Ulysses: Reception and Reputation, 1918-1930

ULYSSES:
RECEPTION AND REPUTATION, 1918-1930

by

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

James Joyce's Ulysses provoked a stronger immediate response in the literary world than any twentieth century novel. Despite the fact that the author was usually either damned outright or extravagantly praised by his readers and fellow artists, there exists a considerable body of mature, well-considered critical response which appeared during the tempestuous early period in the establishment of Ulysses' reputation. This study will examine the views of Ulysses held by such writers as Pound, Eliot, Bennett and Wyndham Lewis in the light of their literary principles and in relation to the responses of both the academic and non-professional reading public. By relating the nature of Joyce's masterwork to the vast range of opinion which it generated on the part of authors who were instrumental in creating new tastes in literature, this study will, it is hoped, contribute to the definition of taste in a crucial period in the history of the modern novel.

A study of this nature has not long been possible. Only in the last fifteen years has the need for general studies of Joyce's life and art been filled. The definitive biography of James Joyce[1*] is a fairly recent book and nearly

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*Footnotes appear at the end of each chapter.

all of the intended and possible significance of Joyce's work, at least before Finnegans Wake, has been extracted by academic critics and explicators writing since 1950. Some major steps have been taken toward defining Joyce's reputation and importance. Seon Givens[2] and Professors Magalaner and Kain[3] have attempted the formidable task of sifting through the mountain of writings on Joyce and of putting the response to his work in some kind of accessible order. Givens has produced an anthology of writings dealing with a broad range of Joycean subjects including aspects of biography and criticism pertaining to the complete Joyce canon. Magalaner and Kain have provided a comprehensive digest of the literary, journalistic and popular response to each of Joyce's works. Both of these ambitious studies disappoint to the extent that they must be, because of their scope, largely uncritical. This is especially true of the Givens anthology but even Magalaner and Kain to a certain extent sacrificed an opportunity to exercise their valuable critical judgement in order to serve their aim of comprehensiveness. Their readers have been bewildered by the "source book" nature of their huge body of facts and quotation drawn from an incredible variety of sources.

From the vantage point of nearly half a century since the publication of Ulysses, the literary historian should now be prepared to build on the work of the biographers, analysts, critics and compilers, in order to gauge the significance of

the response to this novel in the literary community by generalizing from a careful selection of the important critical views which appeared in the first dozen years of Ulysses' history.

The reader should be aware of the limitations necessarily self-imposed by the writer of a study of this nature. The first has been the necessity to resist the temptation to duplicate the work of earlier writers. This study, while based on available facts, is not an attempt to re-write the life of Joyce during this period by amending the work of Gorman [4] and Ellmann, nor is it a re-ordering or re-compilation of a digest of critical opinions which are considered more interesting or representative than those recorded by Magalaner and Kain. Secondly, both reader and critic must recognize that the problems of the influence of an artist, notoriously difficult even when one has the perspective of many decades, become especially difficult when one is dealing with the literary events of the present century. Joyce's influence, reputation and power as a taste-maker are by no means settled issues in the 1960's; despite the extension of the debate about the Joycean novel to the classroom and the critical journal, it has not been concluded among novelists writing today.[5] Finally, any attempts at generalization about matters as nebulous as critical response, reputation and influence must be recognized to be biased to

a greater or lesser extent according to the predilections of the commentator. In order to avoid as many of these pitfalls as possible, certain principles of selection and presentation of the relevant material have been adopted in this study.

The chronological range of material here discussed has been limited as much as possible to the years between 1918 and 1930. Ulysses had been Joyce's major work in progress since 1914, but the novel was little known or discussed outside of Joyce's immediate circle of literary acquaintance until The Little Review undertook its serial publication in March, 1918. The discussion of the work is considered to begin with those comments elicited by its first appearance in print in America. 1930 has been chosen as the closing date in this discussion because after that date the way in which the reputation of Ulysses continued to grow underwent a drastic change. The most important elements in this change were the publication of Stuart Gilbert's James Joyce's "Ulysses" in 1930 [6] and the influence of the Depression on literary taste and practice. Gilbert's book was the interpretation authorized by Joyce himself and because of Gilbert's acknowledgment of the close co-operation of Joyce during the period of the guide's composition, it came to have the weight of a final word on Ulysses. Before Gilbert's study, Ulysses tended to be all things to all readers; the artist, critic and literary theoretician were

able to indulge their most imaginative and strongly felt personal views on the exact nature and meaning of Ulysses unencumbered by the critical weight of a full-length, formal, authorized reading of the text. These independent findings are illuminating in that they reveal how the experimental novelist and liberal critic might have continued to approach Ulysses even after the authorized commentary had the Depression not turned their attention elsewhere. The years of the Depression gave rise to a new and relatively short-lived literary avant-garde which established its own social and political criteria for judging the modern novel, to the temporary detriment of the establishment of Ulysses' reputation. Social critics of the Thirties seldom provided insights of value; often they merely showed the inadequacies of applying mechanical Marxism to a work which, whatever else it might be, was certainly not a revolutionary tract for the times.

Soon after 1930, the ban on Ulysses was lifted in the United States (1933) and Great Britain (1936). Henceforward, the novel grew in reputation as a respectable literary artefact and became the province of the middle-brow critic and reader and of the university curriculum planner. It was no longer the controversial last word in experimental literature; apart from the cultural historian, the defender of public morality who decried the lifting of the ban and the critic who wished to add to the growing body of literature

about Ulysses by expanding or quibbling with Gilbert's reading of the novel, few were to pay it any attention until after its re-discovery following World War II. Moreover ~~Finally~~, by 1930, Joyce's Work In Progress (titled Finnegans Wake in 1939) had begun either to engross the attention of the novelist's admirers or, as in the cases of Pound [7] and Wyndham Lewis,[8] to cause a complete disillusionment with all of Joyce's later work. By the early Thirties, those commentators who had not turned their attention to Work in Progress were beginning to repeat themselves or, at least, can be shown to be only elaborating on the insights of Joyce's early critics.[9]

Two methods of approaching the critical material of the 1918-1930 period will be found in the following study. Chapters II to IV deal with the material on a geographical basis and discuss, respectively, the nature of the response to Ulysses in America, Europe and the United Kingdom. As it is here maintained that there is a discernible difference in the reception accorded Ulysses in the three literary communities, this section of the study will attempt an analysis of the major characteristics of the novel's local reputation. To this end, the chapters will deal with material considered to be most typical of the local reaction while the most hysterical and extravagant early reviews of Ulysses will be largely ignored except in the case of the United States, where

they greatly influenced the future course of the novel's reception and reputation. Press reviews of Ulysses tended to illustrate fairly uniform patterns of reaction in America and the United Kingdom and will be passed over in favour of serious articles, essays and reviews by mature literary commentators as they appeared in respectable journals.

"Ulysses furnishes matter for a symposium rather than for a single letter, essay, or review."[10] Chapter V of this study will attempt to provide such a symposium by presenting a reasonably thorough discussion of ten selected critical essays which from the vantage point of the intervening thirty-five years seem to be the most significant in the establishment of the novel's continuing artistic reputation. Each provides a valuable insight into the nature of some particular aspect of Ulysses. They have been withdrawn from consideration in the intervening chapters as far as possible because most are not really typical of the early critical response of the country in which they first appeared.

The final chapter offers a necessarily brief assessment of the publication of James Joyce's Ulysses as a major event in the history of the twentieth century English novel.

A recapitulation of the characteristics of the response to the novel is followed by certain practical and theoretical conclusions which arise during the historical study of a critical reputation.

"... fame would come to you twixt a sleep[11] and a wake[12]....."[13] The following opinions are the elements of Ulysses' continuing fame.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

1. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959).

2. James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed. Seon Givens (New York: Vanguard Press, 1948).

3. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York: Collier, 1962).

4. Herbert Gorman, James Joyce: His First Forty Years (New York: Huebsch, 1924 and London: Geoffrey Bles, n.d.) and James Joyce (New York: Rinehart, 1939).

5. Leonard Cohen, the young Canadian author of Beautiful Losers (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1966), intermittently refuses to acknowledge any literary influences and yet demonstrates a certain respect for such elements of modern novelistic technique as stream-of-consciousness narration, the use of myth and folklore to order contemporary experience and the conscious manipulation of a pattern of multi-valent symbols. Mr. Cohen's many faults as a novelist are aggravated by his unwillingness or inability to master the problems Joyce faced (and mastered) in 1918.

6. Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber, 1930).

7. Pound had begun to lose interest in Joyce's career as early as December of 1921 when he refused to attend Valery Larbaud's introductory lecture to Ulysses. It would seem that Joyce's mentor and outspoken publicist was considerably annoyed to have his discovery re-discovered by leading literary figures. Richard Ellmann, referring to Pound's reaction to a portion of Finnegans Wake, remarks, "Pound's receptivity to innovation had ... its limits." (Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p.597.) Pound's letters indicate that, although he long retained his admiration for A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, his interest in Ulysses waned during the Twenties until it was overcome by his dislike for Finnegans Wake. As Pound grew more jealous of Joyce's comparatively large number of admirers, his rancour increased. On March 25, 1930, he wrote to E.E. Cummings about an unidentified manuscript he had recently read, "Ever a pleasure to have something to decipher

that ain't dear Jim [Joyce]or oedipus Gertie [Stein, MacDowell or both?]" (D.D. Paige, ed., The Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907-1941 (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1950), letter number 242 to E.E. Cummings, dated March 25, 1936, p. 227).

8. Joyce enjoyed a friendship with Wyndham Lewis from 1920 (Ellmann, op.cit., p. 509) until the publication of Lewis' attack on Joyce in 1927. ("An Analysis of the Mind of James Joyce", The Enemy, I (January 1927), 95-130.) In this article, reprinted as Chapter XVI of Time and Western Man (New York: Harcourt, 1928), pp. 75-113, Lewis changed his mind about the modern movement in general and subjected it to criticism as virulent as his earlier attacks on the Victorians in Blast. Vide infra, Chapter V.

9. Charles Duff's James Joyce and the Plain Reader (1932) and Louis Golding's James Joyce (1933) are merely introductions, Frank Budgen's James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses"(1934) is an anecdotal biography; Edmund Wilson's chapter "James Joyce" in his Axel's Castle (1931) is the final statement of views earlier put forward in the periodical essays which are discussed in Chapter V, infra.

10. Ezra Pound, "Ulysses", in his Literary Essays (London: Faber, 1960), p. 409. Pound's essay "Ulysses" formed the author's "Paris Letter" to The Dial, New York, LXXII, #6 (June 1922). Dated May 1922.

11. Molly's.

12. Finnegans.

13. James Joyce, Finnegans Wake (New York: Viking Compass, 1962), p. 192.

CHAPTER II

ULYSSES IN AMERICA

In 1918, when Ulysses first began to appear in print, James Joyce had been at work on this book for four years. In a writing career which spanned nearly two decades he had succeeded in establishing only the most tenuous foothold in the literary world. With three published titles to his credit,[1] he had succeeded in gaining some modest critical response to his work but, what is more important, he had managed to interest strongly a small number of his fellow writers in his work, strongly enough, at least, to offset the facility Joyce displayed throughout his career in alienating those who most wanted to help him.

The first of these, Arthur Symons, poet, critic and London-Paris literary go-between, was the first to assume the role of Joyce's sponsor, manager, agent and encourager. This role was later to be re-interpreted, and expanded and played by Ezra Pound, Harriet Shaw Weaver and Sylvia Beach. Joyce and Symons had been introduced by Yeats in London in the autumn of 1902; for more than a decade Symons did what he could for Joyce by bringing his work to the attention of editors and publishers, by favourably reviewing Chamber Music in 1907 and finally, by wearing out his interest in Joyce

through his unsuccessful attempts to mediate between the customarily intractable Joyce and the very cautious publisher Grant Richards on the matter of alterations to the text of Dubliners. By 1915, when Joyce was seeking help in getting A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man published, Symons was hesitant to take up Joyce's cause again.

However, by this time, Joyce had attracted the interest and admiration of a far more energetic and enthusiastic promoter -- the rising young literary internationalist, Ezra Pound. Pound had literary connections with Dora Marsden's (later Harriet Shaw Weaver's) The Egoist in Britain and with Mencken's Smart Set and Harriet Monroe's Poetry in America; he was as eager to unearth new literary talent as Joyce was to have his genius recognized; probably, by this time, Pound imagined he had a calling "to inaugurate twentieth-century literature", an achievement which some, at least, are prepared to grant him.[2] Whether or not one questions Pound's critical acumen, and there are reasons for doubting some of his attitudes and opinions, one must accept the fact of his power in the world of letters and grant that he was a somewhat better critic of Joyce than he was of some other writers. Pound, acting on the suggestion of W.B. Yeats, first wrote and offered his services to Joyce in December of 1913. Pound had "discovered" Robert Frost in the summer of 1913 and, in the autumn of the following year, he was to begin his attempts

to launch the career of T.S. Eliot. Surely no literary enthusiast has ever made three more significant discoveries in the space of eighteen months.

Largely through the offices of Pound, 1914 was to become for Joyce the most significant year of his hitherto unspectacular literary career. The Egoist began serial publication of A Portrait in its February 2, 1914 issue.[3] On June 15, a small (1250 copy) edition of Dubliners was published in London by Grant Richards who was finally roused to action by the fact that Joyce was getting some attention elsewhere. For four years however Pound's efforts on Joyce's behalf were to be met with only limited success. Most reviews of Dubliners found the stories "cynical or pointless or both."[4] The Egoist serialization of A Portrait failed to grip the imagination of war-time London except insofar as Pound guided the taste of some of the avant-garde; under his prodding Wyndham Lewis, Ford Madox Ford and others expressed some enthusiasm which Pound was proudly able to report to Joyce in Trieste. Serial publication of A Portrait did little to hasten its publication in book form. It was turned down in London by Richards, by Secker, and by Duckworth despite the steady efforts of J.B. Pinker, Joyce's self-appointed London business manager. Finally published by Huebsch in December of 1916 in New York, A Portrait came to Britain the following year in the form of American sheets to be bound and distributed through the sponsorship of Harriet Weaver's Egoist Press.

Comment on A Portrait on both sides of the Atlantic was generally divided -- most regarded Joyce as a man of genius while a significant number of others attempted to characterize him as mad, undistinguished, coarse or even possessed by "a cloacal obsession."[5] Although Joyce was starting to become something of a literary cause, Pound's fight against public apathy to Joyce was by no means over. In 1915, the American publisher, B.W. Huebsch, had expressed an interest in Dubliners but, as he was unable to publish it at that time he salved his literary conscience by urging some of the stories on H. L. Mencken..Mencken obliged by publishing "The Boarding House" and "A Little Cloud" in the May 1915 issue of Smart Set where they met with no significant response whatever. By the end of 1916, Huebsch was able to publish Dubliners in book form in New York; the book met with as cool a reception in America as it had in London two years before.

Joyce's only play, Exiles, closely modelled on Ibsen's When We Dead Awaken was completed in 1915. It was published in May of 1918 by Richards in London and Huebsch in New York but the few bland reviews of it did little to augment Joyce's reputation. Exiles was first performed in Munich on August 17, 1919 and Joyce himself characterized his play's reception in the presence of Budgen as "A flop!"[6]

Throughout this most trying period of Joyce's career, the years 1913 to 1918, the author, plagued by poverty, eye-disease and the public's apathy, had two sources of encouragement.

The first of these was his own indomitable determination to carry on with his work despite the fact that the response thus far was providing very little incentive; the second was the continuing effort of Pound to forward Joyce's career. Pound's tactics were simple and straightforward. To ease the author's poverty, he sought financial aid from every conceivable source and even succeeded in getting Joyce a grant of £ 75 from the Royal Literary Fund through his goading of Yeats and Edmund Gosse who finally agreed to support Joyce's application. Pound also encouraged Harriet Shaw Weaver in her financial support of Joyce which began in 1917. To encourage the author, Pound read and commented on everything Joyce sent him after Pound's original offer to do so in December of 1913. To make Joyce known, Pound published whatever he could in any journal or magazine that would accept an article on Joyce. He continued to be among Joyce's promptest and most laudatory reviewers with articles on Dubliners in The Egoist (July 15, 1914);[7] on Exiles in Drama (February 1916)[8] and on A Portrait in The Future (May 1918).[9] Finally, to give Joyce's potential readers an opportunity to form their own judgments on his work, Pound did everything in his power to get Joyce's writings published even to the extent of urging the American publisher, John Marshall, who was about to bring out Pound's This Generation, to shelve Pound's book in favour of Joyce's A Portrait.[10]

One of these efforts was finally to bear fruit in that it resulted in the first publication anywhere of Ulysses and the establishment of the type of reception this novel was to be afforded in America during the decade of the Twenties.

From 1912 until 1918, Pound had been Foreign Editor of Harriet Monroe's Poetry (Chicago), a magazine which had earned a reputation for introducing many poets to whom fame would soon come, including Eliot, Frost, Stevens, Williams, Lawrence, Lindsay, Lowell, Sandburg, Brooke and Marianne Moore. Miss Monroe, it would seem from her long list of successes, was a woman of great taste and magnificent courage who could readily recognize literary talent and was eager to make known the work of talented writers. Perhaps Pound came into conflict with Miss Monroe because he, of course, felt that he possessed taste, courage and critical abilities in at least equal quantities.[11] Perhaps he may have found that Poetry after five years of steady success was beginning to take itself too seriously -- to display less courage and more establishment-conservatism.[12] Pound may just have wished to turn his hand to criticism and to have the opportunity to publish more of the prose works of his discoveries. In any case, he shifted his allegiance to The Little Review and became, at the same time, Foreign Editor of this publication and guide to what was worthwhile in the writing of the moderns

to The Little Review editors, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap.

These ladies needed Pound's services badly. Margaret Anderson had few of the qualities which made Harriet Monroe an effective editor and introducer of significant new trends. "The 'personal' magazine usually reflects the editor's personality on the cover and on every page. There was Margaret Anderson's very personal Little Review."[13] The first three 'formative' years (March 1914 - March 1917) of The Little Review especially reflected a personality made up of equal measures of enthusiasm and immaturity. However, the young editor [14] and her magazine continued to respond readily to the sudden shifts of fashion in the arts throughout The Little Review's fifteen year history of publication in Chicago, New York and Paris. The harried reader found nearly every issue involved in some new 'ism' from feminism to anarchism and on through imagism, cubism, futurism, expressionism, Bergsonianism, the new Paganism, symbolism, vorticism, dadaism and surrealism -- in all, "23 new systems of art (all now dead), representing 19 countries."[15] During a rare period of relative stability, The Little Review affiliated itself with the Imagist movement for what was for this magazine the lengthy period of a little more than a year, in 1915-16.

Ezra Pound came to The Little Review as its Foreign Editor at the beginning of the magazine's New York sojourn (March 1917 - Spring 1922). Under his remote control guidance of the magazine's content and editorial policy, The Little

Review became and for these five years remained the leading voice of the experimental movement in literature in America. The magazine attained this success as a result of the combination of Pound's weaknesses and strengths with those of Misses Anderson and Heap.

Pound's strengths included his broad knowledge of European literature, his connections in the modern world of letters, his eagerness to make known the work of young writers and, of course, his particular interest in the career of James Joyce. Finally, Pound had the power to hold Miss Anderson somewhat in awe of himself and the ability, through a mixture of tactful suggestion and outright bullying, to guide Miss Anderson's decisions on the content of The Little Review. Her remarks on receiving a new manuscript from Pound are revealing:

> In February Ezra sent us the first chapter of a manuscript he recommended highly, saying he had no idea if we would care to print it as it would probably involve us in difficulties with the censors.
>
> I began the manuscript. I came upon:
>
> Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide. . . .
>
> This is the most beautiful thing we'll ever have, I cried. We'll print it if it's the last effort of our lives. 16

A recommendation from Ezra; possible difficulties with the censors; non-grammatical, unorthodoxly punctuated, sometimes incomprehensible prose-poetry -- all of these combined to

guarantee that Miss Anderson had no choice but to publish this manuscript.

The important weaknesses of Pound which are revealed in The Little Review are his tendencies to self-centredness, his belief that modern literature was what Ezra Pound said it was and his willingness to use The Little Review as a personal organ. Pound's boundless confidence in himself and his eagerness to convert The Little Review and its readers are revealed in his opening editorial:

> I have accepted the post of Foreign Editor of The Little Review: chiefly because:
>
> I
>
> I wished a place where the current prose writings of James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, and myself might appear regularly, promptly, and together, rather than irregularly, sporadically, and after useless delays.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I see no reason for concealing my belief that the two novels, by Joyce and Lewis, and Mr. Eliot's poems are not only the most important contributions to English literature of the past three years, but that they are practically the only works of the time in which the creative element is present, which in any way show invention, or a progress beyond precedent work. The mass of our contemporaries, to say nothing of our debilitated elders, have gone on repeating themselves and each other. 17

Pound had written to Margaret Anderson early in 1917 in response to her invitation to join The Little Review:

> I want an "official organ" (vile phrase). I mean I want a place where I and T.S. Eliot can appear once a month (or once an "issue") and where Joyce can appear when he likes, and where Wyndham Lewis can appear if he comes back from the war. 18

Such conviction on the part of Pound served, at least, to establish a following and reputation for Joyce in America.

Miss Anderson brought to this fruitful partnership a willingness to trust Pound's literary judgments implicitly which served the careers of Joyce and Eliot well. Her sincerity is impossible to question; the reader of My Thirty Years' War [19] is impressed with the hardships and privations she endured to keep her ideals (and her magazine) alive. Her daring and love of innovation, even her dadaist wish to ignore the public's taste (the title page often included the slogan "Making No Compromise with the Public Taste") in order to maintain a reputation for being advanced were useful in that they got some future classics, including Ulysses, into print and before the public.

Miss Anderson's failings as an editor were really the result of carrying her enthusiasms too far -- the unfortunate effects of which were the probable alienation of a certain number of readers, subscribers, and advertisers and the lively interest of Mr. John Sumner's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. As has been shown, she was susceptible to innumerable, erratic editorial whims. She had a marked tendency to adopt the pose of intellectual and critical superiority in the name of her often-repeated battlecry "Life for Art's Sake." In September of 1916, she issued a Little Review largely made up of blank leaves because no

"really beautiful thing"[20] had come across her desk for that issue. Finally, Miss Anderson, when not directed by Pound, can be fairly characterized as badly lacking in taste. The Little Review prose and poetry she chose without the guidance of others or merely with the advice of Miss Heap is often of an abysmally low standard. A selection of the critical articles she chose to represent the attitudes of Little Review supporters would make up a volume both amazing and ludicrous and would include the outpourings of Marsden Hartley, Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven, and Elizabeth Longfellow Siddons:

> I suppose I must count myself lover of stylistic radiance. It is not enough for me to have sun; I want the distribution of the prismatic facet, the irridescence wrapped around the sphere. There must be the web for the dew to hang on, there must be a free sky for an avid moon. (Marsden Hartley) 21
>
> If I can write - talk - about dinner - pleasure of my palate - as artist or as aristocrat - with my ease of manner - can afford also to mention my ecstasies in toilet room!
> If you can not - you are invited to silence - by all means!
> If your ears are too vulgar -put white cotton into - in tufts - bunches! fitting decoration! You did that - already - but why have you to show it to the world at large ! afflicted people shall stay home - with family - friends. You are immodest - because you are not healthy.
> . . . . . .
> That attitude of the learner - the inferior - you should feel in regard to James Joyce.
> That you do not - shows you have less inherent culture than European washer-lady.
> . . . . . .
> What scientist can say only in impersonal detached dignified quietness - servant of God - genius can say - does - any way he first happens to feel - he is God's messenger - in him God incarnate.
> I have not read "Ulysses". As story it seems

impossible - to James Joyce's style I am not yet quite developed enough - makes me difficulty - too intent on my own creation - no time now.

Sometime I will read him - have no doubt - time of screams - delights - dances - soul and body - as with Shakespeare.

. . . . . .

Such one you dare approach - little runt?
Whatever mad [sic] you read him - Little Review -anyway?
Back to my astonishment!
You see how ridiculous you are?
Well - if not - others will.
That is why I wrote this - !
(Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven) 22

I have wanted for a long time to congratulate you on the great work your magazine is doing for the cause of real art in America. As Secretary of the Ocumseh Literary Circle I have been commissioned by the members, upon unanimous vote at the last meeting, to tell you that of all the magazines which have been gone through by our reading circle in the past year the Little Review has been deemed the most worthy of praise and commendation for the very high merit of its content and also for the excellent work it is doing.

In our reading circle which meets every week we have discussed the most advanced literary magazines regularly and had papers presented on them by each member. Syracuse now has a large bookstore where we can get the very latest things in literature when we go to town. The sentiment of the circle has been unanimous throughout that the Little Review is unqualifiedly right in saying that America needs a great artistic awakening. Though we are only a small part of this great country, we have felt the weight of ignorance of the fine and beautiful things in life and especially the lack of some medium to convey to us some of the deeper things that the great artists and writers of Europe are doing ....

We have had this brought home to us, oh so forcibly, by the brilliant things Mr. Pound has said about the reading public in this country, I cannot tell you, though I would like to, how much we enjoy the things Mr. Pound has so cleverly said about artistic America in the Little Review. We are grateful to him and to the Little Review. (Elizabeth Longfellow Siddons) 23

These then were the personalities and the magazine which were to introduce Ulysses to the American public and, if one can believe The Little Review's masthead slogan ("The Magazine that is Read by those who Write the Others"),[24] to a group of readers who wielded a literary influence far greater than the circulation of the magazine[25] would indicate. The Little Review circle had a climate of its own -- a climate of innovation, of daring and, according to some, of bad taste and moral corruption. The climate of The Little Review affected Ulysses' entry into the world for, whether or not this was the intention of "The Little Reviewers", Ulysses was to become a "hot item" on the American literary scene to an extent which overshadowed the better-deserved "scandalous" reputations of many literary productions. Thus Ulysses, the literary "hot item", increased its reputation in America for the few, as an artistic cause which was destined to become a classic, for others, as a sensational novel, and, for the majority of those who heard of it, as a dirty book. The latter view overshadowed other elements of Ulysses' reputation in Puritan[26] America throughout the Twenties and Thirties and was probably even enhanced by Judge Woolsey's December 6, 1933 decision.[27]

The complete history and chronology of the publication of Ulysses in The Little Review from the appearance of "Telemachus" in the March, 1918 issue to that of the first part of "Oxen of the Sun" in the September-December, 1920 issue are unnecessary to this analysis and may be found

elsewhere.[28] What is important here is the reaction of those who read these issues.

Examination of the twenty-eight issues of the magazine in which Ulysses and comment on it appeared reveals that Professors Magalaner and Kain have presented a balanced picture of the readers' comments as they appeared in the "Reader-Critic" columns of The Little Review.[29] As their book is readily available, only a few of these comments will be cited in order to illustrate the main tendencies of this reaction. At least one reader was grateful to The Little Review:

> I want to thank you so much for sticking out in these beastly times with your Little Review. Other prints yap and bellow and throw mud. The Little Review stays as serene and beautiful as a chatelaine of Azay -- a singing chatelaine with a strangely sweet lute. How grateful I am for "Ulysses"! I call you blessed, even as the rest of the country will some fifty years hence. 30

Others were baffled and angry:

> Really now: Joyce! what does he think he is doing? What do you think he is doing? I swear I've read his "Ulysses" and haven't found out yet what it's about, who is who or where. Each month he's worse than the last. I consider myself fairly intelligent. I have read more than most. There are some few things I expect of a writer. One of them is coherence 31

A few were appreciative:

> . . . Joyce's novel has one negligible chapter from the standpoint of my understanding, but absolutely beggars appreciation in other spots . . . . One is apt suddenly to be reminded one is reading nearly all that is worthwhile in current writing in your pages. This is perhaps a little too inclusive. 32

> . . . James Joyce is beyond doubt the most sensitive stylist writing in English. There is enough skill and matter in a single episode of "Ulysses" to equip a regiment of novelists. He never fails to give you more than you bargain for. He gives me more than I can ever carry away. Often enough, I feel that I should curse him and die. . . . 33

One young man, a frequent contributor to little magazines, found Joyce's frankness acceptable:

> The most nauseating complaint against his work is that of immorality and obscenity. The character of Stephen Dedalus is all too good for this world. It takes a little experience, -- a few reactions on his part to understand it, and could this have been accomplished in a detached hermitage, high above the mud, he would no doubt have preferred that residence. 34

Many others found Ulysses objectionable:

> . . . I'm not a prude and I can bear any kind of truths if there is a reason for stating them. Sensuousness for the sake of sensuousness does not appeal to me, and a striving for things so involved that no one can understand them does not mean literature to me. 35

> . . . I cannot see that the drivel that passes for conversation in the Joyce atrocity is improved by the omission of quotation marks. Joyce's pleasing habit of throwing chunks of filth into the midst of incoherent maunderings is not at all interesting and rather disgusting. 36

> There is a certain form of mental imbalance -- about the lowest form -- that takes delight in concentration on the "natural functions" . . . All attendants in insane asylums are familiar with it. Does James Joyce belong to those so affected? Do "the few who read him" belong? If not, and Joyce and his readers are to be considered fairly sane, would he -- and they -- be willing to perform their "natural functions" in public? If not, why take out a desire for dabbling in filth, in writing in public? 37

Although not reprinted in The Little Review, Margaret Anderson wrote that the following letter was "typical of hundreds we received": 38

> I think this is the most damnable slush and filth that ever polluted paper in print. I have persisted in reading it to the end. I wanted to know why those responsible for printing what the authorities condemned should jeopardize their own reputations unless there was something intrinsically beautiful even though misunderstood by the censors. And so, as I say I persisted in reading to the bitter end of Episode XIII. Damnable, hellish filth from the gutter of a human mind born and bred in contamination. There are no words I know to describe, even vaguely, how disgusted I am; not with the mire of his effusion but with all those whose minds are so putrid that they dare allow such muck and sewage of the human mind to besmirch the world by repeating it -- and in print, through which medium it may reach young minds. Oh my God, the horror of it.
>
> With all the force of my being I reject thinking of you as part of this hellish business. I loathe the possibility of your continuing to associate yourself with such degradation. It defies all that is moderate in speaking of it. No one connected in any measure, or having any part or parcel with a person who could know such filth, think such . . . but what is the use? It pollutes one to think of it, even to cry out against it. I hate, I loathe, I detest the whole thing and everything connected with it. It has done something tragic to my illusions about America. How could you? 39

The Little Review had come to the attention of Mr. John Sumner, known to the American experimentalist literary community as a partner in the firm of "Sumner Volstead Christ and Co.",[40] head of the crusading New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. The magazine had been suppressed before the Ulysses serialization began -- the October 1917 issue containing "Cantleman's Spring-Mate" by Wyndham Lewis had been stopped at the Post Office and burned. With the beginning of Ulysses, the tempo of action against The Little Review increased. Four issues -- January 1919 ("Lestrygonians"), May 1919 ("Scylla and Charybdis"), January 1920 ("Cyclops"), July-August

1920 ("Nausicaa") -- were seized and destroyed. At least one of these suppressions was not entirely a result of Ulysses; the May 1919 issue contained four pen and ink drawings by James Light which prominently featured nude figures and two ecstatic prose-poems by Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven, which probably aroused Mr. Sumner rather more than the bland "Scylla and Charybdis" episode. However, "Nausicaa" was more than Sumner's Society could bear. Acting on the advice of the father of a young daughter who had been able to purchase The Little Review in the Washington Square Bookshop, Sumner's Society charged the editors of The Little Review with publishing obscene literature. The trial was held on December 13, 1920 and was described by Margaret Anderson both in The Little Review [41] and in her autobiography, My Thirty Years' War:

> We came to trial before the Court of Special Sessions -- a fact in itself which enraged John Quinn. [Quinn, a New York lawyer who admired the work of Joyce and Pound, was no friend of The Little Review editors but was willing to defend The Little Review for the sake of freedom of expression in the arts.] He began his remarks to the judges by protesting against this. Such lack of tact helped him considerably to lose the case.
>
> There were three presiding judges -- two with white hair who slept during the major part of the proceedings and a younger man . . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> John Quinn's idea was for Jane and me to remain inconspicuous, meek and silent, and to surround ourselves with "window trimmings" -- meaning a group of conservative quietly-dressed women and innocent boarding school girls. We felt that he was wrong in not wanting us to speak. I still believe we could have given a clearer idea of Joyce's motives than he succeeded in doing. He was brilliant in

defining Joyce's prestige in the world of letters, in exploiting his own prestige in the legal world, and in scoring government officials whose ignorance didn't permit them to distinguish between literature and pornography. But he didn't stress the quality of Joyce's mind or the psychology which explains Rabelaisian tendencies. When one of the judges protested that he wasn't interested in hearing anything about James Joyce, that he merely wanted to discuss the obscene writing in question, John Quinn let his opportunity slip entirely -- without even seeing it, I believe. I nearly rose from my seat to cry out that the only issue under consideration was the kind of person James Joyce was, that the determining factor in aesthetic and moral judgment was always the personal element, that obscenity per se doesn't exist. But, having promised, I sat still.

