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A

**'Give Us This Day Our Daily Press': Journalism  
in the Life and Art of James Joyce**

by

**James Broderick**

**A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in English  
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of  
Doctor of Philosophy, the City University of New York**

**1999**

**UMI Number: 9917634**

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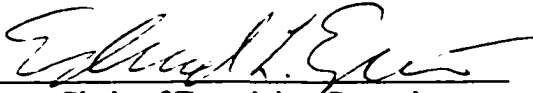
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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in English in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

July 22, 1999  
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### Acknowledgements

In addition to the many friends and family members who offered support throughout the compilation of this study, I would like specifically to thank the following for their assistance and suggestions: Professor Harold Spicer, formerly of Indiana State University; Professor Martha Black of Brooklyn College; Professors David Gordon and Fred Kaplan of the City University of New York Graduate Center, for their participation on my Dissertation Committee; Professor E. L. Epstein, of the CUNY Graduate School and Queens College, for his untiring efforts on behalf of this study; and Linda Sherwin, program assistant for the English Department of the Graduate School, for general crisis management.

A special "thank you" to Mr. Malcolm Power for sharing his interpretations of Joyce during many long discussions, and for providing prime study space (and instant coffee) throughout graduate school; thanks also to Ms. Judith Pierce for making work space available when circumstances, or noisy babies, made escape necessary, and to Mr. Ron Leir for sharing his thoughts and reference materials on Joyce-related matters.

To my parents, I offer a wholly inadequate but necessary expression of my gratitude. My father has always exemplified the dignity which underlies education, the grace that comes from knowledge, and the confidence that results from preparation; my mother gave me the love of music and the sense of humor necessary to appreciate great literature (such as Joyce's work, or *Robert the Rose Horse...*).

Finally -- and most importantly -- although this study doesn't include her name on the title page, I certainly couldn't have done this without the writing, editing and child-restraining skills of my wife, Miri. Though our daughters Olivia and Madeline did their best to prevent the following pages from being written or printed -- or a spill-proof final draft from actually making it into the binder -- it was Miri who, as always, kept all the plates spinning without any serious breakage. Thanks for another great collaboration, Miri!

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The song of the Sirens:  
"We know everything that happens in the world"

Homer, *The Odyssey* XII, 191

*Introduction*

*Hold to the now, the here, through which all future  
plunges to the past.*

*(Ulysses, 9.89)*

Stephen's attempts, documented in *Ulysses*, to wrestle the phenomenal world into meaning result in the imperative above, a striving for something immediate and real: the now, the here. In uttering these words to himself, Stephen reinforces a theme of *Ulysses* -- the need to find in the present some sustaining glimpse of the eternal -- without succumbing to "the nightmare of history." Joyce offers in his fictional corpus an exploration of how raw experience, "the now, the here" impinges on human consciousness, shaping and reshaping our perceptions of the world. The vehicle for Joyce's critique of this process, I hope to demonstrate, is as commonplace as it is essential: the daily metropolitan newspaper specifically, and the journalism profession in general.

I will present in this study a wide-ranging discussion of journalism -- specifically, print journalism -- and its impact on Joyce the man and artist. Drawing on the disparate biographical evidence available, I will show how daily

newspapers formed a key part of Joyce's initial exposure to language. There is ample evidence to prove that the boiler-plate language, the high-blown rhetoric, the empty talk of advertisements, the second-hand quality of "factual" reporting, the gallows humor and the classical Irish overstatement endemic to the Irish press of Joyce's youth had a profound impact on the artist as a young reader who fed on a daily diet of Dublin journalism.

Just as the school-age Stephen, feverish in the Clongowes Wood infirmary, eagerly awaits the arrival of the newspaper because "there was every kind of news in the paper: accidents, shipwrecks, sports and politics" (AP 34), so does Joyce seem to have attached a profound significance to printed accounts of news and the people who produce the news. Consider the following (highly reductive) list of connections between Joyce and print journalism:

- Joyce knew several journalists and editors well, and he maintained close contact with many of them throughout his life.
- Joyce observed closely the workings of reporters and pressmen and the conditions under which newspapers were produced and distributed.
- Joyce wrote dozens of articles and reviews for newspapers, and was able to secure press credentials and press passes, which he used on several occasions.

- Joyce considered starting his own daily newspaper.
- Despite his celebrated eye troubles, Joyce read several newspapers, in several languages, every day, and he read them closely.
- Some of Joyce's most significant fictional characters, as well as the many peripheral characters who populate his Dublin, are connected to the press.
- The rhetoric specific to the journalism trade is represented explicitly (and implicitly) throughout the canon.
- Newspapers appear throughout his work, and often the contents of articles or advertisements form key areas in the stories and novels.
- Many of Joyce's characters show evidence of having recently read newspapers.
- The only section of *Ulysses* that Joyce chose to record in his own voice came from 'Aeolus,' which is set in a newspaper office.

My study, then, traces the inter-relationship among the print media, Joyce the creator, and the fictional worlds of the major works. I intend to explore this web of connections in a way that will shed new light on Joyce's art, while at the same time serving (I hope) as a corrective to the theoretical excesses which treat the popular press of Joyce's

day as a disembodied, authorless social force whose machinations are neither determined by, nor answerable to, real human beings.

To borrow the words of Stanislaus Joyce, who watched this lifelong fascination with the print medium take shape in the mind of his older brother, these connections are worth exploring:

In the case of a writer whose early impressions were so vivid and lasting, and who, moreover, deliberately chose the Dublin of his adolescent years as the main, if not the sole subject matter of his artistic production, it is not idle to ask how those impressions became so firmly fixed in his mind. (6)

An understanding of how Joyce first became exposed to those impressions and how he achieved the means to translate them into some of this century's most profoundly affecting fiction is the overall aim of my study. Daily newspapers and their many hybrids are responsible, I believe, for a greater contribution to the Joycean canon than has previously been realized. The validity of my argument depends in part on a re-examination of the biographical evidence, a thorough record whose oft-repeated headlines have perhaps prevented many readers and critics from feeling obligated to scan the fine print. As I hope to show, however, the artist-in-development gave the Dublin of his youth a very close reading.

Chapter One  
Portrait of the Artist as a Journalist

The press corps which Joyce memorialized in his works was far too charismatic, far too human, to be dismissed as a mere "narcotizing" entity, as Ellmann contends:

He used...as his principale emblem of modern capitalism the newspaper, wasting the spirit with its persistent attacks upon the integrity of the word, narcotizing its reader with superficial facts, habituating them to secular and clerical authority. (1977:78)

Ellmann's dismissal of the possibility that Joyce may have had some additional reasons for appropriating the rhetoric or form of the newspaper is shared by a number of critics, most notably Cheryl Herr, who posits the world of journalism as one of the agencies of Dublin's paralysis: "Joyce, of course, believed from his youth that the Dublin press was corrupt" (69), a remarkably broad conclusion that ignores much of the biographical evidence and fails to account for Joyce's lifelong interest in the Irish press. Carol Shloss makes the same charge in almost identical language: "The trouble with Dublin, Joyce decided, was that its

newspapers were corrupt" (325).

A less immediately dismissive reading of the stories and novels reveals Joyce's far more complex and often positive view of the periodical press. Ellmann's idea that Joyce strove to imitate, participate in, mingle with, and memorialize an industry and its practitioners merely to make some abstract political point, or even more unbelievably, purely out of spite, or to even the score with some old enemies, is difficult to sustain.

Joyce's works are bustling with pressmen, correspondents, editors, and newsboys, constantly emerging and shouting from every cranny of his works, infiltrating his characters' psyches; even the prostitute Florry in "Nighttown" gives evidence of having read that day's newspaper. The world of journalism and its practitioners engendered a complex reaction in Joyce, not unlike his feelings about such entities as Ireland itself, or the Catholic church. To dismiss the popular press as "narcotizing" leaves unaccountable Joyce's interest in the newspaper as a cherished part of his daily routine and his demonstrated desire to acquaint himself with the mechanics of newspaper production and the people who produce the newspaper.

Among the ample biographical evidence to establish Joyce as a rapt reader and listener of news from his youth is the

following anecdote:

John Joyce, fearsome and jovial by turns, kept the family's life from being either comfortable or tedious. In his better moods he was their comic: at breakfast one morning, for example, he read from the *Freeman's Journal* the obituary notice of a friend, Mrs. Cassidy. May Joyce was shocked and cried out, 'Oh! Don't tell me that Mrs. Cassidy is dead.' 'Well, I don't quite know about that,' replied John Joyce, eyeing his wife solemnly through his monocle, 'but someone has taken the liberty of burying her.' James burst into laughter, repeated the joke later to his schoolmaster, and still later to the readers of *Ulysses*. (Ellmann, 1982:44)

This anecdote is often cited as an example of John Joyce's wit, but it seems to me to serve a more important critical function. It clearly establishes that the young Joyce was subjected to regular recitations from the daily newspaper at the breakfast table and that he paid close attention to what he heard.

Part of the reason John Joyce read the *Freeman's Journal* regularly was because he once worked for the *Journal* as a canvasser for commercial advertisements (Stanislaus Joyce, 63; Ellmann, 79) -- which of course is the same occupation

followed by Leopold Bloom. Another publication which figures prominently in both *Ulysses* and the household where Joyce grew up is *Titbits*, which Stanislaus tells us "was the only one my father used to read for general culture" (92).

James, according to his younger brother Stanislaus, paid close attention to the style of the papers in the home. "My brother's two prizes for English composition were the reward of a diligent study of style..." (89), writes Stanislaus, and though sometimes these essays were deliberate imitations of Carlyle, Newman, and De Quincey, "more indicative of the trend of his thoughts were the sketches he began to write at school" (90). Two of these sketches, Stanislaus tells us,

were what the editors of weekly periodicals call 'plotty.' In fact, one of them, suitably written down to the style of a weekly paper admired by Leopold Bloom, was to have been sent to *Titbits* as a joke and as an experiment in raising the wind.  
(91)

Ellmann maintains that the enterprise also had a more practical purpose: the story intended for *Titbits* was written "mainly to make money" (50). The piece -- a fiction about the attempted assassination of a man dressed as a Russian diplomat -- clearly captured Joyce's imagination. An incident

involving the assassination of a Russian general appears in both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*:

Three or four years later, [Joyce] rewrote the story simply as a burlesque--a transformation that he was often to practice with ideas taken at first with some seriousness--and he refers to it jocularly in *Ulysses* as 'Matcham's Masterstroke' (50).

In *Finnegans Wake*, the Russian General -- "the frustrate fourstar Russkakruscam" (352.33) -- gets shot in the rear end by Buckley, who "gave one dobblenotch and I ups with my crozzier. Mirrdo!" (353.19-20).

Ellmann quotes a report -- perhaps unreliable -- from one of Joyce's boyhood friends that the young author was also the editor of an informal school newspaper at Belvedere College. Such an undertaking seems likely given Joyce's increasing immersion in the world of journalistic practice and style. As a student at Belvedere, he would often write reviews of every play he saw "so as to contrast his opinions with those of newspaper reviewers" (54). Such reviews -- and in fact much of what is today considered specialized reporting and often relegated to the "Entertainment" section of many newspapers -- constituted an important part of many daily newspapers in Dublin. What may have helped attract Joyce to newspapers was

the reliance many periodicals placed on "culture" as a news-maker. As Richard Kain notes:

In those days, literature really mattered. There was always something new and controversial in the theatre. Dublin newspapers published many articles and letters on literary and political issues (3).

Joyce's daily scrutiny of a variety of periodicals and the ability to imitate a variety of journalistic styles eventually aided him in selling articles to the periodical press. Peter Costello argues that the publication of Joyce's article on Ibsen in the *Fortnightly Review*, written when he was only seventeen, marked a turning point in Joyce's life. Costello contends this first public success in print finally gave the young artist the notice and achievement he craved:

Among his contemporaries and his professors, the impression was wonderful. Here, clearly, was a real achievement. For all his eccentricities, Joyce...was a person of actual achievement. (165)

This first score led Joyce, "[who] to the amazement of his professors and classmates, received twelve guineas for it" (Mason, 92), to embark on writing more reviews for the press,

and it led ultimately to a vision of himself as journalist. "The hope was that with some more journalism to do, Joyce might be able to pay his way to Paris" (Schiff, 199). In fact, after he graduated from University College and made his way to Paris, Joyce enjoyed a brief, fruitful period in the journalistic trade. He held, for a time, the post of "writer of literary and dramatic notes in Paris" for a new paper, *Men and Women* (Schiff, 204).

The prospect of a stint in the journalism trade, however fleeting, seems to have truly pleased the newly arrived Parisian, as the following letter sent to his father suggests:

I have been appointed writer of literary and dramatic notes in Paris (with a suggestion that I should become Paris correspondent if my work pleases) for a new sixpenny weekly but the first no. will not appear till March. I have however to submit my contribution as soon as possible and the payment is very high (L2-2-0 per 1000 words or twice the pay of the 'Academy') I have seen the editor of the 'Academy' too and have left my article with him and he is to tell me whether he thinks I will suit his paper. I cannot see Mr Tuohy till late tonight. Be sure to push on the '*Irish Times*' and to let me know how the matter is going

and also what exactly O'Hara said. I have written also to Courtney and expect letters from him and Archer (if he is in London) in the morning.

(Selected Letters, 12)

Joyce here appears fully engaged as he casts a broad net in search of journalism work, from Ireland -- Matthew O'Hara was a reporter for the *Irish Times* -- to England -- William Courtney was an English journalist and editor of *Fortnightly Review* -- and Paris. Joyce continued to write reviews of plays, and he sent several reviews to the *Daily Express* of Dublin, all the while eager to expand his repertoire:

That Joyce was interested in other journalistic outlets is indicated by a piece on Jacques Lebaudy, the infamous French adventurer then attempting to establish a personal fief in North Africa. Such a piece has the appearance not of a letter to the press, but perhaps of a second leader for the *Evening Telegraph*. (Schiff, 216)

Joyce's journalistic forays did indeed expand far beyond reviews. In 1903, the *Irish Times* published Joyce's interview with the French race-car driver Henri Fournier, who was preparing to come to Ireland to compete in the James Gordon

Bennett Cup race. Joyce later mined this interview -- published under the title 'The Motor Derby' and subtitled 'Interview with the French Champion from a Correspondent' -- for his *Dubliners* story "After the Race." In fact, the phrase "after the Race" appears in the interview as a response to a question posed by Joyce:

[Joyce]: Will you remain any time in Ireland?

[Fournier]: After the Race?

[Joyce]: Yes.

[Fournier] I am afraid not. I should like to, but I don't think I can. [*Critical Writings*, 108]

Joyce returned to Ireland after his brief stay in Paris and decided to start a daily newspaper in collaboration with his friend Francis Skeffington. The halfpenny daily publication was to have been called *The Goblin*. "It would be literary rather than political, although he agreed that general issues such as the emancipation of women, pacifism and socialism might be discussed" (Shloss 321). The name of the paper, "a merrily sinister contrast to the *Freeman's Journal*, *Irish Times* and *Daily Express*" (Ellmann, 140), was perhaps fitting for what turned out to be such an ill-fated undertaking. A lack of capital kept the paper -- which was

planned as a rival to the then-current publication *Lepracaun* (Costello, 217) -- from ever being published.

It would be wrong, however, to characterize Joyce's relationship with the world of journalism as one of bad luck. When Joyce left Ireland in 1904, he still had many years of productive, even lucrative, association with editors and newspapers ahead of him. Although, as Ellmann puts it, "During Joyce's years on the continent he demonstrated a remarkable capacity to fall from every slight foothold" (254), he often lifted himself up economically and emotionally through his work in the press.

For instance, in 1907, during a particularly pronounced period of indigence while he was living in Trieste, when Stanislaus "was about to explode with rage over [Joyce's] constant demands for money" (254), Joyce earned some desperately needed funds writing a series of articles commissioned by *Il Piccolo della Sera* on the "evils of empire in Ireland" (255). One of Joyce's former Triestine English students, Roberto Prezioso, was for a time editor of *Il Piccolo*, and he proposed the series of articles to Joyce, who "was pleased with the pay, which Prezioso agreed to make higher than that of his other contributors" (Mason, 187).

Joyce seemed well aware of his good fortune in being able to turn to the world of journalism to bolster his finances and

his profile, and in fact, in a remark to Stanislaus, the self-assured journalist said "I may not be the Jesus Christ I once fondly imagined myself, but I think I must have a talent for journalism" (255). He seemed also to enjoy the cachet attached to being a member of the working press. While in Dublin in 1909, Joyce had business cards printed up, identifying himself as a writer for *Il Piccolo della Sera*, and he secured a press pass for all productions at the Abbey Theatre.

Joyce had secured and used press credentials before, the first time likely having been when he attended a Sarah Bernhardt premiere in Paris as a reviewer for the *Daily Express* of Dublin in February 1903. That review, however, was never published [Costello, 206]).

After attending the Abbey Theatre's premiere of George Bernard Shaw's *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet* as a reviewer for *Il Piccolo*, Joyce mingled with other members of the press and

"represented himself as having been sent to Dublin by the *Piccolo* for the purpose of attending Shaw's play" (286). Not all of Joyce's work for the press, however, provided him the opportunity to rub elbows with the literati. In 1912, while living in Trieste, Joyce wrote an extended editorial for the *Freeman's Journal* on the subject of how to prevent foot-and-mouth disease in cattle (which readers of *Ulysses* will

recognize as the work of Mr. Deasy).

Joyce's direct involvement in the world of newspapers essentially skidded to a halt once the demands of shepherding his fiction through the publication process became the full-time preoccupation of his life. Part of that process, however, involved carefully monitoring book reviews from newspapers and magazines, sending favorable notices to publications, and asking friends in Ireland and abroad to scan periodicals for reviews he might have missed. Though no longer regularly producing the copy firsthand, he did however apparently feel compelled to re-commence an occasional journalistic foray, usually in a "letter to the editor" on behalf of some cause or writer he favored. He wrote commendatory letters on behalf of Pound, Hardy and Svevo -- to English, French and Italian newspapers, respectively. As late as 1932 Joyce was still thrusting his opinions on the periodical-reading public: he wrote an article on the tenor John Sullivan for the British journal *New Statesman and Nation*.

While true that his output as a working journalist diminished considerably from the time he reached his thirties, there seems little doubt that Joyce's working knowledge of the press, his first-hand familiarity with journalistic styles, and his close observation of the characters who were attracted to a life in the print profession made a profound impression

on the maturing writer. Though no longer a newspaper writer per se, his consumption of journalism as reader of both foreign and domestic newspapers is impressive and thoroughly documented. The influence of newspapers in general on Joyce's artistry is discussed by Shloss:

Though he did not have much luck with the press, and in fact seemed almost to court his own disasters in journalism, Joyce knew when he came to write *Ulysses* that newspapers provided the key to his fictional representation of Dublin. (326)

One of the newspapers that was key to Joyce's fictional representation of Dublin, according to Maria Tymoczko, was the nationalist weekly publication, *The United Irishman*, "a significant and documentable source...It is well known that Joyce read the United Irishman every week, having it sent to him on the Continent after he left Ireland" (230). Tymoczko argues that "Joyce considered it the best newspaper in Ireland" (230). In a letter to Stanislaus, Joyce offered this enigmatic endorsement of the publication:

[*The United Irishman*] is the only newspaper of any pretensions in Ireland. I believe that its policy

would benefit Ireland very much. Of course, so far as intellectual interest is considered, it is hopelessly deaf. (*Letters*, 2:157-8).

