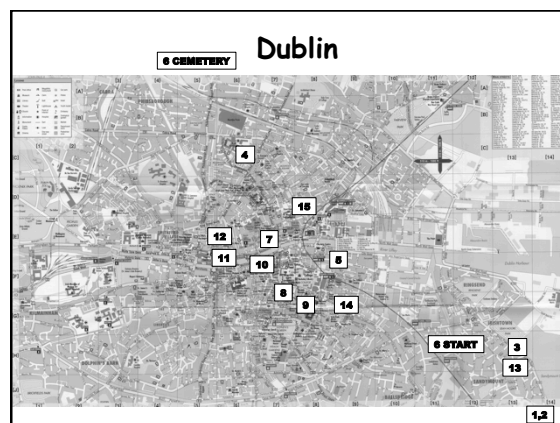


James Joyce's *Ulysses*

English 9014A
Episodes 4-15
October 11, 2011



Joyce on Odysseus

"Your complete man in literature is, I suppose, Ulysses?"
"Yes," said Joyce. "No-age Faust isn't a man. But you mentioned Hamlet. Hamlet is a human being, but he is a son only. Ulysses is son to Laertes, but he is father to Telemachus, husband to Penelope, lover of Calypso, companion in arms of the Greek warriors around Troy and King of Ithaca. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all. Don't forget that he was a war dodger who tried to evade military service by simulating madness. He might never have taken up arms and gone to Troy, but the Greek recruiting sergeant was too clever for him and, while he was ploughing the sands, placed young Telemachus in front of his plough. But once at the war the conscientious objector became a jusqu'aboutist*. When the others wanted to abandon the siege he insisted on staying till Troy should fall."

(Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses,"* p. 16)

*a "to-the-end"-ist: someone who sticks it out until the end, who is in it for the duration

Stephen's and Bloom's shapes

"I have just got a letter asking me why I don't give Bloom a rest. The writer of it [Ezra Pound] wants more Stephen. But Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can't be changed."

(Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses,"* p. 105)

(... On the farther side under the railway bridge Bloom appears, flushed, panting, cramming bread and chocolate into a sidepocket. From Gillen's hairdresser's window a composite portrait shows him gallant Nelson's image. A concave mirror at the side presents to him lovelorn longlost lugubru Boolooohoom. Grave Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the stare of truculent Wellington, but in the convex mirror grin unstruck the bonham eyes and fatchuck cheekchops of jollypoldy the rixdix doldy. ...)

(Circe 15:141-49, p. 354)

the *mot juste* – re 8:638-39, p. 138

I enquired about Ulysses. Was it progressing?
"I have been working hard on it all day," said Joyce.
"Does that mean that you have written a great deal?" I said.
"Two sentences," said Joyce.
I looked sideways but Joyce was not smiling. I thought of Flaubert.
"You have been seeking the *mot juste*?" I said.
"No," said Joyce. "I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in the sentence. There is an order in every way appropriate. I think I have it."

"What are the words?" I asked.

"I believe I told you," said Joyce, "that my book is a modern Odyssey. Every episode in it corresponds to an adventure of Ulysses. I am now writing the *Lestrygonians* episode, which corresponds to the adventure of Ulysses with the cannibals. My hero is going to lunch. But there is a seduction motive in the Odyssey, the cannibal king's daughter. Seduction appears in my book as women's silk petticoats hanging in a shop window. The words through which I express the effect of it on my hungry hero are: 'Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.' You can see for yourself in how many different ways they might be arranged."

(Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses,"* pp. 19-20)

style of each episode

"It is also a kind of encyclopaedia. My intention is not only to render the myth *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."

(letter to Carlo Linati, September 21, 1920; *Letters* 1:146-47, *Selected Letters* 270-71)

"Among other things," he said, "my book is the epic of the human body. ... In my book the body lives in and moves through space and is the home of a full human personality. The words I write are adapted to express first one of its functions then another. In *Lestrygonians* the stomach dominates and the rhythm of the episode is that of the peristaltic movement."

"But the minds, the thoughts of the characters," I began.

"If they had no body they would have no mind," said Joyce. "It's all one. Walking towards his lunch my hero, Leopold Bloom, thinks of his wife, and says to himself, 'Molly's legs are out of plumb.' At another time of day he might have expressed the same thought without any underthought of food. But I want the reader to understand always through suggestion rather than direct statement."

(Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses,"* p. 21)
cf. "Molly looks out of plumb." (8:619-20, p. 138)

the early, middle, and last stages (1)

"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 possible only by such variation which, I beg you to believe, is not capricious."

(letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, August 6, 1919, *Letters* 1:129, *Selected Letters*, p. 242)

"*Nausikaa* is written in a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto là!) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter's palette, chitchat, circumlocutions, etc. etc. Not so long as the others."

(letter to Frank Budgen, January 3, 1920, *Letters* 1:135, *Selected Letters*, p. 246)

the early, middle, and last stages (2)

Am working hard at *Oxen of the Sun*, the idea being the crime committed against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition. Scene, lying-in hospital. Technique: a nineparted episode without divisions introduced by a Sallustian-Tacitean prelude (the unfertilized ovum), then by way of earliest English alliterative and monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon ('Before born the babe had bliss. Within the womb he won worship.' 'Bloom dull dreamy heard: in held hat stony staring') then by way of Mandeville ('there came forth a scholar of medicine that men clepen etc') then Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* ('but that franklin Leneban was prompt ever to pour them so that at the least way mirth should not lack'), then the Elizabethan chronicle style ('about that present time young Stephen filled all cups'), then a passage solemn, as of Milton, Taylor, Hooker, followed by a choppy Latin-gossipy bit, style of Burton-Browne, then a passage Bunyanesque ('the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore whose name she said is Bird in the Hand') after a diarystyle bit Pepys-Evelyn ('Bloom sitting snug with a party of wags, among them Dixon jun., Ja. Lynch, Doc. Madden and Stephen D. for a languor he had before and was now better, he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy and Mistress Purefoy there to be delivered, poor body, two days past her time and the midwives hard put to it, God send her quick issue') and so on through Defoe-Swift and Steele-Addison-Sterne and Landor-Pater-Newman until it ends in a frightful jumble of Pidgin English, nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel. This progression is also linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development in the embryo and the periods of faunal evolution in general. The double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive recurs from time to time ('Loth to move from Horne's house') to give the sense of the hoofs of oxen. Bloom is the spermatozoon, the hospital the womb, the nurse the ovum, Stephen the embryo.

How's that for high?

(letter to Frank Budgen, March 20, 1920, *Letters* 1:139-40, *Selected Letters*, pp. 251-52)

Throwaway (Lotus Eaters, Cyclops, etc.)



Throwaway, Ascot Gold Cup winner, June 16, 1904
James Joyce Broadsheet, No. 18 (October 1985), p. 1

**Martin Harvey
 (13:415, p. 293) in
 "The Only Way"
 (1889 and after,
 maybe 1904)**

**John Martin
 Harvey
 (1863-1944)**



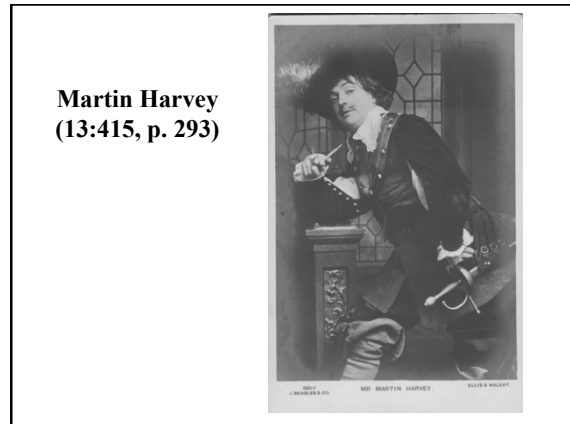
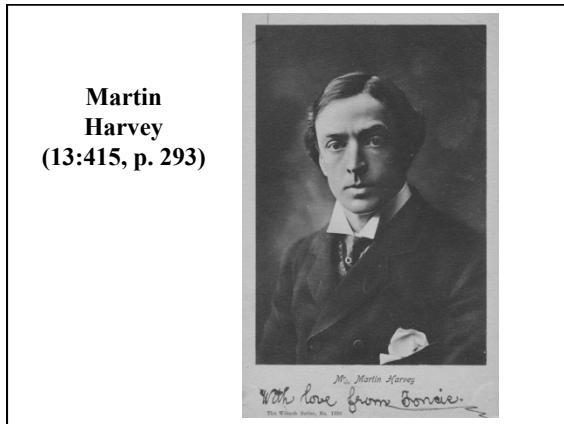
**Martin
 Harvey
 (13:415, p. 293)**

**maybe from
 1904**



**Martin
 Harvey
 (13:415, p. 293)
 in "Boy
 O' Carroll"
 (1906)**





"Calypso" 4:408-9 (also 4:281-82)

**from Milly's letter to Bloom:
"and he sings Boylan's
(I was on the pop of writing
Blazes Boylan's)
song about those seaside girls."**

"Seaside Girls" 1

Down at Margate looking very charming
you are sure to meet
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls,
With sticks they steer and promenade the pier
to give the boys a treat,
In pique silks and lace,
They tip you quite a playful wink
It always is the case, you seldom stop to think,
You fall in love of course upon the spot,
But not with one girl, always with the lot.

