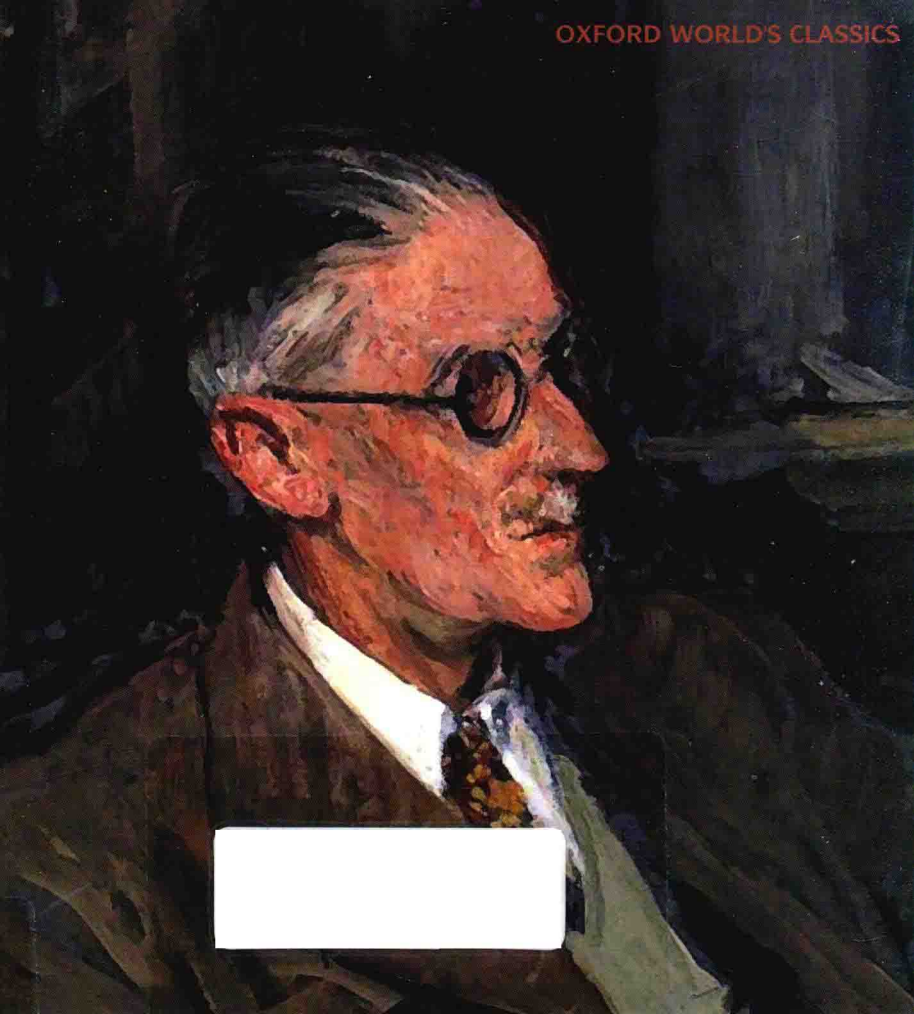


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Ulysses

The 1922 text

尤利西斯

James Joyce [爱尔兰] 詹姆斯·乔伊斯 著

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ULYSSES

JAMES JOYCE was born on 2 February 1882 in Dublin, eldest of the ten surviving children born to Mary Jane ('May') Murray and John Joyce. Joyce's father was then a Collector of Rates but the family, once prosperous, had just begun its slow decline into poverty. Educated first at the Jesuit institutions Clongowes Wood and Belvedere Colleges, Joyce entered the Royal University (now University College, Dublin) in 1898. Four years later Joyce left Dublin for Paris with the intention of studying medicine but soon his reading turned more to Aristotle than physic. His mother's illness in April 1903 took him back to Dublin. Here he met and, on 16 June 1904, first stepped out with Nora Barnacle, a young woman from Galway. In October they left together for the Continent. Returning only thrice to Ireland—and never again after 1912—Joyce lived out the remainder of his life in Italy, Switzerland, and France.

The young couple went first to Pola, but soon moved to Trieste where Joyce began teaching English for the Berlitz School. Except for seven months in Rome, the Joyces stayed in Trieste for the next eleven years. Despite disputes with recalcitrant publishers, severe eye problems, and the pressures of a growing family (both a son and a daughter were born), Joyce managed in this time to write the poems that became *Chamber Music* (1907), as well as *Dubliners* (1914), and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916). By the time the family moved to Zurich in July 1915, he had also begun *Ulysses*.