Quinn had decided to use three witnesses to establish the Little Review's standing -- Scofield Thayer, editor of the Dial, Phillip Moeller of the Theatre Guild, and John Cowper Powys. Phillip Moeller was the first to be called and tried to analyze "Ulysses" for the court by explaining the Freudian manner of unveiling the subconscious mind. One of the judges laughed and asked him to speak in a language that the court could understand. Scofield Thayer was forced to admit that if he had the desire to publish "Ulysses" he would have consulted a lawyer first -- and not published it. John Cowper Powys declared that he considered it a beautiful piece of work in no way capable of corrupting the minds of young girls. At this point Jane longed to get up and explain that if there was anything in the world she feared it was the mind of the young girl.

It then became a question of the specific obscene passages. The prosecuting attorney announced his attention of having them read aloud. One of the sleepers awoke and, regarding me with a protective paternity, refused to allow the obscenity to be read in my hearing.

But she is the publisher, said John Quinn, smiling.

I am sure she didn't know the significance of what she was publishing, responded the judge, continuing to regard me with tenderness and suffering.

. . . . . .

The verdict was inevitably against us. We were fined a hundred dollars . . . and in spite of John Quinn's furious remonstrances led off to have our finger-prints taken. 42

Although promising to resume publication of Ulysses

after the trial, the editors of The Little Review accepted John Quinn's advice to stop, recognising the fact that the main reason for the imposition of a fine rather than a prison term had been the court's understanding that publication of Ulysses would be discontinued.

One effect of the trial was that Jane Heap was able to assume the stance of a martyr to Art. She remained loyal to the cause of Ulysses from the end of the trial when she wrote in answer to a criticism of the novel:

> If you have not seen him tight-rope-walking the cob-web of the human consciousness, conceiving and executing the rhythms of unspoken thought; if you have not seen Mr. Bloom spring full-fledged from His own brain; if you haven't the carefully organized, masterfully colored abstract picture of the mind of Dublin; if you have not got the luminosity of his genius, nothing will help you but work of equal magnitude which no one could write and which you again would not understand. 43

until the end of The Little Review's history when she editorialized:

> We have given space in the Little Review to 29 new systems of art (all now dead), representing 19 countries. In all of this we have not brought forward anything approaching a masterpiece except the Ulysses of Mr. Joyce. Ulysses will have to be the masterpiece of this time. 44

Margaret Anderson was more discouraged and, at a time when she was considering closing down The Little Review, she thought it fitting the magazine "should end logically with the epoch's supreme articulation -- Ulysses." 45 Of course, The Little Review survived and went on to Paris and to new causes.

A second effect of the Sumner prosecution was that Ulysses became known to a much wider public than the readership of The Little Review. Both the New York Times and the New York Tribune editorialized on the trial of Ulysses in moralistic terms, finding the book "deplorable" and "disgusting" while suggesting strongly that it was a very interesting book indeed.

Finally, although the publicity the trial had gained stirred up a sizable potential market for Ulysses, the victory of Sumner had made the novel too hot an item for any reputable publisher to handle. Both B.W. Huebsch and Boni and Liveright quickly declined Quinn's offer of American rights to Ulysses.

For one year then, from the spring of 1921 until the February, 1922 Shakespeare and Company edition of Ulysses, the reputation of the novel in the United States remained that of a sensational although inaccessible modern masterpiece.

Sylvia Beach and her associates at Shakespeare and Company, Paris worked frantically in the late winter of 1922 to get the first edition of Ulysses into the hands of subscribers around the world. In the cases of England and Ireland they succeeded before Postal officials were alerted. American guardians of public morals were more vigilant and a mere handful of copies of the first edition entered the United States before Shakespeare and Company learned that Ulysses was being confiscated and destroyed at the Port of New York.[46]

A new breed of "bookleggers" rose to the challenge of supplying a healthy American demand for Ulysses and the aura of contraband illegality enhanced the novel's American reputation -- Ulysses was ironically a great novel wanted by many people for all of the wrong reasons.

The schemes for getting Ulysses into America, there to be passed from hand to hand in undergraduate dormitories and in literary associations of all kinds, were many and varied. One of the most original of these was the Beach-Hemingway underground railway which took advantage of Canadian Postal authorities' slowness to realize the threat Ulysses posed to the nations moral fibre. The underground railway is described by Sylvia Beach in Shakespeare and Company, the history of her Parisian bookstore:

"Minerva-Hemingway"

> Now it's no secret that the hero Ulysses has friends high up, or, rather, a friend -- in fact, the Goddess Minerva. She appears now in one, now in another, disguise. This time it was in the very male form of Ernest Hemingway.
>
> I hope the following disclosures won't get Hemingway into trouble with the authorities -- surely they wouldn't bother someone who is a Nobel Prize winner -- but it was due to Hemingway that my copies of Ulysses, penetrated into the United States.
>
> I set the problem before Minerva-Hemingway. He said, "Give me twenty-four hours," and the next day he came back with a plan. I was to hear from a friend of his in Chicago, a certain Bernard B., a most obliging friend, whom I call Saint Bernard because of his rescue work, and he would let me know how the business could be carried out.
>
> This man wrote to say that he was going ahead with his preparations and that he was moving over to Canada. He asked if I would be willing to pay the rent on a studio

> in Toronto, which I agreed to at once, of course. Then he sent me the address of his new domicile and told me to ship all the copies to him there. I sent them off, and since there was no ban on Ulysses in Canada, they reached him safely. The job he then undertook was one requiring great courage and cunning; he had to get hundreds of these huge books across the border.
>
> Daily, he boarded the ferry, a copy of Ulysses stuffed down inside his pants, as he described it to me later. It was in the days of bootlegging, so a certain number of odd-shaped characters were around, but that only increased the risk of being searched.
>
> As the work progressed, and he was getting down to the last few dozen copies, Bernard imagined the port officials were beginning to eye him somewhat suspiciously. He was afraid they might soon inquire more closely into the real nature of the business -- presumably selling his drawings -- that took him back and forth every day. He found a friend who was willing to help him, and the two of them boarded the ferry daily, each with two copies now, since they had to work fast -- one in front and one behind; they must have looked like a couple of paternity cases.
>
> What a weight off our friend's mind, and off his person, when he got the last of his great tomes over to the other side! If Joyce had foreseen all these difficulties, maybe he would have written a smaller book.
>
> Anyhow, the Ulysses subscribers in America who received their copies should know that they have Hemingway and Hemingway's obliging friend to thank for that large parcel the American Express delivered to their door one day. 47

Other schemes were less dramatic but just as ingenious. John Rodker recalled [48] an English bookseller named Jackson who sent newspaper-wrapped signatures of the Egoist Press edition of 1922 [49] to the United States to be collated, rebound and distributed. An enterprising American merchant marine officer was responsible for illegally importing "hundreds of copies." [50] Some copies of the Egoist Press edition were sent to the U.S. by book post and escaped the Post Office for a time until this line of supply was also closed and 400-500 copies were destroyed.[51]

Amateur "bookleggers" also played their part -- Sylvia Beach recalls disguising Ulysses in the jackets of Shakespeare's Complete Works in One Volume or Merry Tales for Little Folks or in any innocuous enough jacket of suitable size.[52] The effective period of the Volstead Act (January 16, 1920 -- December 5, 1933) was nearly concurrent with the ban on Ulysses (September 1920 -- December 6, 1933). The American public obviously took as much pleasure in evading the ban on Joyce as they did in ignoring the prohibition of spirits. By 1931, the delights of forbidden fruit had even become known to the literary ladies of the suburbs as is evidenced by a Helen Hokinson New Yorker cartoon which depicts one of these ladies sidling up to a Paris bookseller to enquire, "Avez-vous Ulysses?" [53]

Despite the fact that Ulysses was not legally available in the United States, the amount of published comment on it increased immensely after its appearance in Europe in book form. Sophisticates sought to defend Ulysses by studiously analyzing Joyce and his novel in critical and philosophical articles and, by taking care not to refer to it in "sensational" terms, tried to appear above the silly censorship squabble. Moralists sought to condemn Ulysses on other than moral grounds in order to prove that it was simply not worth the reader's attention. With the most obvious point of discussion, the book's morality or lack thereof, put

aside, both sophisticates and moralists produced interesting comments on Ulysses as, of course, did commentators who were simply not interested in the censorship issue.

Burton Rascoe reversed his earlier condemnation of The Little Review version of the novel -- a condemnation couched in aesthetic terms although based to some extent on moral grounds -- when he examined the complete work. What before had seemed "incoherent and often unintelligible"[54] in The Little Review and hence of "hardly any appreciable value aesthetically"[55] was suddenly revealed to him as important for its "vast, olympian, sardonic humour, its searching psychological insight, its bitter, racy, earthy comedy."[56] Rascoe had obviously heard of the enthusiastic reception of Ulysses by American artistic expatriates in Europe by the time he prepared this review. In so changing his mind, Rascoe made himself more vulnerable to the charge of his long-standing enemies, the editors of The Little Review, "that he wouldn't be able to recognize the Sphinx outside Egypt."[57]

Djuna Barnes, a charming poseuse whose amount of genuine sophistication is very questionable, delighted Vanity Fair readers with an intimate portrait of the controversial pornographer as a misunderstood artist. Although Miss Barnes' motives in taking this view of her subject may not have been of the purest (much of her writing gives the impression that she is straining to be modern, daring and even

naughty), she succeeded in presenting a most interesting picture of Joyce as he was in the winter of 1922 and, incidentally, in preserving some of his remarks which are relevant to Ulysses' reception in America. Referring to the suppression of The Little Review, Joyce said to Miss Barnes, "The pity is, the public will demand and find a moral in my book -- or worse they may take it in some more serious way, and on the honour of a gentleman, there is not one single serious line in it." [58] Referring to his much-debated rendering of the stream-of-consciousness, Joyce stated a simple purpose for his use of this technique. "In Ulysses I have recorded, simultaneously, what a man says, sees, thinks, and what such seeing, thinking, saying does, to what you Freudians call the subconscious, ... " [59] Had commentators restricted themselves to discussing the validity of attempting such a rendition of life and the degree of success enjoyed by Joyce in rendering life in this way, the American critical debate during the Twenties would have been far more intelligent.

Dr. Joseph Collins, probably not a reader of Vanity Fair, claims to have found only "bewilderment and a sense of disgust" [60] in Ulysses:

> Not ten men or women out of a hundred can read "Ulysses" through, and of the ten who succeed in doing so, five of them will do it as a tour de force. I am probably the only person, aside from the author, that has ever read it twice from beginning to end. [61]

> . . . Mr. Joyce has seen fit to use words and phrases which the entire world has covenanted not to use and which

> people in general, cultured and uncultured, civilized and savage, believer and heathen, have agreed shall not be used because they are vulgar, vicious, and vile. 62

> When a master technician of words and phrases sets himself the task of revealing the product of the unconscious mind of a moral monster, a pervert and an invert, an apostate to his race and his religion, the simulacrum of a man who has neither cultural background nor personal self-respect, who can neither be taught by experience nor lessoned by example as Mr. Joyce has done in drawing the picture of Leopold Bloom, and giving a faithful reproduction of his thoughts, purposeful, vagrant and obsessive, he undoubtedly knew full well what he was undertaking, and how unacceptable the vile contents of that unconscious mind would be to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and how incensed they would be at having the disgusting product thrown in their faces. 63

Although he spends a token amount of time in damning Joyce's obscurity and frankness, Dr. Collins obviously finds a great deal which is worthy of attention if not of complete admiration in Ulysses. For one thing, Joyce's presentation of the contents and mechanics of the human mind is fascinating to the doctor, "I have learned more psychology and psychiatry from it than I did in ten years at the Neurological Institute." 64 He goes on:

> It is interesting and important to have the revelations of such a personality, to have them first hand and not dressed up. Heretofore our avenues of information concerning them led through asylums for the insane, for it was there that revelations were made without reserve. I have spent much time and money in my endeavour to get such revelations, without great success. Mr. Joyce has made it unnecessary for me to pursue the quest. He has supplied the little and big pieces of material from which the mental mosaic is made. 65

Collins certainly admires the technique of the "Circe" episode; in it "Mr. Joyce succeeds in displaying the high-water

mark of his art." [66] Collins has a rudimentary understanding of Joyce's use of Homer's Odyssey as a narrative framework and, although he is unaware of the complexity of this device, he offers his readers an adequate explanation of the relation Joyce bears to his Homeric characters.[67] Like so many readers who followed him through Ulysses, Collins didn't completely understand the chapters of parody; however, what he understood, he seems to have enjoyed and he pays tribute to "the voluble, witty, philosophic Celt, with an extraordinary faculty of words." [68] Dr. Collins' review closes with a quotation from Joyce's Stephen Dedalus: "A man of genius makes no mistakes; his errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery." [69] If these words may be construed as a change of heart on the part of the reviewer, transition was unfair to Dr. Collins in calling him "America's prize ass."[70] Collins was no dullard; he merely lacked the intellectual fortitude to abandon the conservatism his readers expected of him and to give himself over to appreciation of those parts of Ulysses which he grudgingly admitted were the work of genius.

Pound, in his "Paris Letter" to The Dial,[71] defended Ulysses with the vigour and forthrightness one comes to expect in his writing on his discoveries. His argument, very briefly, is that Ulysses is a book which is the crowning achievement of European art; it is both an excellent piece of

writing and one that should be of interest to all serious readers and writers; the American authorities are being foolish in not making Ulysses readily available and America, "where every child of seven has ample opportunity to drink in the details of the Arbuckle case, or two hundred other equodorous affairs from the 270,000,000 copies of the 300,000 daily papers which enlighten us", [72] should grow up to the extent of embracing European culture. Pound does not offer much comment on Ulysses in this diatribe but it provides interesting insights into the opinions of American literary exiles in Europe on the state of affairs in the arts in their homeland.

Gilbert Seldes, managing editor of The Dial, writing in the (New York) Nation, [73] ignores the issue of obscenity and censorship and provides a thoughtful and perceptive analysis of the narrative framework, techniques of stream-of-consciousness, parody and dramatization (in "Circe"), mood and over-all achievement of Ulysses. Seldes' is the best American review of Ulysses to appear in 1922 and is one of the few in which true literary maturity and sophistication dominate. In answer to those critics who charged Joyce with obscuring the issues of the novel by using the interior monologue technique, Seldes wrote:

> But the narrative is only the thread in the labyrinth. Around and about it is the real material of the psychological story, presented largely in the form of interior monologues -- the unspoken thoughts of the three principal

> characters and at times of some of the others, separately or, in one case, simultaneously. In a few words, at most a few pages, the essential setting is objectively presented; thereafter we are actually in the consciousness of a specified or suggested individual, and the stream of consciousness, the rendered thoughts and feelings of that individual, are actually the subject matter of the book. There is no "telling about" things by an outsider, nor even the looking over the hero's shoulder which Henry James so beautifully managed: there is virtually complete indentification. The links in the chain of association are tempered by the nature and circumstances of the individual; there is no mistaking the meditations of Stephen for those of Bloom, those of either for the dark flood of Marion's consciousness. 74

He concluded:

> I have called Joyce formidable because it is already clear that the innovations in method and the developments in structure which he has used with a skill approaching perfection are going to have an incalculable effect upon the writers of the future; he is formidable because his imitators will make use of his freedom without imposing upon themselves the duties and disciplines he has suffered; I cannot see how any novelist will be able (nor why he should altogether want) entirely to escape his influence. The book has literally hundreds of points of interest not even suggested here.....One cannot leave it without noting again that in the change of Stephen Dedalus from his affinity with the old artificer to his kinship with Ulysses-Bloom, Joyce has created an image of contemporary life; nor without testifying that this epic of defeat, in which there is not a scarped page nor a moment of weakness, in which whole chapters are monuments to the power and glory of the written word, is in itself a victory of the creative intelligence over the chaos of uncreated things and a triumph of devotion, to my mind one of the most significant and beautiful of our time. 75

Seldes' whole approach to <u>Ulysses</u> and his final verdict, an open-ended suggestion that the novel is even richer than he has been able to suggest, earned him the friendship of Joyce[76]

and the admiration of American Joyceans who knew that this kind of attention would eventually right the balance of Ulysses' reputation in America.

Matthew Josephson, writing in Broom, a European periodical dedicated to the cause of bringing European culture to art-starved Americans, described clearly the position Ulysses had been put in by the censors:

> Thanks to the imbecilic censorship enforced from time to time in America and England the profane books of the period are enveloped in a cloud of moral castigation or embellished with a halo of artistic martyrdom, as the case may be. Out of this situation arises the fallacy that such and such a writer is "ahead of his time," that he is a social evil or a prophet. It is thus that James Joyce's formidable Ulysses passes between Scylla and her colleague, and is consecrated at once by horrid little people who believe in emancipation and by equally horrid people who believe in societies for the suppression of vice.
>
> To regard steadfastly the artistic aspects of this book becomes, then, something of a problem. One must put out of mind the impassioned exhibitionism of the author.
>
> Ulysses seems to have received indiscriminate praise and abuse on both sides of the Atlantic, even such a diffident critic as T.S. Eliot referring to its beauties in the vaguest terms; whereas, the book may be summed up as the work of a man who possesses an amazing sensibility for physical qualities, an extraordinary knowledge of English, and an inferior intellect. 77

Josephson found one source of interest in Ulysses -- it is as a master of rhetoric that he values Joyce:

> Joyce's courage lies in his willingness to throw overboard all given principles of navigation and take to the uncharted seas. His inventiveness is admirable; his rhetoric, shall we call it, is as bold as that of John Donne, in fact is very reminiscent of the Metaphysical poets. He has a cunning bag of tricks which should be systematically overhauled. There is a madness in him for the word: the play of it, the color, the tempo of a handful of them. 78

The critic went on to describe several of Joyce's rhetorical techniques, his use of poetic modulation within the paragraph, word reconstruction, word invention, strictly concrete imagery and non-syntactical sentences and so provided a basic inroad into Ulysses for later readers untrained in the recognition of rhetorical devices. For Josephson, Ulysses is most valuable as a handbook of usage and style and as a model of the use of conversation and thought reproduction in literature -- open only to the charge of unnecessary, even sinful, length:

> But eventually it becomes tedious, redundant, appalling. By the hour, by the month! Joyce buried in this trivial vulgarity. What kind of a mind must he have, what mad design on posterity, to continue indefatigably the precious relation of this saloon-talk. I had vowed a friend of mine to read the book in its entirety, to glue my eye to every page. Slang is healthy, should go into the language. The figures of speech of rough men are honest and physical. One grows tired and beer-logged. Someone take him home, sometime! Very well, I am the little ragged barefoot boy sent by poor grandma to pluck you by the sleeve to beg you to come home Mr. Joyce 79

The articles discussed thus far all appeared during the first six months following Ulysses' publication as a book. Discussion of the novel continued in America in nearly every book and article purporting to deal with contemporary literature. In general, few new avenues of approach were opened; the critics were most often satisfied to re-state already discovered aspects of Ulysses. Mention of three more key figures in the growth of Ulysses' reputation in America -- two critics and a most remarkable pirate-publisher -- completes the picture of the development of this reputation

until 1930.

The first of these, Paul Rosenfeld, was music critic of The Dial; the editorial rooms of this publication must have been, in the early Twenties, a centre for intelligent discussion of Ulysses with Thayer, Seldes and Rosenfeld joining in. Rosenfeld brought to the novel a serious attitude, a sensitive ear for the beauties of Joyce's prose and a cultivated willingness to accept a work of art on its own terms. Each paragraph of his analysis demands quotation by virtue of its insight and Rosenfeld's ability to recreate aspects of the novel without tediousness or pedantry. His first approach to Ulysses is still one of the most valid ones for the beginning reader of Joyce:

> How long a time he [Mr. Mind -- a parasite inhabiting our poor skulls] has bedeviled us we cannot exactly estimate. It is quite recently only that we have begun growing conscious of his antics, and taken to keeping him a little under surveillance; indeed, it is Ulysses that has succeeded in awakening us. Men before James Joyce have been aware of the parasitic and independent nature of our upper-story lodger, yet the Irish poet can fairly pretend to being his artistic discoverer and portrayer of his form. The protagonist of his vast novel is no creature of flesh. The hero of the Odyssey may have been an individual. But the being whose wanderings are set forth in the modern tragi-comic parallel is no other than "mind in the making," perceived through types of the floating dislocated intellect of our time. With Joyce, a new comedy comes to stand beside the old divine and human comedies, the comedie intellectuelle. He had placed the interior soliloquy of the human being on a plane and a parity with his exterior "action," and boldly mixed the two.
>
> He had represented mind's play, the manner of drunken existence led by him, with a queer gusto at once sour and Rabelaisian, with pity, tenderness and Irish mischief, and

> upon an heroic scale and with heroic richness of illustration. And none of Joyce's coevals, neither Miss Stein or Miss Richardson nor Ernest Hemingway, has made it an object of contemplation with a relentlessness and bravery in any way comparable to his. Quite as the painted slides of glass in medical museums give in finest segments the physical aspects of the brain, so does his method render all the stratas [sic] of mind in their manifold interpenetrations. We are shown the mind we reveal to each other; and the mind full of fears and fantasies, monkey-like preoccupations and ignoble interests which we try to reveal to no one and to keep utterly to ourselves; and, through representations of the dreamlike and hallucinatory states in which the activities of the brain assume a definite corporeality, the mind which seeks to conceal itself and its fixations and traumas and outlawed impulses from ourselves, too. We are shown its motion, its rattling activity, broken rhythms, starts, attitudes and relationships, and made to observe it under the influence of bodily states, colored and given form and direction by emptiness of stomach and repletion of stomach, alcoholic intoxication, evacuatory functions, sexual periodicity, fatigue, and play of light and temperature and dark.
>
> The minds of three almost heroically established, and of numerous minor characters, are emptied of their contents before us; and each of the expositions demonstrates amid individual variations the general character of the lodger, and gives the rich comedy of mind's extraordinary depth and extraordinary shallowness and limitation. 80

Rosenfeld goes on to discuss Joyce's technique, use of Homeric parallels and the metaphysical implications of the novel with similar grace and insight. His approach to Ulysses is an excellent complement to Edmund Wilson's early reviews [81] and would still serve as a worthy critical introduction to the novel today.

Samuel Roth's part in the American history of Ulysses never has been adequately investigated and his true character in the literary world is difficult to establish. The few available facts have been obscured by many claims and

counterclaims coming from Roth on one side and Joyce and his friends on the other; however, the basic facts are as follows:

Roth was editor and publisher of three publications, a by-subscription-only quarterly Two Worlds (September 1925-June 1927), a rather short-lived subsidiary monthly Two Worlds Monthly (n.d. [July 1926] - n.d. [September 1927]) and a men's magazine, Beau. He repeatedly stated that his magazines were "Devoted to the Increase of Gaiety of Nations".[82] To this end, he published the work of D.H. Lawrence, John Galsworthy, Norman Douglas, T.S. Eliot, Djuna Barnes, Octave Mirbeau and James Joyce.

Two Worlds Monthly existed for about fourteen months; each of its twelve issues contained an installment of Ulysses and by the time the magazine ceased publication, fourteen complete episodes of the novel had appeared. Publication of the first installment of the novel has an unmistakable air of legitimacy for it is accompanied by a laudatory review of Joyce's work to date, "James Joyce",[83] by none other than Arthur Symons, who, according to the masthead, had become the London contributing editor of Two Worlds. The issue is "dedicated to James Joyce who will probably plead the cause of our time at the bar of posterity"[84] and features a statement of editorial policy which reveals Roth as a public spirited and devoted patron of the arts:

> The publication of James Joyce's Ulysses in twelve installments sets our standard of literary excellence

> as well as our standard of interest and entertainment. It will no longer be necessary for millions of people to talk about this gigantic work without having read it; it will no longer be necessary to pay the genial booklegger from fifty to three hundred dollars for the privilege of owning it. [85]

Following the collapse of Two Worlds Monthly, Roth issued bound volumes of his version of Ulysses accompanied by a special preface justifying this publication. Finally, in 1929, an unauthorized, crudely executed "facsimile" of the May 1927 9th Shakespeare and Company edition appeared in the United States.

There can be little doubt that Roth publications contributed to the gaiety of at least the United States. Two Worlds Monthly seems to have been a considerable success -- one report, probably considerably exaggerated, suggested that it was selling 50,000 copies per issue. [86] Even if this is a five-fold exaggeration, Two Worlds Monthly was being seen by far more people than saw any issue of The Little Review. Beau contributed so much gaiety that Mr. Sumner's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice was able to secure a court injunction banning its sale in New York. [87] The two volume edition of the Two Worlds Monthly version of Ulysses, limited to 500 numbered sets, was apparently much in demand as Roth was able to market, according to his own admission, as many as 8,000 copies. [88]

The central question concerning Roth's involvement with Ulysses is, "Was he the altruistic patron of art and

moulder of American taste that he claimed to be or was he a mercenary sensationalist and empire builder who did art a disservice by feeding upon and augmenting Ulysses' American reputation as a hot literary item?"

Examination of the twelve issues of Two Worlds Monthly reveals that however pure Roth's motives may have been in publishing the first issue, they rapidly deteriorated, along with Roth's mental balance, until he vanished from the American literary scene a caricature of the art-pirate open to the more serious later charge of art-forger. The key to the deterioration of Roth's motives (or, perhaps, to the discovery of motives which had been base from the beginning) is his very revealing habit of justifying his actions re Ulysses on the pages of Two Worlds Monthly. Each of his claims and self-justifications is more frantic and less believable than the last.

Roth found it necessary to defend himself because, as soon as Joyce learned of the Two Worlds Monthly publication of Ulysses, in August of 1926,[89] he immediately tried to take legal action to stop it. Neither Quinn's law partner nor Ezra Pound's American friends supported him in this move and finally, realizing that legal proceedings would be too slow at best to protect his book, Joyce and his friends conceived the idea of a stop-gap petition of protest to be signed by as many writers of international repute as could be

found. The petition, "Stop, Thief!", was issued to the press on February 2, 1927 bearing the signatures of 167 writers including Croce, Einstein, Eliot, Ellis, Forster, Galsworthy, Gide, Lady Gregory, Hemingway, Lawrence, Lewis, Pirandello, Symons, Wells, Virginia Woolf and Yeats. It charged "that this republication is being made without authorization by Mr. Joyce; without payment to Mr. Joyce and with alterations which seriously corrupt the text." [90] Both the New York Times and the Book Section of the New York Herald Tribune reported the petition, the latter paper devoting two columns to the text of the petition and the names of those who signed. Roth's editorial in the May-June 1927 issue of Two Worlds Monthly is an impassioned but unfounded outcry against "the most contemptible conspiracy to which a writer has ever been subjected by a group of his contemporaries." [91] According to this article, Roth is being victimized by everyone connected with Ulysses:

> I knew that enemies of mine in Paris -- a Roumanian gypsy [Ezra Pound?] to mention whose name in a paper dealing with writers it would be sacrilege, and that vicious virago [Sylvia Beach] who acts as Joyce's secretary and publisher -- were conspiring against me, but I felt undisturbed in the consciousness that I was engaged in a work both honorable and courageous. 92

Despite Roth's claims to the contrary, there is no evidence that Joyce was consulted (or paid) before the Two Worlds Monthly serialization of Ulysses began. Roth states that he deposited $1,000 for the use of the novel with Joyce's American attorney, A. G. Hays. If a deposit were ever made,

it is likely that this was done after Joyce had instructed the firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield and Levy in New York to take legal action against the unauthorized publication in the fall of 1926.

