A READING OF THE COMIC ELEMENTS IN JAMES JOYCE'S EXILES: THE BERGSONIAN CLOWN IN THE DIONYSIAN VINEYARD

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CHAPTER I

"GIVE YOURSELF FREELY AND WHOLLY": AN INTRODUCTION TO EXILES AS DRESS REHEARSAL FOR ULYSSES AND FINNEGANS WAKE

In October 1902, at the self-assured age of twenty-one, James Joyce conversed with the thirty-seven-year old Yeats in a Dublin cafe. According to Richard Ellmann, Yeats remarked to friends about Joyce, "such a colossal self-conceit with such a Lilliputian literary genius I never saw combined in one person" (101). Despite this comment, Yeats must have been impressed with the young writer, for he invited Joyce to write a play for his new theater, The Abbey, and Joyce agreed to do so in five years (104). That five-year promise stretched to thirteen; the result was Joyce's only drama, Exiles, an enigmatic play of betrayal. Ironically enough when Joyce did present it to The Abbey in 1915, Yeats dismissed it as "too far from the folk drama; and just at present we do not even play the folk drama very well . . ." (401).

Dismissal has been the by-word for Exiles from its inception.[1] Written from 1913-1915 between A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and the first three chapters of Ulysses, Exiles is Joyce's only extant drama.[2] Critics have maintained that the play is eclipsed by these other two works. Those who do read the play appreciatively explain the play's complexity in a number of diverse, serious analyses, totally ignoring the play's comedy. Those who do mention the play's comic touches discuss the influence of Freud or Jung, totally ignoring the influence of Henri Bergson.[3] The few exceptions include Bernard Benstock's 1969 article which investigates Joyce's toying with the Paradise Lost motif "in many small and often humorous ways" (753); R. A. Maher's 1972 work, labelling Exiles a "comedy of discontinuity;" John MacNicholas' 1973 article calling for a comic interpretation of Exiles; and Theo W. Dombrowski's 1978 article which admits that the play's positive ending marks it as a comedy. Exiles is, indeed, comic, to an extent, as even the most important of Joyce's critics asserts--Joyce himself. In the notes to Exiles, Joyce calls the play, "a comedy in three cat and mouse acts." Furthermore, an earlier draft of the play, the Cornell Fragments of 1913 now housed at SUNY Buffalo, presents a more overtly comic ending, a light-hearted, more demonstratively affectionate Richard.

More than an experimental endeavor in a different genre or a dead end abandoned for other avenues, Exiles presents themes, characters, and literary motifs consonant with the rest of the Joycean canon. Exiles continues the theme of the artist's search for often conflicting interests--isolation, erotic love, and aesthetic fulfillment--launched in Chamber

Music, Giacomo Joyce, and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; the themes of entrapment and exile, of national and domestic betrayal embarked upon in Dubliners; and the themes of substantiation (making the human bestial through exploitive sexuality), consubstantiation (making the human human through loving sexuality), and transaccidentation (making the human divine through a union of sexuality and art) carried through in Ulysses and Finnegans Wake.[4] Exiles takes its place in the development of characters throughout the canon. The searching, immature, egotistical artist of Chamber Music, Giacomo Joyce, and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man becomes the mature but equally egotistical artist of Exiles, in turn foreshadowing the mature though humble Leopold Bloom of Ulysses who has "a touch of the artist in him" and the artist/creator/devil Shem of Finnegans Wake who combines the divine and the diabolical, finding the divine in the lowest of human products--excrement. And in terms of imagery and literary motifs, Exiles aligns itself with the rest of the canon. Five motifs stand out: trees, stones, flowers/gardens, umbrellas/rain, and fire/light. In Exiles, these motifs operate comically, either as symbols of regeneration or as devices highlighting the mechanical or burlesque aspect of comedy.

While this study refers occasionally to earlier works by Joyce, its main thrust is to look forward, demonstrating how the comic techniques and roles established in Exiles anticipate the same comic techniques and roles developed more extensively in the later works. Thus, though complete in itself and taken very seriously by its author, *Exiles* becomes a dress rehearsal for the masterpieces of the Joycean canon--both of them examples of divine comedy.

It is important to distinguish my use of divine comedy from Dante's. Dante views earthly life as a shadow of heavenly life; man constantly struggles to live a good life to achieve this goal, to reach the ideal, the divine. For Dante, if humanity accepts this truth, life is a divine comedy in that the ending is always happy--eternal salvation. For Joyce, the divine is already here on earth in each of us. We need to recognize the sacredness of all life; we need to embrace all of life, realizing that if we laugh and make love in a world-weary existence that will always fall short of any ideal for which we long, then life becomes a divine comedy. Adaline Glasheen explains Joyce's reaction against what he saw as the limitations of Dante's Catholicism: "Joyce did not forsake received religion and then enslave himself, as most rationalists do, to received history. He carried uncertainty to its logical end and questioned all systems that man has shared against his chaos" (viii). We recall Stephen Dedalus' words in *Ulysses*, that history is "a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." Like religion, history is another trap; separating fact from fantasy is not the easy job some historians make it out to be. For Joyce, the Dublin walk of Bloom on June 16, 1904, is as important as Ulysses' ten-year voyage home, the fall of Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker in

Phoenix Park as important as Adam's fall in Eden Park. Rejecting conventional historical and religious theories, Joyce was attracted to Vico's cyclic view of life. Samuel Beckett presents a helpful condensation of Vico:

> In the beginning was the thunder: the thunder set free Religion, in its most objective and unphilosophical form--idolatrous animism: Religion produced Society, and the first social men were the cave-dwellers, taking refuge from a passionate Nature: This primitive family life receives its first impulse towards development from the arrival of terrified vagabonds: admitted, they are the first slaves: growing stronger, they exact agrarian concessions, and a despotism has evolved into a primitive feudalism: the cave becomes a city, and the feudal system a democracy: then an anarchy: this is corrected by a return to monarchy: The last stage is a tendency towards interdestruction: the nations are dispersed, and the Phoenix of Society arises out of their ashes. (5)

While a discussion of this theory is beyond the scope of this dissertation, Joyce used Vico's cyclic view of history not only in his individual works, but as an organizing tool for his canon. Margot Norris asserts that "Joyce's books follow the arc of Vico's cycles of personal history, with _A Portrait_, the book of youth, corresponding to Viconian birth, _Ulysses_, the book of maturity corresponding to Viconian marriage, and Finnegans Wake, the book of old age corresponding to Viconian burial and Dubliners--with its careful trajectory through all the ages . . . the recorso" ("Mixing Memory and Desire" 132).[5]

As important as an understanding of Vico's cycles is to understanding these other works, it is not highly significant for reading Exiles. More important, the rest of this chapter concentrates on two subjects: the stage history of Exiles and the biographical connections between Joyce and the play. A review of Exiles' production history reveals varied success and no mention of the play as comedy. A review of the biographical links reveals an ironic portrayal of Richard Rowan and a tribute to Joyce's wife Nora.

A comic analysis provides a possible key to a successful stage production of the play, as I will demonstrate shortly. Richard Ellmann briefly outlines Joyce's attempts to get the play published, citing Joyce's amusing limerick which pokes fun at New York lawyer and art patron John Quinn's "faint-hearted" agreement (under the persuasion of Ezra Pound) to purchase the manuscript of Exiles in March 1917:

> There's a donor of lavish largesse
> Who once bought a play in MS
> He found out what it all meant
> By the final installment
> But poor scriptor was left in a mess. (413)

In July, 1917, Grant Richards agreed to publish the play. Ellmann cites Joyce's letter of reply to J. B. Pinker who had chided Joyce for signing with Richards:

> You have written to me several times of what you call the 'disastrous' and 'dreadful' character of my contract with Mr. Richards and ask why I signed it. I signed it in 1914 after a struggle of 9 years for the publication of my book--written in 1905. You will find the story set forth by Mr. Pound in The Egoist (14 January 1914). My New York publisher has recently published a pamphlet about it. The book cost me in litigation and train fare and postal expenses about 3000 francs; it cost me also nine years of my life. I was in correspondence with seven solicitors, one hundred and twenty newspapers, and several men of letters about it--all of whom, except Mr. Ezra Pound, refused to aid me. The type of the abortive first English edition (1906) was broken up. The second edition (Dublin, 1910) was burnt entire almost in my presence. The third edition (London, 1914) is the text as I wrote it and as I obliged my publisher to publish it after nine years. Possibly the terms of his contract are unfair. I neither know nor care anything about that matter--so long as he does with the help of his printer the work he undertakes to

> do for me. Dubliners was refused by forty publishers in the intervals of the events recorded above. My novel A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man was refused by every publisher to whom you offered it and, when The Egoist decided to publish it, about twenty printers in England and Scotland refused to print it. As you know, I suppose, it was printed in America and published in New York in December 1916 and in London in February 1917. The Egoist intends to bring out a second edition in September and as recent regulations seem to stand in the way of importing printed sheets from New York, Miss Weaver has found a printer who will print it now after it has been reviewed. At least so she writes me.

In referring to his earlier problems in publishing Dubliners and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Joyce's letter clearly shows that Exiles was not the only work that proved difficult to publish, not that difficulty or ease in publishing has any direct bearing on the quality of work (while many critics do not say it outright, they imply that dismissal of Exiles was warranted). Richards' publication of Exiles in England occurred in May 1918 at the same time as Huebsch's publication in America (440).

The play's stage history during Joyce's lifetime is equally brief and for tracing it, John MacNicholas' article and again, Ellmann's biography are indispensable. As a superstitious man, ever aware of coincidences, Joyce would probably not have been amused to find in retrospect that despite a strange quirk of fate--that in 1917 Zurich was the theatrical center of the world--he still could not get his play produced. Some of the fault, however, lies with Joyce himself, as evidenced in the Henry Carr incident.

A sizable amount of money from a new benefactor, Mrs. Harold McCormick, allowed Joyce and Claude Sykes in a joint partnership to form a troupe for producing English plays in Zurich. Sykes' idea was that English was one of the few languages not represented in the Zurich theatrical community. He was anxious to act, and Joyce was anxious for any chance to get Exiles produced. They agreed that their first play for the English Players, as the troupe was to be called, would be Wildes' The Importance of Being Earnest with Exiles in the repertoire (422). Henry Carr, an amateur actor Joyce had seen in the consulate, took the leading role of Algernon. After the play's successful run, Joyce regretted his decision to go with Carr. A quarrel developed between Joyce and Carr when Joyce handed Carr the agreed upon ten francs; Carr had expected a bonus for his particularly skillful performance and to be reimbursed for the cost of his new clothing for the role. Joyce was furious and insultingly asked Carr for the money owed on the five outstanding tickets Carr was to have sold for the performance (426-27). The quarrel went to court, and as Ellmann reports it, "colored the rest of his [Joyce's] stay in Zurich" (428). Joyce's temper and insulting manner were evidently out of proportion to the pettiness of the incident and cost the English players their official support with the Consul-General.

Other attempts to produce Exiles met with mixed success. Joyce had hopes that the London Stage Society would use it in January 1916, but they rejected it in July. The following April the society asked for the play again, but by July Joyce grew annoyed and withdrew the play himself when one member called it "Filth and Disease." Joyce's supporter, Sturge Moore, a member of the Society, took it back for consideration in November 1917 (JJ 415). Though nothing came of these efforts in 1917, the stage society did produce the play in 1926 (MacNicholas 12), eliciting favorable comments from George Bernard Shaw, although the work was generally panned by the rest of the reviewers. A curious comment by The Yorkshire Post complaining that Joyce was "entirely destitute of a saving sense of humor" (MacNicholas 12), suggests that perhaps my reading of the play might have met with more positive results. Joyce also had hopes that Paris' Theatre de l' Oeuvre would produce Exiles. Jenny Serruys, another of Pound's inexhaustible financiers, offered to translate Exiles and persuade Lugne-Poe to put it on since he was known for his skill with experimental plays. In August 1929, Lugne-Poe suggested that he might be interested in December or January.

Again, Joyce waited. By June 1921, Lugne-Poe informed Joyce that he had no intentions of losing money after his latest success with another play about infidelity, Crommelynck's Le Cocu.

In the meantime, Joyce managed to get Exiles produced in Munich only to experience another disappointment. Unable to attend, Joyce sat at home waiting for the news. The August 7, 1919 performance was its last. A telegram informed Joyce of the unsuccessful evening. Quick to be the first to state the worst, Joyce told his friends, "A fiasco" (JJ 462). Because it had fallen far short of his expectations, especially since an important German actress, Elisabeth Koerner, was playing Bertha, Joyce was confused when the management wrote to him that the play was "a great success" (JJ 462). To Harriet Weaver, Joyce wrote that there was a suggestion that "the chief actor fell ill--perhaps as a result of my lines . . . " (JJ 463). Exiles did experience a successful run in the winter of 1925. The Neighborhood Playhouse of New York gave forty-one performances and though not the sensational breakthrough Joyce had wished for, it was a good run (JJ 569). Robert C. Benchley's review of the Neighborhood production in the March 12, 1925 issue of Life ambiguously proclaimed: "The idea behind the play is absorbing enough, and novel, in a way; we don't quite know what it is, but it is pretty good" (Slide 71).

John MacNicholas covers eight performances of the play after Joyce's death which testify to a fair degree of success and suggest that critics' dismissals of the play have been unwarranted. Esme Percy's May 1950 production in London received sympathetic reviews and prompted T. C. Worsley's probing review, "a watershed in Exiles stage history" according to MacNicholas, which objected to the delayed exposition of Richard Rowan's character (13). Though MacNicholas does not comment on the accuracy of Worsley's review, it appears to me that Worsley missed Joyce's subtle signals, particularly the allegorical ones I cover in Chapter V. MacNicholas mentions two other stagings before the now historic 1970 Pinter production: one by an off-Broadway theatre, the Renata, in New York on March 12, 1957 and another ten years later in London. The London production received little press except mention of the "straightjacket" Ibsen placed on Joyce (14). This common misunderstanding of Ibsen's influence on Joyce is explained in Chapter III. The New York production attracted fairly favorable reviews, particularly one that praised the "somber eloquence" of the stage over the "pale and phlegmatic" printed page (14).

The 1970 Pinter production of Exiles at the Mermaid Theatre stands apart from all other productions for its universal acclamation. Though my concluding chapter discusses the important ways in which Joyce paved the way for Pinter (though I readily concede that in the dramatic arena the student surpassed the teacher), I include the very interesting review of Irving Wardle, the Times' critic who earlier spoke of Ibsen's "straightjacket" on Joyce. His view of the play changed sharply in three years:

> Exiles is customarily dismissed as an unsatisfactory exercise in the Ibsen manner. That view is demolished by the Mermaid production which banishes the shade of Ibsen and reveals an extraordinary affinity between Joyce and Pinter . . . . An Ibsenite play could well be fashioned from this material, showing the jaws of mystery, and a complete indifference to finding neat solutions . . . . The characters have practically no room for manoeuvre; they weigh every word they speak, and make not one superfluous gesture. Very little happens, but the effect is one of intense passion, fear, and danger. (14-15)

A 1971 staging of Pinter's version at the Aldwych Theatre by the Royal Shakespeare Company was not as overwhelmingly favorable as the 1970 production, but as MacNicholas adds, "positive response . . . outnumbered the negative by approximately four to one" (17).

Exiles was finally staged in Dublin in 1973 at the Peacock and received high praise, being lauded by theatre critic Desmond Rushe as "a course of caviar top quality" (20). And while critics of the past had criticized the drama for displaying the heaviness of Ibsen, Rushe acclaimed its "gossamer delicacy." Another critic, David Nolan, daringly suggested that the success of the earlier Pinter production might be due in part to Joyce's play, not just to Pinter's direction and further suggested that Exiles might "prove to be a bridge" between Ibsen's theatre and Beckett's and Pinter's (20), an idea I expand upon briefly in my concluding chapter. Two last productions of the play include a second Dublin performance in 1977 and another New York performance in the same year, both receiving mixed reviews. Thus, the stage history of Exiles presents a full range of critical reception. I mentioned earlier that a comic analysis of the play might provide more successful productions of the play. While it is not within the scope of this dissertation to present production notes, I think the varied stage history of Exiles clearly shows that in the hands of a good director the script has tremendous potential. Again, I cover these points in more detail at the end of this study.

One item that all reviews of Exiles' stage history fail to mention is any notion of comedy in the play. Early scholarly assessments also missed the comedy. Furthermore, just as many reviews talked about Joyce's overly strong affiliation with his creation, Richard Rowan (one critic wonders "what an exciting play Exiles might have been if Joyce had managed to distance himself from his hero" [MacNicholas 17]), again, many early scholars insisted on an autobiographical connection between Joyce and Richard Rowan, seeing Richard as the cat in Joyce's "three cat and mouse acts," controlling the actions of the three mice--Bertha, Robert, and Beatrice. The cat is Richard, but the aesthetic distance between author and protagonist is as wide as the distance between Joyce and Stephen Dedalus. In fact, Kenner's 1956 ironic reading of Stephen Dedalus (Dublin's Joyce), a watershed in critical assessments of A Portrait, may have been equally instrumental in changing the prevailing views of Richard Rowan; it certainly changed mine. It took, however, over ten years to change the views of autobiographical scholars, probably because of the publication of Richard Ellmann's 1959 comprehensive biography.

An impressive feat by any standards, the Ellmann biography created a serious problem; even though it contained fifty percent more words than Ulysses, people read Ellmann for answers about Ulysses, instead of reading Ulysses. It is no wonder that people rushed to find biographical parallels between Joyce and his protagonists. Francis Ferguson in his introduction to the 1945 edition of Exiles contended that "only Richard's heroism is unbroken, only his intellectual integrity intact. This enables him, not to condemn, but to perceive everyone. . . . And to appreciate the play's perfection of form, one must reflect on Stephen Dedalus' doctrine of art." Unfortunately, in 1945, critics were still equating Stephen Dedalus with James Joyce, failing to remember the qualifying last words of the novel's title--as a young man. Yes, Stephen is Joyce, but only to a certain extent, to the extent that a more mature artist can look back and smile at his sentimental, youthful self. If we recall Stephen's presentation of artistic doctrine in _A Portrait_, we also remember that it is made to seem laughably immature as Cranly unveils Stephen's insensitivity towards his fellow human beings. A similar ironic reading of _Exiles_ illustrates a similarly unsympathetic Richard Rowan, an antihero whose selfish artistic theories have isolated him from the world and those who love him, an insufferable prig who is responsible for his own masochistic wounds.

Strangely enough, the person who worked the hardest (second to Joyce, of course), to get _Exiles_ published and produced, Ezra Pound, may have been responsible for much of its bad press. Such is the contention of John MacNicholas ("Argument for Doubt," note 1 and "Stage History" 24). Pound's 1933 negative comments--"a bad play with serious content; the effect of Ibsen is everywhere"--may have contributed to many limited readings of the play, but contained a compliment of sorts (backhanded, I will concede) to Joyce who considered Ibsen to be the greatest living playwright (Joyce's first published piece was a review of _Ibsen's When We Dead Awaken_ at age seventeen). MacNicholas' assessment is probably correct, for even as late as 1968 Earl John Clark claimed that Joyce did not foresee the play's ending and that _Exiles_ became the "futile quest of its creator" (77). Clark, however, reads the play backwards. Instead of seeing the failure of Richard's *hubris* to sway Bertha's innocence, Clark believes that Robert succeeds in cuckolding Richard with *Bertha's test* of Richard backfiring (emphasis mine), Richard's defeat becoming a victory for traditional values. Other more recent critics are not as far off the mark, but still fail to see the ironic Richard--despite Benstock's seminal 1969 article identifying Richard as Lucifer. Sheldon R. Brivic postulates eloquently on the inconsequential nature of Bertha's potential adultery, but stagnates in a prolonged discussion about the "virginity of the soul" (49). Linda Ben-Zvi compares Richard to the *Ubermensch*, but misses Joyce's irony. Unlike these critics, Carole Brown and Leo Knuth demonstrate the fallible Richard, but cut too deeply with their blade, slicing out the heart of the play--Bertha. Before I discuss the ramifications of Bertha as the center of *Exiles*, a brief demonstration of Joyce's ironic treatment of Richard precedes. A look at the opening scene should suffice, leaving a more in-depth study for Chapters III and V.

The play opens with a detailed description of the Rowan's house in a Dublin suburb. Richard, the now returned exile, appears to be fairly well off financially (unlike the poor Joyce), living in a house amply furnished with "lace curtains," "green plush" chairs, a table with "smoking service," and even an adjoining garden. In fact, we learn later that Richard has inherited some money. The action commences with Beatrice Justice being led into the drawingroom by Brigid, the Rowan's maid. The first line of the play establishes Brigid's surprise at seeing Beatrice:

> The mistress and Master Archie is at the bath.
> They never expected you. Did you send word you
> were back, Miss Justice?
>
> Beatrice
>
> No. I arrived just now. (16)

The real reason for Beatrice's visit is to see Richard, not Archie. And while Bertha and Archie do not expect Beatrice, Richard does: "I had begun to think you would never come back. It is twelve days since you were here" (17).

As the scene between Richard and Beatrice unfolds, the audience sees what Richard cannot; Beatrice is in love with Richard. Richard plays with Beatrice, flippantly asking her questions and blindly failing to hear the undercurrent in all her answers:

> Richard
>
> Then it is my mind that attracts you? Is that it?
>
> Beatrice
>
> (Hesitating, glances at him for an instant.) Why do
> you think I come here?
>
> Richard
>
> Why? Many reasons. To give Archie lessons. We
> have known one another so many years . . . .

> Perhaps you feel that some new thing is gathering in my brain, perhaps you feel that you should know it. Is that the reason?
>
> Beatrice
>
> No.
>
> Richard
>
> Why, then?
>
> Beatrice
>
> Otherwise I could not see you. (She looks at him for a moment and then turns aside quickly.)

The stage directions here and elsewhere in the scene indicate that Beatrice has trouble looking directly at Richard. She is embarrassed. She has come to profess a physical attraction and love for Richard, but he is making it very difficult for her. Even after she has blatantly said that she has come to see him and no one in the audience can have missed her intentions, Richard still does not get her message: "Otherwise you could not see me?" The stage directions clearly show Beatrice's puzzlement and embarrassment:

> Beatrice
>
> (Suddenly confused.) I had better go. They are not coming back. (18)

When Beatrice says "they," she refers to Bertha and Archie, but if we in the audience begin to think at this point that perhaps Beatrice did only come for a music lesson, we learn otherwise later in the scene when Archie amusingly blurts out, "And, besides, you didn't bring the music" (29).

It is entirely plausible to read this scene another way, as Richard goading Beatrice into an open confession of her love. If this is the case, Richard becomes even more insensitive. Later in the scene with Bertha, Archie, and Robert on stage, Joyce's directions continue to show Beatrice as confused and uneasy. If Richard does know of her physical, not just mental, attraction to him, his behavior toward Beatrice would be strangely cruel, putting her on the spot. Calling Richard blind at least gives him the benefit of the doubt, one benefit the remainder of the play will not substantiate (as will be shown in Chapter III). Either way, Richard can in no way be seen as heroic; he is an insensitive intellectual.

The scene goes on with Richard assuming that Beatrice's illness was brought on by her changed attitude toward Robert, her cousin and childhood sweetheart. Their conversation is comic in its total lack of communication. Beatrice is speaking of Richard; Richard is thinking of Robert, never really hearing what Beatrice is telling him. Beatrice again hints at the truth and says she saw "a pale reflection" of Richard in Robert; Richard still does not catch on. The scene reaches the height of its dramatic irony when Richard tells Beatrice that she "cannot give [her]self freely and wholly" (21). Critics and Joyce's notes call Beatrice cold and incapable of physical love, but it is ironically Richard who is cold, Richard who has the undying love of his wife and does not appreciate it, Richard who has the love of Beatrice and either does not see it or toys with it. Beatrice's quiet response to Richard is the first echo we get of Joyce's theme of love: "It is a terribly hard thing to do, Mrs. Rowan--to give oneself freely and wholly--and be happy" (22). The rest of the play reveals a Richard who cannot give of himself freely. Beatrice at least says that she "would try." Bertha has always given wholly of herself to Richard, but Richard has placed himself with his high-blown artistic theories above the people around him, above happiness, and thus, above love. The two women love him, but he cannot freely love them. The ultimate irony of the play is that at the end, in spite of Richard's return to Ireland and his apparent reconciliation, in spite of the new self-knowledge he has gained from the possible adultery of Robert and Bertha, Richard remains an exile to his parents, friends, wife, and most important, himself. The last line of the play is given to Bertha who is praying for a return of the old loving Richard.

We see evidence of Richard's exile from his parents as we continue to examine the same opening scene between Beatrice and Richard. Richard broaches the subject when he tells Beatrice that he is suffering and needs his "dead mother's hardness of heart" (22). Here Richard changes the subject to his suffering, totally ignores all of Beatrice's previous embarrassed intimations, and when Beatrice (again, quietly) asks if his mother sent for him before she died, Richard asks "Who?" Next to Archie's remark about the missing music, Richard's who has to be the funniest line in the act. Richard, the highly intellectual artist, is not only blind and insensitive to Beatrice's entire line of conversation, but he cannot follow his own line of thought. Richard is so caught up in his "suffering," in the jealousy he denies or in the voyeurism he is looking forward to, that he loses track of his own thoughts. He emerges as a character to be laughed at, not pitied, and surely not admired. It becomes difficult to take anything he says seriously. He argues that his mother drove him away:

> On account of her I lived years in exile and poverty too, or near it. I never accepted the doles she sent me through the back. I waited, too, not for death but for some understanding of me, her own son, her own flesh and blood; that never came. (23-24)

Richard is a mass of contradictions and inconsistencies. First he asks for his "mother's hardness of heart;" then we learn that he has rejected her. He says that he waited for his mother to accept him, her own flesh and blood, but Richard never realized that she asked the same thing of him on her deathbed. Her time was running out, not Richard's. Her exile was permanent, imposed by God; Richard's exile was temporary, imposed by himself.

Richard even views his father's dying actions incorrectly, failing to see his father's last act of kindness. When told by Beatrice that his parents' last thoughts were of him, Richard unleashes a sarcastic harangue at Beatrice:

> His last thoughts! I remember the night he died. I was a boy of fourteen. He called me to his bedside. He knew I wanted to go to the theatre to hear Carmen. He told my mother to give me a shilling. I kissed him and went. When I came home he was dead. Those were his last thoughts as far as I know. (29)

Richard still holds on to a wrongful, warped image of the past. He refuses to see or understand his parents' love. Time has not eased his vengeance; he remains a very immature fourteen year old. He never even hears Beatrice's knowing, cutting line: "The hardness of heart you prayed for . . . " (24). The irony of the line is lost on Richard, but not on the audience. Richard may ask for his mother's hardness of heart, but he already has it. His heart, not his parents', has been hard for many, many years.

Beatrice senses that Richard's mind is really focussed on another matter, his anger and sarcasm directed at some event unknown to her: "Something has changed you since you came back three months ago" (25). Richard does not answer her, but a knock at the door and Richard's seemingly nonchalant remarks clue the audience:

> Richard
>
> O, probably Robert. I am going out through the garden. I cannot see him now. Say I have gone to the post. Goodbye.
>
> Beatrice
>
> (With growing alarm.) It is Robert you do not wish to see?
>
> Richard
>
> (Quietly.) For the moment, yes. This talk has upset me. Ask him to wait. (25)

If, as so many critics claim, Richard is the artist/hero, the controlling force in the play around which all the characters operate and to whom they feel inferior, then why does Richard wish to avoid Robert, escaping into the garden? Two answers are possible. Richard, who pretends to be beyond jealousy, is wracked by it; Robert's intentions on Bertha have become an all-consuming cancer. A more probable possibility and one that I explore more fully in subsequent chapters presents a more manipulative Richard. Excited by the voyeuristic prospects of an affair between Robert and Bertha, Richard gives Robert all the opportunity he needs to carry out his plans for seduction. Either way, Richard does not come off as the artist of integrity so many critics point to.

Curiously, the vast number of critics who have seen biographical parallels between Joyce and Richard Rowan have failed to see the more important connections between Joyce's wife, Nora Barnacle, and Bertha. Ultimately, Exiles becomes epithalamium as Joyce not only pays tribute to Nora, but deifies her through Bertha. Joyce's notes for Exiles make the connection between Nora and Bertha quite evident. All of the imagery Joyce attributes to Bertha--"Garter . . . palegreen . . . Moon . . . earth . . . mother"--is preceded by the initials N. (B.) (E 151-152). Nora was also the model for Gretta Conroy and Molly Bloom. Nora, Gretta, and Bertha all come from Galway. The connection of Bertha with Gretta is also explored in the notes with a reference to Christmas snow (E 154), the important ending scene for Dubliner's "The Dead."

More important, however, are the biographical parallels evidenced in Ellmann's mammoth study. While I do not wish to dwell on the connections between Joyce and Richard because of the ironic distance I have already established, it is important to mention a few that have bearing on Nora/Bertha, for that connection is not ironic. Like Richard, Joyce suspects that his bride in exile (a marriage also not officially sanctioned at this point) has been unfaithful. Ellmann discusses the attentions toward Nora of Prezioso, a Venetian journalist who was one of Joyce's best friends in Trieste. According to

Ellmann, Joyce "did not object" to Prezioso's afternoon visits to Nora, "but rather encouraged them" (316). Like Bertha, Nora kept her husband informed on the details of Prezioso's admiration, and Joyce "studied them for secrets of the human spirit" (316). Unlike Richard, however, Joyce did not quietly acquiesce to the possibility of adultery and confronted Prezioso. Ellmann believes that this episode forms the basis of the plot in Exiles and that Joyce honored Roberto Prezioso by naming Robert Hand after him, and furthermore, that Joyce felt he was "half-responsible for Prezioso's conduct, in an experiment at being author of his own life as well as of his work" (317).[6] Yet another biographic connection is Joyce's correspondence to Nora. Highly erotic, Joyce's letters level accusations at another suitor named Holohan and establish parallels between Nora and Beatrice in addition to Bertha.

Speaking of Joyce's most erotic letters to Nora, Mary T. Reynolds states that the "most remarkable fact about Joyce's letters of 1909 is . . . that they were saved" (54). Earlier she states that "Joyce's letters are always clear, never padded, always frank and forthright, never written for literary effect or 'for posterity'" (39). Nothing could be further from the truth. Joyce was constantly aware of posterity. His 24 December 1909 letter to Nora plainly states, "one day you will see that I will be something in my country" (SL 195). Joyce's thoughts, as are any writer's, were constantly on achieving recognition and ultimately fame. In fact, near the opening of Exiles, Richard has evidently used portions of his correspondence with Beatrice in his own writings. Comparing his work to a painter's sketchbook, Richard says:

> If I were a painter and told you I had a book of sketches of you, you would not think it so strange, would you?
>
> Beatrice
>
> It is not quite the same case, is it?
>
> Richard
>
> (Smiles slightly.) Not quite, I told you also that I would not show you what I had written unless you asked to see it. Well?
>
> Beatrice
>
> I will not ask you.
>
> Richard
>
> (Leans forward resting his elbows on his knees, his hands joined.) Would you like to see it?
>
> Beatrice
>
> Very much.
>
> Richard
>
> Because it is about yourself?
>
> Beatrice
>
> Yes. But not only that.

> Richard
>
> Because it is written by me? Yes? Even if what you would find there is something cruel? (16-17)

Hence, it is hardly remarkable that Joyce saved the sexually-charged correspondence between him and Nora. Joyce used snatches of these masturbatory and scatological episodes as material in later works. The "Nausicca" and "Penelope" sections of _Ulysses_ and the writings of Shem in _Finnegans Wake_ come quickly to mind.

In _Exiles_, Richard chides Beatrice for not being able to "give yourself freely and wholly." Joyce wrote the same words to Nora ten years earlier in talking about a friend (Letters, II 50). Just as Richard Rowan takes sadistic-masochistic pleasure in thinking of Bertha's adultery, so, too, perhaps, did Joyce. Ellmann relates Nora's confidence to Frank Budgen that Joyce wanted her to go with other men so that he [would] have something to write about" (445). She refused but did indulge him with a letter addressed "Dear Cuckold." But while Richard pretends to feel no jealousy, Joyce was quite vocal in expressing his. When in 1909 Joyce suspected that Nora had been unfaithful to him, his letters were filled with jealous rage--"What else did you do together?" (SL 158)--but more often with melodrama and self-pity--"O, Nora, Pity me for what I suffer now? (158) and "O, Nora, is there any hope yet of my happiness?" (159). Joyce questioned if his son was his, "Is Georgie my son?", and asked Nora for explicit details about her relationship with Holohan (158) just as Richard must know everything about Bertha and Robert. A week and a half later Joyce's letters took a complete turnaround as he evidently found out from Nora that his suspicions were groundless.

For Joyce, as for Richard, fidelity or betrayal were equally exciting; while Joyce was relieved to hear of Nora's innocence, to know that Nora's attraction to him was strong enough to resist temptation, one still feels that he took delight in the titillating fact that other men desired his wife. Furthermore, these letters begging forgiveness are equally melodramatic:

> What a worthless fellow I am! But after this I will be worthy of your love, dearest . . . . Just say a word to me, dearest, a word of denial and O I shall be so transported with happiness . . . . Don't read over those horrible letters I wrote. I was out of my mind with rage at the time . . . . that is why I was so maddened only to think of you and that common dishonorable wretch. (SL 160)

Again, it is curious to hear Joyce say that he was "only" thinking of Nora when the letters of 6 and 7 August 1909 are all filled with "me." Equally curious is Joyce's mention of that "common dishonorable wretch," a wretch who could not be too contemptible to Joyce if Joyce's own thoughts wandered that way in Trieste with Amalia Popper and in Zurich with Marthe Fleishmann. Or, perhaps, it is more accurate to say that Joyce experienced masochistic pleasure from the sordid (much as Bloom does when ridden by Bella). Joyce seems to have delighted in shocking people with his honesty. Of his correspondence to Nora he said, "Some of it is ugly, obscene and bestial, some of it is pure and holy and spiritual: all of it is myself" (SL backcover). What some have seen as obscene in the "Circe" and "Penelope" chapters is all present in Joyce's erotic letters to Nora during their separation--Bloom's and Molly's farts (SL 185), Bloom's desire to be whipped by Martha and Bella (SL 188-89), Bloom's attraction to buttocks (SL 189), Bloom's obsession with pretty drawers (SL 189-91), and Bloom's and Molly's bowel movements (SL 190). Yet, lest we too harshly condemn Bloom's masturbation, Molly's overly-sexed meditations, and Joyce's intimate eroticism, it is important to note Joyce's own comments on his letter:

> Now I am sure my girlie is offended at my filthy words. Are you offended dear at what I said about your drawers? That is all nonsense, darling. I know they are as spotless as your heart . . . . Only I love in my dirty way to think that in a certain part they are soiled. (SL 189)

In another letter to Nora, Joyce laughs at his own antics:

> I have come now and the foolery is over. Now for your questions. (SL 191).

Having fulfilled his sexual needs, Joyce can laugh at himself and get on to business.

These biographical analogues present a strong case for reading Exiles as self-parody. But while Joyce denigrates himself, he elevates Bertha. Celeste Loughman contends that Joyce's play has been misunderstood primarily because critics have focused upon the wrong central character.[7] Loughman provides a strong case for Bertha as protagonist:

> The action revolves around Bertha: Robert wishes to possess her; Richard wishes to dispossess himself of her emotionally; and Beatrice wishes to replace her. Yet it is easy to see why Bertha has been regarded negatively. She seems so limited. Incapable of comprehending Richard's work and envious of Beatrice's understanding, she lives in an intellectual vacuum. Bertha is the embodiment of anti-feminism: Fixed in the conventional roles of mother and wife, she seems a mere appendage to Richard and, worse, she wants only to be that. While Richard attempts to establish a relationship based on mutual freedom, she asserts instead: "I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him" (E 112).

Yet while this passive view of Bertha appears to be true, Loughman demonstrates that it is not accurate. Bertha is not as simple as she seems, as even Richard acknowledges:

> Although she may lack the mental acuity which Richard finds in Beatrice, Bertha is no dolt, as Richard acknowledges when he says, "There is something wiser than wisdom in your heart" (E 75). And he pays implicit tribute to Bertha's self-giving nature when he tells Beatrice: "You cannot give yourself freely and wholly" (E 22). Actually, the roles which seem to limit Bertha are for Richard a source of power so strong that it threatens to assault his very soul. (69-70)

Unfortunately, while Loughman understands Bertha's central position quite well, she misunderstands Joyce's self-parody, equating Richard's limited view with Joyce's:

> Richard, and Joyce as well, it seems, feared the power of woman--not any woman, but a particular kind of woman who has a combination of virgin purity, protective maternal love, and sensual animality. (70)

Calling it fear, Loughman misses the point of Exiles, the point, in fact, of all of Joyce's writing, that complete acceptance of and immersion in the fertile powers of the female are necessary prerequisites for artistic inspiration and creation. Exiles is Joyce's tribute to the female principle of inspiration, to his inspiration, Nora. Chapter III explores the full significance of this proposition.