Over the next seven years, first in Zurich, later in Paris, *Ulysses* progressed. Partial serial publication in the *Little Review* (1917–18) brought suppression, confiscation, and finally conviction for obscenity. Sylvia Beach, proprietor of the Shakespeare and Company bookshop in Paris, offered to publish it (publication in an English-speaking country risked another prosecution). The first copies arrived in Joyce's hands on 2 February 1922, his fortieth birthday.

The acclaim publication brought placed Joyce at the centre of the literary movement only later known as Modernism, but he was already restlessly pushing back its borders. Within the year he had begun his next project, known only mysteriously as *Work in Progress*. This occupied him for the next sixteen years, until in 1939 it was published as *Finnegans Wake*. By this time, Europe was on the brink of war. When Germany invaded France the Joyces left Paris, first for Vichy then on to Zurich. Here Joyce died on 13 January 1941 after surgery for a perforated ulcer. He was buried in Fluntern Cemetery.

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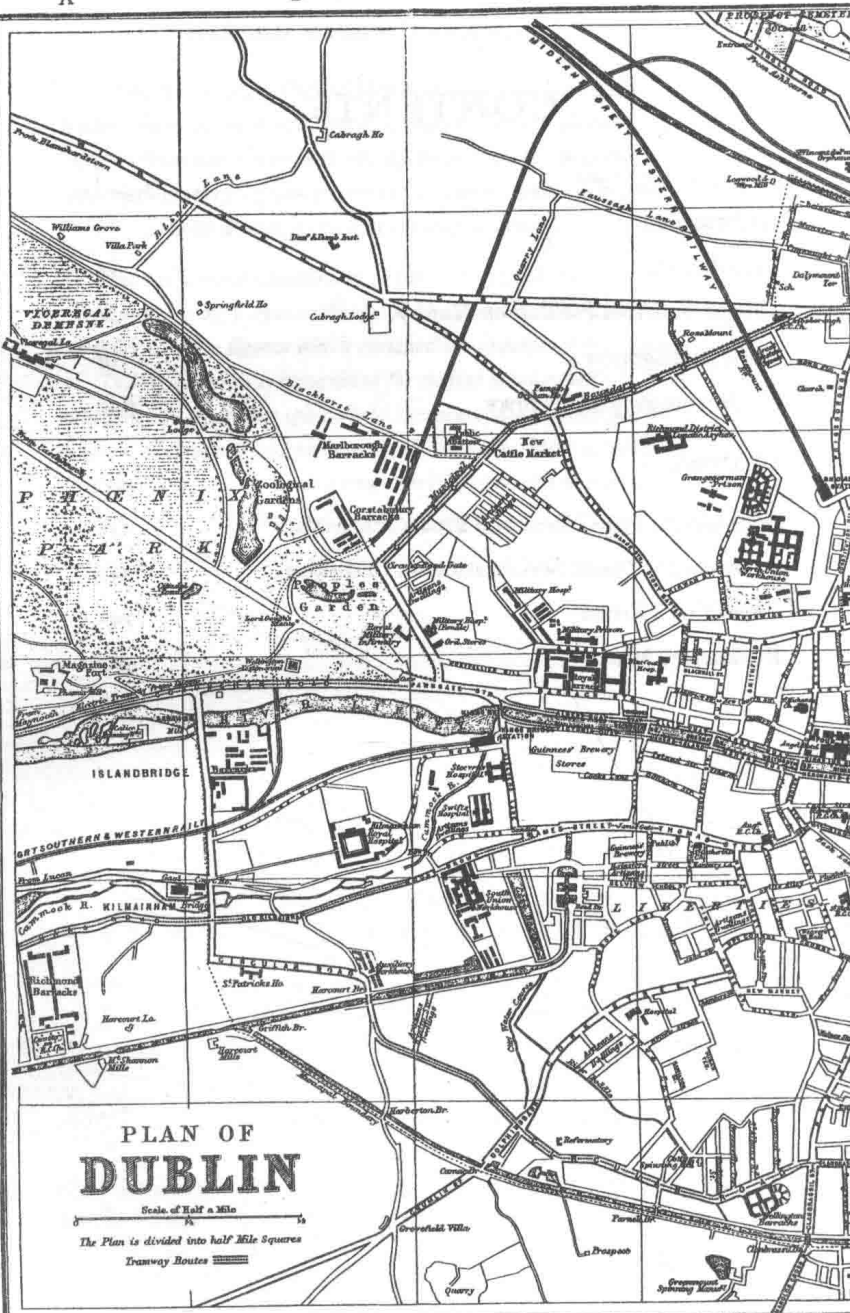
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PLAN OF DUBLIN