Roth claims, "I was not expurgating Ulysses. A dozen words or so had been deleted by an irresponsible employee fromthe first 2 instalments."[93] R. F. Roberts has compared the Two Worlds Monthly version of Ulysses with the 8th Shakespeare and Company edition from which Roth's version was set. His findings reveal Mr. Roth deep in an untruth:

> In making up the Two Worlds Monthly version of Ulysses the editor must have had an eye out for Mr. Sumner, for -- surprisingly enough in view of some of the other material presented -- it was deemed prudent to bowdlerize pretty thoroughly. Many passages and phrases are omitted altogether, and in some instances the editor had recourse to the bizarre expedient of substituting for the conventional dashes or asterisks words which were designed, by their assonance or phonetic kinship with the original words, to suggest the latter to the mind of the reader. The results of this phonological experiment are very amusing. 94

Joyce would never have agreed to the appearance of Ulysses in such a mutilated form and hence, it is impossible that, as Roth suggests, Joyce at first agreed to the Two Worlds Monthly serialization and then changed his mind in order to gain publicity for his work or to profit monetarily from suing Roth.

Also a part of the international conspiracy against him were, according to Roth, all of those writers involved in the petition, the New York newspapers, The Nation and most

of the American literary establishment, which Roth decides is riddled with Van Dorens, a family dedicated to the destruction of Roth publications. The reader of this childish outburst quickly loses any confidence he may have had in Roth's integrity.

By the next issue of Two Worlds Monthly, Roth is prepared to make a last generous offer to Joyce, knowing full well that his publications are doomed (Beau and Two Worlds both ceased publication earlier in 1927.) and that he needn't ever worry about making good his declared intention:

> If Mr. Joyce is really in need of money, it is here in New York waiting for him, provided he is willing to make one public appearance to answer my charges against him for his conduct in the matter of my publication of his Ulysses in Two Worlds Monthly.
>
> Two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500.00) has been posted with my attorney, Mr. Nathan M. Padgug, of Padgug, Tarlowe & Flatow, 17 John Street, to pay for Mr. Joyce's way to and from New York, to accomodate him in a first-class New York hotel, and to provide him with a thousand dollars ($1,000.00) in cash after his public appearance.
>
> If Mr. Joyce was not really responsible, as has been suggested possible, for the actions of Sylvia Beach and his other friends, particularly in the publication of the spurious much-signed protest, he owes me and the world this explanation.
>
> And if after he has heard what I have to say he still believes that the attitude of his friends did justice to him and to me, it is important that he should make public confession of it, too.
>
> Here is an opportunity for Mr. Joyce to get a trip to New York, dine with the Van Dorens, see the Woolworth Building, and get a thousand dollars in cash besides. I have cabled this offer to him, giving him all summer, if he wants it, to consider the matter.
>
> Meanwhile, I would like to point out that Mr. Joyce is a celebrated example of what an indiscriminate contemporary adulation can do to even a writer of such promise as Mr. Joyce.

> I submit to the sober judgment of mankind that, since the writing of Ulysses, Mr. Joyce has ceased functioning as an artist. To the best evidence possible, his most recent writings, he has succumbed into a state of semi-conscious demoniacism in which he is both conscious of his own mental waywardness and of the ludicrous gullibility of his friends who pretend to discern in the gibberish I reproduce in Two Worlds Quarterly the birth of a new art. 95

Roth concludes with a blanket condemnation of Joyce's Work in Progress, fragments of which he had, incidentally, been only too pleased to pay for and publish in Two Worlds. Outbursts such as this and re-examination of the later issues of Two Worlds Monthly lead one to question Mr. Roth's mental balance.

The flamboyance of his periodical's early issues quickly gave way to self-glorification in the form of Readers' Letters columns devoted exclusively to the heavy-handed praise of his editorial abilities, good taste and service to artistic America. By February 1927, Two Worlds Monthly includes a half-page proclamation that "Mr. Roth is Building the Most Powerful Magazine Group in America" and a plea to his loyal readers to support him, morally and financially, in his battle with John Sumner, certain mysterious, hostile Hungarian Jews for Clean Books, (their identity remained a mystery as Roth never again referred to them), the friends of James Joyce and the literary establishment. Even the American bar seems to have later become part of the conspiracy against Roth for, in December of 1928, the New York Supreme Court ordered him (one year too late) to stop using Joyce's name in his publications.

After the demise of Two Worlds Monthly, Roth, forsaken by the world, is comforted by none other than the Lord himself. During this seance, which occurs in Roth's study, the Lord sympathizes with the ill-done-to publisher on the hardships a selfless patron of the arts is forced to suffer. According to the Lord, Roth has the qualities of vision and courage which are very rare in mankind and is "as Noah was before you, a good man in your generation." [96] The Lord discusses Roth's involvement with James Joyce, agrees that Joyce's friends, Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, Ezra Pound, Sylvia Beach and the inhabitants of the American quarter of Paris are mere 'pygmies' and condones Roth's next project, a bound two-volume issue of Two Worlds Monthly's version of Ulysses to be made available only to subscribers of the defunct magazine. With the Lord on his side and with a full account of his discussion with the Lord as a Preface Roth made this edition available in late 1927 or 1928; its success on the American market has already been noted.

It is difficult, in view of Roth's conduct of Two Worlds Monthly, to resist the temptation to implicate him in the counterfeit edition (or editions) of Ulysses which began to appear in the U.S. during 1927-28 but there is no concrete evidence to justify connecting him with these forgeries. Although Joyce himself accused Roth of perpetrating a forgery, he was probably assigning guilt on the weak basis of Roth's previous conduct:

> This injunction [the New York Supreme Court's of December 27, 1928], however proved of no avail as the enjoined defendant resumed his practice very soon again under another name and with a different mode of procedure, namely a photographic forgery of the Paris edition which contained the falsification of the Dijon printer's imprint. 97

No facsimile made by a photographic process has been found; Joyce's reference would seem to be to the poorly executed attempt on somebody's part to duplicate the 9th Shakespeare and Company printing. R. F. Roberts, a student of the early editions of Ulysses and of Roth's implication in the piracies, doubts that Roth was implicated.[98] Of course, the forged volumes are anonymous. At least Roth cannot, on the basis of the available evidence, be branded a counterfeiter.

In conclusion, Roth appears as an unscrupulous literary entrepreneur who took advantage of the fact that the United States was not a party to the Bern Convention agreement protecting international copyright in order to profit by Ulysses' reputation as a sensational work of art. The result for the novel was to put a truly unexpurgated edition (even a forgery) at an even greater premium in the United States and, of course, regrettably to strengthen Ulysses' position in the front rank of controversial books during the latter half of the Twenties. In short, Roth both fed upon and increased Ulysses' American reputation as a hot literary item.

The third key figure in the maintenance of Ulysses' "sensational" American reputation in the 1922-1930 period is Harvey Wickham. His book, The Impuritans,[99] was the last, and most ludicrous, puritanical outcry before the American

ban on Ulysses was ended; it was a landmark in the "wilderness of exaggeration and misunderstanding"[100] which was the work of less than first-rate American critics and moralists before Judge Woolsey's enlightened decision.

Wickham's approach to modern literature involved the selection of those writers on the contemporary scene whom he considered most impure -- Havelock Ellis, Proust, Joyce, Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson -- and the reproduction, with commentary, in a chapter for each author, of the passages which he found most offensive to his moral and aesthetic senses. It is in his passages of commentary that Wickham manages to reveal an appalling lack of taste and insight. Describing Joyce's source of inspiration and ultimate artistic aim, which, it must be remembered, took the author seven years to fulfil, Wickham states:

> . . . that a sense of sin does have a bucking-up effect as to certain faculties is shown by Joyce himself. His "Chamber Music," his "Dubliners," his "Exiles" merely displayed a talent for writing. Only as he became more outrageous, as in the "Portrait," did he give much promise of setting his adopted Thames [?] on fire; and only when, in "Ulysses," he finally threw all decency to the winds, did the water passing under London Bridge (to say nothing of those reaching to Brooklyn) begin actually to blaze with the heat of his inspiration.
>
> It is, for one thing, easier to write pornography than to write "Idylls of the King," even mediocre ones; easier to produce a sensation in the reader's mind when the limit is off than when conventions hold the pen in check. Who can peruse without mental disturbance of some sort these passages which set out in black and white what used to be indicated only by a blank space feebly dotted with asterisks? Such passages have the thrill of novelty -- in print, that is, though most of us males were made familiar with their phraseology through early

> examination of the walls of the old primary-school latrine. True, the novelty soon wears off, but meanwhile the author is stimulated by a sense of his own audacity.
>
> Joyce never did much conscious thinking, even of an evil sort, and so has escaped the blackest curse of all. He merely lets himself sink. 101

However, even third-rate criticism often has its own charm; Wickham can pleasingly deliver moral condemnation cloaked in sardonic wit:

> Therefore the Joyce vocabulary tends every day to become more and more innocuous. It is rotten with a disease which cures itself, and the ultimate result is likely to be an increased strength and purity in our mother tongue and a healthy habit of calling a spade a spade. All that we will then need to remember is that a conversation exclusively about spades is hardly likely to be edifying, that there are fields of life not to be cultivated by this useful but crude and prinitive agricultural implement alone. 102

It is as a parodist that Wickham is at his best:

> What, then, was the object in writing this "Ulysses?"
>
> To demonstrate (a) the gullibility of the public, (b) the purchasing power of money derived of the fool from whom it so soon parted, (c) the limits to which it is possible to go.
>
> Were there any other elements save these of gratification involved?
>
> Yes and no. Ungratifying as to the higher faculties, of necessity as to the lower put in control.
>
> As for instance?
>
> The necessity of a beastly instinct to grow at the expense of its betters, the love of money versus the love of a good name, the instinct to soil clean paper, the rage of the self-condemned against innocence.
>
> Could anybody have done this?
>
> No.
>
> Why not?
>
> Because few have the gall. . . .
>
> What was the object apart from objects already stated?
>
> To create an opportunity for the writing down of blasphemies, obscenities, immoralities, and more especially the Four Forbidden Words, while preserving face.
>
> How was this saving of face accomplished?
>
> By a smoke-screen.
>
> In what way may a smoke-screen save the face?

By (a) obscuring or hiding it, by (b) giving it a halo of apparent significance which attracts attention from the features.

Of what is this screen composed?

Of words written out of their common order; of words deprived of their usual companion words explaining the connexion of one with another; of words derived from dictionaries and no longer in common use; of words from foreign languages, notably the French, Italian, and Latin; of words in dialect argot patois; of words misspelled and botched; of words at times multiplied beyond all reason or belief.

In what manner does this differ from hoax or spoof?

In no manner whatever.

Why, then, is not such mystification denounced?

Because of the fear of mankind to be caught not understanding that which it does not understand, making the individual eternally prone to pretend to find a meaning in that which is meaningless, or importance in that which is unimportant.

Do not, then, exceptional people term Joyce a genius?

Assuredly.

Why?

For (a) the reason just indicated, for (b) the reason that he is one, for (c) the reason that to have read a forbidden book gives the same satisfaction as comes from purchasing an illegal drink, since neither is vended except to those personally known and trusted of the bootlegger, and (d) for the reason that not to speak highly of the same is to belittle the privilege thus obtained.

. . . . . .

Is all this a quotation from the work in question?

No, but it might have been.

Why, then, was it undertaken?

For the sake (a) of showing that it is not so difficult, and for the sake of (b) variety. 103

American sympathizers with Joyce's artistic efforts had reason to wish that Wickham had confined the use of his talent for parody to the humour magazines for his widely read The Impuritans did more to make Joyce well known, loathed and laughed at than any number of Pounds, Seldes and Rosenfelds writing in little magazines and serious critical anthologies could offset. Roth and Wickham are really of a type -- the

first using a work of art unscrupulously to fill his pockets and the other applying his talent for derision to increase his popular following. However, while Roth played the part of a thorough-going villain in the American history of Ulysses' reputation, the role of Wickham is merely that of buffoon.

By the spring of 1927, Joyce, ever more deeply involved in the Work in Progress, began to lose interest in the fate of his earlier novel.[104] At about the same time, the interest of others in his American reputation began to compound and gradually overcame the pernicious influence of Sumner, Roth and critics such as Wickham. Six distinct factors contributing to the establishment of Ulysses' respectability in America may be noted:

i) The pioneer efforts of Ezra Pound, Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, Sylvia Beach and John Quinn were instrumental in bringing Ulysses to the United States and in convincing the discerning few that it was not just another "book from France" but rather was a serious literary work, possibly even a modern literary classic.

ii) Later, the sensitive and discriminating reviews and criticisms of Edmund Wilson, Ezra Pound, Gilbert Seldes, Paul Rosenfeld, T.S. Eliot and S. Foster Damon[105] whetted the appetites of cultivated Americans for Ulysses and contributed to the store of knowledge about the novel available to those

who were fortunate enough to have access to it.

iii) The full-length analyses of P.J. Smith (A Key to the 'Ulysses' of James Joyce, 1927 [106]) and Stuart Gilbert (James Joyce's 'Ulysses', 1930 [107]) admirably fulfilled Gilbert's stated purpose:

> In writing this commentary I have borne in mind the unusual circumstance that, though Ulysses is probably the most discussed literary work that has appeared in our time, the book itself is hardly more than a name to many. I have therefore quoted freely from the text, so that those who are unable to make their voyage à Ithaque, otherwise to the sign of Shakespeare & Co., Paris, and acquire the original, may, despite the censorial ban, become acquainted with Mr. Joyce's epic work. [108]

Acquaintance with Ulysses through Gilbert and Smith led American readers to admiration for Joyce's work and increased the public demand for repeal of the ban.

iv) Such prominent and promising American writers as Dreiser, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Wolfe were continually extending the limits of frankness which enclosed 'acceptable' literature with the effect that what Sumner was able to suppress in 1920 was acceptable, and even commonplace, in American literature a decade later. The situation of the early Thirties revealed the banning of Ulysses as an ever more ridiculous legal anachronism.

v) The influence of Joyce was extending itself to the work of American novelists. Ulysses was the model for Conrad Aiken's Blue Voyage (1927) and a strong influence on Thomas Wolfe's Look Homeward, Angel (1929); William Faulkner considered himself the heir of Joyce and his The Sound and the Fury (1929) a development of techniques he had learned from Joyce's A Portrait and those parts of Ulysses with which he

was familiar.[109] Much had been learned and still more could be learned by American writers from Joyce's experiments; the increasing vociferousness of the literary community was important in obtaining a new trial for Ulysses.

vi) Finally, there were noticeable changes in the American outlook on matters of morality in the decade 1925-1935. The same feelings and second thoughts which led to repeal of the Volstead Act were current in circles of those concerned with literary prohibitions. The general American realization that the law was as much of 'an Ass' in matters of censorship as in the prohibition of spirits led to the nearly simultaneous repeal of the Volstead Act and the ban on Ulysses.

Ulysses was perhaps the book that most deserved to benefit from the updating of American law. Judge Woolsey's important decision[110] and the energetic actions of Bennett Cerf of Random House at least permitted Ulysses to compete on equal terms with American works of art for the status of a classic.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. Chamber Music (1904); Dubliners (1914); A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916; serial publication in The Egoist, 1914-15).

2. Frederick J. Hoffman, The 20's (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 25.

3. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 363 and A. Walton Litz, The Art of James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964), p. 142.

4. Ellmann, op.cit., p. 364.

5. Ibid., pp. 427-8 and Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York: Collier, 1962), pp. 112-17. Most of this article, retitled "Early Reviews and Notices," appears in William E. Morris and Clifford A. Nault, Jr., eds., Portraits of An Artist: A Casebook on James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (New York: Odyssey, 1962), pp. 22-27. The last remark is H.G. Wells' who reviewed A Portrait in The Nation, XX (February 24, 1917), 710-11 and New Republic, X (March 10, 1917), 158-60.

6. Ellmann, op.cit., p. 476.

7. Ezra Pound, "Dubliners and Mr. James Joyce," The Egoist, I, #14 (July 15, 1914); also in Pavannes and Divisions (New York: Knopf, 1918) and Literary Essays (London: Faber, 1954), pp. 399-402.

8. Ezra Pound, "Mr. James Joyce and the Modern Stage," The Drama: A Quarterly Review, #21 (February 1916), pp. 122-32.

9. Ezra Pound, "Joyce", The Future, (May 1918); also in Instigations (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1920), pp. 203-11 and Literary Essays, op. cit.,pp. 410-17.

10. D.D. Paige, ed., The Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907-1941 (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1950), letter number 88 to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated March 30, 1916, p. 75.

11. Ibid., letters numbered 70 and 90 to Harriet Monroe, dated May 17, 1915 and April 21, 1916, pp. 60-1, 78-9.

12. Ibid., letter number 139 to Harriet Monroe, dated November 29, 1917, pp. 125-26.

13. Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn F. Ullrich, The Little Magazine: A History and a Bibliography (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1946), p. 52, Chapter IV, pp. 52-66, of The Little Magazine is devoted to The Little Review.

14. Miss Anderson was only 21 when her inspiration to begin The Little Review came. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War (New York: Covici, 1930), p. 35.

15. Jane Heap, "Lost: A Renaissance", The Little Review, XII, #5-6 (May 1929); reprinted in Margaret Anderson, ed., The Little Review Anthology (New York: Hermitage House, 1953), pp. 352-3; cited in Hoffman et al., The Little Magazine, op.cit., p. 65.

16. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op.cit., pp. 174-5.

17. Ezra Pound, "Editorial", The Little Review, IV, #1 (May 1917), 3 ff.

18. Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907-1941, op. cit., letter number 120 to Margaret Anderson, n.d. [January 1917?], pp. 106-7.

19. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit.

20. Hoffman et al., The Little Magazine, op. cit., p. 55.

21. Marsden Hartley, "Divagations" in "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, V, #5 (September 1918), 59.

22. Else, Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven, "The Modest Woman", The Little Review, VII, #2 (July-August 1920), 38ff. A shortened and somewhat softened version of this article appears in Margaret Anderson ed., The Little Review Anthology, op.cit., pp. 299-301. The Baroness was a personal friend of Margaret Anderson and a frequent contributor of poetry and criticism (much of it in the same amazingly passionate style) to The Little Review. The article quoted

was written in answer to a letter from Helen Bishop Dennis which had appeared in the May-June issue of the magazine and which presented some sincere criticism, not without grounds, of aspects of Ulysses and other material in The Little Review. Jane Heap answered Miss Dennis with an ill-considered and juvenile quip but, as can be seen, the Baroness strongly stated The Little Review attitude in her reply, only a portion of which has been quoted here. Miss Heap once, in all seriousness, praised the Baroness by saying "Else von Freytag works unhampered by sanity." (The Little Review, VI, #8 (December 1919), 49. Cf. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit., pp. 210-11.)

23. Elizabeth Longfellow Siddons, a letter entitled "Literary Circle", The Little Review, V #2 (June 1918), 60.

24. This slogan first appeared on the title page of The Little Review, IV, #6 (October 1917).

25. Although no accurate circulation figures are available, it is reasonable to conjecture that during its New York period the circulation of The Little Review never exceeded 4,000 copies and was usually closer to the 2,000 copies typical of its Chicago period. Hoffman et al., The Little Magazine, op. cit., p. 57.

26. Frederick J. Hoffman interestingly discusses the application of the term "Puritan" to the American literary scene in the Twenties, in The 20's, op. cit., Chapter VII, pp. 355-69.

27. Judge Woolsey's decision is reprinted in the Random House edition of Ulysses (New York: Modern Library, 1940), pp. ix-xiv.

28. Ellmann, op. cit., provides a table devised by A Walton Litz which dates the completion and publication of episodes of Ulysses on. p. 456. A.Walton Litz, The Art of James Joyce (New York: Oxford, 1964). Chapters I and II and Appendix C of this book detail some of the changes made to the text of Ulysses between its publication in The Little Review and its publication in book form in 1922.

29. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., pp. 171-3.

30. Daphne Carr, "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, V, #1 (May 1918), 64.

31. S.S.B. "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, V, #2 (June 1918), 54.

32. Orrick Johns, "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, V, #9 (January 1919), 63.

33. Israel Solon, "The December Number", The Little Review, VI, #9(January 1920), 30.

34. Hart Crane, "Joyce and Ethics", The Little Review, V, #3 (July 1918), 65.

35. G.S.B., "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, V, #9 (January 1919), 64.

36. Frank Stuhlman, "The Reader Critic" The Little Review, V, #3 (July 1918), 64.

37. Helen Bishop Dennis, "The Modest Woman", The Little Review, VII, #1 (May-June 1920), 73.

38. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit., p. 212.

39. Ibid., pp. 212-3.

40. Frederick J. Hoffman, The 20's, op. cit., p. 364.

41. Margaret Anderson, "Ulysses in Court", The Little Review, VII, #4 (January-March 1921), 22-5. Reprinted in The Little Review Anthology, op. cit., pp. 305-8.

42. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit., pp. 219-21.

43. Jane Heap, answer to a letter from Walter Shaw in "The Reader Critic", The Little Review, VII, #4 (January-March 1921), 61.

44. Jane Heap, "Lost: A Renaissance", The Little Review, (May 1929) as reprinted in Margaret Anderson, ed., The Little Review Anthology, op. cit., p. 352.

45. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit., p. 230.

46. Sylvia Beach, Shakespeare and Company (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1959), p. 86.

47. Ibid., pp. 86-8.

48. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 521.

49. A private edition of 2,000 copies, printed from

the original Shakespeare and Company plates, was published for the Egoist Press of London by John Rodker in Paris in 1922. This was the second edition of Ulysses in book form.

50. Ellmann, op. cit.

51. Ibid.

52. Beach, op. cit., p. 98.

53. This cartoon is one of the illustrations used in Richard Ellmann's article "Odyssey of a Unique Book", New York Times Magazine (November 14, 1965).

54. Burton Rascoe, (Chicago) News, August 2 and 16, 1922; cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 173.

55. Burton Rascoe, (Chicago) Tribune, July 13, 1918; Magalaner and Kain, op. cit. Vide Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op. cit., pp. 175-6.

56. Rascoe, op. cit.

57. Margaret Anderson, My Thirty Years' War, op.cit.; Margaret Anderson, ed., The Little Review Anthology, op. cit., p. 330.

58. Djuna Barnes, "James Joyce", Vanity Fair, XVIII (April 1922), 65.

59. Ibid.

60. Dr. Joseph Collins, "James Joyce's Amazing Chronicle", New York Times Book Review and Magazine (May 28, 1922), p. 6.

61. Ibid., p. 17.

62. Dr. Joseph Collins, "Ireland's Latest Literary Antinomian: James Joyce", in his The Doctor Looks at Literature: Psychological Studies of Life and Letters (New York: Doran, 1923), p. 36. This chapter is a revised and enlarged version of "James Joyce's Amazing Chronicle".

63. Collins, "James Joyce's Amazing Chronicle", op. cit., p. 6.

64. Ibid., p. 17.

65. Collins, "Ireland's Latest Literary Antinomian: James Joyce", op. cit., p. 57.

66. Collins, "James Joyce's Amazing Chronicle", op. cit., p. 6.

67. Collins, "Ireland's Latest Literary Antinomian: James Joyce", op. cit., p. 41

68. Ibid., p. 52.

69. Ibid., p. 60. This quotation appears on p. 188 of the Random House edition of Ulysses.

70. Eugene Jolas, Elliot Paul and Robert Sage, "First Aid to the Enemy", transition, #9 (December 1927), p. 170.

71. Ezra Pound, "Ulysses"appeared in Pound's column "Paris Letter", The Dial, LXXII, #6 (June 1922), dated May 1922. It is reprinted in Pound's Literary Essays, op. cit., pp. 403-409. The latter is the version cited here.

72. Ibid.,pp. 407-8.

73. Gilbert Seldes, "Ulysses", The Nation, CXV, #2982 (August 30, 1922), 211-12.

74. Ibid., p. 211.

75. Ibid., p. 212.

76. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 540.

77. Matthew Josephson, "One Thousand and One Nights in a Bar-Room", Broom, III, #2 (September 1922), 146.

78. Ibid., p. 147

79. Ibid., p. 150.

80. Paul Rosenfeld, "James Joyce", in his Men Seen: Twenty-Four Modern Authors (New York: Dial, 1925), pp. 24-6.

81. Vide infra, Chapter V.

82. This slogan appears on the title page of every issue of Two Worlds Monthly.

83. Arthur Symons, "James Joyce", Two Worlds Monthly, I, #1 (n.d. [July 1926]), 86-92.

84. Two Worlds Monthly, ibid., p. 3.

85. Ibid., p. 6.

86. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 598.

87. Two Worlds Monthly, II, #4 (March 1927), 359.

88. Alan Parker, James Joyce: A Bibliography of his Writings, Critical Material and Miscellanea (Boston: Faxon, 1948), p. 49.

89. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 592.

90. "Stop, thief!", transition, #1 (April 1927), pp. 156-8. The text of the petition and a partial list of those who signed appear in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 598.

91. Samuel Roth, "Joyce, Ulysses, Roth, The Van Dorens and Villard's 'Nation'", Two Worlds Monthly, XII, #2 (May-June 1927), 119.

92. Ibid.

93. Ibid., p. 120.

94. R.F. Roberts, "Bibliographical Notes on James Joyce's 'Ulysses'", The Colophon, new series, I, #4 (Spring 1936), 573.

95. Samuel Roth, "An Offer to James Joyce", Two Worlds Monthly, III, #3 (n.d. [September 1927]), 181-2.

96. Samuel Roth, "Preface" to Ulysses (New York: Two Worlds, n.d. [1928?]). Excerpts from this preface are included in R. F. Roberts, op. cit., pp. 573-4.

97. James Joyce, letter to Bennett A. Cerf, April 2, 1932; published in the Random House edition of Ulysses (New York: Modern Library, 1934), p. xvii.

98. R. F. Roberts, op. cit., p. 574.

99. Harvey Wickham, The Impuritans (New York: Dial and Toronto: Longmans, 1929).

100. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 196.

101. Harvey Wickham, "The Cult of the Goat", in his The Impuritans, op. cit., pp. 237-8.

102. Ibid., pp. 244-5.

103. Ibid., pp. 252-5.

104. Ellmann, op. cit., note to p. 603.

105. The criticism of Edmund Wilson, T.S. Eliot and S. Foster Damon is discussed infra, Chapter V.

106. P. J. Smith, A Key to the "Ulysses" of James Joyce (Chicago: Covici, 1927).

107. Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's 'Ulysses' (London: Faber, 1930 and New York: Knopf, 1931).

108. Stuart Gilbert, "Preface to the 1952 Edition" of his James Joyce's 'Ulysses' (Harmondsworth: Peregrine, 1963), p. 7. The cited passage is a quotation from the original Preface (1930) to Gilbert's book.

109. Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 307-8.

110. Judge Woolsey's decision, handed down on December 6, 1933, is reprinted in the Random House edition of Ulysses (New York: Modern Library, 1940), pp. ix-xiv.

CHAPTER III

ULYSSES IN EUROPE

In comparison with the sensation, exploitation and controversy which greeted Ulysses in the United States, the European reception of the novel was a much subdued affair. With its appearance in Europe, the novel came to rest in the literary environment in which and for which it had been created -- an environment made up of equal parts of great creative activity, willingness to experiment (and to assess, sometimes fairly, the success of others' experiments), aesthetic sophistication and moral maturity. It was the essence of this environment which Pound and the American expatriates in Paris were trying to transplant in America with some success and not a little frustration. In this European setting, Joyce's novel was seldom greeted with cries of outrage, moral, aesthetic, or otherwise; it was more often ignored, met with a yawn or even, without protest or controversy, granted the status (and oblivion) of a rather unreadable minor classic. Several factors contributed to the lessened impact of Ulysses in Europe.

One factor contributing to the relative coolness of the European response was that there was no French governmental censorship of works of art on moral grounds; the

victory of Zola in the controversy surrounding Nana (1880)[2] seems to have given French men of letters the right to publish almost anything they pleased in their own country and foreign (i.e. English) language publishers complete licence. Paris was, in fact, the world centre for publishing books which were banned in English-speaking countries and some publishing houses, such as Jack Kahane's Vendome Press and Obelisk Press, openly specialized in erotica. After publishing Ulysses, Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company was embarrassed to find itself besieged by authors who, eager to market their somewhat questionable goods, thought that Shakespeare and Company had joined the ranks of firms interested in marketing pornography.[3] Censorship difficulties were to play no part in Ulysses' European reception until after the book had gained acceptance in the English-speaking world; it was not until the early Thirties that further distribution of the book was halted in the U.S.S.R. because it was thought to have no revolutionary message for workers and in Nazi Germany because it dared to depict the Jew, Leopold Bloom, in an affectionate light. In the Twenties, however, those portions of Ulysses which elicited most controversy in England and America passed into the stream of European literature without comment.

Secondly, because the book was written in English, a language barrier existed which delayed European response to it on the part of all but English and American expatriates

and the few European readers who were at home in English. By the time translations were available, Ulysses had nearly outlived its notoriety in the English-speaking countries and had already been granted classic status in most of literary Europe.