Through an analysis of the comic aspects of Exiles--again in terms of theme, character, and motif--this dissertation demonstrates that the play serves as a vital link that cannot be ignored in the Joycean canon. In the next chapter, I show that Joyce's comic vision is firmly based in established comic theory--primarily in a dualistic approach encompassing the mechanical elements of Henri Bergson's theory and the regenerative, ritualistic elements of George Meredith's and Suzanne Langer's theories--and that Joyce's vision can be called divine comedy, a recognition that life is not ideal, but worthy of celebration because the divine manifests itself in all aspects of life. Chapter III applies this comic theory to an in-depth explication of the play, exploring briefly the symbolic and autobiographical ramifications. Chapters IV and V articulate how Exiles anticipates the dualistic comic vision that permeates the "Circe" chapter of Ulysses and "The Mick, Nick and the Maggies" section of Finnegans Wake. The four characters of Exiles--Richard as artist and voyeur, Robert as clown, Beatrice as intellectual, and Bertha as regenerative spirit--all merge in the personage of Ulysses' Leopold Bloom, who, in turn, divides into the polarities of Shem and Shaun, each of whom can only be made whole through an acceptance of the other and through the fertility implicit in Issy and explicit in Anna Livia Plurabel. In addition to the two-fold approach, I pursue another line of inquiry--a sub-genre study. While on the one hand I demonstrate that like Exiles, "Circe" and the "Mime" are dramas, not just narratives, on the other hand, I show that like the "Mime," Exiles and "Circe" are pantomimes.

While my critical methodology may seem eclectic--some biography, some explication of text, some religious analogy, and some genre study--such is the nature of Joyce criticism and, of course, the nature of Joyce's own creative method. Fritz Senn's comments on Ulysses apply well here:

> One capsular reflection of the whole is this: that the novel, whose Latin title suggests a Greek hero based (as Joyce believed) on Semitic tales, begins by an Irish character whose language is English and who, with a flair for imitation, intones a sentence from the Latin Mass, which is in itself a translation of a Hebrew Psalm. The ethnological and literary multiplicity is already present, while on the surface of it we never for a moment leave a simple realistic story. (125)

Another critic and fellow dramatist who advocates an eclectic approach is Samuel Beckett: "Must we wring the neck of a certain system in order to stuff it into a contemporary pigeon-hole, or modify the dimensions of that pigeon-hole for the satisfaction of the analogymongers" (3-4).

Understanding the comic elements of Exiles places it securely within the mainstream of the Joycean canon. As Finnegans Wake most clearly reveals, Joyce is writing divine comedy, not the divine comedy of Dante where humankind must strive to reach the divine in the next world, but Joyce's divine comedy where individuals see the divine in ordinary life, in even the apparently lowest of human actions. For Joyce, comedy becomes the new gospel. He rejects the Roman Catholic priesthood to become "a priest of eternal imagination" (P 221). Robert Polhemus articulates this point well, saying of Joyce, "To him the sacred is ridiculous, the ridiculous is sacred, and both are inseparable" (294). Joyce will both mock and consecrate anything.[8] To be human is to have a touch of the divine within oneself, and to be an artist is to be divine, to be God, a creator of words and worlds.

Earlier in this chapter, I labeled Exiles the dress rehearsal for the later masterpieces. David Hayman calls Joyce "the born mimic" who changes for each audience ("On Reading" 56). As the biographical elements of Joyce's writing have revealed, Joyce delighted in not only adapting occurrences from his personal life (as does almost any author) but also in seeking outrageous situations to use as material, as trial runs for his writing. The male characters from the three works I am considering play many roles. Richard is betrayed artist and friend, father, lover, and "wounded" husband, not to mention his allegorical roles as Lucifer, God the creator, Christ, and Judas. Bloom, too, plays many parts: waiter and cuckold for Molly, naughty lover for Martha, voyeur and conquest for Gerty, messenger of mercy for Mrs. Dignam, stingy Jew for the pub dwellers, surrogate father for Stephen, and the multitude of roles to be discussed in my chapter on "Circe." Shem functions as isolated artist, letter writer, frustrated lover, maligned brother, and in his primary role in "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" as devil. Ultimately, these characters and their worlds seem to merge as Joyce wears many masks, reminding us that all is illusion. As we watch the dramas of Exiles, "Circe," and the "Mime," different pieces of the word/world puzzle fall into place, while others fall out as images are recycled, repeated, reverberated, recreated, as new life is generated from old life in a joyous celebration of the cyclic renewal of the human spirit, constantly reminding us that, as Kenner says, "We and he are co-creators; characters and city have their existence in our minds" (Ulysses 156). Joyce's genius is his ability to make those created word-worlds so fascinating that we want to return for another performance of his comic masque.

ENDNOTES

[1] D.E.S. Maxwell mentions a 1962 stage adaptation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (175), and makes passing references to *Dubliners*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*, but never says a word about *Exiles*, Joyce's only extant drama--in a book on modern Irish drama. Even Joyce's grandson, Stephen J. Joyce, while mildly chiding the Tenth International James Joyce Symposium for stressing *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* and neglecting the other works, almost forgets *Exiles*, mentioning it at the end of his address as an afterthought: "Let the public . . . come to Joyce without fear or apprehension. They should be . . . urged to read *Dubliners* . . . *Stephen Hero*, *A Portrait*, the poetry, even *Exiles*" (213).

[2] Epstein mentions *A Brillian Career*, now lost though written in 1900 after Joyce met William Archer ("James Augustine Aloysius Joyce" 12). John MacNicholas summarizes the plot from Stanislaus' discussion of it and concludes that a "strong affinitiy" exists between this play and *Exiles*. MacNicholas feels that *Exiles* reverses the theme of the earlier play. While Rowan must discover that he has married the right woman, the protagonist of *A Brilliant Career* is a young doctor who discovers that he has married the wrong woman (*Textual Companion* 15).

[3] Sheldon Brivic discusses Joyce's position between Freud and Jung in his book by that title. And while I do not go to the extent of Brivic who declares Exiles to be "a masterpiece," he is one of the few critics to see the play's "affirmation . . . circumscribed by an extremely orderly system of symbolism which prefigures the strutural diagram for Ulysses" (94). Paul Douglass discusses the importance of Bergson for modern writers and mentions Joyce, but only in a very general way. Douglass explains the "Bergsonian contention": "The poet must coin new words, create new ideas even though he will stand accused of 'no longer communicating'" (245).

[4] Bernard Benstock explains more fully how the title and the theme of Exiles operate throughout the play:

> The real action of the play has taken place in the past: the consequences of the exile to Rome and Rowan's exiling of himself from Bertha are depicted in Exiles. Beatrice carries her exile with her at all times, an incomplete woman, a convalescent with no chance of complete health, a Protestant in a Catholic enclave. Robert has exile thrust upon him as he abandons the field of inconsequence for a retreat to Surrey, designating as his heir Richard's son: "Perhaps, there, Richard, is the freedom we seek--you in one way, I in another. In him and not in us" (E 109). And the freedom that Richard seeks and presumably grants so freely locks him into permanent exile, whether in or away from Ireland.

> Psychoanalytical critics have, not without justification, viewed Exiles as a drama of internalized action. (Exiles 377)

[5]Northrop Frye explains that each of Vico's ages was characterized by its own kind of language: The poetic, the heroic, and the vulgar. In first stage language, what Frye calls "hieroglyphic," words have magical potential (5). To name something is to have power over it. Second stage language, Frye's "hieratic," is metonymic; words are taken as the outward sign of an inner reality (11). Third state language, Frye's "demotic," describes the objective natural order. Acting as a simile, language is accurate if it corresponds to what it describes (13). Joyce is writing first stage language. While his language appears to be descriptive, achieving a naturalistic richness of description almost beyond the imagination of those who actually live in Dublin, he is always concerned with re-creating the world anew. Joyce's words have the power to create new worlds. There is no need to call upon the divine or to refer analogically to the divine in a reality beyond ours. Joyce transforms the Catholic doxology; the divine is here on earth through us, with us, in us. Frye maintains that "the primary function of literature . . . [is] to keep re-creating the first or metaphorical phase of language during the domination of the later phases, to keep presenting it to us as a mode of language that we must never be allowed to underestimate, much less lose sight of" (23).

[6] John MacNicholas identifies several other models for Robert Hand including Oliver Gogarty, Vincent Cosgrave, Thomas Kettle, and Michael Bodkin (Textual Companion 7). Furthermore, MacNicholas argues that Ellmann's dating of the Prezioso confrontation (1911 or 1912) may be too early because in September 1913 Prezioso's amiable postcard suggests that the rift had not taken place yet (10-12).

[7] Unfortunately, even after Loughman's study some critics continue to misread the play. Patrick Parrinder describes Bertha as a character "whose whole moral being lies in her dedication to the 'strange wild lover' for whom she will go anywhere and submit to any indignity" (107). And as late as 1985, Richard Brown contineus to view Richard Rowan as "the central figure of the play" (169, n. 25).

[8] Referring to Anna Livia Plurabel, Roland McHugh explains how Joyce's processes of consecration and mockery can overlap: "One many [sic] exalt woman by comparison with the majesty of clear flowing water, or one may degrade her by depicting the rivermouth as a gargantuan urine genital orifice. Joyce treats both attitudes as cliche and instead spotlights fortuitous parallelism with a consequent split image and throwaway humour" (Finnegans Wake Experience 9).

CHAPTER II

"THE PURE SENSE OF LIFE . . . THE COMIC RHYTHM": COMIC THEORY AND JOYCE

A Punch and Judy show. According to Paul Lauter, this phrase aptly describes the various schools of comic theory that have neglected to establish a definitive theory (XV). While scholars investigating tragic theory can always begin with Aristotle's model in the *Poetics*, comic theorists have no such definitive starting point. I will discuss the problems of defining comedy, review the better known comic theories and some of the lesser known theories (particularly because many are the views of dramatists on their own art), suggest a minimal definition by examining the categories of various critics, and conclude with comments on the tragicomedy, tracing its roots back to medieval drama and forward to the modern drama of Ibsen, Chekhov, and Joyce. Ultimately I will show that the comic elements in *Exiles* display the mechanical humor of Henri Bergson and the regenerative humor of George Meredith and Susanne Langer. Chapter III will apply these combined principles of a comic theory to *Exiles*, admitting at the same time that *Exiles* is a very serious play.

Defining comedy would appear to be a fairly simple task, but Samuel Johnson warns that all "definitions are hazardous" (300). Despite his own admonitions, Johnson makes sport of the "embarrassed" definitions of others and simply declares comedy "to be such a dramatic representation of human lives, as may excite mirth" (301). Written almost two centuries later, Henri Bergson's famous book, Laughter, is concerned with "why the comic makes us laugh" (7). This tendency of many theorists to equate comedy with laughter has compounded the problem of definition. According to David Farley-Hills, critics are no more accountable for the laughter in comedy than they are accountable for the tears in tragedy (1). George Meredith distinguishes between comedy and laughter:

> The comic, which is perceptive is the governing spirit, awakening and giving air to the powers of laughter, but it is not to be confounded with them . . . . (134)

For Meredith, comedy is of "a different spirit." Its laughter is "impersonal and of unrivaled politeness, nearer a smile--often no more than a smile. It laughs through the mind, for the mind directs it; and it might be called the humor of the mind" (140-41). Susanne K. Langer expands upon Meredith's idea of "thoughtful laughter," demonstrating that humor is one of the "causes" of laughter (339), that humor is "a by-product of comedy, not a structural element" (341). Using Dante's Divina Commedia as an example, Langer explains that comic art can be entirely serious. Thus, humor "is not the essence of comedy, but only one of its most useful and natural elements" (346). Ultimately, for Langer, the comic can be equated with any art form that celebrates "the pure sense of life," what she calls the "comic rhythm" (327). Christopher Fry also acknowledges the distance between laughter and comedy, especially as it relates to comic drama:

> Comedy is not a drama with the addition of laughs. It is a world of its own, and when we leave it again, it can have given to the world of action we rejoin something of a new cast. (26)

Harold H. Watts expands on Fry's idea of "something of a new cast." Watts contends that we derive two pleasures from comedy--recognition and the application of a limited scale of human truth. These two pleasures work together to produce "almost a single effect--they call forth what we may call a sense of regain" (448). This sense of "regain", of renewal, of comedy's ability to celebrate life, to be a symbol of perpetual rebirth, of eternal life itself, is of extreme importance to what Joyce attempts to do in _Exiles_. It is, in fact, synonymous with what Joyce accomplishes in _Ulysses_ and _Finnegans Wake_, but before I apply this minimal definition of comedy to Joyce, one other problem of definition arises--categorization.

The most frequent system of categorization looks back to the two types of comic plays of Ancient Greece: the sexual innuendo and parody of Aristophanic Old Comedy and the more conservative New Comedy of Meander. Moelwyn Merchant labels his two categories Aristophanic and Shakespearean. The plays of Jonson, Moliere, and Pinter are examples of the "intellectual, analytic and argumentative form" (69) of the Aristophanic form. A "world not of castigation but of reconciliation" characterizes the types of comedies Merchant calls Shakespearean (76). In a recent article, William E. Gruber presents a fascinating new study of comedies. Gruber searches for some "fundamental comic aesthetic norm" which is "polarized with tragic drama, and to which Western playwrights either consciously or unconsciously have adhered" (261). He concludes that it is comedy's concern with "time's successful redemption" (264) that distinguishes it from tragedy:

> The comic hero either redeems time directly and completely, in the manner of an Aristophanic hero who finds permanent new life for himself and for the city state, or indirectly and partially, in the manner of characters in the tradition of New Comedy, who usually win as a result of their efforts a temporary stay of time's erosive powers. (264)

Ultimately, then, for Gruber, comedy "parodies . . . the essentially tragic illusion of Time and Destiny" (265).

Yet another classification, now famous, is Northrop Frye's six phases of comedy, each falling somewhere between the two extremes of irony and romance, and stressing the mythic connections (a point I expand upon with Susanne Langer's view at this chapter's end). Benamy Dobree identifies three types of comedy: Critical, Free, and Great. Critical Comedy, which constitutes the "vast bulk" of comedy, sets out definitely to correct manners by laughter (10).[1] Free Comedy is such that "no values count, that there are no rules of conduct, hardly laws of nature. Certainly no appeal, however indirect, is made to our critical or moral faculties" (14).[2] Dobree apparently is referring to the plays of the Restoration. Charles Lamb's comment on Congreve's comedies would appropriately describe this second category:

> I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect these sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairyland. (228)[3]

Dobree's third category, Great comedy, is close to tragedy, but whereas tragedy takes us "outside the life of the senses into that of imaginative reality," this kind of comedy "gives us courage to face life without any standpoint . . . we need not view it critically nor feel heroically. We need only to feel humanly . . . "(16). Dobree classifies the works of Cervantes and Chaucer as this third type that "makes daily life livable in spite of folly and disillusion" (16). James Feibleman's In Praise of Comedy gives this kind of comedy a different name, a label appropriate for Joyce's works--

divine comedy. Divine comedy contrasts the whole of worldly existence with an ideal order of which it always falls short. For Feibleman, the "comedian at his greatest is the mythmaker and the dreamer of the common dreams of humanity" (236); for Feibleman, Joyce is both. In an address before his fellow students at University College, Dublin, Joyce expresses the same thoughts:

> I believe further that drama arises spontaneously out of life and is coeval with it. Every race has made its own myths and it is in these that early drama often finds an outlet. (<ins>CW</ins> 43)

I will return to this connection between myth and drama after a brief discussion of the comic theory tradition.

Many theories of comedy begin by quoting Cicero's often-memorized, "comedy is an imitation of life," derived from Aristotle's distinction between comedy and tragedy: comedy aims at representing men as worse, tragedy as better than in actual life (<ins>Poetics</ins> II). Chapter V of Aristotle's <ins>Poetics</ins> elaborates on this point: comedy is

> an imitation of men worse than the average; worse, however, not as regards any and every sort of fault, but only as regards one particular kind, the ridiculous, which. . . . may be defined as a mistake or deformity not productive of pain or harm to others . . . . (2319)

Chapter VI, on the other hand, defines tragedy as an imitation not of men, but of an action, and continues with a fairly detailed description of tragedy. On the subject of comedy, however, the *Poetics* has comparatively little else to say. Herein, lies the problem I am confronting in this chapter--the lack of a model for a comprehensive definition of comedy. Lane Cooper believes that he has found the last fragment of Aristotle's comic theory and argues that the *Tractatus Coislinianus* explains Greek comedy "in the same way, if not to the same extent, as Aristotle's *Poetics* explains Greek tragedy" (15). Cooper concedes that parts of this fragment, whose close relation to the *Poetics* was first noticed by Cramer in 1839 in a tenth-century manuscript, may not derive from Aristotle, but the *Tractate* does demonstrate a skillful blending of material from the *Poetics*, *Rhetoric*, and *Ethics*. Cooper further concedes that Aristotle's theory cannot be fully recovered from this fragment. We can never know, for instance, how Aristotle would have associated his ideas on catharsis with comedy; we can only speculate on his views of comedy's emotional effect on the audience. Thus, even if we accept the *Tractate* as evidence of part of Aristotle's comic theory, we still possess no clear, standard model upon which to base our modern theories, a paucity which both Paul Lauter and W. D. Howarth address eloquently in their respective essays.

Lauter raises an interesting argument concerning Aristotle's theory. While most critics agree that Aristotle meant that comedy imitates naturally ridiculous objects, Lauter expostulates that this idea can be turned around to say that comedy makes the objects it imitates ridiculous. After discussing how the "impossibly innocent, sweet, handsome, and, not to be ironic, nice" people can be as prevalent in comedy as the ludicrous, Lauter concludes that we can amend Aristotle's statement to read that comedy represents "characters *either* better or worse than life, whereas tragedy represents themes *at once better and worse*" (xxiii). Hence, Lauter presents a kinetic view of comedy that changes as social and intellectual conditions alter: "one might then argue that tragedy concerns the necessarily disastrous condition of human experience whereas comedy by nature involves the changing, the growing, the improbable in that experience" (XXIV). Lauter's spin-off from Aristotle sounds similar to Langer's "comic rhythm," and it is this comic rhythm that defines the humorous touches of Joyce's serious play.

Joyce, like Lauter, refines Aristotle. In the *Paris Notebook*, he compiles his own aesthetic theory, arguing that comedy is superior to tragedy because it

> . . . excites in us the feeling of joy. All art which excites in us the feeling of joy is so far comic and according as this feeling of joy is excited by whatever is substantial or accidental in human fortunes the art is to be judged more or less excellent: and even tragic art may be said to

> participate in the nature of comic art so far as the possession of a work of tragic art (a tragedy) excites in us the feeling of joy. From this it may be seen that tragedy is the imperfect manner and comedy the perfect manner in art. (CW 144)

Also like Lauter, Joyce denies that comedy must contain a moral imperative. His remarks before the University College assembly raised this controversy:

> It is in most cases claimed by the votaries of the antique school that the drama should have special ethical claims, to use their stock phrase, that it should instruct, elevate, and amuse. Here is yet another gyre that the jailers have bestowed. I do not say that drama may not fulfil any or all of these functions, but I deny that it is essential that it should fulfil them. (CW 43)

Most theorists, however, do not agree with this denial of drama's mimetic function. They use Aristotle to explain comedy as a social corrective. Certainly this was the purpose of comedy as explained by Donatus.

An obscure and forgotten fourth-century grammarian, Donatus wrote a treatise on comedy which may have helped fix the Roman and Renaissance principles of comedy even more than did Aristotle's Poetics or Horace's Ars poetica; in fact Robert Torrance maintains that the "De Fabula" is an "outright reversal of Aristotle" (280). Donatus (or as most critis now claim, Evanthius) defines comedy as a "fable involving diverse arrangements of civic and private concerns, in which one learns what is useful in life and what on the contrary is to be avoided" (27). Unlike Aristotle, Evanthius classifies _The Odyssey_ as comedy. Torrance explains that Evanthius distinguished "comedy from tragedy by its joyful outcome and its movement from turbulence to tranquility . . . emphasizing the fundamental antithesis between the tragic renunciation and the comic affirmation of life" (281). Bergson's discussion of the origin of the word _comedy_ from the Greek _kome_ is probably derived from Evanthius' fragment:

> The Athenians, who preserved Attic elegance, would joyfully and gleefully come together from all places into the hamlets [_Kome_] and crossroads when they wished to censure those who were living evilly. Then using names, they would make public the lives of various individuals. (27)

The remainder of the fragment explains many details, from the color of clothing to the type of flutes used, that while interesting are not germane to the development of comic theory. Evanthius' importance lies in two directions: in his clear conception of comedy as a social corrective, an idea which prefaces all of Terence's early editions, which underlies the plays of Jonson and Moliere, and which forms the basis of many twentieth-century theories, particularly

Bergson's which says that the "social gesture" of laughter "makes us at once endeavour to appear what we ought to be, what someday we shall, perhaps in being" (17), and in his anticipation of modern theory of comedy as celebration of life.

Aside from the Ancients, Hobbes and Kant have been the two most widely-quoted experts on comic theory. Hobbes' "sudden glory" explanation for laughter appears in _The Leviathan_:

> _Sudden glory_ is the passion which maketh those grimaces called laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their aim that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. (I.6.93)

Thus, for Hobbes, laughter is an expression of moral superiority on the part of the person who laughs at his inferior counterpart or his former self (a point I will apply to Joyce in a subsequent chapter). This "sudden glory" or superiority theory is reflected in Pascal's seventeenth-century postulations in _Pensees_--"Two faces resembling each other, neither of which makes us laugh on its own, become laughable when they are juxtaposed" (in Howarth 12), and in Voltaire's eighteenth-century remarks in _L'Enfant prodigue_: "I have noticed as a spectator that general bursts of laughter are almost always caused by a mistaken apprehension . . . ."

(in Howarth 12). Kant's theory, as expressed in Critique of Judgement, is somewhat similar to Hobbes' and became the foundation for the numerous incongruity theories:

> In everything that is to excite a lively conclusive laugh there must be something absurd. . . . Laughter is the result of an expectation which, of a sudden, ends in nothing. (223)

Two nineteenth-century philosophers, Jean Paul Richter and Arthur Schopenhauer, expanded on Kant's ideas. Discussing why we laugh at Cervantes' Sancho suspended over a ditch, Richter writes:

> We lend our insight and perspective to his effort and produce through this contradiction the infinite absurdity. . . . The comic, like the sublime, never resides in the object, but in the subject. (77)

Schopenhauer's incongruity theory is probably the best-known. His massive The World as Will and Idea contains many ideas that strongly influenced twentieth-century views on comedy, particularly those of Henri Bergson. Schopenhauer explains the cause of laughter to be "simply the sudden perception of the incongruity between a concept and the real object" (I.3.355).

Bergson extends Schopenhauer's incongruity between abstract and concrete objects of perception to the incongruity between the animate and inanimate: "The attitudes, gestures and movements of the human body are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of mere machine" (29). Bergson opens his treatise on laughter with a definition of the comic spirit "as a living thing" (2), as something which is strictly applicable to humans:

> You may laugh at an animal, but only because you have detected in it some human attitude or expression. You may laugh at a hat, but what you are making fun of, in this case, is not the piece of felt or straw, but the shape that men have given it,--the human caprice whose mold it has assumed. (3)

Bergson probably derives his eloquent opening from the words of an equally eloquent philosopher a century earlier, William Hazlitt, who maintains: "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are, and what they ought to be" (263). While the discrepancy between humans as rigid automatons vs. humans as adaptable beings and the discrepancy of the ideal world vs. the real world becomes extremely significant in attempting to understand Joyce's comic theory (points I will explain more fully later in this chapter; in fact, Joyce's words will echo Hazlitt's), Bergson's influence on George Bernard Shaw is more readily apparent. Bergson's elan vital or "vital impulse" becomes Shaw's creative evolution. Superior to intellect, it is the "original impetus of life" (Larrabee 67), responsible for all artistic endeavor. In Shaw's comedies, the artist must isolate himself, must reject the temptations of the female. In Joyce's comedies, the artist must embrace the female principle to function, to create. Thus, both these twentieth-century writers take Bergson's ideas in divergent directions.

Bergson's first prescript on the inherent comedy of the automaton logically progresses to its corollary: "Any incident is comic that calls our attention to the physical in a person, when it is the moral side that is concerned" (51). Again it is the incongruity that is funny, the contrast between the person's moral sense and his physical needs. Bergson remarks that the tragic hero must not call attention to his body; he must stand because "to sit down in the middle of a fine speech would imply that [he] remembered [he] had a body" (52). Bergson's reference to Napoleon, who noticed that "simply . . . sitting down" transforms tragedy to comedy, illustrates a point of Schopenhauer's that there is a fine line between comedy and tragedy, that the "transition from profound seriousness to laughter is . . . so easy, and can be effected by trifles" (II 8). Schopenhauer believes that this repressed seriousness is the basis of comedy: "the serious man is convinced that he thinks the things as they are, and that they are as he thinks them. This is why relations of the sexes afford the easiest materials for jokes . . . the deepest seriousness lies at their foundation" (II.8.280). Ultimately these concepts of repressed seriousness from Schopenhauer and physical automatism from Bergson constituted the comic theory of Sigmund Freud.

According to Freud, the comic derives from a difference in "expenditure," and this difference separates comedy from tragedy:

> . . . a person appears comic to us if, in comparison with ourselves, he makes too great an expenditure on his bodily functions and too little on his mental ones . . . our laughter expresses a pleasurable sense of the superiority which we feel in relation to him. If the relation is reversed--if the other person's physical expenditure is found to be less than ours or his mental expenditure greater--then we no longer laugh, we are filled with astonishment and admiration. (195-96)

Freud's premise sounds strikingly close to Hobbes' superiority theory, but Freud contends that the "feeling of superiority bears no essential relation to comic pleasure" (196). While a comparison of what the clown does with what we might have done generates laughter or pleasure on our part, discovering that we might have taken the same action under the same conditions also elicits laughter. For Freud, laughter occurs whenever we release energy from its latent state, a state in which we were concealing something forbidden from our consciousness.

Fifty years later, Martin Grotjahn based his theory of comedy on Freud's idea of the dichotomous expenditure of energy between our conscious and unconscious selves. Joyce, I think, would have laughed good-naturedly at Grotjahn's Oedipal explanations of comedy:

> The psychodynamics of the comedy can be understood as a kind of reversed Oedipus situation in which the son does not rebel against the father but the son's typical attitudes of childhood longing are projected upon the father. (260)

Yet, another of Grotjahn's Oedipal explanations correctly identifies what Joyce is doing in his ironic portrayals of Stephen Dedalus and Richard Rowan:

> The humorist finally recreates in himself the good, kind, tolerant mother who has to smile at the misery of her unruly and guilty child whom she more or less willingly forgives. (260)

And as hyperbolic as Grotjahn's writing becomes, Joyce would also have agreed with Grotjahn's assessment of the important connection between the word as symbol and laughter (though Joyce would present it as Word and _felix culpa_). Grotjahn states:

> When man developed intelligence, he progressed from the sign to the symbol and the word, leading to the great triumph of verbal speech over the language of the body . . . . Only he (of the animals) understands the symbol in word and thought and may react with laughter. (259)

All the theories I have discussed so far, from Aristotle's to Freud's, depend upon equating comedy and laughter. Bergson further distinguishes laughter from feeling. He argues that

> the absence of feeling . . . usually accompanies laughter. It seems as though the comic could not produce its disturbing effect unless it fell, so to say, on the surface of a soul that is thoroughly calm and unruffled. Indifference is its natural environment, for laughter has no greater foe than emotion. (4)[4]

Here, he appears to be at odds with Schopenhauer and Freud who stress the seriousness underlying laughter, a seriousness of which we are aware, but which we repress. Bergson qualifies his comments, "I do not mean that we could not laugh at a person who inspires us with pity, for instance, or even with affection, but in such a case we must, for the moment, put our affection out of court and impose silence upon or pity" (4). Yet on this point his thoughts still diverge from George

Meredith's theory of comedy, a theory that has as great a relevance for Joyce's works.[5]

Meredith not only draws a pertinent distinction between laughter and comedy, but also differentiates comedy from satire and irony:

> You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love without loving them less; and move by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you imposes. (133)

Meredith's view is more tolerant than Bergson's and, as such, closer to Joyce's. Certainly, we can argue that Joyce employs satire and irony in his comedy, but his portrayal of Leopold Bloom evokes a sympathetic view on our part, not Bergson's "absence of feeling." Wylie Sypher eloquently describes Meredith's type of comedy as chastising without "rancor or sanctimony, for under the laugh . . . there is a taste of ashes--ashes of humility, a pessimistic concession that mortals are apt to be fools in all sorts of ways, and we too, but for the grace of God" (XIV). Emerson stated this same idea somewhat differently a half a century earlier:

> The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves.

> A rogue alive in the ludicrous is still convertible. (380)

And Thomas J. Rice, writing specifically about Joyce's comic technique, essentially echoes Meredith and Emerson:

> Joyce views the individual's capacity for laughter as yet another index of his capacity for love; both love and laughter take the individual out of himself --particularly if the object of part of the laughter . . . is the reader himself--and foster a communion of minds between artist and his audience, meeting above and beyond the surface of the work (as wit makes us see congruities above surface incongruities, or as puns make us realize the superficial verbal similarities between separate ideas). (31)

This view of comedy as not only a social corrective, but as social equalizer, a reminder of the plight of all mortals, a measure of one's ability to love is essential to an understanding of Joyce's comic theory. Meredith, furthermore, acknowledges the radiant, soothing influence of women. He gently admonishes Goethe and the German people:

> They are a growing people; they are conversable as well; and when their men, as in France, and at intervals at Berlin tea-tables, consent to talk on equal terms with their women, and to listen to them, their growth will be accelerated and be

> shapelier. Comedy, or, in any form, the comic spirit, will then come to them to cut some figures out of the block, show them the mirror, enliven and irradiate the social intelligence. (55)

Meredith's Comic Spirit knows no class boundaries, no gender prejudices. The female complements the male, her voice softening the edges of his tragic temper, her eyes compelling and nurturing self-reflection. Here, I hear echoes of Joyce's female principle; for Meredith, women are a necessary element for the Comic Spirit to thrive, and for Joyce, women are the prerequisite stimulus for artistic creation. Thus, for Meredith, comedy is a restorative for society and for self. The laughter provoked by comedy is not only derived from man's robotic similarity to machines and animals, nor from man's need to repress forbidden desires, nor from man's wish to escape responsibility, but from an inherent human desire to grow, to know the world and oneself better. As Meredith more eloquently exclaims, "the laughter directed by the Comic Spirit is a harmless wine, conducing to sobriety in the degree that it enlivens" (50). Joyce would certainly agree with Meredith's civilizing view of comedy, his "thoughtful humor," but he would accentuate the influence of the female principle. Meredith stresses the Apollonian side of humor; Joyce rejoices in the Dionysian. And for Joyce, it is female fertility that nurtures the grapes of the Dionysian wine.

Susanne Langer's comic conception also emphasizes the Dionysian. While Evanthius may trace the origins of comedy to Greek hamlets, Langer traces it to Comus, the Greek god of fertility:

> Comedy is an art form that arises naturally wherever people are gathered to celebrate life, in spring festivals, triumphs, birthdays, weddings, or initiations. For it expresses the elementary strains and resolutions of animate nature, the animal drives that persist even in human nature, the delight man takes in his special mental gifts that make him the lord of creation; it is an image of human vitality holding its own in the world amid the surprises of unplanned coincidence. The most obvious occasions for the performance of comedies are thanks or challenges to fortune. What justifies the "Comedy" is not that the ancient ritual procession, the Comus, honoring the god of that name, was the source of this great art form-for comedy has arisen in many parts of the world, where the Greek god with his particular worship was unknown--but that the Comus was a fertility rite, and the god it celebrated a fertility god, a symbol of perpetual rebirth, eternal life. (458)

Langer's premise of comedy as symbolic renewal is the Joycean view. Life is to be embraced and comedy embraces life. In Northrop Frye's well-known schema, comedy is the mythos of spring, of rebirth, and as Frye astutely demonstrates, "the earth that produces the rebirth is generally a female figure" (183), a point upon which the next chapter will elaborate. Langer labels this life-celebratory phenomenon of comedy the comic rhythm. For her, the difference between comedy and tragedy is "structural and radical" more than a difference in the author's point of view (327). She understands tragedy as "the personal sense of life, or self-realization," comedy as "the pure sense of life," the ability of an organism to maintain balance in a precarious world. All living things share a life rhythm:

> Life is teleological, the rest of nature is, apparently, mechanical; to maintain the pattern of vitality in a non-living universe is the most elementary instinctual purpose. An organism tends to keep its equilibrium amid the bombardment of aimless forces that beset it, to regain equilibrium when it has been disturbed, and to pursue a sequence of actions dictated by the need of keeping all its interdependent parts constantly renewed, their structures intact. (328)

For man, this process of maintaining equilibrium is even more complex. His powers of language and reason set him apart from other creatures and have caused him to construct a symbolic world. His "pure sense of life" reflects these symbolic structures which augment the natural world, what Langer calls "a brainy opportunism in the face of an essentially dreadful universe" (331). The essence of comedy is this human side of the basic life rhythm. While tragedy concerns itself with "character development, great moral conflicts, and sacrifice" (332), comedy concentrates on creating an "illusion of life . . . Destiny in the guise of Fortune . . . the upset and recovery of the protagonist's equilibrium, his contest with the world and his triumph by wit, luck, personal power, or even humorous, or ironical, or philosophical acceptance of mischance" (331).

Langer's comic vision would seem to be derived from a distinctly modern view of the world where God is dead and Fortune rules, where Langer defines Fortune as the "ineluctable future--ineluctable because its countless factors are beyond human knowledge and control" (331). Some might argue that this distinctly modern world necessitates a distinctly modern comic view, but I think not. In his Preface to the German Edition of Conrad's _The Secret Agent_, Thomas Mann states that "the achievement of modern art is that it has ceased to recognize the categories of tragic and comic or the dramatic classifications, tragedy and comedy, and views life as tragicomedy" (epigraph in Guthke). I would argue that man has viewed life as tragicomedy since the beginnings of civilization as we know it--Plauteus coins the term in Amphitryon with Mercury's speech in the Prologue:

> I'll turn it from a tragedy to a comedy without altering a line. . . I'll make it into a comedy with some tragedy mixed in . . . . I'll make it a tragicomedy. (3)[6]

English-speaking audiences easily see the roots of this strange mixture of tragedy and comedy in Medieval drama. In the Wakefield Master's Noah, God is destroying the world, but Noah's wife finds time to bicker; in the Second Shepherds' Pageant, the raucous antics of Mak and Gill border on the sacrilegious to uninformed modern readers, but in both these plays, the comic burlesques were readily acceptable to a people who saw the monstrous distance between human frailty and divine perfection. David Bevington explains that Noah's comic battle with his wife would recall Adam's with Eve. Employing typology, Noah and the Ark represent the Church; the wife's reluctance to come aboard equals the recalcitrance of sinners (290). While the play is about a serious subject, its treatment is comic, ending harmoniously with the proper submission of the wife, the proper balance of reason and passion. Likewise, in the Second Shepherds' Pageant, the stolen sheep in the cradle is a prelude to the true lamb of Bethlehem, Christ. Mak, the thief, is a sorcerer like Satan whose evil is exposed. Gill, the mother who will eat her own child, adumbrates the eucharist (383). This same mixture of comedy and tragedy causes critics to misunderstand the plays of Christopher Marlowe. Those who refuse to accept the slapstick scenes of Dr. Faustus as the hand of Marlowe fail to see that Marlowe is simply following two previously established patterns of the native tradition (yet it bewilders me that these same people will easily accept the artistic comic relief of Shakespeare's tragedies). The late comedies of Shakespeare, sometimes labeled "troublesome" (Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale) and the comic mad scenes that occur in Jacobean drama (I am thinking particularly of Middleton's The Changeling) should suffice as examples that viewing the world as a tragicomedy is hardly a modern notion. Furthermore, to view the world as "beyond human knowledge and control" is hardly uniquely modern either. Even in the highly ordered medieval world, where, according to C. S. Lewis, humans took comfort in the finite universe, where the absolute standard of comparison accentuated the smallness of the Earth (99), knowledge and control were still beyond the scope of man. Lewis pictures medieval man at the bottom of a staircase, the top obscured in a blast of light; modern man at the top of a staircase, its foot lost in the obscurity of darkness (74-75). Either way, man's vision is lost.

Langer's comic vision and Joyce's are not very different from Dante's. While modernists have no name for the entropic forces, the medievalists called theirs Satan. Regardless of one's belief in God and an afterlife, humans still have the need to fight disorder/evil to preserve their physical and spiritual self. While the first purpose of medieval comic drama is didactic--to give religious instruction, to establish faith and piety--it has, according to V. A. Kolve, another purpose, to celebrate man as loved by God (270). And while moderns might dispute the reference to God, modern comic vision has not changed much; it remains a celebration of life--to look at what life should be and accept it for what it is. In a conversation with Arthur Power, Joyce expresses these same thoughts:

> . . . though man's position in this world is fundamentally tragic it can also be seen as humorous. The disparity between what he wants to be and what he is, is no doubt laughable, so much so that a comedian has only to come on to the stage and trip and everyone roars with laughter. Imagine how much more humorous it would be if it happened accidentally to some ardent romantic in pursuit of his romanticism. That is why we admire the primitives nowadays. They were down to reality--reality which always triumphs in the end. (99)

Existence is cruel, but also a joy. In the magical words of Santayana, comic drama sees life as a "great Carnival":

> Certainly existence can bewitch us . . . compel us to cry as well as laugh . . . . Its cruelty, however, is as casual as its enchantments; it is not cruel on purpose but only rough like thoughtless boys . . . . Existence should be met on its own terms; we may dance a round with it, and perhaps steal a kiss, but it tempts only to flout us, not being dedicated to any constant lover . . . . The art of life is to keep step with the celestial orchestra that beats the measure of our career, and gives the cue for our exits and our entrances. Why should we willingly miss anything, or be angry with folly, or in despair at any misadventure? In this world there should be none but gentle tears, and fluttering tip-toe loves. It is a great _Carnival_, and amongst these lights and shadows of comedy, these roses and vices of the playhouse, there is no abiding. (422-23)

This is divine comedy--where man laughs at the failures of the worldly order contrasted with an ideal order. This is the comedy of Dante, the comedy of Joyce.