"Seaside Girls" 2

Chorus:

Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples smiles and curls,
your head it simply whirls,
They look all right, complexions pink and white,
They've diamond rings and dainty feet,
Golden hair from Regent Street,
Lace and grace and lots of face,
those pretty little seaside girls.

"Seaside Girls" 3

There's Maud and Clara, Gwendolen and Sarah
where do they come from?
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls.
In bloomers smart, they captivate the heart,
when cycling down the prom.
At wheels and heels and hose, you must not look
'tis understood,
But every Johnnie knows, it does your eyesight good.
The boys observe the latest thing in socks,
They learn the time by looking at the clocks.
[chorus]

"Seaside Girls" 4

Chorus:

Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples smiles and curls,
your head it simply whirls,
They look all right, complexions pink and white,
They've diamond rings and dainty feet,
Golden hair from Regent Street,
Lace and grace and lots of face,
those pretty little seaside girls.

"Seaside Girls" 5

When you go to do a little boating
just for fun you take,
Those girls, dear girls, those lovely seaside girls,
They all say, "We so dearly love the sea."
Their way on board they make.
The wind begins to blow. Each girl remarks,
"How rough today,
It's lovely don't you know."
And then they sneak away.
And as the yacht keeps rolling with the tide,
You'll notice hanging o'er the vessel's side
[chorus]

"Seaside Girls" 6

Chorus:

Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples smiles and curls,
your head it simply whirls,
They look a sight, complexions green and white,
Their hats fly off, and at your feet
Falls golden hair from Regent Street,
Rouge and puffs slip down the cuffs
of pretty little seaside girls.

"Seaside Girls" 7

Chorus:

Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls,
All dimples smiles and curls,
your head it simply whirls,
They look all right, complexions pink and white,
They've diamond rings and dainty feet,
Golden hair from Regent Street,
Lace and grace and lots of face,
those pretty little seaside girls.

"Calypso" 4:313-14

—What are you singing?
—*Là ci darem* with J.C. Doyle, she
said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.

Là ci darem is a duet from Mozart's
opera *Don Giovanni*.

Mozart: "*Là ci darem*" 1

Giovanni:

Là ci darem la mano

Once there, you'll give me your

Là mi dirai di sì.

hand, and you'll say Yes.

Vedi, non è lontano,

Look, it's not far away;

Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Let's go along, my dear.

Zerlina:

Vorrei, e non vorrei,

I'd like to, but then I wouldn't.

Mi trema un poco il cor.

I'm a little bit frightened.

Felice, è ver, sarei,

It's true that I'd be happy, but

Ma può burlarmi ancor.

he may not be telling the truth.

Mozart: "Là ci darem" 2Giovanni:

Vieni, mio bel diletto! *Come, my dearest.*

Zerlina:

Mi fa pietà Masetto. *I'm worried about Masetto.*

Giovanni:

Io cangierò tua sorte. *I'll change your way of living.*

Zerlina:

Presto, non son più forte. *I can't resist much longer.*

Mozart: "Là ci darem" 3Giovanni:

Vieni! Vieni! Là ci darem *Come! You'll give me*
la mano, *your hand,*

Là mi dirai di sì. *And you'll say Yes.*

Zerlina:

Vorrei e non vorrei; *I'd like to, but then I wouldn't.*

Mi trema un poco il cor. *I'm a little bit frightened.*

Giovanni and Zerlina:

Andiam, andiam, mio bene, *Let us go, let us go, my darling*
A ristorar le pene *and make innocent love.*

D' un innocente amor.

"Love's Old Sweet Song" 1

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts, Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

"Love's Old Sweet Song" 2Chorus:

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go;
Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight,
Comes love's sweet song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

"Love's Old Sweet Song" 3

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it, at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

"Love's Old Sweet Song" 4Chorus:

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go;
Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight,
Comes love's sweet song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

"M'appari" (Martha): 11:665-751 (1)

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:

"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!