A third factor in Ulysses' reception in Europe was its presentation to the public in book form as an artistic fait accompli. It was an imposing volume -- heavy, formidably thick (700 pages), at a price which revealed both the author's and the publisher's notion of the worth of the book; its attractive binding guaranteed it success as a "coffee-table book", much more likely to be discussed on the basis of second-hand knowledge and spot reading than approached with the patience and attention it demanded. This first publication of Ulysses in book form was the result of the interest, admiration and courage of Sylvia Beach, a young American bookseller in Paris. Joyce's novel was the first venture into publishing on the part of her firm, Shakespeare and Company.

Sylvia Beach, already convinced of the genius Joyce had displayed in his early works, met the author in the summer of 1920. They immediately became friends [4] and Joyce soon was an important member of the Shakespeare and Company circle:

> Joyce was now a member of the family of Shakespeare and Company, its most illustrious member. He was often to be

> seen in the bookshop. He obviously enjoyed the company of my compatriots. He confided to me that he liked us and our language; certainly he made plenty of use of the American vernacular in his books.
>
> At the bookshop he met many young writers who became friends of his; Robert McAlmon, William Bird, Ernest Hemingway, Archibald MacLeish, Scott Fitzgerald -- and also the composer George Antheil. Joyce was, of course, their god, but their manner toward him was one of friendliness rather than of veneration. 5

Miss Beach reached her decision to publish Joyce's masterpiece emotionally, on the promptings of friendship, rather than out of business motives. The success, in February 1921, of John Sumner's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice in stopping The Little Review's serialization provided the original impetus:

> Joyce came to announce the news. It was a heavy blow for him, and I felt, too, that his pride was hurt. In a tone of complete discouragement, he said, "My book will never come out now."
>
> All hope of publication in the English-speaking countries, at least for a long time to come, was gone. And here in my little bookshop sat James Joyce, sighing deeply.
>
> It occurred to me that something might be done, and I asked: "Would you let Shakespeare and Company have the honor of bringing out your Ulysses?"
>
> He accepted my offer immediately and joyfully. I thought it rash of him to entrust his great Ulysses to such a funny little publisher. But he seemed delighted, and so was I. We parted, both of us, I think, very much moved. He was to come back next day to hear what Adrienne Monnier, "Shakespeare and Company's Adviser," as Joyce called her, thought of my plan. I always consulted her before taking an important step. She was such a wise counselor, and she was, besides, a sort of partner in the firm.
>
> Adrienne thoroughly approved of my idea. She had heard a great deal about Joyce from me, and I had no trouble convincing her of the importance of rescuing Ulysses.
>
> When Joyce came back the next day, I was glad to see

> him so cheerful. As for me, imagine how happy I was to find myself suddenly the publisher of the work I admired above all. I was lucky, I thought.
>
> Undeterred by lack of capital, experience, and all the other requisites of a publisher, I went right ahead with Ulysses. 6

The difficulties faced by Miss Beach's Shakespeare and Company were more real than imagined. The first of these was a complete lack of the funds necessary to put a deluxe edition of a large book through the press. Fortunately, her printer, Maurice Darantière of Dijon, was willing to begin setting the work on the understanding that he would be paid when (and if) subscriptions were paid. Thanks to the friends of Shakespeare and Company, especially Ezra Pound and Robert McAlmon, subscriptions were soon coming in steadily. 7

The same group of friends was largely responsible for overcoming a second difficulty faced by Shakespeare and Company, namely that it had no reputation as a publisher and few means of making known the forthcoming edition of Ulysses. Because of the fervent partisanship of the English-speaking, especially American, literary community in Paris and its interest in the earlier censorship of the novel in the United States, Ulysses' forthcoming publication was widely known and discussed in Paris and, through correspondence, in American and British literary circles.

A third difficulty faced by Miss Beach was her total ignorance of the intricacies of publishing. In this

she was helped by Adrienne Monnier, thanks to Sylvia Beach another Joyce convert and proprietor of La Maison des Amis des Livres, who had had some experience in publishing. It was through Miss Monnier that she met M. Darantiere; acting on Miss Monnier's advice, Miss Beach decided on a limited edition of 1000 copies (100 copies on Holland paper, signed, at 350 francs; 150 on verge d'arches at 250 francs; the balance, 750 copies, on ordinary linen paper at 150 francs) and on distributing a prospectus which announced an edition of the complete Ulysses and which included glowing praise of the novel by Valery Larbaud, Ezra Pound and others who had written favourably about the novel after reading The Little Review serialization.

The efforts of Miss Beach on Ulysses' behalf were further complicated by Joyce's very costly technique of altering printer's proofs to the extent that each page had to be completely reset, some as many as five times, in order to accomodate his corrections and additions to the text. Despite M. Darantiere's warnings that so many revisions would bankrupt Shakespeare and Company, Miss Beach insisted that Joyce be allowed as many changes as he wished in order

that Ulysses might appear in a form that fulfilled his intention.[8] The composition of the novel continued almost to publication day; Joyce's statement "that he had written a third of Ulysses on the proofs" [9] is an indication of the formidable task M. Darantiere faced. "Ulysses provides a perfect illustration of Paul Valery's remark that a work of art is never finished, but only abandoned." [10] By the time Ulysses was abandoned by its author, both the patience of the printer and the resources of the publisher were nearly exhausted. Joyce, characteristically, let pass without thanks the pains others took to assist him in his work. His persistent demands that the blue of the cover exactly match the colour of the Greek flag considerably delayed publication as did the heavy demands he made on the twelve typists who struggled to turn his illegible and smudged manuscript sheets of "Penelope" into typescript. [11]

Despite difficulties, complications and delays, the first two copies of Ulysses were rushed from Dijon in time for the author's birthday on February 2, 1922. The first copy Miss Beach placed in Joyce's hands.

> Copy No. 2 was for Shakespeare and Company, and I made the mistake of putting it on view in the window. The news spread rapidly in Montparnasse and outlying districts, and next day, before the bookshop was open, subscribers were lining up in front of it, pointing to Ulysses. No use explaining that, except for two copies, Ulysses wasn't out. They seemed about to snatch my Ulysses from the window and would no doubt have done so and divided it into enough pieces to go around if I hadn't acted quickly and removed it to a safer place. [12]

Such an enthusiastic response surely did much to relieve the anxieties of Joyce's neophyte publisher. Very soon, enough copies arrived at Shakespeare and Company for local subscribers and mail orders. The edition was sold out by early summer and Miss Beach issued a second printing of 2,000 copies in October. At L 2-2-0 it was sold out in four days. [13]

A fourth, and most important, factor in the establishment of Ulysses' European reputation was the book's treatment at the hands of Valery Larbaud. A translator of Coleridge, Landor and Samuel Butler and a celebrated novelist and poet, [14] Larbaud was "the most respected critic of foreign literature, especially of English and Italian, in Paris..." [15]

Larbaud's interest in Joyce had been sparked by his friend Sylvia Beach's enthusiastic recommendation of A Portrait. Larbaud read the novel and reported back to Miss Beach that he was so interested in Joyce's work that he strongly desired to meet the author. Miss Beach arranged the meeting at Shakespeare and Company for Christmas Eve of 1920; it was a success and the two writers instantly became friends. Later, when Larbaud had seen the Little Review excerpts of Ulysses, again through the agency of Miss Beach, he responded with great enthusiasm. He wrote to Shakespeare and Company that he was "raving mad over Ulysses . . . It is wonderful! As great as Rabelais!" [16] In a letter to Joyce, Larbaud stated that, in Bloom, Joyce had created a character "as

immortal as Falstaff." [17] Joyce modestly thanked Larbaud for his "paroles encourageantes et amicales"[18] and from that point on Larbaud worked with the author and Miss Beach to make Ulysses a success. In fact, he did everything in his power to duplicate locally Ezra Pound's efforts elsewhere, thereby earning Joyce's gratitude and Pound's enmity -- Pound did not like to have his protégé adopted by someone else.

Larbaud's efforts on Joyce's behalf had two important results. The first of these was a lecture on December 7, 1921 by Larbaud himself to 250 of Adrienne Monnier's literary acquaintances accompanied by readings from the "Sirens" episode of Ulysses in English (by the American actor, Jimmy Light) and from "Penelope" in the French translation of Jacques Benoist-Méchin. Necessarily introductory, the lecture analyzed Joyce's life and reputation before going on to a critique of each of his works before Ulysses. Larbaud's aim was to present Ulysses both as a culmination of all of the author's work to date and as an extraordinarily complex work of genius which transcended not only his previous work but all work then being done in the novel. The audience at La Maison des Amis des Livres enthusiastically applauded the presentation and even the usually pessimistic Joyce was moved to agree that "the séance went very well." [19]

Having thus set the tone for the Parisian response to the novel, which was not to be issued for some weeks, Larbaud went on to make his evaluation of Ulysses more widely

known. To this end, he caused his address to be reprinted in its entirety in the justly prestigious Nouvelle Revue Français.[20] The appearance of the article coincided with that of the novel. In it Larbaud warns potential readers of the book of certain hazards they face:

> The reader who approaches this book without the Odyssey clearly in mind will be thrown into dismay. I refer, of course, to the cultivated reader who can fully appreciate such authors as Rabelais, Montaigne, and Descartes; for the uncultivated or half-cultivated reader will throw Ulysses aside after the first three pages. I say that the reader is at first dismayed: for he is plunged into the middle of a conversation which will seem to him incoherent, between people whom he cannot distinguish, in a place which is neither named nor described; and from this conversation he is to learn little by little where he is and who the interlocutors are. [21]

Even the few who possess Larbaud's qualifications for readership are likely to find themselves at loose ends while reading the book for "all the elements are constantly melting into each other . . . the whole is movement."[22] Neither cultivation nor concentration is the key to understanding; but there is one, even though few can use it: "Where then is the key? It is, I venture to say, in the door, or rather on the cover. It is the title: Ulysses."[23] Yet, merely keeping in mind an understanding of the author's intended parallel between Ulysses and the Odyssey is likely to prove nearly useless for most readers as a way of comprehending the novel:

> The [cultivated reader] has preserved the impression that he received at school -- an impression of boredom; and since he has forgotten his Greek (if he ever knew it well enough to read fluently), he can hardly be

> expected to find out whether his first impression was correct. The only distinction between him and the uncultivated reader is that for him the Odyssey is not majestic and pompous, but simply uninteresting; and consequently he will not be so ingenuous as to laugh when he sees it burlesqued. The parody will bore him as much as the work itself. How many people of culture are in this position, even among those who could read the Odyssey in Greek! 24

Having explained the difficulties inherent in approaching Ulysses, even with the major key to understanding in hand, Larbaud adds more to the demands made on the reader by hinting at the intricate design of each of the individual episodes -- its symbol, its organ, its colour, its technique and its milieu:

> Naturally, Joyce has traced for himself, and not for the reader, this minutely detailed scheme, these eighteen subdivided panels, this close web. There is no explanatory heading or sub-heading. It is for us to decipher, if we care to take the trouble. On this web, or rather in the compartments thus prepared, Joyce has arranged his text. It is a genuine example of the art of the mosaic. 25

After having made abundantly clear the nearly insurmountable obstacles facing the reader of the book, Larbaud proceeded to demolish any thought his reader might have that the book was interesting because it was a daring advance of the naturalists' art:

> His [Joyce's] intention is neither salacious nor lewd; he simply describes and represents; and in his book the manifestations of sexual instinct do not occupy more or less place, and have neither more nor less importance, than such emotions as pity or scientific curiosity. 26

Larbaud, then, despite his interest in introducing and promoting the work of his friend Joyce, had succeeded in

producing a document which did a great deal to create an impression of Ulysses as a great, dull book which was both great and dull because of the exhausting demands it made on readers. Larbaud's pronouncements, it must be remembered, were handed down to a public which had not as yet seen the novel.

Each of the four factors discussed above contributed to the lessened impact of Ulysses in the European countries. The lack of official moral outcry directed against the novel served only to make Europeans wonder at the excitement it had caused and was causing elsewhere. The many artists, critics and commentators who were by necessity forced to await translations of Ulysses into European languages were obviously in no position to judge and comment on the novel in the context of modern European fiction. The presentation of Ulysses in an imposing and expensive format by a little known publisher who catered to the English-speaking expatriate colony and sought subscriptions and support overseas did little to forward wide discussion of the novel in Europe. Larbaud's scholarly lecture and, perhaps more important, that lecture's appearance as an article in the respected Nouvelle Revue Francaise, although "the first significant document in the literature about Joyce" [27] definitely had the effect of canonizing the book before it had been judged by any significant number of European readers and critics. The novel, then, was published in a situation in which it was to remain ,

if not entirely unread, at least largely undiscussed until such time as it had outlived its early celebrity and the modern movement had gone beyond Joyce's 1920-style experimentalism.

Although rendered inaccessible to many potential European readers by its language and the circumstances of its presentation and made physically unavailable to those Americans at home who were not curious or daring enough to engage in the contraband trade, Ulysses was neither a slow seller nor a disappointment to its author or publisher. Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company, to Joyce's delight, experienced little difficulty in moving successive editions of the novel; Ulysses ran through eleven printings (the last eight of these were unlimited editions) before the summer of 1930 when Miss Beach ceased to be Joyce's publisher. Most of the copies produced were naturally intended for export to the English-speaking countries. Some were sent legally by book post and in bulk shipment to the United States and England respectively.[28] Many more were smuggled in one ingenious way or another.

At least 800 copies met the fate of seizure at the hands of zealous British and American customs officials and were subsequently destroyed. 2,000 copies had been published for Harriet Shaw Weaver's Egoist Press by John Rodker and printed by Darantière from the Shakespeare and Company plates in October 1922. A quarter of this second edition of the novel

was seized by U.S. Postal officials and burned. 499 of the 500 copies of Ulysses III, published by the Egoist Press to replace the seized copies, disappeared at the hands of English Customs authorities at Folkestone and were reported burned in "the King's Chimney". [29] Thus, despite the volume of publicity Ulysses was getting around the world, only 2,501 copies of the novel were in circulation on the first anniversary of its publication.[30] By May of 1930, with the appearance of Ulysses XI, the last edition to be published by Shakespeare and Company, this total had been increased to about 28,000 copies.[31]

A substantial number of these copies remained in Europe, there to be purchased by a group of American exiles and European intellectuals who seemed to be a group well-equipped and willing to spread the fame of Ulysses. This to a certain extent they did. What is remarkable is that their efforts had so little impact on the novel's reputation after the immediate interest generated by the first edition had died down. "The ironic quality of Joyce's fame was that it remained a gloire de cénacle, even when the cénacle had swelled to vast numbers of people. To have read Ulysses, or parts of it, became the mark of the knowledgeable expatriate".[32]

The effect Ulysses had on the American exiles is an analyzable one. Many of them, young, rebellious and incompletely educated, were not much above the level of the

American girls who regarded their trip to Paris as wasted unless they had purchased a copy of Joyce's novel. Malcolm Cowley recreates the nightly conversation (circa 1924) in the Café du Dome frequented by the young exiles:

> "I never read 'Ulysses', only in 'The Little Review', but now I suppose I'll have to." ..."It may be good but why write eight hundred pages of it?" ... "Isn't it disgusting!" ... "Now what I like is the restraint of it." ... "As soon as I saw the cover I just know I wouldn't read it." ... "A great psychological document but would you really call it literature, Mr. Pound?" ... "Too melodious, if anything." ... "Joyce has exhausted a method and an age; he is like the red seal on an official document; now it can be filed away. Personally I never read official documents." ... "Say, I'm awful dry." 33

A large portion of this group was well described by Herbert Gorman:

> What the book was and what it stood for was entirely beyond their conception or powers of comprehension but they had heard that it contained (to quote literally from one of them) "some swell dirty passages." That spicy expectation, for the most part, was their sole reason for desiring it. For these infantile troglodites the acquisition of Ulysses became a vogue. One was not in the fashion if one did not possess it. 34

For those who were merely trying to be sophisticated in the European way, Ulysses was a difficult assignment. The novel was purchased or borrowed, approached gingerly or picked over and thus, by a significant portion of the exile community, continued to be more talked about than read.

Joyce's personal and social relations with many members of the exile community also had a dampening effect on the growth of interest in his novel. He came to be generally known as aloof, unpleasant and somewhat eccentric --

an artist for a young bohemian to admire grudgingly and imitate in small ways but hardly the kind of man one could know well, learn from through direct contact or crusade for. The experiences of Malcolm Cowley and Sherwood Anderson are typical of one kind of reaction:

> Having been granted an interview, I went to his hotel. He was waiting for me in a room that looked sour and moldy, as if the red-plush furniture had fermented in the twilight behind closed shutters. I saw a tall, emaciated man with a very high white forehead and smoked glasses; on his thin mouth and at the puckered corners of his eyes was a look of suffering so plainly marked that I forgot the questions with which I had come prepared. I was simply a younger person meeting an older person who needed help.
>
> "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Joyce?" I said.
>
> Yes, there was something I could do: he had no stamps, he didn't feel well enough to go out and there was nobody to run errands for him. I went out to buy stamps, with a sense of relief as I stepped into the street. He had achieved genius, I thought, but there was something about the genius as cold as the touch at parting of his long, smooth, cold, wet-marble fingers. 35

> ... Joyce invited him [Sherwood Anderson] to dinner and suggested he have oysters; Anderson was too embarrassed to refuse, though he detested them. He preferred to think it was the sight of Joyce cutting a figure, rather than the oysters, which made the evening a failure. 36

Joyce succeeded in putting himself further beyond the pale and in isolating an important group of international intellectuals who could have, had he taken the first step, enhanced his reputation considerably when he refused to make peace with Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein was annoyed, in the first place, by the fact that someone would challenge her position as the leading literary innovator. When Joyce

pointedly avoided Miss Stein's salon and let it be known that he hated intellectual women,[37] her anger was such that it required all of Ernest Hemingway's courage and tact to publicize Ulysses and still remain a protégé of hers. Hemingway, however, like Pound, whole-heartedly admired the book and did everything he could to spread its fame (He wrote to Sherwood Anderson in 1922, "Joyce has a most goddam wonderful book." [38]) and assist in its distribution.[39] Only those with Hemingway's bravery or those completely ignorant of the low opinion Gertrude Stein held of Joyce and his writing would dare to mention the Irish novelist in her presence. Bravig Imbs, a clever, young American novelist and one of Gertrude Stein's intimates, describes the prevailing atmosphere in her famous salon at 27 Rue de Fleurus:

> ... To talk about Joyce in Gertrude's salon was rushing in where angels feared to tread, but that was exactly what Elliot [Paul] was doing, and I realized then what great affection both Gertrude and Alice [Toklas] must have for him [Paul], for if anyone else had dared praise Joyce to their faces they would have read the Riot Act forthwith. Elliot was blissfully unconscious of the fact that he was being more than impertinent, ... 40

Other exiles in Paris quickly realized that articles introducing and commenting on Joyce and Ulysses were very marketable back home in the United States. For motives much less pure than these displayed by Ezra Pound, writers such as Matthew Josephson and Djuna Barnes wrote about the novelist for American journals, usually using their commentaries

to compare, unfavourably, native American attitudes to the amount of sophistication and freedom encouraged in European art.[41] From Joyce's point of view, much of what was being written about him by these people merely added to the growing body of manufactured myth about his habits, his attitudes and his work with only incidental effects on the development of intelligent discussion about Ulysses.[42]

The transition group, made up of Eugene Jolas, his wife Maria, Kay Boyle, Hart Crane, Harry Crosby, Elliot Paul, A.L. Gillespie and Robert Sage, unfortunately for the establishment of Ulysses' reputation, was little concerned with Joyce's 1922 masterpiece. By the time Jolas arrived in Paris in early 1927, Ulysses was already too much a forgotten book among the ultra-avant garde for transition to publicize or criticize. Jolas was convinced of the importance of Joyce in the "Revolution (or Religion) of the Word" which he was proclaiming but saw that Work In Progress was more in keeping with his extremely modernistic interests. In an article which the editor co-authored with Elliot Paul and Robert Sage, transition's feelings about Ulysses were succinctly stated: "Too much has been said about it already, and too few people have really read it."[43]

Nevertheless, transition served to keep the names of Joyce and Ulysses before the public during the between-books period, 1922-1930, firstly by printing "Stop, thief!",[44] the

international protest of 167 artists directed against the piratical actions of Samuel Roth of Two Worlds Monthly, secondly by devoting a great deal of space to damning Roth's actions in the articles, "The Case of Samuel Roth" and "King of the Jews"[45] and in the letters column of transition and, thirdly, by defending Joyce's Ulysses against the diatribes of Wyndham Lewis' The Enemy in an article entitled "First Aid to the Enemy".[46] However, transition's discussion of Ulysses was intended more to keep public interest in their valued author of Work in Progress at a high level than to display regard for or critical interest in Ulysses.

Larbaud's canonization of Joyce's masterpiece before its presentation to the public seems to have had a dampening effect on notices of the book in the European press and periodical reviews. Although the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune announced that Ulysses was a book " waited for these many years with bated breath ",[47] there was little in the native or English-language press in the way of extended analysis or debate about the book on moral or literary grounds. Examination of an extensive collection of press clippings[48] reveals two main groups of notices: one, bare announcements of the novel's long-awaited publication or these announcements accompanied by the briefest of introductions to Ulysses' prose style or subject matter and, two, reports of the petition "Stop, thief!" against the Roth piracy. This second

group of articles is by far the ~~largest~~ larger; most papers and news services included at least a partial list of those who had signed and a brief restatement of the purpose of the petition.

Before long, however, interested Joyceans were at work to bring before the potentially large European reading public translations of Ulysses into the principal European languages. Partial French translations of the book appeared as early as 1924 in the first issue of Commerce,[49] a French language literary periodical owned by an American, Marguerite Caetani, published by Adrienne Monnier and edited by Paul Valery. Other fragments followed in 900: Cahiers d'Italie et d'Europe,[50] in La Nouvelle Revue Francaise[51] and in Les Feuilles Libres.[52]

The first complete French translation was the product of a hectic, even fiery, collaboration between Auguste Morel Valery Larbaud, Stuart Gilbert and Joyce himself. Morel, an imaginative young Breton poet, had translated works of Francis Thompson, Blake, Donne and other English poets. Larbaud, one of Joyce's earliest and most ardent French admirers, possessed a brilliant sensitivity to English style; Gilbert was a scholarly retired East Indian administrator. Each of the four men brought something important to the work: Morel's flair, Larbaud's prestige and ear for nuance, Gilbert's patience, scholarship and precision and Joyce's loyalty to the original work. Each also brought a large measure of pride

in individual workmanship and intransigeance in the face of others' criticism which served to delay the work needlessly.[53] When finally completed, Ulysse was published by Adrienne Monnier in February, 1929; the translators' credit line hints at the delicate personal relations which had existed during the course of the work: "Traduit de l'anglais par M. Auguste Morel assisté par M. Stuart Gilbert. Traduction entièrement revue par M. Valery Larbaud avec la collaboration de l'auteur."[54]

Although Ulysse sold steadily to French readers, the translation did not have the expected effect of renewing the European debate about the novel. Perhaps by 1929, the dissolution of the exuberant expatriate community had changed the tone of literary France. Perhaps Joyce and his followers being engrossed in the more internationally accessible Work in Progress dampened commentators' interest in Ulysse. Perhaps the flourishing of several more radical literary innovations than Joyce's pre-1922 techniques during the intervening years had merely made Ulysses a dated work. In any case, the most significant result of the French translation had nothing to do with the finished product itself; it was Stuart Gilbert's James Joyce's "Ulysses",[55] the critical commentary which was the best analysis of the novel up to 1930 (if not the best full-length commentary to be written in the whole 45 year history of the novel). It was the insight and advice which Gilbert gained on the interpretation and plan of the novel through his close work with Joyce during the

period of the translation which enabled him to prepare his commentary. Gilbert, in his Preface to the 1952 Edition of James Joyce's "Ulysses", described the genesis and purpose of the work and Joyce's uncommon willingness to assist in the project:

> It was when I was assisting MM. Auguste Morel and Valery Larbaud in the translation of Ulysses into French that the project suggested itself to me. In making a translation the first essential is thoroughly to understand what one is translating; any vagueness or uncertainty in this respect must lead to failure. This applies especially when the texture of the work to be translated is intricate, or the meaning elusive. One begins with a close analysis, and only when the implications of the original are fully unravelled does one start looking for approximations in the other language. Thus I made a point of consulting Joyce on every doubtful point, of ascertaining from him the exact associations he had in mind when using proper names, truncated phrases, or peculiar words, and never 'passing' the French text unless I was sure we had the meaning of each word and passage quite clear in our minds. Joyce showed extraordinary patience in bearing with my interrogation which, as I had just returned to Europe after a longish judicial career in the East, must have had much of the tedious persistence so necessary in legal inquiries east of Suez if one is to get reasonably near that coy nymph, Alotheia.
> . . . . . .
>
> Finally, it should be mentioned that in the course of writing this Study I read it out to Joyce, chapter by chapter, and that, though he allowed me the greatest latitude in the presentation of the facts and indeed encouraged me to treat the subject on whatever lines were most congenial to me, it contains nothing . . . to which he did not give his full approbation; indeed there are several passages which I directly owe to him. Thus the long list of examples of rhetorical forms which concludes my commentary on the 'Aeolus' episode was compiled at his suggestion, and we spent several industrious afternoons collaborating on it. And the opening pages of my commentary on the episode of 'The Sirens' reproduce, word for word, information given me by Joyce.
>
> I have not tried to alleviate the rather pedantic tone of much of the writing in this Study. For one thing, Joyce approved of it; and, for another, we who admired Ulysses for its structural, enduring qualities and not for the occasional presence in it of words and descriptive

> passages which shocked our elders, were on the defensive, and the pedant's cloak is often a convenient protection against the cold blasts of propriety. Moreover, in those early days most readers and many eminent critics regarded Ulysses as a violently romantic work, an uncontrolled outpouring of the subconscious mind, powerful but formless. Thus it was necessary to emphasize the 'classical' and formal elements, the carefully planned layout of the book, and the minute attention given by its author to detail, each phrase, indeed each word, being assigned its place with pointilliste precision. 56

In many opinions Stuart Gilbert's James Joyce's "Ulysses" is still an excellent companion to the novel, for both the beginning reader and the informed student who desires the insights available only to one who has discussed the meanings of a complex work with its author.

In the meantime, a translator, George Goyert, had been chosen by means of a contest sponsored by Joyce's Swiss (German) publisher to prepare a German-language version of Ulysses. Goyert did not receive much help from the author in preparing the first edition of his translation which appeared in 1927; [57] as a result, the translation did not even partially satisfy Joyce's high standards of accuracy. He had Goyert brought to him in Paris and saw to it that the second and third German editions (both 1930) were prepared under his and Gilbert's strict supervision.[58]

Much was made at the time (most by Joyce himself) of Carl Gustav Jung's proposed preface to the third German edition; as usual, the psychiatrist had taken great liberties with both author and work in order to display his own theories.

This original preface, of only limited critical interest, despite the potential insights one might have expected from a psychological theorist of Jung's stature, was not published with the book; a softened version "not devoid of respect" [59] was published in 1932. Before 1930, however, several other German critics had approached Ulysses with insight and understanding and produced documents of lasting critical worth.

Ivan Goll, poet and acquaintance of Joyce from Zurich days, writing in Die Literarische Welt,[60] a Berlin literary weekly, generously introduced the 1927 German translation of Ulysses to a reading public whose interest in Joyce had already been sparked by the translation of Portrait which had appeared the year before. Drawing on his personal memories of the author, Goll painted a generously emotional portrait of Joyce suffering extreme hardships during the World War while patiently labouring on "his masterpiece, Ulysses, which some people think will be considered more important than that whole war." [61] Goll seemingly places himself in this group for he praises several aspects of the novel: its revolutionary status in the world of letters, "Joyce created just as much of a revolution in poetry and literature as Lenin [also living in Zurich at that time] achieved in the political world";[62] its achievement in the field of character delineation, "All humanity is impersonated here";[63] his stylistic innovations, especially what Goll calls "the inner dialogue"[64] and Joyce's skill in matching style to theme in the individual

episodes, especially the last, "a quivering masterpiece such as no one will ever be able to give us again".[65] It is chiefly as a daring, aloof parodist that Goll introduces Ulysses' author to potential German readers:

> Ulysses is the most formidable parody anyone has ever written on the universe of God and man. It owes its force to the fact that it arises from a deep ethical conviction and a sense of comic despair such as only a true poet can feel. In Irish humour the face remains as impassive as a kettle full of boiling water -- until it bursts. Joyce is no longer reverent. I believe that he enjoys parodying God most of all. But how unimportant all this must be to one who can depict accurately the daily middle-class routine without twitching an eyelash. He describes his hero's activities in the bathroom with the same indifference and objectivity that he describes him purchasing a cake of soap. He is no more shocked by the shamefully concealed sexual immorality of the middle classes than by a debate in Parliament. Everything that the hero thinks, feels, and dreams is written down coldly and fully in this book. The author rises above it all. 66

Goll's conclusion, a strikingly favourable one for a rival poet to reach, leaves no doubt about how he feels the German public should approach Ulysses:

> He is almost as finished and intense a lyric poet as Mallarmé. He has carried poetry to its uttermost limits. Some people damn Joyce completely. Others can only compare him to Rabelais, Shakespeare, Swift, Flaubert, or Dante. But no one's work approaches his in magnitude and novelty. James Joyce is our great poet. 67

Not pleased with the quality of the first German translation, Joyce ungraciously extended his displeasure to Goll's introduction of his work and to subsequent attempts of the poet to popularize his works in Germany: "... an hour's talk on me also from the Berlin station for which however I get nothing [monetary?], the talk being by Ivan

Goll, except perhaps inward groans from the listeners...."[68]

Bernhard Fehr and Ernst Curtius pioneered German metaphysical interpretations of Ulysses. To Fehr,[69] Joyce was a master of perspective, joining with Proust in the exploration of new ways to cut through the dimensions of ongoing time, memories past and physical and imaginative space. Joyce's contribution to the study of time and space was the grotesque drollery he was able to extract by piling discontinuous specific images on one another as a means of commenting on the human condition.