Scale of Half a Mile

The Plan is divided into half Mile Squares
Tramway Routes

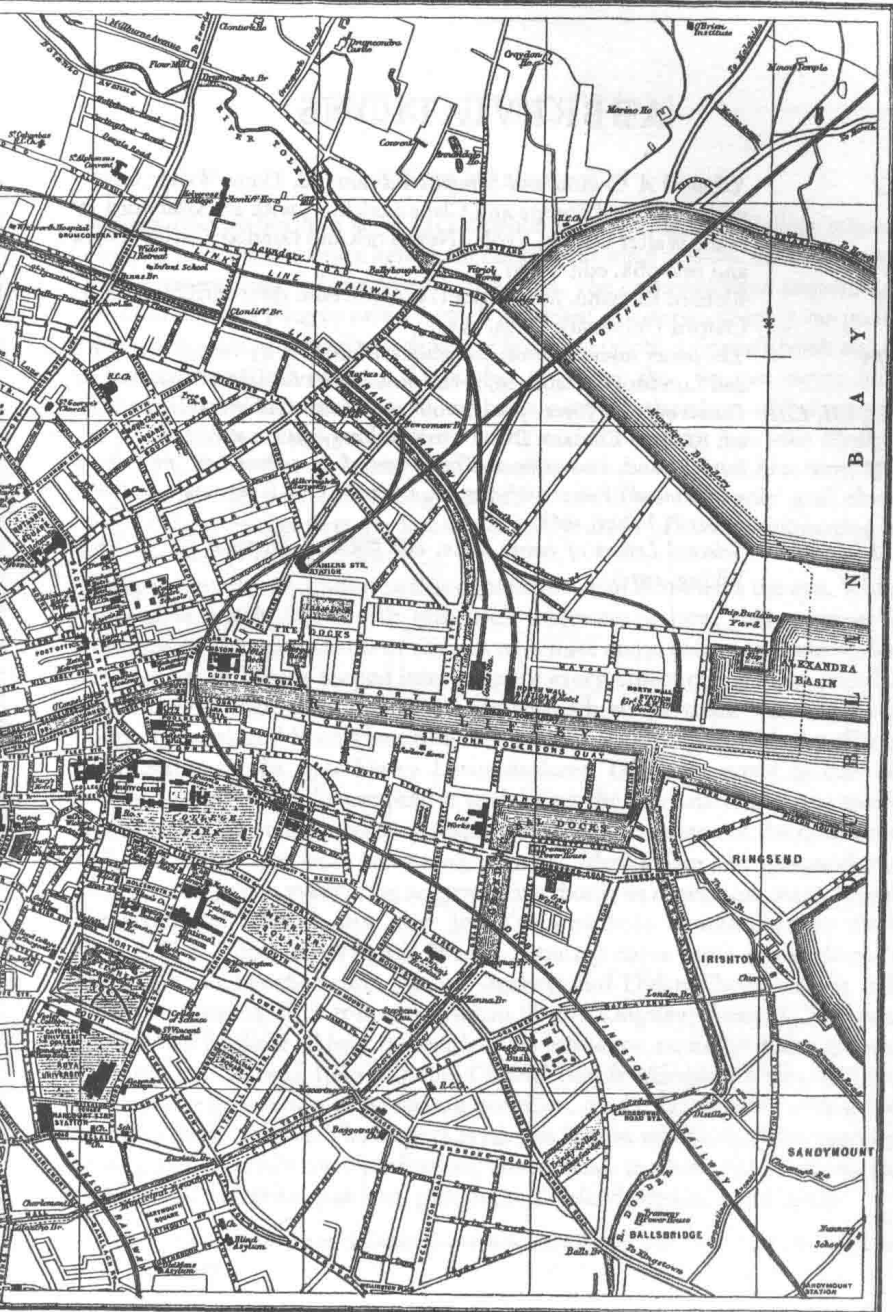


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ABBREVIATIONS

- G *'Ulysses': A Critical and Synoptic Edition*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior, with an Afterword by Hans Walter Gabler, 3 vols. (New York and London: Garland, 1984 and rev. pbk. edn. 1986)
- JJ Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (1959; rev. edn. 1982; corr. New York: Oxford University Press, 1983)
- JJA *The James Joyce Archive*, ed. Michael Groden, 63 vols. (New York and London: Garland, 1977-80), vols. xii-xxvii: *Ulysses* manuscripts
- LI, LII, LIII *Letters of James Joyce*, 3 vols.: vol. i, ed. Stuart Gilbert; vols. ii and iii, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking, 1957, 1966)
- P/J Ezra Pound, *Pound/Joyce: The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce, with Pound's Essays on Joyce*, ed. Forrest Read (1967; repr. London: Faber & Faber, 1968)
- SL *Selected Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking, 1975)

INTRODUCTION

'Worst is beginning'