Yet, just as Dante's comedy contains a vivid portrayal of hell, so, too does Joyce's. In _Exiles_, we witness many betrayals before the reconciliation. In _Ulysses_, Bloom must experience the horrors of "Circe" before coming to his equanimity. In _Finnegans Wake_, Shem experiences numerous humiliations and defeats as a child in the "Mime" before he can become the mature artist/creator. In all three works, the basic view of life is in part comic, and while the bitter betrayals of Exiles hardly seem comic (again, perhaps tragicomedy is the better term), the Bergsonian antics of Robert and the regenerative/celebratory attitude of Bertha mark the underlying comic rhythm of the play.

Ultimately, it is of little importance whether there is a clear delineation between tragedy and comedy, whether we label Exiles tragedy, comedy, or tragicomedy. What is important is that we discern the many humorous touches Joyce added to his play, foreshadowing the readily acknowledged humor in his later masterpieces, the celebratory comic rhythm of life in Ulysses and Finnegans Wake.

ENDNOTES

[1] The bulk of writing on comic theory supports Dobree's first category. In Timber, Jonson admonishes those who write and enjoy the comedy of "the beast, the multitude" who "love nothing that is right and proper...reducing all wit to the original dung-cart" (92). Moliere's Preface to Tartuffe clearly asserts that the purpose of comedy is "to correct man's vices" (12). For him, comedy and satire are one and their power is great:

> The finest points of a serious morality are usually less powerful than those belonging to satire; and most men are scolded by nothing quite so well as by the portrayal of their faults. It is a great blow to vice to expose it to everyone's laughter. We can easily stand being reprehended, but we cannot stand being mocked. We are willing to be wicked, but we will not be ridiculous. (12)

Writing in the twentieth century, both Willard Smith and G. K. Chesterton proclaim the didactic nature of comedy. Smith argues that "moral disproportion" is the "primary and intrinsic quality of comedy . . . . It is because there is moral disorder within the character, that both our feeling of superiority and our perception of contrast arise" (174). Agreeing with the basic precepts of Jonson and Moliere, Chesterton writes:

> . . . all fun depends on some sort of solemnity . . . (203). For in a world where everything is ridiculous, nothing can be ridiculed. You cannot unmask a mask when it is admittedly as hollow as a mask. You cannot turn a thing upside down, if there is no theory about when it is right way up. If life is really so formless that you cannot make head or tail of it, you cannot pull its tail; and you certainly cannot make it stand on its head. Now there is a certain degree of frivolity that becomes formlessness. If the comic writer has not, at the back of his mind, either his own theory of life which he thinks right, or somebody else's theory of life which he thinks wrong, or at least some negative notion that somebody is wrong in thinking it wrong, he has really nothing to write about. . . . art can be immoral, but cannot be unmoral. (206-07)

[2] Walter Nash, in his recent book on comedy, confirms the non-judgmental definition of Dobree:

> . . . all the jokes, the puns, the paradoxes, the rhymes and anecdotes, seemingly add little to our knowledge and our stature; they are only human,

> after all; yet let us consider, let us affirm as a final word, that these things are a spume of the mind, art of which images of transcendent loveliness and wisdom are also born. (172)

[3]Congreve defines comedy as "A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying anything Peculiar and Natural to one Man only; by which his speech and Actions are distinguished from those of other Men" (182).

[4]A comment by Charles Lamb makes him an early predecessor to Bergson. For Lamb, comedy is concerned with characters "for whom you absolutely care nothing--for you neither hate nor love his personages . . . . We are not to judge them by our usages" (226). Lamb was praising the new comedies of Congreve which did not instruct. Bergson's "absence of feeling" when viewed in light of Lamb's remark, has Bergson straddling the two traditional camps of comic theory. Bergson sees comedy as a social corrective, but apparently asks us to divorce our feelings from this instruction.

[5]Joyce does not specifically refer to Meredith's ideas on comedy, but he did enjoy Meredith's novels. In a review, he wrote that Meredith's novels "have a distinct value as philosophical essays, and they reveal a philosopher at work with much cheerfulness upon a very stubborn problem." (_CW_ 89).

[6] J. L. Styan prefers to label this kind of comedy dark comedy. In opposition to Bergson's idea that "every comic character is a type," Styan contends that in dark comedy

> . . . the comic-pathetic hero, a creature who at the crisis is so human as to remember and hope rather than heed and act, often tends to assume universal qualities through the very individual and contradictory details that go to make him up. (269)

William E. Gruber's book, Comic Theatre, suggests another type of dark comedy, though he does not label it so. In a discussion of a production of Chekhov's The Cherry Orchard, Gruber maintains that the actors provide "a renewed experience of comedy which includes chagrin, even psychic pain" (130). The afterword of his book expresses these less than cheerful sentiments:

> In this case comic theater is neither exclusively celebratory nor fundamentally stabilizing. Indeed, it is a mode of theater considerably more radical than tragedy because it partly denies audiences the sacrificial motives they come to the theater seeking to pursue. (167)

CHAPTER III

"LIKE A STONE": COMIC THEORY AND FEMALE APOTHEOSIS IN EXILES

In the previous chapter I presented many articulate views on comedy, finding the theories of Bergson, Meredith, and Langer most helpful to an understanding of the comic elements in Exiles. And while it is difficult to define comedy and thus to label Exiles as such, Feibleman's label of "divine comedy" seems best suited to Joyce's particular kind of writing. We need to proceed cautiously, however, for all the categories discussed earlier employ an overlapping of comic techniques. In Exiles, Joyce uses the Bergsonian comedy of the mechanical in his portrayal of Robert; Meredith's thoughtful humor defines Richard, and Langer's celebration of life applies to Archie. In Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, Joyce uses what Kenner calls the "comedy of the inventory." The common denominator remains incongruity whether comedy makes us laugh or just produces Meredith's thoughtful smile as we think about the very serious moral issues many comedies confront. Both these elements of comedy--its funny side and its introspective side--can easily occur in the same play. Euripides' Helen is an early example. The stychomythia of the recognition scene is hilariously farcical, but the subject of the play--the foolish waste of war--is hardly a laughing matter. Another example, and a better one because of Ibsen's well-acknowledged influence on Joyce is _Hedda Gabler_. There are many humorous touches in the play, many demonstrating Tessman's absentmindedness and many displaying the sexual fencing of Judge Brackman and Hedda, but the play's concern with the demise of the intellectually dishonest individual, with the failure of the Romantic trapped in the past is also no laughing matter. Still, however, _Hedda Gabler_ is comedy. As M. C. Bradbrook explains,

> No judgment is passed upon Hedda, or even invited. The audience is not asked to respond with a verdict, and this objectivity of presentation, this neutral response is the most discomforting thing about the play. It was not at all characteristic of the age . . . .
>
> We neither dislike nor fear Hedda. We merely assent. Yes, the traits are recognizable. This feeling of _recognition of the species_ belongs to comedy rather than to tragedy, and Hedda Gabler has a strong taste of that bitter comedy, the comedy of _Tartufe_ and _Volpone_, which is more purely pessimistic than tragedy. (117, 119)

This same feeling of recognition and withholding of judgment adds to the discomfort of Joyce's audience. That Exiles was not a success on the stage should elicit no surprise. It took Pinter's direction in 1970 to make Ibsen's and Joyce's "objectivity of presentation" and its resultant discomforting ambiguity arresting to an audience, even more than arresting--an earmark of modern comic drama (and a point for further development in Chapter VI).[1]

Thus, while this chapter will analyze the comic elements of Joyce's play, I readily concede that Joyce is concerned with the very serious matter of betrayal--national, social, and marital. Despite Robert's clownish antics, we are very aware of the serious consequences of his actions and the potential for tragic results. Yet the tragedy does not materialize. Though Richard's "womb of doubt" whining implies no change on his part, the open ending forecasts a glimmer of hope for a return of Bertha's "wild lover." And though Richard and Robert remain ridiculously exiled to a solitary existence--from each other and from the women--the reconciliation between Bertha and Beatrice bodes well. In fact, this divine comedy by Joyce ends with an apotheosis of Bertha, continuing a tradition begun in Chamber Music and carried through to Finnegans Wake, where, according to Rev. Boyle, S. J., Joyce "aims at the glorification of women" (Epstein 123). Boyle, unfortunately, omits Exiles from his study, an odd omission since Joyce's play becomes a tribute to the most important woman in his life, Nora.[2]

Few critics have discussed the comic touches in the play. R. A. Maher presents an enlightening case for reading _Exiles_ as comedy though he concedes that an earlier draft of the play, the Cornell Fragments, located at SUNY Buffalo is more light-hearted. He contends that Richard and Robert know nothing of love, that the "true romantics in the play are the women who put up with the betrayals of the men and yet continue to desire personal relationships with them" (472). Maher views _Exiles_ as "a cacophony of man's illogical behavior," another example of Joyce shattering "some nineteenth-century categories" (473).

Written on twenty-two sheets of paper approximately three by five inches in size, the Cornell Fragments present a more tender, demonstrative Richard. Robert M. Adams postulates that these fragments constitute a private version of the play (105). While I disagree with Adams' view of the published version, especially his view of Bertha's reconcilement with Beatrice as the "mere surface sympathy of women in trouble" (96), I fully agree that these fragments represent Joyce's personal thoughts more closely. Michael Groden cites Ezra Pound as saying that _Exiles_ was the "necessary katharsis" before Joyce could write _Ulysses_ because of his jealousy over the Prezioso affair (JJA III.A.xxiii). Joyce, the master of irony, could not publish this version of Richard; it was too sentimental.

The play's final version retains a cynical Richard, devoid of sentimentality and replete with added ambiguity. Furthermore, John MacNicholas contends that the fragments demonstrate a change in Bertha's character from a "meek, almost supplicating tone . . . to defiance and anger in the play as it now exists," strengthening her role "enormously" (Textual Companion 24). The critical point here, however, is that this earlier draft demonstrates that from the play's inception Joyce's vision was at least in part comic. A brief perusal of five fragments--five, eight, nine, ten, and eleven--will justify this claim.

Fragment Five contains the ending of the published version, plus some additions:

> Bertha
>
> I wish I had never met you.
>
> Richard
>
> You would like to be freer now than you are.
>
> Bertha
>
> Yes.
>
> Richard
>
> (Pained.) So that you could go to that house at night more freely to meet your lover.
>
> Bertha
>
> (Putting her arms about his neck.) Yes, dear. I wish I had never met you. I wish you were my lover waiting for me there.

Richard

Or he?

Bertha

(Shaking her head.) You, dear. I want to love you over again. I want to forget you. (Kissing him.) Love me, Dick. Forget me and love me.

Richard

Have you forgotten me for him?

Bertha

No: I remember you. You have a different way of giving yourself to a woman--a more beautiful way than he has. (She smooths back his hair.) Dick, never embrace her the way men do.

Richard

Her? Who?

Bertha

Beatrice. Never do. Let her remember you always as I can see you now.

Richard

And if she does, will you not envy her?

Bertha

No. I want her to remember you always and to think of you. But not like others. Because she is a fine kind of person too. (JJA III.A. 5-1, 5-2)

This fragment clearly portrays a warm, affectionate Bertha, and while Joyce provides no stage directions informing us of Richard's movements or gestures, it is hard to imagine that he stands stiffly and coldly while she puts her arms around his neck, kisses him, and caresses his hair. Beatrice's role gets more play here, and Bertha's conciliatory attitude is quite evident in the ending lines of the fragment.

Fragment Eight again portrays a demonstrative Bertha, but this time the stage directions and the language Joyce gives to Richard also give him a warmer glow. He smiles and seems caught up in her nostalgic reverie. His responses of "It had not begun" and "Why dear?" imply that he is still very much in love with her:

> Bertha
>
> (Putting her arm about his waist.) I have been true to you, Dick, have I not?
>
> Richard
>
> (Smiling.) You know that best yourself.
>
> Bertha
>
> (Averting her eyes.) I have been. Very true. I gave you myself. You took me and you left me.
>
> Richard
>
> Left you!
>
> Bertha
>
> You left me: and I waited for you to come back to me.

Richard

(Disturbed.) Yes, I know what you mean.

Bertha

O, Dick, those long evenings in Rome, what I went through! Do you remember the terrace on the top of the house where we lived?

Richard

Yes.

Bertha

I used to sit there, waiting, with the poor child playing with his toys, waiting until he got sleepy. I could see all over the city, the sun setting and right under me the river, the *Tevere*. What is it called in English? I forget.

Richard

The Tiber.

Bertha

Yes. It was lovely, Dick, only for I was so sad. I was alone, forgotten by you and by all. You had grown tired of me because I was too simple and uneducated for a person like you. I thought my life was over and yours too.

Richard

It had not begun.

Bertha

And I used to look at the sky, so beautiful, without a cloud, and at the city you said was so old. It was all something high and beautiful. But it made me cry.

Richard

Why, dear?

Bertha

Because I was so uneducated. I knew nothing about all those things. And still I was moved by them. (JJA III.A. 8-1, 8-2)

Fragment Nine presents a dramatically different Richard from the public version. This Richard admits his errors to Bertha (admissions he makes to only Robert in the finalized text), and he is obviously very much in love with her, passionately demonstrating his feelings with his intimate gestures:

Richard

I suffered too.

Bertha

But not like I did, Dick.

Richard

Yes. I know what you felt. That I was giving to another the finer part of myself and only what was gross to you.

Bertha

I could not bear that. I tried to understand everything in your strange character. But that no.

Richard

I saw it in your eyes, a vague fear, the fear of life. I heard it in your voice, your wonder. You were asking yourself what was this thing in life, in love itself; and you were praying almost in your heart that it might not come, even that life or love might die before it came.

Bertha

(Pointing to her breast.) In there, dear. In my heart I felt something breaking. That you saw in my eyes.

Richard

(Seizing her hands, kisses her passionately.) O, how I loved you then! My little bride! My little bride in exile!

Bertha

Am I useful to you in your life, dear, in something?

Richard

(Laughing, shakes his head.) No quite useless!

Bertha

Ah, tell me! I want to know. (JJA.III.A. 9-1, 9-2)

Fragment Ten continues the portrayal of a tender, loving Richard:

> Bertha
>
> When you said goodnight to me I knew by your voice you wanted to be alone. I felt so sad then, Richard. Your lips when you kissed me were so soft and cold. I could not speak to you as if the world were between us. And when I was in bed, alone in the room, in the silence and saw the little lamp burning on the washstand I thought of my girlhood.
>
> Richard
>
> (Tenderly.) Tell me more, dearest.
>
> Bertha
>
> I thought I was in the room I used to sleep in when I was a girl, that I had never been in a man's arms, that I was still innocent and young. I was innocent when I met you first, Richard, was I not?
>
> Richard
>
> (Touching her sleeve with his lips.) Always, always.
>
> Bertha
>
> I thought I was in that room and I could see it, the little oil-lamp burning quietly near my bed, and on the wall I could see the picture of Robert

Emmet that used to be on the wall. You know? In a green uniform, with his hat off, with dark eye. Then . . .

Richard

Then?

Bertha

Then I thought of Robert. I felt you were gone away and would never come back to me. I felt you were not thinking of me but of her and perhaps he was. I felt lonely for someone.

Richard

How did you think of him?

Bertha

His name, his eyes, and how his voice is when he says my name. I was glad to think that he sleeps alone: and I said his name to myself softly thinking perhaps he might hear me someway.

Richard

(Walks to and fro a little in silence, then standing near her) Bertha!

Bertha

What?

Richard

Did you feel then that you were beginning to love him? Tell me the truth.

Bertha

(Simply) No. I loved you.

Richard

> Even then?

Bertha

> I felt I had lost you. I could not understand why. It was useless to think what it meant. You were lost to me. (JJA.III.A. 10-1, 10-2, 10-3)

Fragment Eleven contains only two sentences that cannot be placed anywhere in the published version of _Exiles_. Many of the other fragments included a few lines or attitudes scattered throughout the final version, but these cryptic lines appear nowhere. A small textual problem exists because I could not decipher one word from Joyce's handwriting. Adams' transcription identifies the word as _cage_ (93), but MacNicholas claims the word is _case_ (_Textual Companion_ 181).

Richard

> What you wished has taken place--and what I wished. In this cage when events were in our power we cannot blame them. (JJA.III.A. 11-1)

If I interpret these sentences correctly, this play ends happily, or as close to happily as modern drama permits. Bertha gets her wish--a return of Richard--and Richard gets his wish--a test and strengthening of their love. The autobiographical parallels presented in Chapter I uphold this view. Thus, the Cornell Fragments present evidence of a comic genesis for _Exiles_. Yet while both Maher and Adams acknowledge this point, neither fully analyzes the comic elements in the published version, the purpose of this dissertation.

The overtly comic touches in the play come through the slapstick, Bergsonian characteristics of Robert Hand. Joyce achieves other more subtle comic touches through the use of four motifs that he continues to employ in the later works--flowers/gardens, stones, trees, and umbrella/rain (I reserve fire/light for Chapter V). Joyce's most important comic technique, however, is his use of Bertha as a symbol of regeneration, the female principle as essential inspiration for the successful artist.

Demonstrating slapstick, Bergsonian characteristics, Robert Hand is the comic clown of *Exiles*. Richard Pearce identifies four types of archetypal clowns:

> The first is the buffoon, physically undignified but eternally resilient, incapable of foresight or prudence, single-minded and simple-minded . . . The second . . . also destroys conventional reality but shows life to be a game and turns the world upside down to reassert the basic purpose in the universe. The third kind of clown . . . annihilates reality, turns life into a game and the world upside down--but his result is chaos.
>
> There is still another archetypal clown figure . . . Harlequin. Animated by a spirit close to that of the medieval demon, he

> continually breaks the laws of society and nature --but not out of rebellion and not toward the end of gleeful destruction . . . than to destroy . . . . Harlequin has no illusions about this world but nevertheless affirms the greatness of the human spirit. (102-103)

Robert fits Pearce's definition of the first type, the buffoon. His antics prefigure those of Bloom, though Bloom exemplifies Pearce's fourth type, a constructive affirmative character of the Harlequinade. An in-depth look at three scenes of Act I portrays a bumbling clownish Robert Hand.

Mentioned within the opening minutes of the play, Robert Hand does not enter until the second scene (all references are to the 1983 Penquin paperback edition, 26). Although Joyce designates no scene divisions within the acts of the play, for the most part, two characters dominate the stage, and it is easy to view these clusterings of two people as separate scenes, a succession of pas de deux. Thus, after the opening dialogue between Richard and Beatrice plays out, Brigid ushers in Robert. Right from the start, Robert makes a fool of himself, establishing himself as a typical Bergsonian comic character. Holding a "large bunch of red roses wrapped in tissue paper," he reaches out for Beatrice, his "dearest coz" with only one hand, unable to embrace her with two arms (for surely he is not going to shake hands as he does with Archie in the next scene). With the roses between them and Beatrice's gaze riveted on the bouquet, Robert utters his first faux pas--"You are admiring my roses. I brought them to the mistress of the house. [Critically.] I am afraid they are not mine." Robert calls the roses his, then realizes that as a gift they can no longer be his, setting up quite early in the play a couple of themes: Robert's possessiveness and his uncanny ability to be in the way, to be a thorn in the side of the other three characters (a pun that Joyce, surprisingly, doesn't push with some onstage line).

After this first verbal bumble with the roses, Robert commits a physical one. He "lays the roses carelessly on a chair out of sight." Certainly this action must be confusing, if not strange to the viewing audience. Why would Robert lay the roses down instead of holding them, ready to present them to Bertha? He has not even asked if she is home yet. And why would anyone lay a "large bunch" of expensive roses "carelessly" and "out of sight"? To an audience who has just witnessed an awkward, one-sided tete-a-tete between Richard and Beatrice and sees evidence of a possible liaison between Robert and Bertha, Robert's actions must connote embarrassment at being discovered by Beatrice and pretended nonchalance over the value of his gift.

With the introduction of a single prop--the roses--Joyce masterfully demonstrates the complexity of the double love triangle in the play. Furthermore, the Dantean irony of Robert giving the roses to Bertha, not to Beatrice, would have been readily apparent to any educated person in the audience. Joyce intensifies the connection between Bertha and Dante's Beatrice in the notes: "Bertha at the highest pitch of excitement in Act III enforces her speech with the words 'Heavens'" (E 158). Mary T. Reynolds also equates Bertha with the Dantean Beatrice: "The 'Beatrice' who walks beside the lover of Exiles is Bertha, whose simple pride Joyce portrays, who was willing to love without counting the cost" ("Dante in Joyce's Exiles" 42).

Robert's next remarks to Beatrice are hardly complimentary, and though the stage directions say that Robert utters them "politely," they are quite rude. He insults Beatrice's relatives (especially her father): "And how are all down in Youghal? As dull as ever?" and then insults Beatrice: "Why did you do it? You have some queer ways about you, Beatty, haven't you?" Robert's "Why did you do it" is ambiguous. Does it refer to his previous statement about Beatrice's sudden and unannounced arrival by train or to Beatrice's trip to see her Protestant father in Youghal?[3] We cannot be sure. In addition, his question has different overtones to the audience, who is perhaps wondering why Beatrice has finally, after nine years, confronted Richard, putting herself on the line. An inherent irony resides in Robert's remarks. We immediately begin to wonder about Robert's motivations. Why has he done what he has done--brought roses? Beatrice quickly puts Robert down with her reply of "I am quite used to getting about alone," and as Robert tries to hem-and-haw his way out of his latest blunder with his "Yes, but's," he is saved by Archie's delightfully comic entrance through the window, made more comic by Robert's introductory words, "in a characteristic way," echoing his earlier line about Beatrice.

Archie's entrance through the window marks him as the comic "naive." Freud maintains that this comic type "occurs if someone completely disregards an inhibition because it is not present in him. . . . The effect produced by the naive is irresistible, and seems simple to understand" (182). B. J. Tysdahl remarks that Archie's entry through the window twice (the second time occurs in Act III after his ride with the milkman) suggests that Archie, the only truly happy character, brings in "sunlight and fresh air" with him (89). Another equally comic line, because of its dramatic irony, is Robert's response to Archie that he has come to see "pappie." With roses in hand? Second only to Beatrice's, "I just came for Archie's lesson." Without the music?

A curious reversal happens in this small scene of three--Beatrice, Robert, and Archie. Previously, Beatrice's no-nonsense attitude has exposed Robert as a bumbling, inept character. But here, we see Robert as genuinely funny and entertaining to Archie because of his excellent rapport with the child. Robert's self-deprecatory remarks about swimming like a stone coupled with Archie's use of Italian and gestures add some amusing business to the scene. Robert's later remark addressed to Beatrice and Bertha is gallant--"A lady's movements are always interesting." Also, it is Robert who suggests the compromise of "a half-lesson" to cover Beatrice's embarrassment over her visit. We see a new Robert, a man with a sense of humor, a valuable quality that Richard Rowan seems to lack and that reminds us that there is still hope for Robert because as Emerson points out: "A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible" (126). At the play's end when Richard becomes the Bergsonian comic automaton, Emerson's words will then apply to Richard (a point developed later in this chapter).

In the next scene between Robert and Bertha, we see yet another Robert--the seducer; however, even in this new role we see shades of the old bumbling Robert, adding more comic moments, but also adding a very important tonal quality to the whole play, for Joyce repeats the entire scene moments later--this second time at Richard's expense. Robert's love-making to Bertha is so hyperbolic that he becomes the silly sentimentalist. Robert's exaggeration in words produces comic effect in the same way that an artist specializing in caricature achieves comedy. Of caricature Bergson says: "For exaggeration to be comic, it must not appear as an aim but rather as a means that the artist is using in order to make manifest to our eyes the distortions which he sees in embryo" (27). Joyce is the artist, Robert and, later, Richard his caricatures.

Robert's passion directly contrasts with Bertha's coolness. She pokes fun at his sentimentality:

> Robert
>
> I think of you always--as something beautiful and distant--the moon or some deep music.
>
> Bertha
>
> (Smiling.) And last night which was I? (35)

Shortly thereafter, when he calls her his "wildflower" (words Joyce uses in the letters and develops in Ulysses), Bertha strikes a hit with "I am wondering if that is what you say--to the others," as she lays the cultivated, not wild, flowers in her lap. Bertha accepts very little of his sentimental cant, constantly pulling him back to reality. When Robert nostalgically recalls the night Bertha landed on Kingstown pier, Bertha destroys the illusion with--"I felt very tired and dirty." And when Robert pushes it, asking her what she did see that night, Bertha gives it to him straight--a fat man flirting with two ladies. A few serious moments intervene with Robert's mention of Richard, but the sentimentalist returns "in the tone of passion" (emphasis mine). His "Little Bertha" is rebutted with "But I am not so little. Why do you call me little?" (The parallel to Ibsen's Doll House and Nora as "little squirrel" is easily recognizable.) His "My life is finished--over" is countered with "You silly fellow!" Perhaps, the funniest part of this flirtatious scene occurs with Robert's numerous kisses and the lines demonstrating the gulf between his pseudo-passion and Bertha's down-to-earth coolness:

> Robert
>
> . . . I will speak to you; tell you all, then I will kiss you, then, long long kisses--when you come to me--long long sweet kisses.
>
> Bertha
>
> Where?
>
> Robert
>
> Your eyes, your lips, all your divine body!
>
> Bertha
>
> I meant where do you wish me to come. (41)

This misunderstanding portrays Robert, once again, comically, once again, incongruously.

The scene is best summed up by Robert's comment on the roses, one which really underscores his own previous hyperbole: "I am afraid they are overblown." Joyce's use of the roses as a comic motif has important ramifications for the later masterpieces. These roses foreshadow the flower motif running all through _Ulysses_ (Leopold Bloom, Henry Flower, Molly as wildflower) and _Finnegans Wake_ (the Floras). Furthermore, they remind us of the many gardens in these works--both literal and figurative.

Robert appears in one last scene before the close of Act I where Joyce highlights a second comic device, a stone. The scene takes on a confessional tone as Richard confronts Robert, yet many humorous touches, at Robert's expense, demonstrate his cavalier attitudes, adding more humor to the play. This small scene centers on a prop--a flat stone--just as Joyce's earlier scene between Robert and Bertha centered on roses. Irritated with Robert's light and flippant view of women and sex, Richard asks Robert if he kisses "everything that is beautiful." Robert, playing the clown (or, perhaps, Joyce taking a slam at Irish sentimentality--kissing the blarney stone), picks up a flat stone lying on the table, which we later learn Bertha has found on the strand, holds it up and kisses it, comparing it to "a woman's temple," calling the kiss "an act of homage." This small, silly, seemingly insignificant piece of stage business is, in fact, quite important, as it foreshadows the opening chapter of Ulysses. Using the female body in Mulliganesque fashion, Robert performs a mock consecration of the eucharist. This stone--cool, polished, delicate, silent, and beautiful--"suffers our passion." In a warped reversal of Catholic transubstantiation, Robert transforms the passion of Christ to sexual passion, the physical and spiritual suffering of Christ and all sinners to the cool, silent suffering of a stone--a totally ridiculous mockery of the core of Catholicism--and of love. Another reversal of the Mass is Robert's "Prosit!" as he lifts his glass prior to the elevation of the stone, thus reversing the proper order of host before chalice. Robert intuitively senses that the stone "does [him] good," but fails to see the spiritual potential of love, of male/female relationships, mundanely asking, "Is it a paper weight or a cure for a headache?"

At this point in the dialogue, we hear from Richard that Bertha also says the stone is "beautiful," and the contrast between these three characters becomes glaringly evident: Robert sees beauty in the stone, but only in a flippant, earthy way; Richard sees no beauty in naturally earthy objects, only in ideas; Bertha alone combines these two extremes, seeing both the natural and spiritual qualities inherent in the stone's beauty, inherent in love. Thus, to use Boyle's terms, Richard is guilty of Stephen Dedalus' "transmutation," striving for the impossible, to make the divine human.[4] Bertha represents "consubstantiation," making the human human and bridging the human with "some secular or humanistic 'divine.'" Robert's frequent insistence on divorcing sexuality from spirituality allies him with Buck's (and Boylan's) "subsubstantiation," trying to make the human bestial. On the other hand, his distinct ability to poke fun at himself and to develop rapport with the son, Archie, ally him with Bloom's "consubstantiation." There is no "transaccidentation" here, only the potential in Richard's pen--if he can conquer his *hubris*.

Joyce's eucharistic imagery in *Exiles* has yet another significance. His use of the stone intentionally pulls us back to an earlier scene between Robert and Archie, to

Robert's inadequate swimming talents. "Like a stone," says Robert, ". . . down; straight down." Joyce used this image earlier in Giacomo Joyce: "My words in her mind: cold polished stones sinking through a quagmire" (13). For Robert, stones sink. He fails to see their potential for rising even when he elevates the stone. This image of a falling stone coupled with the eucharistic stone charge this scene with an overlay of postlapsarian imagery that clearly foreshadows the fall of both Robert and Richard later in the play, the deification of Bertha, and, of course, the richly textured felix culpa imagery to come in Finnegans Wake. In addition, this eucharistic stone foreshadows the "wafers" of Circe, sandwiching "lumps of coral and copper snow" (U-GP 350). Circe also contains a "soap" eucharist and a mock consecration, elements of a Black Mass. Priests elevate a cuckoo clock at the precise moment that Boylan cuckolds Bloom. Even the bell-ringing of the pre-Vatican II Church is present as the bed-springs chime three times. Furthermore, according to Grace Eckley, the stone in Finnegans Wake "symbolizes the resurrection" (Begnal and Eckley 187).

Robert's comic antics reach their apex in Act II, which opens with typically Ibsenian set directions--very thorough and symbolic. The definitive model for Exiles, as acknowledged by both Harry Levin in 1944 and twenty years later by Hugh Kenner, is Ibsen's When We Dead Awaken. The parallels are striking. The past returns to threaten the marriage and sincerity of an artist. Ibsen's artist Rubek is similar to Joyce's Richard Rowan, but while Rubek leaves his worldly wife Maia for his first inspiration Irene and Maia flies to the arms of the seducer-hunter Ulfheim, Richard rejects Beatrice (the figure from the past and his intellectual inspiration) and Bertha remains loyal to her husband, rejecting the seducer Robert.[5] A line of Rubek's to Irene, "There is something hidden behind everything you say," can be applied aptly to Robert; here, something is revealed in everything Robert does.

The furnishings of the room reveal much about Robert's nature, an easy-going flexibility that contrasts sharply with Richard's intellectualism: "Easychairs here and there." On the walls are "many framed black and white designs," a touch of modernism that appears to clash with the Turkish pipe, a touch of the nineteenth-century romantic, yet both represent the libertine, the rebel who wishes to be free of constrictive rules--artistic, societal, moral. Seated at the small black piano playing Tannhauser with a single lamp lit, Robert is the picture of the overly-sentimental lover. He discontinues playing to strike a pose (one of many to follow in this act). Resting his "elbow on the ledge of the keyboard," he meditates on the arrival of his lady love, Bertha. Then he rises to perfume the air and inhale it. He smooths his hair "carefully" and actually "sighs once or twice." Next he leans back, and with hands in pockets and legs outstretched, he poses as the casually waiting man. Robert becomes the seventeenth-century _précieux_, an incredibly melodramatic, self-conscious dandy for whom appearances and exaggerated gestures are of prime importance. But, unlike the cult of _préciosité_ instituted in the Parisian salons of Madame Rambouillet in 1630, Robert's whining love is but a means to an end.[6]

At the knock, he runs out exclaiming, "Bertha," only to return with Richard. The incongruous surprise of Richard instead of Bertha is comic. Comedy is an art of juxtaposition, and Robert's elegant dress and perfumed air contrasted with Richard's conservative grey tweed, felt hat, and umbrella prompts laughter, especially when accompanied by Robert's outrageous, "You are lucky to find me in" (73). In addition to its dramatic irony, the incongruity of Robert's appearance and Robert's words is comic. Once again, Robert plays the Bergsonian clown whose first response to Richard is to deal with the inanimate objects Richard is carrying, then to chat on about the addition of his piano, and to pretend concern about Richard's lack of decorum in his choice of dress to see the vicechancellor: "(with exaggerated alarm) But are you going in that suit?" In each case, Robert is taking charge of the physical while totally ignoring the moral side of an issue.

Funniest of all in the Bergsonian sense is Robert's mechanical attention to his watch. He feigns astonishment at the time--"Twenty past eight already, I declare!"--but knows quite as well as the audience what time it is (73). Richard's "Have you an appointment?," and Robert's foolish repetition of the time confirms the lack of dramatic irony in this case. Everyone knows that Robert is anxiously awaiting Bertha's arrival--Robert, the audience, and Richard. Richard directly confronts Robert with his knowledge of the expected guest, "With Bertha," and the scene precariously borders on the tragic. The continuing stychomythia adds tension:

> Robert
>
> Are you mad?
>
> Richard
>
> Are you?
>
> Robert
>
> Who told you?
>
> Richard
>
> She. (74)

Richard's dramatic single word response adds yet another betrayal of trust to this complicated weaving of love triangles. Bertha has revealed her intentions to Richard not only for this night, but evidently all along. Richard further explains, "I know everything. I have known for some time" (74). But Robert's continuous hyperbole and overly sentimentalized gestures and words keep the scene in the realm of comedy. Robert lowers his voice, speaks "rapidly," stops, then "[s]uddenly" begins again, melodramatically "[p]asses his hand over his forehead," looks down in pretended remorse and reconsideration, then up again in pretended confession as he stumbles verbally and then daringly says the forbidden word--"wife." Of course, he has not confessed anything. He still refuses to say the truly forbidden word that he could not say to Bertha before--love. Strangely enough, in another Ibsenian parallel, _love_ is a word that Hedda does not understand nor use (Bradbrook 116). Even Richard does not understand the word. To become the artist he desires to be, he, like Stephen in _Ulysses_, must learn the "word known to all men"--_love_ (_U_ 581). Serious confession requires a change of heart. Robert has changed nothing. He continues to act and speak like the clown, like a fool, despite his own admission that he was trying to "break it off without seeming a fool" (74). His subsequent gestures and words proclaim him to be just that.

Again the incongruity of Robert's words and actions adds comedy to the scene. He says that it is "a great relief" three times, but, of course, his actions--the perfumed air, his evening dress, his exaggerated gestures--all say exactly the opposite. One could perhaps argue that this scene is anything but comic with Robert's blatant lies: "You had only to speak a word--to save me from myself" (75). Richard _is_ speaking many words, yet it will not deter Robert's wooing once Bertha enters. Again, Robert's hyperbolic words and actions keep the scene within the comic realm: "(Passes his hand again over his forehead.) It was a terrible trial: now also. (Desperately.) Well, it is past. It will be a lesson to me for all my life" (75-76). As the stock comic clown, Robert pulls the same gestures and phrases from his stock repertoire. A page later he will repent "What a relief" is Richard's "lesson." Some may argue that this scene is not funny to an audience who is viewing this action for the first time; they do not have the ability that the reader of the text has to go backward or forward at will and thus would not know that this contrite Robert will revert to his stock wooing antics as soon as Bertha enters, yet the play's director and actors do have this hindsight. Being thoroughly familiar with the play's movement, a careful director would ensure that Robert's current contrition would edge on ambiguity to foreshadow his actions later in the scene with Bertha.

I will concede that the remainder of the Richard and Robert confrontation scene does not appear at all comic with each finally confessing secrets he has never revealed before; however, I will demonstrate that even this scene is comic in nature. Robert utters the forbidden word and boldly defies Richard: "I love her and I will take her from you, however I can, because I love her" (78). But this fervor is quickly followed by Robert's relinquishment of any rights, of his sudden realization that it is Richard's strength that Robert admires, that makes Bertha so attractive. "She is yours, your work. (Suddenly.) And that is why I, too, was drawn to her. You are so strong that you attract me even through her" (78). And then comes a very dramatic moment, Richard's three words, his first confession, his first removal of his mask of pride: "I am weak" (78). Richard drops the mask in a second confession a few moments later, admitting that he has been unfaithful to Bertha, that carnal betrayal has occurred:

> Robert
>
> (With some hesitation.) Has it never happened to you in these years--I mean when you were away from her, perhaps, or travelling--to . . . betray her with another? Betray her. I mean, not in love. Carnally, I mean . . . Has that never happened?
>
> Richard
>
> It has. (83)

Again Richard's confession is dramatic, a terse two words to Robert's long-winded, repetitious, ambling question. Richard's third confession, however, is longer, more in Robert's vein; indeed, even the way he proclaims it is more like Robert's:

> (Looks away again; in a lower voice.) That is what I must tell you too. Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her--in the dark, in the night--secretly, meanly, craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that

> passionately and ignobly, to be dishonoured
> forever in love and in lust, to be . . . (88)

Surely, this is not the noble, high-minded Richard so many critics point to. This Richard has regressed to Robert's sentimentalizing. Even his admission of his *hubris*, "From pride and from ignoble longing. And from a motive deeper still," is hyperbolic and mysterious. Moments later he seems actually excited by the prospects of a duel between them. Robert's outrageous response calling for a "battle of both our souls" (89) returns comedy to a scene almost over the edge into bathos. Ultimately, Richard's unmasking is a comic device. According to Freud, unmasking "applies where someone has seized dignity and authority by a deception and these have to be taken from him" (201). Though the unmasking of Robert and Richard in this confessional scene is not laughable, it is comic in that these men fail to see themselves as fools. Again, to use Freud's words, the comedy arises in Joyce's "attention to frailties which they share with all humanity" (202). A second glance at the scene reveals more details of Joyce's latent comic touches.

