Joyce in Progress

Joyce in Progress:
Proceedings of the 2008 James Joyce Graduate Conference in Rome

Edited by

Franca Ruggieri, John McCourt, Enrico Terrinoni

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To Giorgio Melchiori,

In memory of a lifelong contribution to literary studies.

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FOREWORD

FRANCA RUGGIERI, ENRICO TERRINONI,
JOHN MCCOURT

I.

The James Joyce Graduate Conference, which took place in Rome on February 1-2 2008, was the first major event organized by the newly-born James Joyce Italian Foundation. The main aim was to celebrate James Joyce's birthday in a new way, emphasizing the fact that, in spite of a postmodern normalizing prejudice at work against modernism as experimentalism, young readers and scholars are still widely interested in James Joyce, man and writer.

The novelty of the Graduate Conference derived from the fact that it privileged the involvement of younger scholars, giving more established researchers a supporting role as moderators and respondents. The papers were framed by the opening lecture given by Derek Attridge and by Umberto Eco's closing remarks. The role of moderating and responding to the presentations was played by Attridge, Jacques Aubert, Fritz Senn, Teresa Caneda, Jolanta Wawrzycka and by members of the Committee of the JJIF, Rosa Maria Bosinelli, Carla Marengo, John McCourt, Paola Pugliatti and Romana Zacchi as well as a number of leading Joyce scholars in Italy, including Caroline Patey, Renzo Crivelli, Laura Pelaschiar, Carla De Petris, Joan FitzGerald and Enrico Terrinoni. The presence of these established Italian and foreign scholars at the conference assured a seminar-like openness in the discussions which followed on from the talks.

The Conference opened with a message of support and good auspices sent by the President of the Italian Republic. Then John McCourt read what was to be Giorgio Melchiori's last message to participants and to the members of The James Joyce Italian Foundation. Giorgio Melchiori remarked how sorry he was that he could not be present himself, but expressed his enthusiasm for the project which was initiated by Franca Ruggieri and the other friends who had joined to create the James Joyce Italian Foundation.

It is therefore fitting that this book is dedicated to Giorgio Melchiori. It brings together a selection of the various papers which were given by young scholars at a conference which was organised exclusively with them in mind and, as such, was the first of its kind in Italy. Indeed, it is the implicit novelty of this opportunity, unique in the Italian cultural context, which explains why so many young Italian researchers took up the challenge of measuring themselves against their counterparts from abroad and against the inexhaustible body of criticism available to the scholar of Joyce.

The very title of the present volume, *Joyce in Progress*, alludes to the youth of these researchers in the making, and indeed, can be seen as a symbol of our hope in the progress and contribution that these young scholars, as yet not formally part of the university system, will make in the future.

It was Giorgio Melchiori, one-time pupil of Mario Praz, and author of several seminal works on Joyce, Shakespeare and Yeats—such as *The Tightropewalkers* (1956), *The Whole Mystery of Art: Pattern and Poetry in the Work of W.B.Yeats* (1960), *Joyce: il mestiere dello scrittore* (1994), *Shakespeare* (2000), *Joyce barocco/baroque Joyce (2007)*—who effectively introduced Joyce and his work to Italy, first with his involvement in the 1960 translation of *Ulysses* and also through his untiring work as editor and critic. In 1986, his book *Joyce in Rome* was published as the first in the *Joyce Studies in Italy* series, an "occasional publication aimed at collecting materials that might throw some light on Joyce's work, and contributing, through intertextual approaches, to a better understanding of his literary and human personality" (as the publicity leaflet read). Over the years, ten editions of *Joyce Studies in Italy* have brought together essays by many scholars, both in Italy and from further afield, which have explored the complete Joycean corpus from the *Critical Writings* to *Finnegans Wake*. The essays in the ten volumes (so far), offer a broad variety of methodological approaches—often focussing on reading Joyce in relation to Italian and European cultures.

Joyce in Rome surprised many scholars with the strong emphasis it placed on how those seven short intense months of summer, autumn and winter 1906-1907 that Joyce spent in Rome were to influence his literary career. The discovery of "the extreme alertness of his intellectual life" while living in Rome, of the political as well as "genetic" roots of final story in *Dubliners*, of *Exiles*, and even of *Ulysses*, as hinted at in the correspondence from Rome—from his rented rooms in Via Frattina 52 and in Via Monte Brianzo 51—was greeted with some surprise by those who were accustomed to seeing this Roman interval in the long Triestine

sojourn "as a sequence of dead seasons—a parenthesis in his life to be ignored or forgotten" (Melchiori *Joyce in Rome*, 1986, 11). Now, more than twenty years later, *Joyce in Rome* has been posted on the website of The James Joyce Italian Foundation and thus the reconstruction of the cultural relevance of Joyce's Roman experience is available on line.