'WHERE do you begin in this?' (25) Stephen Dedalus asks his Dalkey school-boys, 'this' being the book before them. The question returns with each new reader approaching *Ulysses* for the first time. The commonplace response of the contemporary Joyce critic is itself Joycean: of course, there is no possibility of beginning *Ulysses*, much less of finishing (with) it. Joyce's book has so colonized twentieth-century Anglophone culture that we can never now enter it for the first time. Instead, we most resemble members of that parade of guests Bloom imagines both preceding and succeeding him into Molly's bed: 'he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity'. (683)

There is more seriousness in this contention than first meets the eye. While every new reader faced with *this* book addresses it new, this newness is modified by the generations of readers who have come before and whose disseminations of it have seeped into virtually every aspect of high and popular culture. Approach must now be made through an air thick with rumours about the book and from a position inside a culture saturated with the effects of its influence. In 1941 Harry Levin declared *Ulysses* 'a novel to end all novels'.¹ In saying so, he credited it with being the culmination of one tradition (say, the nineteenth-century realist novel) while setting out the questions to be debated in the next (next two, perhaps, Modernism and postmodernism). If, after Joyce, everything suggested itself only as repetition, many found the repetition fruitful, not least Joyce's immediate contemporaries Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and Virginia Woolf. Later (to name but a few of Joyce's more obvious beneficiaries), Samuel Beckett and Dylan Thomas, later still Anthony Burgess, B. S. Johnson, Martin (if not Kingsley) Amis, A. S. Byatt, and Salman Rushdie all bear the mark of his influence, as, in the wider sphere, do Jorge Luis Borges, Italo Calvino, Gabriel García Márquez, Umberto Eco, and a whole generation of American novelists. And this is to stay within the realm of 'high' culture. The impact is no less felt on television, film, popular music, and Bloom's own profession, advertising, in their use of montage, open-ended narrative, pastiche, parody, multiple viewpoint, neologism.

¹ Harry Levin, *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (1941; rev. edn. New York: New Directions, 1960), 207.

While this may be incontestable, it is as likely to leave the novice reader as much bemused and intimidated as enlightened and encouraged. Often rumours create more static than clear signal. A small example. *Ulysses*, the title, utterly flummoxed many early readers. To them it conjured up classical associations: the Roman name of the Greek hero Odysseus. Expecting perhaps a modern novelization of Homer's epic, they opened the book only to discover themselves thrown into the middle of a narrative (*in medias res*—in the midst of things—the way all good epics begin) featuring 'Stately plump Buck Mulligan' (hardly a Greek or Roman name), then a 'displeased and sleepy' Stephen Dedalus (here, at least, was a Greek name), then Haines, a 'ponderous Saxon'. Where was Ulysses?² Most modern readers don't face *this* dilemma because by now the title has virtually lost its ability to refer to the Roman name of a Greek hero. Now it simply means 'That Book By James Joyce'. If today we are to recognize both the significance and the force of the title, we may need to make it strange again, to untie the knot binding it to its creator. Jennifer Levine suggests imagining that this book is called *Hamlet* to 'regain a sense of it as a text brought into deliberate collision with a powerful predecessor'.³ That's the kind of 'making strange' required.

There is a further related problem. If Joyce has spawned generations of writers, he has no less stimulated whole libraries of criticism. What may have appeared at the time as enormous egoism—Joyce's claim, 'I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality' (*JJ* 521)—begins to seem modest seventy years on. More to the point, virtually every Joyce critic these days expects one to know already things about the book which aren't to be found within it: the episode titles, for example, or the history of Joyce's personal campaign to create a critical context for the book. What is a new reader to do?

In what follows, that question (or its twin, what do you need to know to read *Ulysses*?) focuses my discussion. This is by no means to suggest that anything can substitute for the vertiginous experience of actually reading the

² The fact that 'Ulysses' does not appear until episode 4, and then under the guise of 'Mr Leopold Bloom', bourgeois advertising canvasser, confused at least one hapless critic. As Joyce took delight in relating to Harriet Weaver: 'Another American "critic" who wanted to interview me (I declined) told me he had read the book with great interest but that he could not understand why Bloom came into it. I explained to him why and he [was] surprised and disappointed for he thought Stephen was Ulysses. He heard some talk of Penelope and asked me who she was. This also I told him but did not convince him entirely because he said rather doubtfully "But is Penelope a really Irish name?"' (*LI* 184)

³ Jennifer Levine, 'Ulysses', in Derek Attridge, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to James Joyce* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), 131–2.

book, nor that a preface of this sort does not run the risk of creating its own static. My hope is of kindling curiosity rather than dampening it, and of opening just enough doors that the reader will want to walk through.