Incongruity, repetition, role reversal, and hyperbole fill the scene. Robert asks Richard if he is "mad," then returns with an admission that "moments of sheer madness" are parts of "nature's law" (79). Robert chastises Richard with the same words Richard used previously with Beatrice: "You were made to give yourself to many *freely*" (87, emphasis mine). Robert becomes defiant, challenging Richard with "the language of [Richard's] youth," and then consoling his guilt--"What would she be without you?" (84) and "We have said all there is to be said. Let the past be past" (87). In effect, Robert and Richard have reversed roles. The incongruity of Robert playing Richard and Richard playing Robert adds levity and shows them as interchangeable. As mirror images they foreshadow the polarities of Finnegans Wake--Shem and Shaun. Distanced as we are, the scene takes on comic proportions. All Robert's actions are still as "overblown" as the roses. He clamps his hands over Richard's mouth, while moments later Richard in Robert-like fashion "passes his hand across his brows." And Robert's diction continues in the comic vein. His Irish jab at Anglo-Saxon rule is topical: "No. Neither an angel nor an Anglo-Saxon. Two things, by the way, for which I have very little sympathy" (87). Robert's repetition of Richard's line turns a nearly tragic confession into silly vaudeville. Speaking of his confession to Bertha, Richard says, "I wakened her from sleep and told her. I cried beside her bed; and I pierced her heart" (89). Robert replies, "But tell her, waken her from sleep to tell her. It was piercing her heart." Robert's response to Richard's heart-wrenching admission draws attention away from the moral issue to the physical, an example of true Bergsonian humor. Of repetition, Bergson says, "whenever there is repetition or complete similarity, we suspect some mechanism at work behind the living" (34). And, of course, for Bergson, it is the mechanical that is comic. Discussing Jonson's theory of the humor (another poet Joyce greatly admired), Northrop Frye also comments on the comic value of repetition:

> The principle of the humor is the principle that unincremental repetition, the literary imitation of ritual bondage, is funny . . . . Repetition overdone or not going anywhere belongs to comedy, for laughter is partly a reflex, and like other reflexes it can be conditioned by a simple repeated pattern. (168)

Before Robert could not say the forbidden word, love; now Richard cannot say it: "To me, to me only she gave . . . (He breaks off and turns aside, unable to speak.)" (86). Richard's avowal of his own selfish nature and of Bertha's generous one marks this scene as serious because of its many significant revelations, but the scene is not without Joyce's continuing comic touches. The scene ends with a return of the foolish Robert, pretending again that he does not know that the knock at the door means Bertha has arrived. Robert's desperate actions to get out of the room contrast with his earlier cant on "the blinding instant of passion alone." I wonder what Robert has in mind when he asks Richard, "Shall we? Freely? Together?" (90) A menage a trois?[7] Thus, incongruity, repetition, role reversals, and hyperbole add some levity to this apparently serious scene.

The confrontational scene between Richard and Bertha is highly charged as Bertha exposes her jealousy of Beatrice and practically begs Richard to declare his love for her. But the love that Richard has just announced to Robert he cannot declare to Bertha, and the scene is definitely not a funny one. Yet to contrast the scene's opening with the rest does again reveal Bergsonian elements and Joyce's use of another comic device--an umbrella. Robert's physical need for an umbrella quickly overshadows any high moral notions of remaining gallantly out of the way on the porch: "An umbrella! (With a sudden gesture.) O!" (91). Robert leaves again, but Joyce reinforces the intrusion of the physical with the stage directions, telling us that Bertha "has neither umbrella nor waterproof." Of course, Bertha, the natural woman, has no need for either (Nora, too, dislikes umbrellas [JJ, 694]). Richard carries his umbrella with him throughout the play but never uses it. Joyce develops this umbrella motif more fully in Ulysses where it becomes Stephen's ashplant and in Finnegans Wake where it functions as Shem's lifewand.

With the next scene, full-fledged humor returns. Richard leaves and Bertha calls for Robert. Interestingly enough, Bertha remains seated as Richard goes, perhaps an apparent hint of the returning comic as Bergson suggests that tragedy requires one to stand and sitting can change tragedy to comedy (52). Posing in the doorway, Robert literally "Waits for Bertha to see him," according to the stage directions. Bertha has to ask Robert twice, "Why do you stand like that in the doorway?" (97) Once more human physicality intrudes into a highly-charged moral scene. Just as Bertha tries to reassure Robert that she will not laugh at him, she feels his wet coat:

> Bertha
>
> Please listen to me, Robert . . . But you are all wet, drenched! O, you poor fellow! Out there in the rain all that time! I forgot that.
>
> Robert
>
> (Laughs.) Yes, you forgot the climate. (99)

Even as Robert "takes her hands," and tries to extract from Bertha her feelings for him, Bertha remembers "the climate" again, insisting that Robert change his coat and looking around, presumably for dry clothing, when Robert makes no move to comply. The old, comical Robert has returned full-force as he points "maliciously" to the bedroom: "In there. I fancy I have a jacket here" (99). He continues to woo the lady as her directions to "go in and take that off," elicit an "And you?" from him. Bertha does not budge and tells him, "I will wait here for you" (100). Robert obeys her "command" as he leaves her laughing, but still not giving up hope, "leaving the door open," and continually calling to Bertha to make sure she has "not gone." Robert can be charming when he chooses. The scene is warm with laughter and with the Dantean pink light coming through the doorway. Robert would lure Bertha into his version of the Paradiso, but Bertha is not fooled by the illusion; she admires the light, but resists entering the bedroom.

The rest of this climactic scene is not comic to a viewing audience (I must add, however, that such is not the case with a reading audience, an avenue I pursue at this chapter's conclusion). Bertha demonstrates her completely open and natural attitude toward loving: ". . . I could not keep things secret from Dick. Besides, what is the good? They always come out in the end. Is it not better for people to know?" (113). Her desire to avoid secrets contrasts directly with Richard's excitement in them, an excitement that parallels Joyce's own feelings as evidenced in his letters to Nora; like Richard, Joyce must know all the intimate details of the relationship between Nora and Prezioso and the relationship between Nora and Holohan.

Before the scene ends, Bertha tells Robert that she "likes" him three times. She sees the situation clearly for what it is, a sentimental infatuation on Robert's part: "Yes, Robert. I know that you like me. You need not tell me. You need not confess any more tonight" (107). Robert hears her "like," but tries to make her feel guilty for rejecting his gift, "the simple common gift that men offer to women" (110). Bertha must explain to Robert why she chose Richard over him--because of love--but again it is as if Robert never hears her, but continues to press her, confessing his "treason," employing the complimentary language Bertha longs to hear from Richard. In his element, Robert can flatter and woo Bertha, making her laugh again: "Tonight you are young and beautiful. Tonight you have come back to me" (111). He says the words that foreshadow Bertha's plea to Richard at the play's end, but his words are fleeting and even he knows it: "Who knows what will be tomorrow? I may never see you again or never see you as I do now" (111). Even his version of paradise is ephemeral; a gust of wind extinguishes the light and they are left in the dark. For Robert, there is "light enough from the other room," but Bertha is firm as she says for the third time, "I am going now, Robert. It is very late. Be satisfied" (113). Not able to admit defeat, Robert caresses her hair and asks if she loves him a little. Bertha's final words are clear as she insists, "I like you, Robert. I think you are good. Are you satisfied?" (114) Of course, Robert is not satisfied, not in any way. There is no mistaking Joyce's irony and no other way to read this scene. Bertha does not spend the night with Robert. Joyce persistently contrasts Bertha's cool-headed, clear-sightedness with Robert's overly-sentimentalized, effusive courting. As Robert continues to detain Bertha, still kissing her hair, he has learned nothing, has not heard a word she has said, for he still asks, "Do you love me too?" Bertha "does not answer" because he would not hear her if she did. Robert hears only what he wants to hear--a woman's "yes." Despite Robert's impassioned pleas that Richard longs to be betrayed, that "There is no law before impulse. Laws are for slaves" (112), Bertha resists (though she is tempted as she softly voices Robert's name). Despite Richard's "deep, deep wound of doubt in my soul" (186), Bertha does not betray Richard.[8] Bertha remains a constant against which all other characters are measured (Beatrice, also, as the rest of my discussion of Act II will demonstrate).

Bertha's concluding words uphold this constancy. Bertha wants only Richard: "I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him" (197). Joyce's notes also seem to confirm my hypothesis:

> All believe that Bertha is Robert's mistress. The belief rubs against his own knowledge of what has been, but he accepts the belief as a bitter food. (157)

I infer "his own knowledge" to be Richard's knowledge which contradicts public belief. On the other hand, I am quite cognizant that Joyce's notes are not overly reliable. The evidence on Bertha, however, does weigh heavily for an innocent verdict. But Bertha's guilt or innocence is not the issue; Richard's reaction is. Bloom's equanimity and potential androgyny are totally absent in Exiles. These qualities are, nevertheless, needed. In his review of Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*, Joyce writes:

> Ibsen's knowledge of humanity is nowhere more obvious than in his portrayal of women. He amazes one by his painful introspection; he seems to know them better than they know themselves. Indeed, if one may say so of an eminently virile man, there is a curious admixture of the woman in his nature. His marvelous accuracy, his faint traces of femininity, his delicacy of swift touch, are perhaps attributable to this admixture. But that he knows women is an incontrovertible fact. (64)

By the publication of *Ulysses*, Joyce is artistically mature. He has exhausted his use of the self-indulgent artist as his hero and has turned his attentions to the common man--"with a touch of the artist about him." He has tried to add that "curious admixture of the woman" to his creation Bloom. HCE, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, Here Comes Everybody, of *Finnegans Wake* surely confirms Joyce's change of direction. More important, however, the play is really Bertha's, not Robert's, not even Richard's.[9] The ending epiphany is Bertha's, not Richard's. Act III makes this point evident.

Act III opens with a very different Bertha. She has been "long up," and Richard has been out on the strand for an hour. Brigid's reassurance that "He'll come back to you again," seems an affirmation of Bertha's wish at the end of the play, but at this early hour Bertha is tired and upset. She is not the confident, cool-headed Bertha of Act II. Even when Brigid recalls Richard's easy conversation, it does not cheer Bertha: "Yes, I can see him sitting on the kitchen table, swinging his legs and spinning out of him yards of talk about you and him and Ireland and all kinds of devilment--to an ignorant old woman like me" (116). Brigid's solacing attempts only prompt nostalgic tears from a Bertha who seems resigned to having lost the Richard she knew. But comedy and optimism return with the entrance of Archie.

Archie brings out the best in Bertha, just as he does in Robert. Bertha's maternal instincts take precedence over her depression as she removes a comb from her hair to straighten out Archie's hair. His exuberance for going out with the milkman, for all of life, is contagious; Bertha spontaneously embraces her son, exclaiming, "O, what a big man to drive a horse!" (118). Her despondent mood vanishes, and as she cleans the "smudges" on her "dirty little creature" she provokes his laughter: "(Repeats, laughing.) Smudges? What is smudges?" (119) Archie's youthful optimism and _joi de vivre_ strengthen Bertha for her next confrontation with Beatrice, a confrontation that like the one with Robert in Act II will prepare her for her most important confrontation to come with Richard.

Waving out the window to Archie (and if we recall Tysdahl's equation of the window with sunshine and fresh air, Archie has literally pulled Bertha out into the fresh air from the claustrophic interior of the play), Bertha suddenly withdraws, informing Brigid, "I don't want to be seen." We cannot account for this change in attitude. Like Brigid, we wonder, "Who is it, ma'am?" But after hearing the knock, Bertha braces herself and stands only "a moment in doubt" (unlike Richard who later will wallow in it), "no, say I'm in." Confidence renewed by Archie, Bertha is ready to confront her rival. Beatrice comes to deliver news: Robert has written an article about Richard and is going away. She fears that Richard and Robert may have quarreled. Bertha, in turn, voices her fears that her husband has returned to Ireland because of Beatrice's bidding, misinterpreting Beatrice's blushed response: "No. I could not think that" (124). As they coldly stare at each other, the candid conversation accelerates:

> Bertha
>
> (Sitting down again.) Yes. He is writing. And it must be about something which has come into his life lately--since we came back to Ireland. Some change. Do you know that any change has come into his life? (She looks searchingly at her.) Do you know it or feel it?
>
> Beatrice
>
> (Answers her look steadily.) Mrs. Rowan, that is not a question to ask me. If any change has come

into his life since he came back you must know and feel it.

Bertha

You could know it just as well. You are very intimate in this house.

Beatrice

I am not the only person who is intimate here.

(They both stare at each other coldly in silence for some moments. Bertha lays aside the paper and sits down on a chair nearer to Beatrice.)

Bertha

(Placing her hand on Beatrice's knee.) So you also hate me, Miss Justice?

Beatrice

(With an effort.) Hate you? I?

Bertha

(Insistently but softly.) Yes. You know what it means to hate a person?

Beatrice

Why should I hate you? I have never hated anyone.

Bertha

Have you ever loved anyone? (She puts her hand on Beatrice's wrist.) Tell me. You have?

Beatrice

(Also softly.) Yes. In the past.

Bertha

Can you say that to me - truly? Look at me.

Beatrice

(Looks at her.) Yes, I can.

(A short pause. Bertha withdraws her hand,
and turns away her head in some
embarrassment.) (125-126)

Bertha believes Beatrice; she now knows that she no longer has to be suspicious of Beatrice. This confrontation becomes the beginning of a reconciliation between the two women, the beginning of a communion of suffering souls. Both women confess their innermost fears. While the scene is highly serious, it is not tragic, but comic, divinely comic in the Dantean sense, as it sets the stage for Bertha's apotheosis. While Robert performed a mock consecration with a stone in Act I, Bertha becomes the stone, the true eucharist here in Act III.

Bitter, Bertha shares her concerns with Beatrice that she is "nothing" to Richard, "only a thing he got entangled with and my son is--the nice name they give those children" (130). To let her thoughts descend so low, to such thoughts about Archie, demonstrates how near despair Bertha is. She even misinterprets Beatrice's compassionate "Do not let them humble you, Mrs. Rowan" by replying:

> (Haughtily.) Humble me! I am very proud of myself, if you want to know . . . I made him a man . . . He can despise me, too, like the rest of them--now. And you can despise me. But you will never humble me, any of you. (130)

Unlike Richard, Bertha subdues her pride, allowing her natural warmth to surface. She suddenly understands that Beatrice does not despise her, that she, too, suffers. Bertha holds out her hands to Beatrice, initiating a truce. This time Bertha's intuitive sense is correct, as Beatrice takes her hands--"gladly." True inner sight restored, Bertha sees Beatrice's beauty for the first time: "What lovely long eyelashes you have! And your eyes have such a sad expression!" (130) Ironically, this Beatrice, unlike Dante's, has poor sight; her eyes are "very weak." For years Beatrice has not seen Richard correctly; his ideas, overpowering and intimidating, have been the source of her fascination. Bertha clearly sees that Richard's ideas are few in a world of many, that people "put up with him in spite of his ideas," but still she loves him (130). She now also sees that Beatrice, though weak, is "beautiful." True reconciliation occurs as Bertha embraces and kisses Beatrice. For a Catholic (or even a former Catholic as Joyce was), there can be no mistaking the significance of this scene, the loving high point of the play. In Catholicism, one must receive the sacrament of penance, of reconciliation, before one can receive Holy Communion. Here in Joyce's mass, Bertha's and Beatrice's reconciliation precedes a real communion, not Robert's mock one, and Bertha is the eucharist.

A small question asked by Bertha as she laments the illegitimacy of her son almost escapes our notice. She rhetorically asks Beatrice, "Do you think I am a stone?" (130) Bertha, of course, is telling Beatrice that she is not a stone, but a hurt, caring human being. Yet, I instantly recall Robert's comparison in Act I of the stone with Bertha. Then, when Robert picked up the stone that Bertha had found on the stand and thought beautiful, he failed to see its true significance. Joking around, he performed a blasphemous mock consecration. Though he sees that it is "like a women's temple," that it "suffers our passion," he fails to see that Bertha, as that stone, is the true eucharist of the play. She, indeed, "suffers" the passion of all--Richard, Robert, and now, even Beatrice. In that same moment, Robert asks "what is a woman" and answers that she is a "work of nature, too, like a stone or a flower or a bird." He moves directly to a kiss, "an act of homage" and Richard adds, "an act of union between man and woman" (49). Bertha is all these things. Like the stone and the kiss, she is an act of homage; she does unite with each of the characters in the play. Tied up in his own guilt, Richard cannot see beyond sexual union between man and woman. Bertha is able to call Robert back a last time before he leaves. She is directly responsible for Robert and Richard shaking hands and parting amiably--a small reconciliation, but a reconciliation nevertheless (144). And it is she, calling Robert back, who allows his last moments in Ireland to be happy, even joyous, as he goes off with an adoring Archie to buy him a cake and tell him a last "fairy story" from a "fairy godfather." Robert never was a real father to Archie and never can be, necessitating the corollary that Bertha has always been true to Richard and always will be.

Thus, this short, rhetorical question of Bertha's takes on highly symbolic import. Flashing back to Robert's earlier mention of the stone becomes Joyce's crucial foreshadowing of Bertha's deification. Though Bertha does not see it, Joyce clearly means us to identify Bertha with the stone, to see Bertha as the true communion, the true eucharist, the true life-giving and spiritual force of the play. Just as Shaun is the stone of I.8 in _Finnegans Wake_, capable of resurrection, so, too, is Bertha symbolic of resurrection. Grace Eckley explains the concept of the sacred stone: "Joyce's stone, by the tree in Phoenix Park, becomes omphalos for the Joycean universe . . . . It is limestone, its color white, as was the omphalos at Delphi" (Bengal and Eckley 187). Eckley further explains that for the Greeks white stones were symbols of the gods. Especially significant for the Irish was the _Lia Fail_, the "stone of destiny" where Irish kings took their solemn oaths of office (191). Eckley views Joyce's use of the stone as a "continuing witness" to the artist's creation "in its most enduring form" (189). As stone, Shaun will "persevere--and preserve" (197). While Eckley concentrates on the stone and its connection to Shaun, in Joyce's earlier work, Joyce connects the stone to Bertha. As stone, Bertha becomes the symbol of resurrection. In all Joyce's works, the female is the energy of renewal and artistic inspiration, the sustaining impetus for rebirth.

Just before Robert exits the play, Joyce inserts one last seemingly trivial line. A Fishwoman cries out "Fresh Dublin bay herrings" five times (139). Bauerle includes this minor character as yet another example of a character "who at least has a commercial trade" compared to Bertha who stands without surname or profession, but says nothing more of her. In fact, this cry is critical to understanding Joyce's ironic hand. Coming as it does during the crucial pas de deux when Robert verifies to Richard that nothing happened last night in his cottage, this cry seems strangely misplaced, but, of course, it becomes another masterstroke of the artist. At the opening of this small scene, Bertha has to call Richard three times. She even has to beat "loudly on the panel of the door" and use the imperative, "Answer me!" (138) Moments later Robert asks Richard, "Are you listening?" (139) After each of these lines which implies that Richard is not listening, Joyce interjects the cry of the Fishwoman. We hear the cries, but lost in another world, Richard does not. A similar intruding cry occurs in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man as a street vendor interrupts Stephen's thoughts. In A Portrait, the cries convey the implication that Stephen is lost in thought, oblivious to the real world around; in other words, overly carried away in his aesthetic theories, Stephen needs to return to earth. In a conversation with Arthur Power, Joyce complained about the tomb-like qualities of his special writing room: "When I am working I like to hear noise going on around me--the noise of life" (91). Joyce's purpose in using the Fishwoman's cry becomes evident. Joyce, as the proper artist, liked hearing the noises of everyday life around him. Richard, as misguided artist, needs to heed these noises. Most important, Richard needs to heed Bertha's words and her pleas for reconciliation.

Bertha's reconciliation with Richard does not occur within the confines of the play, but her ending epiphany suggests the strong possibility for its transpiration. As soon as Robert leaves, Bertha reiterates her devotion to Richard: "Dick, dear, do you believe now that I have been true to you? Last night and always" (144). Her constancy is an allusion to the biblical Ruth: "Wherever you go, I will follow you. If you wish to go away now I will go with you" (146). Yet Richard persists in his unjustified martyrdom: "I have a deep, deep wound of doubt in my soul" (146). Even Bertha's whispered avowal that if she "died this moment" she would still be his, elicits only more masochistic and hyperbolic idealism from Richard:

> (Still gazing at her and speaking as if to an absent person.) I have wounded my soul for you--a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed. I can never know, never in this world. I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wounding doubt. To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul in utter nakedness--for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while, Bertha. My wound tires me.

Richard's repetitive language, particularly his exaggerated use of _never_, reminds me more of the overly-sentimental Robert. Richard has a long way to go before he can be reconciled to this unselfish, magnanimous woman. He has reverted to what he earlier told Robert was the language of his youth: "To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you--body and soul in utter nakedness . . ." (147). This language demonstrates Richard's continued unrealistic, sentimental attitude. All he can think of is his own body: "my wound tires me." While Richard might believe that his suffering marks him as Christ-like (he does invoke Yahweh's words, "I am what I am" E 133), his insistence on the physical when high moral and spiritual issues are at stake makes him a Bergsonian comic character just as assuredly as it earlier made Robert one. Bertha is the sacrificial Christ figure: "I gave up everything for him . . . " (129). Even the stage directions show Richard to be an automaton, "speaking as if to an absent person."

In the course of the play, the two women have grown; the two men remain comic caricatures, not whole adults. Bertha's avowals of love do precipitate some concessions from Richard; he tells her that her life is not ended, but about to begin and admits that it is "too soon yet to despair." The ending portrait of Richard is unchanged; however, I am somewhat optimistic because Joyce's stage directions suggest an eventual reconciliation.

Throughout this short, ending scene, Bertha is close to Richard, seated on the floor before him, caressing his hands, whispering. The play ends with Richard's hand still in hers. Physically, we see signs of reconciliation; perhaps, spiritual reconciliation is not far behind. Bertha's last words are nostalgic, but also epiphanic:

> Forget me, Dick. Forget me and love me again as you did the first time. I want my lover. To meet him, to go to him, to give myself to him. You, Dick. O, my strange wild lover, come back to me again! (147)

This is the language of prayer, of incantation. As those of a deity, Bertha's words have the power of creation; her words become the Word. Given enough time she can make this happen; she can renew their love. I cautiously use the word *perhaps* twice in this paragraph because Bertha's emotional avowal of love harkens back to the failed nostalgia of Gretta Convey in "The Dead." It could be argued easily that both Richard and Bertha wish to revert to a prelapsarian state of never-never land--Richard in his desire for a love where one gives him/herself "freely and wholly" (22), Bertha in her desire for the return of a dream lover à la Michael Furey. Yet while this evocation of the past is clearly negative in "The Dead," here, alongside the many comic elements, this nostalgia suggests the positive Arcadian impulse, a long-established convention of comedy.

If we recall the biographical parallels presented in Chapter I, it is fairly easy to see *Exiles* as self-parody. A glance at Joyce's choice of names and his use of another comic motif, the tree, may help to affirm this notion. Thomas J. Rice postulates that because the names "hardly differentiate" the characters, Joyce diminished them as individuals (24). To a degree, I concur, but Rice's statement needs much refining. I have already demonstrated that while Richard and Robert appear quite different--Richard, the idealistic intellectual and Robert the pragmatic sensualist--by the play's end they are both exposed as Bergsonian fools, trapped in their own sentimentalism, isolated from each other and from the women. I have also shown that while Joyce appears to present Bertha and Beatrice quite differently--Bertha, the naturally earthy non-intellectual and Beatrice, the coldly cautious intellectual--their reconciliation in Act III upholds no such stereotypes. Joyce portrays both as sensitive, warm, and proud, but bending--wholly sympathetic individuals. Hence, because the men share an initial _R_ and an unsympathetic rigidity and the women share an initial _B_ and a sympathetic flexibility, many critics have been led to maintain that the characters act merely as symbols. Ruth Bauerle identifies the symbolic import of all the characters in her seminal 1982 article and shows that one character--Bertha--is hardly a diminished individual, hardly a mere symbol, but the moving influence of the play ("Bertha's Role"). I completely agree with Bauerle, but will take the argument one step further to portray one character--Richard--as a vastly diminished individual and the source of Joyce's parody.

Bauerle begins her article by stating that of all the characters only Bertha stands alone: "Without family name, without profession or title, she is simple Bertha" (110). Brigid is "an old servant of the Rowan family," giving her both occupation and family. Beatrice Justice connotes "an evenhanded blindly legalistic perspective," maintaining a balance between her Catholic Irish residence and her father's Protestant home in exile and between the two men in the play (111). Her profession of music teacher is revealed early and comically in the play. Her cousin, Robert Hand, whose surname according to Bauerle denotes "to seize" in Skeats' _Etymological Dictionary_, is the precursor to the usurpers of _Ulysses_--Buck Mulligan and Blazes Boylan (110). Richard's discussion with Archie about robbers in the night obviously connotes Robert who will try to rob Bertha from Richard that evening at Ranelagh. Robert's profession of journalism adds more ambiguity to the play's end when his article to promote Richard appears to denigrate. (Beatrice fears that the article may be "an attack" [123], and Richard brings Robert's "little phrase" to the attention of Bertha and Beatrice: "those who left her in her hour of need" [129].) In addition, Rice suggests that the cousinship accentuates the "potentially degenerating inbred nature of the emotional relationships in the play" (23).

Richard Rowan's name is less apparently symbolic to non-Irish readers. In two earlier articles, "The Rowan Tree" and "Some Mots on a Quickbeam in Joyce's Eye," Bauerle explains the origin and significance of the rowan tree. She writes:

> The rowan is known in Ireland under at least five other names: mountain ash, _caerthann_, quickbeam, quicken tree, and _luis_ (in the Gaelic alphabet). As Robert Dwyer Joyce noted in 1908, the quickbeam tree was believed by peasants to be feared by fairies and to have power to ward off fairy spells. In his ballad "Earl Gerald and His

> Bride" the fairies cause an immense storm to shake all the trees of the forest. Only the rowan, which shades the lovers' trysting place, stands quiet and steady amid the storm. So Richard Rowan stands firmly by his principles, and in a sense, shades the lovers' trysting place while his friends and his wife are swayed by emotional storms ("Some Mots . . ." 346)

Bauerle is incorrect in her assessment of Richard. As this chapter has already demonstrated, Richard does not stand firmly by his principles, but reverts to the language of his youth and becomes interchangeable with Robert. In effect, Richard becomes an ironic rowan tree, incapable of magical power, incapable of warding off anything. He foreshadows Stephen Dedalus who carries a pretentious staff, an ashplant made from this tree, and who is equally ineffectual.

In her 1982 article, Bauerle identifies Joyce's Rowan as Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the eighteenth-century Irish patriot. By taking Hamilton Rowan's less known first name, Archie becomes Richard's official heir though an illegitimate offspring. Thus, Bertha stands out, lacking surname or profession, having given up "religion, family, my own peace" to be Richard's mate in exile. Before I move on to Baurele's provocative insights on Bertha, it is necessary to discuss one last facet of Richard Rowan's name--his first name. Why does Joyce choose Richard?

The natural first choice would appear to be Archibald, but Joyce reserves that for the son. A natural second choice would be Hamilton, but Joyce declines. It hardly seems conceivable that Joyce was trying to conceal Richard Rowan's symbolic identify when he so blatantly identifies Robert Hand and Beatrice Justice. What symbolism could the name Richard impart? I think Bertha supplies the clue. Not only does she stand alone without surname, she is isolated by one other seemingly insignificant detail--she alone addresses Richard as "Dick". While this fact may appear miniscule, Bertha alone seems to see things clearly. She initiates the reconciliation in the play, and, in truth, only she sees through Richard's haughty idealism, his hubris. In other words, only she sees him for what he truly is--a dick. While some may scoff at this irreverent reading, it is entirely consistent with Joyce's sense of humor and Joyce's predisposition to shock. Certainly, no one can deny the sexual punning and innuendo in all of Joyce's works. To do so here is inconsistent. When reread with this idea in mind, Bertha's lines are sexually charged, adding to my comic reading and adding greatly to the notion of the play as a parody of the self-indulgent artist who fails to see the true source of his inspiration. Furthermore, the parallels to Ibsen's Rubek are indisputable. Just as Ibsen has Irene chide Rubek for not loving her as a human, for only seeing her as an artistic model, so, too, Joyce has Bertha chide Richard. Again, to mention but a few more biographical examples, Joyce fills his letters with praise of Nora's inspirational function. In a 1909 letter he writes, "I *know* and *feel* that if I am to write anything fine or noble in the future I shall do so only by listening at the doors of your heart" (SL 173). In a letter dated a month earlier he uses even more effusive praise:

> And now about ourselves. My darling, tonight I was in the Gresham Hotel and was introduced to about twenty people and to all of them the same story was told: that I was going to be the great writer of the future in my country. All the noise and flattery around me hardly moved me. I thought I heard my country calling to me or her eyes being turned toward me expectantly. But O, my love, there was something else I thought of. I thought of one who held me in her hand like a pebble, from whose love and in whose company I have still to learn the secrets of life. I thought of you, dearest, you are more to me than the world.
>
> Guide me, my saint, my angel. Lead me forward. Everything that is noble and exalted and deep and true and moving in what I write comes, I believe, from you. O take me into your soul of souls and then I will become indeed the poet of my race. I feel this, Nora, as I write it. My body

> soon will penetrate into yours, O that my soul could too! O that I could nestle in your womb like a child born of your flesh and blood, be fed by your blood, sleep in the warm secret gloom of your body! (SL 169)

Joyce is fully aware of and appreciative of the gift he possesses--the love of a beautiful woman. He recognizes the female principle as fount of artistic creation. Richard Rowan (and Stephen Dedalus) have yet to discover this secret. Besides the play parodying Richard/Dick, it also serves as self-caricature. There is no doubt that Joyce endowed Richard with many of his own attributes. Even the language of the above letter sounds like Richard: "O take me into your soul of souls . . . ." At best, Richard may be a younger, less wise Joyce, but he is not Joyce. Negating the equation often made between Joyce and Stephen, Kenner eloquently writes:

> No one doubts that Joyce knows Dedalus from the inside; it should be equally clear that the writer who "placed" him from the outside exhibits a habitual wisdom inaccessible to Dedalus himself. Joyce is not Stephen. Yet it is evident that Stephen is for his creator something more than comic; there is tragic intensity in the spectacle of the aesthete's mask becoming fused to his flesh. ("Joyce and Ibsen's Naturalism" 601)

Kenner's last statement is strategically important to my thesis. While no one has fully analyzed the play as comedy and this dissertation serves that very significant aim, we must not read Joyce's play only as comedy. That is much too simplistic and a disservice to an incredibly sophisticated and complex writer. To see Richard as a dick is necessary, but more subtleties exist in his character.

Bertha also has been viewed much too simplistically. As I have demonstrated repeatedly, Joyce deifies her (and Nora through her). She becomes the Eucharist--the source of spiritual life, of renewal, of resurrection. Bauerle supports this view (though she does not see the eucharistic imagery) and supplies the folk heritage which does, indeed, give symbolic import to Bertha's name. In the same 1982 article to which I previously alluded, Bauerle associates Bertha with Frau Bertha, "an impersonation of the Epiphany" (112) and with a mythical Perahta (111). Bauerle explains that in old German _Theophania_, meaning a showing forth of God and another name of the Eastern church for _Epiphania_ (our Epiphany or Twelfth night), was translated as "_Giperanta_ _Naht_, the brightened night or Bertha's night" (111). Presenting the full details of this association, Bauerle ends with these startling ramifications:

> In her frank naturalness of speech, her willingness to follow her physical and emotional instincts, Bertha has often been viewed by critics

> as the forerunner of Molly Bloom. She is more. She is herself the precursor of Joyce's new hero, the human and lovable Leopold Bloom. As the Odyssean Bloom will do in "Scylla and Charybdis," she has this night steered her difficult passage between arrogant intellect and coarse sensuality. Like Bloom, she has nurtured the young, shown compassion for the narrow lives of others, faced an antagonistic world with courage, and moved forward even when assailed by doubt. In the darkness of night she has shown like the moon, revealing to Hand courage and honor; to Beatrice, friendship; and to Rowan, compassion and the knowledge that he cannot, finally, know. Having once made Rowan a man, she now makes him human. It has been Bertha's night. (127-28)

Not only is it Bertha's night; it is Bertha's play.

Thus, Joyce's letters verify the identification of Bertha with Nora, and Joyce's hits at Richard may be seen as jabs at an earlier self. In a conversation with Arthur Power, Joyce as much as confesses this self-caricature when he responds to Power's assertion that he (Joyce) "wrote better when you were a romantic . . . as for example in *A Portrait of the Artist*" (36). Joyce replies,

> It was the book of my youth . . . but *Ulysses* is the book of my maturity, and I prefer my maturity

> to my youth. _Ulysses_ is more satisfying and better resolved; for youth is a time of torment in which you can see nothing clearly. But in _Ulysses_ I have tried to see life clearly, I think, as a whole; for Ulysses was always my hero. Yes, even in my tormented youth, but it has taken me half a lifetime to reach the necessary equilibrium to express it, for my youth was exceptionally violent; painful and violent. (36-37)

The magnanimity of Joyce's comic vision becomes apparent when we realize that while there are many laughable Bergsonian moments, the comic effect of the whole is much closer to Meredith's tolerant, thoughtful humor:

> You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love without loving them less; and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction this image of your proposes. (133)

Ultimately then, _Exiles_, is divine comedy, Joyce's apology and tribute to his wife, his deification of Nora.

ENDNOTES

[1] It is curious that Bradbrook compares Ibsen's uncharacteristic comedy to Moliere's. Joyce, too, makes reference to Moliere. In his often-humorous and misleading notes on Exiles, Joyce affirms the elements of good writing:

> A striking instance of the changed point of view of literature towards this subject is Paul de Kock--a descendant surely of Rabelais, Moliere and the old Souche Gauloise. Yet compare George Dandin or Le Cocu Imaginaire of Moliere with Le Cocu of the later writer. Salacity, humour, indecency, liveliness were certainly not wanting in the writer yet he produces a long, hesitating, painful story--written also in the first person. Evidently that spring is broken somewhere. (159-60)

[2] Another article by Rev. Boyle, "Miracle in Black Ink . . . " traces Joyce's use of eucharistic imagery but also omits Exiles.

[3] I owe my understanding of this confusing conversation to R. A. Maher.

[4] Boyle defines his use of all these terms in his article "Miracle in Black Ink":

> Transubstantiation: Stephen, who in Portrait prefers "transmutation"--aiming to make the divine (and diabolical) human.
>
> Subsubstantiation: Buck as scientist-priest, Boylan as stud, Bella as enchantress--all aiming to make the human bestial.
>
> Consubstantiation: Bloom and Molly--aiming to make the human human, in flesh. Molly tends to bridge the human and at least some secular or humanistic "divine."
>
> Transaccidentation: Shem--making the human share the divine aspects of the Eucharist as well as the diabolical aspects of the Black Mass, in carrying the living human artist throughout human time and space, under the accident of ink rather than those of bread. (160)

Elliott B. Gose, Jr. defines consubstantiability, as promulgated by the fourth-century Church in the Nicene Creed, as the doctrine that Christ was "begotten not made, of one substance with the Father" (163). Gose adds that God made, but he did not beget the rest of creation. These ideas of consubstantiality will be of particular significance to the deification of Bertha later. Gose understands that "Stephen Dedalus may be determined to make the son consubstantial with the father, but Joyce had come to understand the consubstantiality of a mother goddess" (158). In other words, while Gose acknowledges Joyce's need for feminine inspiration and Joyce's equation of "creation with the female principle" (161), and while he specifically refers to Nora as that influence, he never makes the connection to Bertha.

[5] Levin identifies in _Exiles_ the "possibility of a _renversement des alliances_ as in _When We Dead Awaken_," but is mistaken in identifying Joyce too closely with Richard, making the same mistake that critics made for years with Stephen Dedalus and Joyce. Levin contends that Richard/Joyce "cuts himself off from his other characters" (44). Levin misses the point that Joyce intends Richard's detachment, just as he intended Stephen's isolation. Joyce, the avid family man, never lost sight of the importance of human contact, as he clearly related to Arthur Power about the birth of a son to Georgio and Helen: "It is the most important thing there is" (Power 102). Kenner is more accurate in assessing the influence of Ibsen's play on Joyce:

> There was then, despite what we are told by historians of the naturalistic novel, no simple formula for the meaning of Ibsen for Joyce. It was a relation of affinity and of differentiation, of example and of caution, an interpenetration neither definitive enough to be accounted "influence," nor sufficiently alien to be disowned. Ibsen was both

a catalyst and a heresiarch: a warning. He understood as did no one else in his time the burden of the dead past and the wastefulness of any attempt to give it spurious life: his "I think we are sailing with a corpse in the cargo!" is in the mode of Stephen Dedalus' apprehension of the nightmare of history from which H. C. Earwicker strains to awake. But he had never known, and could not know in the frontier vacuum of the fiords, the traditions of the European community, of richly-nourished life; and the lone starvation of his ideal of free personal affinity in no context but that of intermingling wills inspired Joyce with a fascination which generated _Exiles_ and a civilized repulsion that found its objective correlative when Leopold Bloom felt "the apathy of the stars." ("Joyce & Ibsen's Naturalism" 67)

[6] David S. Berkeley defines _preciosite_ as

. . .a form of ceremonious social intercourse which derived its attitudes, postures, and special vocabulary from the belief that beautiful and virtuous ladies have a semi-divine status, to which their male satellites (and, on occasion, inferior females) can be drawn by due worship of these ladies and the cultivation of refinement, honor,

> virtue, superficial learning, and a certain stereotyped wit. . . . (110)

But, whereas the true _precieux_ believed that his soul was linked to that of his _precieuse_ throughout eternity, Robert's past actions and words hardly verify this constancy. Robert demonstrates all the exaggerated gestures without any of the substance of the _precieux_. Like Faulkland in Sheridan's _The Rivals_, Robert generates comedy as the mock _precieux_.