Arthur Griffith edited *The United Irishman*. It was a "vehicle for Griffith's early views, which emerged in 1905 as the policies of Sinn Fein" (Tymoczko, 231). As I hope to show in the chapter on *Ulysses*, the paper was the mouthpiece for many of the views held by Joyce's ultra-nationalist, the Citizen, in the "Cyclops" chapter.

Tymoczko's work is important in establishing periodical literature as the primary vehicle for the dissemination of information that aided the Irish in their fashioning of a nationalist self-image and as a pervasive influence on the Irish of Joyce's generation:

Irish cultural topics were discussed in most periodicals -- the daily newspapers, the general weeklies, and the weeklies on special topics. A study of such periodicals demonstrates that the cultural ambience of the period provided both a working knowledge of the main narratives of early Irish literature and skeletal patriotic history, illustrating at the time one didn't need to resort

to scholarly journals or publications in the Irish language for such knowledge. (237)

The pervasiveness of a periodical-driven nationalism is documented in Hugh Oram's *The Irish Newspaper Book*. Oram assesses the conditions which led to the remarkable growth in the number of newspapers and publications -- primarily nationalist in their leanings -- following the creation of a mass readership by Forster's Education Act of 1870:

An explosion of newspaper interest was about to take place in the south of Ireland. Various Education Acts had helped improve literacy, spreading interest in reading newspapers to other sections of society than the genteel and the middle classes, who were almost entirely Protestant...So the establishment of Nationalist newspapers, often with the help of the Catholic clergy, starting around 1880, in opposition to the well-entrenched Unionist publications, marked a major watershed in the history of Irish newspaper publishing. (77-78)

National educational statistics for the latter part of the nineteenth century would seem to support the development of a burgeoning readership:

The number of National Schools doubled between 1850 and 1900, and illiteracy among those above five years of age decreased from 47 per cent in 1851 to 12 per cent in 1911. Those who could read and write had risen from 33 per cent to 84 per cent. (Foster, 385)

It is worth noting that this explosion of publications in Ireland took place concurrently with the young Joyce's immersion in the world of words. As new publications seemed to be springing up out of nowhere, coverage of local news events became more competitive and more comprehensive. Consider, for instance, the coverage of a news event which had great resonance in Joyce's fiction, occurring, as it did, in the year of his birth, 1882 -- the Phoenix Park murders. On May 6 of that year, a splinter group of Fenians assassinated Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary of Ireland, and Thomas Henry Burke, an Under-Secretary in Dublin Castle. Many historians believe Burke was the primary target because of his so-called coercion policy, "the policy of assuring Irish compliance with English rule by punitive restriction of Irish civil liberties" (Gifford, 94).

The print medium's response to the event suggests just how far the Irish press had come from its earlier days of re-printing sometimes month-old stories, often ripped directly

from the pages of English papers; "It's the ads that sell a weekly, not the stale news," Bloom thinks to himself in *Ulysses*, which indicates that the practice was slow to die off in some publications. As Oram tells the story,

The murder of the top two men in the British administration in Ireland sent waves of revulsion around Ireland and Britain. The sub-editors, the comps [compositors] and the printers at *The Irish Times* toiled unexpectedly through that Saturday night to bring out a special Sunday edition of the paper, one of the very few in its early history. (80)

In many respects, the growth in the popularity of -- and dependence on -- newspapers in Ireland was reflective of a similar explosion of daily newspapers occurring throughout Europe and the United States. Clearly, Ireland was not an aberration in terms of the development of a mass newspaper readership. As Peter Fritzsche points out,

The great text of the big city around the turn of the century had a wide range of authors. Any number of genres--the novel, drama, vaudeville, photography, advertisements--represented the metropolis. But

none was as indispensable or as focused on the metropolis as the mass-circulation newspaper. It was the most versatile guide to the huge and ever-changing inventory of the industrial city. By the end of the nineteenth century, most city people read newspapers and, often enough, only newspapers. (15).

Fritzsche calls the newspaper of the late nineteenth century "inseparable from the modern city." Lest it be forgotten that Dublin was in many ways a "modern" city around the time of Joyce's artistic awakening, Hugh Kenner offers this assessment:

But by 1900, the Machine was all around, and the most evident thing it facilitated was the Crowd. The London Underground was being electrified, and in Dublin (of all places) they were acquiring the most up-to-date electric tram system in Europe. (5)

This is not to argue that Dublin was not still in many ways a "center of paralysis" -- to use Joyce's celebrated phrase. As even a cursory study of Irish history makes clear, the conditions of Irish life at the turn of century were often "spectacularly destitute" (Foster, 436). However, it is important to understand that Ireland in general and Dublin in

particular participated fully in the growth of journalistic enterprise which engulfed other, more arguably "modern" cities. Though partaking fully of this phenomenon, Dublin remained -- culturally speaking -- separated from the pack. As one critic sees it,

Dublin was not yet, as London and Paris were, an unknowable city. Newspapers and magazines were still the means by which information, news and gossip were distributed along with the official styles of their hearing--adequately, on the whole, if the criterion in that is the degree to which Dublin lore permitted people to talk without necessarily having much to say...*Ulysses* testifies to a moment in the public life of Dublin when perhaps for the last time the printed word gave its readers the lore they required. (Donoghue, 257)

These factors -- rising literacy rates, a growing sense of nationalism, the easy availability of more newspapers brought about not only through increased demand but also by improvements in the technology of printing newspapers, and Dubliners' penchant for gossip -- all contributed to a marked increase in newspaper circulation in Ireland.

This blossoming of journalistic outlets in Ireland is all the more impressive given the decrease in population (due to emigration) occurring during this period: "A varied and lively provincial press had developed; despite the declining population, the number of newspapers doubled in the second half of the century (Foster, 385). Much of that growth, of course, was rooted in the nationalistic fervor driving new publications into existence, despite the always present threat of libel actions or even terms of imprisonment for publishers, editors, writers, or even printers for Nationalist publications (Oram, 78). Yet Nationalist sentiment continued to fuel the establishment of newspapers, some so bold as *The Leader*, which began August 9, 1889, with the published declaration, "This journal is intended to be the faithful organ of the Nationalist party. This Journal humbly takes its place as the latest recruit in the hard-fighting ranks of Irish National Journalism" (Oram, 84). *The Leader's* influence on Joyce, one critic argues,

has been largely under-appreciated. *The Leader* became extremely popular with the students at University College during Joyce's day, and although Joyce preferred Griffith's *United Irishman...* evidence exists that he read *The Leader*, even if he disagreed with its opinions. (McMahon, 74)

McMahon expresses surprise about the widespread critical oversight regarding *The Leader's* influence on Joyce: "The neglect is somewhat surprising since Joyce left clues to these connections in *Ulysses* and in the notesheets he used to prepare its text" (68). It is perhaps easy to neglect some of Joyce's newspaper-borne influences when the breadth of his newspaper reading -- at home or abroad -- is fully realized.

After Joyce crossed the Irish Sea in 1904, his well-established habit of feasting on newspapers did not abate. He continued to receive Irish newspapers in the mail, often badgering his Irish friends and family members for clippings from the local press, but he also got into the habit in Pola of reading several Italian newspapers every day. His fondness for one such newspaper, *Il Piccolo della Sera*, developed into what has been termed an "addiction" by Carlo Bigazzi:

In Pola, he went regularly with Nora after dinner to the 'Caffe Miramar' in order to read the *Figaro*,...and in Trieste, his addiction to the local paper, *Il Piccolo della Sera*, was such that, once removed to Rome, he asked his brother, 'If there is anything interesting in *Piccolo della Sera*, you might send it.' (52)

Bigazzi details not only which papers Joyce read -- in Rome, the aforementioned papers, plus *Il Giornale d'Italia*, and especially closely *L'Asino* and *Avanti* -- but also which parts of the paper he read, establishing Joyce as an unusually thorough reader whose eye scanned everything from the headlines to the tiny print of the classified ads, from the weather reports to the comics.

Joyce appears to have had good reasons to read the Italian papers closely -- reasons often unconnected to his belief, stated in his 1912 exam paper in Padua, that "the ordinary journalist is greater than the theologian" (52). As Bigazzi explains,

There were also very practical reasons for scanning the press: he had got his job as a bank clerk in Rome through an advert in the daily *La Tribuna*, and shortly after his arrival in the Italian capital he began to look in the same paper for requests for private English lessons, in order to add to the bank salary which he soon found inadequate. (52)

When not scanning the news pages, reviews, editorials or classified advertisements, Joyce turned his probing eye toward the comics, argues Schiff, who has explored Joyce's familiarity with comic strips and editorial cartoons,

specifically from newspapers in New York, England, and Italy. "Did Joyce read the comics? Although there is no sworn deposition from Joyce that he did, there are documented instances of Joyce's encounters with cartoons as an adult" (201). Schiff's research is particularly illuminating in establishing sources for certain characters in the *Wake*. Additionally, Schiff reveals the intensity of interest Joyce maintained in the daily press; he paints a picture of Joyce as an avid, eager newspaper reader, then and later, often finding in the daily comics the darker themes of humanity:

All the cartoon characters Joyce selected [for the *Wake*] give their readers the information that adults fight, drink, gamble, cheat, curse, steal and lie. In this way, Ally Sloper and Iky Moses, Mutt and Jeff and the Thimble Theatre are ideal subversive educators from which HCE's children seem to have learned about the dark side of adult behavior. (28).

To sum up, there exists ample evidence to show that Joyce, from his boyhood, exhibited a keen interest in newspapers. He paid close attention to his father's recitations from the daily newspaper, consciously copied the style of newspaper writers and wrote articles and reviews for the press for many years and on many subjects. He never lost

his passion for reading the newspaper, and he read newspapers from the United States, Ireland, and Europe throughout his life. The specific content as well as the implicit ideology of many of those publications -- and the personalities who produced them -- leached into his work, from *Dubliners* to *Finnegans Wake*. "All of Joyce's reading was woven into his writing," Davenport has said (6), echoing a critical commonplace of Joycean criticism. Not as widely held, however, is the idea that Joyce's reading of newspapers profoundly affected his artistic vision. Some critics have recognized certain newspapers as important sources in his work, and others have called his journalistic writings "a set of clues" to the fictional canon (Davenport, 6). The biographical facts are not in dispute, and these facts can, I believe, profitably inform a reading of Joyce's fiction. In the remaining pages of this study, I intend to demonstrate how Joyce transubstantiated the mundane, transient world of daily journalism into the permanence of his art.

Chapter Two  
*Doors of Escape*

Joyce is seldom accused of being a didactic writer. His fictions -- frustratingly to some readers -- tend not to offer a "moral" in the traditional sense. Consequently, countless barrels of ink have been spilled by critics trying to pin down Joyce's "philosophy of life." I agree that Joyce's silence on many of the political, social, and philosophical issues of his time can be a real impediment to readers seeking his prescription for dealing with immense, often troubling issues. Yet Joyce does offer a fairly clear blueprint which reveals how we come to know about these questions, and how we -- as members of a society -- develop individual responses to the challenges of an ever-changing world. Such a schema is written across the pages of *Dubliners* and *A Portrait*, and it involves, at its core, interaction with printed material.

I hope to show in this chapter how Joyce's early fiction clearly delineates the role of published writing (newspapers, ads, even municipal directories) in the awakening of individual consciousness of one's surroundings. Joyce's characters, in their youth, learn to "read" their way through the world. The connections they make between the familiar and the unfamiliar are built on a system of equating unfamiliar behavior, incident, and character to the familiar accounts in

the popular press. I also hope to show how Joyce uses various types of publicly circulated writing to ground his characters in the real world. I will discuss several stories from *Dubliners* which provide ample evidence of the importance of journalism in advancing that process.

Staley claims that "...in *Dubliners*, Joyce begins to give priority to the word over the world" (536). It is worth exploring how both "word" and "world" inform each other in Joyce's work. In Kershner, the interplay is schematized:

Joyce's portrayal of consciousness in the inner monologues of *Ulysses*, and as we shall see, in *Dubliners* and *Portrait* as well, is equally language-dependent, not simply because as a writer he had no alternative but to use language to represent consciousness, but because his conception of selfhood relied on language as its dominant component. More than those of other novelists, Joyce's characters speak themselves into existence, are seduced, appeased, threatened, annoyed and shaped by the languages around them. (20)

Among these "languages," Kershner cites "the rich rhetoric of boys' magazines, or the flat pseudo-factualities of the newspaper" (20). Other than the use of the unfair and, I

believe, inaccurate "pseudo," Kershner's analysis aptly reinforces the idea of the newspaper as one of the forces shaping the consciousness of Dubliners.

Exploring just how the stories of *Dubliners* delineate the word/world relationship, one is first struck by how the little boy in the early stories learns to read his way through life, foregrounding unfamiliar concepts through comparison to all matters of printed materials. In *Dubliners*, it is remarkable how much of the young boy's attempt to understand the world is conditioned by the print media. An early illustration of the power of the publicly printed word can be found in "The Sisters," which in Staley's words,

is important as the beginning of an entire trajectory of literary accomplishment in prose, from *Dubliners*, *Portrait*, *Ulysses*, and finally *Finnegans Wake*. (533)

Early in "The Sisters," the young boy heads towards the home of the deceased priest. Despite having heard about the death of the priest from both his uncle and his father, the boy seems unconvinced of the death until he sees a card pinned to a bouquet outside the priest's door:

July 1st, 1895

The Rev. James Flynn

(Formerly of S. Catherine's Church, Meath Street)

Aged sixty-five years

R.I.P.

Joyce's youthful narrator says "the reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead" (10). If we are to believe that the young boy is telling the truth, the verbal assurances of the authority figures in his life were insufficient to convince him of the fact of the priest's death. However, the actual printed notice of the priest's death, as a publicly displayed piece of writing, provides the necessary assurance. As Harry Levin notes, "Jotted impressions are conceived as epiphanies, mystical visions which link the beholder to the object beheld" (12).

We shall see that this pattern of seeking reassurance in the written news accounts of the day, of stumbling into revelation, is repeated throughout all of Joyce's works. In fact, in "The Sisters," the first story in the "beginning of an entire trajectory," we get a reference to a specific newspaper which figures hugely in the Joycean canon: the *Freeman's Journal*. In the story, the sister Eliza mis-speaks slightly and refers to the *Freeman's Journal* as *Freeman's General*, which raises some interesting questions. This subtle

substitution adds a bit of Joycean commentary on the pervasiveness of the newspaper "in general." And if a newspaper is in some way "general," the reader can see a clear connection to the last story in the collection, "The Dead," where the words "newspaper" and "general" are specifically linked in the same sentence in the climactic section of the story: "Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland." (223)

This is just one of the many links which reading, generally, and newspaper reading, specifically, provides to help tie the stories of this connection together. The conventions of journalistic writing fall under the category of "ritualistic dialogue," which is how Philip Herring partly identifies the "gnomonic language" which links the entire collection of stories.

Herring, who defines such language as containing "ellipses, hiatuses in meaning, significant silences and ritualistic dialogue," (68) argues that Joyce uses gnomonic language to show "how the characters of Dubliners define life in their city" (68). I believe many of those characters define their lives through continual reference to newspapers and that the press is one of the principle promoters of this tendency toward "gnomonic language."

With some of Joyce's characters, establishing this connection to the press is not difficult because they are

identified explicitly through their journalistic employments. With others, it is their choice of reading material that tips off the reader. The earlier stories might seem to pose the least likely link between journalism and character (revolving, as they do, around the sensibilities of an immature character whose contact with the press we would expect to be limited). However, from the very first story in the collection, as I indicated above, Joyce establishes a strong link between printed matter and character development.

"The Sisters" provides a detailed look at the process of reading one's way through the phenomenal world. As the young narrator of the story navigates the labyrinthine streets of Dublin, he uses publications and printed material as a compass in his journey through the uncertain world. In the darkness of his linguistic immaturity, he reaches constantly for the light of reading material that he understands -- in form, if not in content -- such as textbooks (Euclid, the *Catechism*), directories (*The Post Office Directory*) and periodical literature (he understands a reference made to the small print of a book because the size is compared to "the law notices in the newspaper") to enlighten himself. In the story, he moves from point to point in the city, "reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop windows as I went" (12), taking note of every word he reads or has read. His attachment to the written word -- at least those he understands -- is great

enough that he commits significant postings to memory: "On ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: Umbrellas Re-covered. No notice was visible now for the shutters were up" (13).

Many commentators have pointed out the uncertainties built into "The Sisters." What malady, exactly, afflicted the elder priest? And what was the nature of his relationship with the young boy? The text offers only puzzling hints:

--It was that chalice he broke....That was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still....They say it was the boy's fault. But poor James was so nervous, God be merciful to him!

--And was that it? said my aunt. I heard something....

Eliza nodded.

--That affected his mind, she said. After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by himself. So one night he was wanted for to go on a call and they couldn't find him anywhere. They looked high up and low down; and still they couldn't see a sight of him anywhere. So then the clerk suggested to try to

chapel. So then they got the keys and opened the chapel and the clerk and Father O'Rourke and another priest that was there brought in a light for to look for him.... And what do you think but there he was, sitting up by himself in the dark in his confession box, wide awake and laughing-like softly to himself? (17-18)

There are many questions in the story which are only vaguely answered by Joyce's text. Overlooked by most readers, however, is the instructive dichotomy here between certainty and confusion, a bifurcated world where the written word offers clarity in a miasma of uncompleted thoughts and "laughing-like" hints. The unequivocal truth to be deduced from the story comes from the card that has been posted announcing the priest's death. What we know of the priest -- all we can know -- has come from this announcement.

In Joyce's work, public writings not only offer a glimpse of those few truths we might grasp ("the now, the here"), but also they point the way to greater enlightenment -- or at least the escape from ennui. In *Dubliners*, the story which follows "The Sisters" illuminates this point.

In "An Encounter," periodical literature provides a model for escape, with the first few lines of the story linking thoughts of life "in the Wild West" to the publications *The*

*Union Jack*, *Pluck* and *The Halfpenny Marvel*. The nature of these actual magazines -- clearly familiar to Joyce -- provides an ironic commentary on the story itself. Published in England by the Irish-born editor Alfred Harmsworth, these periodicals were intended "as reform magazines that would replace sensational trash with good, clean, instructive stories of adventures for boys, what the *Union Jack* called 'pure, healthy tales'" (Gifford, 35). Given the perverse encounter with the "queer old josser" which provides the title of the story, one may conclude Joyce was beginning to explicate the split between the world as recorded in periodicals and the world as actually experienced.

This split between the printed word and the phenomenal world informs Joyce's use of the press most profoundly in *Portrait*, and will be addressed more fully in my discussion of Stephen Dedalus' experiences at Clongowes Wood College. However, in "An Encounter," we get the first dark hint that the adventure suggested in periodical literature is quite different from the adventure in the real world:

The day had grown sultry, and in the windows of the grocers' shops musty biscuits lay bleaching. We bought some biscuits and chocolate which we ate sedulously as we wandered through the squalid streets where the families of the fishermen live.

We could find no dairy and so we went into a huckster's shop and bought a bottle of raspberry lemonade each. Refreshed by this, Mahony chased a cat down a lane, but the cat escaped into a wide field. We both felt rather tires and when we reached the field we made at once for a sloping bank over the ridge of which we could see the Dodder.

