
PREFACE

In a 1906 letter to Stanislaus, Joyce observed, “I like the notion of the Holy Ghost being in the ink-bottle,” an instance of his characteristic “repurposing” of religious language for aesthetic self-depiction. Garry Leonard’s essay, “Soul Survivor: Stephen Dedalus as the Priest of the Eternal Imagination,” finds its point of departure in an earlier letter where Joyce remarked to Augusta Gregory, “I have found no man yet with a faith like mine.” Joyce’s “faith,” Leonard explains, is a confidence in the creative power of his “reborn soul.” This is the same soul that Stephen discovers in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* when he repudiates the Catholic Church’s precept of an inaccessible, punishing divinity. Leonard argues that for Joyce “it is possible to ‘un-believe’ in religion and still believe you have a soul”—and to save his artistic soul, Stephen must lose his faith in God. This reading of Stephen’s transformation is informed by the philosopher Charles Taylor’s view that modernity is marked not by a simple “subtraction” of faith from daily life, but rather by a movement from religious orthodoxy to new forms of experience-based belief that answer humanity’s need for a “fullness within.” Thus, in “dying out of the transcendent order of the sacred,” Stephen is “born into the immanent order of the secular.” Within this process, his sense of the “soul” changes from the immaterial and “everlasting” entity of Christian orthodoxy to an inner forge. Here, sensate experience, no longer burdened by a sense of sin, is transmuted into an art that remains “everliving” after its creator dies. Even when Stephen struggles with religious fear and guilt—as when Dante threatens that eagles will pull out his eyes or when he sees the word “foetus” carved in a desk—Leonard finds prophetic hints of the soul’s rebirth in his imaginative “re-ordering” of these traumas. The climax of this transformation, he argues, is Stephen’s “sacramental” epiphany on Sandymount Strand, where his “soul leaps” at the summons

of the bird-girl, “an incarnation of the Virgin Mary appearing in the secular world,” who confirms his artistic vocation and anoints him its “priest.” Stephen’s “creative soul” is born here with the renewal of his body. This soul embraces the depths of the immanent world, and it “radiates outward” to “priest-ridden, God-forsaken” Ireland, where the artist vows to bring forth “the uncreated conscience of his race.”

While Leonard emphasizes the transformative impact of Stephen’s visual impressions, Ethan King explores the liberating role of Bloom’s touch in his study of “intercorporeal ethics” in *Ulysses*. Joyce’s Dublin, King notes, is a place characterized by violent “concussive encounters”—from Farrell’s collision with the stripling to Private Carr’s assault on Stephen—that are, at once, tactile interactions and “ideological interpellations” of colonialist or nationalist politics. Surrounded by coercive touches that would dissolve individual subjectivity, Joyce’s characters harbor anxieties about physical contact, regarding it as a source of epidermal contamination and psychic erasure. Bloom, however, overcomes his own touch-related trauma (the memory of Rudy’s conception) through his successive encounters with the blind stripling, Gerty, and Stephen. King analyzes these relationships as “dialogues of recognition and sympathy” in which Bloom’s touch initiates an exchange that is “profoundly generative and reciprocal.” In each case, Joyce presents a “wordless dialogue” in which Bloom seeks an inter-subjective awareness of himself by inhabiting the Other’s perspective, while also preserving a sense of the Other’s radical alterity. Noting that Bloom takes the stripling’s hand without dehumanizing pity, King argues that this responsive and redeeming touch is predicated on a mutual recognition of vulnerability—a principle King extends to Bloom and Gerty, who share a common “language” generated not by contact in the flesh but by an intense visual exchange that Maurice Merleau-Ponty calls “palpitation with the look.” The crowning moment of intercorporeality is Stephen’s recognition of Bloom as a “different man” when taking his arm in “Eumeus.” King reads this scene of reciprocal discovery through Emmanuel Levinas’s belief that an intimate face-to-face encounter initiates an “ethical being-toward-the-other” that enmeshes the subject in moral responsibility for the Other’s life.

Julie McCormick Weng illuminates another dimension of the many-sided Bloom, exploring his role as a prophetic proponent of urban technology in her study of Dublin’s trams in *Ulysses*. Noting that Ireland’s capital boasted the world’s first full-scale electric tramway, Weng proposes

that Joyce invokes this highly developed transportation system throughout the novel as a corrective to the stereotypical picture of Ireland presented in nineteenth-century British travel guides: as a backward, “pre-modern” island with an unwashed, “half-civilized” native population. While mimetically detailing the “depths of the present,” Joyce also looks to the future: Bloom advocates the expanded use of trams both for industrial purposes and to lure visitors to Dublin as a modern metropolis “fit to meet the demands of expectant travelers.” In formulating these schemes, Bloom reflects “a trend in progressive and innovative Irish thinking” that Joyce uses to balance the retrograde influence and provincial mentality of the Catholic Church. For Joyce, Weng argues, the extensive tramlines radiating throughout greater Dublin also reflect Ireland’s potential to “establish international connections” with transportation hubs in other European cities, “cosmomaterial” kinships that could extend across international boundaries, both economically and culturally. Unlike George Russell (AE), who feared that the advance of contemporary technology would erode Ireland’s indigenous essence, Joyce presents the tramways of “the Hibernian metropolis” as the embodiment of Ireland’s ideal future, expressing both its “cosmopolitan spirit” and its “cooperative, domestic ingenuity.”