[7]Maia, in Ibsen's _When We Dead Awaken_, light-heartedly suggests just this: "for in town--in all that great house of ours--there must surely, with a little good will, be room enough for three" (190). Of more significance, however, are Joyce's comments in the notes where he may be having fun at the reader's expense:

> The bodily possession of Bertha by Robert, repeated often, would certainly bring into almost carnal contact the two men. Do they desire this? To be united, that is carnally through the person and body of Bertha as they cannot, without dissatisfaction and degradation--be united carnally man to man as man to woman? (156-57)

and

> Bertha is reluctant to give the hospitality of her womb to Robert's seed. For this reason she would like more a child of his by another woman than a child of him by her. Is this true? For him the question of child or no child is immaterial. Is her reluctance to yield even when the possibility of a child is removed this same reluctance or a survival of it or a survival of the fears (purely physical) of a virgin? It is certain that her instinct can distinguish between concessions and for her the supreme concession is what the father of the church call emissio seminis inter vas naturale. As for the accomplishment of the act otherwise externally, by friction, or in the mouth, the question needs to be scrutinized still more. Would she allow her lust to carry her so far as to receive his emission of seed in any other opening of the body where it could not be acted upon, when once emitted, by the forces of her secret flesh? (157-58)

I believe that Joyce may be having fun at the reader's expense because of the self-reflexive text of these notes. Commenting on the dialogue notes, Joyce proclaims:

> The dialogue notes prepared are altogether too diffuse. They must be sifted in the sieve of the action. Possibly the best way to do this is to draft off the next act (II) letting the characters express themselves. It is not necessary to bind them to the expression in the notes. (159)

This comment also applies quite aptly to Joyce's notes for _Exiles_, themselves. This punning on _notes_ is entirely consistent with Joyce's artistic method. If these notes poke fun at themselves, then the play, ultimately, becomes self-caricature. On the other hand, the notes may be entirely serious, though not to the extent that I can agree with Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain who contend: "The play fails as an adequate correlative for the manifold implications of these notes" (145).

It is also possible that the notes as a whole can be read as an integral part of a closet drama. I am not saying that closet drama was Joyce's intention, for Joyce praised drama as "communal art," for drawing its audience "from all classes" (_CW_ 42). Furthermore, the fact that Paul Leon retrieved the notes in 1940 from Joyce's Paris apartment seems to support the conclusion that the notes were peripheral to the play's finished script. And Joyce would have believed strongly in what Frye calls the "invitation to the audience"--the idea that the audience forms part of the comic society of the play and is somewhat responsible for the resolution of the comedy (164). Joyce's dramatic rendering of his epiphanic moment also exemplifies another of Frye's categorizations:

> There are two ways of developing the form of comedy: one is to throw emphasis on the blocking characters; the other is to throw it forward on the scenes of discovery and reconciliation. (166)

When the play is viewed as a stage drama, I think the first method takes precedence; we first see Robert as a blocking character, then Richard. When it is read as a closet drama, however, the subtle nuances reveal the second method to be at work. Bertha's new found sense of self, her reconciliation with Beatrice, and her importance as symbolic renewal for all the characters mark the greater ramifications of this second method.

One of the notes in particular led me to this query. It reads:

> It would be interesting to make some sketches of Bertha if she had united her life for nine years to Robert--not necessarily in the way of drama but rather impressionist sketches. For instance, Mrs. Robert Hand (because he intended to do it decently) ordering carpets in Grafton Street, at Leopardstown

> races, provided with a seat on the platform at the unveiling of a statue, putting out the lights in the drawing room after a social evening in her husband's house, kneeling outside a confessional in the jesuit church.

Joyce fills the pages of Ulysses with this impressionistic rambling. It is almost as if Joyce's imagination refuses to be confined within the conventions of the drama. His own talents were not of so condensed a nature, despite his words to Arthur Power that "Drama is the art of significant action and except you are a Shakespeare you should not attempt to smother it in language . . ." (Power 36). Again, these ideas are but idle speculations, necessitating further inquiry at a future date.

One other hypothesis to test against these notes came to me while reading Gruber's excellent comparison of text versus performance of Chekhov's The Cherry Orchard. Gruber argues convincingly that directors often fail to produce the comic play that Chekhov intended because they fail to see that the

> . . . actors must falter to create comic theater that ironically lays bare the futility and the inappropriateness of the histrionic gestures which people make to each other and to the world . . . . The actors communal "failure" to produce the comic

> text then becomes the basis of the play's histrionic power. These secretly scripted feelings disengage the actors from their farcical masks. (129-30)

I wonder if something of this sort is operating in Joyce's use of the notes. Instead of actors faltering to expose the irony, the notes do.

[8] John MacNicholas argues that it does not matter whether Robert and Bertha have intercourse. What does matter is that a measure of doubt is left in Richard's mind, a doubt that "humanizes Richard because, as he foresees, it forces him to abandon the posture of omniscient artist-god" (37). The underlining is mine because on this point I differ with MacNicholas. Joyce foresees this "posture"; Richard does not. It is Joyce, not Richard, who realizes his art draws "its strength from nature, particularly from the natural process of generation" (Gose 162), who heeds the calls of the feminine urges within himself and who through his portrayal of Bloom acknowledges the necessity of man to accept this androgyny to survive in a hostile modern world. I develop these points further in Chapter IV.

[9] Rodney Wilson Owen views Bertha as "a simple, uneducated woman, jealous and grudging of Ricard's [sic] literary endeavors" (120). While Owen's textual editing comments on the earlier, more comic 1913 version of the play

are extremely important, his erroneous portrait of Bertha questions the credibility of his study of the "rather grimmer final version" of _Exiles_. Carole Brown and Leo Knuth are also incorrect in their assessment of a sentimental Bertha. Ruth Bauerle, Celeste Loughman, and Bernard Benstock are much closer to my own more sympathetic view of Bertha. Benstock eludicates Bertha's preeminence:

> Just as some critics, trapped in their own intellectual predilections, have championed Stephen Dedalus at the expense of Leopold Bloom, so have they viewed Richard Rowan as the dominant force in _Exiles_, the introspective and philosophical hero modeled by his creator on himself and therefore sacrosanct: _his_ wound of self-doubt the compelling force of the play. Rowan is himself a stage on which combative and contradictory ideas act themselves out, the actor who eventually proves more acted upon than active. Bertha, forced by Richard into exile from her religion, family, and peace of mind, exiled from him in Rome and from her proper status upon returning to Ireland, not only refuses to allow herself to be humbled, but also brings everyone around her to heel. As Joyce's complete woman, she has the power to wound and to heal, free to choose and consequently to make

demands; an expansion on the Gretta Conroy of 'The Dead,' Bertha looks ahead to the creation of the Anna Livia Plurabelle of _Finnegans Wake_. (_Exiles_ 377)

[10] Ellmann discusses these fairly innocent affairs (450). The Popper infatuation is the basis of _Giacomo Joyce_ where Joyce's erotically evokes his attraction for his student: "Dark love, dark longing" (3).

CHAPTER IV

"NOT A SIXPENCE WORTH OF DAMAGE DONE": COMIC TECHNIQUE AND ROLES IN "CIRCE"

The last two chapters have examined Joyce's use of two comic elements--the overtly humorous mechanical clown of Bergson and the more thoughtful regenerative spirit of Meredith. While both of these aspects of the comic are included in Exiles and in "Circe," it is Joyce's dichotomous view of life--of what should be as opposed to what is--that most clearly defines his unique brand of comedy--divine comedy. In this chapter, I will demonstrate how the comic techniques identified in Exiles foreshadow the comedy of the "Circe" chapter of Ulysses. Critics continue to argue whether "Circe" is drama or "narration masquerading as drama" (McCarthy 24), whether it is psychological or expressionist, whether it is Freudian or Jungian, but these enlightening perspectives often fail to discuss the humor of "Circe." Cheryl Herr's recent study clearly ties "Circe" to its roots in the popular Dublin stage, drawing on the comic techniques of the music halls and pantomimes. All the elements of the Bergsonian mechanical of Exiles operate here in "Circe"--exaggeration, repetition, reversal, and incongruity. But whereas in Exiles Joyce generated humor by displaying the inanimate qualities of humans, in "Circe" Joyce goes a step further and reverses the process; the inanimate becomes human. Gesture becomes the universal language, not the word and definitely not the Word. Anything religious or philosophical becomes "pornosophical." The carefully veiled sexual allusions in _Exiles_ explode in "Circe." In short, the various subtleties of _Exiles_' parody become more obvious in "Circe" and more openly comic. The most significant contributions of _Exiles_, however, are to character. Robert, the Bergsonian clown, is Bloom's precursor, as is Bertha, the celebratory, regenerative comic spirit. Bloom's voyeurism, reminiscent of Richard's, is purged in "Circe" as he reverses roles with Bella. Bloom, consequently, represents a union of the three major characters of _Exiles_, foreshadowing the synthesis of polarities in _Finnegans Wake_.

Before I discuss the comic elements in "Circe," I want to establish that "Circe" is, indeed, drama. Walter Allen cites S. L. Goldberg who recognized that the strength of _Ulysses_ as a whole lay in its dramatic elements: "What meaning is truly realized in it, what value it has, lies in its _dramatic_ presentation and ordering of experience, and nowhere else" (7). Patrick McCarthy, contending that "Circe" is narrative, not drama, accurately points out that we cannot simply view "Circe" as a play of Bloom's and Stephen's hallucinations. The hallucinatory images begin with the Mabbot street grotesques--before Bloom or Stephen arrive. Furthermore, while many critics readily acknowledge that

Bloom and Stephen know more than is possible (Bloom's fantasy shares some knowledge known only to Stephen and vice versa), these things are known to the controlling voice of the chapter (what David Hayman calls the "arranger") who operates as the narrator behind the stage directions. Ultimately, McCarthy sees "Circe" as "narration masquerading as drama" and the narrator as the artist in disguise (25). Gottlieb Gaiser also lists a number of instances where Bloom's and Stephen's fantasies cannot be properly attributed to "their respective consciousnesses," but comes to a different conclusion than does McCarthy (501). Gottlieb argues that Joyce is intentionally "undermining his own principle of dramatization" (502). William Peden, one last critic denying that the chapter is drama, describes "Circe" as "an enormous surrealistic prose poem" (15). To translate "Circe" to another medium, Peden adds, would require dance, music, traditional and experimental visual art, and above all else--color. To me, it appears that Peden has just defined the dramatic qualities of "Circe" fairly well. The cries and wild antics of the stage directions of "Circe" contain all the above-mentioned elements. A glance at the opening of "Circe" quickly confirms my point.

All sorts of grotesque figures move across the stage--"stunted men and women . . . scatter slowly, children," a "pygmy woman swings on a rope," a gnome "crouches," Private Carr and Private Compton "march unsteadily rightaboutface"--all these are easily choreographed as a dance. Cissy

Caffrey's song about "the leg of the duck" is music and certainly the opening description of Mabbot street is replete with traditional and experimental visual art, not to mention the wide variety of color: "red and green will-o'-the-wisps . . . faint rainbow fans . . . coral and copper snow . . . murk, white and blue under a lighthouse" (U-GP 350). Thus, in just the brief opening minutes, "Circe" contains all the elements Peden requires.

A more important detail, however, confirming "Circe" as drama is the emphasis on gestures, not on words. The opening is a visual feast of actions, of mime. Besides the ongoing grabbing, sucking, and swinging, a group of children encircle a "deafmute idiot" and order him to "salute." He lifts his "left arm and gurgles" a nonsense word, "Ghahute!" They ask him, "Where's the green light?" And he responds with an equally indecipherable word, "Ghaghahest." This tiny vignette sets the tone for the whole of "Circe." The words will be strange; meaning will be conveyed through gesture. Even the drunken Stephen knows this truth, uttering the few readily intelligible words he says in this drama:

> So that gesture, not music not odour, would be a universal language, the gift of tongue rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm. (U-GP 353)

Literary and theatre critic Susan Bassnett-McGuire contends that gesture can be read as a language in its own right and that many theatre critics view the gestural as "the fundamental code of theatre" (48). Henri Bergson understood the enormous debt comedy owed to gesture: "Instead of concentrating our attention on actions, comedy directs it rather to gestures" (143). Bergson provides a broad definition of gesture: "The attitudes, the movements and even the language by which a mental state expresses itself outwardly without any aim or profit from no other cause than a kind of inner itching" (143). Though I, for the most part, limit this study to the more accepted manual signals, I agree with Bergson about his distinction between action and gesture: "Action is intentional or, at any rate, conscious; gesture slips out unawares. It is automatic . . . . an isolated part of the person is expressed" (143). Ultimately then, "Circe" is drama, a comparatively non-verbal chapter, highly dependent on Joyce's stage directions and the gestures of the characters.

To return to the earlier charge of McCarthy that "Circe" is narration, not drama, Cheryl Herr responds that "Circe" is "less a narrative than a dramatic text differentially related to its narrative context" (130, n. 4). Tracing its roots to the popular theatrical productions of the time--pantomime, music hall, burlesque, and melodrama--Herr demonstrates that in "Circe" Joyce dealt with the "social conventions and economic relations handled routinely on the stages of London and Dublin . . . . class interests, Irish nationalism, the concept of individuality, family relations and gender definition" (97). Herr emphatically states that "Circe" is drama from a vast collection of "readily available popular scripts" (130). If Joyce handles these socially conventional scripts in an unconventional dramatic form, it is because he wishes to point out the failures of the modern theatre to serve as a touchstone for the populace to meet reality. Herr adds that the burlesque stage during Joyce's lifetime was popular because "it staged the unmasking of drama as cultural conditioning" (101). Audiences attended burlesques and melodramas to escape the troubles of real life (perhaps, in much the same way that Americans watch television). Thus, while "Circe" may not appear to be drama, but drama that is "masquerading," its self-reflexive nature draws attention to the failure of the theatre to deal effectively with the social problems of that time in the same fashion that the self-reflexive modern novel mirrors the ambiguities and fragmentation of our contemporary world. And as the self-reflexive novel causes us often to laugh at the mess we have helped to make of modern life, so, too, one of Joyce's purposes in "Circe" (as was the purpose of the Dublin stage) is to make people laugh.

At this point, a brief study of semiotics may help to accept "Circe" more readily as a drama. According to Susan Bassnett-McGuire, theatre is a set of codes (linguistic, spatial, gestural, etc.) that coexist dialectically with the non-theatrical world (48). Jindrich Honzl further explains:

> Everything that makes up reality on the stage--the playwright's text, the actor's acting, the stage lighting--all these things in every case stand for other things. In other words, dramatic performance is a set of signs. (Bassnett-McGuire 19)

These signs function in a number of ways. For instance, Bloom's costume changes have a multiplicity of meanings. A single costume can stand as a sign of nationality, economic status, and repressed guilts all at once. Employing the language of semiotics, Cheryl Herr views the pantomime as the signifying form to which Joyce chiefly alludes in "Circe" (103).

Using the example of Eveline from _Dubliners_, Herr explains that no one was too poor to attend the many forms of the Irish theatre, the music halls, pantomimes, and burlesques being the most popular forms (even poor Eveline enjoys a performance of _The Bohemian Girl_). Herr states that "_everyone_ followed what went on at the Gaiety, at the Queen's, and at Dan Lowrey's" (97). Michael Booth further explains that common practice of the time was to burlesque previous successful productions (34). The standard method of burlesquing a play, according to Booth, "was to reduce character and situation to the level of domestic life, the humbler the better, and violently juxtapose them with the topography, social life and supposed comic eccentricity of model London" (36). Many plays included parodies of _Hamlet_ and other classical dramas (35). This burlesque treatment of plays offers one viable explanation of what Joyce accomplishes in "Circe." Joyce replaces the eccentricities and topography of London with those of Dublin.

Herr specifically sees "Circe" as a burlesque of the pantomime Dick Wittington. She cites productions of that pantomime at the Theatre Royal in 1904 (125) and at the Gaiety in 1894 (128). Herr concedes that while Dick Wittington is "not the specific structural 'source' for 'Circe,' it embodies the social blueprint for that episode in that Bloom's transformations chart the reconciliation in a single dramatic character of the desires of various classes" (127). She compares the chimes commanding Bloom, "Turn again Leopold! Lord Mayor of Dublin" (U-GP 390) to the city bells chiming as Dick Wittington leaves London on his adventures before he returns as Lord Mayor of London (128). Herr also compares the willingness of Mrs. Keogh, Bella Cohen's cook, to use her rolling pin on Bloom (U-GP 435) to the protestations of the Fitzwarren's cook to dislodge Dick Wittington (135, n. 60). (One could argue, of course, that Bloom, unlike Dick Wittington, never obtains the keys to the city, nor to his own home.) The importance of Herr's discoveries to my thesis is that they affirm "Circe" to be drama. In "Circe," Joyce was delivering what every Irish theatre-goer expected to find. While American audiences lack the referents to understand "Circe," Irish audiences would have had them readily at hand.

On the narrative plane it is fairly easy to see why Ulysses requires the "Circe" chapter--the purgation of Bloom's and Stephen's sins. But we may still ask: Why is a play needed? Marguerite Harkness surmises that "Circe" operates as the mousetrap of *Ulysses*, as Hamlet's play, "The Murder of Gonzago," operates in *Hamlet* and rightfully so, for "Circe" is "the culmination of the Hamlet references and motifs of the novel" (259). What is rotten in Denmark is also rotten in Dublin, but while Claudius' poor moral health sets the standard for the nation, the reverse is true in *Ulysses*. Guilty as Bloom may be of some small offenses, he does not exhibit the insensitive, petty bigotry of his fellow Dubliners. Of course, the parallels between *Hamlet* and *Ulysses* are much more complex. As cuckold, Bloom is closer to Hamlet's father than to Claudius, and the ghostly figures of the "Circe" opening suggest this identification. On the other hand, Stephen's theories about the cuckolded Shakespeare would link Bloom to Shakespeare also. One last obvious parallel is Bloom with Hamlet. In his unwillingness to punish the guilty Boylan, Bloom aligns himself with the hesitant prince. Harkness' point, however, is not to explore these parallels but to concentrate on the way the mousetrap functions. Just as the Elizabethan theatre served as a mirror of life, so, too, "Circe" serves as the mirror of modern life, "the only mirror that is valid for our time, the mirror which reflects man's unconscious" (259). And just as "The Murder of Gonzago" clears the way for change in *Hamlet*, here, too, according to Harkness, "Circe" clears the way for change--"a change to equanimity and to a healthy society" (271).

Interesting as these insightful parallels are, there is a more apparent reason for Joyce to include a play in _Ulysses_, and Hugh Kenner supplies that reason. Dublin audiences expected one:

> We need a play, too, because no book concerned with the Dublin of 1904--the year the Abbey Theatre opened--would be complete without a play: a play, moreover, sufficiently outrageous to exceed the offence Revival dramaturgy had offered repeatedly to the nostrils of bourgeois Dublin. In 1899 _The Countess Cathleen_--an alleged offence to piety--was played under police protection. In 1903 Synge's _In the Shadow of the Glen_ drew hisses, boos, and press execrations for its traduction of Irish womanhood; moreover, for passing off as Irish what was in fact a Greek legend. Foreignness was next to ungodliness. And everyone remembers the week of rioting that greeted _The Playboy of the Western World_ in January 1907. To outdo Yeats in offensiveness to orthodoxy, Synge in his insults to Irishwomen in his foreignness, a less resourceful antinomian that James Joyce would have been hard put. Joyce set the play-scene of _Ulysses_ in the Dublin red-light district, peopled it with Irish prostitutes, brought bishops and cardinals on stage, and made the foreign origin of his fable detectable by arranging that we should learn to call the episode "Circe." (118-119)

And, in fact, this play has been produced on the stage. Billed as _Ulysses in Nighttown_, an abridged version of Joyce's script played on Broadway in 1948 and enjoyed a successful three-week run in February 1966 in Toronto.

To answer the last charge leveled against "Circe" as drama, I have to concede one point. Gaiser is certainly correct that Joyce undermines his own dramatic principle, but that does not negate the genre. Joyce constantly undercuts the narrative technique of _Ulysses_, but that does not deny that _Ulysses_ is a novel. The following examples from "Circe" demonstrate that while Joyce undercuts the surface realism and in so doing perhaps parodies the dramatic form, "Circe" is, nevertheless, drama.

The first example concerns the many hallucinations in "Circe." Critics argue over which hallucinations are part of the dream-like illusionary traps of the chapter and which are part of the plot's surface reality. Hugh Kenner views the chapter as a "plethora of episodes that resemble hallucinations" ("Circe" 352). According to Kenner, Stephen's vision of his mother is the only real hallucination in the play, the only one that others on stage react to, particularly Bloom and Florry:

> Florry
>
> (Points to Stephen) Look! He's white.
>
> Bloom
>
> (Goes to the window to open it more) Giddy. (U-GP 474)

and

> Florry
>
> Give him some cold water. Wait. (She rushes out.) (U-GP 475)

For Kenner, outside of Stephen's nightmarish vision of his mother, "no one is hallucinating but ourselves" (346). We share the same hallucination that Bloom and Stephen share. Daniel Ferrer succinctly explains this sharing process:

> How can we actually share this hallucination? If the hallucination is, in fact, as was suggested in the case of the horned Shakespeare, the result of the past being projected into the frame created by the present, what form of the past can we, readers, project at this point? The answer is, as a matter of fact, included in the question: It is our own past as readers of the first fourteen chapters, since the systematic regurgitation of earlier elements which forms the very basis of 'Circe' constantly appeals to this past experience. (133)

In "Circe," we experience _deja vu_, realizing that we have been here before. Ferrer explains eloquently how Joyce's mimetic approach operates in a post-structuralist world: "Think of a mirror: one can never enter it--not because its surface is an impenetrable obstacle but because one cannot approach it without realizing that one is already in it" (128). We have been inside "Circe" for a long time, for fourteen chapters to be exact.[1]

These thoughts of Ferrer's are compatible with Bergson's concept of memory, the primary function of which "is to evoke all those past perceptions which are analogous to the present perception, to recall to us what preceded and followed them . . . . By allowing us to grasp in a single intuition multiple moments of duration" (Matter & Memory 303). The idea of multiple moments captured in a single intuition explains the methodology of "Circe" fairly well. Single images, short phrases conjure up myriad past moments from previous chapters. For instance, "sweets of sins" recalls a host of associations --the book Bloom finds for Molly, Bloom's sin on the beach, Molly's sin at four. Bergsonian psychology further explains Joyce's use of the strange and wonderful multi-levels of consciousness in "Circe":

> Between the plane of action--the place in which our body has condensed its past into motor habits, --and the plane of pure memory, where our mind retains in all its details the picture of our past life, we believe that we can discover thousands of different planes of consciousness, a thousand integral and yet diverse repetitions of the whole of the experience through which we have lived . . . . These planes, moreover, are not given as ready-made things superposed the one on the other.

> Rather they exist virtually, with that existence which is proper to things of the spirit. The intellect, for every moving in the interval which separates them, unceasingly finds them again, or creates them anew: the life of intellect consists in this very movement. (322)

While Freudian psychology inundates us daily with its sexual implications manifested in television, cinema, radio, and our book stores, we have forgotten that our more common ideas on associative memory (Proust's voluminous _Remembrance of Things Past_, for instance) are not from Freud, but from Bergson. Again, Bergson's concept of associative memory helps to explain more fully Joyce's process in "Circe"--the multiple levels of images bombarding us and the apparently simultaneous planes of reality and dream:

> The interest of a living being lies in discovering in the present situation that which resembles a former situation, and then in placing alongside of that present situation what preceded and followed the previous one, in order to profit by past experience. Of all the associations which can be imagined, those of resemblance and contiguity are therefore at first the only associations that have a vital utility. But, in order to understand the mechanism of these associations and above all the apparently capricious selection which they make of

> memories, we must place ourselves alternately on the two extreme planes of consciousness which we have called the plane of action and the plane of dream. (322-23)

While Bergson's idea and Joyce's method appear to be the simple concept of associationism at work, Bergson cautions that the "cardinal error" of associationists is to "set all recollections on the same plane" (321). Hence, in "Circe," Joyce has orchestrated our involvement and his deceptions in this play from the outset. We cannot be sure of anything, as my second and third examples will soon illustrate. Even what appears to be surface realism, specifically the conversation and actions between Zoe and Bloom, is questionable because of the many planes of consciousness and because of the complexity of the syntax.

In _The Stoic Comedians_, Kenner cites Joyce's purpose as going beyond Flaubert's _mot juste_: "I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in a sentence. There is an order in every way appropriate" (31). As one example of this complexity, Kenner offers the simple action of Zoe taking money for her services and "folding a half sovereign into the top of her stocking" (U-GP 454). The syntax misleads us into believing that she is folding a bill. Kenner contends that the ambiguity is purposeful, Joyce "banking on our being unsure whether there was such a thing as an Irish ten-shilling note in 1904" (350). The scene only mentions a pound (the rest are all coins), and Bloom returns it to Stephen; hence, we conclude that Zoe has folded her stocking top not the money--a coin. Joyce further destroys the surface realism by employing what Kenner calls the Uncle Charles Principle, which occurs when the "normally neutral narrative vocabulary is pervaded by a little cloud of idioms which a character might use if he were managing narrative" (Joyce's Voices 17). In other words, the narrative idiom is not necessarily the narrator's. In "Circe," we become aware of the narrative voice as a separate character, as a speaking narrator in a play. An example from the same scene with Bloom and Zoe quickly demonstrates this principle. The voice of the Bloom who responds to Bella does not resemble that of the Bloom who responds to Zoe. To Bella, Bloom pontificates:

> (composed, regards her) Passee. Mutton dressed as lamb. Long in the tooth and superfluous hair. A raw onion the last thing at night would benefit your complexion. And take some double chin drill. Your eyes are as vapid as the glasseyes of your stuffed fox. They have the dimensions of your other features, that's all. I'm not a triple screw propeller. (U-GP 454)

To Zoe, Bloom simply says: "Give me back that potato, will you?" The first voice is the Uncle Charles Principle at work (or Hayman's "arranger," the artist-God as cosmic joker [93]), the second is Bloom's.

These two examples demonstrate that while Joyce is undercutting his own dramatic technique, he makes no pretension of writing realistic drama, drama that attempts to mirror life, drama that attempts to present an illusionary world that makes the willing suspension of disbelief easy. The realistic drama of _Exiles_ is a thing of the past. In "Circe" virtually all is illusion with little pretext of reality. Like Ibsen's _Ghosts_, one of Joyce's models, "Circe" is not realistic drama but "a nightmare with the heightened repetition and re-echoing of a dream, the ingenious logical dovetailing of schizophrenia" (Bradbrook 90). Zack Bowen contends that "Circe" is "a drama where the epiphany is presented in immediate relation to others . . . . Joyce is presenting the same epiphany approach that he uses in his other books, only this time in comic form, as he explores the epiphany-making process as well as the nature of the epiphany itself" (13). Thus, while Joyce may undermine the dramatic principle, that undermining does not negate the facts that "Circe" is still drama. Calling attention to the written medium of the text does not negate the genre. When Prospero's beautiful words on the actors' revels call attention to Shakespeare's writing itself, to Shakespeare's artful process, a rich, diaphanous texture is added; nothing is subtracted:

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold, were all spirits and
> Are melted into air, into this air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep . . . . (Tempest, IV,
> i. 148-57)

"Circe" does not pretend to be realistic, logical drama where one character's fantasies stay neatly categorized. "Circe" is stuffed with fantasy and illogical connectives that add gossamer filaments.

Another look at the opening of "Circe" reveals more of these gossamer filaments. Nightmarish characters people the stage, but Joyce's use of the pathetic fallacy adds humor. If, according to Bergson, the human made inanimate is funny, so, too, is the inanimate made human. Talking bells and gongs and soaps are a marvelously funny addition to the stage, especially when they expose the vulnerability of Bloom, our bumbling hero. Bloom is an outrageous sight as he runs on stage, a parcel in each hand, gasping for air, and pressing a parcel against the aching stitch in his side. In his rush to keep track of Stephen, Bloom blunders into one obstacle after another. Two cyclists graze him, eliciting an "OW!" from Bloom, though not before the bicycles' bells join the act with the drawled warning Bloom should have heeded, "Haltyaltyaltyall" (U-GP 355). Next

Bloom narrowly misses "a dragonsandstrewer" (the trolley), throwing the motorman forward and provoking his expletive: "Hey, shitbreeches, are you doing the hat trick?" Once again, the sounds of a inanimate object become more personalized for the occasion: "Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo." Minutes later, Joyce goes beyond these humorous onomatopoeic devices to full-fledged personification when the soap sings a little ditty:

> We're a capital couple are Bloom and I
> He brightens the earth. I polish the sky.
> (U-GP 360)

Yet a few more minutes into the opening, wreaths of cigarette smoke taunt our poor, searching hero with reminders of Molly and Boylan: "Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin" (U-GP 369). Dublin audiences would have readily accepted and expected this type of humor. According to A. E. Wilson, during one Christmas Pantomime "even the fish on a fishmonger's tray" joined in the dance on stage (101). While these examples of the pathetic fallacy add humor, certainly, it is the character of Bloom as Bergsonian clown that mostly contributes to the drama's humor.

In the Toronto production of "Circe," Harry J. Pollock played Bloom in Chaplinesque manner complete with baggy trousers, the perfect example of the Bergsonian comic figure (the 1948 Broadway production starred Zero Mostel as Bloom). Certainly, Kenner had Chaplin and Bloom in mind when he wrote:

> Joyce's is like the comedy of the silent films, in which the flicker of the medium itself reduces men to comically accelerated machines, contending with other machines--cars, revolving doors, ice cream dispensers--and we know that however often the film is shown it will always go the same way. (Stoic Comedians 106)

And Joyce probably had Charlie Chaplin in mind. David Hayman documents that Joyce's daughter, Lucia, wrote an article about Chaplin ("The Papers of Lucia Joyce" 196). If Robert is the Bergsonian mechanical in Exiles, surely he foreshadows Bloom's performance in "Circe" where Bloom stumbles into the red-light district, searching for the drunken Stephen:

> Wildgoose chase this. Disorderly houses. Lord knows where they are gone. Drunks cover distance double quick. Nice mixup. Scene at West end row. Then jump in first class with third ticket. Then too far . . . . What am I following him for? Still he's the best of that lot . . . . He'll lose that cash. (U-GP 369)

The next obstacle in Bloom's path is a retriever (who subsequently transforms into a wolfdog, mastiff, spaniel, and bulldog), "wiggling obscenely with begging paws, his long black tongue lolling out" (U-GP 370). Bloom says that he "stinks like a pole cat," but then again so must the contents of Bloom's parcels. The reader knows the contents, but the theatre audience would not. Here is one readily apparent advantage to staging "Circe"--the element of surprise. Bloom draws out the pig's crubeen and the sheep's trotter, sights that are both grotesque and funny. When he is approached by the First and Second Watch, Bloom's role as Bergsonian clown becomes increasingly evident. First he can not remember his name, gives the wrong Bloom, and then in the magic of stage illusions metamorphoses into von Blum Pasha, complete with costume change, "in red fez, cadi's dress coat with broad green sash" (U-GP 371). Unfortunately, as the inept clown, he incriminates himself, exposing his pseudonym, Henry Flower: "A card falls from inside the leather headband of Bloom's hat." Thus begin the nightmarish trials in which Bloom bumbles through a variety of repressed guilts, inadequately countering the many charges. Again, it is Joyce's stage directions that add the Bergsonian/Chaplinesque humor: Bloom "murmurs with hangdog meekness glum" (U-GP 374), Bloom "in housejacket of ripplecloth, flannel trousers, heelless slippers, unshaven, his hair rumpled" (U-GP 376), or Bloom "[b]arefoot, pigeonbreasted . . . apologetic toes turned in" (U-GP 378).

Bloom's clownish antics do not dissipate with the trial. Within the confines of the apparent surface realism of the brothel, Bloom responds mechanically to Zoe: "draws back, mechanically caressing her right bub with a flat awkward hand" (U-GP 389). And as the second illusion begins, catching up with the whirlwind daydream of wish fulfillments, Bloom remains a Bergsonian clown, donning "workman's corduroy overalls" and "alderman's gown and chain" (U-GP 390), and ultimately becoming a clownish Christ whose new Bloomusalem is constructed in "the shape of a hugh pork kidney" (U-GP 395).

Even when Joyce returns Bloom to the apparent surface reality of the brothel, Bloom has to endure being ridden as a hobbyhorse by Bello and wearing ass' ears. Furthermore, Joyce re-introduces the pathetic fallacy. A number of inanimate objects speak, assaulting Bloom with their jeers. The cascading waterfall echoes Molly's chamberpot music and reminds Bloom again of Molly's four o'clock appointment:

> Poulaphouca Poulaphouca
> Poulaphouca Poulaphouca. (U-GP 446)

The fan proclaims Bloom's emasculation: "(half opening, then closing) And the missus is master. Petticoat government" (U-GP 430). Even the doorhandle has a role to play, echoing the last word of the Cardinal and his dwarves' comedy routine: "Theeee!" (U-GP 428). The staging of these talking objects must be difficult but outrageously funny. Certainly, their influence on Bloom is outrageously funny; he pops his "back trouserbutton" in true clownish fashion (U-GP 450). Some critics may point to this button-popping as a turning point in the action and cite Bloom's more aggressive language: "You have broken the spell. The last straw" (U-GP 451). The spell, however, is not broken yet, and Bloom is still impotent.

He only "half rises," and the song of the Coombe sluts surely verifies his continued impotent state:

> O, Leopold lost the pin of his drawers
> He didn't know what to do,
> To keep it up,
> To keep it up.

The parade of crazy characters continues with appearances by Father Dolan, Don John Conmee, Shakespeare, some boots, and the pianola, just to mention a few. Even the guests of honor, Marion and Boylan, deliver a cameo appearance. The spell will not be broken until Bloom takes charge of Stephen's ashplant, but scrutiny of a few more Bergsonian elements and ties to _Exiles_ must precede my discussion of this revelation.

No discussion of the parade of characters in "Circe" would be complete without a passing reference to Bella's transformation into Bello and Bloom's into a female and Circe's swine. In the previous chapter, I discussed the subtle merging of characters in _Exiles_. Robert and Richard not only share their first initial, but, by the play's end, Richard has become as much of a Bergsonian automaton as Robert. Bertha and Beatrice share both a first initial and a reconciliation. Here, in "Circe," subtlety has vanished. While many of the transformations are clearly allusions to Joyce's classical source, the magical powers of Homer's Circe, Cheryl Herr postulates a source closer to home--the commonly accepted practice of transvestism on the Dublin stage. She proclaims that "sexual impersonation was not only tolerated, it was enjoyed; what is more, it was expected" (137). A. E. Wilson devotes an entire chapter to Dan Leno, the most popular star of the pantomime from 1888-1904. According to Wilson, Leno was best in his dame parts where "his short stature, his whimsical and his odd manner of dressing gave him immense advantages to wear the clothes of womanhood in the most unobjectionable way" (199). Thus, we have another example of Joyce fulfilling the expectations of his audience. Seen in this way, Bloom's behavior in "Circe" is not a study of supposed weakness or sexual abnormality. Instead, "Circe" implies that culture determines self-concept. For Herr, Bloom's many costume changes and particularly his female clothing have a semiotic function, signifying "the power of clothing over behavior, the power that one sex wields simply by virtue of costume and distinctive mannerisms" (152). John William Cooke's remarks about costuming in Tom Stoppard's play, Travesties (in which Joyce figures as a major character and delineates Stoppard's philosophy of art), apply here to "Circe": "Stoppard's use of costume further emphasizes the fact that self, like character, is also created through perceptual patterning: costume is form . . . . If form predicates existence, and clothing is form, then the existence of the individual depends on clothing" (98). In short, "Circe" becomes self-reflexive once more, commenting upon the rituals and codes of the theatre and the society it mirrors. Again, the significance of Herr's remarks to my thesis are threefold. First, it is noteworthy that to an Irish audience the Bella/Bello scenes would be funny, a performance on paper of what they commonly saw on the stage. Second, this connection to the popular stage portrays a clearly sympathetic Bloom, not a sick, emasculated, victim of Freudian sexuality. Yes, the audience may be laughing at Bloom's transvestism and yes, the audience may be chuckling over Bloom's clownish antics, but just as the audience's heart went out to the most famous Bergsonian clown, Charlie Chaplin, and to the most famous transvestite, Dan Leno, so, too, its heart goes out to Bloom. This new view of Bloom has significant ramifications for my dual view of comedy in this chapter, leading to the regenerative side of Bloom. Third, and perhaps most important, is the positive value of Bloom's transvestism which has the power to help Bloom transcend his male clownishness and embrace the equanimity he displays in the remainder of the novel.