It was too late and we were too tired to carry out our project of visiting the Pigeon House. (23-4)

More important, Joyce's narrator gets the hint. The story gives evidence of an evolving, tension-filled relationship with the written word. The narrator appears to sense the split between the vision of life promulgated by the boys' magazines and life itself. Earlier in the story, after Father Butler rebukes Leo Dillon for reading the *Apache Chief*, calling it "rubbish" produced by "some wretched scribbler that writes these things for a drink" (20), the boy's faith in the transporting nature of the world of printed stories is shown to be superficial:

The rebuke during the sober hours of school paled much of the glory of the Wild West for me...but when the restraining influence of the school was at a distance, I began to hunger again for wild

sensations, for the escape which those chronicles of disorder alone seemed to offer me....But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home: they must be sought abroad. (21)

That last idea, "real adventures...do not happen to people who remain at home" -- the keynote phrase to keep in mind also when encountering Little Chandler, James Duffy, and Gabriel Conroy later in the collection -- was born of an active sense of the split between first-hand experience and reported experience. Yet despite the growing dissatisfaction with mere tales of escapism, periodical literature remains the touchstone against which Joyce's characters often measure the worth of their own lives. They return, again and again, to newspapers and magazines, gauging their experiences against what has been publicly circulated in writing, and deriving a sense of how the world ought to be through their reading of the world in the newspaper.

It appears that almost all of Joyce's middle-class Dublin receives its notion of success from the newspaper; the father of Jimmy Doyle in "After the Race," for example, had become "rich enough to be alluded to in the Dublin newspapers as a merchant prince" (43). As *Ulysses* demonstrates, everybody in Joyce's fictional world seems to be reading the newspaper,

looking for information that will aid them in fashioning a sense of personal worth or appropriateness of behavior. Even Joyce at the time he was composing *Dubliners* was not above using the periodicals as a gauge of his own worth; in a letter to his brother Stanislaus, written while Joyce was looking for a publisher for his collection of stories, he says

I intend to dedicate '*Dubliners*' to you -- do you mind -- because you seem to find the stories to your taste. Do you think they are any good? Or are they only as good as the stories in the French daily papers? (Selected Letters, 53).

In *Dubliners*, the reading habits and choices of reading material of Joyce's characters tell us much about their personal expectations and personalities, serving as a sort of journalistic short-hand. In some instances, these allusions add important depth to the presentation of character, In other instances, knowing what publication a character reads can provide an ironic commentary on the plot. For instance, Bob Doran, in "The Boarding House," reads *Reynold's Newspaper*. The particular squeeze being placed upon Bob Doran, and Joyce's slyly comic intention, are both illuminated by learning that *Reynold's Weekly Newspaper* was radical London Sunday newspaper....From a conservative point of view, its

politics were rude, and Reynolds was characterized as a 'formidable spokesman for the most irreconcilable portions of the community.' (Gifford, 48) Indeed, Bob Doran has been living an irreconcilable life, serving as a communicant in the church while having had an affair with Mrs. Mooney's daughter, Polly. His one nod toward strident radicalism -- continuing to read such a disreputable publication -- is comic, given the earnestness of his otherwise upright conduct. As a reader of *Reynold's Newspaper* -- a fact Joyce calls attention to by isolating it as the lone holdout from Doran's "free-thinking" days -- we have cause to anticipate the story's ending. The newspaper he reads tells us as much about his insincere piety as several pages of prose would have. Yet it is a significant allusion slipped in almost seamlessly. Having the sense of Doran as a closet radical, of a person trying to have it both ways, adds undeniable enjoyment to such lines as the following: "He could not make up his mind whether to like her or despise her for what she had done. Of course, he had done it too" (66). Doran's choice of newspaper stands in contradistinction to his public persona. However, ultimately, he is found out: "The instinct of the celibate warned him to hold back. But the sin was there; even his sense of honour told him that reparation must be made for such a sin" (67).

Equally telling, though executed more subtly, is Joyce's

indictment of Mr. James Duffy in "A Painful Case" through the use of the newspaper. Restrained in his passions and ultra-regular in his habits, Duffy treats the events of his life with an odd,           dispassionate analysis, as if he were reading about his life in the newspaper rather than actually living the life: "He lived at a little distance from his body," Joyce says, and then segues into an allusion to standard journalistic rhetoric:

He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense.

(108)

Easily missed, this description of Duffy not as a person but a newspaper account of a person adds real resonance to the climax of the story, in which James Duffy has, at last, a genuine emotional reaction -- generated not by a human encounter, but by an encounter with a newspaper article.

Duffy abjures real sensation, preferring the safety of filtered, second-hand experience. He dines "moderately," on bland meals, indulging his appetite only when it comes to vicarious experiences. As Joyce tellingly puts it, Duffy "read[s] the evening paper for dessert" (112). Like Leopold

Bloom with his ever-present *Freeman's Journal*, Duffy walks through the city with "the buff *Mail* peeping out of a side-pocket of his tight reefer over-coat" (113), the newspaper a close companion. When Duffy discovers the article recording the death of Emily Sinico, a woman with whom he had been mildly (though safely) involved four years ago, "his eyes fixed themselves" and he read the paragraph "over and over again." He hastily finishes the meal, returns home and, in a suggestion that the newspaper has replaced sacred text in Duffy's life, he "read it not aloud, but moving his lips as a priest does when he reads the prayers *Secreto*" (113).

The article is entitled "Death of a Lady at Sydney Parade," and subtitled "A Painful Case." It includes the following excerpts:

To-day at the City of Dublin Hospital the Deputy Coroner (in the absence of Mr Leverett) held an inquest on the body of Mrs Emily Sinico, aged forty-three years, who was killed at Sydney Parade Station yesterday evening. The evidence showed that the deceased lady, while attempting to cross the line, was knocked down by the engine of the ten o'clock slow train from Kingstown, thereby sustaining injuries of the head and right side which led to her death.

\* \* \*

The Deputy Coroner said it was a most painful case, and expressed great sympathy with Captain Sinico and his daughter. He urged on the railway company to take strong measures to prevent the possibility of similar accidents in the future. No blame attached to anyone. (113-115)

The disparity between the intensity of his repressed emotions and the detachment of the newspaper article leads Duffy to an anxiety-filled disavowal of his former state of existence: "The whole narrative of her death revolted him and it revolted him to think that he had ever spoken to her of what he held sacred" (115). Like Gabriel Conroy, who not-so-coincidentally also thinks of newspapers during his epiphanic crisis, Duffy begins to judge harshly the dryness, the detachment of his own life, searingly reflected back at him in the newspaper story. "The threadbare phrases, the inane expressions of sympathy, the cautious words of a reporter..." (115), evoke hostility in Duffy. However, Duffy's anger is, I would argue, aimed at himself for having followed identical lines: threadbare phrases ("Every bond is a bond to sorrow"), inane expressions of sympathy ("visiting his relatives at Christmas and escorting them to the cemetery when they died...he performed these two social duties for old dignity' sake but conceded

nothing further"), and cautious words of a reporter (Duffy himself, composing his life in third-person). As one critic has noted, "There is a correlation between the style and substance of the newspaper article, and the manner through which Duffy seeks to order his life through aphorisms" (Romine, 9). For the first time in his life, Duffy confronts himself as he really is, and the vehicle that engenders the stark, unsettling vision is the daily newspaper.

Even more pervasive is the connection between newspapers and Gabriel Conroy, whose epiphany at the end of *Dubliners* in "The Dead" reinforces not only the principal themes of that story but also the significance of journalism in Joyce's fictional world. Gabriel Conroy's critical significance increases when one considers the many similarities between him and his creator. As one critic has noted, "Gabriel Conroy, a minor literary man and journalist, is James Joyce as he might have been" (Hodgart, 53). Indeed, many of the circumstances which animate this story can be traced -- often directly -- to Joyce himself. Such biographical borrowings are telling, though perhaps limited, in helping to underscore the care that Joyce took in handling this particular story.

To most readers and critics, "The Dead" is the most sophisticated and well-wrought story in the collection, and as

such it deserves close attention. However, "The Dead" isn't necessarily any clearer, or more explicit, than some of the preceding stories. "What precisely is happening to Gabriel Conroy during the conclusion of 'The Dead'?" asks one critic (Herring, 78). Any answer that can be satisfactorily proposed may derive from a knowledge of the biographical components Joyce massaged into this story. That Gabriel Conroy's journey of self-discovery is born out of a real-life crisis for Joyce is argued by one of his biographers:

The sojourn in the Eternal City had lasted a mere nine months, but as it gave birth to his greatest story, "The Dead," the interlude was not without its bounty. He had lost his faith in politics, which meant that only in literature was there any hope of saving his soul. In Rome, too, his emotions had undergone a painful change, for Rome was largely his inspiration for *Exiles* when he came to write that drama nearly a decade later, as the references to Nora's past and their visit to Shelley's grave in the notes for the play show, connecting it directly with "The Dead." The extreme isolation of Gabriel Conroy's soul, described at the conclusion of "The Dead," represented the nadir of Joyce's own life on the Continent. (Costello, 270)

The most important character in "The Dead" is one who is absent: Michael Furey. In a story of static characters who predictably blather about greatness that is now "dead" -- great singers, great writers, great politicians, even childhoods that are remembered as having been great -- "[i]t is the existence of Michael Furey that comes as the major surprise...a surprise for Gabriel Conroy, who apparently never in 10 years of marriage heard his wife mention her former lover" (Benstock, 44). However, the artist Joyce was not similarly unenlightened. He knew the story of his wife Nora's former would-be beau -- a young man named Michael Feeney from Galway who courted Nora but soon contracted tuberculosis, leaving his confinement one rainy night to serenade her; he died shortly thereafter. Joyce fashioned "The Dead" around the actual facts of the doomed romance, as well as his heightened sense of what Nora must have felt for Michael Feeney. As Maddox relates the story,

Nora had many admirers when young, including two who died. Her first serious crush, when she was approaching thirteen, was on a boy called Michael Feeney. He was sixteen and a half and a schoolteacher. (Nora, in spite of her protestations, liked clever men.) She had known him all her life for he lived nearby, on William Street West. In February 1897 he fell ill with

typhoid, followed by pneumonia, and was removed to the Workhouse where, after seven days, he died. He was buried at Ragoon Cemetery, two miles from Galway City.

Nora was distraught with grief. It was a terrible winter for her. (15)

Ellmann's litany of similarities between Joyce and Gabriel is sweeping, and it contains a significant journalistic link between the two:

There are several specific points at which Joyce attributes his own experiences to Gabriel. The letter which Gabriel remembers having written to Gretta Conroy early in their courtship is one of these; from it Gabriel quotes to himself the sentiment, "Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?"

These sentences are taken almost directly from a letter Joyce wrote to Nora in 1904. It was also Joyce, of course, who wrote book reviews, just as Gabriel Conroy does, for the Dublin *Daily Express*. Since the *Daily Express* was pro-English, he had probably been teased for it during his frequent

visits to the house of David Sheehy, M.P....In Gretta's old sweetheart, in Gabriel's letter, in the book reviews and the discussion of them, as well as in the physical image of Gabriel with hair parted in the middle and rimmed glasses, Joyce drew directly upon his own life. (246)

If, as I have argued, Joyce was so thoroughly steeped in the world of journalism that his knowledge and personal involvement in the working press pervaded his fiction, it would seem likely that "The Dead" would be a good place to find the ink-stained fingerprints of Joyce the newspaper man. In fact, that is precisely the case, for Gabriel Conroy is also a newspaper man. Though Gabriel himself downplays his journalistic connections, justifying in his mind his newspaper work as more than mere journalism, a type of "literary" work, Gabriel gives clear evidence of being part of the newspaper establishment. There is the obvious revelation of his being a column writer for the *Daily Express*. "Why should I be ashamed of myself?" Gabriel responds when Miss Ivors rebukes him for his choice of publications. Her criticism embodies a particular political slant, since the *Daily Express* was known to be conservative, committed to "the development of industrial resources" and dedicated to a reconciliation of "the rights and impulses of Irish nationality with the demands

and obligations of imperial dominions" (Gifford, 77). Miss Ivors accuses him of being a "West Briton" -- an Irishman who is more loyal to England than to Ireland. However, a close reading of the story reveals that Gabriel seems to take her accusation to be as much an indictment of him as a journalist, a hack writer interested only in writing for money, as it is a political slam against him. His retort to her is not simply a defense of his politics -- in fact, he seems politically neutral throughout the story ("He wanted to say that literature was above politics" [188]). He responds to her comment with an interior monologue intended to justify his lifestyle as periodical writer: "It was true that he wrote a literary column every Wednesday in the *Daily Express*, for which he was paid fifteen shillings," he says to himself, shifting into a defense of his column writing as merely the means to get free books: "The books he received for review were almost more welcome than the paltry cheque."

There are signs that Gabriel's thinking has been shaped by his journalistic endeavors. He exhibits the tendency to organize material in terms of how it would appear in an average newspaper story: headlines, quotes, text. For example, as he prepared to deliver the Christmas toast, Gabriel "took from his waistcoat pocket a little paper and glanced at the headings he had made" (192). So he even writes headlines for formal dinner toasts. Joyce shows us Gabriel re-editing the

speech in his mind, changing quotes and moving bits and pieces around: Gabriel as editor, essentially, tailoring the words to fit the audience:

He was undecided about the lines from Robert Browning for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers. Some quotation that they could recognize from Shakespeare or the Melodies would be better" (179).

Especially interesting is the implication of Gabriel's "dumbing down" his speech to match the intelligence of his audience. In Joyce's essay of 1901, "The Day of the Rabblement," he makes a statement which seems to me to describe Gabriel's situation in 'The Dead':

If an artist courts the favour of the multitude he cannot escape the contagion of its fetichism and deliberate self-deception, and if he joins in a popular movement, he does so at his own risk. Therefore, the Irish Literary Theatre by its surrender to the trolls has cut itself adrift from the line of advancement. Until he has freed himself from the mean influences about him -- sodden vanity and low ambition -- no man is an artist at all. But

his true servitude is that he inherits a will broken by doubt and a soul that yields up all its hate to a caress; and the most seeming-independent are those who are the first to reassume their bonds. (*Critical Writings*, 43)

Is that not an apt description of Gabriel Conroy? Is he not courting the favour of the multitude? Here we have perhaps another reason why Miss Ivors' blunt criticism shakes him so profoundly: "A look of perplexity appeared on Gabriel's face" (188). Gabriel seems to have "cut [himself] adrift from the line of advancement," which we know, at the end of the story, leads West. He does become "broken by doubt," and his "seeming-independence" is clearly shattered by the revelation at the end of the story. Quite apart from the interest this passage provides through delineating the relationship between the artist and the public, this excerpt supports my thesis in two important ways. First, it reveals that the themes and ideas that Joyce was working out in his articles for the print medium often filtered through to his fiction. Also, the passage helps pinpoint the ambivalence, the discomfort, Gabriel feels regarding his journalistic calling. The uneasy relationship between creator and spectator which Joyce's essay addresses is mirrored in Gabriel's attempt to wed legitimate art -- literature and literary reviews -- with the demands of

the "rabblement" -- a mass circulation newspaper or, as Miss Ivors refers to it, "a rag."

As I said, Gabriel is a newspaper man. One of the modes of discourse common to journalists -- synonymous, in fact -- is the interrogative mode. Newspaper reporters ask questions. Gabriel's propensity for asking questions is astounding. Many of the questions he asks seem to spring from habit rather than curiosity, for he often knows the answer already; often his questions are rhetorical. Gabriel works the party like a reporter for the society page, asking questions at every turn. He moves through the story interviewing people, not conversing with them. Whether Joyce was trying to make some ironic point about the appearance of Gabriel's self-confidence and sense of assurance is impossible to say. What is clear, however, is that Gabriel Conroy asks a great many questions:

I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these days, eh?

O Lily...it's Christmas time, isn't it?

Gabriel was about to ask his aunt some questions on this point...

Why should I be ashamed of myself?

Were you dancing?

Miss Furlong, what shall I send you? A wing or a slice of the breast?

Miss Higgins, what for you?  
What shall I call them?  
Gretta not down yet?  
Who's playing up there?  
You don't feel ill or weak?  
You know that poor fellow Malins?

His conversation with his wife, Gretta, in the dark of the Hotel Gresham seems especially like an interview, even an interrogation, with Gabriel asking question after question:

Gretta dear, what are you thinking about?  
What about the song?  
Why does that make you cry?  
And who was that person long ago?  
Someone you were in love with?  
O then, you were in love with him?  
Perhaps that was why you wanted to go to Galway with  
that Ivors girl?  
How do I know?  
What was he?  
And what did he die of so young, Gretta?  
Consumption, was it?  
Well; and then?  
And did you not tell him to go back?  
And did he go home?

On and on goes Gabriel with his battery of questions, while Gretta, or Lily, or Miss Ivors, or the Christmas dinner guests, endure the interrogations. Gabriel's style of conversation with Gretta often reads like the transcript of Joyce's interview with Fournier, the French race-car driver. Many years after writing "The Dead," Joyce was to provide a variation on this mode of interrogation in the "Ithaca" chapter in *Ulysses*, in which an inquisitive narrative voice overloads the reader with questions, from the simple -- "What did Bloom do? (17.123)) to the pseudo-scientific -- "What universal binomial denominations would be his as entity and non-entity?" (17.2006-07) In *Dubliners*, where so many questions go unasked, where so much specific, even essential, information is left unclear, Gabriel (like any newspaper reporter) takes great pains to pin down his conversational partners and to extract specific, clear answers from them.

Perhaps the most important link between Gabriel Conroy and the world of journalism can be found in the last paragraph of the story. Gabriel, having learned that a young suitor once braved death for Gretta by exposing himself to the elements, wrestles with the meaning of this information. His sense of self has been shattered, and he wordlessly peers outside, watching the snow fall through the night. This is, Joyce makes clear, the defining moment in Gabriel's adult life, an epiphanic moment that threatens to re-write his soul.

In the midst of this psychic re-evaluation, Gabriel's thoughts turn -- quickly but significantly --to the newspaper:

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. (223).

At the moment of supreme realization in his life, Gabriel thinks of something he had read in that day's newspaper. The reference to newspapers is jarring and calls attention to itself largely because it is so unexpected, so incongruous in this highly dignified and intensely reflective scene.

Implicit in this suggestive linking of newspapers and self-consciousness, however, is the idea that Gabriel -- like the small boy of "The Sisters" and "An Encounter," as well as Mr. Duffy from "A Painful Case" -- uses newspapers as a touchstone, a sort of reality check as he estimates what constitutes an appropriate response to the world. Newspapers for him, and for many of the characters within the pages of *Dubliners*, offer one of the few firm footholds in the shifting psychic landscape of Joyce's fiction. Gabriel, in the prime

moment of uncertainty in his life, seems to take comfort from the clarity and reliability of the press: "Yes," he says, with an almost palpable sense of assurance, "the newspapers were right."

Whether the Dublin population as a whole shared Gabriel's underlying sense of dependence on the vehicles of journalistic writing is impossible to say. Throughout *Dubliners*, however, there are some clues that newspapers were accorded -- if not respect -- at least close attention. For example, on the evidence of "A Mother," Dublin concert-promoters could easily reach the city's music lovers by persuading editors to mention the concerts in the evening papers: "Special puffs appeared in all the evening papers reminding the music-loving public of the treat which was in store for it on the following evening" (141). This device is apparently successful: the narrator hints at a full house (143). However, the expectations of mass readership load heavy duties on the journalist. The *Freeman's Journal* is expected to cover the local news scene so extensively -- truly a paper of record -- that its reporters are called upon to be two places at once: in "A Mother," the reviewer is unable to stay for the concert because he is covering a lecture by an American priest.

