous meanness'. Joyce complains that 'the writing is so careless, and is yet so studiously mean', and says of a quoted stanza, written in commonplace poetical diction, 'Here the writer has not devised, he has merely accepted, mean expressions.' The expressions (e.g. 'the sheltering hills', 'the fiercest-hearted of Erin's daughters') are 'mean' in being stock phrases. Stanislaus Joyce says that he wrote to his brother at the time suggesting 'that studious (that is, careful) meanness can become a positive virtue', and he supposes that Joyce recalled this observation when writing to Grant Richards (*MBK*, 204). If so, Joyce would have been claiming that he had used, for the most part, stock materials, but with a great deal of care.

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direct speech is carefully avoided, to present the inturned life of Mr Duffy. But the use of such minor differentiations of style is a comparatively inconspicuous, though not unimportant, aspect of the brilliant and varied handling of diction and rhythm throughout. ('Araby' opens with a sensuous evocation of the children chasing through the streets and lanes in the dusk, and other brief passages of description are equally rich and vivid.) The opening paragraph of 'Two Gallants', for instance, with its use of alliteration, assonance, echoings, repetitions to suggest an underlying enervation, is as careful and in its way as economical as anything in the *Portrait* or *Ulysses*.

More important than such set-pieces is the use of style to characterize and evaluate. In 'Clay', what we learn about Maria in the opening paragraphs is not so much what is stated as what the style expresses:

Maria was a very, very small person indeed but she had a very long nose and a very long chin. She talked a little through her nose, always soothingly: *Yes, my dear*, and *No, my dear*. . . .

. . . She used to have such a bad opinion of Protestants but now she thought they were very nice people, a little quiet and serious, but still very nice people to live with. (D 110-11)

What is central to the story here is not Maria's reaction to Protestants but the way in which we are told about her. The repetitions, the simple repetitive syntax carry the weight of meaning, and, although they may also suggest the way Maria talked, their prime function is to create an image of what it was to be Maria. Basically the same device is used in *Ulysses* to present Gerty MacDowell: in each case a style is specially devised to verbalize the essence of a woman, and, simultaneously, to comment on her. In 'The Boarding House' Jack Mooney hardly appears, but his coarse and brutal presence has to be felt in the background; a few slangy sentences economically create a verbal equivalent for him. Equally the array of clichés expressing Mrs Mooney's sense of outrage betrays the falsity and only partial self-deception of her mood:

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 that 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. (D 69-70)

The strung-out clichés characterize Mrs Mooney, and provide all the psychological and moral commentary that is necessary. Again this use of style is extremely important in *Ulysses*, particularly in the 'Cyclops' and the 'Eumaeus' chapters.

The variety of styles is equalled by the variety of uses made of them. The circling obsessive manner of the pervert's conversation in 'An Encounter' is at once described and reflected, as is the flamboyant romanticism of the boy in 'Araby'. There is propriety of style, but Joyce often goes beyond

propriety towards pastiche and parody, and makes style the medium for conveying the heart of his meaning. Thus there is no need for authorial commentary to balance Mr Chandler's admiration of the great journalist, Ignatius Gallaher, because the way in which Gallaher's conversation is reported sufficiently exposes his pompous vulgarity:

Ignatius Gallaher puffed thoughtfully at his cigar and then, in a calm historian's tone, he proceeded to sketch for his friend some pictures of the corruption which was rife abroad. He summarized the vices of many capitals and seemed inclined to award the palm to Berlin. . . . He spared neither rank nor caste. He revealed many of the secrets of religious houses on the Continent and described some of the practices which were fashionable in high society and ended by telling, with details, a story about an English duchess – a story which he knew to be true. (D 85)

This is not merely reported speech – Gallaher did not say that 'he spared neither rank nor caste' – but the smug journalese fixes and evaluates him. Similarly, though more sympathetically, the style by itself is sufficient to enable us to estimate the nature and potentiality of Little Chandler's poetic aspirations:

He tried to weigh his soul to see if it was a poet's soul. Melancholy was the dominant note of his temperament, he thought, but it was a melancholy tempered by recurrences of faith and resignation and simple joy. If he could give expression to it in a book of poems perhaps men would listen. He would never be popular: he saw that. He could not sway the crowd but he might appeal to a little circle of kindred minds. The English critics, perhaps, would recognize him as one of the Celtic school by reason of the melancholy tone of his poems; besides that, he would put in allusions. (D 80)

The two men are differentiated and judged by the styles in which they are presented.