Bloom, like Richard, exhibits voyeuristic tendencies as evidenced by his naughty lover roles with Martha Clifford and Gerty McDowell and his acquiescent or masochistic removal from the scene of the crime at four--even Molly implies that Bloom shares responsibility for his own cuckoldry: "was it him managed it this time I wouldnt put it past him" (748) and "serve him right its his own fault if I am an adulteress" (780). Prefiguring Bloom's voyeurism, during Act II of Exiles Richard tells Robert that he has known "everything. I have known for some time" (74). And when Richard says "everything" he means it. He encourages her to reveal every minute detail--all the "looks, whispers" (75) even the scrap of paper Robert sent to her: "There is one word which I have never dared to say to you" (34). Richard later defends his actions to Bertha explaining, "I had to protect you from that" (92), but he negates all credibility when he admits to Bertha that he would have preferred her to have been secretive rather than open: "What a fool you were to tell me! It would have been so nice if you had kept it secret" (93). Earlier he concurs with Robert:

> Robert
>
> You knew? From her? You were watching us all the time?
>
> Richard
>
> I was watching you. (75)

As a true voyeur, Richard takes equal pleasure in secretive improprieties and in the vicarious experience. At the play's end, Richard is unchanged, still finding masochistic pleasure in his "living wound of doubt" (147).

Bloom's role reversal with Bella in "Circe" aids him in transcending his voyeurism. Prior to his contact with transvestism, Bloom exhibits the characteristics of Robert and Richard--Robert's clownishness and Richard's voyeurism. After his role reversal, he exhibits the conciliatory attitudes of Bertha and Beatrice. Thus, instead of seeing Bloom's androgyny as something negative, it becomes the cathartic impulse necessary for regeneration. Joseph Allen Boone raises the positive possibilities inherent in Bloom as "the new womanly man":

> By raising the issue of "feminacy" in a man, Joyce levels an ironically humorous, but equally damning, blow at the values of Dublin's sexually bifurcated society. Concurrently, he charts the potential destructiveness of the guilts and fears that result from the internalization of those values; he also demonstrates the way in which subconscious fantasy becomes a release mechanism allowing Bloom to transform his masochistic desire for self-punishment into purgative experience. (66)

And if we refuse to acknowledge the surface reality of this role reversal, we probably accept it readily on the dream level where everything, including sex, is mutable and we are, after all, in _Nighttown_. Furthermore, Bloom's metamorphosis into a woman foreshadows Shem's awareness of his mother's consciousness. Robert Polhemus contends that the Anna Livia Plurabelle monologue concluding the _Wake_ is Joyce's speech in the guise of woman:

> The highest form of heroism for him is the act of creation, and he finds and represents the basis of creativity, not in the male God of Christianity, but in a woman. Thus a true male hero must try to

> transcend his sex even if this makes him seem ludicrous--like Bloom, Shem, and even Joyce. (325)

While some may jump at the Freudian implications of Bloom's and Joyce's androgyny, I think it is important to note that Joyce's comic and psychic principles are closer to those of Bergson than to those of Freud.

In fact, Joyce's portrayal of Bloom and of the sexual fantasies of "Circe" appear to be a direct hit at Freud (Joyce's letter to Harriet Weaver refers to Freud as "the Viennese Tweedledee" [Letters I 166]) and another point of alignment with Bergson who holds

> That which is commonly held to be a disturbance of the psychic life itself, an inward disorder, a disease of the personality, appears to us, from our point of view, to be an unloosing or a breaking of the tie which binds this psychic life to its motor accompaniment, a weakening or an impairing of our attention to outward life. (Matter & Memory xiv-xv)

In his distress, in his desire to spend an ostensible day of dalliance, Bloom has tried to loosen the tie between his psychic and motor life. Of course, he has not been successful. The psychic constantly intrudes on the motor, producing a jerky, back and forth, movement all day long.

The cardinal rule of good writing is that style reflects content. Two critics point to the jerky, mechanical style of "Circe." While they do not make specific reference to the mechanical, jerky movements of the Bergsonian automaton, they do demonstrate two other ways in which structure mirrors meaning. Discussing the evolution of the "Circe" script, Norman Silverstein identifies some changes Joyce made in the opening scene. In the revision, the children "grab" rather than "receive" wafers. Silverstein's point is that this change, and others, demonstrate Joyce's concern with showing "abruptness of motion" (31). Furthermore, Norman Silverstein relates what Joyce told Budgen in 1920 about "Circe": "The rhythm is . . . of locomotor ataxia," which Silverstein defines as _tabes dorsalis_, a disabling condition resulting from syphilis ("Evolution" 30). Thus, style reflects meaning, for the abrupt, jerky, staccato structure and diction reflect not only the Bergsonian mechanical element, but also the paralysis of muscles in syphilis--details suitable for a brothel setting. Marguerite Harkness takes this same idea in another direction. The "uneven, halting, jerky" movements of the stage directions push "Circe" out of "linear and regular time" (17) and foreshadow the abnormal gestures of Stephen who will also operate outside of linear time, outside of normal, human communication, as I will soon demonstrate.

One last example of Bergsonian comedy at work in "Circe" is the Joycean checklist.[2] Hugh Kenner, in _The Stoic Comedians_, refers to Joyce's catalogue of six hundred rivers in _Finnegans Wake_ and the ninety-four rhetorical figures in "Aeolus," and postulates that Joyce's purpose is to exhaust the category and by so doing create humor. Kenner calls this humor the "comedy of the inventory." It is comic "precisely because exhaustive" (55). Citing the comments on comic art collected in Joyce's Critical Writings, Kenner writes:

> The feeling proper to comic art, Joyce wrote, is joy, and by way of making clear what joy is, he distinguished it from desire. Now the virtue of exhaustiveness is this, that by it desire is utterly allayed. Nothing is missing. We have the double pleasure of knowing what should be present, and knowing that all of it is present. We have also what Bergson has taught us to regard as an indispensable component of the comic, a mechanical element; what is more mechanical than a checklist? And we have one other benison, an internal criterion of consistency. Celebrating a city, which once had walls and still has limits, which is laid out into streets and blocks, districts and zones, which can be represented by a map, or by a directory, Joyce is at pains to imitate all of these aspects of his subject in his book, which can be mapped and indexed, which has internal thoroughfares connecting points not textually contiguous, which contains zones defined and inimitably characterized (you could no more mistake a passage from "Eumaeus" for one from "Hades" than you could mistake Nighttown from Merrion Square). (55)

Some humorous examples of the inventory occur in "Circe," the Dublin parade (U 480), the distribution of Bloom's bodyguard (U 485), the suicide of beauties (U 492), the attributes of Bloom's eight male children (U 494), Bloom's feats from the top of Nelson's Pillar (U 495), and the pursuit of the incognito Bloom (U 586), foreshadowing the thematically important and ironic inventory of crimes to be discussed soon in "Eumaeus." Speaking of Bergson and Meredith, William Sypher proclaims that both see comedy as "a game played in society . . . a discipline of the self . . . a premise to civilization" (xvi). Kenner sees Joyce's use of comedy as a game in a similar vein:

> We are clearly in the presence of a dominant analogy . . . of probability theory . . . . Inside this analogy the Stoic Comedians elected to imprison themselves, the better, in working out its elaborate games, to mime the elaborate world . . . . We use it to lend structure and direction to our thoughts, as the Victorians used biology and as the men of the Enlightenment used Newtonian physics. (96)

Thus, both _Exiles_ and "Circe" demonstrate characteristics of Bergsonian comedy. "Circe" is replete with mechanical checklists, with inventories, and Bloom operates like a clown.

Unlike _Exiles_' Robert, however, Bloom embodies more than the ridiculous antics of the Bergsonian mechanical. Like Bertha, he possesses the restorative powers of reconciliation.

While Joyce subtly reveals Bertha's role as eucharist, he highlights Bloom's participation in the mass, in the celebration of life.

At the opening of "Circe," Stephen "shatters the light" and creates the nightmare world, his yellow ashplant recalling Buck's yellow robes in an earlier black mass. Many critics have discussed Ulysses as a black mass and Stephen's actions as the artist-priest. Daniel Ferrer, in his post-structuralist reading, articulates that "Circe is both a magic lantern, producing phantasies whose function is to consolidate the self, by concealing reality or filling in its flaws, without ever mingling with it, and an infernal machine which destroys identities and shatters reality" (130). Though eloquently stated, Ferrer's view is incorrect. Stephen's actions and Joyce's multi-leveled planes of consciousness may appear to destroy identity and reality, but they do not. Bloom's actions demonstrate otherwise. In fact, Bloom's catharsis has reverberating ramifications for the three chapters to follow and for Joyce's most comprehensive expression of his comic vision.

Bloom lifts the ashplant near the end of the episode to show Stephen that he has only shattered the paper, that the damage is minimal:

> Only the chimney's broken. Here is all he . . . . To show you how he hit the paper. There's not a sixpence worth of damage done. Ten shillings! (U 594)

It is Bloom, not Stephen, who is the true priest. A quick referral back to the traditions of the popular stage illustrates the power of this new Bloom. I have already shown that "Circe" traces its roots back to the pantomime. Michael Booth explains that English pantomimes directly descend from the Italian _commedia dell' arte_. The stock characters and plot of _commedia dell' arte_ are the unsuccessful attempts of the old father Pantaloon to thwart the desires of his daughter Columbine and her lover Harlequin due to the helping hand of Clown (Pantaloon's servant) who has been bribed by Harlequin. More germane to my purposes, however, is a brief discussion of Harlequin's magic bat, which, according to Booth, when "slapping upon scenery, floor, or object, gave the cue for a transformation whose purpose was to hinder pursuit or bewilder, frighten, and torment the pursuers; this ritual existed in England from the earliest days of eighteenth-century pantomime" (3). I see Stephen's ashplant as an allusion to Harlequin's wonder bat and to the magical powers of the Rowan tree mentioned in the last chapter. In the hands of an apostate, the bat has no power, but in Bloom's hand, it yields real authority. In fact, all of "Circe" can be viewed as a Harlequinade. Bloom plays Clown to Stephen's Harlequin because as A. E. Wilson points out Grimaldi's talented portrayals of Clown soon made Clown, not Harlequin, the leading character (30). In the original _commedia dell 'arte_ there was no clown (40). He is most probably derived from the British medieval Vice, who also tended to take over the stage. The stock jokes, according to Wilson, included:

> . . . a policeman elongated by the mangle into a shapeless figure, the swell in white trousers whose legs were dipped into a mixture labelled "Raspberry jam," the foreign gentleman whose coat was torn from his back by rival touts, the red-hot poker, and the inevitable buttered slide artfully prepared by Clown for the benefit of the unwary pedestrian.
>
> All these jokes and tricks were in turn represented and laughed at, the omission of any one of them being regarded as a grave fault. And then there had to be a grandfather's clock through the face of which Harlequin had to take a flying leap, to be caught on the other side in a blanket held by stage hands. (30)

In "Circe" we have a duped policeman--Private Carr, Joyce's slam at Henry Carr--and a clock, though adapted to a cuckoo clock to fit Joyce's dual purpose of cuckoldry (indeed, we could say that Bloom plays the role of Pantaloon, too; instead of losing a daughter [though he may lose Milly on one of her summer jaunts], he loses a wife [temporarily], and he does act as father to Stephen). Providing even stronger evidence for equating Bloom with Clown and "Circe" with Harlequinade, Wilson adds that the comic scenes "took place in a dark and gloomy cavern and the characters would grope in the darkness until the Clown, seizing Harlequin's bat, struck the backcloth, which immediately opened, disclosing a fairy palace or glade, and the performance ended . . ." (30-31). Thus, Bloom's grabbing of Stephen's ashplant, returning the light of reality and experiencing the vision of Rudy, the fairy lad, mark the end of Circe's Harlequinade. If we carry this same line of thought back to _Exiles_, it is easy to see Robert as Clown and Richard as Harlequin. Like Stephen, Richard is ineffectual. Richard _carries_ his umbrella, his magic bat, throughout the play. He never uses it.

As the new Christ, Bloom carries bread _and chocolate_ in his pocket (U-GP 354). The stone eucharist of _Exiles_ becomes a rising "cake of new clean lemon soap" (U-GP 360), then the profaned "blood dripping host" (U-GP 489), and finally the newly risen Rudy in "Circe." Again, it is Bloom, not Stephen, whom the Archbishop of Armagh anoints and then Bloom who, in turn, nominates "Copula Felix" (U-GP 394).[3] And finally, at the chapter's end, Bloom takes charge, not Stephen. Knocked out by Private Carr, Stephen lies flat on his back. While Stephen falls, literally and figuratively, Bloom rises. Rightfully carrying Stephen's symbol of authority, the ashplant, Bloom wields real authority. As Cissy Caffrey shouts her forgiveness for Stephen's insults, Bloom acknowledges it and pronounces the sad verdict on Stephen: "Yes, go. You see he's incapable" (U-GP 490). Bloom "shoves" the crowd back, "glances sharply" at a man, "angrily" indicts Private Carr, and "confidentially" whisks Stephen away into the safety of Kelleher's car. The chapter ends with Stephen in the fetal position, incoherently mumbling: ". . . shadows . . . the woods . . . white breast . . . dim sea. (He stretches out his arms, sighs again and curls his body)" (U-GP 497). Bloom, on the other hand, "stands erect." Undoubtably, Bloom is in charge.

Viewing the entire novel as a mass, Paul L. Briand, Jr. correctly assesses the importance of the "Circe" episode as the climax of Ulysses, as the consecration of Joyce's mass. Briand concentrates his attention on the black mass, Joyce's "profane travesty and sacrilegious mockery" of placing his consecration in a brothel (317).[4] In "Circe," Father Flynn, whose name instantly recalls the apostate priest of "The Sisters," elevates a bloody host, while Reverend Haines exposes his bare rump and dedicates the mass to the devil. Joyce's debasement of the most solemn moment of the mass, the transformation of bread and wine to Christ's body and blood, recalls Buck Mulligan's use of a bowl of shaving lather and reference to the female body ("Christine" instead of Christ) in "Telemachus." Here, Mrs. Purefoy's pregnant body serves the function of altar:

> . . . on the altarstone Mrs. Mina Purefoy, goddess of unreason, lies, naked, fettered, a chalice resting on her swollen body. Father Malachi O'Flynn in a lace petticoat and reversed chasuble, his two left feet back to the front, celebrates camp mass. The Reverend Mr. Hugh C. Haines Love M. A. in a

plain cassock and mortarboard, his head and collar back to the front, holds over the celebrant's head an open umbrella.)

Father Malachi O'Flynn

Introibo ad altare diaboli.

The Reverend Mr. Haines Love

To the devil which hath made glad my young days.

Father Malachi O'Flynn

(takes from the chalice and elevates a blooddripping host) Corpus meum.

The Reverend Mr. Haines Love

(raises high behind the celebrant's petticoat, revealing his grey bare hairy buttocks between which a carrot is stuck) My body.

The Voice of All the Damned

Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella!

(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.)

Adonai

Dooooooooooog!

The Voice of All the Blessed

Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

(From on high the voice on Adonai calls.)

Adonai

Goooooooooood!

(In strident discord peasants and townsmen of Orange and Green factions sing 'Kick the Pope' and 'Daily, Daily Sing to Mary.')

> Private Carr
>
> (with ferocious articulation) I'll do him in, so help me fucking Christ! I'll wring the bastard fucker's bleeding blasted fucking windpipe!
>
> (The retriever, nosing on the fringe of the crowd, barks noisily.)
>
> Bloom
>
> (runs to Lynch) Can't you get him away?
>
> Lynch
>
> He likes dialectic, the universal language. Kitty! (to Bloom) Get him away, you. He won't listen to me.
>
> (He drags Kitty away.)
>
> Stephen
>
> (points) Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit.
>
> Bloom
>
> (runs to Stephen) Come along with me now before worse happens. Here's your stick.
>
> Stephen
>
> Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason. (489-490)

Also noteworthy, Joyce's use of the infamous "f-word" occurs directly after the consecration. While God is reversed to dog in this blasphemous transformation (as earlier by Stephen in "Proteus"), Private Carr exclaims that he'll "wring the bastard fucker's bleeding blasted fucking windpipe" (490). Ironically, as the reverent Catholic individually whispers, "My Lord and my God" after the elevation of the host and "My

Jesus, mercy" after the elevation of the chalice, Private Carr blares forth with the most foully alliterative interjection of the novel. Joyce prepares for this moment earlier when he has the English man of authority curse his own king, inadvertently, of course: "I'll wring the neck of any bugger says a word against my fucking king" (U-GP 488). As Briand contends, this climactic moment of transubstantiation is one of many transubstantiations which occur throughout the chapter; however, these "are not transubstantiations in which accidents remain the same (as bread and wine) and the substances change (into the Body and Blood of Christ), but fantastic, reversed transubstantiations and metapsychoses in which accidents change and substances remain the same" (318). While I agree with all these excellent points, Briand fails to discuss the true consecration of the scene--Bloom's vision of Rudy--and instead moves forward to the communion of "Ithaca" where Bloom and Stephen drink cocoa, "the most important action of the novel" (321).

Contrary to Briand, Patrick McCarthy believes that communion takes place in "Circe" where there is a "communion of the people," not a "communion of the priests" (136). McCarthy's use of priest*s* implies that he grants Bloom this status, but he never pursues it. Rather, he explicitly acknowledges Stephen as the priest who must serve the "grotesque representatives of the laity" (136). With Briand, McCarthy sees Joyce's purpose in employing the mass as framework for the novel as "a formal, outward sign of the subtle process of spiritual renewal and regeneration" (137) just as the mass itself should operate in the lives of Catholics. Both men postulate that it is Stephen who is changed. Briand writes, "Stephen having broken from his precious, priggish shell of selfish aestheticism, can now go forth to create as an objective artist" (321). McCarthy writes, "The mass also demonstrates a change in Stephen, who begins the day as the server who carried the bowl of water for the usurper priest, Mulligan (U 11), but ends as an independent person, the priest of his ritual and a man who shows promise of artistic achievement" (137). Caught up in a discussion of how Stephen functions as priest in one of the novel's black masses (for surely there are more--Buck Mulligan's opening and the beach of "Nausicca" being two), neither man discusses Bloom's role as the true priest of the novel.

In a short article entitled, "Gesture in 'Circe,'" Harkness negates the views of Briand and McCarthy on a changed Stephen. She sees no change in Stephen. Explaining the importance of gesture in the chapter she postulates that

> . . . because Stephen wishes to associate gesture with eternity, to remove it from time, hints at one of his problems with gesture, hence with communication at the essential level, and with his art. Within time, communication with other human beings is possible because people exist within time; dissociated from time, Stephen can communicate

> with himself, with God, or with the dead, but he cannot communicate with people. (17)

Bloom, by contrast, can communicate with people; the prostitutes understand him.[5] Another critic who sees no change in Stephen, Daniel Schwarz argues that, "The intellectual imagination is not Stephen's solution but his problem; it is a large factor in his cynicism, arrogance, iconoclasm, and inability to respond humanely to others" (220).

Stephen not only negates communication through his reduction of words to gestures; he attempts to expedite matters further by reducing multiple gestures to one. At the opening of "Circe" he queries the validity of having two gestures for transubstantiation, reducing it to one in his mock version: "Anyway, who wants two gestures to illustrate a loaf and a jug? This movement illustrates the loaf and jug of bread or wine in Omar. Hold my stick" (U-GP 353). We can not be sure what Stephen's gesture of two outstretched arms, hands down, and head thrown back signifies, but judging from his past actions and Lynch's response of "Damn your yellow stick," it is probably something obscene, most likely a motion similar to Buck Mulligan's consecration of "Christine," portraying Stephen as not any better than his "usurper." From the moment another false priest, Stephen, shatters the light in "Circe" until Bloom takes hold of the ashplant, all in between manifests itself as a large blur of recurring, reverberating images, Proteus' "ineluctable modality of the visible." Stephen's acknowledgment of the importance of gesture sets the tone for almost all of "Circe," foreshadowing a distrust of words and cautioning us to not believe all we see and hear, at once, demanding and confusing the principle tenet of the theatre--the willing suspension of disbelief. Near the end of "Circe," when Bloom takes charge, he combines words and gestures, effectively communicating with Bella, with the police, and with Kelleher.

Consequently, the true priest of _Ulysses_' Catholic mass is Bloom, a converted Christian, once Jewish like the apostles. And what more miraculous transformation can there be in all of Christendom than that of God becoming man, the birth of the Christ child? At the conclusion of "Circe," Bloom as priest performs the ultimate miracle. He resurrects the dead Rudy. While it is easy to dismiss this vision as but another hallucination in a chapter of hallucinations, to Bloom and to all empathetic souls, this vision is real. Bloom is "wonderstruck." Drunken Stephen is a _fallen_ man with the plethora of associations that word carries and showing little evidence of change. (And before his fall, Stephen calls the mock consecration a "feast of pure reason" when clearly Mrs. Purefoy is the "goddess of unreason." It appears that Stephen, like others, has been duped.) Unlike Stephen, Bloom "stands erect" (yes, none can escape Joyce's sexual punning) transforming and creating as a priest: "Silent, thoughtful, alert . . . his fingers at his lips in the attitude of a secret master" (U-GP 497).

Many critics have discussed the symbolic significance of Rudy's presence, but my purpose is to focus on Bloom here, on Bloom as the true artist-priest of the novel, on Bloom as the restorative comic power foreshadowed by Bertha.[6] Again, more germane to my purposes, Bloom's resurrection of Rudy fulfills the expectations of the audience, waiting for the Great Transformation Scene which always concluded the Christmas Pantomimes they flocked to see at the popular theatres. Citing Planche, a veteran writer of extravaganzas, Wilson explains the addition of the transformation scenes and Christmas extravaganzas to the traditional fare of the pantomime:

> When Harlequinades were indispensable at Christmas . . . the ingenious method was hit upon for dove-tailing extravaganza and pantomime. Instead of two or three simple scenes which previously formed the opening of a pantomime a long burlesque, the character of which had nothing to do with the Harlequinade, occupies an hour--sometimes much more--of the evening and terminates with one of the elaborate and gorgeous displays which have acquired the name of 'transformation scenes,' after which what is by courtesy called the 'comic business' is run through by the pantomimists in three or four ordinary street and chamber scenes. (27)

The transformations were never realistic, in fact, the more outrageous, the better. Wilson recounts a pantomime in which "the Fairy Queen (of all people) made an entrance as a strapping Gordon Highlander and another in which Cinderella appeared in the kitchen scene dressed in khaki and sang a patriotic song" (23). Critics have also disputed the significance of the Masonic sign, Bloom's gesture being part of the Masonic initiation rite, the first of Eleven Ineffable Degrees (Schneider 310). Whether Catholic priest or Mason, the important point is Bloom's ritualistic use of gesture, the key to communication in this dramatic chapter.

Bloom will play host to Stephen, preparing the cocoa of "Ithaca," the communion of _Ulysses_. It is not a communion of "equals" (and thus, not _the_ communion of the novel) as McCarthy contends (136). On the physical level Bloom stands superior; he is host and elder. On the spiritual level, Bloom also stands superior; he has exorcised his nightmares and gained a valuable lesson in human fallibility--the lesson of equanimity. It may not be a lesson with which many of us are comfortable. For all our largesse about eliminating sexual discrimination, our stereotypes about masculinity still hang tenaciously. Bloom is not less of a man because he is cuckolded, regardless of what theatres of the time (and ours, for that matter) propounded. Joyce's parody of the popular theatre in "Circe" illustrates society's out-dated notions on masculinity. The theatre becomes no better than a brothel as a marketplace of illicit sex and stereotypic attitudes on sex. Lest we deny any of these truths, Stephen operates as Bloom's character foil. Stephen appears to have learned no such lesson. Yes, he has swallowed some of his pride for he seems prepared to return to Martello tower to settle some affairs, but I see no evidence of Stephen possessing new artistic powers.

Much of Bloom's power is undercut in "Eumaeus" and "Ithaca," but Bloom does return home, fairly content. And while there is no substantial evidence that marital and sexual change will occur, the potential is there. Molly seems to place Bloom above Boylan ("has more spunk in him" [U 727]) and will "throw him up his eggs and tea" in the morning and "give him one more chance" (U 780). Granted, in "Ithaca," our last view of Bloom is not the heroic warrior, the reconstituted man. He still does not have sexual intercourse with his wife, but he does make love to her in his own way, kissing the "plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump" (U-GP 604). True, his way falls far short of Molly's desires (and probably his own), but we need to take a new look at Bloom's anality. We need to acquire a bit of Bloom's incredible gift for "parallax." "Circe" does not conclude with the reference to anality typical of previous and subsequent chapters. Inversely, "Circe" opens, rather than ends, with a fart.

Moving backwards from "Circe," "Oxen in the Sun" ends with the fairly evident sound of flatulence: "Pflaaap . . . H's got a cough mixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his backpocket" (U-GP 349). "Nausicca" concludes with the three mocking cuckoo's describing Bloom's recent cuckoldry, but the paragraph before the triple cuckooing is a clear reference to the female derriere though the allusions to Raoul and Mulvey superimpose Molly's sexual consciousness over Gerty's and Bloom's (a good example of Hayman's "Arranger" operating and of structure echoing content): ". . . she wander years of dreams return toil and Agendath swoony lovely showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next" (U-GP 312). "Cyclops" ends with a swift kick in the pants, literally: "And they beheld Him even Him . . . ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of forty-five degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green street like a shot off a shovel" (U-GP 283). The concluding action of "Sirens," Bloom's timing his flatulence with the passing tram, requires no erudite explanation:

> Prrprr.
> Must be the bur.
> Fff! Oo. Rrpr.
> (Nations of the earth.) No-one behind. She's passed. (Then and not till then.) Tram kran kran kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krandlkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. (Let my epitaph be.) Kraaaaaa. (Written. I have.)
> Pprrpffrrppffff.
> (Done.) (U-GP 239).

Robert Young describes the chapter's finish so eloquently that he deserves mention:

> While Molly and Boylan play at tops and tails, Bloom, headless and castrated, topped and tailed, returns to his voyage, his journey, on a Germanic pun. From his one remaining organ, he delivers his own unwritten epitaph, one last, one lonely, last raspberry of summer. (92)

Not to belabor the point, I will conclude with four more examples. "Wandering Rocks" ends with the mooning "salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers" and "Lestrygonians" with Molly's soap in Bloom's hippocket. Moving forward from "Circe," Eumaeus concludes with Bloom watching Kelleher's "lowbacked car" and Ithaca with Joyce's large black dot, generating Father Boyle's controversial anal identification.

Unlike these chapters, "Circe" begins with flatulence. Our introduction to Privates Carr and Compton includes "from their mouths a volleyed fart" and references to "hoarse" and "hairy arse." This seemingly trivial detail is another indication of "Circe" as turning point in the novel. Our bumbling hero activates and takes charge, perhaps only temporarily, but he does affect change, restoring money and safety to Stephen and some degree of peace of mind to himself. The crucial nuance here, however, is not to view the anality as necessarily negative. Looking at the rest of the Joycean canon, flatulence is often presented positively. In Giacomo

Joyce, the "foul phosphorescent farts" are a natural part of warm, fertile, life-giving sexuality (12). A body without smell is sterile, "an odourless flower" (13). In Finnegans Wake, flatulence is not reductive. At the end of "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies," the father's gas becomes synonymous with applause, with Finnegan's opening fall, with thunder, not only a punctuating mark, but an act of creation (FW 257). When the Floras sing the "assent of man," they also sing the ass end of man (emphasis mine). When seen from Joyce's "parallax," Bloom's kissing of Molly's rump is a loving act, again foreshadowing the more readily apparent positive connotations of Finnegans Wake: "Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther rer" (FW 234).

Bloom still has his problems, but Joyce's consistently sympathetic perspective, equivalent to Bloom's parallax, seems to proclaim: Who does not? The by-word of "Ithaca" is definitely equanimity:

> Equanimity?
> As as natural as any and every natural act of a nature expressed or understood executed in natured nature by natural creatures in accordance with his, her and their natured natures, of dissimilar similarity. As not so calamitous as a cataclysmic annihilation of the planet in consequence of a collision with a dark sun. As less reprehensible than theft, highway robbery, cruelty to children and animals, obtaining money under false pretenses,

> forgery, embezzlement, misappropriation of public money, betrayal of public trust, malingering, mayhem, corruption of minors, criminal libel, blackmail, contempt of court, arson, treason, felony, mutiny on the high seas, trespass, burglary, jailbreaking, practice of unnatural vice, desertion from armed forces in the field, perjury, poaching, usury, intelligence with the king's enemies, impersonation, criminal assault, manslaughter, wilful and premeditated murder. As not more abnormal than all other parallel processes of adaptation to altered conditions of existence, resulting in a reciprocal equilibrium between the bodily organism and its attendant circumstances, foods, beverages, acquired habits, indulged inclinations, significant disease. As more than inevitable, irreparable. (U-GP 603)

Bloom's assertion that the supreme event of the day was "more than inevitable, irreparable" implies his acceptance of responsibility and his willingness to forgive what is done and cannot be undone.[7] This catalogue, while humorous, serves a very serious purpose. Bloom's equanimity is not presented as a grievous fault or weakness, but put in perspective. On the other hand, Joyce's humorous undercutting does not raise it to heroic proportions either. As Paul Schiffer aptly points out, Joyce avoids sentimentality by _not_ having some things occur at the conclusion of _Ulysses_. Bloom and Stephen do not become fast friends, and Bloom and Molly do not reconsummate their marriage that night (292). Joyce does leave us with a man who appreciates the regenerative powers of the female principle. Whether he finally partakes of them we can only speculate. That Joyce imbued his creation with a forgiving, inquisitive, sympathetic nature requires no speculation. Bloom, like Bertha, is Meredith's "comic faun":

> Meredith's comic faun is a sunlit creature who bids us love, and passionately love, as long as we do not deceive ourselves by pretending to feel what we do not feel. One foot's length of pretence, and the lover's foot is caught in a trap. (Sypher xv)

Stephen, like Richard, is still caught in the trap. Joyce has changed Richard's egotistical "I am what I am" (E 133), reminiscent of Yahweh's words, to Bloom's meek, unfinished sand message in "Nausicca": "I . . . . AM. A." (U-GP 312).[8] In "Circe," Joyce trades hubris for equanimity.

My intentions are not to be overly optimistic, but to consider the overall tone of the novel, the overall Joycean canon. Given the brutal insensitivity of modern Dublin, Bloom emerges as a good man, as close as any man can come to goodness in an already fallen world. Bernard Bergonzi's articulate comments about characters in the modern Catholic novel apply aptly here; man is "poised most precariously on the isthmus of a middle state" (173). This world is not as it ought to be. Bloom is caught in a mechanized, rigid world where the huge gulf between appearance and reality often tries to deny people their individuality, to transform them into rigid, mechanized automata. But Bloom is resilient. Like his creator's, Bloom's vision is fundamentally comic. Despite untold disasters (and Joyce had his own share of problems--his deteriorating physical state and his daughter's deteriorating mental state), he retains his comic enthusiasm. Hence, Joyce continues to write divine comedy and to prepare us for "O foenix culprit," the fortunate fall of HCE and the faults of every man (FW 23).

ENDNOTES

[1] I have to some extent misrepresented Ferrer in my chapter on "Circe" as drama. Ferrer explicitly states that "Circe" is "literally inseparable from Ulysses" (128) and implies that attempts to view the chapter as drama, as anything other than written text, are folly. While I clearly disagree with Ferrer, his article contains a wealth of insights. We both see "Circe" as the self-reflexive mirror, as Caramello's "silverless mirror," a mirror that "perceptually . . . becomes a window, but conceptually . . . is . . . incapable of performing its presumed function" (48). "Circe" is like a mirror in that "one cannot approach it without realizing that one is already in it" (Ferrer 128). Yet while we are in this mirror, we are fully aware of its distorting power. For Daniel Schwarz, the specific mirror scene in "Circe" where Stephen and Bloom share the vision of Shakespeare becomes the reader's epiphany in that "the artist who, like Shakespeare, will be truly universal, must include both Stephen and Bloom--intellect and experience--even if as a man in the actual world he may be ridiculous" (217). Yet, again, while we see this truth, Stephen and Bloom do not because of the mirror's distortions. All Bloom sees are Shakespeare's horns.

[2] An additional parallel to Exiles not yet discussed is Joyce's frequent use of the pun. To name just one example, the mild reference to Paul de Kock in the notes to Exiles erupts in a barrage of puns on cock in "Circe": Mrs. Breen's "cock and bull story" (U-GP 365), Bloom's "billycock" hat (366), "Rogers and Maggot O'Reilly mimicking a cock" (367), the whores' innuendo to Bloom's "middle leg" (368), Bloom's new nickname "Poldy Kock" (438), and Bloom as "cockhorse" (436), to cite just a few.

[3] It is truly appropriate that Bloom nominate "Copula Felix," for his fall has been fortunate. While Joyce constantly undercuts all certainties in the novel, by the end of "Circe" Bloom is a changed man, taking adversity in stride. Robert Torrance compares him to two other modern anti-heroes who view life similarly--Bellow's Henderson and Cary's Gulley Jimson. According to Torrance, Henderson's discovery that "there aren't many guys who have stuck with real life through thick and think" transforms him to a rejuvenated comic hero (257). For Gulley, man's fall is a "'Fall into freedom' and it is man's freedom to scoff at misfortune that he courageously reaffirms after his own last fall" (Torrance 258). Cary, another Irish writer who lived outside of Ireland, shares Joyce's empathetic comic sense.

[4] Sheldon Brivic emphasizes the secular reasons for Joyce's choice of the setting, maintaining that "Joyce uses prostitution as a symbol for modern civilization in its commercial, capitalistic materialism" (20). A house of

prostitution is an appropriate setting, furthermore, because in Ibsen's Ghosts, one of the widely-recognized models for "Circe," hereditary disease becomes a "symbol of all the deterministic forces that crush humanity down," according to Bradbrook (90). And while Bradbrook says hereditary disease, she and Ibsen are certainly referring to a specific type; Oswald Alving is dying of "softening of the brain," of syphilis, a disease frequently transmitted in brothels. I am indebted to Dr. J. B. Lyons for his informative comments on syphilis and what he terms Ibsen's and Joyce's inadequate knowledge of the disease (179).

[5] Various critics have discussed the importance of the word left in "Circe." Robert Newman recalls that while Sibyl directs Aeneas to take the right-hand path to Elysium because the left runs to Tartarus, Bloom takes the left path in "Circe," clearly going to hell. Twenty years earlier, Norman Silverstein lists only one use of the word right and Bloom speaks it: "Keep to the right, right, right" (U-GP 357). Stephen, on the other hand, grasps the "ashplant in his left hand" (352). I see these perceptions as further indication of Bloom as communicative priest and Stephen as apostate.

[6] William Peden views Rudy's appearance as a "moment of complete silence in which the crowded stage is suddenly emptied and cleansed" (16). Kenner's seminal article on "The Rhetoric of Silence" and Margaret McBride's companion articles on the silent "Four" of "Calypso" expound on the extreme importance of what is not said in Joyce's works. This

extraordinary moment of silence in "Circe" is foreshadowed by the many silent moments of _Exiles_ which Chapter V discusses.

[7] Mary O'Toole's excellent article perceives the ending of "Ithaca" differently. Calling attention to the bow imagery of the chapter, she concludes: "Leopold Bloom then dissolves out of the novel, a spent hero, never having strung or wielded the bow of Ulysses, never having dealt with his wife's suitors" (223). While I agree with her astute analysis of the imagery, she misses Joyce's point. Bloom is not a heroic Ulysses, but an ordinary man, guilty of faults, with some of the heroic still in him (after all, Molly is no patient Penelope either).

[8] Craig Smith identifies Bloom's cryptic unfinished message as an almost completed Greek palindrome, _IAMAI_, meaning "I am recovered." Richard J. Gerber, on the other hand, contends that as Bloom realizes that Gerty is LAME, we anagramatically complete the message--I AM A _MALE_ (emphasis mine).

CHAPTER V

"ENTWINE OUR ARTS WITH LAUGHTERS LOW!": COMIC TECHNIQUE AND ROLES IN "THE MIME OF MICK, NICK AND THE MAGGIES"

The dualistic view of comedy I have propounded--the mechanistic elements of Henri Bergson and the regenerative, ritualistic elements of George Meredith and Suzanne Langer--manifests itself clearly in Book II, Chapter I of Finnegans Wake, often called "The Childream's Hour," but best known as "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies." Like Exiles and "Circe," the "Mime" exhibits slapstick humor, primarily in the antics of Glugg/Shem (recalling the clownish behaviors of Robert Hand and Leopold Bloom), and the humor of the inventory in its lists of confections and the inhabitants of the "funnaminal world." The regenerative elements of Exiles and "Circe"--Bertha's invincible spirit, Bloom's equanimity, and Molly's overt sexuality--display themselves in the adolescent sexuality of the Floras and Issy, each with her promise of fertility, and ultimately in the pen of Shem, the artist/creator.