If *Ulysses* looks forward, Frank Callanan demonstrates how Joyce looks backward through several historical frames as he subtly evokes Charles Stewart Parnell in “Ivy Day in the Committee Room.” Published in *Dubliners* in 1914, the story was written in 1905, but set on October 6, 1902, the eleventh anniversary of Parnell’s death. Callanan attributes Parnell’s “spectral presence” in the story to the fact that Joyce was a child during the Irish politician’s rise and fall, as well as the splitting of his constituency in 1890. Thus, Joyce could present only “the Parnell myth,” not the man; yet this very indirectness matches Parnell’s “spare political style.” In a close analysis of the story’s setting and details, Callanan argues energetically against the common assumption that Joyce was “apolitical” and that “Ivy Day” is merely an “unforgiving repudiation of public life in Dublin.” Rather, he maintains that in expanding the scope of *Dubliners* to include the city’s public life, Joyce transmitted his own political sensibility, which Callanan describes as “a composite of the Parnellite and the socialist.” Although the story is set in the “fallen world” of Dublin municipal elections, Callanan finds evidence of Joyce’s enduring political sympathy for Parnell in the elegiac poem that Hynes recites at the end of the story. More than a pastiche of popular commemorative verse, the

poem's aesthetic shortcomings are "redeemed" by the "dogged passion" of Hynes's allegiance to Ireland's "uncrowned king." For Callanan, Joyce's story is similarly an act of homage to a fallen hero, whom he and Hynes both compare to the betrayed Christ, but it is also his "reproach to the tepid post-Parnellism of the reunited Irish party." Callanan sees Joyce's socialist leanings emerging in his emphasis on the shared poverty of the men in the committee room—including the often vilified Henchy—at a time when jaded candidates for office, backed by Dublin's municipal machine, promoted their own commercial interests. Despite the "grim sparseness" of the story's ambience and the gradual decline of Ivy Day observances in Dublin, the Irish leader continued to haunt Joyce's imagination, recurring "insistently" throughout his later work. As Callanan observes, "In Joyce's life and *oeuvre* there is no 'Beyond Parnell.'"

Like Parnell, the Irish poet James Clarence Mangan was a lingering presence in Joyce's creative mind, both early and late. In his reading of "Araby," Richard Gerber attempts to "lift the veil of mystery" surrounding the story's love object, a girl whom the narrator refers to only as "Mangan's sister." Examining biographies of J. C. Mangan and the writer's autobiographical pieces, Gerber notes that Mangan had an older sister whom he idolized, but who lacks a first name in all such records. Familiar with these writings, Joyce was sufficiently intrigued by the nominal omission to reproduce it in his *Dubliners* story, where the protagonist cherishes the girl's name but never pronounces it. Gerber also contends that Joyce drew heavily upon the details and language of Mangan's *Fragment of an Unpublished Autobiography* in describing the protagonist's circumstances, and that the young protagonist's romantic ardor was inspired by Mangan's self-descriptive newspaper sketch. In the latter, Mangan recalls his boyhood devotion to his sister as he undertook a mission of purchase for her, as a "knight errant" holding "a small copper in hand." Gerber concludes that, while the first name of Mangan's sister is lost to history, Joyce fashioned an enduring "fictionalized version" of her in "Araby."

Four essays in this volume plumb the psychological and linguistic intricacies of *Finnegans Wake*. In her study of insanity in the book, Margaret McBride poses the provocative question of whether Joyce's "loonacied" tale is a "dream about madness" or the work of a mad narrator who is dreaming. McBride argues that the *Wake* is both, demonstrating its "relentless imaginings of insanity" in abundant allusions to insane artists from Tasso and Donizetti to John Clare and Mary Lamb; proliferating

puns involving suggestive words such as “fond,” “tetched,” “rage and (especially) *praecox*”; and polyglot word salads that proceed from a deranged associational logic of cognates and homophones. McBride characterizes this compulsive style as a form of “psychotic composition,” one in which the *Wake*’s narrator (but not Joyce himself) reveals a “disordered head” that is “disintegrating before the reader’s eyes” as it attempts to reveal and conceal meaning simultaneously. Encountering networks of encryption, the reader, not unlike a psychiatrist, must excavate both the narrator’s dream formation and his psychotic thinking in search of “latent meaning.” Central to this process of discovery, McBride suggests, is Joyce’s encoding of the legend of St. Martin of Tours, who divided his cape to give to a beggar and then dreamed that Christ was wearing the torn garment. The torn “cappa” becomes a Wakean metaphor for the schizophrenic mind, and the saint an avatar of psychic derangement. Martin’s presence is implicit not only in Issy’s affiliated hallucination of St. Dymphna (patroness of the insane), but in HCE and ALP as well. The couple is drawn into the book’s “mad discourse,” particularly in the “Night Lessons” scene, through Joyce’s anagrammatic inscription of their six initials within etymologically related words that are, through St. Martin, linked to insanity: cappa (cape), caput (head), chapel, and “*Chapelizod*”—or “the head of Issy.” McBride concludes that, through this subtle synergy, Joyce extends his “exploration of derangement” beyond the narrator’s discourse and makes it “coalesce” around the “madwake’s” central protagonists.