Ernst Curtius,[70] in his "Technik and Thematik von James Joyce",[71] did a very thorough textual analysis of parts of Ulysses, which supported Fehr's interpretation by relating technique and use of motifs to thematic development in the novel. Nearly exhaustive in his analysis of psychological key-words and Joyce's fusion of patterns of association, Curtius succeeds in pointing out that the important difficulty in understanding the novel, the apparent chaos which obscures the pattern, is solvable only if the reader has resources of patience and awareness which match Joyce's:

> ...In order to really understand Ulysses, we would have to be conscious of every sentence in the work -- a task which is almost impossible. But what is this when measured with the energy of intellectual tensity which the author disposed of in the conception and execution of its totality in order to survey and rivet together the thousand relationships of his steel-girded work. If we look at it from that standpoint alone, Ulysses must seem a practically incomparable, gigantic achievement. [72]

At the end of his thoughtful commentary which, incidentally, did a great deal to bridge the gulf between the techniques of Ulysses and Work in Progress, Curtius was prepared to reach only tentative conclusions about the novel's ultimate significance:

> Joyce's intellectual energy has an intensity of which we can speak only with the highest admiration. His artistic expression dominates all linguistic and compositional forms with a free mastery. In the comic story, the satire, characterisation, invention, he is the peer of all the masters of the literature of the world. His work has the unmistakable sign of the great: inexhaustibility.
>
> And yet, in the final analysis, it remains sterile. This entire wealth of philosophical and theological knowledge, this power of psychological and esthetic analysis, this culture of the mind educated in all the literatures of the world, this ratiocination which is so far above all positivistic platitudes -- all this is finally nullified, refutes itself in a world conflagration, in a sprinkling of metallically irredescent flames. What remains? Odor of ashes, horror of death, apostate melancholy, tortures of conscience -- Againbite of Inwit.
>
> And yet we should not conclude with this, the complete negation of meaning and being is a catharsis. Only he who has seen the abyss, can hope to arise once more into the spirit's empire of light. The Inferno of Ulysses is, considered in this way, itself a purgatory. Ulysses unmasks, exposes, demolishes, degrades humanity with a sharpness and completeness which has no counterpart in modern thinking. It is wrong to mistake this for psycho-analysis, which with all its readily admitted merits, has remained rooted in naively positivistic dogmatisms, or which flows into a bad ersatz-mysticism, whenever it attempts to conquer those dogmatisms. Joyce stands on a higher plane. He knows that the ultimate intellectual decisions are metaphysical and religious. His Lucifernian book confronts us with this decision. It is a work of the anti-Christ. It deforms man and the world. The answer to this can be given only by a voice which, like Dante, might set forth the mystery of trans-figuration and of the Vita Nova. 73

Curtius' conclusions, like those of most commentators who are

really adequately equipped to deal with the meaning of Ulysses, are far from dogmatic; he does not consider the case of Ulysses' interpretation to be closed. It is this very tentative quality, matched with the Germanic thoroughness which Fehr and Curtius brought to the study of the novel, which set a high standard for later European criticism of Ulysses.

Ulysses encountered marked indifference on the part of most practising continental writers during the Twenties. Some of this indifference was the result of Joyce's social ineptitude; he maintained his favourite pose of exiled artist throughout the years of Ulysses' early fame, making it most obvious that it was from the fellowship of contemporary European writers that he especially wished to be excluded. His relations with the American and European members of Gertrude Stein's circle have already been mentioned; his famous encounter with Proust shows similar unwillingness to make the effort necessary to open communications with the literary community. [74]

Joyce showed great facility in alienating those who had made a special effort to befriend him. The cases of his associations with Larbaud and Michaux are typical:

> Larbaud was irritated because Joyce treated him too much as a literary agent, and scarcely acknowledged his coexistence as novelist and poet. Most of Joyce's literary friends had this feeling at one time or another, and Larbaud was too sensitive and high-strung not to have had it too. [75]

> His genius was a trap from which he did not desire to extricate himself, and his life seemed to withdraw inside him so that Henri Michaux and others who met him then [c. 1925] thought him the most renfermé, disconnected from humanity, of men. Joyce, who knew he was writing about nothing but man, was in too great discomfort to attempt the correction of this impression. 76

Other writers simply did not approve of Joyce's novel. Claudel returned an autographed gift copy of Ulysses; Gide referred to it as "a sham masterpiece" [77] and later turned down the French translation for publication in the Éditions de la Pléiade.[78]

Some authors found Ulysses unoriginal and wondered at the excitement it generated in the United States and in the exile community. Joyce had, after all, himself attributed the discovery of the interior monologue technique to Édouard Dujardin and credited Dujardin's Les Lauriers sont coupés (1887) with being the first extended use of the technique he was to incorporate in much of Ulysses.[79] Then, too, reworkings of Homeric and mythical themes enjoyed considerable European popularity during the years when Joyce was completing his novel. In 1920, Joyce had written to his brother that he was aware of Anatole France's Le Cyclope, Fauré's opera Pénélope, Giraudoux' Elpénor and Apollinaire's Les Mamelles de Tirésias.[80] While seeking credit for the revival of interest in ancient myth, Joyce was perhaps granted it by the English-speaking literary community erroneously. Naturally the frankness of language and detailed realism of Ulysses did not create nearly as much interest in Europe as

they did in the more puritanical Britain and America.

Dujardin, almost alone among active European writers, acclaimed Ulysses as a masterpiece in a series of lectures on the technique of the interior monologue given in 1930. His motives, however, are certainly suspect; his gratitude for Joyce's revival of his nearly forgotten novel and flagging career probably considerably influenced his critical judgment.

All of this evidence leads to the conclusion that, except for some interest generated among the exile community and some serious attention from German scholars, the native European response to James Joyce's Ulysses was very subdued. Ulysses was, in Europe, a potential classic where potential classics in all of the artist's media were common, [81] a reputedly scandalous book where scandalous books aroused little interest, a psychological novel where at least one other masterpiece of this genre (Proust's) was both popularly acclaimed and far more accessible and an attempt at using myth and symbolism where the works of Bérard, the symbolists, Eliot, France and Apollinaire were becoming well known and accepted.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

1. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp. 422-5 and 504.

2. Marc Bernard, Zola, trans. Jean M. Leblon (London: Evergreen and New York: Grove, 1960), p. 71, passim.

3. Sylvia Beach, Shakespeare and Company (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1956), p. 91.

4. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 503.

5. Beach, op. cit., p. 40.

6. Ibid., p. 47.

7. Ibid., pp. 50-1.

8. Ibid., pp. 58-60.

9. Ibid., p. 58.

10. A. Walton Litz, The Art of James Joyce (New York: Oxford, 1964), p. 7.

11. Beach, op. cit., pp. 63-5.

12. Ibid., p. 85.

13. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 554. Ellmann is here citing a letter from Joyce written to his aunt, Mrs. Josephone Murray, near the end of October 1922. This letter is printed in Ellmann and in James Joyce, Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber, 1957), pp. 189-91.

14. Beach, op. cit., pp. 54-5.

15. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 514.

16. Beach, op. cit., p. 57.

17. Joyce, Letters of James Joyce, op. cit., p. 159, letter to Frank Budgen, February 1921.

18. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 515.

19. Joyce, Letters of James Joyce, op. cit., p. 178,

letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, December 10, 1921.

20. Valery Larbaud, "James Joyce", Nouvelle Revue Francaise, new series, XVIII, #103 (April 1922), 385-409. A partial translation, cited below, appeared, unsigned, under the title "The 'Ulysses' of James Joyce", The Criterion, I (October 1922), 94-103.

21. Larbaud, "The 'Ulysses' of James Joyce", ibid., 94.

22. Ibid., 96.

23. Ibid., 97.

24. Ibid., 98.

25. Ibid., 102.

26. Ibid., 103.

27. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 177.

28. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 521. Ellmann here cites a letter of Harriet Shaw Weaver to John Slocum.

29. Beach, op. cit., p. 96.

30. Herbert Gorman, James Joyce (New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1939), p. 305.

31. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 191.

32. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 541.

33. Malcolm Cowley, "James Joyce", Bookman, LIX, #5 (July 1924), 518.

34. Gorman, op. cit., p. 305.

35. Malcolm Cowley, Exile's Return (New York: Viking, Compass, 1956), pp. 118-19.

36. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 593 note.

37. Ibid., p. 543.

38. Ernest Hemingway, letter to Sherwood Anderson, dated March 9, 1922. This letter is cited in Ellmann, ibid., p. 543.

39. Vide supra, Chapter II.

40. John Malcolm Brinnin, The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and her World (London: Weidenfeld, 1960), pp. 289-90.

41. Vide supra, Chapter II for discussion of articles by Josephson and Miss Barnes.

42. Joyce had earlier complained to Harriet Shaw Weaver about the many untrue and half-true stories circulating about him. Joyce, Letters, op. cit., pp. 165-7. Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, June 24, 1921.

43. Eugene Jolas, Elliot Paul and Robert Sage, "First Aid to the Enemy", transition, #9 (December 1927), p. 170.

44. "Stop, Thief!", transition, #1 (April 1927) pp. 156-8.

45. "The Case of Samual Roth", transition, #9 (December 1927), p. 177. Waverley Lewis Root, "King of the Jews", transition, #9 (December 1927), pp. 178-184.

46. Jolas et al., "First Aid to the Enemy", op.cit., pp. 161-71.

47. Chicago Tribune (Paris edition), February 13, 1922. Cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 177.

48. The collection mentioned is that of the Lockwood Memorial Library, State University of New York at Buffalo.

49. The "Telemachus" episode and parts of "Ithaca" and "Penelope" translated by Valery Larbaud and Auguste Morel appeared in Commerce, #1 (Summer 1924).

50. A fragment of Ulysses translated by Auguste Morel appeared in 900: Cahiers d'Italie et d'Europe (Autumn 1926).

51. The "Proteus" episode translated by Morel et al appeared in La Nouvelle Revue Francais during 1927.

52. Three fragments of Ulysses translated by Morel et al appeared in Les Feuilles Libres, #45-46 (June 1927).

53. Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 573-4 and 612-14.

54. Cited in Ellmann, ibid., p. 614.

55. Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber, 1930 and New York: Knopf, 1931).

56. Stuart Gilbert, "Preface to the 1952 Edition" of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (Harmondsworth: Peregrine, 1963), pp. 8 and 10.

57. Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 592 and 612.

58. Ellmann, ibid., p. 612 and Joyce, Letters, op. cit., p. 285, letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated October 19, 1929.

59. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 642. The revised version of Jung's article appeared under the title "Ein Monolog" in Europaische Revue, VIII (1932), 547-68.

60. Ivan Goll, "The Homer of our Time", Die Literarische Welt (June 17, 1927) and Living Age, CCCXXXIII, #4312 (August 15, 1927), 316-20.

61. Ibid., p. 317.

62. Ibid.

63. Ibid., p. 318.

64. Ibid., p. 319.

65. Ibid.

66. Ibid., p. 318.

67. Ibid., p. 320.

68. Joyce, Letters, op. cit., p. 300, letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver dated February 18, 1931.

69. Bernhard Fehr, "James Joyce's Ulysses", Englische Studien, LX (1925), 180-205.

70. Curtius, Professor at the University of Bonn and an eminent medievalist, was described by Gilbert as "The most eminent literary critic of his generation in Germany". Joyce, Letters, op. cit., editor's note to p. 280.

71. Ernst R. Curtius, "Technik und Thematik von James Joyce", Die Neue Schweizer Rundschau (January 1, 1929). A translation by Eugene Jolas entitled "Technique and Thematic Development of James Joyce" appeared in transition, #16-17 (June 1929), pp. 310-325.

72. Ibid., p. 322.

73. Ibid., pp. 324-5.

74. Several accounts of this meeting are given in Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 523-4.

75. Ibid., p. 574.

76. Ibid., p. 586.

77. Ibid., p. 544.

78. Ibid.

79. Valery Larbaud in his preface to the 1927 re-issue of Dujardin's novel reports a conversation in which Joyce discussed his debt to Dujardin. The relevant portion of this preface is re-printed in Gilbert, op. cit., pp. 22-3.

80. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 504. Ellmann cites a letter of James Joyce to Stanislaus Joyce, dated July 25, 1920.

81. Cowley, "James Joyce", op. cit., p. 518. "Perhaps the true reason is that genius is rarely tolerated in this city of almost universal talent."

CHAPTER IV

ULYSSES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

> We are used to the reputations of authors fluctuating from year to year, but Mr. Joyce's also fluctuates from place to place. He is resented in Ireland, neglected in England, admired by a set in America, and idolized by another in France. In every nation there is a general public and a literary public. In Ireland the general public is provincial and priestridden. It cannot forgive Joyce his blasphemy nor his comtemptuous parodies of Irish jingoism. The other, the smaller public, has chosen escape in a romantic return to the past, characterized by a special lyric note of easy and undefinable melancholy born of self-pity. Joyce is a realist, and out of touch intellectually with that generation .... In England the literary public is governed by good taste. Cautious as the cenotaph, the critics decide the value of a book in terms of "delicious" and "charming". The general public is equally conservative, and the fate of a book like Ulysses ... is decided in advance. 1

Mr. Connolly's April 1929 assessment of the elements of Joyce's reputation in Great Britain and Ireland is a remarkably challenging generalization made at the earliest possible time at which the lively debate over Portrait, Ulysses and Work in Progress could be evaluated. Generalizations of this sort are often appealing to the critic, not because they succeed in adequately describing the situation, but because they are just inaccurate enough to stimulate investigation of the bases of the writer's conclusions. To this end, in this chapter will be discussed the circumstances of Ulysses' arrival in Great Britain and Ireland, "the perplexed imbalance of valuation"[2] on the part

of reviewers and commentators which greeted it between its earliest publication (1918) and 1925, the continuing debate about the novel among English writers and the response to Ulysses in Ireland. Among the writings of the seven early reviewers discussed, a large measure of justification can be found for Connolly's statement about the force of the canon of English "good taste". English creative writers and Irish readers and reviewers were, however, challenged by something more than Ulysses' celebrated indecency or blasphemy in responding to the novel.

Harriet Shaw Weaver was to duplicate in England the work that Sylvia Beach and Margaret Anderson were doing on Joyce's behalf in Europe and the United States. She, was of Joyce's three lady patrons, the most tireless, understanding and generous. Miss Weaver first heard of Joyce's work early in 1914 when she was assisting Dora Marsden, editor of the New Freewoman (later to become the Egoist), as business manager of the magazine. Ezra Pound, late in 1913, had discovered Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Eager to begin making his new discovery known, Pound brought Joyce to the attention of Miss Marsden. Having already editorialized that the time was ripe for art to turn to careful analysis of the individual's personality and feelings and away from description "in the terms of the physical image under which he presents himself to sight",[3] Miss Marsden easily was convinced that her review should publish

Portrait in England. Serial publication of a slightly expurgated version of the novel began on February 2, 1914 and continued through 25 installments until September 15, 1915.

In the meantime, the New Freewoman became the Egoist, Harriet Shaw Weaver succeeded Dora Marsden as editor and Miss Weaver dedicated herself to completing the work which Pound had begun on Joyce's behalf.

Over the next 15 years, Miss Weaver's support took many forms. She was Joyce's long-distance confidante and adviser; of the letters of Joyce written between 1918 and 1930 which are included in Stuart Gilbert's collection of The Letters of James Joyce,[4] over half are addressed to Miss Weaver. In these letters, Joyce revealed his regard for her by unstintingly pouring out details of the slow progress of his work, his battles with censors, critics and publishers and his physical ailments.

Miss Weaver also supported the author financially from 1919 until after his death (it was she who paid for Joyce's funeral)[5] by settling on him the income from £ 5,000 in war bonds and by supplementing this income, from time to time, with other gifts:

> She made no demands upon him, and gave up projects of her own so that he might get on with his, resolved to give his genius the reward which the world had so far withheld. Her benefaction did not make Joyce rich; no amount of money could have done that; but it made it possible for him to be poor only through determined extravagance. [6]

Miss Weaver's efforts extended to doing her very best to bring Joyce's work before the English public. In the case of Portrait, her efforts were successful: the novel was serialized in the Egoist in 1914-15; an edition of 750 copies was published in England on February 12, 1917 under the auspices of the Egoist Press. This first English edition sold quickly, very quickly for a war-time first novel, mainly because of Miss Weaver's success in soliciting reviews of the book. At her suggestion, H. G. Wells wrote a "highly appreciative"[7] notice for the Nation and Arthur Clutton-Brock, in an unsigned article in the Times Literary Supplement, described Portrait as "full of wild music."[8]

Despite Miss Weaver's best efforts, England was not ready for Ulysses. The Egoist passed out of existence following the cancellation of subscriptions which partly resulted from the appearance of parts of four episodes of Ulysses (Nestor, Proteus, Hades and Wandering Rocks) between January and December of 1919. Miss Weaver had experienced considerable difficulty in finding a printer willing to set even these milder episodes of the novel; since the prosecution of Lawrence's The Rainbow in 1915, English printing establishments had become extremely reluctant to test the obscenity laws. Bearing this in mind, Miss Weaver arranged, through John Rodker in Paris, to use Shakespeare and Company plates to produce the Egoist Press editions of Ulysses. Ulysses II,

an edition of 2,000 copies, appeared in October 1922 and was followed by Ulysses III, 500 copies, in January 1923. Despite the seizures of substantial portions of these editions,[9] some copies arrived from Rodker in Paris at the Egoist Press London offices and Miss Weaver's home, there to be distributed surreptitiously to subscribers under the ever-present threat of a police raid.[10] After the Folkestone seizure of 499 of the 500 copies of Ulysses III, the novel was officially banned in Great Britain. Until October of 1936, when the ban was lifted and Joyce was able triumphantly to declare "Now the war between England and me is over, and I am the conqueror",[11] Britons interested in what Joyce was doing to the modern novel form had to rely on the few pre-ban Egoist Press copies and Paris editions of the novel smuggled past alert British customs inspectors or sent to England, against considerable odds, via Book Post from Shakespeare and Company.

Very few English press reviewers welcomed the appearance of Ulysses with anything resembling open-mindedness. Alfred Noyes, writing in the Manchester Sunday Chronicle under the title "Rottenness in Literature"[12], bewailed the fact that English critics could take time out from the defense of the Victorian greats such as Tennyson, then being depreciated by the modernists, to attend to a work such as Ulysses, "simply the foulest book that has ever found its

way into print."[13] The author of Ulysses, Noyes suggested, along with the critics who dared question the values of Victorian literature should, as a therapeutic measure, "be taken to a remote place in the country and locked up alone for six months with a volume of Wordsworth."[14]

This "Noise about Joyce"[15] was not original in its suggestion that the past was the repository of the 'good' in English literature. James Douglas, in an earlier article, had suggested that true Englishmen and the country's literary heritage would stand firm against the "leprous and scabrous horrors", the "flood of unimaginable thoughts, images and pornographic words" and the "unclean lunacies ... larded with appalling and revolting blasphemies" contained in Ulysses, "the most infamously obscene book in ancient or modern literature"[16]:

> And let me here say frankly that I have evidence which establishes the fact that the book is already the Bible of beings who are exiles and outcasts in this and in every civilized country. It is also adopted by the Freudians as the supreme glory of their dirty and degraded cult, which masquerades in pseudo-scientific raiment under the name of "Psycho-Analysis".
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The England of Milton and Wordsworth at least stands firm in defence of decency, decorum, good manners and good morals. 17

Readers of the Sporting Times, a mass journal, whose reputation, Joyce remarked, "is worse than my own",[18] were at least not sent back to a Wordsworthian past. Their reviewer, "Aramis", merely warned that "the main contents of

the book are enough to make a Hottentot sick."[19] Not entirely certain what he was writing about, "two thirds of it [Ulysses] is incoherent", "Aramis" was able to find in the rest "only a coarse salacrity [sic]" and "things that sniggering louts of schoolboys guffaw about."[20]

A.R. Orage, writing in The New Age, had anticipated the bewilderment of "Aramis" and others. In his article, "The Too Clever",[21] Orage questions the recent work of modern writers:

> I am staggered by the cleverness of such a writer as Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and a little more so at the cleverness of Mr. James Joyce. But in the case of both of them, I find myself growing more and more mystified, bewildered, and repelled. Is it, I ask, that they do not write for readers like me? Then their circle must be contracting, for I am one of many who used to read them with pleasure. And who are they gaining while losing us? Are their new readers more intensive if fewer, and better worth while for their quality than we were for our numbers? But I decline to allow the favourable answers. The fact is that the writers of the Little Review are getting too clever even for coterie, and will soon be read only by each other, or themselves. 22

The loss of Joyce to his readers means, to Orage, the loss of a writer of great potential:

> Mr. James Joyce had once the makings of a great writer -- not a popular writer, but a classic writer. To become what he was he needed to be opened out, to be simplified, to conceal his cleverness, to write more and more for the world. But first in the Egoist and now in the Little Review he has been directed to cultivate his faults, his limitations, his swaddling clothes of genius, with the result that he is in imminent danger of brilliant provincialism. 23

Although no more certain than "Aramis" was about what Joyce is saying, Orage believed in his right to say it. In "America

Regressing",[24] written on the occasion of the Little Review trial,[25] Orage defended to the English Joyce's frankness because he found valuable "the scores of interesting experiments in composition and style exhibited in Ulysses":

> What does it matter if, in his enthusiasm, Mr. Joyce travels beyond the limits of good taste, beyond, that is, the already cultivated, if only a single new literary convention is thereby brought into common use? 26

Two years after the publication of this article, English officialdom opted for moral purity over literary innovation and seized Ulysses III at Folkestone.

Of the pre-1922 notices to appear in England, Richard Aldington's "The Influence of Mr. James Joyce"[27] shows the greatest degree of both fairness and thoughtful consideration even though the author expresses his conclusions in terms of disappointment and fear. Aldington was disappointed because Joyce did not break away from the squalor, sordidness and depression to be found, according to the critic, in his earlier naturalistic Dubliners and, to a lesser extent, in Portrait; Aldington had had high hopes that Joyce could become a great tragedian:

> I did not for one moment desire him to accept a particle of that official optimism which is so poisonous; I did not want him to be "sugary", or to affect a Renanesque benevolence and calm which were obviously foreign to his character. But I did hope to see him write real tragedy, and not return to the bastard genre of the Naturalistes who mingle satire and tragedy, and produce something wholly false; I hoped to see his characters emerge into a clearer air from the sordid arena in which they were subdued by fate in a debris of decayed vegetables and putrid exhalations.
>
> Clearly I hoped the wrong thing. Ulysses is more

> bitter, more sordid, more ferociously satirical than anything Mr. Joyce has yet written. It is a tremendous libel on humanity which I at least am not clever enough to refute, but which I am convinced is a libel. There is no laughter in Ulysses, but it is a harsh, sneering kind, very different from the gros rire of Rabelais. 28

Aldington's fear was that a whole crop of Joyce imitators, " . . . lacking his intellectuality, his amazing observation, memory and intuition, his control over the processes of his art",[29] would exert a destructive influence on literature leading it down the easy steps to Dadaism and imbecility:

> He is disgusting with a reason; others will be disgusting without reason. He is obscure and justifies his obscurity; but how many others will write mere confusion and think it sublime? How many dire absurdities will be brought forth, with Ulysses as midwife? 30

If Ulysses is to be feared as a dangerous influence on the young, it is not those with unformed moral standards who are to be protected but rather it is those who, wishing to write, have not yet developed a style:

> If I had a younger friend who wanted to write, and would accept my advice, I would conceal from him the works of Mr. Joyce and set him on Pascal and Voltaire, with Mr. George Moore and Flaubert as light reading. And when he knew the value of clarity, sobriety, precision -- the good manners of literature -- I would hand him Mr. Joyce's books with the highest eulogy and little fear of the consequences. 31

When a virtually unchanged version of this article was re-printed in 1924, Aldington appended a note which revealed an easing of his fears regarding the literary health of younger English writers: "I am happy to recognize that the influence of Ulysses in England has been microscopic; perhaps that was because everyone concentrated on the last chapter and ignored

the remarkable phantasmagoria two chapters earlier."[32] One feels that the appearance of Virginia Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway in 1925 would not have substantially lessened Aldington's happy recognition.

J. Middleton Murry, having done his utmost to master Ulysses, did not share Aldington's early fears: "There is not the faintest need to be concerned about his influence. He will have some, no doubt; but it will be canalized and concentrated. The head that is strong enough to read "Ulysses" will not be turned by it."[33] Murry, unlike most of his fellow reviewers, did not allow moral convictions to enter into his decision about Ulysses' position as a work of literature. For one thing, the novel was not, as Larbaud had stated, a contribution to European literature. Joyce was too much of an individualist, "the egocentric rebel in excelsis",[34] to work with or within social morality or to have any social intention. Secondly, it was not, according to Murry, a properly disciplined work. Joyce had erred in merely emptying minds onto paper to the extent that "again and again in "Ulysses" we lose the circumstance in the circumstantiality."[35] In terms of positive achievement, Joyce had liberated art from personal inhibitions and treated the liberated material with his own highly developed sensitivity to spiritual beauty:

> "Ulysses" is, fundamentally (though it is much besides), an immense, a prodigious self-laceration, the tearing-away from himself, by a half-demented man of genius, of inhibitions and limitations which have grown to be flesh of his flesh. And those who read it will profit by the vicarious sacrifice. 36

The expression of this stripped bare artistic consciousness is the second great achievement of Ulysses, the "Circe" episode:

> In this part of "Ulysses" -- let us say it plainly, in order that we may have our share of the contempt or the glory a hundred years hence -- a genius of the very highest order, strictly comparable to Goethe's or Dostoevsky's, is evident. This transcendental buffoonery, this sudden uprush of the vis comica into a world wherein the tragic incompatibility of the practical and the instinctive is embodied, is a very great achievement. It is the vital centre of Mr. Joyce's book, and the intensity of life which it contains is sufficient to animate the whole of it. 37

Despite the attempts of such liberal critics as Aldington and Murry to debate the literary merits of Ulysses for the enlightenment of the English public, articles reflecting the conservatism of the English critical establishment continued to appear year by year. J.C. Squire, a literary editor of The New Statesman who wrote as "Solomon Eagle", after reading Portrait, had said of Joyce, "It is doubtful if he will make a novelist."[38] By April 1923, "Solomon Eagle" now known as "Affable Hawk", affably conceded that he had been right all along. Joyce had merely, in Squire's opinion, "sunk a shaft down into the welter of nonsense which lies at the bottom of the mind, pumped up this stuff, and presented it as a criticism of life." [39] In 1925, he dismissed Ulysses as "a morose delectation in dirt . . . the product of a frightened and enslaved mind", a mind "cold, nasty, small, and over-serious." [40]

At least a dozen other English critical opinions could

be analyzed - Gerald Gould[41] and A.C. Ward[42] present their condemnations in the most forceful and interesting ways -- but to do so would add few new dimensions to the understanding of the resistance with which arbiters of English taste greeted Ulysses. This resistance, it can be concluded, was exaggerated by Cyril Connolly; certainly Ulysses was neither "charming" nor "delicious" but neither were the satires of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh which were receiving both critical and popular acclaim in the Twenties. Despite the enjoyment with which these satirical works were read, contemporary British standards of good taste were offended by the naturalistic outlook of the author of Ulysses. The fate of that book, for the English reading public, had, during the decade of the Twenties, been decided by the censor and critic.

That segment of the literary public which is made up of creative writers does not, as a rule, allow its attitudes to be pre-formed. If this were true of British writers of the Twenties, then it can be concluded that the critics and reviewers were accurately representing contemporary standards held in common by reader and writer alike for the writing community responded to Ulysses with nearly uniform resistance. At best this resistance is the outgrowth of the personal critical judgment of the artist who, by profession, is unafraid of the innovative, the daring or the shocking. If, on the other hand, the British writer's response reflected deeply ingrained national moral prejudices, the lifting of

the ban on Ulysses in 1936 marked a sudden national reversal of opinion of great magnitude. The judgments of English writers seem, in most cases, to be products of the sincere exercise of critical reasoning.

Virginia Woolf set high and sincerely felt critical standards for modern English novelists. Writing in April 1919, she charged contemporary novelists such as Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy with being too materialistic and prescribed an attitude or point of view for writers who wished to avoid the same charge:

> Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; but a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible? 43

Joyce's sincerity, spirituality and courage meet Virginia Woolf's high standard; she writes on the basis of her reading of Portrait and those parts of Ulysses she had read in the Little Review:

> . . . whatever the intention of the whole [Ulysses] there can be no question but that it is of the utmost sincerity and that the result, difficult or unpleasant as we may judge it, is undeniably important. In contrast with those whom we have called materialists Mr. Joyce is spiritual; he is concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its messages through the brain, and in order to preserve it he disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, whether it be probability, or coherence or any other of these signposts which for generations have served to support the imagination of a reader . . .44

Despite Joyce's achievement, Virginia Woolf remains unsatisfied with his work:

> . . . we find ourselves fumbling rather awkwardly if we try to say what else we wish, and for what reason a work of such originality yet fails to compare, for we must take high examples, with Youth or The Mayor of Casterbridge. 45

In this essay, she explains her dissatisfaction by remarking on "the comparative poverty of the writer's mind"[46] and on his inability to match the Russians', especially her greatly admired Tchekov's, recognition of the truly important aspects of life worthy of fictional treatment.