I have shown that Bloom transcends his male clownishness (Robert) and voyeurism (Richard) by sexual role reversal, finally embracing the conciliatory attitude displayed by Bertha and Beatrice, hence becoming the embodiment of Exiles' four characters. In the "Mime," no such transcendence occurs, but the Bergsonian and the regenerative elements of comedy merge in the children's game--the Bergsonian in the mechanical elements of the game and the regenerative in the sexual aspects of the game. Richard and Robert combine in Shem--the artist and the clown--but Bertha's and Beatrice's conciliatory attitude is missing here in the "Mime" (although it does display itself in the character of A.L.P., particularly in her Dear Dirty Dublin letter at the end of the Wake, justifying H.C.E.'s actions). Utilizing the readily acknowledged comic techniques of the pantomime and children's games, Joyce celebrates the grandeur of life in a postlapsarian state while demonstrating the vital role of the artist who creates new worlds with a single word, providing laughter and beauty to a world-weary audience.

Like its predecessors, Exiles and "Circe," "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" is drama. David Hayman, in his "Notes for Staging Finnegans Wake," believes that "Joyce may well have envisaged a drama . . . based upon . . . Finnegans Wake" (278). Hayman mentions the 1955 production of Mary Manning's script, Passages from Finnegans Wake, at the Poet's Playhouse in Cambridge. While the Harvard production was "good vaudeville" and well-received, and "both the cast and audience made contact with Joyce's book through the medium of the spoken word, the gesture and the dance," it produced a distorted view of Joyce, a too narrow condensation of a highly complex text (280). Hayman proposes staging the pub scene in section II (Book II, Chapter 3), following the lead of *Ulysses in Nighttown*, the Broadway adaptation of "Circe." Hayman's suggestion presents exciting possibilities, but another section presents a readily available script--Book II, Chapter 1, "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies." In fact, Clive Hart's schematics for *Finnegans Wake* bestows the technique of "Drama" on the "Mime" (the pub scene gets "Radio Broadcast"), placing it on the narrative and naturalistic level in a "playhouse" in a "Street in Chapelizod" (17). Adaline Glasheen does not call *Finnegans Wake* a dramatic book, but admits that "its easiest analogy is theatrical" (xi). For Glasheen, the bad acting of the Earwickers accounts for much of the fun of *Finnegans Wake*. J. S. Atherton finds the whole of *Finnegans Wake* to be in several ways a pantomime.

Atherton first discusses the *Pantomimus*, a popular Roman dramatic function in which one actor played all the parts, and demonstrates how this art form can be applied to Joyce's *Wake* if we see all the action as occurring in the dreams of one sleeping character (14). A. E. Wilson also explains that originally the Greek word *pantomime* referred to a person, the "creator of all things." Pantomime is usually thought to be a dumbshow; the gossiping washerwomen are only a tree and a stone until Joyce's "lifewand" imbues them with life (15). But again Wilson declares that British pantomimes included words. Of primary importance though, according to Atherton and Wilson, to British audiences pantomime would connote the theatre's annual Christmas performance, an acceptance of the most outrageous stage transformations. In fact, Atherton contends that "It's a pantomime!" is a colloquialism meaning that the whole thing is confused and absurd, but nevertheless amusing (15-16). One of the main ingredients of the Christmas pantomime was the concluding transformation scene. Atherton cites the 1881 account of Henry Morton who describes the transformations of "kitchens into ballrooms, streets into enchanted islands, shops into magicians' caves, and all the corresponding costume changes" (20). Viewed from the perspective of the turn-of-the-century British theatre-goer, the frantic and bizarre transformations of "Circe" become readily-accepted fare, the bewildering pandemonium of _Finnegans Wake_ somewhat understandable. The "Mime" chapter promises "a Magnificent Transformation scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World" (222.17-20) and, according to the tradition, delivers that transformation at the _Wake's_ end as the river flows into the sea, night becomes morning, and A. L. P.'s letter exonerates her husband. Joyce includes numerous references that portray _Finnegans Wake_ as pantomime--"punnermime" (519.3), "puntomime" (587.8), "pantocreator" (551.7), "chrisman's pandemon" (455.27), and many references to the Dublin theatres performing these pantomimes, particularly the Gaiety owned by Michael Gunn (Cheryl Herr sees Joyce's references to Gunn, an entrepreneur, as "[c]reator and destroyer in this dramatic universe" [125] to be an indication of the close association of art and economics, another example, as was "Circe," of the "commodification of the theater" [121]), but Joyce most clearly uses the comic device of the pantomime in Book II, Chapter 1.

"The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" opens with a parody of the pantomime's playbill. The billing announces performances "Every evening at lighting up o'clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichts Playhouse" (219.1-2). "Feenichts" is the first of many puns and portmanteau words in this chapter, referring to the price (fee) and time (night) of theatre, but more importantly to the "sin" of H.C.E. in Phoenix Park. The mime of the children evidently reenacts or at least parallels the earlier actions of the father. The "wickeday" also apparently refers to the father's earlier performance besides punning on weekday, weekend day, and the questionable reputation of the theatre. True to most playbills, this one gives credit to the producers, here none less than God himself, the Arch mime, and the authors of the Synoptic Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John: "with the benediction of the Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patronage of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners" (219.10). The playbill further informs us that the "Mime" is "adopted from the Bellymooney Bloodridden Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain," according to Herr, a reference to detective melodrama (121) and furthermore, an allusion to the new art form of Joyce's time, the cinema: "And wordloosed over seven seas crowdblast in cellelleneteutoslavzendlatinsound script" (219.17), a portmanteau of celluloid and celtic with teutonic, slavic, zen, latin, and, of course, film's "soundscript." Even "crowdblast" seems a reference to newsreels of large crowds being blasted by political rhetoric. After all, Joyce did persuade four Trieste businessmen to open a cinema, the Volta, in Dublin for ten percent of the profit (JJ 301) and just a bit further into the "Mime" when Glugg cannot guess Issy's color, Issy answers that "the monthage stick in the melmelode jaws" (FW 223.8), which according to William Tindall is a reference to montage, the juxtaposition or superimposition of two things to create a third, a technique developed by a friend of Joyce's, Sergei Eisenstein (155). Furthermore, Finnegans Wake does refer to Charlie Chaplin, "Chorney Choplain" (FW 351.13), and like Bloom, Earwicker is a slapstick character (particularly when closing the bar [FW 381]). Evidently, Joyce was quite familiar with cinemagraphic techniques; in fact, Paul Deane contends that all major film techniques are present in "The Dead" (John Houston and Clive Hart may have been influenced by Deane's ideas, but their recent film version does not include quite the number of flashbacks that Deane does).

The listing of the cast deftly combines players with plot line. The villain, Glugg, "the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks" will "wrestle for tophole" (219.36) with the hero, Chuff, "the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the fairytales" (220.12-13) for the admiration of the heroine, Izod (Issy/Iseult), "a bewitching blonde who dimples delightfully," (220.8-9) while picked on and aided by the twenty-eight Floras, "a month's bunch of pretty maidens" (220.4). Watching over all these children are mother Ann and father Hump, who run the "pilgrimst customhouse" (220.35) for the Customers, "a bundle of a dozen of representative locomotive civics" (221.3-4) who are served beverages by Sauderson and fortunes by Kate. The playbill credits costumes, "creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Delamode"; choreography, "Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbiena"; music "providentially arranged by L'Archet and Laccorde"; and many properties:

> . . . jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr. T. M. Finnegan R. I. C. Lipmasks and hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen. Hoed Pine hat with twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Boose and stringbag from Heterodithero's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for grafted. Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarft. The oakmulberryeke with Silktrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone beg from General Orders Mailed. The

> crack (that's Cork!) by asmoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley!) by the firement in the pit. (221.26-222.1)

Other references to dance--"so and so, toe by toe . . . "--and to costume--"Catchmire stockings"--are scattered throughout the mime (226.21 and 226.24).

As Atherton notes, the credits also contain a few more references to film: "Shadows by the film folk . . . . Longshots, upcloses, outblacks . . ." (Books at the Wake 150). A further reference to the cinema may be found in "With futurist onehorse balletbattle pictures . . ." (221.18). Even the providers of "stagetolets" (knowing Joyce, not just "stage-to-lets" but surely, stage toilets) receive credit: "Hexenschuss, coachmaker, incubone and rochnarrag" (221.23). The credits conclude with the promise of the expected transformation scene already mentioned, and, just as many playbills contain a summary of the play's plot, so, too, does this one: "An argument follows" (222.21). The argument describes "Chuffy" as a "nangel" and tells us that "the duvlin sulped was in glugger," establishing the important Edenic overlay that I will discuss near this chapter's end.

Much of the comedy of the pantomime rests in its Bergsonian characteristics. The playbill announces "nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry produced" (219.7). This mime's "Humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before all the King's Hoarsers with all the Queen's Mum" conjures up mechanized, cartoonish figures--talking eggs, stiffly marching soldiers, and a clownish King and Queen who are portrayals of H.C.E. (whose fall occurs in Phoenix Park) and the children's mum, A.L.P. To enter this theatre, all manner of payment is legitimate, adding more humor to the scene as we witness a queue of theatregoers laden down with all sorts of strange items for entry: "Entrancings; gads, a scrab; the quality, one large shilling . . . . Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token." The jampots later become "teaput tossput," and John Gordon contends that one of the four levels at which this chapter can be read is a teaparty (173-75).[1] The teaparty is going on downstairs, again adding more humor as we envision a scene from Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, complete with a large array of mechanized cardboard characters: "Bar and conveniences always open. Diddlem Club dounces tears" (FW 219.2-3). Another important element of the pantomime, transvestism, appears in the mime's credits: "Songs betune the acts by the ambiamphious of Annopolis, Joan Mock Comic, male soprano . . . " (222.7). More important, a reference to "Humpteen dumpteen revivals" would have brought to the minds of British audiences, Dan Leno, who played the part of the queen to Herbert Campbell's king (Wilson 198).

The opening of the "Mime" Chapter includes a clear reference to the commedia dell 'arte: "Dances arranged by Harley Quinn and Coollimbeina" (221.25). Later in the chapter another obvious allusion occurs: "Punch may be pottle proud but his Judy's a wife's wit better" (255.26). The fight of the two boys, Chuff and Gluff, resembles a Punch and Judy show with its rough and tumble mechanized choreography:

> He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Steward Ryall a puck on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg, wiped all his sinses . . . had a belting bout . . . and . . . imbretellated himself . . . . (227.29-36)

And, the "god of all machineries" seems to be directing the "brawl middle of this village childergarten" (253.31). All these characters with their slapstick antics would have been expected fare. The Harlequinade was the audience's most popular part of the Christmas Pantomime as Chapter IV has already shown. The best examples of Bergsonian mechanization, however, reveal themselves in the jerky, staccato language of the "Mime."

All the _Wake_ is a euphoric symphony of alliteration, assonance, consonance, and onomatopoeia, but the "Mime" is particularly replete with humorous, mechanical alliteration. Glugg is described as "the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who when the tabs go up, as we discover, because he knew too much, has been divorced into disgrace court . . ." (219.36-220.2). The heavy alliteration of _b_'s emphasizes his "bad" character, encouraging us to picture the skulking villain of the melodramas with his highly exaggerated gestures. More important, though, the _b_'s sound funny as do the alliterative _d_'s (especially when Joyce reverses commonly slanderous newspaper entries, such as "disgraced into divorce court," an indication that the mime is as much a parodic commentary on Dublin life as was the mime in "Circe"). The seven alliterative *f*'s describing Chuff function in a familiarly funny fashion, but also endow the mime's hero with a number rich in magical and biblical lore. The rest of his description flows with a staccato, mechanical rhythm, as Joyce lists the numerous items each of the boys fights over: "who wrestles . . . geminally about caps or puds or tog bags of boy gats or chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they adumbrace a pattern of somebody or other . . . " (220.13-16). The "somebody or other" alludes to three other sets of feuding brothers, Cain and Abel, Jacob and Essau, and Joyce and "Stainusless" (237.11). While Joyce embraces these biblical pairs, they, in turn, adumbrate his Wakean brothers, not vice versa, though through his reversal Joyce causes us to pause and reflect on his newly formulated typology, with his characters as new antitypes for those of the Church, a point I expand upon much later in this chapter.

This westling of the boys in full view of the girls becomes part of the courtship ritual reminiscent of Richard's and Robert's verbal fights over possession of Bertha in *Exiles*. The childhood troth of Robert and Beatrice in the garden becomes here a troth between the "scribenery" of General Jinglesome, evidently Glugg/Shem, and Issy: "the whole plighty troth between them, malady of milady" (229.9-10). Just as there is jealousy between Richard and

Robert, these brothers exhibit the same trait: "Is you zealous of mes, brother?" (232.21-22) The triangle of Exiles becomes the "tintangle" of the "Mime" (232.21).

Joyce litters the "Mime" with mechanical alliteration throughout, but a few more examples, these parodying Chuff as hero (and heroes in general because Joyce's protagonists have become the modern anti-hero), deserve mention. Donning traditional hero's garb, Chuff naturally wears white and gold, though he is new at this role: "Of all green heroes everwore cotton breeches, the whitemost, the goldenest!" (234.8-10). All the girls, naturally, adore him, the Floras "alluding to him by all the licknames ion the litany with terms in which no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about employing except to her future's year . . . " (234.22-24). These alliterative Dulcineas know how to tease with liquid l's just as this hero knows how to smile "likeqiud glue (the suessiest sourir ever weanling wore)" (234.17-18). In this same passage, Chuff acquires three more alliterative f's to add to his collection, "the finehued, the fairhailed, the farahead," the last perhaps undercutting the other fine's and fair's with its ambiguity, implying perceptive intelligence--far ahead--or implying lack of worldly knowledge--faraway head. The latter of which seems to be borne out by the rest of the "Mime" and Chuff's unawareness of what Issy desires. Of course, Glugg fares no better, not being able to deliver. Here, the parallel to Exiles is an inverted one. While the Floras and Issy tease--"All point . . . All laugh . . .

Twentynines of bloomers gegging een man arose" (249.36)--Bertha and Beatrice do not.

One last example of Joyce's richly alliterative and rhythmic prose (and my favorite) is the dance of the Floras:

> So and so, toe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel's garland.
>
> Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddyshoes, quicked out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring of her fometing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy glants out. They ramp it a little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.
>
> Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura! R is Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN.B is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of novembrance. Though they're all but merely a schoolgirl yet these was went they. I' th' view o' th'avignue dancing goes entrancing roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter Dies of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many wiles of Winsure. (226.21-227.2)

The dance goes on for another page as the girls spell out RAYNBOW, circling one way, and then reverse the circle, spelling WOBNIAR: "Winnie, Olive, and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals . . . " (227.14-15). As Eckley mentions, the circle dominates this chapter, particularly in dance: "rondel" (_FW_ 222.34), "ringsoundinly" (225.2), "Ring we round" (225.30), "they go round" (226.21), "they rompride round in out" (226.29), "dancing goes entrancing roundly" (226.34-35), "ringing hands in hands in gyrogyrbrondo" (239.26-27), "ring gayed rund rorosily" (239.36), and "rhimba rhomba" (257.4) (Eckley 139). Regardless of how we read Joyce's alliterative portmanteau puzzle, the alliteration adds to the euphoric power of the _Wake_ and to its Bergsonian mechanical humor.

Another Bergsonian element, what Kenner calls the mechanical checklist, the comedy of the inventory, is present here in the "Mime." There is the alphabetical catalogue of the Floras' teasers: "Pettimaid tints may try their taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, . . . " (247.34-248.2). The summation of all these delectables appears to be the myriad virtues of Issy: "What are they all by? Shee" (248.2). Probably the letter which best describes Issy is _y_ for "yesplease." The catalogue of colors is quite short, but appears in many spots and is very important to the sexual game I will discuss more fully soon. Glugg tries to guess the colors of Issy's drawers, "to catch her by the calour of her brideness," but cannot get the right color: "not Rose, Sevilla not Citronelle; not Esmeralde, Pervinca nor India; not Viola . . . " (223.5-7). This list of colors foreshadows the seven rainbow girls with its hidden tribute to Nora, though blatant to any reader of Exiles and Exiles' notes (emphasis mine):

> Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzado coloratura! R is Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN.B is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of novembrance. (226.30-33)

Yet another delightful catalogue is the list of confections with Joyce's humorous admonition: "You mustn't miss it or you'll be sorry" (236.1). The collection of delectables includes "Lady Marmela Shortbred . . . with her marchpane switch on, her necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets of honey . . . and her suckingstaff of ivory-mint" (235.32-236.1). In his typically irreverent way, Joyce suggests that the suckingstaff is the treat not to be missed. Joyce ensures that we do not miss his sexual meaning, for he next mentions Prince Le Monade: "His six chocolate pages will run bugling before him and cococream toddle after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Sparkling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for lissome hers" (236.3). Shockingly enough, Joyce places this catalogue at the end of his "Hymnumber twentynine."

His concluding, "Annelivia," instead of Allelulia, portrays the object of his worship to be clearly female.

Most prominent of the catalogues are those of the wonderful creatures in "our funnaminal world" who emerge as it "darkles," requiring the theatre lights: "Lights, pageboy, Lights! Brights will be brights" (245.4-5). Joyce weaves the names of animals throughout this section, reminiscent of another parade of animals--"Ark!? Noh!?" (244.26)--a constant reminder of Joyce's Edenic overlay, universalizing his message, "The same renew" (226.17).

I have not yet discussed one last, important characteristic of the pantomime--gestures. We recall from Bergson that gesture is at the heart of comedy: "Instead of concentrating our attention on actions, comedy directs it rather to gestures" (143). All gestures in the "Mime" are infused with sexual overtones. Thus, gesturing becomes "justickulating" and "jacticktating," both fairly blatantly sexual as Mama Ann titillates Papa Hump: "Yet jacktickating all around her . . . . her own undesirables justickulating . . ." (FW 243.8-19). More highly sexual gestures of A.L.P. include: "If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her complementary or . . . she'll prick you where you're proudest with unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she's signalling from among the asters" (248.3-7). And we can envision the gestures of the producer, Mr. John Baptister Vickar, as he brings "on the scene the culetsized consort" and describes her measurements of 37-29-37. Surely his hands carve her curves in the air for the audience:

> . . . foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions, twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of happiness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender. (255.30-36)

As part of their dance the Floras point at Shem to ostracize him, not just from the game but from sexual activity with Issy: "All point in the shem direction as if to shun" (249.28). Writing itself appears to become one giant gesture as General Jinglesome writes his "jeeremyhead" (though no Puritan's jeremiad ever included Joyce's physicality): "He would jused sit it all write down just as he jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void, yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsilly sorey he was, owning to the candrition of his bikestool. And reading off his fleshskin and writing with his guillbone . . ." (229.26-30).[2] Probably the most sexual of gestures in the "Mime" belongs to Issy, who is chided for her bold overtures: "You're well held now, Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto's off! Fie, for shame . . . . Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the world with that gape in your stocking!" (257.19-24) The audience also gestures as it applauds and brings down the curtain: "The curtain drops by deep request" (257.30-31). And, as the "Mime" ends, perhaps our hands fold to the concluding prayer:

> Loud, hear us!
>
> Loud, graciously hear us!
>
> Now have thy children entered into their habitations . . . Pray-your prayers Timothy and Back-to-Bunk Tom.
>
> Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone forever.
>
> O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thye unlittle ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!
>
> That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That they shall not gomeet madhowlatrees.
>
> Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low!
>
> Ha he hi ho hu.
>
> Mummum. (258.25-259.10)

This concluding prayer of the "Mime" echoes the eucharistic prayer of the Catholic mass with its doxology, moving us to the second part of the discussion of this chapter's dualistic view of comedy--the regenerative.[3]

The regenerative side of comedy exhibits itself in the game the children play--Angels and Devils--and in the sexual overtones of that game. Grace Eckley provides a wealth of information on the children's games in _Finnegans Wake_ and in the "Mime" in particular, but fails to see the very important sexual implications. Patrick McCarthy definitely sees these sexual analogues, exploring them fairly thoroughly. Of McCarthy's study, Eckley complains, "In general, interpretations of the unit are frequently muddled because of failures to recognize the game or games as structure and the tendency to concentrate on anything negative, such as incest, genitals, masturbation, urination, misery, which somehow seem to be understood as sophistication and erudition" (_Children's Lore_ 135). Though extremely valuable, Eckley's book unfortunately misses Joyce's humor and a large portion of the fun of _Finnegans Wake_. She fails to grasp that, for Joyce, children's games and sexuality share the same qualities; each is ritualistic, celebratory, and regenerative in nature --as is religion. Ultimately, Joyce's religion is art with the artist as creator.

In a letter written to Harriet Shaw Weaver dated 22 November 1930, Joyce described the basis of "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies":

> The scheme of the piece I sent you is the game we used to call Angels and Devils or colours. The Angels, girls, are grouped behind the Angel, Shaun, and the Devil has to come over three times and ask

> for a colour. If the colour he asks for has been chosen by any girl she has to run and he tries to catch her. As far as I have written he has come twice and been twice baffled. The piece is full of rhythms taken from English singing games. When first baffled vindictively he thinks of publishing blackmail stuff about his father, mother, etc. etc. etc. The second time he maunders off into sentimental poetry of what I actually wrote at the age of nine: 'My cot alas that dear old shady home where oft in youthful sport I played, upon thy verdant grassy fields all day or lingered for a moment in thy bosom shade etc. etc. etc. etc.' This is interrupted by a violent pang of toothache after which he throws a fit. When he is baffled a second time the girl angels sing a hymn of liberation around Shaun . . . Note specially the treatment of the rainbow in which the iritic colours are first normal and then reversed. (Letters I 295)

This game combines the two aspects of Joyce's comedy that we have been considering. In its actual operation, the game is mechanical, based upon a set of readily established rules. In its long tradition, tracing back many generations, it is ritualistic and regenerative. The mechanical operation of the game is sometimes difficult to decipher from Joyce's portmanteau collage. Alice Gomme describes the game:

> One child is called the 'Angel,' another child the 'Devil,' and a third child the 'Minder.' The children are given the names of colours by the Minder. Then the Angel comes over and knocks, when the following dialogue takes place.
>
> Minder: 'Who's there?'
> Answer: 'Angel.'
> Minder: 'What do you want?'
> Answer: 'Ribbons.'
> Minder: 'What colour?'
> Angel: 'Red.'
>
> Minder retorts, if no child is so named, "Go and learn your ABC." If the guess is right the child is led away. The Devil then knocks, and the dialogue and action are repeated. (8)

The Mime's argument briefly alludes to the object of the game--for "Glugg to catch her [Issy] by the calour of her brideness" and quickly establishes the sexual connotations of this child's game as a constant analogue to the parents' activities (223.5-6). Having great fun, Glugg must guess the color of Issy's drawers and by so doing capture Issy and the sexual rights associated with those drawers. The job of the Floras as "frilles-in-pleyurs" (224.22) is to tease and confuse Glugg/Shem and to keep him from guessing the right answer since the outcome of the game has been decided in Shaun's favor long ago: "They're all odds against him, the beasties"

(227.27-28). More important, however, they champion the cause of Shaun, their hero, and encourage him to satisfy Issy's desires as they joyously circle round him, paying him tribute:

> And you have it, old Sem, pat as oh be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he's coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She dores. Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!
>
> With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with arms akimbo, devotees. (249.17-23)

The Floras are following Issy's instructions, of course, for she has earlier commanded them: "Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may bring to light! Though down to your dowerstrip he's bent to knee he maun't know ledgings here" (233.5-7). Even down on his knees, trying to peep under their skirts, Glugg does not stand a chance.

Indeed, all odds are against him, and his situation is "Truly deplourabel" (224.10). Through no fault of his own, Glugg has inherited the original sins of his parents: "Ah ho! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about his old foutmarther . . . A dire, O dire! And all the freightfullness whom he inhibited after his colline born janitor" (224.9-11). He even possesses his father's sexual failings: "With that hehry antlets on him" (224.12). All seems to be preordained that "Lord Chuffy's sky sheraph and Glugg's got to swing" (226.19-20), for Issy has long since chosen Chuff, "Hers before his even, posted ere penned" (232.17).

Bonnie Kime Scott asserts that even though Issy appears to desire Chuff over Glugg, she is "repeatedly identified with cloud and moon, both symbols of darkness" (190). Glugg is the devil, the character of the dark night. Scott further contends that in "intelligence, attitude, and . . . loveliness," Issy resembles Glugg (190), and she is more positive toward him than critics have shown. Scott believes that Glugg's first failure to guess her color elicits Issy's "oh tears" (191), but I read these lines as referring to Chuff. In addition, Scott argues Issy thinks "still he'd be a good tutor" while she imagines him "turning up and fingering over the most dantellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark" (FW 251.23-24).

Try as he will, Glugg cannot guess the right color: "Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not Esmeralde, Pervinca nor India; not Viola even nor all of them four themes over" (223.6-8). In fact, according to McCarthy, he may even be color-blind: "He knows for he's seen it in black and white through his eyetrompit trained upon jenny's and all that sort of thing which is dandymount to a clearobscure" (247.32-34). William York Tindall's interpretation diverges a little. The Floras see only Shaun and "he, good at eyeing, can see them, though maybe not through their game. Shem, good at hearing, cannot see or, since Isabel's question is asked in gestures, hear (153). Glugg's three guesses are confusing. At one point in the "Mime" his three attempts include:

> -Have you monbreamstone?
> -No.
> -Or Hellfeurersteyn?
> -No.
> -Or Van Diemen's coral pearl? (225.22-26)

The next line clearly implies that Glugg's responses are incorrect: "He has lost." But what are the colors of these strange responses? McCarthy postulates that "monbreamstone" is moonstone or flint (though surely, hellfirestone is the same as brimstone), and "Van Diemen's coral pearl" is Tasmanian pearl (138). At yet another spot in the "Mime," Glugg's three guesses take another form, no less confusing:

> -Haps thee jaoneofergs?
> -Nao.
> -Haps three mayjaunties?
> -Naohao.
> -Haps thee per causes nunsibellies?
> -Naohaohao.
> -Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micao! Get! (233.21-27)

E. L. Epstein conjectures that the first two questions are in French and refer to yellow--jaune. He also sees yellow in the third question, "nunsibelles," explaining that a letter of Joyce's to Italo Svevo refers to an elastic band "the color of a nun's belly," but I do not understand how Epstein derives yellow from that reference; nor do I see why Glugg would guess the same color three times (unless Joyce's convoluted style is presenting three variations of one guess) even when Epstein contends that "Glugg's view is jaundiced because he is jealous of Chuff's ability to attract the Maggies" (256). A bit later we learn that "Twice is he gone to quest he, thrice is she now to him" (250.27-28). While it is often difficult to spot all three of Glugg's wrong guesses, he does clearly fail: "Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before for she is wearing none of the three" (253.19-20).

The correct answer is heliotrope, which according to Margaret Solomon is "most certainly a figure of speech for the son and that which turns toward the sun" (32). Since Shaun is the brother of daylight (Shem represents night-time, the world of dreams), the answer to the game appears to be geared toward Shaun, another indication that Shem has not stood a chance. Solomon provides an alternative view; heliotrope refers to the "sons' troops" as their privates or refers to the pre-marital sexual games sons and "trollops" play. Solomon adds this sexual play is dry, however, "not to be equated, as the proper answer to a riddle dealing with sex" (32). Finnegan's whiskey and the Prankquean's rain are "proper" answers, consummated sexuality. The twins, as opposing halves of a whole, are still incomplete and have a lot to learn. Luckily, the study hour is next: "Too soon are coming tasbooks" (FW 256.17-18).

Patrick McCarthy agrees with Solomon about the sexual analogues of the game and declares that Glugg's failure to guess the color of his sister's drawers is "a metaphor for his impotence," that Joyce links Glugg's inability to perform well in the game to Glugg's inability to perform sexually (137). And while Glugg is impotent, Chuff appears to be uninterested in Issy or too naive:

> As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meaned he could not can. All she meaned was golten sylvup, all she meaned was some Knight's ploung jamn. It's driving her dafft like he's so dumnb. If he'd lonely talk instead of only gawk as though yateman hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut wolly so! (225.15-20).

A bit later the Floras shout at Chuff, "Sunny, my gander," but he still does not respond: "they simply shauted at him sauce to make hims prich" (249). He is after all only a boy.

The Floras rejoice when Glugg misses his three chances, believing that now Issy will get her desire, Chuff, with fertility's promise ("rice"), but, alas, they are wrong:

> He has lost.
>
> Off to clutch, Glugo! Forwhat!
> Shape your reres, Glugg! Foreweal! Ring we round,
> Chuff! Fairewell! Chuffchuff's inners even.
> All's rice with their whorl!
>
> Yet, oh tears, who can her mater be?
> She's promised he'd eye her. To try up her
> pretti. But now, it's so longed and so fared
> and so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye!
> Fled. (225.28-34)

But while Chuff flees, Glugg revives, temporarily at least: "But low, boys low, he rises . . . . With his tumescinquinance in the thight of his tumstull" (240.5-9).

Characterization becomes hazy at this point as Glugg takes on shades of Bloom, "bringing his portemanteau priamed full potatowards" (240.36), and then is tied to his father, "That why all parks up excited about his gunnfodder . . . . That why he, persona erecta" (242.10-13). In fact, as is often true in dreams, one character metamorphoses into another. For Bergson, "Comic obsurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams" (186). Glugg becomes H.C.E. and Issy, A.L.P.--"Howarden's Castle, Englandwales" (242.33) and "Ani Mama" (243.4)--with papa performing well: "His thing went the wholeyway retup suffrogate strate" (242.23-24). Two critics, notably Patrick McCarthy and Adalene Glasheen, contend that Issy has enticed her father, often referring to the line in parentheses, "Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the world with that gape in your stocking" (257.23-24). McCarthy maintains that Earwicker is aroused and "his desires are revealed by his 'you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act-air'" (FW 255.25, McCarthy 139). Glasheen does not provide the reference from "The Mime," but claims "In so far as the father is Adam, he--not St. Michael or Satan--gets the girl. In so far as the father is God, he takes that which he has created in order to create further, for as the next section has it, 'maker mates with made'" (xi). The previous two chiding lines in parentheses, however, could easily be delivered by the mother, urging the children in for supper: "You'll catch it, don't fret, Mrs. Tommy Lupton! Come indoor, scoffynosey, and shed your swank!" and "The nurse'll give it you, stickpots! And you wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!" (257.13-17). Father Hump probably delivers the lines because his earlier entrance portrays him to be a presence of authority: "one must recken with the sudden and gigantesquesque appearance . . . amongst the brawlmiddle of this village childergarten of the largely langsuffering laird of Lucanhaf . . . . god of all machineries" (253.29-33). As deus ex machina, Hump reminds us that this is all a play. Perhaps, Mama and Papa are anxious to get the children fed and in bed in order to go to bed themselves and begin their own games.4

The "Mime" is replete with the carpe diem theme with the courting dance of the Floras as a fertility rite: "Whyfore we go ringing hands in hands in gyrogyrorondo" (239.26-27). Dance as fertility rite has been passed down through posterity: "Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose . . . those danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down for our begayment through the bedeafdom of po's taeorns, the obcecity of pa's teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie mummed at ma" (236.19-32). Catholicism's penitential rite--*mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, may suggest another of Joyce's sexual adaptations--may he copulate her: "Bashfulness be tripped! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mix and mass colp her!" (238.19-20). In fact, Roman Catholic becomes "romance catholeens": "And when all us romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the world is maidfree. Methanks" (239.20-22). Joyce has surely emancipated sexual sin from religion; fertility has returned as a religion in its own right: "Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of rhyme" (242.30-31). Hence, employing the child's game, Angels and Devils, Joyce unites the mechanical and sexual/celebratory/regenerative sides of comedy.

With this *carpe diem* theme we need to explore a motif that looks back to *Exiles*: the tree and the stone. Richard Rowan operates as an ironic rowan tree, ineffectual in his magical abilities to protect. As falling stone Robert is equally ineffectual, but Bertha as elevated stone becomes the eucharist. Eckley explains that the stone stands for "durability and immutability" (Begnal and Eckley 177). The creator/writer wants to preserve his tale in stone. Thus, the rowan tree must connect with the Bertha stone. Looking at the whole of Finnegans Wake, Margaret Solomon contends that there is "little doubt" that the tree and stone motif pertains to the sons signified by Tristan, that "the tree is penis and the stone is testicle" (70). The progression of her association follows: "Treestam" (FW 104.10), "treestem" (424.28), "Treestone" (113.19) (Eternal Geomater 142, n. 11). Solomon recognizes the capital "T" as a major symbol of the book. This phallic "T" is the capital letter for the "word," the key to life and Joyce's parody of John 1.1 (72). John's "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" becomes Joyce's "the war is in words and the wood is the world" (FW 98.35). If I understand the ramifications of Solomon's line of thought correctly, in this pre-Christian world, the partaking of the tree of knowledge is good. Sexual knowledge and experience are positively connotive. Issy knows her letters because she is sexually aware, but poor Glugg is "lost-to-lurning" (222.25). Hence, for Joyce, the fall is fortunate not in the Christian sense of *felix culpa*, but simply on its own terms. Adaline Glasheen seems to uphold this view: "In Finnegans Wake all falls are one fall, all creations one. All men are equal, all men are artists and creators in the sign of the erect phallus, and in this sign they eternally afirm" (xiii). These ideas certainly apply to the "Mime," though in the billing the stone is more likely a female organ: "Tree taken for grafted. Rock rent" (221.31-32).[5]

Up to this point I have demonstrated how "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies" continues the dual aspects of comedy begun in *Exiles*, concentrating primarily on *Finnegans Wake*. With specific reference to *Exiles*, I will now elaborate upon the most significant point of correspondence between the divine comedies of *Exiles* and the "Mime"--biblical allegory. In *Exiles*, it appears that the fall occurs in Act II with Bertha's adulterous evening with Robert. Bertha does not fall, however, and Richard as Lucifer has fallen before the play's opening.

In Act III of *Exiles*, there are three curious references to the devil. The first is made by Brigid, who reminisces to Bertha about Richard, "sitting on the kitchen table, swinging his legs and spinning out of him yards of talk about you and him and Ireland and all kinds of devilment" (116). The next two references are by Richard. Pointing outside to the strand, he tells Beatrice, "There are demons out there. I heard them jabbering since dawn" (127). When Beatrice protests, he "assures" her that the "isle is full of voices. Yours also, *otherwise I could not see you*, it said. And her voice. But I assure you, they are all demons. I made the sign of the cross upside down and that silenced them" (128). Richard's "her voice" refers to Bertha. Feeling very estranged this morning, he implies that all around him are devils--Robert with his double betrayal of friendship (his attempted seduction of Bertha and his newspaper attack), Beatrice with her coldness, and Bertha with her lack of understanding. A

Richard loses control and shouts at Bertha, "What the devil are you talking about her for?" (134). Strangely enough, Richard has accused Bertha of driving Beatrice away, "as you drove everyone else from my side--every friend I ever had, every human being that ever tried to approach me. You hate her" (134). Yet we have just witnessed the very moving reconciliation scene between Bertha and Beatrice and know quite the reverse to be true. And we remember Bertha telling Beatrice, that she is worrying about Richard and Robert, anxious to maintain their friendship: "But I am afraid for him, afraid for both of them. He must not go away like that" (127).

In retrospect, we also recall an apparently off-hand remark by Robert to Richard in Act II, "You were always a devil for surprises" (73). Becoming increasingly visible is a new view of Richard, an articulate Richard who does not see, does not speak accurately, whose vision, speech, and thoughts are all deliberately false. Bertha perceives this truth, exclaiming in Act I, "I see it all . . . . The work of a devil" (64). Having been speaking of Robert as "thief and fool," Richard believes Bertha refers to Robert, but Bertha sets him straight, "No, you! The work of a devil to turn him against me as you tried to turn my own child against me. Only you did not succeed" (64). Later in Act III Bertha demonstrates categorically that reality exists in direct opposition to Richard's portrayal. Again discussing Robert's advances and Richard's wish for a supposedly open and more advances and Richard's wish for a supposedly open and more truthful relationship, Bertha exposes Richard, "Every word you say is false" (133). Gaining courage, despite her lack of erudition, Bertha defiantly denies Richard's accusations: "No such thing! I think you have made her [Beatrice] unhappy as you have made me and as you made your dead mother unhappy and killed her. Womankiller! That is your name" (134). Richard is a womankiller and a mankiller. Like the devil himself, Richard seeks to twist the truth, distort reality, aggrandize himself, and kill innocence; indeed, Richard is Lucifer.

Joyce's characterization of Richard as the devil acts as important foreshadowing for Finnegans Wake as biblical allegory, making reading of this masterful puzzle a little easier, but only a little, for I am omitting the numerous and extremely complex mythological, historical, political, literary, and topical allusions. As in medieval literature, we all know the story already; it is the artist's digressions that showcase his handiwork. "The Mime" is a particularly good place for sifting the story--the Eden allegory--from the digressions. The characters of the "micknick party" all have their biblical analogues. Chuff, as hero, is St. Michael the Archangel: "Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like likening" (FW 222.22). Just as St. Michael must protect the walls of Eden from Satan, so must Chuffy: "Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from prowlabouts. Make a shine on the crust. Emen" (222.23-24).