Characters attached to the press fill out many of the stories: in addition to Gabriel Conroy, the London-based

Ignatius Gallaher from "A Little Cloud" is apparently well-known throughout Dublin for his journalistic triumphs: "Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit and fearless accent" (70). In a quasi-journalistic connection that cropped up in real life (as we have seen, one of John Joyce's professions was advertising canvasser, the same as Leopold Bloom's in *Ulysses*), Mr. McCoy in "Grace" is a former advertisement canvasser for the *Freeman's Journal*.

The stories of *Dubliners* are filled with references to newspapers, from celebrated journalistic events such as Gallaher's coup in the Phoenix Park murders in "A Little Cloud," and the formal unveiling of the statue of the newspaper owner-editor John Gray in "Grace" to the most mundane -- Joyce tells us what newspaper the keeper of a Chapelized public house was reading when Duffy entered the establishment, in "A Painful Case." Many of the newspapermen we meet -- as well as the actual newspapers -- will reappear throughout *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. However, it is in *Dubliners* that Joyce provides his clearest commentary on the newspaper and the role it plays in his city: promoter, informer, adviser, educator, entertainer, orator.

The influence of the print media in *Dubliners* is pervasive, and its effect is persuasive: it plants phrases and ideas in characters' minds from the first story to the last.

In his first formal publication in 1900, the essay on Ibsen published by the *Fortnightly Review*, Joyce makes an observation about an Ibsen character that might well sum up his own crafty use of newspapers in *Dubliners*:

So in the play under consideration, when we see Professor Rubek first, he is sitting in a garden chair, reading his morning paper, but by degrees the whole scroll of his life is unrolled before us, and we have the pleasure not of hearing it read out to us, but of reading it for ourselves, piecing the various parts, and going closer to see wherever the writing on the parchment is fainter or less legible. (Critical Writings, 50)

Throughout all of his work, but especially *Dubliners*, Joyce gives us characters such as Ibsen's Professor reading periodicals, magazines, newspapers, even advertisements. What these characters read and what they remember from their reading tells us something important about them. It is up to Joyce's audience, however, to take that printed material out of the hands of his characters and, to use his phrase, "read it for ourselves."

### Chapter Three

#### Portrait and Reportage

No significant study of the journalistic references in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* has been undertaken, which is curious because the very form of the book calls attention to its debt to the newspaper. Even though the opening narrative follows the traditional form of the fairy tale, it also reflects a newspaper's standard approach: it provides the reader with the "five W's" (who, what, where, when and why) which should comprise the opening paragraph of any newspaper article (Hough, 75). The first several lines of the book contain a mix of traditional fairy-tale "reporting" ("Once upon a time...") and editorial commentary ("and a very good time it was"). Additionally, like much of the Irish press in Joyce's time, the first page provides an amalgam of demonstrable fact ("His father told him that story"), and embellishment ("He was baby Tuckoo"). Recalling that John Joyce frequently read the paper to his family at the breakfast table (Ellmann, 44), the novel's reader begins to understand how the young narrator would confuse "story" with "storyteller," unable to differentiate the role of each. The result is a narrative that leaps back and forth, uneasily yoking the two together, resulting in facts the boy's father

imparts and facts about the father himself. At this point, "world" and "word" have not yet gone their separate ways. However, I intend to show how *Portrait's* reliance on the newspaper as an everyday part of life promulgates that separation, with the newspaper then emerging as a reality check when the world becomes confusing or threatening.

That separation between "world" and "word" begins with the impulse to categorize, to separate the phenomenal world into "thing" and "name of thing." The impulse to name things and then categorize them -- which reaches its apex in *Finnegans Wake* -- is one of the reasons we get so many lists in Joyce's work. The impulse to list things is, in the words of one critic, "one of the main characteristics of the Joycean style" (Epstein [1982], 56), and I believe it derives in part from Joyce's close familiarity with newspapers.

A good example of how newspapers inform this list-making impulse can be found early in *A Portrait*, when the young Stephen makes the following inscription on the flyleaf of his geography book:

Stephen Dedalus  
 Class of Elements  
 Clongowes Wood College  
 Sallins  
 County Kildare  
 Ireland

Europe

The World

The Universe (27)

Several critics have put forward explanations about how Stephen arrived at this order, and what it says about his attempt to "locate" himself in the larger world. Stephen is not the only student ever to make such a list, to be sure, but while other school children have attempted to similarly "locate" themselves, it seems to me the most likely explanation for Stephen's ranking comes from the world of journalism. Newspaper stories necessarily move from the specific to the general, from the most relevant details to those which can be deleted; this is referred to in the news trade as the "inverted pyramid" style of reporting (Hough, 62). Rather than ascribe some metaphysical impulse to Stephen's still-immature intellect, I believe that it is more logical to see such an orderly list as an imitative gesture, much like those that Joyce's brother Stanislaus has said were being forged by the developing writer (S. Joyce, 91). Linking this impulse to the newspaper makes further sense, contextually, because the newspaper is specifically mentioned on the same page, strongly suggesting that Stephen is exposed to a newspaper every day: "That was called politics...every day there was something in the paper about it" (8).

Again, as Stephen begins reading his way through the world, he gleans a method to organize raw reality from the newspaper. However, Stephen is not the only student in the novel who is in the habit of immersing himself in the daily newspaper. While he is in the infirmary at Clongowes Wood, a fellow student reveals his own dependence on a daily news report:

Then Brother Michael was going away and the fellow out of third of grammar told him to be sure and come back and tell him all the news in the paper. He told Stephen that his name was Athy and that his father kept a lot of race-horses that were spiffing jumpers and that his father would give a good tip to Brother Michael any time he wanted it because Brother Michael was very decent and always told him the news out of the paper they got every day up in the castle. There was every kind of news in the paper: accidents, shipwrecks, sports and politics.

(34)

This is noteworthy, for it establishes the newspaper as one of the most treasured and communal means of diversion in the tightly knit school. Hearing the news "out of the paper" was a treat for Stephen because, as he says, "There was every kind of news in the paper." Stephen is beginning to

categorize life experiences according to specific formulas possibly derived from journalistic practice. To Stephen, the newspaper helps him make sense of the world, containing as it does "every kind of news." Just a few pages earlier, Stephen was unable to define politics, except in a child's roundabout way: "that was called politics: there were two sides in it (8)." However, after repeated exposure to the news of the day via the newspaper, politics has become a clearly defined concept to Stephen, one of the principle areas of life comprising "every kind of news."

The newspaper brings Stephen into contact with the world. The language of the newspaper -- and its format -- provides a context to help Stephen understand, to prioritize, to order clearly the preoccupations of his society. These preoccupations -- accidents, shipwrecks, sports, and politics -- are selectively rendered, of course, because the contents of a newspaper are necessarily selective, which also fits superbly the limited perspectives of a small boy. Young Stephen is gleaning his view of the world, of what is possible in the world, from the language of the newspaper. Kershner, elaborating on Bakhtin's "character zones," discusses a type of interplay between fictional characters and the "area of linguistic influence surrounding [them] in a novel" (19). Stephen is surrounded by the linguistic influence of the Irish press, and this influence manifests

itself in Stephen's impulse to categorize and his professed belief that the newspaper comprises a comprehensive record of the world, of "every kind of news." In *Ulysses*, this belief is called into question by an older Stephen, yet he never completely abandons his reliance on the press as a sort of arbiter of the events which occur in the real world, a recorder of the ineluctable modality of the visible. The Stephen we will meet in *Ulysses* is a demonstrably close reader of newspapers, but so is the Stephen of *Portrait*. For example, when Stephen discourses on philosophy with Lynch, he illustrates not only his knowledge of Aristotelian poetics but also his familiarity with newspapers:

A girl got into a hansom a few days ago -- he went on -- in London. She was on her way to meet her mother whom she had not seen for many years. At the corner of a street the shaft of a lorry shivered the window of the hansom in the shape of a star. A long fine needle of the shivered glass pierced her heart. She died on the instant. The reporter called it a tragic death. It is not. It is remote from terror and pity according to the terms of my definitions.  
(149)

What is noteworthy in this passage is Stephen's recall of the

specific details of the accident. He clearly read the story closely -- close enough to take issue with the reporter's diction -- and has now committed it to his memory. There are several such incidents in *Ulysses*, where Stephen will call to mind phrases buried deep within news accounts which he had read in the newspaper many days, even weeks, before. While *Portrait* is not as illustrative of the voracious newspaper-reading Stephen as *Ulysses*, passages such as the one above, or perhaps less significantly, Stephen's occasional trip to a newsstand "to read the headline of a placard" (128) indicate that he read the news closely and frequently enough to make it a part of his burgeoning body of knowledge.

The majority of explicit newspaper references in *Portrait*, however, occur in Chapter One. This seems artistically mandated by Joyce's decision to exhibit a growing consciousness groping with a world defined, in large part, by language. Ironically, it is during this period when Stephen is awash in public discourse that he is at his most silent. However, it would be mistaken to see his posture of quietness as indicating a total withdrawal. Much like the young boy who narrates the first few stories of *Dubliners*, Stephen is taking everything in, learning to read his way through the world. As one critic has pointed out,

[f]or much of Chapter One, Stephen appears to be

silent and passive, but the rhetorical means of recording his thoughts suggests, on the contrary, that his mind is very active, particularly in manoeuvring his way through the statements of others. (Seed, 47).

This process continues throughout the book. As the University-age Stephen heads hastily to his lectures (for which he always seems to be late), while contemplating the recent confessor-role adopted by Cranly, he is jarred back to reality by the writing he sees displayed around him:

...and he found himself glancing from one casual word to another on his right or left in stolid wonder that they had been so silently emptied of instantaneous sense until every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell and his soul shrivelled up sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. (128)

The record of Stephen's thoughts and experience, the diary entries which end the book, can be seen as representing a nod to journalism in both style and substance. Stylistically, the diary is journalistic in its use of specific information, such as dates, names, and the

reproduction of others' speech. Many entries contain factual recountings more representative of a journalistic concern for specific detail than an artistic consciousness recording impressions. Consider the specificity, the closely observed but mundane details, of the following excerpts:

21 March, morning: ...Item: he eats chiefly belly bacon and dried figs.

30 March: This evening Cranly was in the porch of the library, proposing a problem to Dixon and her brother.

3 April: Met Davin at the cigar shop opposite Findlater's church. He was in a black sweater and had a hurleystick.

...Father, polite and observant. Asked Davin if he might offer him some refreshment. Davin could not, was going to a meeting.

Davin's black sweater, Stephen's father's small-talk, and Cranly's specific location in the library are details that, arguably, could have been omitted from the diary without any substantive loss. Most diarists, presumably, intend to record thoughts and ideas, rather than wardrobe and specific location. It is certainly not freakish to include such closely noted details, but it is, I think, unusual. Just why Joyce had Stephen be so comprehensive in his account is

therefore worth pondering. Joyce's journalistic eye has recorded the kinds of details that a news article -- almost all newspaper writing, in fact -- would surely include. Joyce even throws in an overt reference to journalism in the diary when he has Stephen compose an entry in traditional early twentieth century newspaper style: "John Alphonsus Mulrennan has just returned from the west of Ireland (European and Asiatic papers please copy)."

In both *Dubliners* and *Portrait*, Joyce gives us characters -- main, secondary and peripheral -- who exhibit a close association with the world of journalism. Juveniles learn the ways of the world by relying on the printed record of that world in newspapers and pulp magazines; adolescents absorb the jargon of the adult world and throw it back with some melodramatic enhancements; adults forge mental alliances with newspapers and identify, in part, with the publications they read. And all of them wander through the Dublin labyrinth, bumping into the same public discourse that seeks constantly to divert their attention. The consequences of this absorption in the news media and its vehicles have not yet been fully explored by the creator Joyce. That would come next, in the work that not only ensured his reputation but revealed the impossibility of flying past, through, or around the net comprised of newsprint.

Chapter Four  
*Everything Speaks in its Own Way*

(U.7.177)

Joyce the newspaper man accomplished in his fiction what good newspaper reporters attempt to do every day: recreate in words as completely as possible some small part of the world. His well-known boast that if Dublin burned it could be rebuilt by consulting his books is a tacit acknowledgement that the artist is also -- and perhaps primarily -- a scribe who records faithfully the world just as he finds it. Joyce's works delineate turn-of-the-century Dublin by providing a torrent of details large and small about the place and the people who live there. The result is a picture universally acceded to among Joyce's readers, who praise it for its comprehensiveness -- even if they are occasionally uneasy about its excess of specific information.

How Joyce saw Dublin is easy to deduce by reading his books, but where did he get his knowledge of actual Dublin newspapers? How did Dubliners in 1904 see themselves, and what was the mirror they held up in search of an accurate reflection? The sheer number of characters reading, writing, selling, or handling newspapers in *Ulysses* ought to provide some assistance in answering those questions.

In this chapter, I will discuss the significance of

newspapers in Joyce's novel. After a brief consideration of the work of certain media theorists who have attempted to demonstrate a link between the modern mind and the modern newspapers, I will address those few studies which have tried to pinpoint the specific and direct influence on *Ulysses* of certain newspapers Joyce was known to have read. After exploring the rich journalistic tapestry of the "Cyclops" chapter, I will look at the significance of the publication *Dana* on Joyce's work and then consider "Aeolus," the episode set in a newspaper office. I will make an argument for its particular significance not only because of its thick texture of journalistic allusions but also as a turning point in the book. Finally, I will explore the attachments the two main characters in *Ulysses* -- Bloom and Stephen -- have to the world of newspapers and suggest what those attachments say about their connection to each other.

Although I have touched briefly in a previous chapter upon the history of print journalism in the early part of this century, it is necessary to return to a broader discussion of newspapers in the modern world to establish the theoretical underpinnings for my argument regarding the whole of *Ulysses*. One of my claims is that Joyce consciously interjected newspapers and general journalistic allusions into his work because he endorsed the idea of newspapers as a symbol for

modern life. Efforts to attribute his extensive use of journalistic reference and style exclusively to some naturalistic impulse or because of some Joycean fixation with minutiae are misguided. Joyce's reliance on newspapers and the modern print medium stems in part from the notion that, however imperfectly, the newspaper qua newspaper says something significant about the modern world, regardless of what is specifically inscribed on its pages. To Joyce, the daily metropolitan newspaper provided the means to help decipher part of the complex interplay between modern man and the modern city. To understand Joyce's delineation of that relationship it is necessary to revisit the role of the press at the time *Ulysses* takes place.

In *Understanding Media*, Marshall McLuhan argues that the appeal of the modern newspaper to most readers lies in "the daily communal exposure of multiple items in juxtaposition [which] gives the press its complex dimension of human interest" (204). He goes on to say that "the book form is not a communal mosaic or corporate image but a private voice" (204).

Another prominent communication theorist makes a similar point, locating the interest most readers find in the newspaper in a desire for clarity and direction in the increasingly confusing modern world:

The morning newspaper provides each day a mosaic of life, a picture of the shifting sands on which we must, somehow, secure a footing. Every morning there are hopes of pleasant surprises to be found in the paper as well as anxieties about unpleasant ones...what we get in the morning newspaper is what I call a "ground" and we who read the papers are "figures" who make sense of the world and our lives against that ground. Because meaning is based in part on a relationship between figures and grounds, the morning paper helps us find meaning in life and develop a stronger sense of personal identity (Berger, 147).

That the idea of a mosaic pattern -- a collection of endlessly rearranging images arrayed in unpredictable ways each day -- is an essential, defining component of the modern newspaper seems to have arisen in tandem with the growth of early twentieth-century urban centers. The notion is certainly in keeping with the oft-cited "fragmentation" of the modern world that some critics of modernism extol as one of its defining characteristics (Holman, 274). Some critics have suggested that early twentieth-century newspapers not only reflected a fragmented world but also assisted readers in navigating through it:

The big city daily grabbed readers, showed them any number of windows onto urban scenes, and hurried them along to the next sensation, the next window. If newspaper stories openly invited readers to browse the city, newspaper style surreptitiously taught them how.

It comes as no surprise then that observers repeatedly used the image of the newspaper to convey the modern spirit of urban life, particularly the uncensored and ceaseless fluctuation of images and impressions. As we know, Picasso and Braque pasted newsprint onto their canvases, reproducing the quirky syntax of the boulevard. Elsewhere, the daily paper served as a shorthand metonym for the disorderly and haphazard quality of the city (Fritzsche, 129).

Dublin participated in the same social and technological upheaval that many European and American cities experienced in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. But what of Joyce? Can it be established that he shared the assumption that newspaper style reflected some measure of the discontinuity of modern life? Ellmann offers the following assessment of Joyce's style:

He began his systematic attacks upon conventional

English, building the language afresh by fragmenting its sentences, compounding its old words into new ones, parodying its standard styles, and in general dosing English prose with the slang, archaisms, the rhythms of learned texts strangely mingled with those of ordinary speech, and a compressed poetry (214).

The connections between the elements Ellmann singles out and those of the "mosaic" style of the newspaper are obvious: fragments, compounds, unmediated mingling of styles and subjects. But still the link is circumstantial. Further evidence is provided by McLuhan's statement that "It's the daily communal exposure of multiple items in juxtaposition" that gives a newspaper its real value. Consider the following comment from Joyce himself to Harriet Weaver, in a letter defending the stylistic variation of *Ulysses*:

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 (*Selected Letters*, 242).

To Carlo Linati, Joyce included a letter with one version of

his famous schema outlining correspondences for the chapters with various colors, organs, and so on, justifying his multiple use of styles: "Each adventure should not only condition but even create its own technique" (*Letters*, I 147). Such stylistic variation, as I have tried to establish, is widely held to be one of the characteristics of modern newspapers.

Broadly stated, the radical nature of *Ulysses* -- its 'variation,' to use Joyce's word -- may derive from the common employment of stylistic variation in newspapers. Joyce was reader, writer, and resident of what Fritzsche calls the "word city," a modern city and its population whose view of the world is shaped in large part by mass-circulation newspapers. Joyce had sufficient first-hand knowledge and experience to replicate newspaper style.

In *Ulysses*, the style is the substance. As Stuart Gilbert said,

The meaning of *Ulysses*, for it has a meaning and is not a mere photographic 'slice of life' -- far from it -- is not to be sought in any analysis of the acts of the protagonist or the mental makeup of the characters; it is, rather, implicit in the technique of the various episodes, in nuances of language, in the thousand and one correspondences and allusions

with which this book is studded (9).

Shloss states this point directly. She attributes the stylistic variation of *Ulysses* directly to the influence of the periodical press:

One could argue that the multiplicity of voice in the book, the change of style according to the shift of subject matter, also has its origins in popular chronicles....What is the result of this methodology if it is not the corporate language of a newspaper with its women's pages, advice to the lovelorn, sportstalk, and political analysis? We have assumed for years that there is a language appropriate to the ladies, to the jocks, to the lawyers of the community, and that items of interest to each audience should 'not only condition but create [their] own technique.