I wonder what kind is that book he brought me'

The large majority of *Ulysses*'s first readers were clearly baffled and outraged. The popular press (the *Sporting Times*!) opined that the book 'appears to have been written by a perverted lunatic who has made a speciality of the literature of the latrine. . . . [It's] enough to make a Hottentot sick.'⁴ When it wasn't being decried as pornography (hadn't the American courts already proved it was?),⁵ it was being compared, repeatedly, to a telephone directory (which became one of Joyce's favourite euphemisms for it). At its most extreme, this criticism announced: 'As a whole, the book must remain impossible to read. . . . [It is] literary Bolshevism. It is experimental, anti-conventional, anti-Christian, chaotic, totally unmoral.'⁶ Other reviewers were more prosaic: '*Ulysses* is many things: it is very big, it is hard to read, difficult to procure, unlike any other book that has been written.'⁷ Perhaps the oddest thing about this proliferation of 'critical opinion' is that reviewers were addressing an audience about a book which they hadn't a chance of obtaining for at least another twelve or fourteen years, when the first unlimited editions were published (in the USA and England, respectively). Still, the book's appearance was considered a literary event of such magnitude and a publication so threatening ('literary Bolshevism') that every respectable journal or '**DAILY ORGAN**' (114) had to respond. H. G. Wells is reputed to have said that when he put the book down, having finished reading, he felt as though he had suppressed a revolution.

What was it about *Ulysses* that struck Joyce's contemporaries with such tremendous force? The vast majority of them could make neither head nor tail of the prose: 'Two-thirds of it is incoherent'; '*Ulysses* is a chaos'; 'insipidated obscurities'.⁸ While even these critics inevitably praised Joyce's stylistic facility—when he set his mind to it—rudimentary comprehension of large

⁴ 'Aramis', 'The Scandal of *Ulysses*', *Sporting Times* (1 Apr. 1922), repr. in Robert H. Deming, ed., *James Joyce: The Critical Heritage*, 2 vols. (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1970), I, 192, 193.

⁵ See 'Composition and Publication History'.

⁶ Shane Leslie, '*Ulysses*', *Quarterly Review* (Oct. 1922), repr. in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, I, 207.

⁷ J. M. Murry, review of *Ulysses*, *Nation & Athenæum* (22 Apr. 1922), repr. in *ibid.* 195.

⁸ 'Aramis' in *ibid.* 192; Holbrook Jackson, '*Ulysses* à la Joyce', *To-Day* (June 1922), repr. in *ibid.* 199; Murry in *ibid.* 197.

sections of the book lay beyond the grasp of its first readers. What *could* be understood deserved pruning, they thought. The book was ill-disciplined, its author perverse. As Holbrook Jackson stated the case most dispassionately, 'Everything that is never done or never mentioned is done and said by him.'⁹ Of course, Jackson really means 'never done or never mentioned' in Proper Literature. Precisely. *Ulysses* assaulted propriety.

For Joyce's co-Modernists, his social improprieties (which they met with varying degrees of tolerance) were a small price to pay for the stylistic possibilities opened up by his literary 'improprieties'. For T. S. Eliot, Joyce's *Ulysses* took a major 'step toward making the modern world possible for art'.¹⁰ Ezra Pound praised Joyce's stylistic veracity and compression: 'Joyce's characters not only speak their own language, but they think their own language.'¹¹ '[There is] not a line, not a half-line which does not receive an intellectual intensity incomparable in a work of so long a span.'¹² Virginia Woolf found the 'indecenty' less tolerable, but eventually admitted to having read it 'with spasms of wonder, of discovery'.¹³ If the populace was being warned that Joyce was scandalous, incomprehensible, a 'frustrated Titan . . . splutter[ing] hopelessly under the flood of his own vomit',¹⁴ the literati were being given notice that this writer could not be ignored. "Unite to give praise to Ulysses," declared Pound; 'those who will not, may content themselves with a place in the lower intellectual orders.'¹⁵

Sufficient numbers even of those who praised the book found it so disconcertingly unreadable, at least in part, to prompt the question 'why?' The charge of incomprehensibility may be laid fairly at the door of the book's uncanny likeness to, and utter difference from, novels which had preceded it. As Hugh Kenner argues, 'printed words on a page—any words, any page—are so ambiguously related to each other that we collect sense only with the

⁹ Jackson in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, i. 198.

¹⁰ T. S. Eliot, 'Ulysses, Order, and Myth', *The Dial* (Nov. 1922), repr. in Frank Kermode, ed., *Selected Prose of T. S. Eliot* (London: Faber & Faber, 1975), 178.

¹¹ Ezra Pound, 'Paris Letter', *The Dial* (June 1922), repr. in *PJ* 195.

¹² Pound, 'James Joyce et Pécuchet', *Mercure de France* (June 1922), trans. and repr. in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, i. 266.