Boriana Alexandrova’s essay “Wakeful Translations” provides a comparative analysis of two little-known Russian renderings of portions of Joyce’s last work: Henri Volokhonsky’s *Weik Finneganov* and Konstantin Belyaev’s transliteration of “Anna Livia Plurabelle.” Alexandrova begins with the assumption that no version of the *Wake* in any language can be a reliable “equivalent of the original” because Joyce’s multilingualism and stratified puns make reading the text even as Joyce wrote it an act of translation. However, Russian translators face two particularly daunting challenges: a different graphological system, Cyrillic, and “grammatical demands” that limit the “proliferating semantic layering” and simultaneity of meaning that Joyce’s Anglophone syntax accommodates. Within these lexical parameters, Volokhonsky’s and Belyaev’s versions, both published in 2000, represent radically different approaches to translation. The former engages in what Alexandrova terms “linguistic domestication,” a

simplification of meaning in the interest of a “linear semantic and narrative flow.” Volokhonsky typically “flattens out” cultural nuances and “contains” the poly-lingual play of Wake to disclose “core meanings,” beginning with his narrowing of the manifold implications of “past Eve and Adam’s.” Alexandrova observes that Volokhonsky’s translation also occasionally departs from Joyce’s text—and from a European modernist context—for purposes of his own poetic self-expression. By contrast, Belyaev employs a “transcription method,” which Alexandrova likens to the mode of incremental genetic inquiry Erik Bindervoet and Robbert-Jan Henkes used in their recent Dutch translation of *Finnegans Wake*. Belyaev surrounds his translation of Book I, Chapter 8 with ancillary, contextual materials missing in Volokhonsky’s work, including Joyce’s original text and elucidating commentaries on palimpsestic names such as “Johnny Walker Beg.” Belyaev also daringly coins Russian neologisms and portmanteaus that strive to approximate Joyce’s own, sometimes with “remarkable resourcefulness and richness.” Nevertheless, Alexandrova notes, the work’s reliance on extra-textual glosses of the *Wake*’s allusions and *double entendres* reveals challenges that even the book’s most innovative translators have yet to surmount.

Tracing the etymological implications and permutations of the phrase “leafy speafing” in the *Wake*’s final pages, Colleen Jaurretche identifies Anna Livia’s voice as the Joycean “prototype of letters and words” and regards her closing meditation as a form of drama. Jaurretche notes that ALP’s combined expression of hopes, fears, and remembrances reflects Joyce’s emphasis on the genre’s representation of the “underlying laws” of human nature in his early essay “Drama and Life.” Figured simultaneously as a woman, a river, and a “cluster of letters,” Anna Livia reveals herself as she speaks to her silent partner in what Jaurretche characterizes as “dramatic monologue or soliloquy.” Jaurretche observes that the circumstantial ambiguity of ALP’s voice—both dreaming and awake, lying in a bedroom and flowing out to sea, moving toward death and waiting for dawn—reflects “the ontological problems” common to both these poetic forms. Entwining past, present, and future, Anna Livia’s monologue is, at once, epiphany, apocalypse, and prayer, a “working through [of] the underlying laws of loss to reconstitute presence in the world.” Her final “Lf” suggests “life.”

John Gordon presents a much darker view of Wakean life in arguing that the text itself takes the form of “a letter in a bottle” carried from “North Armorica” to Ireland on the Gulf Stream. In support of this

proposition, Gordon suggests that HCE and ALP recall scanning Dublin Bay in search of a floating message from America, and he notes that Earwicker, who fears shattering glass, is himself initially imprisoned in a large bottle (“glasstone”). This container is meant to recall the whisky bottle whose spilled contents revive Finnegan, but Gordon stresses that the pleasure of alcohol, produced by the “noble rot” of organic matter, is merely compensatory in a world of perpetual fermentation and breakdown. Joyce founds the *Wake* on the heretical doctrine of creation as fall; and in this degenerate state of being, the whisky bottle serves as a substitute for “thwarted and twisted” sexual desire, “a longing for something never sufficient.” In keeping with this vision of chronic dissatisfaction, Gordon notes the irony of a letter that HCE eventually receives: Although it comes in a whisky bottle, it bears a “teastain,” suggesting its origin in Puritanical, eros-denying Boston. This is a very different vessel, indeed, from the youthful Joyce’s ink bottle that contained the Holy Ghost.

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