The variety of tone that Joyce achieves by this method is remarkable, but it is the shift of voice itself that is most significant. In the same way that a newspaper is composed by many writers and presented as a single entity, Joyce composes *Ulysses* in many styles which are juxtaposed and presented corporately. (335)

Not all critics have been so willing to attribute the stylistic variety of *Ulysses* to the positive influence of some overarching discourse, such as the language of journalism. In fact Shloss also see Joyce's journalistic borrowings as an attempt to disparage the institution of the popular press, an argument requiring one to overlook Joyce's frequent positive encounters with the world of journalism.

To some readers, the abrupt linguistic transitions employed throughout the book represent the failure of restraint, an excess of verbal showmanship:

The relative proportions of the three latter chapters and the jarring effect of the pastiche style sandwiched in with the straight Naturalistic seem to me artistically absolutely indefensible. One can understand that Joyce may have intended the colorless and tiresome episodes to set off the rich and vivid ones, and also that it is of the essence of his point of view to represent the profoundest changes of our lives as beginning naturally between night and morning without the parties' appreciating their importance at the time.... Furthermore Joyce has here half-buried his story under the virtuosity of his technical devices.  
(Wilson, 217)

It is perhaps to readers who endorse that viewpoint that McLuhan's admonition is addressed: "Approached as a newspaper form, any part of Joyce's *Ulysses* or any poem of T.S. Eliot's before the 'Quartets' is more readily enjoyed" (216). In McLuhan's equation of some of the works associated with High Modernism and the modern newspaper, the argument that newspapers reflect the condition of modern man is reinforced. To reflect, however, is not to criticize. It would be erroneous, I believe, to see Joyce's use of newspapers and general journalistic references as an indictment either of the modern world, or the modern newspaper. As Clive Hart notes,

I see nothing in *Ulysses* to suggest that he [Joyce] feels any need to change the life people lead in the twentieth century. For many readers that is not a welcome view of the appropriate human response to the reality in which they find themselves. Welcome or not, it seems to have been Joyce's. (164)

Such detachment is a journalistic ideal, though many newspapers -- in Joyce's day, as well as our own -- often fall short of that ideal and promulgate a politically biased approach to the events they chronicle. Nonetheless, I believe that Joyce was not attempting through his work to indict the conditions of modern life, nor the vehicles which disseminated

the often ghastly occurrences of the modern era. In the case of newspapers, *Ulysses* functions like a two-way mirror, reflecting the reflector. This idea does not preclude a reading of Joyce that finds rich artistic merit in his frequent use of newspapers.

Fritz Senn, in his comments on the often mundane content and style of the average daily metropolitan newspaper, notes the following:

Ordinary, everyday, purely informative catalogues are easily tedious, intended as they are for consultation at need rather than leisurely reading; for literary uses they have to be livened up. (247)

That is one of the often overlooked difficulties that Joyce had to surmount in writing *Ulysses*. How can Joyce appropriate a bland, prosaic quality without transporting its blandness into his text? How Joyce addressed that issue can perhaps be discovered in the "Eumaeus" section of *Ulysses*. Remarking on the style of "Eumaeus," one prominent critic has borrowed Dr. Johnson's judgment on the fate of hack writers:

'Illiterate writers,' observed Dr. Johnson, 'will at one time or another, by public infatuation, rise

into renown, who, not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction, and forget propriety.' Such were the scribblers for Irish provincial newspapers who provided one model for the style of "Eumaeus," and "Eumaeus" in turn, where from end to end of every shapeless sentence the tropes wriggle in place like maggots, was one armature for the style of *Finnegans Wake*. (Kenner, 220)

Kenner sees the style of "Eumaeus" as a direct outgrowth of Joyce's familiarity with newspaper writing -- poorly written newspapers, to be sure -- and his ability to reconstruct such style with a higher artistic aim. Donoghue has said "I agree that it's a written style, and its main source the daily newspaper..." (251), but he goes further in attempting to explain the artistic spin Joyce has applied to the hackneyed style of provincial newspapers:

"Eumaeus" is one perspective, one style, among eighteen. It makes light of the fact that our words are old and tired; it doesn't hanker after firstness. For similar reasons, it doesn't make a fuss about individuality: the fact that characters issue from leftover newspapers isn't a matter for

lamentation. (255)

In "Eumaeus" Joyce had to amplify the stylistic weakness of much poorly written newspaper copy into something more. Perhaps one of the points Joyce can be seen trying to make here is that newspaper style can influence lifestyle: The style of "Eumaeus" (and its forebear newspapers) is sleepy; so are Bloom and Stephen. The language meanders; so do the hangers-on in the cabman's shelter. The newspaper provides second-hand accounts of events, often with misunderstandings or errors engendered in the retelling; "Eumaeus" is filled with such misunderstandings or simple errors, as when Bloom finds himself listed in the newspaper as 'L. Boom' U 16.1260).

If Joyce was basing the style of "Eumaeus" on newspaper style, he may also have been exhibiting his belief in a broader link between the print medium and its readers, as they have come to look in this section increasingly like one another, with publicly circulated writing influencing the circulating public which reads such writings. "Bloom moves in that world," says Donoghue (257), referring to the world of journalistic cliché and trite advertising sloganeering. So do all of the other Dubliners in Joyce's recreated world.

The "Cyclops" section, for example, is essentially a chapter-long display of those clichés and slogans, a comprehensive parody of several well-worn journalistic modes.

Consider the following passages excerpted from the "Cyclops" section, each illustrating the style of a particular type of periodical writing common in Joyce's day. These include:

Scientific Journalism:

And then he starts with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon.

The distinguished scientist Herr Professor Luitpold Blumenduft tendered medical evidence to the effect that the instantaneous fracture of the cervical vertebrae and consequent scission of the spinal cord would, according to the best approved tradition of medical science, be calculated to produce...a morbid upwards and outwards philoprogenitive erection *in articulo mortis per diminutionem capitis*. (12.468-78)

Patriotic Journalism:

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly....(15.525-26)

\* \* \*

The learned prelate who administered the last comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr when

about to pay the the death penalty knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rainwater, his cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace fervent prayers of supplication. Hand by the block stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage being concealed in a tengallon pot with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowed furiously. (12.608-14)

\* \* \*

The nec and *non plus ultra* of emotion were reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be launched into eternity for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own*. Encouraged by this use of her christian name she kissed passionately all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would ever cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy who went to his death with a song on his lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in Clonturk Park. (12.635-46)

\* \* \*

[H]e brushed away a furtive tear and was overheard, by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

--God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub what's waiting for me down Limehouse way. (12.673-78)

Nationalist Literature:

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the lower animals should make a point of not missing the really marvelous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the famous old Irish red setter wolfdog formerly known by the *sobriquet* of Garryowen and recently rechristened by his large circle of friends and acquaintances Owen Garry. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness and a carefully thoughtout dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!) has left no stone unturned in his efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and has found it bears

a striking resemblance (the italics are ours) to the  
ranns of ancient Celtic bards. (12.712-23)

\* \* \*

The metrical system of the canine original, which  
recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic  
rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more  
complicated but we believe our readers will agree  
that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it  
should be added that the effect is greatly increased  
if Owen's verse is spoken somewhat slowly and  
indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed  
rancour.

The curse of my curses  
Seven days every day  
And seven dry Thursdays  
On you, Barney Kiernan,  
Has no sup of water  
To cool my courage,  
And my guts red roaring  
After Lowry's lights. (12.733-47)

Reporting of Parliamentary Debates:

Mr Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat.): Arising out of  
the question of my honorable friend, the member for  
Shillelagh, may I ask the right honourable gentleman

whether the government has issued orders that these animals shall be slaughtered though no medical evidence is forthcoming as to their pathological condition?

Mr Allfours (Tamoshant. Con.) Honourable members are already in possession of the evidence produced before a committee of the whole house. I feel I cannot usefully add anything to that. The answer to the honourable member's question is in the affirmative. (12. 860-68)

\* \* \*

The speaker: Order! Order! (The house rises. Cheers.) (12. 879)

Nationalist Reporting:

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of Brian O'Ciarnain's in Sraid na Bretaine, under the auspices of Sluagh na h-Eireann, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race. The venerable president of the noble order was in the chair and the attendance was of large dimensions. (12.897-903)

\* \* \*

Religious Reporting:

Amongst the clergy present were the very rev. William Delany, S. J., L.L.D.; the rt rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D.; the rev. P.J. Kavanagh, C.S. Sp.; the rev. T. Waters, C.C.; the rev. John M. Ivers, P.P.; the rev. P.J. Cleary, O.S.F.; the rev. L.J. Hickey, O.P....The laity included P. Fay, T. Quirk. etc., etc. (12. 927-39)

Old-Fashioned Sports Reporting:

It was a historic and a hefty battle when Myler and Percy were scheduled to don the gloves for the purse of fifty sovereigns. Handicapped as he was by lack of poundage, Dublin's pet lamb made up for it by superlative skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was grueling for both champions. The welter-weight sergeantmajor had tapped some lively claret in the previous mixup during which Keogh had been receiver-general of rights and lefts, the artilleryman putting in some neat work on the pet's nose, and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier got to business, leading off with a powerful left jab to which the Irish gladiator retaliated by shooting out with a stiff one flush to the point of Bennett's jaw. The redcoat ducked

but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook, the body punch being a fine one. (12.960-71)

\* \* \*

After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the lamb suddenly waded in all over his man and landed a terrific left to Battling Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was being counted out when Bennett's second Ole Pfotts Wettstein threw in the towel and the Santry boy was declared victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight. (12.979-87)

Police Gazette:

And what was it only one of the smutty yankee pictures Terry borrows off of Corny Kelleher. Secrets for enlarging your private parts. Misconduct of society belle. Norman W. Tupper, wealthy Chicago contractor, finds pretty but faithless wife in lap of officer Taylor. Belle in her bloomers and misconducting herself, and her fancyman feeling for tickles and Norman W. Tupper bouncing in with his

pea-shooter just in time to be late after she doing the trick of the loop with officer Taylor.

(12.1168-74)

Society News:

The fashionable international world attended en masse this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. (12.1266-69)

\* \* \*

The bride who was given away by her father, the M'Conifer of the Glands, looked exquisitely charming in a creation carried out in green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with a triple flounce of darkerhued fringe, the scheme being relieved by bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze...Mr and Mrs Wyse Conifer Neulan will spend a quiet honeymoon in the Black Forest (12.1266-1295)

Art News:

The muchtreasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish facecloth attributed to Solomon of

Droma and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh, authors of the Book of Ballymote, was then carefully produced and called forth prolonged admiration...the scenes depicted on the emunctory field ["emunctory" is a delicate reference to "snotgreen," a coloration recurring throughout *Ulysses* and first uttered by Mulligan to Stephen in Chapter One: "The bard's noserag! A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?"]...all these moving scenes are still there for us today rendered more beautiful still by the waters of sorrow which have passed over them and by the rich incrustations of time. (12.1438-1464)

Royal News:

A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented yesterday to His Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup of Walkup on Eggs, to tender to His Majesty the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions.  
(12.1513-17)

\* \* \*

The Alaki then drank a lovingcup of firstshot usquebaugh to the toast *Black and White* from the

skull of his immediate predecessor in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts, after which he visited the chief factory of Cottonopolis and signed his mark in the visitors' book, subsequently executing a charming old Abeakutic wardance, in the course of which he swallowed several knives and forks, amid hilarious applause from the girl hands. (12.1526-1533)

Reporting of Natural Disasters:

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks, all of the fifth grade of Mercalli's scale, and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The epicenter appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward and parish of Saint Michan covering a surface of fortyone acres, two and one square pole or perch. All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself, in which at the time of the catastrophe important legal debates were in progress is literally a mass of ruins beneath which it is to

be feared all the occupants have been buried alive.  
(12.1858-69)

\* \* \*

The work of salvage, removal of *debris*, human remains etc has been entrusted to Messrs T. and C. Martin, 77, 78, 79 and 80 North Wall, assisted by the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry under the general supervision of H.R.H., rear admiral, the right honourable sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson, K.G., K.P., K.T., P.C., K.C.B., M.P., J.P., M.B., D.S.O., S.O.D., M.F.H., M.R.I.A., B.L., Mus. Doc., P.L.G., F.T.C.D., F.R.U.I., F.R.C.P.I. and F.R.C.S.I. (12.1888.96)

This is the literary landscape of Joyce's "word city." His characters move through the world guided by slogans and sensational newspaper accounts. Some characters bear more of the palimpsest of contemporary journalistic style than others. The politics and speaking style of the ultra-nationalist Citizen in "Cyclops," for example, have been traced to several different publications and persons well-known throughout Dublin. It has been suggested that the rhetoric and attitude of Joyce's Citizen, as he holds forth in Barney Kiernan's pub, can be linked to a journalist known for his promulgation of

nationalistic fervor, D.P. Moran, editor of *The Leader*. O'Callaghan has argued that the Citizen "is an amalgam of what Moran despises, and what Moran is." (158); Radnor and McMahon also make a case for Moran as an influence on Joyce's Citizen, and Dominic Manganiello has attributed specific words and phrases used by the Citizen, such as "raimeis" and "shoneen," to Moran's newspaper. "It was Moran who led the sloganeering against 'West Britons' (Tymoczko, 245). Richard Kain includes Moran among his sweep of influential newspaper editors who actively promoted the "Irish Revival":

Such editors as T. P. Gill of the *Daily Express* or the hard-hitting D. P. Moran of the *Leader*, as well as the most influential of them all, Arthur Griffith of *The United Irishman* and later of Sinn Fein, not only brought artistic and national aspirations to a wide public but exercised a considerable influence in promoting and disseminating opinion. (49)

Tymoczko agrees that Griffith's influence was the most dominant in shaping Joyce's knowledge of Irish Nationalism, "in part because it came at a formative period of his life and in part because [*The United Irishman*] was one of his lifelines to Ireland after he emigrated" (232).

Two other papers Joyce was known to have read closely,

the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Irish Daily Independent*, also could have provided source material for many of the Citizen's fulminations. These two publications were widely considered "the two most important nationalist dailies" (McMahon, 74,). Each paper regularly printed columns in the Irish language, which Joyce's Citizen cannot refrain from using, occasioning such slogans as "Sinn Fein!...Sinn Fein Amhain!" Obviously, Joyce was intimately familiar with the content and workings of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Similarly, he must have been well acquainted with *The Independent*, as he has the Citizen himself reading the newspaper in Barney Kiernan's and virulently attacking it as not being nationalist enough! To quote directly from Joyce's myopic barfly as he pages through *The Independent*:

--For the old woman of Prince's street, says the Citizen, the subsidised organ. The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, says he. Look at this, says he. The *Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell to be the workingman's friend. Listen to the births and deaths in the Irish all for Ireland *Independent*, and I'll thank you and the marriages. And he starts reading them out:

--Gordon, Barnfield crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of

Iffley, Saint Anne's on Sea; the wife of William T Redmayne of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion daughter of Rosa and the late George Alfred Gillett, 179 Clapham road, Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's, Kensington by the very reverend Dr Forrest, dean of Worcester. Eh? Deaths. Bristow, at Whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington, of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat house, Chepstow...

--I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

--Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty; Miller, Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning street, Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that for a national press, eh, my brown son! How's that for Martin Murphy, the Bantry jobber? (U 12.218-238).

Joyce seems to hold scarcely a better opinion of the paper; at one point he wrote to Stanislaus about a comment Ibsen reportedly made to a reporter, "if you can believe the I.I. [Irish Independent]" (*Selected Letters*, 110). Yet Joyce used that newspaper. He borrowed many details from the June 16, 1904 issue of *The Independent*. These include the description

of the lawsuits listened to by the elderly females in the Four Courts (*U* 10.625-41), taken word-for-word from the paper's second page. The name of the Rosevean, the three-masted schooner which sails silently at the end of the "Proteus" section (*U* 3.504-5) comes from *The Independent's* Shipping Intelligence Report on page three. Even details about the Royal and Privileged Hungarian Lottery (*U* 12.776) comes from a one-paragraph blurb on page four.

The difficulty in pinpointing any one periodical as the direct, traceable print source for the Citizen's views lies in the sheer number of different editorial voices that inform his discourse -- multiple variations on a similar theme. The nationalism which was stoking the Citizen's fuming was also fueling the growth of dozens of new daily and weekly publications throughout Ireland, many of which adopted a set of editorial principles built on some or all of the following beliefs, as articulated by Foster:

The Irish nationalism that had developed by this date was Anglo-phobic and anti-Protestant, subscribing to a theory of the 'Celtic Race' that denied the 'true' Irishness of Irish Protestants and Ulster Unionists....It was still the kind of nationalism founded on the ringing rhymes of Davis and the denunciations of Mitchel, rather than

the scholarship of Hyde or the mysticism of Yeats.  
(459)

The print sources which endorsed these principles and which Joyce might have encountered during this fertile time of nationalistic and journalistic growth are too numerous to mention. There is no shortage of likely candidates -- some of Joyce's own newspaper work contains nationalist elements. Citing Joyce's piece entitled "Ireland at the Bar," which was published in *Il Piccolo della Sera* on Sept. 16, 1907, Ellmann says the "article was inspired by the English newspapers' denunciations of some recent acts of agrarian terrorism in Ireland." Joyce's article is based on the widely-accepted nationalist party line which held that the root cause of Irish troubles was a result of British meddling. Ellmann analyzes the nationalist basis of the article:

To find brutality one should look not to Irish terrorism but to British mistreatment of Irishmen and (an odd charge in this context) of English cattle. On this last point, Joyce rather irrelevantly offered a number of instances worthy of Mr Bloom, that animal lover, or of Stephen Dedalus, "bullockbefriending bard." The article demonstrates that the Citizen in *Ulysses*, who windily discusses

the plight of cattle in terms of Irish glories and English injustices, is an aspect of Joyce's mind as well as the butt of his satire. (258)

Although the interested reader may have to settle for a list of possible -- even likely -- but ultimately uncertain sources Joyce drew on for his portrait of the Citizen as a bitter man, there are some aspects of *Ulysses* which pose few difficulties in finding definite journalistic sources as inspiration for fictional personages. For example, in the "Scylla and Charybdis" section, the majority of the literary discussion falls to characters whose real-life originals were connected to the publication *Dana*. I believe that this monthly magazine, first published in 1904, holds a more significant place in Joyce's life -- and in *Ulysses* -- than has been previously considered.

The budding artist Joyce wrote an essay -- "abruptly" one day in 1904, according to Ellmann (*Selected Letters*, 4) -- called "A Portrait of the Artist," for inclusion in *Dana*. However, the essay was rejected by the editors. Eventually, that essay grew fitfully into the novel of the same name. Stanislaus, in his diary, recalls it this way:

He has decided to turn his paper into a novel, and having come to that decision is just as glad, he

says, that it was rejected. (Ellmann, 147).

So too, one assumes, is the legion of Joyceans who owe a debt to the puzzled *Dana* editors, Fred Ryan and W.K. Magee, who turned down the manuscript.

In a 1916 letter to Harriet Weaver, Joyce, referring to *Portrait*, wrote "I offered an introductory chapter to Mr. Magee (John Eglinton) and Mr Ryan, editors of *Dana*. It was refused" (*Selected Letters*, 222). Eventually, the publication did accept some work from Joyce: it published his poem "My Love is in a bright attire" later that year and in fact paid Joyce a guinea for his work -- a departure from the magazine's established policy of not paying its contributors (Ellmann, 165).