¹³ And 'then again with long lapses of intense boredom'. From Woolf's diary entry of 15 Jan. 1941, on hearing of Joyce's death (*The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie, 5 vols. (1984; repr. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985), vol. v, 1936-1941, p. 353). 'Indecency' is Woolf's word: 'the pages reeled with indecency'. The effect of what Woolf might have 'discovered' on first reading *Ulysses* in 1922 can perhaps be seen in her own evocation of a single day in June, *Mrs Dalloway*, published in 1925.

¹⁴ 'Domini Canis' (Shane Leslie), 'Ulysses', *Dublin Review* (Sept. 1922), repr. in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, i. 203.

¹⁵ Pound, 'Paris Letter', in *PJ* 194.

aid of a tradition: this means, helped by prior experience with a genre, and entails our knowing which genre is applicable."¹⁶ *Ulysses* looked like a novel, but it also looked like drama, or catechism, or poetry, or music depending on which page one happened to open. If the book had played a little more fair—had it, say, used quotation marks to identify the speakers of dialogue and to make that dialogue more readily distinguishable from the circumambient prose, or had it provided a leisurely preamble setting the scene and gently leading the reader toward a first encounter with Buck Mulligan and Stephen Dedalus, had there been less neologistic word-play of the sort more usually found in poetry, or less psychological verisimilitude, less parody, pastiche, or stylistic extravagance—it might have been recognized as a novel. That it wasn't is simply because it isn't—a novel, that is. Not quite. Or rather, it contains within itself at least one novel (a point to which we will return), but it also challenges, expands, even explodes that genre's previously established conventions. Joyce himself began by calling it a novel, soon abandoned this for 'epic', 'encyclopaedia', or even *maledettissimo romanzaccione*,¹⁷ and finally settled simply for 'book'.

From the outset, Joyce recognized that his audience, whether popular or literary, was going to be nonplussed. As early as *Ulysses*'s initial appearance in the *Little Review* (where it was serialized between 1918 and 1920),¹⁸ Joyce began filling his letters to loyal friends with explanations and exegeses. If *Ulysses* were to find an informed, appreciative audience, its author would have to create one.

'preparation should be with importance commensurate'

For at least fifty years after *Ulysses*'s publication, criticism of the book fell into two principal, though not always competing, groups. One group formed of those interested in the book as novel (with that genre's preoccupation with identifiably 'human' characters inhabiting a recognizably 'real' version of this world and engaged in plotted actions). Here we find lovers of realism, of facts, of social and political history, of humane acts, of psychological verisimilitude, of fictions which mask their fictiveness. The other group preferred patterns,

¹⁶ Hugh Kenner, *Ulysses* (1980; rev. edn. Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987), 3.

¹⁷ 'Bastard' Italian for, roughly, 'damnedest monstrously big novel'. These three euphemisms all occur in Joyce's letter of 21 Sept. 1920 to Carlo Linati (SL 270). For a discussion of the book's defiance of generic classification, see A. Walton Litz, 'The Genre of *Ulysses*', in John Halperin, ed., *The Theory of the Novel: New Essays* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1974), 109–20.

¹⁸ See 'Composition and Publication History'.

parallels, systems, symbols, myths, literature which proudly declared its 'literariness'. Of course, *Ulysses* was book enough for both. But, in the beginning, Joyce had to draw attention to some of the ways in which it was so.

In December 1921, two months before *Ulysses* was published, the French novelist, poet, and critic Valéry Larbaud presented the book to an enthusiastic audience gathered in Adrienne Monnier's Paris bookshop, *La Maison des Amis des Livres*. Larbaud, who had read the book in its *Little Review* form, declared it as 'great and comprehensive and human as Rabelais' (LIII 40). Joyce approved. When Larbaud suggested a conference to introduce *Ulysses* to the public, Joyce graciously acceded and promptly provided him with typescripts, proofs, suggested portions for reading at the 'séance', then critical hints, including a 'plan' of the book, versions of which he had been circulating to select friends since at least a year earlier. In Larbaud's lecture we can see the seeds Joyce has planted beginning to sprout. Here we first glimpse the arguments which will determine the shape of future critical debates.