Roland McHugh identifies Joyce's little ditty as the prayer at the end of Mass: "Sancte, sancte, Michaelus, defende nos in praelio (Holy St. Michael, defend us in battle)" (Annotations 222). Glugg, as loser of the game, is Satan: "But the duvlin sluph was in Glugger, that lost-to-lurning" (222.25). In Joyce's version of the archetypal battle, Satan carries "a clayblade and makes prayers to his three of clubs" which McHugh explains as spades and clubs, the two black suits, fitting for the dark demon (222). Everlasting fear, appropriately becomes "overlusting fear": "To part from these my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and jarrety: Athletes longfoot" (222). McHugh cites Matthew 25:41 as the allusion: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil his angels." Grace Eckley provides an excellent discussion of "hoof" and Joyce's other mythological references to the bull.[6]

As "Satanly, lade!" (232.23), Glugg/Shem has been "divorced into disgrace court" (220.1-2) and "conditionally rejected" (232.33). He is responsible for all the troubles of this book/world, though, of course, Adam (Hump, the cause of all our grievances" [220.27]) and Eve (Ann), Adam's "Helpmeat" (242.25) share that responsibility: "Whatalose when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost gegifting her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to no finish . . ." (246.27-30). In Exiles, Richard Rowan is alone responsible for "all our grievances." He plays the multiple parts of Satan, Judas, and an ironic Christ. If Bertha plays

Eve, she is a pre-lapsarian Eve. Before we explore these multiple roles, a few more satanic references remain to be discussed in _Exiles_.

Even humble Brigid is cognizant of the Luciferian pride of Richard: "But if he had to meet a grand highup person he'd be twice as grand himself" (117). Richard's own words attest to his over-weaning pride, to his misplaced divine aspirations: "I am what I am" (133). Bertha counters this exhibition of _hubris_ and puts it in its proper perspective: "To have it always to throw against me. To make me humble before you, as you always did. To be free yourself." Like his analogue, Lucifer, Richard wants others humbled before him. He desires complete freedom from authority and delights in hearing about its destruction. Knowing full well about Robert's article in the newspaper, Richard feigns ignorance and jokingly refers to another piece, a marvelous example of how Joyce puns on a perfectly ordinary detail to mirror Richard's true desire--to annihilate Church law, any law: "'Death of the Very Reverand Canon Mulhall.' Is that it?" (128). In short, he wishes to be the only authority.

One final satanic allusion remains. In an insightful article on the connections between _Paradise Lost_ and _Exiles_, undoubtably the best analysis to date, Bernard Benstock first proposes the identification of Richard with the devil. Benstock, astutely mentions that as Lucifer, light-bearer, Richard twice lights Robert's cigar (752), but Benstock does not illustrate the full ramifications of this identification.

In Act I, Robert confides to Beatrice his victory: "Congratulate me, Beatty. I have won over Richard" (E 53). But Robert has won nothing. He believes that he has talked Richard into going to the vicechancellor's at eight in order that he may meet secretly with Bertha at that hour, but Richard has duped him. Joyce's close attention to seemingly ordinary details almost escapes our notice. In fact, Joyce, in his first publication, a review of Ibsen's When We Dead Awaken, wrote, "All looks so idyllic to the careless eye" (CW 50). Offering Robert a Virginia cigar and lighting it twice visually demonstrates that Richard/Lucifer is in control and has been constantly maneuvering all action. A simple statement by Robert takes on cryptic importance as it foreshadows the meeting at Ranelgh, a meeting that Robert will not be prepared for because it has been all arranged by a premeditating devil; Robert says: "One more match and I am happy" (53). There will be another match, one between Robert and Richard, and Robert will not be happy. Again, Exiles provides an important comic device foreshadowing the techniques Joyce will employ in the "Mime," where the curtain goes up at "lighting up o'clock sharp" (219.1) and Chuffy's soard fleshe[s] light like likening" (222.22) and Glugg's hellfire can turn all to ashes, "a flame all toogasser soot" (232.4-5).

Like another rebellious artist, his predecessor, Stephen Dedalus, Richard will not serve. In a paper delivered before the Third Annual Comparative Literature Symposium in Tulsa, Morris Beja proposed that the artist manque--the failed artist--permeates Joyce's writings, but suggested that two of Joyce's artists are successful--Richard Rowan and Shem. While I agree with Richard's close affiliation with Shem (a point I will discuss very soon) and while it is true that Richard has produced (he reveals in a conversation with Beatrice that his book "is published" [17]), Beja misses the failures of Richard--his over-bearing pride and his denial of the goddess, of the inspirational Muse at his side.

Richard is most successful in his role as Satan (though he does a fairly good job with Judas, as I demonstrate later in this chapter), but it would be insulting to the complexity of Joyce's play to ignore his other role as ironic Christ. Throughout the play Richard speaks of his suffering, apparently implying that he is the martyred Christ. It becomes increasingly evident, however, that Richard does not suffer to save others, but for some strange, masochistic reason. He first exclaims to Beatrice: "O, if you knew how I am suffering at this moment! For your case, too. But suffering most of all for my own" (22). At the play's end he repeatedly complains of his suffering: "I am wounded, Bertha . . . . I have a deep, deep wound of doubt in my soul . . . . I have wounded my soul for you--a deep wound of doubt which can never be healed" (146-47). Despite Bertha's repeated avowals of love and devotion, Richard must continue his hyperbolic whining. By the conclusion of _Exiles_, we have determined that Richard's wounds are all self-inflicted and if anyone is truly suffering, it is Bertha. Richard even admits to Robert that he "pierced her heart" with his confessions of adultery (84).

Richard blames his suffering on everyone but himself. He tells Beatrice that his mother "drove" him "away," that "on account of her" he lived "years in exile and poverty too" (24), but we know that she begged him to come back. His exile was clearly self-imposed. Bertha exposes the truth: "Because you never loved your own mother. A mother is always a mother, no matter what. I never heard of any human being that did not love the mother that brought him into the world, except you" (64-65). This mockery of a selfless Christ does not even love his father, but refers to him sarcastically: "He will help me, perhaps, my smiling handsome father" (25). Most important, however, Richard's vicarious, sadistic delight in extracting information from Bertha marks him as a strangely inverted Christ. Like a true voyeur, he draws out from Bertha her encounter with Robert (and evidently has done so for quite awhile). Richard questions Bertha about Robert's kiss for nearly two pages. The full interrogation goes on for six pages (57-63). While the true Christ saved people's souls and passed on the power of forgiving sins to his apostles, this selfish, voyeuristic Christ delights in the confession. In Finnegans Wake Christ and the Eucharist have become Shem and his ink's writing on his own body.

At this point we need to reacquaint ourselves with the deification of Bertha that I explored in Chapter II. Benstock suggests that at the opening of Act III, Bertha's "fallen state" is represented by her appearance: "dressing gown, loose hair, and pale, drawn face, as she sits in the 'half dark' looking out--at the garden" ("Paradox Lust" 748). I am in full agreement with Benstock that Bertha's "fall" never occurs, that the suspicions of Act II are "intended to tease and tantalize the audience" (and, of course, Richard the voyeur, though Benstock does not carry the argument in this direction), that ultimately, the guilt is Richard's, not Bertha's: "It is he who is unable to cope with Bertha's innocence; it is he who has voluntarily defied and fallen from grace" (750). While I agree that Bertha operates as an ironic Eve, Benstock neglects to mention her true status, that of goddess. The key to this understanding is in the eucharistic scene already discussed in the chapter on Exiles, but also in Joyce's numerous references to the gardens in Exiles which foreshadow the fortunate fall of Adam in the "Mime"--"while felixed is who cuplas does" (246.31) and the myriad and rich fall imagery of the entire Wake.

The stage directions for each act call for the presence of gardens off-stage. Both Acts I and III take place in the Rowans' drawingroom where "double doors with glass panels" lead "out to the garden." At Robert Hand's cottage, the scene of Act II, "a window" looks out "into the garden" and "a door and porch" also lead "to the garden." Though slightly varied, the language and the view of the gardens are similar: doors with windows at the Rowans' and a door with a window at Hand's. Thus, while there are two literal gardens, they represent one allegorical garden where the conflict of this play takes place. Even action prior to the time of _Exiles_ has occurred "in the garden"; as children, Robert and Beatrice "plighted" their "troth" and exchanged a kiss (and Richard in true voyeuristic fashion, adds Beatrice giving Robert her garter) in the garden of Robert's mother's house (20). At various confessional _pas de deux_ throughout the play, the third character waits in the garden; Beatrice, Richard, and Robert all take their turns. Even Archie waits in the garden for permission to ride with the milkman. And although Archie reminds Richard three times to "ask mamma," Richard forgets, thinking selfishly of only his own desires. (Archie's three questions prefigure three questions asked by another boy--Glugg in the Heliotrope game.) When Archie asks him if he has asked Bertha, Richard lies and says yes. Lest we miss the import of Richard's seemingly tiny lie, Joyce repeats both the question and answer for the audience:

> Archie
>
> (Quickly.) Well, did you ask her?
>
> Richard
>
> (Starting.) What?
>
> Archie
>
> Can I go?
>
> Richard
>
> Yes.

Archie

In the morning? She said yes?

Richard

Yes. In the morning. (71)

Though apparently trivial, this small scene parallels the action in another garden, the garden of Gethesemane, and demonstrates that Robert is not the only betrayer, not the only Judas. Robert betrays his friend, but Richard betrays his son and, as I will soon show, his wife. A quick backward glance reveals the Judas-like Richard in an earlier, equally "trivial" scene. In a melodramatic gesture, Richard "[p]lucks one of the roses and throws it at [Bertha's] feet" (67). While Richard means his action to denigrate Robert and his gift, his gesture is reminiscent again of Judas though Judas acknowledged his sin and demonstrated despair with his throwing down of thirty pieces of silver. But we are in the Garden of Eden, not the Garden of Gethesemane, so perhaps, the red rose, similar to the red apple, is a more fitting stage property than silver. Whereas, here, in Exiles, Joyce concentrates on the betrayal in the Garden of Eden, in the "Mime" he emphasizes the joy of sexual awakening. Even the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah has been transferred to song: "since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte's toucher . . . . We've heard it since songdom was gemurral" (251.28-36).

Two more important references to the garden--one with Robert and Bertha and one with Beatrice and Bertha--portray

Bertha as a pre-lapsarian Eve or goddess. To withstand the rain of Act II, both Richard and Robert require an umbrella. Richard arrives at Ranelagh, holding "in one hand a dark felt hat and in the other an umbrella" (73). When Robert retreats to the garden to allow Richard and Bertha some privacy in their confrontation, he darts back inside in need of an umbrella (the Bergsonian comic, implications of which I discussed earlier). Unlike Richard and Robert, Bertha "has neither umbrella nor waterproof" (91), nor does she require either. She seems to travel in the inclement climate under some sort of magical protection unavailable to Richard or Robert. There is no mention of her being soaked when she arrives at Ranelagh. Rather, she fusses over Robert's wet garments. Furthermore, there is no mention at the opening of Act III of any soaking from the previous evening's rain. Regardless of how we interpret the rain, Bertha walks immune to any discomfort suffered by Richard and Robert in the garden.[7]

One last reference to the garden illustrates Bertha's elevated position. Near the close of the play, Beatrice literally asks Bertha's permission to leave through the garden. This request appears strange, especially since characters have been exiting through the garden for two previous acts without asking permission. Bertha grants Beatrice's request immediately, concisely, and graciously: "Of course. (She takes her hand.)" (131). Bertha's bestowal of permission indicates that she possesses the authority needed to grant this wish. Throughout the play, no one asks Richard's permission. Even though he may appear to be in control, he is not. This Eve has not fallen. She retains her innocence and a divine-like power.

Benstock acknowledges the "combined Bertha-Beatrice victory in Exiles," but does not acknowledge the height of Joyce's tribute to Bertha. In fact, Benstock postulates that a "possible dramatic weakness of the play is that it never quite soars to the heights of conquest suggested in the Molly reverie and the Anna Livia swan-song" (755). It is debatable whether Molly's reverie "soars" to any conquest, but that is the topic for another study. What is not debatable is that Bertha, as the inspirational female principle, anticipates both Molly and Anna Livia and, as female goddess, may surpass both of them.

Thus, Edenic imagery in Exiles is an early precursor of garden imagery in the "Mime." The sin of Exiles is betrayal, but in the "Mime" original sin is no sin at all, just good sense and a happy part of the game: "Original since . . . how to burgeon . . . . It's game, ma chere, be off with your sheperdress on" (239.9). Resurrection is equated with erection as Glugg rises (240). Even God is sexual, becoming "Kod," a Renaissance allusion to "cod," the phallus (247.16). Joyce as creator pauses, just as God rests on the seventh day: "To pausse. 'Tis goed. Het best" (256.16). A list of the great Irish writers precedes this pause, making Joyce's point very clear; in the "Mime" God is the artist/creator: "And sherrigoldies yessymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly sterneward! For here the holy language" (256.12-14).

The production of the children ends with applause, but the "Mime" itself ends with a prayer:

> Loud, hear us!
>
> Loud, graciously hear us!
>
> Now have thy children entered into their habitations . . . .
>
> Till tree from tree, tree among trees, three over tree become stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.
>
> O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these they unlitten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!
>
> That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.
>
> Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low!
>
> Ha he hi ho hu.
>
> Mummum. (258.25-259.10)[8]

McHugh identifies the opening two exclamations as the Litany of Saints: "Christ hear us, Christ graciously hear us" (258). The ending he attributes to the Book of Common Prayer: "Incline our hearts to keep Thy Law" (258). Robert Polhemus explains the metamorphosis of "Lord" into "Loud" as a reference to Vico's thunder god. God, arts, and hearts become synonymous and end in laughter. Polhemus hears a final pun in hu-mummum, continuing "human," "humar," and even "humus," Joyce's union of flesh, linguistic comedy, and earth--the ultimate fusion of prayer and laughter (337). For my thesis, however, the important line concerns the tree and stone, a variation of which McHugh assigns to a translation of some secret bonds of Masonry, "stone to stone, stone between two stones, and stone over stone" (259).

This annotation omits some essential words, particularly the ones I highlight here--"Till tree . . . become stone." In the chapter primarily on Exiles, I discussed Richard as tree, a mock version of the magical, protective Rowan tree (and in "Circe" I demonstrated Stephen's failure as tree; his ashplant wields no power except in Bloom's hand). Robert is likened to a falling stone, Bertha to a rising stone (again, in "Circe," Bloom's lemon soap rises). As falling stone, Robert is denigrated, but as rising stone, as Eucharist, Bertha is deified. These tree and stone references in Exiles directly foreshadow Joyce's naturalistic doxology in the "Mime." Until tree becomes stone, until Richard becomes more humble, like Bertha, until Stephen becomes more compassionate, like Bloom, until the phallic "trees" of Chuff and Glugg unite with the fertility of an Issy or an Anna, there will be no "for ever," no regeneration. If Richard wishes to flourish as a true artist, to create and regenerate life, he must embrace the female waiting for her lover to return. He must also learn to laugh. In Finnegans Wake, a prose comic epic of contemporary mankind, filled with incessant dichotomies, whether sacred or profane, laughter takes precedence. As Margot Norris contends, "law has been surplanted by play" (Decentered Universe 130). The world of Finnegans Wake is decentered because, as in our twentieth-century world, meanings are dislocated--"hidden in unexpected places, multiplied and split, given over to ambiguity, plurality, and uncertainty" (7). In an uncertain world, laughter and love are the only constants. Unlike his selfish creations, Joyce was constantly aware of the artist's need for the female's inspirational power and for a comic vision. With his twice-removed detachment, Joyce could see what Stephen and Richard and Shem sometimes could not.[9]

Lest we be too harsh on any of these protagonists, we need to reconsider Joyce's basic philosphy of art. As devils, Richard and Shem are not all evil. In Joyce's world of dichotomies, whore/virgin, sacred/profane, and angel/devil are but flip sides of the same coin. In a paper delivered before the Third Annual Comparative Literature Symposium in Tulsa, Vicki Mahaffey eloquently postulated that Joyce's new scripture celebrates both light and dark. The real evil is the suppression and denial of the dark (usually associated with the female and night). While Stephen and Richard deny the dark/female, Shem certainly does not. In the "Mime" he tries very hard to captivate Issy. I agree with Benstock who proposes that "Shem emerges more maligned (and ennobled thereby) than maligning" (Joyce Again's Wake 122). A synthesis of dichotomies is required to make an individual whole. Benstock further maintains that both Shem the Penman and Shaun the Postman have left their mark upon the letter that generates Finnegans Wake. Together, "they have produced this carefully balanced affair" (122).

Eighteen years in progress, Finnegans Wake is the final affirmation of life. Margot Norris explains how Joyce's dichotomous view becomes affirmation: "Dying has become being born and gestation, male has become female . . . . The Joycean families ultimately all fold into each other" ("Last Chapter" 28). According to Campbell and Robinson, Finnegans Wake is the "yes from beyond every zone of disillusionment" (xi). Although it was written during the darkest period of his life, Joyce referred to the "Mime" as the "gayest and lightest" of his works. Joyce's prayer was answered; he received misery, yet continued to laugh, continued to write divine comedy, continued to sound his prayer: "Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughter low!"

ENDNOTES

[1] For Gordon, the teaparty is the second level. On the first level is Earwicker gazing into the mirror; the third, the children's sexual charade; the fourth, the story from the book's first page of "elopement, return, jealous rivalry, and woman's choice" (170-71). William Tindall sees "Teapotty, Teapotty" as Issy's urination, but also cites the Greek _tipote_, nothing, suggesting Issy's answer to Glugg is "nothing doing" (162). Margaret Solomon says of tea, "dry or wet, brewed or spilled . . . . it pertains to both sex and micturition" (77).

[2] Writing is the most important gesture of _Finnegans Wake_. Father Boyle's translation of the latin passage of page 185 and his subsequent explanation provide the key to understanding one of Joyce's basic principles. According to Boyle, "The artificer, the old father" defecates and urinates "without shame," cooks the mixture, and makes for himself imperishable ink" (3-4). Shem writes with this ink of bodily fluids upon his body, clearly a mockery of Catholic transubstantiation, demonstrating that for Joyce nothing in life is too low to be consecrated, nothing too high to be mocked. Boyle continues, "This page of _Finnegans Wake_, then sets forth the philosophy of art, the bitter vulgarity, the delight in word play, the rebellious blasphemy, the

determination to total honesty, the doubt of self, the hatred of hypocrisy, the straining idealism of the youthful Joyce" (15). Here Boyle is agreeing with William York Tindall's comments in the preface to Chamber Music that for Joyce, micturition equals creation (74). As excrement and urine become "imperishable ink," they are transaccidentated, becoming the artist himself. Thus, just as Christ gives "himself to believers in the Eucharist under the accidents of bread and wine, here the artist gives of himself to the world under the accidents of feces and urine" (Boyle, "Miracle in Black Ink" 53). Bonnie Kime Scott defends Joyce's scatological tendencies as reflecting the "unrestrained attitude" of Celtic myth "toward human functions of elimination and sexuality" (180). Perhaps, a simpler explanation can be found in the coincidental similar spellings of two words: scatology and eschatology. For Joyce, they become one and the same.

[3] In addition to the many liturgical references, the "Mime" includes many Judaic feasts, appropriate allusions in a celebratory chapter of games. Both Tindall (156) and McHugh mention these annotations: "Harrah" (FW 228.30 Hebrew for Eve), "Hanonkan's lamp" (245.10 Hannukah), "simichat toran" (245.10 Simchat Torah--"Rejoicing of the Law"), and Pouropourim (245.36 Purim). Beryl Schlossman postulates that Finnegans Wake operates as a Judaic Pentecost. In the Catholic Pentecost, the Holy Spirit descends upon the apostles granting them the gift of tongues, becoming in Finnegans Wake "sprakin sea djoytsche" (485.10) or speaking Joyce. The Judaic

Pentecost also ends the paschal period (fifty days after Passover or Easter), but is more of a first fruits harvest festival. According to Schlossman, H.C.E.'s paschal death suggests the crucifixion of Joyce's languages while Shem's writing of the letter equals the resurrection of tongues (127).

[4] William York Tindall believes that the "Mime" is really the beginning of Finnegans Wake, moving to the study, the pub, the bedroom, its middle, and the waking for breakfast its end (154).

[5] Margot Norris presents a different connection with the child's retort, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." The names do hurt though, and the rhyme is the child's defense mechanism. In a dream world, all effects are psychological not physical. Thus, sticks and stones and names are interchangeable (Decentered Universe iii).

[6] Grace Eckley traces the mythological connections of the bull. The "bull-roarer," Shaun's toy, associates him with the bull's fecundatory power. But Shaun's limp (noticed by the washerwomen [FW 214.21-22]) implies an analogous sexual defect (2-6). Erwin Steinberg, speaking of the "Penelope" section of Ulysses, makes a different connection with the bull, but his remarks have application here. Steinberg sees Molly as Pasiphae, the wife of King Minos, who desired intercourse with a bull and later gave birth to the minotaur. Steinberg equates the hollow bull made for Pasiphae's mating with the real bull with the Church's confessional, a hollow box where priests voyeuristically listen and vicariously

experience their penitents' sins. Unlike Pasiphae, however, the Church is sterile. This idea presents some interesting ramifications for my thesis. The three works I consider all present failed sexual consummations. Intercourse does not occur between Robert and Bertha in Act II (nor between Bertha and Richard in Act III), nor does it occur in "Circe" or the "Mime." The potential is there, but lies dormant.

[7] Stephen Whittaker follows Joyce's use of the umbrella motif from Dubliners through Finnegans Wake. While cognizant of the umbrella's sexual function (its correspondence to the "T" in Finnegans Wake and its operation as "accommodation as well as the frustration of sexuality" in Exiles), Whittaker mistakingly diagnoses the rain, missing its positive fertile qualities. Collecting more support from the notes than from the play, Whittaker sees Richard's umbrella as spiritual and Bertha's lack of an umbrella as her "confusion of spiritual and sexual intercourse" (41).

[8] M. J. C. Hodgart interprets the applause at the end of the children's pantomime as the "father's rectal thunder" (84). Some subsequent lines seem to support this thesis: "By Dad, youd not heed that fert . . . . Of their fear they broke, they ate wind . . . " (FW 258.3-6). Seen in this light, the "Mime" ends on the same note as many of the chapters of Ulysses.

[9] Bernard Benstock succinctly identifies this point: "Joyce is Stephen Dedalus is Shem: Shem is a caricature of Stephen who is an exaggerated self-portrait of Stephen who is an exaggerated self-portrait of the young Joyce" (Joyce Again's Wake 121).

CHAPTER VI

"THE WORLD . . . IN ITS SHIRT-TAILS": EXILES AS BRIDGE BETWEEN IBSEN AND PINTER

This study has demonstrated that Joyce is writing divine comedy. Chapter II based this hypothesis in established comic theory, revealing the bifurcated nature of the comic elements in Joyce's work--both mechanical and regenerative. Examination of these dual aspects of Exiles revealed many new characteristics of the play, primarily its reliance on Edenic allegory and British pantomime. The Edenic parallels highlight Bertha's deified position and Richard's Luciferian position, an indication of his still immature artistic vision. On the pantomime level, Robert plays Clown to Richard's Harlequin. With its highly autobiographical content, the play becomes self-parody and Joyce's tribute to his wife, Nora. When this same line of reasoning is applied to the "Circe" chapter of Ulysses, it reveals itself as a specific type of pantomime, the Christmas Pantomime. As Clown, Bloom supercedes Stephen as Harlequin and during his role reversal with Bella transcends Robert's clownishness and Richard's voyeurism to achieve Bertha's conciliatory attitude, thus synthesizing the three major characters of Exiles. In "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies," the Bergsonian elements of comedy manifest themselves in the game of the children and in the playful language of the chapter. The children's game of Angels and Devils also illustrates the regenerative aspects of comedy in its blatantly sexual innuendo and promise of fertility. The structure of the Christmas Pantomime is fairly readily apparent, and with Glugg/Shem/Clown as Nick or the devil and Chuff/Shaun/Harlequin as St. Michael takes on an Edenic overlay. As polarities, Shem and Shaun must synthesize in order to unite with the female principle for completion, for both spiritual and sexual re-creation.

Up to this point, I have been concerned with applying comic theory to *Exiles* and showing that this play cannot be simply dismissed as an experimental endeavor on Joyce's part, that its themes and techniques are consonant with those of Joyce's acknowledged later masterpieces. I have yet to discuss how *Exiles* acts as a significant link not only in the Joycean canon but also in the development of modern drama. This brief, concluding chapter addresses this last concern.

The importance of *Exiles* goes beyond the Joycean canon. As a new form of modern comic drama (perhaps I should return to the word of Chapter II--tragicomedy) it forms a bridge between the beginnings of modern drama in Chekhov and Ibsen and its development in Beckett, Pinter, and Stoppard. A detailed analysis of these five playwrights is beyond the scope of this dissertation, but a brief look at their similarities to Joyce should establish the validity of my premise.

Katharine Worth argues that Exiles is "something of an innovatory piece," offering a technique "in its low-key tentative way" that had not quite been used in the same way before (53). In its portrayal of the small details of domestic life, Exiles keeps "the banal material taut" and turns "it towards a searching reading of character," a hybrid of Ibsen's "investigation" technique, Chekhov's "visual movement," and Beckett's and Pinter's long silent pauses (53). I have already discussed Joyce's debt to Chekhov and Ibsen, but Worth traces a "strong line of continuity . . . from Joyce to Pinter through Eliot: Exiles to The Family Reunion to Old Times and The Homecoming." And since Pinter so readily acknowledges his debt to Beckett, it is only fair to add Beckett to this list. I further add Stoppard because his play Travesties proclaims his debt to Joyce. In short, Exiles becomes the paradigm for some of the twentieth-century's greatest playwrights.

Beckett's regard for Joyce is no secret. Beckett's Our Examination Round His Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress champions Finnegans Wake, then called Work in Progress. But whereas Joyce celebrated life, Beckett exposed the unknowable; the closest one comes to understanding existence is in quantifying the physical, the tangible environment, and even this often comes to nothing. Near the conclusion of Endgame Clov tries to bring order to the litter on stage, but it is to no avail. The conversation of Vladimir and Estragon serves no purpose; we still wait with them for Godot. Despite these differences, Maxwell describes the literary techniques of Beckett and Joyce as "complementary":

> Joyce might be seen, in a rather simplifying view, as moving from the linguistic drab of Dubliners to the neological fertility of Ulysses and in Finnegans Wake to the invention of a language. Drawing the distinction between the two, Beckett said, "The more Joyce knew, the more he could. He's tending towards omniscience and omnipotence as an artist. I'm working with impotence, ignorance." Beckett's early fiction is verbally lavish, yoking vernacular and abstruse, intellectually gamesome, riddling its audience with coinages, and additives often drawn from technical vocabularies . . . (188)

Beckett's plays drop the technical vocabulary, reducing language to utter simplicity, sometimes even muteness. "Pause, Silence" become the all important code words. These key words were passed on to Beckett's disciple, Harold Pinter. Martin Esslin cites Pinter's views on the importance of silence in a play: "I am not in favor of diarrhoea on the stage . . . It is in the silence that they [the characters] are most evident to me" (45). Silence is important to Joyce also, as I will soon demonstrate.

Katharine Worth relates amusingly how audiences of Pinter's production of Joyce thought of Exiles as more Pinteresque than Joycean:

> Exiles took so easily to Pinter's direction that as the reviewers were quick to point out, it might almost have been written by him. It was common to hear people wondering whether Pinter really had written it, in the sense, they would explain, of cutting or rearranging or, above all, of introducing un-Joycean silences so as to manoeuvre it into a more Pinteresque position.
>
> If one did have any doubts of this kind, a very quick re-reading of the text would be enough to dispel them and show that Pinter had followed his directions with exactly the same kind of scrupulous accuracy that Joyce put into devising them. To read the play with the production fresh in mind is to get an uncanny sense of two minds functioning as one; Pinter, one feels, must have loved the meticulousness of Joyce's stage directions, enjoyed making the scene look exactly as it is said to look . . . . (46)

Worth maintains that Joyce's meticulous stage directions (another debt to Ibsen) are boring on the printed page with no Shavian attempt to liven them up for the reader. Also difficult to spot on the printed page are the play's humor and the pauses and silences. The climactic scene between Bertha and Robert where Robert begs Bertha to stay and Bertha "does not answer" is almost sentimental on the page. Worth claims, however, that on stage Joyce "brings down the curtain" (48). There is a long silence as Robert waits for a response from Bertha that never comes. Instead, all we hear is the falling rain, which Worth explains as "exquisite relief":

> After two acts of tightly held tension and probing, with every action being turned into food for analysis, this non-verbal moment came as an exquisite relief, almost in itself the consummation that Bertha and Robert were looking for. The direction "In the silence the rain is heard falling" suggests that Joyce was aiming at just that impression of lyrical sadness that Pinter brought out so delicately. (48)

The full force of this dramatic scene requires a stage. On the printed page it is not as effective. Worth wishes the play ended here, making more of an impact in "Pinter's style":

> It's a fruitful state of doubt we're left in there: all the revelations, all the nuances of the preceding scene are drawn into it. We have the material to interpret Bertha's silence for ourselves, to see why it could mean response, why in a way it

> _should_ mean that, and why it could and probably does mean refusal. (51)

But Joyce is not Pinter, and Worth seems to make the same error as the viewing audience wishing Joyce would be more Pinteresque, forgetting that Joyce predated Pinter. She finds the third act to be "a rather painful anti-climax," almost a "concession to contemporary standards of respectability" in that "no one need feel too uncomfortable about the possibility of Bertha having committed adultery: there's too much laborious evidence to show how little time there was for it to leave the question a very open one" (51). Judging _Exiles_ by Pinter's standards, Worth misses the vital point of the third act--Bertha's apotheosis, Joyce's tribute to Nora.

Worth does not mention the many silences dotted throughout the third act, but John MacNicholas does, viewing these Joycean silences as an essential part of modern drama:

> Thrust and counterthrust, questions which raise still more questions, confused and confusing loyalties, an atmospheric yet palpable menace, pregnant silences leading toward irresolution--all are the fiber and tissue of much of our drama since 1950, and all are clearly articulated in _Exiles_. It is an interesting irony that two Irishmen, Joyce

> and Beckett, should have been the first to exploit silence in an art defined by human speech. ("Stage History" 23)

The silences in Act III intensify the action and the dialogue. The silences between Bertha and Beatrice at the opening highlight Bertha's doubt, her incertitude about the events of the previous evening, about her status with Richard. Brigid "is silent for a moment" before she asks if Bertha would like tea. Bertha sits silently for "a few moments" after Beatrice departs and then gets up and looks into Richard's study, "standing for sometime in the doorway" (117). When Beatrice calls at the Rowan house, the long silences connote hostility, confusion, and embarrassment. At Beatrice's knock, Bertha "stands a moment in doubt," and when Beatrice enters, Bertha "does not turn at once," but stands in "Hesitation" (120). In the course of Bertha's accusatory conversation, they both stare "at each other coldly in silence for some moments" (125). And during the resultant reconciliation scene there is a "short pause" before Bertha withdraws her hand (126). The scene between Bertha and Robert is studded with pauses--"Looks at her in silence" (136), "Reflects" (137), "After a pause" (137)--but in the scenes with Richard, Joyce really demonstrates his mastery of this technique.

While Bertha and Robert discuss the illusion or reality of the previous evening, Richard walks in. The three characters share a long silent period on stage. Richard "buries his face in his hands" while Bertha and Robert "gaze at each other in silence." After Bertha leaves, Richard and Robert share "a long silence" (139). It is difficult to imagine how long this silence must be when previous ones have lasted a "few moments." A few moments is a long, uncomfortable time on stage, and surely Joyce's purpose, as was Beckett's and Pinter's after him, was to make the audience uncomfortable. Earlier in the act, before Robert's entry, Bertha buries her face, "covering her face with her hands" (135). Realizing that Richard does not understand anything about her, she cries, and just as she did not answer Robert at the close of the second act, here she does not answer Richard: "Bertha! (She does not answer)" (135). While these silences build tension between Richard and Bertha, the two at the play's end suggest hope, suggest that with the passage of time Bertha's "wild lover" may return to her. Richard "gazes long" into Bertha's eyes, and Bertha, after delivering her last line, certainly has a few moments of silence as she "closes her eyes" (147). Coupled with the many hand gestures, these concluding silences evoke a nostalgic possibility for reconciliation.

The use of pauses is not the only affinity Joyce shares with Harold Pinter. Worth cites thematic parallels, claiming that the need to "know" is central to the plays of both men (51). In The Homecoming, Lenny plays cruelly with Teddy in much the same way that Richard first questions Robert, toying with him because he has known all along about Robert's wooing of Bertha. The confessional scene with Richard and Robert at Ranlegh is similar to a scene in The Collection where James and Bill discuss Stella's seduction, brandishing cheese and fruit knives. And Pinter's film, Betrayal, shares a startlingly similar situation with Exiles. Unlike Exiles and The Collection, however, in Betrayal, we know the affair has been going on for years, but because the plot works backward we have to wait to see the initial seduction scene. More a student of Beckett's, Pinter in handling the affair in Betrayal concentrates on the horror just lurking beneath the seemingly placid surface. There is no regenerative potential as there is in Exiles.

Another disciple of Beckett's with similarities to Joyce is Tom Stoppard. As do his predecessors, Stoppard also explores the epistemological nature of humans. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead questions what it is to be human, what we know and what we only think we know. In his comedies of incertitude, Stoppard questions any kind of dogmatic certainty, paralleling the way Joyce has Richard say at the end of Exiles, "I can never know, never in this world." Harold Bloom cites Thomas Whitaker, who claims that Stoppard turns the theatre into a "playful community." While Beckett presents a fragmented, sterile world, Stoppard invites us to "rediscover the humane balance and freedom that constitute the open secret of play" (2). In this respect, seeing life as a vast human comedy, Stoppard is closer to Joyce. Allan Rodway compares Stoppard to Joyce; both men's works are balanced, but in different ways:

> Joyce made an immense effort to "prove on the pulses"--by sharing the experience of deeply explored, finely rendered characters--that certain values _were_ better than others, though man-made not God-given. Stoppard's 'distance' carried him further from humanity, not to cynicism or hardhearted amorality . . . but to the philosophical problems underlying human ones. Stoppard has crystallized the modern writer's incertitude into the clear recognition that there is _a problem of knowledge_, perhaps insoluble. (2)

Referring evidently to _Ulysses_, Rodway purports that in Stoppard the "last word is clearly not a Joycean _Yes_, but something more appropriate to a comedy, and time, of such incertitude. Perhaps Perhaps . . . " (14). If Rodway had compared Stoppard's work to _Exiles_, he would have used _perhaps_ for Joyce also.

In _Travesties_, Stoppard's play about artistic expression, Joyce, Lenin, Tzara (the dadaist artist), and Henry Carr are the major characters. An old man at the play's opening, Carr attempts to remember the Zurich of his youth. As audience, we are constantly aware that the entire play is Carr's fiction, that none of this is happening, that it is all part of Carr's memory. We realize that art and history are both creative endeavors. John William Cooke explains that Stoppard emphasizes the similarities of these apparently disparate characters rather than their dissimilarities. Lenin, Joyce, and Tzara are "all makers, composing their works from facts out of context, apparent scraps. Whether the products are novels, histories, or dadaist poems, the process is the same . . . . Lenin, Joyce, and Tzara make meanings by giving form and context to the broken pots of life" (90).

Harold D. Pearce maintains that we become part of this creative process, claiming that mimetic art develops our instincts to learn through imitation:

> We are given back, in the imitative event, ourselves as well as the structures of our relationships with others. And we are cut loose from the event, realizing temporal mobility in the play of imagination. The mirror of stage does not singly imitate some object, but primarily puts us in play in a complex of referential structures. It does not merely show us an image of the world, but like the mirror essential to our seeing ourselves, puts us into that play of relationships. (72-73)

To use Cooke's word, _Travesties_ invites us to become "makers," just as Joyce challenges us in our own lives to re-create, to at least see the "same renew."

Exiles is in the mainstream of modern drama. Despite the long, unnerving pauses it shares with Beckett's and Pinter's plays, its more tolerant comic vision is closer to Stoppard's. And _Exiles_ is often comic, well within the mainstream of the Joycean canon, even though some of the confessional scenes may seem brutal in their exposure of truth. But what is comedy, if not a letting down of the mask? Comedy is not the perfectly-proportioned face, nor the well-attired, beautifully-coiffured prima donna, nor the elegantly statuesque prince. Comedy is the prince whose socks do not match, the prima donna who trips, the too-long nose, the too-pointed chin. Comedy admits to human frailties, to human errors. Luigi Pirandello writes that the

> . . . humorist does not acknowledge heroes; or rather, he lets others represent heroes; he for his part knows what legend is and how it is made, knows what history is and how it is made: "Compositions" all of them, idealizations more or less . . . . He sees the world, if not exactly in the nude, then as so to speak in its shirt-tails; it is in his shirt-tails that he sees a king, who makes such a fine impression on you when you see him "composed" . . . (518).

Richard Rowan, Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, the Earwickers --these are Joyce's characters in shirt-tails. We do not judge them harshly, for we are of them. Richard reminds us, "I too am God's creature" (82). Only Bertha stands above, deified. Joyce knows the truth of life's daily, ordinary, multitudinous incongruities; these are the stuff of comedy. Commonplace details that may seem insignificant and vulgar are the grapes of the Dionysian vineyard. Joyce bids us to pick the fruit and drink the wine, to sing, dance, laugh, and make love, for there is no other way to face a world of woes that falls so far short of the ideal for which we yearn.

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2

VITA

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Candidate for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

Thesis: A READING OF THE COMIC ELEMENTS IN JAMES JOYCE'S *EXILES*: THE BERGSONIAN CLOWN IN THE DIONYSIAN VINEYARD

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