The significance of *Dana*-connected characters in *Ulysses* is addressed in part by Tymoczko:

Magee figures in the library episode of *Ulysses*, where there is ironic byplay about his having taken the "poetic" pseudonym of John Eglinton; in the discussion about Hamlet, prefiguring the techniques of the Night-town episode, the text reads:

"MAGEEGLINJOHN: Names! What's in a name?" (U 9.900-901). The episode also refers overtly to the goddess Danu (*Dana*) and to the periodical itself, which was

named after the goddess. The majority of the young men conversing in the library episode are associated with *Dana*, either as editors or contributors. (249)

It is pointless to speculate whether Joyce would have written his essay "A Portrait of the Artist" in the same way -- or if he would have written it at all -- had it not been for the lure of publication in a new intellectual journal. Because of the prospect of inclusion in *Dana*, Joyce did write the essay, which (after false starts and extensive revision) eventually evolved into *A Portrait*. In the sense that the provenance of the book can be traced directly back to *Dana*, that magazine can claim to have spurred the germ of Joyce's fiction into being, playing the symbolic role of "fathering" the work.

This interpretation gains support when it is remembered that one of the primary concerns of the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode is fatherhood. Gilbert's discussion puts it in these terms:

The "paternity motif" -- one of the leading themes of *Ulysses*, parodied by Mulligan, misunderstood by Haines -- has a prominent place in the structure of Scylla and Charybdis. It is, perhaps, on account of the dominance of this theme, which, applied to the mystery of Godhead, has been so fruitful a cause of

misunderstanding and dissension in the Christian Church, that this episode is the subtlest and hardest to epitomize of all the eighteen episodes of *Ulysses*. (212)

Is Joyce's decision to place the *Dana* staff at the center of a chapter about the function and fiction of paternity a way of commenting on the engendering of his own fictional corpus? Could it also be Joyce's way of making an implicit equation between publisher (father) and printed material (offspring)? The sheer number of references to contemporary editors, writers, and publications which pervade this episode would seem to indicate that Joyce is making some commentary about the reproductive capabilities of the press.

In an episode dedicated to exploring the link between paternity and the creative artist (here, Shakespeare), such an assertion -- that the periodical press "fathers" the works which appear in it -- appears to be consistent with Joyce's attempt to wrestle the slippery notion of paternity into submission. The modern newspaper or magazine gives life to the prose creations of often anonymous writers, reflecting the essence of paternity, which may be, to use Stephen's phrase, a "legal fiction." (U.9.844) This interpretation of "Scylla and Charybdis" is greatly enhanced, I would suggest, by the awareness of these biographical and journalistic

considerations. *Dana's role* in fertilizing Joyce's creative genius and bringing his fictional world into existence informs this chapter's overall theme and execution. However, the episode which most directly confronts the journalistic enterprise, its rules and rule makers, is "Aeolus," which in a study of journalism and Joyce deserves a closer look.

Chapter Five  
*Raising the Wind*  
(U 7.995)

Joyce's fictional world is informed by the personality of Dublin's working pressmen and wrapped in the jargon of the daily newspaper. Indeed, Joyce's own forays into journalism marked a turning point in his development as a writer. Similarly, his most pronounced use of journalistic style and form in *Ulysses* marks a turning point in the book for many readers.

"Aeolus" begins in the "heart of the Hibernian metropolis" -- and in many ways the chapter is at the heart of Joyce's novel. This chapter teems with closely observed details and local reference, historical and political significance, and salient stylistic innovations. The principal characters of the book, Bloom and Stephen, nearly meet in the windy newspaper offices. They just miss each other; however, they do connect in a way that Joyce makes clear is dependent on the functions of the press.

Because of the appearance of a series of subheads intruding on the text throughout the chapter, many critics have argued that "Aeolus" is the section that sends *Ulysses* irretrievably off into the stylistic stratosphere. There is wide critical misunderstanding however, regarding the correct

term for Joyce's intrusive subheads. Many critics simply refer to them as "headlines" (Ellmann, Herr, Wales), while others call them "captions" (Benstock, Gilbert), section headings" (Staten), "leaders" (Shloss) and "subheads or subtitles" (Lawrence). The accurate term is in fact "subhead," a typographical device common in Joyce's day -- and still used, though sparingly, in the modern newsroom -- which allows newspaper editors "to display a bit more creativity...[or] to explain the story more completely" (Smith, 132). The rationale which informs the use of newspaper subheads indicates Joyce was fully aware of how subheads function within a body of text:

Subheads can make long stories look like a series of shorter stories. Some scanning readers start a story at a subhead and then, if interested, go back to the beginning. Subheads should be larger than the text...and placed at logical transitions in the copy. The old method of placing them every four paragraphs does not increase reader comprehension. Subheads, like headlines, should be written to attract attention. (Moen, 36)

Here is a brief sampling of those subheads:

IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS (7.1)  
 HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT (7.84)  
 O HARP EOLIAN! (7.370)  
 SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY... (7.726)  
 SOME COLUMN! -- THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID  
 (7.1006-7)

As Bernard Benstock has noted about "Aeolus" :

Bloom's observations that "Everything speaks in its own way" has constant reverberations throughout *Ulysses*, and we become increasingly more aware of how Joyce's text speaks in its own way. In this newspaper office chapter, a series of bold-faced headlines or captions intrudes at various junctures...these "eruptions" are all the more intrusive since they were added by Joyce after he finished writing *Ulysses*, as if as a reader he too heard the "Aeolus" chapter speak in its characteristic way. (127-28;1985)

The way the "Aeolus" chapter speaks, however, is characteristic of nothing that has come before in the book, Karen Lawrence has argued:

In order to read the seventh chapter [Aeolus] in a way similar to the first six, the reader must form a different operation on the text, an act, in this case, of suppression. He must pretend that stitching together the micro-narrative is the same as reading an uninterrupted version of the story.  
(391)

However, for readers of *Little Review* in 1918, the "Aeolus" chapter appeared in that publication in its original form -- without the subheads. Joyce inserted them late in the revision process in 1921, a change which he described as the "recasting" of Aeolus" (Letters I, 172).

Some critics have argued that the subheads function as Joyce's shot across the bow in his coming war with normal narrative. However, many early critics of the book objected strenuously to the "jarring" effect of Joyce's "pastiche" style as "artistically absolutely indefensible" (Wilson, 216). Few critics have examined these jarring phrases in the context of journalistic practice -- a view that would reduce the radicalism of the subheads to something more benign, even conservative. The use of subheads in Irish and English newspapers dates back to the seventeenth century when they were commonly employed in the "weeklies printed during the English Civil War" (Stephens, 167). As Stuart Gilbert points

out, the "Aeolus" chapter is steeped in tradition dating back to ancient Greece, and this section "shows that the journalist of to-day has invented nothing" (190).

It is true, as Karen Lawrence says, that "the verbal antics of 'Aeolus' adumbrate the play of language in subsequent chapters" (98). Lawrence argues that the headlines begin the "process of estrangement from consciousness" (93). Yet the "verbal antics" are really only subheads, and they do function as subheads in real newspapers do. Joyce's use of subheads have acquired a radical patina that the author may never have intended; from the journalistic perspective, such subheads -- even in a novel -- are logical and defensible. Rather than "groundbreaking," the subheads are, in fact, quite traditional. As Heinrich Straumann said in his classic study of newspaper headings,

The two closest relations of the headline are undoubtedly the chapter heading and the book title on the one hand, and "telegraphese" on the other.

(38)

Such a headline-infused style -- which Straumann calls "block language" -- is perfectly appropriate in certain types of discourse:

advertisements in newspapers, placards and posters, bills of fare, railway and theatre tickets, programmes and banknotes. Another group may be found in the tables of contents in books and calendars; some books, moreover, consist almost entirely of this kind of language, viz. catalogues, directories and dictionaries. (39)

Ignoring for a moment the affinities Joyce's novel has with catalogues, directories, and dictionaries, it should nonetheless be clear that Joyce's use of subheads is problematic only when viewed from a non-journalistic vantage point. When seen from the perspective of the newspaper writer, such subheads assume the role of simply extending the theme and style of the book, not usurping them.

Critics who think the subheads cause a radical disruption of the text and hence require a new way of reading the book seem to me to be guilty of underestimating the degree of normal narrative disruption in Joyce's text, as well as overestimating the mental shift required to integrate the subheads into one's reading of the book. Consider, for example, the following block of subhead and text:

#### HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT

Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body,

admiring a glossy crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College Green. He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth. It's the ads and side features sell a weekly, not the stale news in the official gazette. Queen Anne is dead. Published by authority in the year one thousand and. Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnahinch. To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing return of number of mules and jennets exported from Ballina. Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story. Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin's queries. Dear Mr Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence? I'd like that part. Learn a lot teaching others. The personal note. M.A.P. Mainly all pictures. Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double marriage of sisters celebrated. Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish. (7.84-100)

The passage above provides a good example of how logical the subheads seem to be in this section: "HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT" introduces, naturally enough, a

section jam-packed with allusions to the process of producing a newspaper. It is in this section that Bloom muses on his trade, "It's the ads and side features sell a weekly," and there are many references to the things a newspaper contains -- letters to the editors, kids' pages, cartoons, agricultural tips.

The critics who have put forward elaborate explanations accounting for the introduction of the subheads may have overlooked a simpler solution: Subheads convey meaning -- additional, hidden, double -- and they amplify text as well as introduce it. In Joyce's time, newspaper subheads punctuated every story. To convey the essence of early twentieth-century journalistic enterprise without the subheads would have been an artistic sin of omission and a historical mistake. The subheads provide an additional level of realism.

Joyce labored mightily to include hundreds of closely observed details regarding the assembly and production of newspapers in this chapter. Including subheads (however comic, ironic or enigmatic) would seem to be necessary to convey some flavor of the daily newspaper in Dublin 1904. In a city which hosted Queen Victoria's 1900 visit -- and marked her passing through town with the celebrated typographical error "The Queen has pissed over O'Connell Bridge" (Oram, 94, quoting from the *Evening Mail*) -- Joyce's subheads fall very

much into early twentieth century Dublin journalism's modus operandi.

The roll call of characters in "Aeolus" also comes from the actual corps of Dublin newsmen. Joyce sets the chapter in the "Telegraph office" (7.26) -- the *Evening Telegraph*, that is, a Dublin daily published in the same building as the *Freeman's Journal and National Press*. Both papers were owned by the same company, Freeman's Journal, Ltd. (Gifford, 129).

The building was located directly across North Prince Street from the General Post Office, the center of the Easter Rising of 1916. Perhaps this represents a prophetic comment (after the fact) by Joyce to inject additional irony into the chapter. Across the street from the future seat of the nationalist insurrection Joyce marches his narrative into the seat of political equivocation: the newspaper building. The *Freeman's Journal*, for example, was famous for its "fluctuation between being pro-independence and anti-Catholic" (Oram, 100), causing "extremists to look upon it with contempt" (Brown, 59). Joyce has Bloom call attention to the fickle political affinities of the news trade when he remarks:

Funny the way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening. Weathercocks. Hot and cold in the same breath. Wouldn't know which

to believe. (7.308-310)

The nomadic nature of newsmen, their pliant opinions, and many of their other habits as well, was something Joyce knew about from spending time in newsrooms. As Ellmann makes clear in his discussion of one of the many correspondences between "Aeolus" and the Dublin press,

During [his] last days in Dublin, Joyce visited several times the offices of the *Evening Telegraph*...

Joyce paid close attention to what he saw in the *Evening Telegraph* offices. The cashier of the newspaper was a man named Ruttledge, who had a high, squeaky voice. On payday, Ruttledge carried a money box around with him, paying out from office to office of the old building; and his coming was announced by the phrase 'The Ghost walks,' spoken in *Ulysses* by Professor MacHugh. (289)

Such an integrated bit of realism is likely to go undetected by most readers, who would more likely attribute the reference merely to Joyce's continuation of the Hamlet associations which haunt the text.

This section of the book is filled with dozens of

references to Irish journalists and periodicals, as well as "insider" newspaper jargon, known only to those familiar with the daily production of newspapers. Joyce's use of the Dublin press corps runs from the actual -- the "Nannetti" of 7.75 is Joseph Nannetti, a prominent Irish-Italian printer and politician (Gifford, 130) -- to the thinly veiled -- Hugh MacNeill, a scholar of languages, becomes the "Professor MacHugh," of the chapter (137) to the creation of composites -- Myles Crawford, the "Aeolus" of this chapter, is based on an amalgam of the *Evening Telegraph* editor Morris Cosgrave and a sub editor, Pat Mead (Ellmann, 289).

Joyce appears to have done more than his usual job of gazette thumbing for the information in this chapter. Many of the allusions require first-hand familiarity with the task of putting out a daily newspaper. "Aeolus" allowed Joyce the chance to wed his love of encyclopedic allusion to his intimate knowledge of newspapers, spawning such jargon as "par" (a very short paragraph) and "subleader" (an editorial account of a well-known person's life, kept on file until he dies), to offhand reference to printing processes ("flyboard," "quirefolded," and "casting box"), to journalistic abbreviations -- "M.A.P." for the publication *Mainly About People*; "Tay Pay" for the Irish journalist Thomas Power O'Connor.

Joyce's first-hand familiarity with newsrooms is

reflected in Bloom's thorough knowledge of the ad trade, so much so that Bloom occasionally has to refrain from interjecting what he knows: "Better not teach him his own business," he muses, stopping short after explaining a point to Nannetti (7.144).

Bloom's knowledge of the workings of the press is unsurprising. He is, after all, an advertising canvasser, a person expected to know what a "par" is, or that typesetters read print backwards (7.204-205). Nor, perhaps, is Stephen's familiarity with the Dublin newspaper world surprising. An aspiring literary man can surely be expected to have acquaintances connected to the world of publishing. In Stephen's case, those connections are exploited by others ("You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus, with some of your literary friends..." [2.289-90]) and by himself ("Fred Ryan, two shillings," Stephen thinks as he recalls the editor Ryan among his catalogue of debtors [2.256]).

I believe that Joyce uses the institution of the press in *Ulysses* to establish an explicit link between Bloom and Stephen, enhancing the implicit, abstract link implied by the analogical father-son relationship. Bloom himself reflects on the undefinable connection between himself and Stephen, concluding "Though they didn't see eye to eye in everything, a certain analogy there somehow was, as if both their minds

were travelling, so to speak, in the one train of thought" (16.1579-81).

That train of thought is evidenced throughout the book by their respective immersion in the periodical press. Joyce makes it clear that Bloom and Stephen are close and frequent readers of the periodical press -- one could even argue they are obsessed with newspapers, for they both walk through *Ulysses* reading, quoting, misremembering and acquiring information gleaned from newspapers. The depth and breadth of their reading habits would seem to mark them out as distinct from their fellow Dubliners. Stephen can recall quotes from newspaper articles that he read months earlier. For example, in "Proteus," as he walks along the Strand, he thinks to himself "On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904, the person was seen by two witnesses" (3.181-82). That line comes from a news account in the February 19, 1904 issue of the *Irish Times* under the headline "CHARGE OF MURDER" (Gifford, 53). It was almost four months since he read the story -- presuming he read it on or near the day it came out. Yet Stephen recalls the line from the newspaper word for word, indicating not only that he reads newspapers closely but also that he places a value on the information contained therein, storing it away for future use. Additionally, Stephen's retrieval of that information brings to his conscious mind other journalistic matters. As the passage continues, Stephen

recalls many other journalistic matters, the French magazine *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*, (3.197); Kevin Egan, the printer whose "fingers [were] smeared with printer's ink" (3.217) -- Joyce modeled Egan after a typesetter on the *New York Herald* of Paris (Gifford, 54) -- Arthur Griffith (3.227), publisher of *The Nation*, "M. Drumont, famous [anti-semitic] journalist" (3.231), and the right-wing French political periodical "*la Patrie*" (3.233). All of these associations rise in Stephen's mind within a page of text after he recalls the February 19 news story.

Bloom is no less associative. The chapter which introduces him also links him frequently with the periodical press. When Bloom thinks of the "kind of stuff you read" (4.99), he immediately thinks of newspapers, magazines, and "what Arthur Griffith said about the headpiece over the *Freeman* leader" (4.100-101). Bloom reads while standing in line at the butcher shop: "He took up a page from the pile of cut sheets" (4.153). In the same chapter, he reveals his familiarity with the magazines *Photo Bits* (4.370) and *Titbits* (4.467). He reads *Titbits* in the jakes, "turning its pages over on his bared knees" (4.500-501). At times, Bloom's love of newspapers seems to be almost sensual, whether feeling the pages against his bare legs or, two pages later, when "he held the tip of his baton [rolled up newspaper] against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper" (5.57-58).

Bloom spends much of his morning fumbling for, folding, and unfurling his newspaper:

As he walked he took the folded *Freeman* from his side pocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. (5.48-50)

The paper not only animates his stride but also provides protection ("He drew the letter from his pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried" [5.221-22]) and convenience ("Mr Bloom folded the sheets again and lodged the soap in it, smiling" [5.544]). A much-handled paper, the *Freeman* is offered to Bantam Lyons (5.534) and Simon Dedalus (6.154), but both decline. Bloom uses the *Freeman* as a kneepad: "Mr Bloom stood behind near the font and when all had knelt, dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it" (6.586-87). After kneeling on it, he retrieves it once again ("Mr Bloom came last folding his paper again into his pocket" (6.635-36). He keeps it close all day, clinging to it as if it shared the talismanic charm of the potato he carries about, or the comfort of the scented soap he wraps in it. In fact, Joyce's text often links the paper with those other objects of veneration, as at the end of the "Lestrygonians" chapter, when Bloom gropes for the soap:

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets.  
Handker. Freeman. Where did I? Ah, yes. Trousers.  
Potato. Purse. Where? (8.1188-1189)

Unlike the soap and potato, however, the newspaper is brought out again and again. Bloom publicly unfurls the paper many times -- and he has many opportunities to get rid of it. He even claims he intends to get rid of it: "You can keep it...I was just going to throw it away" (5.531-533). But he does not; it voyages with him.

If Joyce was intending to link Bloom and Stephen through their mutual fondness for periodicals and the news business, then we should expect to find those two characters familiar with the people who produce those publications. Both Bloom and Stephen know many writers and editors well -- well enough to borrow money -- from Fred Ryan in Stephen's case -- or lend it -- "Three bob I lent him [Hynes]" thinks Bloom on payday in the newspaper office [7.119).

Another significant journalistic link between Bloom and Stephen is their desire to write, in some capacity, for the periodical press. Bloom ponders writing something for *Titbits* in the manner of "Matcham's Masterstroke": "Might manage a sketch. By Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for some proverb" (4.518-19). He still thinks about it several hundred

pages later in "Eumaeus," having settled on the title, "*My Experiences, let us say, in a Cabman's Shelter*," (16. 1231).

Stephen's literary aspirations are far higher than journalism: "Remember your epiphanies written on green oval leaves, deeply deep. Copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria?" [3.141-43]), have also involved attempts to sell his work to the press ("You are the only contributor to *Dana* who asks for pieces of silver" [9.1081]). Bloom simply wants to be published, while Stephen wants to be paid for his literary genius. At one point, Bloom even urges Stephen to submit his work to the periodical press:

I mean, of course, the other [Bloom] hastened to affirm, work in the widest sense. Also literary labour not merely for the kudos of the thing. Writing for the newspapers which is the readiest channel nowadays. That's work too. Important work. (16.1152-55)

These yearnings to get one's work in print, and to get paid for it, come straight from Joyce's life. As I have previously showed, Joyce had intended to write a "Matcham"-style piece for *Titbits*, and he also had the distinction of being one of the rare contributors to *Dana* who received

payment for his work.