What did Larbaud, nudged by Joyce, think readers ought to know about the book confronting them?¹⁹ 'Preparatory to anything else' (569), the ways in which it *was* a novel. Larbaud stressed that the narrative consisted of eighteen discrete episodes though it is rendered coherent by the continuing presence of one or more of the three principal characters: Stephen Dedalus (late of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*), Leopold and Molly Bloom. The setting: Dublin. The time: a single day in June (16 June 1904 to be precise). Further, the narrative made frequent use of *monologue intérieur*, the unmediated, first-person rendering of the characters' private thoughts in their own idiom and the registering in those thoughts of external events, conversations, physical surroundings, sensations. Much of the action is thus related through the consciousness of these three characters. By attending to these aspects of *Ulysses*, one could see, as Larbaud stressed, that 'in this book . . . the illusion of life, of the thing in the act, is complete'.²⁰

If *Ulysses* was novelistic triumph, though, it had another, more discomfiting side and that was its relation to its epic precursor, *The Odyssey*. It is hard to imagine any reader stumbling on to this relation on her or his own. True, there is that title. A little cogitation might take one as far as Homer's hero (by way of his Roman descendant), but had Joyce left only the title, chances are that that is where one would come to a halt. Should anyone later have suggested that the book was, at least in part, an extravagant contemporary

¹⁹ Valéry Larbaud, 'James Joyce', *Nouvelle Revue Française*, 18 (Apr. 1922), 385-407. This is an expanded version of Larbaud's original lecture. A translated lengthy excerpt of this article is reprinted in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, i, 252-62.

²⁰ Larbaud in *ibid.* 259.

rewriting of Homer, they would probably have been laughed out of the academy. But, on this matter, Joyce was taking no chances.

From the time that *Ulysses* was sufficiently complete for its publication to be seriously discussed, Joyce began to refer in his letters to sections of it as bearing Odyssean titles. Any published edition of the final book contains only three clearly numbered divisions: I (the first three episodes), II (the next twelve), and III (the final three). These Joyce alluded to with Homeric inflection as the *Telemachia*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Nostos* (or 'Return Home') (LI 113). Further, each of the eighteen episodes contained within these three Homeric divisions had titles gleaned from Odysseus's adventures. These Joyce released in dribs and drabs until in 1920 he sent to Carlo Linati, proposed translator of *Exiles*, what he described as 'a sort of summary—key—skeleton—schema' of the entire book '(for home use only)' (SL 270). Unfortunately, Linati took Joyce at his word and held on to the schema, so that when it came time for Larbaud to deliver his lecture, Joyce had to provide him with another plan of the book. This plan differed considerably from the first in detail, but the essential features were the same.²¹ The title of each episode was given: the *Telemachia* comprised 'Telemachus', 'Nestor', 'Proteus'; the *Odyssey*: 'Calypso', 'Lotus Eaters', 'Hades', 'Aeolus', 'Lestrygonians', 'Scylla and Charybdis', 'Wandering Rocks', 'Sirens', 'Cyclops', 'Nausicaa', 'Oxen of the Sun', 'Circe'; and the *Nostos*: 'Eumaeus', 'Ithaca', and 'Penelope'.²² In addition, it seemed, Joyce employed correspondences between Homeric characters and his own: obviously Stephen was Telemachus (son of Odysseus/Ulysses); Bloom, Ulysses; Molly, Penelope (his faithful, weaving wife); but, too, Mulligan was Antinous; the barmaids, Miss Lydia Douce and Miss Mina Kennedy, were the Sirens; Bella the brothel keeper was Circe, and so on.²³ Further, Homeric places were translated as Joycean themes: Scylla the Rock became Dogma, while Charybdis the

²¹ A version of this second plan was first published in Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (1930)—the first substantial book of *Ulysses* criticism, written again with Joyce's approval and with the benefit of his guidance. Both the Linati and Gilbert schemata are reproduced in Appendix A, below. The Linati schema has also been published, in both Italian and a different translation, in Richard Ellmann, *Ulysses on the Liffey* (London: Faber & Faber, 1974).

²² The episodes can be located in this edition on the following pages: 'Telemachus' (3-23), 'Nestor' (24-36), 'Proteus' (37-50), 'Calypso' (53-67), 'Lotus Eaters' (68-83), 'Hades' (84-111), 'Aeolus' (112-43), 'Lestrygonians' (144-75), 'Scylla and Charybdis' (176-209), 'Wandering Rocks' (210-44), 'Sirens' (245-79), 'Cyclops' (280-330), 'Nausicaa' (331-65), 'Oxen of the Sun' (366-407), 'Circe' (408-565), 'Eumaeus' (569-618), 'Ithaca' (619-89), and 'Penelope' (690-732).

²³ See the Notes for Homeric glosses.

Whirlpool became Mysticism; or Helios's sacred Oxen became Fertility or Penelope's Suitors, Scruples. Joyce had an infinitely adaptable creative mind which thrived on noticing the ways in which one thing (a Dublin conversation, say) both was and was not like another (a battle between a Greek warrior trying to get home and the immediate opponent who stood in his way). It is these not-quite-samenesses which Joyce exploits in his connecting *Ulysses* and *The Odyssey*.