By 1922, she was more sceptical and malicious about Ulysses. Soon after her Hogarth Press turned down the opportunity to publish the novel in England, she wrote to Lytton Strachey regarding her contribution to the T.S. Eliot Fellowship Fund:

> My own contribution, five and sixpence, is given on condition he [Eliot] puts publicly to their proper use the first 200 pages of Ulysses. Never have I read such tosh. As for the first 2 chapters we will let them pass, but the 3rd 4th 5th 6th -- merely the scratching of pimples on the body of the bootboy at Claridges. Of course, genius may blaze out on page 652 but I have my doubts. And this is what Eliot worships, and there's Lytton Strachey paying £ 100 p.a. to Eliot's upkeep. 47

Michael Holroyd attributes her change of heart to "that jealous competitive spirit of hers"[48] which had been aroused by the interest of her husband and Lytton Strachey in publishing Joyce's work in England. Richard Ellmann is probably nearer the truth regarding her growing distaste for Joyce's writing in suggesting that she, like Wyndham Lewis, confused literary criticism with judgment by social class[49]: "An illiterate, underbred book it seems to me; the book of a self taught

working man, and we all know how distressing they are, how egotistic, insistent, raw, striking, and ultimately nauseating."[50] A world apart from Joyce in background and temperament, her admiration for his technical innovations and daring was not enough to allow Virginia Woolf to conquer an aversion to Ulysses which was characteristic of most, if not all, British writers of the day. There were, it seems, as many non-moral reasons given for this aversion as there were prominent writers to give them.

Katherine Mansfield, although she found "something in this: a scene that should figure I suppose in the history of literature"[51], could not help but feel an alien in Joyce's world:

> Oh, I can't get over a great great deal. I can't get over the feeling of wet linoleum and unemptied pails and far worse horrors in the house of his mind -- He's so terribly unfein; that's what it amounts to. There is a tremendously strong impulse in me to beg him not to shock me! [52]

E.M. Forster considers Ulysses as a modern fantasy based on the world of the Odyssey; as such it is "perhaps the most interesting literary experiment of our day".[53] It is the Joycean point of view on the modern side of the parallel, the outlook on life and the tone of the comparison which repel Forster and, to him, the novel becomes "a dogged attempt to cover the universe with mud, an inverted Victorianism, an attempt to make crossness and dirt succeed where sweetness and light failed . . ." [54]Even the clever irony of

the multi-layered myth is vile to Forster who sees throughout the novel "smaller mythologies swarm and pullulate, like vermin between the scales of a poisonous snake."[55] As the tone is distasteful to the critic, so, by implication, must be Joyce's aim, "to degrade all things and more particularly civilization and art by turning them inside out and upside down."[56] The "joylessness" which for Forster is the obvious characteristic of Ulysses is merely his expression for that quality of the novel which aroused the distaste of Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield.

D. H. Lawrence, as might be expected, disliked nearly everything about Ulysses. His truths about love and life, passionate, affirmative and mystical were far removed from Joyce's ironic detailed objectivity. The view of a woman's passionate life presented by Joyce in "Penelope" struck Lawrence as "the dirtiest, most indecent, obscene thing ever written."[57] Joyce's superabundance of detailed description also aggravated Lawrence's dislike; he wrote, in "Surgery for the Novel -- or a Bomb", "'Did I feel a twinge in my little toe, or didn't I?' asks every character of Mr. Joyce . . ."[58] Any admirer of Joyce is surprised to hear the brooding, introspective Lawrence charge the author of Ulysses with "awful" and "childish" self-consciousness:

> One has to be self-conscious at seventeen: still a little self-conscious at twenty-seven then it is a sign of arrested development, nothing else. And if it is still continuing at forty-seven, it is obvious senile precocity. 59

Perhaps the Joycean's surprise is indicative of the gulf which exists between admirers of the two novelists, which existed between the two novelists themselves [60] and which marked off the two main directions the modern novel was to take.

H. G. Wells, who, with Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy [61] enjoyed the greatest popularity among readers in England during the Twenties, analyzed the response of many British novelists to Joyce's later work. His letter, while primarily concerned with Work in Progress, is an excellent essay on current British attitudes and summary of the basis for resistance to Ulysses on the part of the writers discussed above:

> My dear Joyce,
>
> I've been studying you and thinking over you a lot. The outcome is that I don't think I can do anything for the propaganda of your work. I've an enormous respect for your genius dating from your earliest books and I feel now a great personal liking for you but you and I are set upon absolutely different courses. Your training has been Catholic, Irish, insurrectionary; mine, such as it was, was scientific, constructive and, I suppose, English. The frame of my mind is a world wherein a big unifying and concentrating process is possible (increase of power and range by economy and concentration of effort), a progress not inevitable but interesting and possible. That game attracts and holds me. For it, I want language and statement as simple and clear as possible. You began Catholic, that is to say you began with a system of values in stark opposition to reality. Your mental existence is obsessed by a monstrous system of contradictions. You may believe in chastity, purity and the personal God and that is why you are always breaking out into cries of c****, s**** and hell. As I don't believe in these things except as quite personal values my mind has never been shocked to outcries by the existence of watercloset and menstrual bandages -- and undeserved misfortunes. And

while you were brought up under the delusion of political suppression I was brought up under the delusion of political responsibility. It seems a fine thing for you to defy and break up. To me not in the least.

Now with regard to this literary experiment of yours. It's a considerable thing because you are a very considerable man and you have in your crowded composition a mighty genius for expression which has escaped discipline. But I don't think it gets you anywhere. You have turned your back on common men, on their elementary needs and their restricted time and intelligence and you have elaborated. What is the result? Vast riddles. Your last two works have been more amusing and exciting to write than they will ever be to read. Take me as a typical common reader. Do I get much pleasure from this work? No. . . . So I ask: Who the hell is this Joyce who demands so many waking hours of the few thousands I have still to live for a proper appreciation of his quirks and fancies and flashes of rendering?

All this from my point of view. Perhaps you are right and I am all wrong. Your work is an extraordinary experiment and I would go out of my way to save it from destructive or restrictive interruption. It has its believers and its following. Let them rejoice in it. To me it is a dead end.

My warmest good wishes to you Joyce. I can't follow your banner any more than you can follow mine. But the world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong.

Yours

H.G. Wells 62

James Joyce left Ireland for the last time in September 1912. He had always held modern Irish literature in very low regard; ". . . do not think that I consider contemporary Irish writing anything but ill-written, morally obtuse, formless caricature." [63] To the end of his life in exile, he persisted in thinking that the Irish reciprocated by placing a low evaluation on his work:

I described the people and the conditions in my country; I reproduced certain city types of a certain social level.

> They didn't forgive me for it. Some grudged my not concealing what I had seen, others were annoyed because of my way of expressing myself, which they didn't understand at all. In short, some were enraged by the realistic picture, others by the style. They all took revenge. 64

This revenge seems to be largely a figment of the author's imagination perhaps brought on by the long practice of the exile pose and attitude or perhaps it was a strong reaction to not being universally acclaimed in his own country. Although it would be improper to analyze in this study the psychological roots of Joyce's curiously perverse attitude to his reputation in Ireland, it can be shown that Irish hatred of him and his works was a myth of his own making.

In anticipation of the lifting of the American ban on Ulysses, Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver: "I suppose England will follow suit a few years later, and Ireland 1000 years hence."[65] Although he delighted in thinking of himself as a banned writer, at no time was Ulysses banned by any official agency after the recognition of the government of the Irish Free State in 1921. The Republic's Censorship Act of 1925, although prohibiting some works of Shaw, O'Casey, Wells and Hemingway, makes no reference to any work by Joyce. Despite the outcry of some Irish Catholics ("A great Jesuit-trained talent has gone over malignantly and mockingly to the powers of evil."[66]), the Roman Catholic Church did not list Ulysses in its Index Librorum Prohibitorum.[67] Any Church opposition to Ulysses in Ireland must have been on the parish

level; none has been recorded in any of the works consulted during the preparation of this study.

Not only was Ulysses not officially persecuted in Ireland but several excellent reviews of the novel appeared in the Irish press. "L.K. Emery" (A.J. Leventhal), writing in The Klaxon and the Dublin Magazine, praised Joyce's humour, humanity, style and the high quality of the "Cyclops", "Circe" and "Penelope" episodes.[68]

P. S. O'Hegarty, a Dubliner, defended every aspect of Ulysses criticized elsewhere. Writing in The Separatist, he expressed his delight in "the whole panorama of Dublin and of Dublin people"[69] which Joyce "loves with the whole-hearted affection of the artist."[70] O'Hegarty finds the frankness of Ulysses justified, the "Penelope" episode incomparable in any literature and Joyce a worthy member of the Irish company of Wilde, Shaw, Moore and Synge.

Eimar O'Duffy's article in The Irish Review charges his countrymen with shamefully neglecting Joyce, "a great artist -- perhaps the greatest artist in English prose now living."[71] While not as willing to forgive Joyce's frankness as O'Hegarty was, O'Duffy finds much to delight him in Ulysses, especially Joyce's ability to evoke the spirit of his setting:

> Figures that Hogarth might have painted . . .; keen encounters of wits; subtle searching into human souls; passages of description that catch the heart; grim pictures of the foulness of man -- such are the memories one retains of this vast prose-poem. 72

Yeats and "A.E." (George Russell), as eminent Irish men of letters whose views of the course of their modern national literature were polar opposites of Joyce's, might have been suspected of leading the opposition to Ulysses. Such was not the case; both were exceedingly generous in their responses to the novel. Yeats, presenting the 1924 Tailteann Prizes in Dublin, explained that Ulysses was not considered because Joyce had not been resident in Ireland. He continued:

> We feel, however, that it is our duty to say that Mr. James Joyce's book, though as obscene as Rabelais, and therefore forbidden by law in England and the United States, is more indubitably a work of genius than any prose written by an Irishman since the death of Synge. 73

As John Eglinton remarked, "Mr. Joyce's masterpiece is a violent interruption of what is known as the Irish literary renascence."[74] This truth did not prevent "A.E." from hoping that Ulysses would be "the Inferno with possibilities of a Purgatorio and a Paradiso yet to come, to make it unquestionably the greatest fiction of the twentieth century."[75] Russell thus graciously acknowledged a change in the course of his country's literary history. He had, many years before, in 1901, discussed with Yeats the possibility of a new generation arising to find them and the Irish revival obvious. In October 1902, after meeting Joyce, Russell correctly forecast: "The first spectre of the new generation has appeared. His name is Joyce." [76]

Among those Dubliners who knew Joyce best are found several admiring readers and excellent critics of his work. Patricia Hutchins, in her James Joyce's World,[77] gives a full and interesting account of many personal relationships and reactions to Joyce's work of Dublin friends of the author. At the time of this writing (April 1968), few intimates of the young Joyce survive. One, W.G. Fallon, Joyce's last surviving school-mate, writes with sophisticated understanding and great interest about Ulysses. To him, the few hostile reviewers who declared Joyce an apostate or a madman were made too much of by "those U.S.A. commentators" who have besieged Dublin in recent years in quest of anything pertaining to Joyce. "We, his friends, think nothing of the kind."[78] Finally, among Dubliners closest to Joyce, Stanislaus Joyce stands as a well informed and most sympathetic critic of his brother's work. In his letters to his brother[79] and the memoirs he has published,[80] two themes stand out. Stanislaus approved entirely of Joyce's attempts to render faithfully Dublin and its people: "Dublin lies streched out before the reader, the minute living incidents start out of the pages."[81] On the other hand, he objects to his brother's willful disregard of the "eucharistic moments of Dublin life"[82] and of the reader's inability to understand the obscurities of detail and language in the book. These errors, the author thought and Stanislaus later came to realize, "are volitional and are the portals of discovery."[83]

It is not here suggested that Ulysses was not criticized, bitterly and emotionally, in Ireland. The most painful criticism, "It was not fit to read"[84], came from Joyce's aunt, Mrs. Josephine Murray. Mrs. Murray had assisted Joyce in gathering and transmitting information about Dublin to be used in Ulysses; his letters to her indicate that he regarded her as his ideal reader and best critic. Attacks appeared in The Dublin Review and The Dublin Magazine.[85] James P. O'Reilly denounced Ulysses as a step toward decadent surrealism, declaring that "mind certainly has been used, or misused rather"[86] to produce a work which will make the products of writers in padded rooms the acclaimed masterpieces of the future. Mary Colm dismissed Ulysses as a confession which is, at once, incomprehensible to anyone not a Dublin Roman Catholic[87] and a dangerous indication that science and the subconscious method have destroyed the novel as art.[88] Among Joyce's friends, Dr. Richard Best denied any connection with Joyce or Ulysses.[89] Among Irish writers, Frank O'Connor, George Moore and George Bernard Shaw delighted in sniping at aspects of the novel.

Nevertheless, it is concluded that, despite Joyce's statements to the contrary, Ulysses was well received and even a fair success in Ireland during the period 1918-30. It faced there neither censorship, nor the temperamental aversion of the English nor the lack of interest which greeted it in much of the rest of Europe.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

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29. Ibid., 333.

30. Ibid., 341.

31. Ibid.

32. Richard Aldington, "Mr. James Joyce's 'Ulysses'", in his Literary Studies and Reviews (London: Allen and Unwin, 1924), p. 207.

33. J. Middleton Murry, "Mr. Joyce's 'Ulysses'", The Nation and the Athenaeum, #4799 (April 22, 1922), p. 124.

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58. D.H. Lawrence, "Surgery for the Novel -- or a Bomb", in his Phoenix, The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence, ed. E. D. MacDonald (New York: Viking, 1936), p. 517. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 628 n.

59. Lawrence, op. cit., pp. 517-8.

60. Joyce on Lawrence: "Cet homme écrit vraiment très mal." Cited in Ellmann, op. cit.

61. Bennett's sceptical response to Ulysses is discussed in Chapter V. Galsworthy ~~rejected~~ reflected bitterly in 1925 that the extreme tastes of some literary enthusiasts had led to the gross exaggeration of the reputations of Proust and Joyce. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 177.

62. H.G. Wells, letter to James Joyce dated November 23, 1928. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 620-1 and Joyce, Letters, op. cit., pp. 274-5.

63. James Joyce, letter to Stanislaus Joyce, dated July 19, 1905. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 217.

64. Alfred Kerr, "Joyce in England", trans. by Joseph Prescott, in A James Joyce Miscellany, ed. M. Magalaner (New York: Joyce Society, 1957), pp. 37-43. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 701.

65. James Joyce, letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated October 27, 1931. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 679 n.

66. "Canis Domini", The Dublin Review, CLXXI (1922), 112-19. Cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 179.

67. Gorman, op. cit., p. 315.

68. "Lawrence K. Emery" (A.J. Leventhal), "The 'Ulysses' of Mr. James Joyce", The Klaxon, Winter 1923-24. Cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 181.

69. P.S. O'Hegarty, "Mr. Joyce's 'Ulysses' ", The Separatist, September 2, 1922. Cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., pp. 181-2.

70. Ibid., p. 182.

71. Eimar O'Duffy, "Ulysses", The Irish Review, December 9, 1922. Cited in Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 182.

72. Ibid.

73. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 578 n. Joyce's reaction is recorded in a letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated August 16, 1924. Joyce, Letters, op. cit., pp. 219-21.

74. Gorman, op. cit., p. 298.

75. Ibid., pp. 297-8.

76. "A.E." (George Russell), Some Characters of the Irish Literary Movement (unpublished). Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 104.

77. Patricia Hutchins, James Joyce's World (London: Methuen, 1957).

78. W.G. Fallon, letter to James Clarkson dated November 30, 1967.

79. Ellmann, op. cit., pp. 216-18, 589-91.

80. Stanislaus Joyce, My Brother's Keeper (London: Faber, 1957).

81. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 590.

82. Ibid.

83. James Joyce, Ulysses (London: Bodley Head, 1960), p. 243.

84. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 551.

85. C.C.M., The Dublin Review, CLXXI (October-December 1922), 273-76. Alec Brown, "Joyce's 'Ulysses' and the Novel", The Dublin Magazine, IX (January-March 1934), 41-50.

86. James P. O'Reilly, "Joyce and Beyond Joyce",

Irish Statesman, September 12, 1925. Reprinted in Living Age, CCCXXVII, #4243 (October 31, 1925), 251.

87. Mary M. Colum, "The Confessions of James Joyce", The Freeman, #123 (July 19, 1922), pp. 450-2. Reprinted in The Freeman Book (New York: Huebsch, 1924), p. 328.

88. Ibid., p. 334.

89. Ellmann, op. cit., p. 374.

90. Ibid., pp. 388, 631, 588-9.

CHAPTER V

MAJOR CRITICAL VIEWS

Amid the frenzy and turmoil of praise and condemnation which greeted Ulysses, ten critical essays which appeared between March 1922 and the autumn of 1929 represent a fair cross-section of that part of the literary world's reaction which might be termed coherent, responsible and thus significant in the establishment of the novel's reputation.

Despite Richard Aldington's brief discussion of Ulysses in his April 1921 article, "The Influence of Mr. James Joyce",[1] Sisley Huddleston is able to claim the distinction of being the first English critic to break the "conspiracy of silence"[2] which surrounded the novel in England. His March 1922 review, "Ulysses"[3] is important because it flatly asserts the right of the artist to present his vision of reality without fear of persecution on the grounds that the nature of that vision is not acceptable to all parts of the reading public. Had the English reading public and those who decided which were fit books for it carefully followed Mr. Huddleston's personal struggle to give Ulysses a fair trial, the ban on the novel in England might have been lifted fourteen years earlier and the story of

conflict between artist and censor, which is such a major part of the literary history of our time, would have been radically altered.

Huddleston, who was frequently a member of the Joyce entourage in Paris, was rather unsure of what to make of the author. Usually he found Joyce's conversation dull and his jokes damp[4] and yet, at times, was delighted by his brilliant flashes of humour and ability to provide the appropriate witty response to an embarrassing situation.[5] In the light of his casual relations with Joyce and his not whole-hearted admiration for the writer, it would seem that Huddleston reached his decision to speak out in print in favour of Ulysses almost solely on the basis of what he found in the novel itself rather than because of any strong feelings about its author. This was too infrequently the case with those who wrote on Joyce during the early Twenties.

Huddleston's decision to support Joyce and Ulysses had not been easily arrived at: "...with all my courage I will repeat what a few folk in somewhat precious cénacles have been saying -- that Mr. James Joyce is a man of genius."[6] As if shocked by the extreme nature of such a statement, he immediately qualifies it by saying that Ulysses "must be carefully locked up",[7] safely out of the reach of those who are not emotionally or intellectually prepared to cope with it. Even the handful of people who can and will read it will find it "unspeakably shocking."[8] The shocking quality of the

book lies in the type of truth Joyce has chosen to reveal. Huddleston is practically convinced of Joyce's sincerity and artistic courage but is not certain whether they are types of madness or virtues necessary to an artist:

> I suppose he wants readers, but he is perfectly prepared to do without readers. An expurgated edition? Not if his labour were to be entirely lost would he consent to cancel half a line! He would rather that nothing were printed than that all were not printed. Personally I may consider him misguided; personally I might find much to write about the folly of a fixed idea. But one does not, one must not, argue with authors. 9

Huddleston finds the book unquestionably obscene and yet states that Joyce "would be untrue to himself and to his subject were he to tone down and leave out."[10] The reviewer is terrified of being thought an advocate of pornography and goes to some lengths to explain why Joyce is not a pornographer. The writer of pornography, according to Huddleston, can always manage to have his work published for he cares so little about his art that he is willing to employ the blue pencil if he must. Joyce's absolute refusal to alter his work, whether motivated by his artistic integrity or his stubbornness (Huddleston himself is not absolutely convinced on this point), is sufficient proof that he is not a purveyor of commercial filth.

After this venture onto what must have been extremely dangerous ground for a periodical reviewer in the early Twenties, Huddleston went on to consider two more easily discussed aspects of Ulysses, Joyce's power as a craftsman and his use of psychological theory. Huddleston is convinced

of Joyce's artistic skill:

> ... I think that the craftsman will, forgetful altogether of the ethics of the book, its amazing a-morality, and completely careless of the content, best appreciate the sheer power of craftsmanship. 11

As in the case of his remarks on the freedom of the artist, Huddleston captured, in a few words, the essence of Joyce's achievement:

> There is a spot of colour which sets the page aglow. There is a point of light which gives life to the world as the lamplighter gives sudden life to the street. Here is erudition transfigured by imagination. A piece of out-of-the-way book knowledge or two lines of a silly jingle which we heard when we were boys-- they fall wonderfully into their place. 12

The critic has expressed that aspect of the novel's appeal which has been one of the central attractions of Joyce's art to succeeding thousands of admirers although it was infrequently grasped by many of Ulysses' later commentators.

Huddleston held a very naive view of current psychology and was inclined to de-emphasize the part which association of ideas played in Joyce's method:

> As for the matter, I think I can best convey some idea of Ulysses by reminding the reader how odd is the association of ideas when one allows all kinds of what are called thoughts, but which have nothing to do with thinking, to pass in higgledy-piggledy procession through one's mind -- one's subconscious mind, as it is called in present day jargon. Psycho-analysis is, I believe, very strong about this....
>
> Now the purpose of Mr. Joyce is, of course, much larger than to jot down all the incongruous notions that rattle around the arena of the cranium: but, described narrowly, that is what he does. 13

Joyce's version of the relationship of external and psychological action is, Huddleston finds, "essentially, ineluctably, true."[14] But what truth, if any, is there in Molly Bloom's soliloquy, "the vilest, according to ordinary standards, in all literature"?[15] Here the reviewer returns to the central point which he has been debating with himself throughout his discussion. Is Joyce's vision of reality a valid one? Huddleston's concluding question, "Has he [Joyce] not exaggerated the vulgarity and magnified the madness of mankind and the mysterious materiality of the universe?",[16] seems to be a judgment handed down against the novel. Huddleston, ready to defend Joyce's artistic freedom and highly appreciative of his craftsmanship, thus ended his remarks on a sour note; this would seem to be a certain way in which to earn the author's bitter enmity.

On the contrary, Joyce, desperate at this time for any attention Ulysses could get, was at first quite satisfied with the Huddleston article for it brought in a large number of enquiries[17] to Shakespeare and Company regarding the availability of the novel. By the following month, April 1922, his gratitude diminished, he wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver that Huddleston's article "was merely preparing the way"[18] and that, in his opinion, the book was still being boycotted by the English critics.

Such was not the case. Middleton Murry's article, "Mr. Joyce's Ulysses",[19] had recently appeared in The Nation

and Arnold Bennett's "James Joyce's Ulysses"[20] was to appear before that month was out. With Bennett's article, Joyce could at least no longer complain that literary England was not paying attention to his work. This review, reprinted twice before the end of 1923,[21] subjected Ulysses to examination by a respected man of letters who was far removed from the world of experimental literature in the Twenties. With The Old Wives' Tale (1908) well on its way to gaining the stature of a classic and the Clayhanger trilogy (1910-15) already a model of how the novel about a sensitive hero isolated in a sordid and materialistic society should be written, the successful and secure Bennett had already become the authoritative voice of the middle-class British intellectual public. It was a role he was obviously enjoying as he selected articles for his Things That Have Interested Me series.[22] Aware of his right and duty to stand between his readers and the world of Modern Art, Bennett adopted a patronizing, pedagogic attitude in his essays. With this in mind, one is not surprised at his skeptical approach to a novel like Ulysses. Yet in the midst of the random remarks by which Bennett vents his general skepticism about Joyce's novel are to be found a number of critical judgments which are either illuminating because of their accidental acuteness or amusing on account of their stuffy conservatism.

After dismissing A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, which he had read "under the hypnotic influence of H.G.

Wells",[23] as a bungled affair, Bennett condescended to read an episode of Ulysses in The Little Review on the recommendation of a young friend. "...it was an affected triviality which must have been planned in what the French so delicately call a chalet de nécessité." [24] Already fearing that his critical sense might not be infallible (he had, years before, ill-advisedly laughed at Cézanne's pictures only to see them become an overnight sensation), Bennett resolved not to be found out of step with the times again. When Valery Larbaud, "a critic whom it is impossible to ignore",[25] caused his speech, "James Joyce", to be printed in La Nouvelle Revue Francaise,[26] "the finest literary periodical in the world",[27] Bennett felt that perhaps Ulysses might be worth a reading. He began his critique by announcing to his readers, who must not be thought equal to the task of forming their own judgment, that, "... as I finished it I had the sensation of a general who has just put down an insurrection."[28] Much of the review which follows is in the same tone:

> There is no clear proof that James Joyce chose for his theme any particular day. He is evidently of a sardonic temper, and I expect that he found malicious pleasure in picking up the first common day that came to hand. It happened to be nearly the dailiest day possible. 29

> ... I must animadvert upon his lamentable lack of manners. For he gives absolutely no help to the reader. He behaves like a salesman in an old-fashioned, well-established, small West-End shop, whose demeanour seems to say to you as you enter: "What! Here's another of 'em. I'll soon put him off. Now what in hell do you want, sir?" 30

> Ulysses would have been a better book, and a much better appreciated book, if the author had extended to his public the common courtesies of literature. After all, to comprehend Ulysses is not among the recognized learned professions, and nobody should give his entire existence to the job. 31

Bennett and Joyce were obviously poles apart in both artistic theory and practice. Yet one feels that Bennett could not be so widely admired were he entirely devoid of taste. In one paragraph of mis-directed condemnation, Bennett nearly indicted himself on exactly that charge:

> The author seems to have no geographical sense, little sense of environment, no sense of the general kindness of human nature, and not much poetical sense. Worse than all, he has positively no sense of perspective. But my criticism of the artist in him goes deeper. His vision of the world and its inhabitants is mean, hostile, and uncharitable. He has a colossal "down" on humanity. Now Christ, in his all embracing charity, might have written a supreme novel. Beelzebub could not. 32

Joyce's admirers seldom called him Christ-like but neither were any of them so blind as to accuse him of lacking poetic sense, or the senses of environment or perspective. Bennett seems to have spent his vitriol and from this point his review took on a more balanced quality. He acknowledged Joyce's originality, piercing insight, wit, humour and fearlessness while noting, as did Joyce critics from Nora Joyce to Ezra Pound, that:

> ... had heaven in its wisdom thought fit not to deprive him of that basic sagacity and that moral self-dominion which alone enable an artist to assemble and control and fully utilize his powers, he would have stood a chance of being one of the greatest novelists that ever lived. 33

"Moral self-dominion" aside, "basic sagacity" is a quality James Joyce lacked. His personal life, his worship of the gods of innovation and experiment, his willingness to bore and baffle his most devoted readers to the point of tears in order to achieve his effects and his absolute intransigence in the face of friendly advice and criticism all testify to Joyce's lack of that trait which would have been an unsurpassable complement to his genius.

Ulysses has been criticized for a great variety of reasons but few critics of the Twenties saw as clearly as Bennett the basic root of Joyce's several failures in the execution of his masterpiece. At best, Bennett's review might be characterized as untypically undisciplined but, in the midst of his near hysteria, he touched a note of truth which was to be unheard until a new generation of commentators arose.

Joyce was not delighted when Bennett's article came to him but his displeasure seems to have been caused by what Bennett had left unsaid rather than by any of his adverse comments about Ulysses. Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver:

> ... I received Mr. Bennett's article and sent him a word of thanks. For the purposes of sales his article is not very useful as it does not give the name and address of the publisher. I always look for this first of all in an article, then at its length and finally at its signature. 34

Among Ezra Pound's several excellent articles on

James Joyce is his "James Joyce et Pécuchet",[35] an essay which Marshall McLuhan, in "A Survey of Joyce Criticism",[36] considers one of a group of three reviews of the Twenties which represent "the very best that has been done for Joyce till now."[37] The reasons for which McLuhan includes Pound in this select group of classic essays are now clear. McLuhan appreciates Pound's "awareness of what had actually occurred in the European mind and in art since 1850";[38] both fancy themselves as cross-cultural analysts of broad scope who are able to interpret vast trends in literary communication and technique. Pound's unique, fervent style of flinging out opinions and insights only lightly seasoned with supporting facts is somewhat like McLuhan's own.

Pound, according to Hugh Kenner, "remains the only critic who has so presented the book that we can find our way without distraction to the center."[39] In order to do this, the critic, at least for the time being, abandons his role as the missionary of the moderns in favour of that of guide to the new reader of Joyce. "James Joyce et Pécuchet" is not the type of article one expects of Ezra Pound in that he there chose to ignore much of the richness and complexity of Ulysses, which he was certainly aware of and enthusiastic about, in order to hurry toward a basis of understanding which will be helpful to the reader. For Pound, that basis lies in considering Ulysses as the culmination of a hypothetical tradition which includes Rabelais, Cervantes, Sterne

and Flaubert. The last is included on the basis of his "encyclopédie mise en farce",[40] Bouvard et Pécuchet, rather than any of his other works. Flaubert and Joyce and, to a lesser extent, the other practitioners of this genre, are compilers of immense comic catalogues. Flaubert's farcically details the cultural and intellectual swill of the Nineteenth century while Joyce's catalogues a broadly based collection of contemporary absurdities ranging from the degeneration of English verbal expression to cliché, to the quality of modern family relationships in a crass, commercial age.

If the reader will accept this kinship of authors and place Ulysses in the tradition of literary collections of objects for ridicule, he will save himself a great deal of trouble which might arise from taking Ulysses for something it is not. For Pound, the novel is not closely related to the traditional comic epic in prose:

> Joyce uses a scaffold taken from Homer, and the remains of a medieval allegorical culture; it matters little, it is a question of cooking, which does not restrict the action, nor inconvenience it, nor harm the realism, nor the contemporaneity of the action. It is a means of regulating the form. 41

On first consideration, Pound seems to have chosen to take this anti-Homeric parallel stance merely on the whim of a moment. Every intimate of Joyce's during the period of the novel's composition knew of the extra pains the author took on account of the importance he attached to the Homeric parallels. To Joyce, they "revealed something about Bloom,

about Homer and about existence."[42] Perhaps Pound did not, in this essay, wish to weaken his Flaubert-Joyce comparison by granting any more than that Ulysses was a more carefully structured work than Flaubert's. In any case, Pound prefers to think of Ulysses as one of "that large class of novels in sonata form, that is to say, in the form: theme, counter-theme, recapitulation, development, finale."[43] It is unlikely that musical structure played a greater part in the planning of the novel on Joyce's part than his use of fuga per canonem as the basis for the Sirens episode.

As striking an omission on the critic's part is his failure to discuss Joyce's attempt to achieve absolute psychological verity in his presentation of character and his adaptation of the stream-of-consciousness technique. Even Molly Bloom's remarkable soliloquy goes unmentioned by Pound although it drew the attention of nearly every other commentator.