There are other textual hints of this symbiotic journalistic relationship between Joyce the newspaper man and Bloom and Stephen, aspiring writers. Joyce uses the newspaper office as the site of Bloom and Stephen's first near-miss, as if to mark the location as the real starting point for the circuitous journey they make towards each other. As Gilbert puts it, "...Mr. Bloom and his spiritual son come within an ace of meeting each other," (178). They briefly encounter each other in the Maternity Hospital. Bloom follows Stephen into Nighttown, but he regards Stephen closely only at the end of "Circe." The first real meeting of Bloom and Stephen takes place in the cabman's shelter in the "Eumaeus" chapter -- an encounter that revolves in a critical way around the newspaper.

The abstract relationship between Bloom and Stephen, unspoken, implied, amplified throughout the book, is at last proclaimed by the vehicle which has linked them throughout the day: the newspaper. In the pages of the *Evening Telegraph*, which Bloom peruses in the shelter, he finds his own name (slightly transfigured). Stephen's name is also listed in the cast of mourners who attended Dignam's funeral -- though Stephen was not there. The absent McCoy is also listed as having attended, though this is through the courtesy of Bloom, who gave McCoy's name to the reporter at the cemetery.

Joyce uses the imperfect record of the daily world to state explicitly the idea that the novel had teased throughout: Bloom and Stephen are connected in a way that is not dependent on actual physical presence. Stephen's absence from the funeral is irrelevant. The newspaper proclaims the real truth: where Bloom is, Stephen is present also -- in spirit. As Gilbert states,

It is obvious that throughout the flux of events which is observed and recorded by the author from hour to hour of that memorable day, June 16, 1904, there is a continuous movement toward a preordained event, the meeting of Stephen and Bloom...there is an intermittent telepathic communication, a seepage of the current, so to speak, between Stephen and Mr. Bloom, even before they meet each other. (57)

Stephen and Bloom and Joyce, newspaper men, are linked in a book written by a newspaper man about two characters connected to the press who see their spiritual relationship consummated in newsprint. Yet what is one to make of the typographical error that changes Bloom into "L. Boom"? If, as I argue, Bloom and Stephen are connected in some journalistically determined way, isn't that connection undermined by the mistakenly rendered "L. Boom"? Bernard

Benstock's interpretation of the typographical "error" is worth quoting for what it says about Joyce's larger artistic aims:

Staring back at him from the *Evening Telegraph* is the spectre of 'L. Boom', and he winces at the typographical error that has metamorphosed him. Both Bloom and Stephen had dreams the night before, dreams that they see being reenacted, verified, and explicated by the day's events, while Molly had laid out the cards that morning in her forecast of the future. Several years earlier, in *A Portrait*, Stephen had watched the birds from the steps of the National Library and wondered what they augured. Those birds have now come back to roost, as all past leads into future (and back again), all of Joyce's books move toward the compilation and new prophecy of *Finnegans Wake*.

The metamorphosis of Bloom to "L. Boom" signals the beginning of the subtle rearrangement of character (typographical and actual) that will animate *Finnegans Wake*. The newspaper, the report of human activity for one particular day, re-amalgamates the ever-changing cast of human characters in the (temporarily) stable state of paper and ink. *Ulysses* and its

legion of journalistic associations have set the stage for the next edition of the Joyce canon. *Finnegans Wake* will reveal the extent of the press's "allembicing" (16.1237) grasp on human history.

## Chapter Six

*Secondmouth Language*

(FW 37.15)

Joseph Campbell, writing about the experience of immersing himself "for every minute" of four years in *Finnegans Wake*, makes the amusing but significant admission that

I was bumping into Joyce all over the place. I'd read a newspaper account of something, and it read just like one of the comic passages of the *Wake*. So I made a vow I wouldn't read Joyce anymore. (237)

Campbell's observation offers a fitting introduction to my argument that *Finnegans Wake* is not only similar to a metropolitan daily newspaper but also completely assimilates the idea of the newspaper to create a proto-newspaper which contains all of the news which has been and could ever be. The use Joyce makes of journalism in *Ulysses* is direct and specific; the reader can gain insight into the work by understanding, say, the types of stories that *Titbits* printed. However, in the case of *Finnegans Wake*, the relationship between allusion and conclusion is much less direct.

I have attempted to make a case for Joyce's thorough knowledge and use of newspapers in his fiction in the previous

five chapters. I have not yet elaborated, however, what Joyce's appropriation of the *idea* of the newspaper implies, especially in the *Wake*. To begin such a discussion, it is necessary to establish the place of newspapers in the historical arc of human communication and the vehicles which have functioned as transmitters of knowledge. In other words, newspapers represent only one step on the ladder of communication technology. In my discussion of the *Wake* and its use of the press, I will, however, include related media--radio, television, even pre-literate oral tradition--which appear throughout the book.

In many ways, *Finnegans Wake* can be read as a treatise on the "telling" of human history, and how those various reports have engendered widespread (mis)understanding. One Joyce critic has even argued that the *Wake* can only be understood in terms of the development of communication technology, with the clues to this critique hidden throughout the *Wake*'s 100-letter "thunderwords":

The thunders record and replay by means of human speech the most profound effects of our technologies on shaping our culture and sensibilities. The first thunder, for example, dramatizes the effects of the first paleolithic and neolithic technologies: fire,

building of walls (and with them various forms of architecture), weaponry, and even speech itself... Thunder 5 brings onto the stage another matriarchate: that of Belinda the Hen and the printing press -- both modes of repetitive reproduction. The last four thunders concern electric technologies, such as radio (7), film (8), and even television (10).

Performing the ancient role of vates and poet, Joyce listened to the rolling of technological thunders as they resound in human languages and replayed them for us in the words of the Wake, and the wake of human progress and innovation. (E. McLuhan, x-xi)

Stating essentially the same point but locating Joyce's concern more directly with the impact of printing and its subsequent spawning of communication technology, Marshall McLuhan puts it this way:

Joyce had devised for Western man individual pass-keys to the collective consciousness, as he declared on the last page of the Wake. He knew that he had solved the dilemma of Western individual man faced with the collective or tribal consequences of first

his Gutenberg, and next his Marconi, technologies.  
(1962:268)

There is much to endorse in such a reading of Joyce's work. For my purposes, these comments add weight to the argument that Joyce was consciously infiltrating his works with allusions to the growth and impact of communications media. Joyce's use of journalism is transubstantiated into humanity's use of reportage, with *Finnegans Wake* itself representing a protean newspaper which accommodates everything that has happened or could happen.

The unique language of the *Wake* -- the metamorphosing of wideawake language into the vocabulary of the Universal dreamer -- has its roots in the typographical errors that plagued the newspapers of Joyce's Dublin (for instance, "L. Boom." in *Ulysses*). The idea underlying the *Wake* -- a belief in a repetitive, cyclical history where the events are the same but the circumstances and names are (sometimes) different -- has its roots in journalism as well as Vico. As Bernard Benstock argues:

Just as the newspaper records Bloom's day in *Ulysses*, its counterpart sums up Earwicker's dream in the *Wake*. Newspapers had played their role throughout the dream, but the most important

instance occurs in the dawn scene of the last chapter, which opens with reports of seven news agencies.... (109)

The day begins, and the news agencies disseminate the fact worldwide: "Here! Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and Rutter" (593.5-6).

The start of the day -- the very beginning of recorded time -- is being linked to journalistic outlets (here, the global news agencies such as Tass, Havas, Reuters, Wolff, and Staffeta). Joyce seems to imply in the *Wake* that events have significance only when they are reported. Dawn -- of HCE's day; of mankind in general; of consciousness, even -- is marked by a broadcast of the fact that dawn is now occurring:

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne.

Array! Surrection! Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O rally! Phlenxty, O rally!

To what lifelike thyne of the bird can be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here!

Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Havv, Bluvv and

Rutter. The smog is lofting. And already the

olduman's olduman has godden up on othertimes to

litanate the bonnamours.

Sonne feine, somme feehn avaunt! Guld modning, have  
 yous viewsed Piers' aube? Thane yaars agon we have  
 used yoors up since we have fused now orther.  
 Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to dawn. The  
 old breeding bradsted culminwillth of natures to  
 Foyn MacHooligan. The leader, the leader! Securest  
 jubilends albas Temoram. Clogan slogan. Quake up,  
 dim dusky, wook doom for husky! And let Billey  
 Feghin be baallad out of his humulation.  
 Confidention to churchen. We have highest  
 gratifications in announcing to pewtewr publikumst  
 of pratician pratyusers, genghis is ghoon for you.  
 A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart  
 expanded. The eversower of the seeds of light to the  
 cowld owld sowls that are in the domnatory of Defmut  
 after the night of the carry of the word of Nuahs  
 and the night of making Mehs to cuddle up in a  
 coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the  
 yonderworld of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.  
 (593.1-24)

The worldwide transmission of information is the one  
 uniting factor that connects humanity to the events which  
 unfold in human history. Language, time-zones, cultural  
 barriers are individualized, but the impulse to record and

retell is apparently universal. If that is so, then it is the modern news outlet which brings people together in an increasingly fragmented world.

If the media truly performs such an essential task, we should expect to see Joyce load this particular passage with relevant allusions. If there is a front page to the daily newspaper that is the *Wake*, surely it would be found here. In fact, there are a remarkable number of media-related references buried within the opening pages of Book IV, many specific to the print medium -- names of newspapers, magazines, news services, references to advertisements -- as well as allusions to radio and the future of the news business. An argument can be made that the opening of Book IV, the unfolding of a new day/era, encompasses the whole history of newspapers. The opening words "Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!", if you accept McHugh's gloss, encodes the prayer "Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!" -- "Holy! Holy! Holy!" -- a suggestion of the Bible as the first news "report." "Sandhyas" could also refer to "Sunday," the day in which the largest edition of some metropolitan newspapers comes out (the broadcast could be occurring on Sunday, as the children are still in bed rather than getting ready for school). The passage also alludes to newspapers as yet unwritten but promised -- "Announcing to Pewtewr publikumst" (593.17), or "future publications." In fact, the page is awash in overt

and hidden news tags. Those suggested by McHugh include the aforementioned news agencies; a line from a "Punch" magazine cartoon at 593.10; a reference to the *Weekly Irish Times*, which once printed the Finnegan family crest, rendered in the *Wake* as "A hand from the cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded" (593.19); the Irish word "nuadhacht" (news) appears at 593.22, "carrying the word of Nuahs;" "Publikum," which McHugh's narrow interpretation of the German word glosses as "clientele or audience" can also mean "readership" (Melzi, 208), or it might carry echoes of the Italian "pubblicare," meaning "to publish;" "Calling all downs" (593.2) is a reference to "calling all cars," which of course goes out over a radio.

I would like to suggest several other potential allusions to the media-saturated world in which Joyce's dreamer awakes. These include:

-- "Eireweeker" (593.3): although clearly a corruption of "Earwicker," the central character, the word also contains a conflation of Ireland (Eire) and a common type of publication, the *Weekly*.

"world" (593.3): A reference intended perhaps to include an echo of the publication *The World*, a British weekly 'paper of entertainment' in the eighteenth century which included contributions by Chesterfield and Walpole (Drabble, 1086), or

perhaps it is an allusion to one of several twentieth century newspapers with "world" on the masthead, such as the *New York World*.

"othertimes" (593.8) -- a compound which includes 'the times' (*Irish Times? The Times of London?*) and, perhaps, a reference to Joyce's book as an alternative report of human events, an "other times."

"avaunt!" (593.9) -- Possibly a reference to the Italian publication *Avanti*, which Joyce read closely. The exclamation point even gives the appearance of the missing "i" (though he cleverly stands it on its head, apropos of the *Wake*.)

"The leader, the leader!" (593.13) -- Editor D. P. Moran's nationalist paper was *The Leader*. Amid references to "Sonne Feine" and "Foyn MacHooligan" in the same passage, there is ample justification to see this as a nod toward Moran's publication.

"Pu Nuseht" (593.23) -- Reading this backwards, McHugh renders it "the sun up." That is true, certainly, but then he leaves it there. However, it may refer to the *Freeman's Journal*, which carried a sunburst on its masthead. Bloom, in *Ulysses*, thinks of the "Sunburst on the titlepage" (U 4.1000). According to McMahon, D.P. Moran included in his very first issue of *The Leader* an editorial attacking "sunburstry speeches" (75).

Many such references fill the pages of the *Wake*, but Joyce never intended his work to be a mere hide-and-seek word search. In fact, I believe Joyce meant the *Wake* to be read as a newspaper is generally read -- scanned casually in parts, scoured in depth in others, trusted, thoroughly thumbed, valued highly by some readers, and completely discounted by others. Joyce's appropriation of the idea of the newspaper may not have dictated his choice of character or setting, but like the shout in the street of newsboys heralding an "Extra!", journalistic echoes resound throughout the work.

Take, for example, the famous opening passage of *Finnegans Wake*:

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs. (6)

The first half-sentence of the book invokes strong journalistic associations. The idea of a river running through the work, in the character of Anna Livia Plurabelle, has an arguably journalistic counterpart which becomes apparent when some of the similarities between a newspaper and a river are considered: newspapers are categorized by their circulation, just as a river is; a newspaper has a flow ("copy

flow," which refers to the rate at which stories are written and edited) just as a river has a flow; printing an edition is called a press "run," just as a river "runs"; a paper is, at the end of the news cycle, put to "bed," just as the end, or bottom of a river is called a "bed"; newspapers have a voice (editorial) but cannot speak -- rivers have a mouth, but cannot speak.

Significantly, many of these dual terms appear on the first page of the *Wake*, some even coming in the first paragraph, such as "riverrun," "recirculation," as well as "avoice" (3.9) and "bed" (3.17). Because the first page contains so many references to journalism, it is worth quoting in its entirety:

riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr'over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconeex exaggerated themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all

the time: nor a voice from a fire bellowsed mishe  
 mishe to tauftauf thuartpatrick: not yet, though  
 venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old  
 isaac: not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were  
 sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a  
 peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by  
 arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be  
 seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbron  
 ntonneonntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoooor-  
 denenthurnuk!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is  
 retaled early in bed and later on life down through  
 all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the  
 offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute  
 of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead  
 of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to  
 the west in quest of his tumpty-tumtoes: and their  
 upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the  
 park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the  
 green since devlinsfirst loved livvy.

(3.1-24)

Other media-related terms on the first page might include  
 "retaled" (3.17). A newspaper is "retaled" in two ways: it  
 repeats stories in the public domain, and it is also sold, or  
 "retailed."

An "unquiring one" (3.21), according to McHugh, is an "enquiring one," or more particularly I would argue, a newspaper reporter. Other newspaper echoes can perhaps be gleaned from the reference to Jonathan Swift ("nathandjoe", 3.12), who is memorialized by many in Ireland as the great pamphleteer and journalist, and even the "penisolate" (3.6) reference may refer to the print medium (if read as "pen is so late," alluding to the speed with which a modern printing press can disseminate news versus a handwritten letter.) HCE, the ever-morphing father figure of the Wake, is seen first as his mythic counterpart Finnegan in an early description that places him in a journalistic context:

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand,  
freemen's murer, lived in the broadest was  
immarginable in his rushlit toofarback for  
messuages...(4.18-20)

Finnegan's "stuttering hand" could refer to the act of writing, or more specifically, typing. The repetitive "tap, tap, tap" of the typewriter would indeed sound something like a stuttering hand -- or perhaps Joyce had in mind a telegraph operator, hammering out a news bulletin in morse code. "Freemen's murer" might be an allusion to the *Freeman's Journal*, which elsewhere looms large throughout all of Joyce's

work. The "broadest way immarginable" could refer to a standard newspaper (such as the Freeman's Journal), which generally appeared in the "broadsheet" style, leaving little margin -- usually just room enough for the thumb and forefinger to grasp the edge of the paper (hence, "immarginable"). "Rushlit" might be more accurately rendered "literature in a rush" -- which is one way to describe the content of a newspaper, especially if it contains short fiction, as papers in Joyce's Ireland frequently did. "Messuages" in this reading becomes, obviously, "messages," referring to the primary function of newspapers, which is to spread messages (a human preoccupation from primitive times, apparently, or at least stretching back "before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy" [4.21-22]).

The point of this explication is to establish a possible journalistic context for both ALP and HCE. Specifically, a reading which entertains this notion leads to the conclusion that ALP, as universal newspaper datelined "eternity" and HCE as the first newsman, produce through their union the news media.

One obstacle to such a reading involves reconciling with the aforementioned aspects of the media the known spawn of the union of HCE/ALP, the sons Shem and Shaun and the daughter Issy. Do the children embody, or extend, the journalistic

overtones I have tried to establish?

The sons' relationship as polar opposites "has ramifications throughout the Wake and is never far from the surface at any time" (Benstock, 1985:157). I find here an implicit yet highly significant commentary on the world of journalism. Turning the spotlight on the twin sons, each of whom embodies and amplifies certain defining aspects of the father, reveals a level of historical accuracy in Joyce's use of the extended media simile. Shem and Shaun each reflect specific tendencies of the press which have been associated with it from its very inception in Ireland in the seventeenth century. As Oram states,

The new king, Charles II, ensured that strict control was kept over the publication of newspapers. Already, journalists had a bad name; [one editor] was described as a "bald-headed buzzard, constant in nothing but wenching, lying and drinking." (22)

From the very beginning, then, of the Irish newspaper industry, the twin impulses that delineated the news business were truth-bending, libertine newsmen, and censorious, control-wielding authorities. One could hardly hope to find more apt descriptions for Shem, who "scrabbled and scratched and scribbled and skrivened nameless shamelessness about

everybody he ever met" (182.13-14) and Shaun, "with a voice pure as a churchmode, in echo rightdainty" (409.11-12).

Shem and Shaun battle throughout the *Wake* over who would control the news -- Shem as the writer, Shaun as determiner of who, if anyone, will get the news, especially in his role of Shaun the Post. HCE takes on the guise of the maker of news, a master builder or "Bygmester" of newsworthy happenings. The legal fiction of paternity in *Ulysses* has become the fictional world of HCE's paternity of the human race. HCE IS news -- and his import in the known world is as broad as the now-acronymic "NEWS": North, East, West, South: "he stands in a lovely park, Sea is not far, importunate towns of X Y and Z are easily over reached" (138.4-6).

Joyce indicates the roles of each of the characters in the *Wake* in the following unusually lucid passage:

Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of Shaun. (420.17-19)

Joyce's assignment of tasks essentially retains the primary features of my argument. HCE, who gave life to the sons, also gives life to the book, providing the subject matter for the *Wake*, or "letter." The book is "uttered" (published) for ALP, who as a river of blank newsprint, has no voice of her

own and has life only while being inscribed. Further, the book is finally produced "for Hek," or HCE, a logical conclusion if he is at the top of the publishing chain, perhaps as owner or publisher. The sons play their well-established roles as incarnations of the news business -- the writer and the disseminator or censor. But what about the missing family member, the daughter Issy? She plays an essential role in my reading of the *Wake*. That she is absent from the list but present in the family indicates a significant dichotomy in her role. I believe that Issy completes the schema for which I have argued by supplying a role that is necessarily invisible: that of reader.

