James Joyce's *Ulysses*

English 4520F
Michael Groden

"Wandering Rocks"
"Sirens"

October 28, 2013

Wandering Rocks 1

no Homeric parallel: Odysseus has to choose between Scylla-Charybdis and Rocks

episode's technique: labyrinth

Church at beginning, State at end

interpolations - time scheme is accurate
date June 16, 1904 given (10:376)

Stephen in episode:
1) with sister Dilly ("agenbite of inwit"; 10:854-80)
2) with Almidano Artifoni (in Italian; 10:338-66)
+ 3) Mulligan and Haines talk about Stephen: "write something in ten years" (10:1089-93)

Wandering Rocks 2

Bloom in episode: "There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom" (Lenehan at 10:582 - cf. 7:608)
+ *Sweets of Sin*

throwaway (10:294 - cf. 8:6, 8:56-57)

Gold Cup horse race (10:506-19)

Father Connem on General Slocum "catastrophe" in New York City (10:89 + 8:1146-47)

"the initial style"

"I understand that you may begin to regard the various styles of the episodes with dismay and prefer the initial style much as the wanderer did who longed for the rock of Ithaca. But in the compass of one day to compress all these wanderings and clothe them in the form of this day is for me only possible by such variation which, I beg you to believe, is not capricious."

(letter from Joyce to Harriet Shaw Weaver, August 6, 1919)
<table>
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<tr>
<th>&quot;the middle stage&quot;</th>
<th>&quot;Sirens&quot; 1</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>early stage</strong></td>
<td>technic: &quot;fuga per canonem&quot; (actually, only a fugue): barmmaids as subject, Bloom as countersubject (one of the new manuscripts lists the 8 parts of a fugue)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1-9: &quot;Telemachus&quot; to</td>
<td>Bloom on music:</td>
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<td>&quot;Scylla and Charybdis&quot;</td>
<td>numbers it is (11:830-37)</td>
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<td>other joy, chamber music (11:979-85)</td>
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<td><strong>middle stage</strong></td>
<td>musical form - examples: 11:86 or 11:809</td>
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<td>10-14: &quot;Wandering Rocks&quot; to</td>
<td>&quot;Siopold&quot; (11:744-53)</td>
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<td>&quot;Oxen of the Sun&quot;</td>
<td>flat and sharp (11:836 and 839)</td>
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<td><strong>last stage</strong></td>
<td>&quot;Sirens&quot; 2</td>
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<td>15-18: &quot;Circe&quot; to &quot;Penelope&quot;</td>
<td>Bloom: &quot;unconquered hero&quot; (11:342 - after mention of a song, &quot;See, the Conquering Hero Comes&quot; - 11:340)</td>
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<td>(Michael Groden, &quot;Ulysses&quot; in Progress [1977])</td>
<td>&quot;Not yet. At four she.&quot; (11:352)</td>
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<th>&quot;Sirens&quot; 2</th>
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<td><strong>Bloom</strong>: &quot;unconquered hero&quot; (11:342 - after mention of a song, &quot;See, the Conquering Hero Comes&quot; - 11:340)</td>
<td>songs:</td>
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<td>&quot;Not yet. At four she.&quot; (11:352)</td>
<td>&quot;When first I saw&quot; (&quot;M'appari,&quot; from Flotow's Martha) (11:665-753)</td>
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<td>Gold Cup horse race (11:374)</td>
<td>&quot;The Croppy Boy&quot; (11:1011-1141)</td>
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<td>&quot;Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that.&quot; (11:979-81)</td>
<td>counterpoint: Bloom writing letter to Martha Clifford while talking to Richie Goulding (11:888-94)</td>
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<th>&quot;Sirens&quot; 3</th>
<th>&quot;M'appari&quot; (Martha): 11:665-751 (1)</th>
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<tr>
<td>songs:</td>
<td>(underlined words are quoted in &quot;Sirens&quot;)</td>
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<td>&quot;When first I saw that form endearing, Sorrow from me seemed to depart: Each graceful look, each word so cheering Charm'd my eye and won my heart. Full of hope, and all delighted, None could feel more blest than I; All on Earth I then could wish for Was near her to live and die:</td>
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"Sirens": Robert Emmet's last words

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

(last words of Robert Emmet's speech to the English court that condemned him to death in 1803)
"M'appari" (Martha): 11:665-751 (2)

But alas! 'twas idle dreaming,
And the dream too soon hath flown;
Not one ray of hope is gleaming;
I am lost, yes I am lost, for she is gone.

When first I saw that form endearing,
Sorrow from me seemed to depart:
Each graceful look, each word so cheering
Charm'd my eye and won my heart.

"M'appari" (Martha): 11:665-751 (3)

Martha, Martha, I am sighing,
I am weeping still, for thee;
Come, thou lost one; come, thou dear one;
Thou alone can'st comfort me.

Ah! Martha return!
Come . . . to me!

"The Croppy Boy": 11:1007-1141 (1)

(underlined words are quoted in "Sirens")

"Good men and true in this house who dwell,
To a stranger bouchal [boy] I pray you tell,
Is the priest at home, or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."
"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait till I go and see
If the holy Father alone may be."
The youth has entered an empty hall --
What a lonely sound has his light footfall.
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

"The Croppy Boy": 11:1007-1141 (2)

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;
At "mea culpa" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.
"I cursed three times since last Easter day --
At Mass-time once I went out to play;
'I passed the churchyard one day in haste
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest."
"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,"
And at Gorey my loving brothers all,
I alone am left of my name and race.
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"The Croppy Boy": 11:1007-1141 (3)

"I bear no hate against living thing,
But I love my country above the King.
Now, bless me, Father, and let me go,
To die if God has ordained it so."
The priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise:
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.
With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse:
"'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here
and shrieve

"The Croppy Boy": 11:1007-1141 (4)

For one short hour is your time to live,"
"Upon von river three tenders float,
The priest's in one -- if he isn't shot --
We hold this house for our lord the King,
And Amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"
At Geneva Barracks that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people, who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer, shed a tear for the
Croppy Boy.