Beyond the strictly Homeric parallels, each episode had its own particular setting, hour, bodily organ, art, colour, symbol, technique (and earlier, in the Linati schema, its own 'Meaning'). As Joyce explained this elaborate system to Linati:

[*Ulysses*] is the epic of two races (Israel-Ireland) and at the same time the cycle of the human body as well as a little story of a day (life)... It is also a kind of encyclopaedia. My intention is not only to render the myth *sub specie temporis nostri* but also to allow each adventure (that is, every hour, every organ, every art being interconnected and interrelated in the somatic scheme of the whole) to condition and even to create its own technique. Each adventure is so to speak one person although it is composed of persons—as Aquinas relates of the heavenly hosts. (*SL* 271)

Now this was a novel with a difference. Larbaud might stress that 'the plan, which cannot be detached from the book, because it is the very web of it' was actually subordinate to 'man, the creature of flesh, living out his day',²⁴ but the extraordinarily intricate and elaborate symbolic systems carry it away from the domain of more conventional fiction and toward something which, for lack of a better name, we might call the 'hyperliterary'. For this is literature which draws attention to itself *as literature*, as artefact constructed out of words and symbols and correspondences and systems which we take pleasure in precisely because of (rather than despite) their craftedness, precisely because they draw our attention to word *as* word, symbol *as* symbol, system *as* system, rather than simply urging us to see through this artifice toward some meaning residing within. If we have been trained to read novels in such a way as to discover the correlation between the novel and life, or to provide a paraphrase of its 'meaning', or to explicate the moral dilemma, this foregrounding of word, symbol, system, correspondence, frustrates that training. What possible 'moral' can be drawn from the proliferation of flower names in the 'Lotus Eaters' episode? or from the fact that 'Calypso's' colour is orange? or that 'Ithaca's' symbol is 'Comets'? *Ulysses* in this mode will *not* play that game.

²⁴ Larbaud in Deming, ed., *Critical Heritage*, i. 261.

It is probably time to attempt the formulation of a rule about *Ulysses*, a rule which emerges as the logical conclusion of Joyce's having drawn Larbaud's attention simultaneously to two different (both independently verifiable) aspects of the book. The rule: A salient, if not the quintessential, characteristic of *Ulysses* is that it is allotropic.²⁵ That is, it is capable of existing, and indeed does exist, in at least two distinct, and distinctively different, forms at one and the same time: in this case, 'distilled essence of novel' and 'extravagant, symbolically supersaturated anti-novel'.

The two strains had been alive in Joyce's mind at least since 1912 when he delivered two lectures at the Università Popolare in Trieste under the series title 'Verismo ed idealismo nella letteratura inglese (Daniele De Foe-William Blake)'.²⁶ To any reader of *Ulysses*, the combination of Defoe and Blake comes as no surprise. Joyce's Defoe is the master of 'matter-of-fact realism' and prophetic creator of characters who embody the coming 'Anglo-Saxon spirit': 'English feminism and English imperialism already lurk in these souls.'²⁷ In other words, his Crusoe is both particular and typical. Joyce's Blake is a sensitive, practical idealist—practical in that he practised in his life what he preached in his art—visionary seer, the 'humble' through whose mouth the 'Eternal' spoke. What Joyce found in his art was 'the innate sense of form [and] the coordinating force of the intellect'.²⁸ Joyce stresses not Blake's mystical visions but his capacity for, and attendance to, the artistic matters of form and correspondence. *Verismo* and *idealismo*, Defoe and Blake, become in *Ulysses* the two competing yet co-ordinated strains we have already identified.

These two allotropes or 'modes' each inevitably produced its own school of *Ulysses* criticism. The two contrasting critical positions ('it's a novel'; 'it's a symbolic system') were adopted respectively by two of the book's most ardent admirers, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. Pound, who had been intimately involved with the book's serialization, preferred to ignore the Homeric correspondences and to focus instead on its huge humane expansiveness and its stylistic fidelity to nuances of character. In fact, Pound bears responsibility for generations of Joyceans approaching the systems and symbols with embarrassment, for in an early review he announced, "These correspondences

²⁵ 'Allotropy': from chemistry, the property of certain elements to exist in two or more distinct forms: e.g. carbon exists within nature as graphite and diamond.

²⁶ The two lectures have been published as 'Daniel Defoe by James Joyce', ed. and trans. Joseph Prescott, *Buffalo Studies* 1/1 (Dec. 1964), 1-27; and James Joyce, 'William Blake', ed. Ellsworth Mason, *Criticism*, 1 (Summer 1959), 181-9; trans. and repr. in *The Critical Writings of James Joyce*, ed. Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann (New York: Viking, 1959), 214-22.

²⁷ Joyce, 'Daniel Defoe', 12, 24, 23.

²⁸ Joyce, 'William Blake', 218, 221.