No media enterprise can exist without an audience, and Issy, in her many incarnations in the *Wake*, may represent the mass readership required for a modern media outlet. Consider her generalized portrait: "I'm only any girl" (146.5-6), suggesting she is indeed only a representative sampling of some sort -- as well as her frequent appearance as a member of a group -- the twenty-eight-plus-one monthly girls, for instance, -- which suggests, again, being part of an audience or sampling group.

Further, she is "the cause of dissension and rivalry between [the brothers]" (Benstock, 1985: 162). If Shem and Shaun represent the functions of writer and watchdog-censor respectively, why would they be battling over Issy?

The answer is obvious. Each party wants to claim her, the reader, as a member of his camp. Shem, the newspaper reporter/writer/broadcaster, needs her if he is to survive. Shaun needs to protect the reader from the debauchery of tawdry media sensationalism. Hence, the battle for her can be seen as the battle for an audience. The report of the skirmish is contained in the book itself, which becomes a sort of newspaper on the struggles to produce a daily (endlessly so) newspaper.

*Finnegans Wake*, then, is like a newspaper in both its physical form and its metaphorical aspects. As one critic has noted,

Joyce's tendency was to obliterate distinctions, to emphasize what he knew from etymology: that 'new' and 'novel' have the same root, and bear important similarities. (Shloss, 332).

One distinction Joyce obliterated in the *Wake* was the presumed chasm between literature and journalism. Joyce's final work combines "the scope and depth of the most influential eschatological poetry with the outrageous but illuminating flash of tabloid journalism" (Polhemus, 75). His expansion of the idea of what constitutes news to include, for example, the "report" of a thunderclap provides the

justification to view *Finnegans Wake* as both a literal and a figurative newspaper.

One of the many instances of journalistic mimicry in the *Wake* which illuminates Joyce's methods is the series of "man-on-the-street" interviews that begins at 58.21. The "jostling judgements" (58.21) of the witnesses being given to a "wepowter" (61.06) and then fed to the "rewritemen" (59.27) comprises three pages of text. Yet, as William York Tindall points out,

a shifty cloud of witnesses and gossips tries in vain to pin shifting Earwicker down and to define his adventures in the Park, his encounter, if any, with the two girls and the three soldiers and his subsequent encounter with the Cad. (67)

What any daily newspaper would do, Joyce himself does in the *Wake*: report an event and then conduct interviews to take the pulse of public opinion. His report begins this way:

Guards were walking, in (*pardonnez-leur, je vous en prie, eh?*) Montgomery Street. One voiced an opinion in which on either wide (*pardonnez!*), nodding, all

the Finner Camps concurred (*je vouz en prie, eh?*).  
 It was the first woman, they said, souped him, that  
 fatal wellesday...(58.25-29)

Other witnesses are heard from. Joyce has no qualms in revealing the subjective nature of such "unfact" finding (57.16), referring to one of the respondents as being "interfeud in a waistend pewty parlour" (58.35-36). That particular word "interfeud" may hold the key to the journalistic modus operandi as perceived by Joyce. Every event engenders an "inner feud"--a struggle to determine indeterminate truth, to fix on what actually happened. Additionally, the facts are always and only known by an "inner few" -- a small circle of direct participants. Once "interviewed," the teller's story passes into the public realm -- it enters viewed," so to speak, only to create further confusion and disagreement.

The complex transaction referred to by the highly charged "interfeud" (the exchange of information between two parties) also telescopes the essential themes of *Finnegans Wake*. Just as no two tellers can give an identical account to a reporter of HCE and his indiscretion, "if it be true that any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow, beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use the truth sparingly" (61. 31-35), an "interfeud" will, according to the *Wake*, always and unavoidably animate human history. Whether

a family feud between brothers or husband and wife, a dispute leading to war between countries, or even between competing historical cycles, such an "interfeud" is the assurance of continual miscommunication and conflict, of "tap and pat and tapatagain" (58.23).

To put it more directly, Joyce uses the framework of a journalistic method -- the standard "interview" -- to cast doubt on the entire concept of truth seeking. The fact that the person being "interfeud" in the passage where that word occurs is an actress -- "one of our coming Vauxhall on the boards" (58.33) -- only adds to the richness of ambiguity. It is as if Joyce is suggesting that we all play the role of truth-teller, reciting from a script (our perception of what constitutes reality) whose interpretation is impossible to agree upon -- much like the *Wake* itself. This truth-telling hall of mirrors is reflected in the interview subject's posture in front of a mirror, her "confidante glass" (59.5). Joyce prepared us for this slippery state of affairs on the previous page: "Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude..." (57.16-17).

Another of the comic yet journalistically significant "man-on-the-street" interviews takes places with "Sylvia Silence, the girl detective" (61.01), a "character in English schoolgirls' magazine of the 1920s" (McHugh, 61), a fictional product of the periodical press being interviewed by a

fictional reporter. She defends the behavior of the accused with a grandiose, and grandly lisped, "Have you eveh thought, wepowtew, that sheew gweatness was his twagedy?" (61.06-7). Here is an excerpt from that interview:

Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (*Meminerva*, but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozy-dozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews, leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you eveh thought, wepowtew, that sheew gweatness was his twagedy? Nevewtheless accowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section 11, of the C.L.A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy not-withstanding.  
(61.01-11)

The lisp is a nice touch here, perhaps Joyce's comment on the distortion that adheres to every retelling as reported in a periodical. Here, the publication literally speaks for itself, impaired before the words can even be analyzed. As noteworthy as her response is the target of her words, the

"wepowter," an inescapable link of reader and writer in the journalistic world, indicated by "we," the public, an essential element in every reporter's efforts.

Not all of Joyce's journalistic references are so deeply embedded. Joyce provided many overt and easily traceable allusions to the media in the *Wake*. Often he mentions a specific newspaper by name. At other times, he makes a reference to the technology or the standard practices of the news trade. The references to popular media are easily separated by kind. There are those which suggest publications and printed material in general. These include such allusions as the following:

- Newslaters (390.01)
- Reading her Evening World...News, News, all the News (28.21)
- Abortisement[s] (181.33)
- Stop. Press Stop. To Press Stop. All to Press Stop. (379.06)
- Rewritemen (59.27)
- From a collispendent (602.22)

An example of the type of news a *Wake* "collispendent" reports is found in the dispatch the "independant reporter, 'Mike' Portlund" (602.17) sends to the "Durban Gazette, firstcoming issue":

From a collispendent. Anywere. Deemsday. Bosse of  
 Upper and Lower Byggotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live  
 for river! The Games funeral at Valleytemple.  
 Saturnights pomps, exhabiting that corricatore of a  
 harss, revealed by Oscar Camerad. The last of Dutch  
 Schulds, perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers Pub  
 History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob  
 Follows in Religious Sullivence. Rinvention of  
 vestiges by which they drugged the buddhy.  
 Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus.  
 (602.19-27)

There are those references which address specific newspapers,  
 news agencies and newspeople:

- *Nursing Mirror* (periodical, 46.28)
- Making his reportage for the Frankofurto Siding, a  
 Fastland Payrodicule (70.06)
- A trancedone boyscript (ref. to Boston Transcript,  
 374.03-4; also "traumscraft from Maston, Boss,"  
 623.36)
- Tara Tribune (375.24)
- Durban Gazette (602.21)

Many references suggest the rapidly expanding world of  
 electronic media, both radio,

- tolvtoctular high fidelity daieldialler as modern as tomorrow afternoon (309.14-15)
- supershielded umbrella antennas (309.17)
- low frequency amplification (312.33)
- Sets on sayfohrt. Go to it, agitator (313.04)
- Welter focussed (324.24)

and television:

- Selenium cell (323.25)
- The bairdboard bombardment screen (349.08)
- syncopanc pulses (349.10-11)
- photoslope (349.10)
- light barricade (349.10)
- carnier walve (349.12)
- Spraygun rakes and splits them from a double focus (349.12)

Joyce even refers to the battle between radio and television: "Television kills telephony in brothers' broil" (52.18). Other loosely connected media allusions include the telegram which HCE "promptly" sends to his own feet, "in quest of his tumptytumtoes" (3.20-21); the report of debates in the League of Nations, which begins "Any dog's life you list you may still hear them at it" (54.7); newspaper ads, such as the butcher's ad at 172.5-10 ("Feel how sheap!") and the "ABORTISEMENT" soliciting "wearers of abandoned females costumes" at 181.27-33; and the broadcast of Mime of Mick,

Nick and the Maggies, "wordloosed over seven seas...In four tubbloids" (219-16-18) as well as radio broadcasts by Issy "We are now diffusing...the dewfolded song of the naughtingels" (beginning at 359.31) and HCE himself ("Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer" [534-7]).

Obviously, such a list does not exhaust the multitude of media references buried within the *Wake*. It does however suggest a clear demarcation between various communication media -- the written, the spoken, the visual. Any of the book's allusions to media could be placed easily within one of these categories, which suggests that Joyce's use of the media reinforces the overall Viconian design of the book. Just as Vico's theories provide a blueprint for a human history that proceeds cyclically through three ages, followed by a ricorso, perhaps Joyce is providing a similar schema for the information age: from the news one reads in the newspapers, to that same news being read on the radio, to pictures of the news itself on the "bairdboard bombardment screen." As one critic has pointed out,

Adopting a position consistent with (yet critical of) Vico's theory of historical evolution, Joyce is acutely sensitive to the problems of speech, script, and print, and their inseparable involvement with the visual, the auditory, the kinesthetic, and other

modes of expression. (Theall, 137)

The ricorso -- a period of disintegration and re-establishment of the cycle -- might be said to be *Finnegans Wake* itself. The language of the book, subsuming as it does the components of all these previous cycles, simultaneously disintegrates and reintegrates the word. Technical difficulties of Joyce's own making have knocked all other transmissions off the air. Such an interpretation of the *Wake* as a display of the "lifecycle" of the news -- from the spoken word to print to jumbled, incoherent static -- has its roots in modern communications theory:

Messages are themselves a form of pattern and organization. Indeed, it is possible to treat sets of messages as having an entropy like sets of states of the external world. Just as entropy is a measure of disorganization, the information carried by a set of messages is a measure of organization.

(Wiener, 21)

Hence, if the world at the end of another (news)cycle is awash in chaos, the message of that chaos would itself be chaos -- in McLuhan's famous phrase, "The medium is the message." Or

as Samuel Beckett, in an early essay on the *Wake*, said of Joyce's work, "His writing is not about something; it is that something itself" (14).

To sum up, I believe the *Wake* can be profitably explored in a broad journalistic context which positions the characters in relation to the development of the modern news media. ALP is the physical product, the stream of black letters on a roll of newsprint which runs through time. HCE is a press baron, associated with a multitude of news functions, from publishing magnate to reporter. He embodies all the practices of the press, but his specific functions can only be identified as they manifest themselves in his sons, Shem and Shaun. Shem is the writer, the artiste, the rogue, who gathers and then skews the news. Shaun is the censor, representative of every agency of control such as Dublin Castle, or the Catholic Church.

These elements, inherent in the Father, are loosed in the world by the sons. The daughter, Issy, spectator to this clash of intentions, is the reader, the subject of courting by both the popular press and those who would silence it. In other words, she represents mass readership in the modern world.

The book itself, in form and function, is the archetypal newspaper, containing all events reported from a variety of

perspectives, even those which are untrue or unclear,

For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed  
of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints.  
Till ye finally (though not yet endlake) meet with  
the acquaintance of Mister Typus, Mistress Tope and  
all the little typtopies. Fillstup. (20.10-13).

### Conclusion

*But the world, mind, is, was, and will be  
writing its own wrunes for ever, man.*

(FW 19.35-36)

The external world and the internal mind meet, producing a record of the clash, and on and on it goes, "for ever, man." The trinity of world, mind and writing, in the Joycean whirligig of time, produces a record of events. The pages of history are just that: pages. In Joyce's schema, the chronicler of events gets to play God, creating a version of reality suitable for reenactment across time and space. What happens today will happen tomorrow. Beckett-like, mankind concludes there's nothing to be done. But, Joyce adds, write it all down. "Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof," (U 7.736).

I began this study with a consideration of Joyce's journalistic training and how his periodical writing affected his art. What ultimately emerges from this line of questioning is the impossibility of an answer, for his journalism and his art are one, inseparable dance partners in a rollicking word ballet.

"Joyce used words for all they are worth," William York Tindall once wrote, "and this, since words rival figures among man's inventions, is a great deal," (6). Joyce learned the worth of words among the verbal spendthrifts who made up the

Dublin press corps, first as a reader and then as a burgeoning artist. There can be little question that "the journalistic style" came to mean several things to Joyce -- a way of writing, to be sure, but also a way of seeing the world and of finding one's place in it. It certainly belies common sense to portray the mature Joyce as a press-basher: he spent untold hours in the company of newspaper writers and editors whose work he had read, imitated, and remembered up to the end of his life.

The feelings of Joyce toward the world of journalism seem to me aptly summed up by the Wake's pedantic professor of Book I, 5; he concludes of a certain piece of literature that

it is not a miseffectual whyacinthinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and hoops and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurts of speed: it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really to rest thankful that at this deleteful hour of dungflies dawning we have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to show for ourselves. (118.28-34)

To point out that the above critique applies to the "letter" under examination by the professor, or really to the Wake itself, is to impose a false separation among news oracles.

The Wake is a newspaper is a myth is a riddle is a sacred manuscript. It does not matter what the item is called. We ought merely to be thankful that we have any record at all, even a "dried scrap of paper."

Such records, which I interpret to include all manner of print media, serve a high purpose. Publicly circulated documents such as the daily newspaper reflect the world as it is, flaws and all. Admittedly, newspapers in Joyce's world mislead as frequently as they clarify. As early as *Stephen Hero*, Joyce was charging newspapers with complicity in the dissemination of misleading, sensational information. In one scene in Joyce's aborted manuscript, the president of University College confronts the student Stephen with the charge that Ibsen is an immoral writer. Stephen responds:

--Where have you seen this?

--O, everywhere...in the papers.

--This is a serious argument, said Stephen reprovingly.

The president far from resenting this hardy statement seemed to bow to its justice: no one could have a poorer opinion of the half-educated journalism of the present day than he had and he certainly would not allow a newspaper to dictate criticism to him. At the same time there was such

a unanimity of opinion about Ibsen that he  
imagined....(93)

If it is in the newspaper, it must be...what? Accurate? Clearly not. Joyce often calls attention to the inaccuracy of the press, as when Bloom finds his own name mangled in the evening paper in the "Eumaeus" section of *Ulysses*. Yet every issue of the newspaper captures some undeniable truth. Journalists record life, they do not sanitize or improve it. Perhaps that was Joyce's attraction to journalism. Each day's paper contains a thousand perspectives on the world, none wholly accurate, each essential to completing the overall picture.

Joyce's major works of fiction, as I have tried to demonstrate, make use of the press in a way that implies a recognition of the necessity of the institution. Newspapers help characters get through their day and they help Joyce's readers get closer to understanding those characters. Inexpensive, indispensable, the newspaper with all its flaws and limitations, is, in Joyce's final analysis, supremely sufficient for the day.

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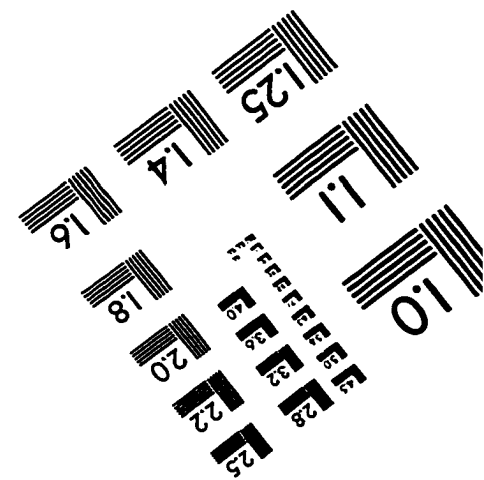
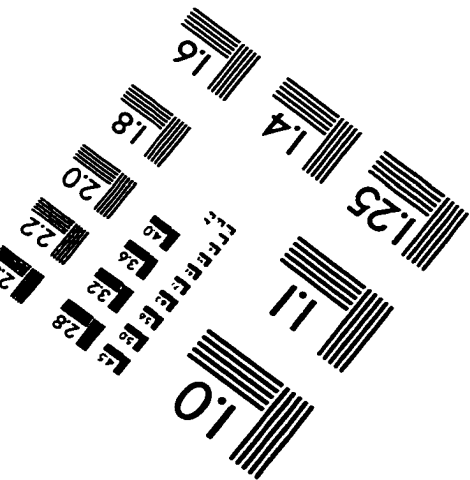
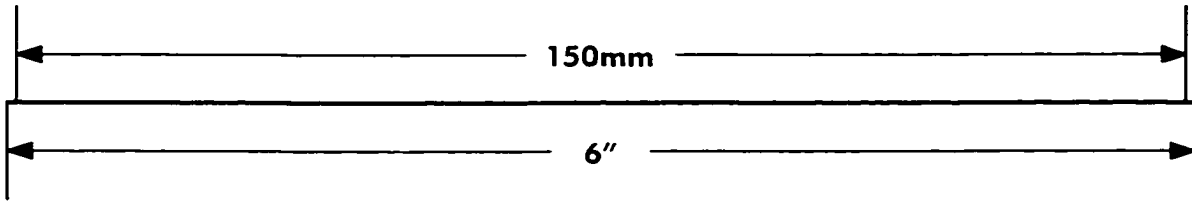
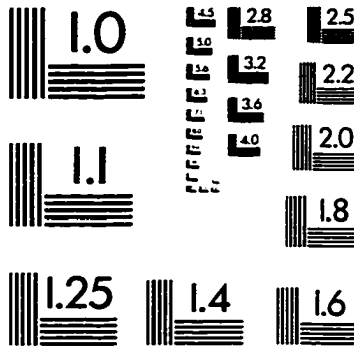
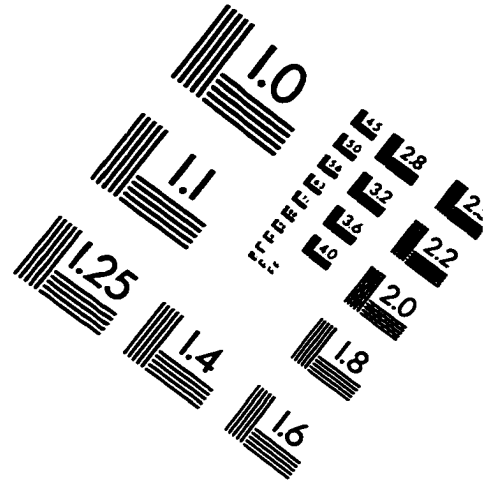
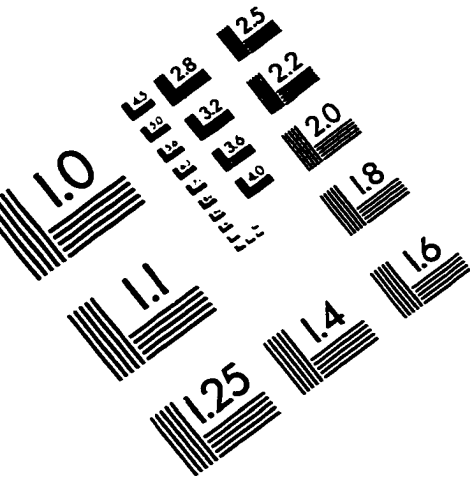
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