Pound's omissions and errors in emphasis are not so much to be considered critical failures as distinguishing characteristics of his critical method. Pound gives the impression, in many of his prose writings, that he has a great deal to do and neither the time nor the space to be overly concerned with either exactness of interpretation or careful documentation. Often his polemical digressions, such as the blast against the censorship of Ulysses which concludes this essay, are irksome to the reader. Yet in his seeming haste

and often too-passionate partisanship, Pound successfully characterized Ulysses' position as the latest landmark in a distinguished but almost inimitable quasi-tradition. He grants that:

> ... it is a book that every serious writer needs to read, and that he in our writer's profession will be constrained to read in order to have a clear idea of the point of development of our art. 44

At the same time, he answers, at least by implication, the question of why Ulysses has not provided a model for a continuing school of literary artists. Pound is aware of the exciting possibilities built into Ulysses: "... at every instant the reader is kept ready for anything, at every instant the unexpected happens."[45] He is certainly highly appreciative of the amount of genius, craftsmanship and perseverance necessary to the writing of Ulysses and yet is actually implying that there is no future for this type of novel except, as happens or can happen only once in a century, when a great enough genius undertakes the ridicule of his age.

Kenner has bluntly, though with considerable fairness and truth, expressed what was very near Pound's final evaluation of the novel: "... it is as a septic tank that he values Ulysses:

> ... to define today
> In fitting fashion, and her monument [46]
> Heap up to her in fadeless excrement."
> (E.P., 1912)

"The efficient critic is the artist who comes after, in order to kill, or to inherit; to surpass, to augment, or to diminish

and bury a form", writes Pound.[47] Joyce did all of these, in one way or another, to Flaubert's form. Besides being "a damn fine writer"[48] and the author of "some concarn'd literature",[49] Joyce was, in Pound's opinion, Flaubert's efficient critic for this age.

Edmund Wilson's chapter on James Joyce in Axel's Castle [50] remains "the best brief introduction to Ulysses."[51] As an introductory essay, it exhibits the balance and wisdom which marked Wilson's earlier periodical articles on the novel. One of these, "Ulysses",[52] stands apart from the majority of the ten essays discussed in this chapter because Wilson, unlike most of the other reviewers, did not approach Ulysses with a particular opinion to record or thesis to defend. He does not agree with Arnold Bennett's view that Joyce is basically pessimistic about humanity and quickly demolishes Pound's opinion about the fundamental similarity of Ulysses and Bouvard et Pécuchet:

> Flaubert says in effect that he will prove to you that humanity is mean by enumerating all the ignobilities of which it has ever been capable. But Joyce, including all the ignobilities, makes his bourgeois figures command our sympathy and respect by letting us see in them the throes of the human mind straining always to perpetuate and perfect itself and of the body always labouring and throbbing to throw up some beauty from its darkness. 53

Ulysses is to Wilson "... an ironic and amusing anecdote without philosophic moral ... the most faithful X-ray ever taken of the ordinary human consciousness."[54] It is an imposing book, not because of the theme but rather

because of "the scale upon which it is developed."[55] The seven hundred-odd pages of Ulysses are "the most completely 'written' pages to be seen in any novel since Flaubert."[56] However, Joyce's ability extends far beyond either Flaubertian virtuosity and exactness or the Jamesian attempt to reproduce the mental processes of his characters.

Wilson has important reservations about Ulysses. Because he distended the story "to ten times its natural size",[57] Joyce has "finally managed to burst it and leave it partially deflated."[58] Much of the story is simply dull and unless one is willing to accept the Homeric parallels as the major theme of the book, it lacks a centre of interest for the reader. Wilson feels that Joyce's decision "to have the whole plan of his story depend on the structure of the Odyssey rather than on the natural demands of the situation"[59] was basically a mistake. The author's second mistake was to allow his love of parody, "sterilities and practical jokes"[60] according to Wilson, to create a barrier between reader and characters. Attempting an impossible genre has caused Joyce to write "some of the most unreadable chapters in the whole history of fiction."[61]

After balancing the novel's merits and faults, Wilson decides that it has once more set the standard of the novel "so high that it need not be ashamed to take its place beside poetry and drama."[62] The critic eagerly awaits the time when Joyce will set his master's hand to the task of creating a

tragic masterpiece worthy of standing with and complementing Ulysses.

Edmund Wilson's "Ulysses" is the most successful of the analytic essays to appear during the first year of Ulysses' history as a published book. In Wilson, Joyce found a sympathetic commentator whose "very appreciative and painstaking criticism"[63] was to play an important role in establishing the novelist's reputation.[64] Wilson's breadth and instinctive sympathy for the cause of modern literature led him to become one of the most effective popularizers of Yeats, Eliot, Valéry, Proust and Stein, as well as Joyce, during the post-1931 period. As later critics of Joyce entered the fray, ready to defend their particular points of view, often at the expense of Joyce's novel, Wilson's writings became guideposts on the road of sane commentary.

Ford Madox Ford's point of departure was that the writings of Joyce were absolutely necessary to the survival of the 'great' tradition of English literature and the only possible point from which that tradition could advance. Ford had brooded over this notion for some time and it is necessary to outline the development of his rather despairing point of view.

Writing in 1921, Ford mourns the passing of Les Jeunes of 1914: "... to the war went the Futurists, the Cubists, the Imagistes, the Vorticists -- even the poor old Impressionists."[65] No leavening movements in the arts arose to take

their place after the war was over and Art was taken over by the academics, "a serried phalanx of metricists, prosodists, young annalists, young commentators",[66] and the forces of stodginess and reaction as represented by the Board of Censors. Their ranks depleted by the war, stymied by censors and academics and unable, for economic reasons, to find enterprising and adventurous publishers, the young men who should have been creating exciting, new artistic techniques were kept in sterile isolation. There was still a "nucleus of people who can be trusted to be decent to the young";[67] Mr. Flint, Mr. Pound, "H.D." and Richard Aldington had survived and were willing to give advice, had there been any young movements around to seek it.

> I wish that a public-spirited man or two could be found to throw away a couple of thousand pounds each--to be ready to lose that amount in order to start a Movement. Any Movement! ... In this country all good art movements have had to be subsidized by original losers -- Pre-Raphaelites, Aesthetes, the Henley Gang, the Yellow Book Group.
> ... They [the young] <u>should</u> be given a chance ...[68]

At that point, the bleak situation of the arts caused Ford to give way to emotion and he hastily concluded his chapter. He had noted in passing that there were two faint rays of hope on the otherwise dark literary horizon -- James Joyce and an undefined group of women headed by Dorothy Richardson and including Clemence Dane, Virginia Woolf, Miss Stern, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Sinclair and perhaps Miss Mayne. Ford had not a great deal of faith in a movement of women and so

directed most of his comment to James Joyce. Ford's remark, "I am inclined to think that Mr. Joyce is riding his method to death",[69] is most often quoted out of context. Ford continues:

> But it is a good thing to ride a method to death: it lets other artists see of what it is capable. And nothing is more useful to the Arts than to be afforded an object-lesson in how far a Method can be made to go. Mr. Joyce descends from Mr. James in his perception of minute embarrassments and related frames of mind, and he has carried Mr. Conrad's early researches after ramified Form almost as far as they can go. 70

These words were the only indication that Ford was optimistic that English literature might survive beyond 1921. In July of 1922, writing in the Yale Review,[71] Ford expressed cautious optimism that a new movement might be arising because of the endeavours of a haughty, proud younger generation -- Norman Douglas, Wyndham Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, Frank Swinnerton, Katherine Mansfield, Clemence Dane, Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce. In his review of the current state of English prose fiction (the tale or 'literature of escape', the short story and the novel), Ford evaluated the work of each of these writers in terms of whether or not they treat Flaubertian subject matter, "... the constant alternation of the romantic-heroic with the products of dung and sweat.... that is our life",[72] in an acceptable way. The method to be followed was one part Jamesian accuracy of perception, one part Conradian acceptance of the crudity and unevenness of everyday life and one part necessary innovation:

> It has remained ... for our novelists of the second flight [the younger generation enumerated above] to carry the conviction of that grinning, complex world into the consciousness, into the springs of action of their characters -- to render it, not objectively, but from the inside. 73

Each of these younger writers was duly praised and criticized for his successes and failures in achieving the high standards Ford had set. Joyce, discussed last, was evidently Ford's choice for the laurel crown because he had that ability to regard all things with equal composure so necessary to the supreme artist and so generally lacking in writers. It comes as a considerable surprise to the reader to find that Ford had been basing his evaluation of Joyce as the leading literary figure of the modern generation almost solely on his appreciation of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man:

> "This surely must be a peak! It is unlikely that this man will climb higher!" But even now that Mr. Joyce has published "Ulysses", it is too early to decide upon that. One can't arrive at one's valuation of a volume so loaded as "Ulysses" after a week of reading and two or three weeks of thought about it. Next year, or in twenty years, one may. For it is as if a new continent with new traditions had appeared, and demanded to be run through in a month. "Ulysses" contains the undiscovered mind of man; it is human consciousness analyzed as it has never before been analyzed. Certain books change the world. This, success or failure, "Ulysses" does; for no novelist with serious aims can henceforth set out upon a task of writing before he has at least formed his own private estimate as to the rightness or wrongness of the methods of the author of "Ulysses." If it does not make an epoch -- and it well may! -- it will at least mark the ending of a period. 74

A few months later, in "Ulysses and the Handling of Indecencies",[75] Ford, presumably after having had an opportunity to study Ulysses more closely, came as close as

possible to naming Joyce the saviour of English letters. The critic was not making his final statement; he was merely offering some notes on the novel for it was so huge and unbelievable that he still wanted time, "four or five -- or twenty -- years",[76] to digest it. Ford was thrilled that Ulysses had been written; even though it might possibly be unread, "... indeed, it is enough that the words making it up should ever have been gathered together beneath a pen."[77] To the critic, Ulysses was the only book of importance in English that had succeeded in capturing the complexities of man's life and mind in the manner of great European classics from Sentimental Education to The Brothers Karamazov. A necessary book for both other writers and English culture generally, Ulysses was the first novel in English ever to succeed in being adult and European. Joyce's composure, a quality Ford praised in his earlier essay, might be too much for the British temperament to stand; it was certainly too much for the censors. Joyce's serenity in the face of all the facts of life, his European quality, was the key to Britain's entry into the world of international classics.

Ford ended on a note of exhausted exhilaration. After quoting a page of Ulysses, he said:

> That is a page of Ulysses, selected at random and exactly measured. There are in this book 732 such pages; .... The reader will say they are not exhilarating: they are not meant to be. And Yet ... how exhilarating they are! 78

Ford did not return to the subject of Joyce's position but, after a silence of some nine years,[79] he did return to the writing of novels. Some Do Not..., published in 1924,[80] may have been the product of the pen of a man who had found, in James Joyce's Ulysses, new reason for faith in the future of English literature.

The second of the three articles concerning Ulysses which Marshall McLuhan considers highly significant[81] is T.S. Eliot's "Ulysses, Order, and Myth".[82] Among Eliot's many public and private pronouncements about Ulysses,[83] this essay, although not entirely accurate, was to have the greatest significance in the development of modern literary theory.

The novelist and the poet-critic held several artistic beliefs and practices in common. They shared with Pound a belief that both thought and erudition had an important place in modern art. None of the three writers ever hesitated when he had an opportunity to grace his writings with learning. Although he valued the purity and force of Joyce's 'feeling power' above that of Yeats, Eliot gave the highest praise to Joyce's "subtle, erudite, even massive"[84] mind. Secondly, Eliot's method of composition was much like Joyce's, "the imaginative absorption of stray material",[85] personal and literary memories, sense impressions and scraps of myth, history, song and what-have-you. Finally, both artists thought that myth could profitably be used in modern art to order and lend significance to contemporary experience. By

"manipulating a continuous parallel between past and present",[86] the artist can develop and maintain "analogical tensions and proportions of metaphysical scope."[87] T.S. Eliot, from his earliest reading of Ulysses, had great faith in the importance of the work:

> I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted, and from which none of us can escape. 88

In answering Richard Aldington's charge that James Joyce is a Dadaistic prophet and purveyor of chaos,[89] Eliot defends Joyce as a follower of classical principles in art. The question then becomes, "... how much living material does he deal with, and how does he deal with it: deal with, not as a legislator or exhorter, but as an artist?"[90]

> It is here that Mr. Joyce's parallel use of the Odyssey has a great importance. It has the importance of a scientific discovery. No one else has built a novel upon such a foundation before: it has never before been necessary.... 91

> In using the myth, in manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity, Mr. Joyce is pursuing a method which others must pursue after him. They will not be imitators, any more than the scientist who uses the discoveries of an Einstein in pursuing his own, independent, further investigations. It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.... 92

> ... Instead of narrative method, we may now use the mythical method. It is, I seriously believe, a step toward making the modern world possible for art, toward that order and form which Mr. Aldington so earnestly desires. And only those who have won their own discipline in secret and without aid, in a world which offers very little assistance to that end, can be of

any use in furthering this advance. 93

As Magalaner and Kain note,[94] Eliot's remarks are somewhat cryptic, even when as above, they are quoted at length. His general meaning is clear: the use of myth to order experience will be the ultimate weapon in the arsenal of the creative writer. It is true that the mythic approach has been a powerful weapon in the arsenal of the academic critic in recent years; analysts, taking the Biblical injunction "Seek and ye shall find" to heart, have been more than ingenious in revealing mythic structure and overtone in many of the most significant works of literature. But has the manipulation of myth been that important a device of the modern creative artist? Although Eliot's article is "much deferred-to"[95] and probably true in many respects, it is not the whole truth about Joyce's use of myth in Ulysses.

There appear to be only a limited number of possibilities for the modern, serious writer who wishes to invest his work with some kind of significance. He may see the modern age as it is, taking it at face value, for ironic, satiric or propagandist purpose or merely because he wishes his work to come as close to the truth about life as possible, by portraying life realistically or naturalistically. Another possibility is that the writer may make use of pre-existing myth in order to interpret the present age so that it will take on some of the significance of the past. Eliot is among the group of writers who do this; he uses myth as symbolic

framework in "The Wasteland" and he hopes to claim Joyce as one of his group on the basis of the novelist's use of myth as a narrative framework. A third possibility is that an author may devise a new myth to suit his literary purpose, whether that myth be an adaptation or re-discovery of some existing esoteric system, a wholly original personal myth or perhaps merely a symbolic system which helps him to record and interpret modern life.[96]

What Eliot seems to refuse to grant is that these possibilities might be combined in a literary production. D.H. Lawrence, for example, in The Man Who Died (1931), was effectively to combine the Christian version of the resurrection myth with his personal myth concerning the primacy of human wholeness. In claiming Joyce as a member of the group who use ancient myth as a framing device, thereby "releasing narrators from the impasse that the novel has been in since its death with Flaubert and James",[97] Eliot lets escape the possibility that Joyce attached a dual or even multiple significance to his use of myth.

In order to see these possible significances clearly, one must allow that Joyce was closer in Ulysses to the use of a multi-myth like that of Finnegans Wake than Eliot was prepared to admit. Joyce did use the Homeric version of the myth of Odysseus as a narrative framework but whether or not the introduction of this strict form would liberate any other writers from the impasse of the post-James novel is highly

questionable. Secondly, he bolstered his basic myth with his version of the myth of the modern artist in exile and his own intricate pattern of symbolic actions, objects and narrative devices. Joyce, the great realist and satirist, lent an ironic significance to his portrayal of modern life on an Homeric plan which Eliot did not seem to be aware of in 1923. Finally Joyce's careful manipulation of correspondences between the Odyssey and the career of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus had a certain element of play in it for the artist and, as he hoped, for the reader who would enjoy using his knowledge of Homer's epic to increase his understanding of Ulysses. Eliot, in short, had realized only a portion of the truth about Joyce's use of myth.

After two generations of myth critics have followed Stuart Gilbert through Joyce's novel, the significance of myth in Ulysses has become much easier to grasp. T.S. Eliot, writing in 1923, without the benefit of these researches, based his commentary on his own reading of the novel and whatever hints about the use of myth Joyce had thrown out in his circle of friends. Given the circumstances, Eliot's comment was as acute and perceptive as it was seminal.

Edwin Muir, who was at least as good a critic as he was poet and translator, made far less of Ulysses' structure than Eliot:

> ... some of its technical innovations are striking; but in structure it is not revolutionary. Its faults

> are obvious: its design is arbitrary, its development feeble, its unity questionable.... Ulysses proceeds by agglomeration, not by development. The plan which Mr. Joyce professes to read into it is purely contingent and theoretical, not the animating principle of the whole, but a key which we may apply to it if we like. 98

Although he considers it one of the two outstanding works of prose fiction of the present age,[99] he is not basing his judgment on Joyce's architectonic skill, adeptness at handling symbolic devices or dramatic effectiveness: "... everything in Ulysses ... has an almost stagnant stillness; time remains stationary through each scene until Mr. Joyce is ready to go on to the next." [100] For Muir, the greatness of Ulysses lies in the vastness and clear-sightedness of its comic vision.

As a comedy, Ulysses was made possible by Joyce's earlier work from which it is directly descended. By embracing strict realism in Dubliners and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, the novelist inoculated himself against the facile, already burdensome, anti-comic sensibility of his age while, at the same time, gaining full mastery over his powers of expression. By the time he was ready to write Ulysses, Joyce had set the adolescent values and half-baked ideals of the young, rebel artist in perspective and had grasped the meaning of the sordid realities of the average man's life:[101]

> ... the values of life and art, of reality and imagination, are developed side by side until each attains its maximum of significance, and the discrepancy between them issues in a form of humour which through its intellectual profundity becomes universal. It is a humour not of fashion, nor of

> character, but of the processes of life, those processes which create history and produce religions and civilizations, while leaving the great part of the human race, the average sensual man outside us and within us, spiritually unchanged and apparently unchangeable. 102

While applying the same intellectual profundity he admires in Joyce to analyzing Joyce's comic vision, Muir remains as susceptible to the truly humorous aspects of the novel as to the deeper, darker side of the comedy. He urges the reader to be with Joyce as the author strains to pile burden upon burden on the receptive mind "until the breaking point is reached -- the breaking point of laughter." 103 Joyce's humour, then is the humour of size and of exaggeration; it is to be appreciated only by the reader who, like Muir, realizes the oppression inherent in modern life and who will share with Joyce the sense of the discrepancy between what is and what we pretend there is in the world. Muir explains the Oxen of the Sun episode from his new perspective by pointing out the comic quality of the procession of the miniscule Mr. Bloom through the grand pageant of English legend and history. The Cyclops episode is seen in a similar light; Muir regards the banal confrontation of Bloom and the publican in opposition to the lofty, heroic terms in which it is expressed. The critic is fascinated by the brothel scene and credits Joyce with the invention of a new brand of dark humour, "a grand example of the humour of horror", 104 which, unfortunately, falls just short of its potential:

> This scene is a work of genius; it is more astonishing than anything else Mr. Joyce has written; but it has the portentous appearance of something torn from the womb of imagination, not the completeness of something born of it.... Had Mr. Joyce succeeded with this gigantic scene he would have produced something supreme in literature and not merely something supremely astounding and terrifying. 105

Approaching very near to the still-unanswered question of the ultimate significance of Ulysses, Muir debates whether the book is, in the last analysis, constructive and germinal or destructive and final. As the black magician of modern literature, "Mr. Joyce has recaptured the boundlessness of primitive humour." [106] As the true seer of the inner mind of man, Joyce "has made at least a rough anatomy of the dark god whom Mr. Lawrence sees only in glimpses and mentions only in hints; ..."[107] But has Ulysses then become the end of a tradition? Has Joyce's masterpiece made the world impossible for further comic art? "... a huge and multifarious work..."[108] which exhibits "neither the breadth nor sanity of supreme comic art"[109] could be taken as the death of the genre but Muir takes the diametrically opposite view and chooses to regard the novel as the possible source of a new comic tradition:

> ... no work of our time has so completely the atmosphere and the authority of a scripture. It is the full utterance, enigmatic but not to be ignored, of one man. And like all scriptures it contains within it a principle of differentiation; many streams lead out from it, and it may well become the central point of a literature.... On every side it is a beginning, and a beginning is what our generation has chiefly desired. 110

Muir's sensitive and carefully considered essay is a faithful

reproduction of his sophisticated thought; as such, it is difficult to summarize. In his approach to a very complex and unwieldy work of fiction, Muir asked what perhaps should have become the central questions in the debate about Ulysses.

Rather than asking questions about Ulysses, Wyndham Lewis used the novel as the basis for an attack on all of the things he did not approve of in Twentieth century culture. As a self-appointed cultural gadfly and friend of man, who was obliged to assume the guise of the Enemy[111] of the literary establishment, Lewis set out to expose the Bergsonian time-cult in all its ramifications. Anything in art which was related to the stream-of-consciousness reproduction of mental life was fair game for Lewis. He courageously but perhaps not convincingly attacked all that was fashionable and advanced in the intellectual world of the Twenties: Proust, Pound, Stein, Freud, modern visual art, advertising and James Joyce. Lewis based his broad attack on the Bergsonian doctrines of duration and flux as they had been adapted by modern literary artists.[112] He views the past as a barren field for artists especially when the artistic rendering of the local colour of the past (Lewis calls this "local time") becomes an obsession, as it has for Proust and Joyce. If local time be considered an intellectual region, the obsession with local time is comparable to a fanatic form of nationalism. At best, Bergson and his co-conspirator Einstein have given rise to a vast orthodoxy which is "one of the poles of the human

intelligence, the negative, as it were." [113] Nearly everyone but Lewis, then, is clustered about this negative pole. Joyce, as a member of the Stein-Proust, Bergson-Einstein school, has created, in Ulysses, a model of the "time-book" which Lewis is so against. By following the psychological method of "telling from the inside", [114] Joyce has entrapped the reader "in a circumscribed psychological space into which several encyclopaedias have been emptied", [115] a huge "amount of stuff -- unorganized brute material -- ..." [116] By neatly arranging "the sewage of a Past twenty years old, ...", [117] Joyce has created a nightmarish example of the naturalistic method run wild:

> So he collected like a cistern in his youth the last stagnant pumpings of victorian anglo-irish life. This he held steadfastly intact for fifteen years or more -- then when he was ripe, as it were, he discharged it, in a dense mass, to his eternal glory. That was Ulysses. [118]

As a parting shot, Lewis notes that Ulysses exhibits "a certain deadness, a lack of nervous power, an aversion to anything suggesting animal vigour ..." [119] which is characteristic of art issuing from a time-philosophy which is "the conception of an aged intelligence, grown mechanical and living upon routine and memory...." [120] This is splendid invective but Lewis's anti-Bergsonianism soon failed him and he was forced to bolster his condemnation with a general attack on Joyce and his work. Confusing social class with literary potential, Lewis sneered at Joyce as:

> ... the poet of the shabby-genteel, impoverished intellectualism of Dublin. His world is the small middle-class one, decorated with a little futile 'culture', of the supper and dance-party in The Dead.... Joyce is steeped in the sadness and the shabbiness of the pathetic gentility of the upper shopkeeping class, slumbering at the bottom of a neglected province; never far, in its snobbishly circumscribed despair, from the pawnshop and the 'pub'. 121

Although he found frequent occasion to apply the tag "shabby-genteel" to Joyce throughout his analysis, Lewis was unable to get much mileage out of his social prejudices against the novelist. He went on to attack Joyce in a number of ways but only one of his approaches deserves anything like the serious consideration which many have granted his anti-Bergsonian blast. There was a possibility raised by Lewis which was frequently felt but seldom acknowledged by Joyce's fonder readers:

> In Ulysses, if you strip away the technical complexities that envelop it, the surprises of style and unconventional attitudes that prevail in it, the figures underneath are of a remarkable simplicity, and of the most orthodoxly comic outline. Indeed, it is not too much to say that they are, most of them walking clichés.... 122

> But if they [Mulligan and Haines] are clichés, Stephan Dedalus is a worse or a far more glaring one. He is the really wooden figure. He is 'the poet' to an uncomfortable, a dismal, a ridiculous, even a pulverizing degree... 123

> It would be difficult, I think, to find a more lifeless, irritating, principal figure than the deplorable hero of the Portrait of the Artist and of Ulysses. 124

In the same vein, Lewis accused the novelist of creating in the character of Leopold Bloom merely a theatrical Jewish veneer which covered the personality of the author within.

To Lewis, Joyce was so much the author of only one story that he was unable to separate himself from his central characters -- and this merely a few pages after he has accused Joyce of carrying objective naturalism to an extreme!

In condemning literary men's interest in the psychological, in writing from within, Lewis necessarily argued for a particularly chilly and static form of classicism which he likened to "the chaste wisdom of the Chinese or the Greek." [125] By declaring "I am for the physical world", [126] Lewis willingly alienated himself from the most fertile and challenging trend in modern art.

No one has known quite what to make of Lewis's attack on Joyce and the modern school of psychological art. Marshall McLuhan points out [127] Joyce's mocking treatment of Lewis in the fable of "The Mookse and the Gripes" in Finnegans Wake. The audience for the Joyce-Lewis debate, he notes regretfully, has been very small indeed. McLuhan regards a genuine appreciation of Lewis's static art as the mark of a person who is truly able to cope with the art of Eliot and Joyce. He goes no further in "A Survey of Joyce Criticism" but it is interesting to speculate about what basis McLuhan had for setting this test of literary understanding. Quite probably he regarded Lewis's cold, still, 'external' novels, e.g. The Apes of God (1930), as what he might now call an 'anti-environment' in which to place and judge the achievement of Joyce and his contemporaries. If

this technique proved useful, we might be justified in taking Lewis at face value as the enemy or heretic who has provided both a standard to apply to modern art and a complementary field of possibilities for the modern artist. No serious experimental novelist of note has chosen to do more than toy with these possibilities and even E.W.F. Tomlin admits that Lewis has not become the founder of a school of criticism:

> So thorough and exhaustive is Lewis's analysis that the work of Time and Western Man will not need to be done again; fresh evidence will merely accumulate in its support. [128]

This is as good as an admission on the part of a favourable critic of Lewis that the ideas Lewis spent his life developing have not proved fruitful. Time and Western Man is a neglected book.

Joyce acknowledged that Lewis's attack was by far the best adverse criticism to have come to his attention. He later remarked, "Allowing that the whole of what Lewis says about my book is true, is it more than ten per cent of the truth?" [129] Eugene Jolas and his fellow editors of transition took up the battle on Joyce's behalf [130] partly because they editorially favoured the psychological poetry and fiction Lewis disliked and partly because they wanted revenge for Lewis's frequent attacks on their magazine. A very heated piece of invective itself, "First Aid to the Enemy" shed some light on the critical errors Lewis had committed. Lewis was quite convincingly classed with "America's prize ass,

Dr. Collins"[131] and so laid to rest as a Joyce critic of importance before his essay was a year old.

Rebecca West brought more to Ulysses than a theory of art or literature or a fixed idea about what this huge book must mean, by bringing to it a perfectly open mind. While open, her mind was not blank; Miss West was blessed with natural taste, a broadly based knowledge of European life, art and literature and the courage to express her most private contemplations. Finally, she had a remarkable stylistic gift of being able to reproduce the vagaries and convolutions of her critical thought in what might be called a stream-of-cerebration. "The Strange Case of James Joyce"[132] and its successor, "The Strange Necessity",[133] from the pen of the only female critic discussed in this chapter, are almost stereotypes of what the male writer would expect from a woman. Neither reaches any point; both ramble on interminably as she turns her experience of the writings of Joyce in her mind. Both essays are shamelessly subjective; Miss West is a woman whose thoughts are as often on her milliner and the raising of children as they are on the novel she is supposedly discussing. And yet none of her work is really irrelevant: each paragraph of her long meditation reflects something about her subject and most often reflects both her taste and her erudite wisdom.

In the shorter version of her essay, Miss West reproduces her thoughts on Joyce as they occurred to her on

a morning's walk through Paris. Her thoughts have been occasioned by first reading of a very poor poem from the newly issued Pomes Penyeach (1927). The mawkishness of the poem has pleased her for it has pulled Joyce down from the mental pedestal she had erected for him and his work:

> ... this makes it quite plain that Mr. James Joyce is a great man who is entirely without taste.... It explains for example, the gross sentimentality which is his most fundamental error. 134

From Joyce's sentimentality, Miss West turns to possible vindications for his inclusion of obscenity in the novel and to the beauty and precision of his prose style. Miss West has reservations about Ulysses; for her, the parallelism between Homer's epic and Joyce's novel is quite nonsensical, "... as sensible as it would be to write a novel about Middle Western farm life in French alexandrines."[135] Joyce's inclusion of chapters of parody and the conscious display of his scholarship are, for her, equally pointless. Her major criticism, however, is based on her inability to believe in Joyce's use of the device of incoherence in order to present his characters' thoughts. Miss West believes in sentences and in the part they play in the thinking process. At worst, failure to structure grammatically the thoughts of the characters results in the portrayal of humanity as a group of gibberish-muttering buffoons. At best, this kind of portrayal of Bloom, "... is one of the greatest creations of all time:... in him something true is said about man."[136]

That truth, according to the critic, consists in the fact that Bloom is a travesty upon the whole of mankind and that Stephen, representative of a vast potential nobility, realizes that he is defeated "... because there is so much Leopold Bloom in the world..."[137] Miss West's is a buoyant intellect and she soon leaves this pessimistic evaluation of the novel. The end of "The Strange Case of James Joyce" affirms:

> ... I claim that the interweaving rhythms of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus and Marion Bloom make beauty, beauty of the sort whose recognition is an experience as real as the most intense personal experience we can have, which gives a sense of reassurance, of exultant confidence in the universe, which no personal experience can give. [138]

The critic follows much the same analytic pattern throughout the balance of "The Strange Necessity", some one hundred and fifty pages. Although she ranges far from Ulysses into discussion of behaviourism, Pavlov and the theory of conditioned response, Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, Proust, Jane Austen, the techniques of capturing the emotional content of experience, theoretical physiology, perception, sociology and political economy, Dostoevsky, Yeats, George Moore, Scarface Capone and European national characteristics, she manages to make all seem relevant to that strange necessity which draws her to Ulysses and all mankind to the realm of art.