It is difficult to refer to the style of a single story, let alone 'a style of scrupulous meanness' in the whole collection, for within one story Joyce may have varied his styles to evoke atmospheres and scenes, to present fundamental character, to make an implied moral or intellectual comment, and to shape the total structure. Had it not been for that unlucky phrase in the letter to Richards it seems unlikely that the stylistic variety and virtuosity of the short stories could so often have gone unrecognized.

The management of the styles reflects the character of the book as a whole, its precise and economical combining of diverse materials (diversified, that is, within a certain range) into a compact unity. The nature of the unity is difficult to define because so many factors contribute to it – the overall scheme; the common theme of moral paralysis; the manner, consistently detached but embracing many shades and varieties of detachment; the links of imagery and phrasing; and the force of Joyce's conviction that, beneath the differences of personality and circumstance, his fellow-citizens shared generic traits:

. . . on account of many circumstances which I cannot detail here, the expression 'Dubliner' seems to me to have some meaning and I doubt whether the

same can be said for such words as 'Londoner' and 'Parisian' both of which have been used by writers as titles.⁹

This formal unity in diversity has an unstrained appropriateness to the nature of a city, at least of a city such as Dublin was about 1900. The stories are of particular people in particular situations; the book composes a moral portrait of a particular city: and, although both are in some way expressive of the lives of all men and all cities, the universality is, as it were, a by-product of the book's particularities.

This is characteristic of most good fiction and would not need emphasizing if so much criticism of *Dubliners* did not make an entirely different emphasis – on mythical and symbolic significances. The objection to these interpretations is not that they are too ingenious or too subtle, but that they spread over stories of rich and delicately articulated meaning a coarse membrane of symbolic and archetypal platitudes, or substitute for the author's finely-formed progeny the sootierkins aborted by the critic. Indeed, it is sometimes suggested that the stories would be of little account were it not for the deeper levels plumbed by symbolic analysis;¹⁰ and, in pursuit of such revelations, the simple facts of the stories are often ignored, misconstrued or even invented; such symbols as are present, like the dying fire in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', are exaggerated, distorted and bent to fit some archetypal scheme (usually a simplified derivative from *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*); and arguments are offered which would not be acceptable in dissertations on the Number of the Beast or the Baconian theory. Scientific proof cannot be required of critical interpreters, but it does not follow that free association can pass for literary analysis.

Each story is itself a symbol (in that it represents more than is made explicit, and is not reducible to simple statements) more complex and significant than any symbol it may contain, and in the creation of that greater symbol what is said and done is as important as – usually more important than – what can be identified as symbolic objects or motifs. The apprehension and examination of symbols within a story is part of a critic's task, but it is a part which should be handled with special caution. The symbol-mania which afflicts so many critics of *Dubliners* neglects the whole for the part, and also inflates the part until it deforms or destroys the whole.

Joyce uses symbols in all his works, but, like all other elements, they are subordinated and contributory to the integrated and articulated aesthetic

⁹ *Letters* II, 122.

¹⁰ For instance, Marvin Magalaner complains that 'too few have seen the trouble that Joyce took to give more than a surface meaning to his seemingly transparent, harmless stories' (*Magalaner and Kain*, 75). I suspect that few readers have found the stories transparent, and Joyce's contemporaries certainly did not think them 'harmless'. The same critic speaks of 'the fragile narrative' of 'An Encounter' (75) and the 'otherwise trivial narrative' of 'Clay' (71). Similarly, William York Tindall thinks that, if it were not for the symbols he claims to find in them, 'Clay' 'has little point beyond the exhibition of pointlessness' (*Tindall-RG*, 29), and 'A Mother' little to offer beyond a funny story (37-8).