When Rebecca West had finished, Ulysses had been exhaustively discussed. Although her essay rambles and is

generally unwieldy, it deserves to be better known to the amateur reader of Joyce. With Edmund Wilson as a guide to the first reading and Rebecca West as a friendly commentator on some of the novel's broader implications, no amateur reader need fear leaving the novel without a fuller understanding of the significance of Joyce's art for modern man. If Wilson be considered the first sane professional commentator on Ulysses, Rebecca West must be considered its last great amateur critic.

Miss West's treatment of Ulysses was the kind of criticism which one feels Joyce himself would have enjoyed. His letters indicate that, in 1928, he looked upon that part of her essay which he was familiar with as a possible antidote to Wyndham Lewis's violent attack.[139] Anyone who has fallen victim to Miss West's peculiar charm is disappointed to learn that Joyce later became profoundly irritated by her study and took his revenge by making spiteful references to the woman of the 'forty Bonnets', Rebecca West, throughout Finnegans Wake.[140]

S. Foster Damon's article, "The Odyssey in Dublin,"[141] first appeared in The Hound and Horn, one of the most distinguished literary periodicals of the day. Damon, a Blake scholar, demonstrated what might be done with the application of scholarly ingenuity to a work of Ulysses' stature and complexity. His work, as a scholarly rather than a critical exercise, marked the beginning of an important new

era in the establishment of the novel's reputation.

While not, by any means, denying the important role Homer's Odyssey had played in determining the structure of Ulysses, Damon felt himself justified in attempting to establish the roles of Dante, Shakespeare and Blake in Joyce's scheme. To begin with, the novelist's use of Homer must be placed in a new perspective:

> Joyce simply uses the Homeric characters and incidents for their psychological significance, not for the romantic narrative; they are materials to be used freely as the creator wishes, not a pattern to be copied absolutely. 142

Dante's Divine Comedy had provided the three levels of existence on which Joyce examined the inhabitants of his universe. "But he does not treat them as spatially or temporally separate: they are coexistent and interpenetrative."[143] Shakespeare was the source of the paternity theme which is the psychological problem to be discussed by means of the symbolic narrative provided by Homer; the discussion must account for Dante's spiritual planes. Briefly stated, "Homer furnishes the plot, Dante the setting, and Shakespeare the motivation."[144]

Blake's contribution to the whole, according to Damon, was the provision of the method of regarding all existence in the tiniest object. So Joyce, instead of scanning the universe for universal significance, sought it in a microcosm -- one city, on one day among a small group of characters. Joyce's frankness, his dwelling on "the lowest

facts of this life in all their stark and hideous vulgarity",[145] becomes for Damon a thing to be justified by the piling up of precedents drawn from literary history. From this point, Damon approached Ulysses with the too-familiar techniques of the scholarly analyst. His chief methods were the repeated re-narration of the story from a revolving series of points of view and the exhaustive analysis and comparison of the major characters -- their backgrounds, personalities, religious convictions, weaknesses and capacities are minutely catalogued. All the while, Damon was alert to possible literary parallels and he seldom failed to note a possible influence on the author or a possible source of his inspiration. Damon's was by no means the definitive scholarly analysis of Ulysses but, given that he worked without the benefit of Joyce's table of correspondences which Stuart Gilbert was to make public the following year,[146] his article was a model of the exploratory analysis.

Although he proved no more than a competent critic, Damon was the first to apply the modern, catholic method to Ulysses. For this reason, his article points to the future while marking the end of Ulysses' career as a controversial work of fiction. Ulysses became the property of the hard-headed analyst; the personal essayist, the literary controversialist, the partisan of an active movement, the good friend and the bitter enemy had had their say.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

1. Richard Aldington, "The Influence of Mr. James Joyce", The English Review, XXXII (April 1921), 333-41.

2. Sisley Huddleston, "Ulysses", in his Articles de Paris (New York: MacMillan, 1928 and London: Unwin, 1929), footnote to page 41.

3. Sisley Huddleston, "Ulysses", The (London) Observer, (March 5, 1922).

4. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 529.

5. Ellmann relates the following incident: On a few occasions, however, even the blasé Huddleston was pleased: one night at his house, a cantatrice was singing when a moth flew straight for her open mouth; she stopped suddenly, and Joyce broke the embarrassed silence by murmuring, 'The desire of the moth for the star!' Ellmann, ibid., p. 529 and Sisley Huddleston, Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1928), p. 217.

6. Sisley Huddleston, "Ulysses", The (London) Observer, (March 5, 1922) as reprinted in his Articles de Paris (London: Unwin, 1929 and New York: MacMillan, 1928), p. 41.

7. Ibid.

8. Ibid.

9. Ibid., p. 42.

10. Ibid., p. 43.

11. Ibid., p. 44.

12. Ibid.

13. Ibid., pp. 44-5.

14. Ibid., p. 46

15. Ibid., p. 47.

16. Ibid.

17. Joyce remarks in a letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated March 11, 1922, "The day after the article appeared 145 letters came in asking for prospectuses. (Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber, 1957), p. 183.) Ellmann notes that Huddleston's review brought in 136 orders in a day. (Ellmann, op. cit., p. 545.)

18. Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber, 1957), p. 183. Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, April 10, 1922.

19. J. Middleton Murry, "Mr. Joyce's Ulysses", The Nation and The Athenaeum, XXXI, #4799 (April 22, 1922). Vide supra, Chapter IV.

20. Arnold Bennett, "James Joyce's Ulysses", The London Outlook, (April 29, 1922).

21. The Bookman, LV (August 1922), 567-70 and Things That Have Interested Me, Second Series, (New York: Doran, 1923), pp. 185-194. The latter is the version referred to below.

22. Ibid. The First Series appeared in 1921 and the Third Series in 1926.

23. Ibid., p. 185.

24. Ibid., p. 186.

25. Ibid.

26. Valery Larbaud, "James Joyce", Nouvelle Revue Francaise, XVIII, #103, New Series (April 1, 1922), 385-409. This article is a transcript of the speech delivered to Les Amis des Livres on December 7, 1921. An English translation was published in Criterion, I (October 1922), 94-103. Vide supra Chapter XII.

27. Bennett, op. cit., p. 186.

28. Ibid., p. 188.

29. Ibid.

30. Ibid., p. 189.

31. Ibid., p. 190.

32. Ibid., p. 192.

33. Ibid.

34. Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber, 1957), p. 184. Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, May 16, 1922.

35. Ezra Pound, "James Joyce et Pécuchet", Mercure de France, CLVI (June 1, 1922), 307-20. This article also appears in Pound's Polite Essays (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1940). An English translation by Fred Bornhauser appears in Shenandoah, III, #3 (Autumn 1952), 9-20. The latter is the version cited below.

36. H. Marshall McLuhan, "A Survey of Joyce Criticism", Renascence, IV, #1 (Autumn 1951), 12-18.

37. Ibid., p. 12.

38. Ibid., p. 13.

39. Hugh Kenner, "Pound on Joyce", Shenandoah, III, #3 (Autumn 1952), 8.

40. René Descharmes provided this definition of Bouvard et Pécuchet. René Descharmes, Autour de Bouvard et Pécuchet: Études Documentaires et Critiques (Paris: Librarie de France, 1921).

41. Pound, op. cit., p. 15.

42. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 371.

43. Pound, op. cit., p. 14.

44. Ibid., p. 18.

45. Ibid., p. 16.

46. Kenner, op. cit., p. 7.

47. Pound, op. cit., p. 11.

48. Letter from Pound to Joyce, dated December 18, 1917, written on Pound's reception of the Telemachiad. In Patricia Hutchins, James Joyce's World, (London: Methuen, 1957), p. 118. Cited in Ellmann, op. cit., p. 433.

49. Ibid.

50. Edmund Wilson, "James Joyce", in his Axel's Castle: A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870 to 1930 (New York: Scribner's, 1959), pp. 191-236. The first edition of this collection of essays appeared in 1931.

51. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 367.

52. Edmund Wilson, "Ulysses", The New Republic, XXXI, #396 (July 5, 1922), 164-6.

53. Ibid., p. 164.

54. Ibid.

55. Ibid.

56. Ibid.

57. Ibid.

58. Ibid.

59. Ibid., p. 165.

60. Ibid.

61. Ibid.

62. Ibid.

63. Letters of James Joyce, ed. Stuart Gilbert (London: Faber, 1957), p. 185. Letter to Edmund Wilson, n.d., [July 1922].

64. Edmund Wilson, "An Introduction to James Joyce", The Dial, LXXVII, #5 (November 1924), 430-5; "James Joyce as a Poet", The New Republic, XLIV (November 4, 1925), 279-80; "James Joyce", The New Republic, LXI, #784 (December 18, 1929), 84-93.

65. Ford Madox Ford, Thus to Revisit (London: Chapman and Hall, 1921), p. 62.

66. Ibid.

67. Ibid., p. 64.

68. Ibid., pp. 66-7.

69. Ibid., p. 64.

70. Ibid., pp. 64-5.

71. Ford Madox Ford, "A Haughty and Proud Generation," Yale Review, new series, XI, #4 (July 1922), 702-17.

72. Ibid., p. 707.

73. Ibid., p. 708.

74. Ibid., p. 717.

75. Ford Madox Ford, "Ulysses and the Handling of Indecencies", The English Review, XXXV (December 1922), 538-548.

76. Ibid., p. 538.

77. Ibid., p. 539.

78. Ibid., p. 548.

79. Arthur Mizener discusses possible reasons for Ford's abandonment of the novel form after the publication of The Good Soldier (1915) in his "Afterword" to Ford Madox Ford, Parade's End, Vol. I (Toronto: New American Library, 1965), pp. 510-11.

80. Ford Madox Ford, Some Do Not ... (London: Duckworth, 1924). This novel is the first part of Ford's four part masterpiece, Parade's End, which also included No More Parades (1925), A Man Could Stand Up ... (1926) and Last Post (1928). The Tietjens saga was first collected as Parade's End in 1950.

81. H. Marshall McLuhan, "A Survey of Joyce Criticism", op. cit.

82. T.S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth", The Dial, LXXV (November 1923), 480-3; in Seon Givens, ed., James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism (New York: Vanguard, 1948), pp. 198-202. The latter is the version cited below.

83. Vide supra, Chapter IV.

84. T. S. Eliot, "A Foreign Mind", The Athenaeum, #4653 (July 4, 1919), p. 553.

85. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce, op. cit., p. 259.

86. McLuhan, op. cit., p. 13.

87. Ibid.

88. T.S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth", op. cit., p. 198.

89. Richard Aldington, "The Influence of Mr. James Joyce", The English Review, XXXII (April 1921), 333-41. Vide supra, Chapter IV.

90. T.S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth", op. cit., p. 201.

91. Ibid.

92. Ibid.

93. Ibid., p. 202.

94. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit., p. 180.

95. Kenner, op. cit., p. 6.

96. William York Tindall's chapter, "Myth and the Natural Man", in his Forces in Modern British Literature (New York: Random House, 1956), provides a valuable source of comment and bibliography on the modern literary use of myth.

97. Magalaner and Kain, op. cit.

98. Edwin Muir, The Structure of the Novel (London: Hogarth Press, 1928), p. 127.

99. The other is A La Recherche du Temps Perdu.

100. Muir, op. cit., p. 129.

101. Joyce was obviously, at this stage of his career, rather more interested in Bloom than in Stephen; the former, of course, is the centre of interest in Ulysses. Ezra Pound, never much concerned with l'homme moyen sensuel, urged the re-introduction of Stephen as early as the Sirens episode. (Richard Ellmann, James Joyce, op. cit., p. 473.)

102. Edwin Muir, "James Joyce" in his Transition (New York: Viking and London: Hogarth, 1926), p. 21.

103. Ibid., p. 25.

104. Ibid., p. 27.

105. Ibid., p. 28.

106. Ibid., p. 41.

107. Ibid., p. 43.

108. Ibid., p. 44.

109. Ibid.

110. Ibid., p. 45.

111. B.W.F. Tomlin, Wyndham Lewis, Writers and Their Work, No. 64 (Toronto: Longmans, 1955), p. 7, Lewis edited and contributed to Blast (1914-5) and The Enemy (1927-9).

112. A useful digest of Bergson's central remarks on duration appears in Richard Ellmann and Charles Feidelson, eds., The Modern Tradition (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965). pp. 723-30.

113. Wyndham Lewis, "An Analysis of the Mind of James Joyce", in his Time and Western Man (London: Chatto and Windus, 1927 and New York: Harcourt, 1928), p. 87. This essay had first appeared in The Enemy, I (January 1927), 95-130.

114. Ibid., p. 91.

115. Ibid.

116. Ibid.

117. Ibid.

118. Ibid., p. 93.

119. Ibid.

120. Ibid., p. 94.

121. Ibid., p. 97.

122. Ibid., p. 96.

123. Ibid., p. 97.

124. Ibid., p. 99.

125. Ibid., p. 113.

126. Ibid.

127. Marshall McLuhan, "A Survey of Joyce Criticism", op. cit., p. 14.

128. Tomlin, op. cit., p. 16.

129. Ellmann, James Joyce, op. cit., p. 608.

130. Eugene Jolas, Elliot Paul and Robert Sage, "First Aid to the Enemy", transition, #9 (December 1927), 161-71.

131. Ibid., p. 170. Vide supra, Chapter II.

132. Rebecca West, "The Strange Case of James Joyce", The Bookman, LXVIII, #1 (September 1928), 9-23.

133. Rebecca West, "The Strange Necessity", in her The Strange Necessity (New York: Doubleday and London: Cape, 1928), pp. 13-198.

134. Rebecca West, "The Strange Case of James Joyce", op. cit., p. 9.

135. Ibid., p. 15.

136. Ibid., p. 20.

137. Ibid.

138. Ibid., p. 23.

139. Letters of James Joyce, op. cit., p. 268. Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver dated September 20, 1928.

140. Nathan Halper, "James Joyce and Rebecca West", Partisan Review, XVI (July 1949), 761-3.

141. S. Foster Damon, "The Odyssey in Dublin", The Hound and Horn (Autumn 1929), pp. 7-44. This article is reprinted, with a few changes and a postscript (1947), in Seon Givens, ed., James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, op. cit., pp. 203-42. The latter is the version cited below.

142. Ibid., p. 205.

143. Ibid.

144. Ibid., p. 206.

145. Ibid., p. 209.

146. Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's "Ulysses" (London: Faber, 1930), Chapter II.

CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSIONS

The conclusions reached during the study of the early history of James Joyce's Ulysses are of three types: the historical, the practical or personal and the theoretical. Presentation of the historical conclusions takes the form of recapitulation of factors influencing the establishment of Ulysses' reputation in America, in Europe and in Great Britain and Ireland and of the type of reputation resulting from the influence of these factors. The practical conclusions are personal in that they represent what a student and teacher of literary history learns by using an historical approach to reputational studies. Theoretical conclusions are two-fold. The response to Ulysses is an important comment on the role of art in the modern world; study of response to significant controversial literature may be considered an aspect of information science, the study of growth of opinion and attitude, which has applications in countless relevant fields within and beyond literary history.

HISTORICAL CONCLUSIONS

The early reception of *Ulysses* in the United States as a sensational or scandalous novel appears to be the result of the reputation of *The Little Review*, the trial of that magazine's editors at the instigation of John Sumner and the resultant publicity for Joyce's novel, the official ban on the importation of the novel, the piracies of Samuel Roth and others and the reporting of the Roth scandal. During the period 1918-30, factors resulting in a changed attitude included: the pioneer work of those associated with *The Little Review*, the appearance in the United States of a number of serious and perceptive reviews of the novel and the widely-circulated, interpretative books of P.J. Smith and Stuart Gilbert, expanded limits of frankness in art which led to a growing literary permissiveness and the augmentation of Joyce's international reputation resulting from the publication of fragments of *Work in Progress* and from the interest in Joyce's work shown by respected literary figures of the day. The immediate results of these factors were the Woolsey decision to allow the publication of the novel and the subsequent appearance of the popular Random House edition. Over a longer period, the freedom to read *Ulysses* and the difficulty of the novel led to a lessening of general public interest in it and it became the property of serious readers,

mainly in the academy, and analysts stimulated by the nearly endless opportunities for commentary and interpretation which the book offers.

The early reception of Ulysses in Europe is best described as subdued. Absence of a censorship scandal, the language barrier, the format of its first presentation to readers and the conferring of instant respectability on the novel by Valery Larbaud were instrumental in creating this climate of response. What strong interest was displayed was to be found among the English-speaking exile community in Paris (a group whose numbers belied its potential literary importance) and among German classical and philosophical scholars of the day. As translations into French and German appeared in the late Twenties, Ulysses was assimilated into European literature and gradually achieved the status of a recognized classic beside the works of Proust, Mann and Kafka.

In Great Britain, Ulysses met with nearly uniform resistance from reviewers, critics and many of the most significant modern English novelists. Found shocking by journalistic moulders of public taste, Ulysses seemed to offend the other than moral sensibilities (aesthetic and philosophical) of creative members of the literary community. Considerable uniformity of British standards typified the resistance which greeted Ulysses; the English mind failed at that time to

comprehend or appreciate the essential Irishness of Joyce and of Ulysses.

The myth of total rejection of Joyce and Ulysses among the Irish appears, on investigation, to be a product of the author's ambivalent feelings about his country rather than the facts of Irish response to the novel. Although strongly criticized by some, Ulysses, unhampered by scandal, censorship, language barriers or temperamental aversion, was able, in the 1918-30 period, to build the foundation for the acceptance it enjoys among the literary Irish today.

PRACTICAL CONCLUSIONS

"In the end, I suppose, you either give up Joyce or devote your eight hours a day to him."[1] Each 'conclusion' stated below is merely a starting point for a student and teacher of literature; any one of the fields of study which suggested itself during the course of this investigation is deserving of treatment at greater length. Each presents a problem to stimulate the continuing interest of a student released from formal approaches to literary study.

The study of the body of criticism which grows up around a major work of literature reminds the student of the insight to be found in reading broadly in the field of criticism -- consulting the work of little known critics (and of critics known to be not of the first or second rank) as well as the work of acknowledged writers of high reputation. At time, the insight comes in the form of a "full stop". "Why isn't this approach more widely known or accepted?" is a question which frequently rises to the mind of a person studying acute but little known commentaries. The study of even the worst, most biased or uninformed criticism has its value in strengthening critical perception or in providing a broader knowledge of the function and practice of the art of criticism.

Study of the events surrounding the publication of a controversial work of literature leads to the investigation of the topic of censorship. Ulysses, as a major landmark in the struggle for artistic freedom of expression, introduces the subjects of the history and psychology of application of certain public and private standards to the work of the individual artist. The Woolsey decision, its precedents and effects, is an excellent introduction to the history of American literary censorship and marks the beginning of the trend to liberalization which persists to the present day.

The study of Ulysses' reputation introduces the study of the mechanics of growth of literary reputation and an important sub-topic, the significance of literary associations in the twentieth century. Too often the student approaches the acknowledged great book without pausing to consider the milieu in which the work was produced and the personal influences and opinions surrounding the author and his work. This branch of biography, the study of literary climate, is as important to the understanding of the individual work as the study of the events of the author's personal life.

Patterns of literary descent and influence which seem to become apparent at times during the course of a study of this sort are deserving of further investigation. Such investigation can be unsatisfactory to the extent that it is frequently inconclusive; great difficulty is involved in deciding what constitutes influence and distinguishing it,

"so thoroughly permeated with kindred elements in the modern consciousness",[2] from historical coincidence. An analytic technique which distinguishes such avenues of approach as stream-of-consciousness style, structural experimentation, linguistic innovation, use of alien materials and use of myth is, at this time, the only technique which can be applied to the question of Joyce's influence with arguable validity. Presenting nominations for the positions of Joyce's heirs is likely to remain, in this century at least, an agreeable, stimulating and frequently played, but inconclusive, game.

Study of a body of criticism surrounding the publication of a book which aroused as much interest as Ulysses emphasizes the importance of critical information resources other than weighty, long-delayed books of commentary by established authorities. The pursuit of non-book resources is an education in research technique in itself. The study of articles and reviews found in contemporary publications brings about a realization of the neglect of such high-quality examples of early criticism as most of the articles discussed in Chapter V. The stimulation, immediacy and insight found in studying opinions of early, more personally involved, commentators are sadly neglected aids to teaching both the individual literary work and a sense of the drama and texture of literary history.

THEORETICAL CONCLUSIONS

Study of a broad range of opinion generated by a work of undeniable importance leads to speculation on the subject of the function of the artist in society. Conclusions here are as numerous as the people who seriously consider the question of the role of art in life. However, time and time again, standard definitions of the function of art fail to allow for the achievement of Joyce's Ulysses. This novel is neither imitation of nature, nor misrepresentation, decorous following of the ancients, moral mending of nature, emotion recollected in tranquillity, an exercise in negative capability, a vehicle for religious truth nor formative communication. The suggestion of a contemporary communications theorist and Joyce scholar perhaps succeeds in explaining both what Ulysses did to modern art and what was behind modern art's response to Ulysses: ". . . what would happen if art were suddenly seen for what it is, namely, exact information of how to rearrange one's psyche in order to anticipate the next blow from our own extended faculties?"[3] It is as the heralds of a new age in artistic communication that Joyce's attempt to achieve universality, use of myth, linguistic experimentation and rendering of psychological process might best be assessed.

"Where is our culture going?" asks the subtitle of Innovations,[4] a new collection of essays by literary critics. Perhaps this question was well answered a half-century ago with the publication of Ulysses and The Waste Land.

Study of the reputation and influence of a work of literature leads to the conclusion that these subjects constitute an important branch of the broader subject of information science. One line of reasoning is as follows: A novel, poem or play becomes a classic (or, in another context, a best seller or popular favourite) because of who reads it, what they say about it and the manner in which their response is reported to other opinion generators and to consumers of art. By this reasoning, the study of modern literary history should be broadened to include the study of advertising, public relations, propaganda and other aspects of image creating and marketing (perhaps even including theory of random chance). Each of these is merely introduced by this study; each is deserving of long-term detailed study as each is the province and necessary work bench of the literary researcher.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

1. G. W. Stonier, "The Young Joyce", The New Statesman and Nation, XXVIII (July 29, 1944), 74.

2. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, the Work, the Reputation (New York: Collier, 1962), p. 267.

3. H. Marshall McLuhan, Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man (Toronto: McGraw-Hill, 1964), p. 66.

4. Bernard Bergonzi, ed., Innovations (Toronto: MacMillan, 1968).

APPENDIX

PUBLICATION HISTORY OF ULYSSES BEFORE 1931

A Publication in The Little Review

Vol. IV (incorrectly numbered Vol. V) #11 (March 1918), 3-22, "Telemachus".
Vol. IV (incorrectly numbered Vol. V) #12 (April 1918), 32-45, "Nestor".
Vol. V #1 (May 1918), 31-45, "Proteus".
Vol. V (incorrectly numbered Vol. IV) #2 (June 1918), 39-52, "Calypso".
Vol. V #3 (July 1918), 37-49, "Lotus-Eaters".
Vol. V #5 (September 1918), 15-37, "Hades".
Vol. V #6 (October 1918), 26-51, "Aeolus".
Vol. V #8 (January 1919), 27-50, "Lestrygonians" (1) Seized.
Vol. V #10-11 (February-March 1919), 58-62, "Lestrygonians" (2).
Vol. V #12 (April 1919), 30-43, "Scylla and Charybdis" (1).
Vol. VI #1 (May 1919), 17-35, "Scylla and Charybdis" (2) Seized.
Vol. VI #2 (June 1919), 34-45, "Wandering Rocks" (1).
Vol. VI #3 (July 1919), 28-47, "Wandering Rocks" (2).
Vol. VI #4 (August 1919), 41-64, "Sirens" (1).
Vol. VI #5 (September 1919), 46-55, "Sirens" (2).
Vol. VI #7 (November 1919), 38-54, "Cyclops" (1).
Vol. VI #8 (December 1919), 50-60, "Cyclops" (2).
Vol. VI #9 (January 1920), 53-61, "Cyclops" (3) Seized.
Vol. VI #10 (March 1920), 54-60, "Cyclops" (4).
Vol. VI #11 (April 1920), 43-50, "Nausicaa" (1).
Vol. VII #1 (May-June 1920), 61-72, "Nausicaa" (2).
Vol. VII #2 (July-August 1920), 42-58, "Nausicaa" (3) Seized.
Vol. VII #3 (September-December 1920), 81-92, "Oxen of the Sun" (partial).
Vol. VII #4 (January-March 1921), 25, note: Owing to editorial mediation as to what passages must be deleted from the next instalment of "Ulysses" Episode XIV will not be continued until next month." Publication was not resumed.

Note: The Ulysses published in The Little Review differs substantially from the version finally published by Shakespeare and Company. Certain deletions had been made to Joyce's text by the editors of The Little Review. In many cases Joyce later interpolated whole passages into the earlier version in order to prepare the way for effects achieved in the later

episodes. A Walton Litz discusses aspects of the revisions to early texts of Ulysses in his The Art of James Joyce.

B Publication in The Egoist

Vol. VI #1 (January-February 1919), 11-14, "Nestor".
Vol. VI #2 (March-April 1919), 26-30, "Proteus".
Vol. VI #3 (July 1919), 42-46, "Hades" (1).
Vol. VI #4 (September 1919), 56-60, "Hades" (2).
Vol. VI #5 (December 1919), 74-78, "Wandering Rocks" (partial).

Note: The Egoist ceased publication with the December 1919 issue.

C Publication by Shakespeare and Company, Paris

1st Edition. February 1922. 1000 copies, 100 signed.
2nd Edition. October 1922. 2000 copies; errata pages.
Published by John Rodker, Paris, for the Egoist Press, London; 500 copies were seized at New York.
3rd Edition. January 1923. 500 copies; errata pages.
Published by John Rodker, Paris, for the Egoist Press, London; 499 copies were seized at Folkestone.
4th Edition. January 1924. Unlimited edition.
5th Edition. September 1924.
6th Edition. August 1925. Many errors corrected; 4 pages of "Additional Errors" included.
7th Edition. December 1925.
8th Edition. May 1926. Reset.
9th Edition. May 1927.
10th Edition. November 1928.
11th Edition. May 1930.

D Piracies and Forgeries

1) Two Worlds Monthly serialization [July 1926? to July 1927?]

Vol. I #1 (n.d.), 93-128, "Telemachus" "Nestor" "Proteus".
Vol. I #2 (n.d.), 205-52, "Calypso" "Lotus-Eaters" "Hades".
Vol. I #3 (n.d.), 353-76, "Aeolus".
Vol. I #4 (n.d.), 473-98, "Lestrygonians".
Vol. II #1 (n.d.), 93-118, "Scylla and Charybdis".
Vol. II #2 (n.d.), 213-39, "Wandering Rocks".
Vol. II #3 (n.d.), 311-57, "Sirens" "Cyclops" (partial).
Vol. II #4 (n.d.), 425-76, "Cyclops" (conclusion) "Nausicaa".
Vol. III #1 (n.d.), 101-16, "Oxen of the Sun" (1).
Vol. III #2 (n.d.), 169-78, "Oxen of the Sun" (2).
Vol. III #3 (n.d.), 195-204, "Oxen of the Sun" (3).
Vol. III #4 (n.d.), 233-36, "Oxen of the Sun" (conclusion).

Note: Two Worlds Monthly ceased publication with Vol. III #4.

2) Two Worlds Monthly bound in two volumes.

Note: Publisher Samuel Roth announced an edition of 500 numbered copies; as many as 8000 may have been sold.

Note: Although set from Shakespeare and Company's 8th Edition, the Two Worlds Monthly version omits many passages of Ulysses; other passages have been altered in the hope of averting censorship. R. F. Roberts discusses the bowdlerization of Ulysses in his "Bibliographical Notes on James Joyce's 'Ulysses'".

3) 1927-28. Forged copies of Shakespeare and Company's 9th Edition began to appear in the U.S. About 2000-3000 copies were issued, perhaps by associates of Samuel Roth.

Note: By accident, this forgery was used by Random House in setting the 1st American Edition in 1934 with the result that their text, filled with typographical errors and transpositions, bore little resemblance to Joyce's Ulysses.

E Translations into French and German

1) French

"Telemachus", "Ithaca" (partial) and "Penelope" (partial). Translated by Valery Larbaud and Auguste Morel. Commerce, #1 (Summer 1924), 123-58.

Fragment. Translated by Auguste Morel. 900: Cahiers d'Italie et d'Europe (Autumn 1926), pp. 107-31.

"Proteus". Translated by Auguste Morel and others. LaNouvelle Revue Francais, XV, #179 (August 1, 1928), 204-26.

Three Fragments. Translated by Auguste Morel and Valery Larbaud. Les Feuilles Libres, new series, VIII, #45-46 (June 1927), 173-6.

Ulysse. Translated from English by Auguste Morel assisted by Stuart Gilbert. Entire translation reviewed by Valery Larbaud with the collaboration of the author. Paris: La Maison des Amis des Livres, Adrienne Monnier, February 1929. 1200 copies.

Ulysse. 2nd Edition. Paris: Adrienne Monnier and J.-O. Fourcade, January 1930, 3500 copies.

Ulysse. 3rd Edition, Paris: La Maison des Amis des Livres, October 1930, 3000 copies.

2) German

Ein Kapitel Aus James Joyce: "Ulysses". Translated by Georg Goyert. Die Literarische Welt, III, #24 (June 17, 1927), 1-2.

Ulysses. Translated by Georg Goyert. Basel: Rhein-Verlag, 1927. 3 vols. 1000 copies to subscribers.

Ulysses. Translated by Georg Goyert. Basel: Rhein-Verlag, 1930. 2 vols. 2 editions of this considerably revised second German translation were issued.

Reference:

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