In these times, when the fortunes of literature and literary studies have fallen so low in public opinion, James Joyce represents the complete, genuine European intellectual more than ever, the very symbol of a life dedicated to literature as an art indifferent to the laws of the market. Joyce is like those "certain poets who, in addition to the virtue of revealing to us some phase of the human conscience unknown until their time, also have the more doubtful virtue of summing up in themselves the thousand contrasting tendencies of their era, of being, so to speak, the "storage batteries of new forces", as we read in *James Clarence Mangan* (1907). These forces, contained in such remarkable "storage batteries," are the reason why, despite the vagaries of fashion and the dictates of the market, young people continue to turn to James Joyce for a message of literary and artistic engagement as well as freedom from convention.

In his message on the occasion of the first James Joyce Graduate Conference, Giorgio Melchiori also added that he considered the statute and the aims of JJIF the most appropriate and perfect description of what we all had in mind when launching this enterprise and giving it *ali al folle volo*. Continuing with this Dantesque metaphor, he concluded, "Perhaps the flight will be neither foolish nor maddening, but I do hope that at least a touch of madness will appear as Joyce himself would most certainly have wished."

"A touch of madness"; I shall conclude here, inviting the reader to see if—as with Hamlet—"Though this be madness, yet there's method in it." And a happy mixture of method and madness is what we should expect to find in the following essays included in *Joyce in Progress*. No further critical introduction is necessary as the individual papers speak for themselves in the very choice of titles. These young authors are the Joyceans of the future.

(FR)

II.

The title of the present collection also deserves a few comments. It was employed by scholars in the past, and quite predictably, it will be used again in the future. As a matter of fact, *Joyce in Progress* could well describe much of the work being done by students of Joyce around the world, a type of research that is always wisely characterized by unyielding hermeneutic openness. Such a virtue at times seems to give a flavour of tentativeness to the astonishingly prolific output of the Joyce industry—a feature which appears to be encouraged, as well as suggested, by the mutability of Joycean textuality in the first place. This reason alone, of course, suffices to make interpretive provisionality quite welcome in Joycean exegesis—most of the time.

To us editors, the choice of this title seemed quite obvious, given the multiplicity and plurality of the critical outlooks here represented. However, leaving aside critical considerations, we also saw in it the potential for an accurate description of the atmosphere of the first Joyce Graduate conference in Rome. It was indeed an entertaining event, and an unusual one for a country like Italy, where the university atmosphere might appear quite stiff to some. Just imagine: a gathering of young international scholars, meeting in pub by night as well as class by day to exchange their views on Joyce with, as their only excuse, the fact that it was the writer's one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth birthday; and in the city he hated most! Such a perfect day… as Lou Reed would say.

As regards another playful aspect of the conference, the chances are that the participants will remember the highly successful birthday party held at the Irish ambassador's residence. That night Joyce was everywhere, as is easy to guess. But it was not just the talk about the man; some of us, indeed the merriest, even had the impression that the spirit of Joyce was there to keep us company. This may have been the natural consequence of the generous quantities of drink kindly made available by the organizing institution—and, indirectly, by the department of foreign affairs of the Irish government: who knows? Indeed, at the end of that long enjoyable conference day, whatever spirit was with us was a kindly one, and it helped many of the young and old Joyceans get home safely and merrily.

It was the intention of the editors to convey a similar joyful feeling through this heterogeneous collection of young scholars' contributions to the Joyce debate. We hope it will serve as an encouragement for emerging students that they need not be afraid, for working on Joyce is not only intellectually rewarding: it can also be good fun!

(ET)

III.

This *Joyce in Progress* volume is being published in a moment of unprecedented difficulty for third-level education in general and especially for Italian Universities whose already tight budgets are being further squeezed by government cuts (the presence of private sector University funding is still very small and almost non-existent in the humanities). Each year, a new generation of PhDs is produced and face what can euphemistically be called an uncertain future. The progress of their careers is often snail-like. At best perhaps one in three or four (the lucky ones) will eventually find a full-time position (often, in this field, as they are approaching forty—Joyce's age when he published *Ulysses*). Most, before they do finally win a position, will be shuffled around from postdoctoral scholarships to contract teaching (often unpaid) to obligatory time "waiting." Many of the best must, in order to survive, simply change career path. There is a frustrating (if comprehensible) sense of resignation in the face of these difficulties.

In the light of this rather dark scenario, this volume showcases an eclectic selection of essays by "young," emerging scholars from Italy and abroad. It is testament to the range of approaches that continues to characterise Joyce Studies internationally and to the relevant and useful research which is being done in this field in our universities in this age of high-technology which tends too often to relegate research in the humanities to a secondary position. It is to be hoped that this volume reflects the genuinely collaborative process of discussion that went into the conference and into the papers that were chosen for publication. There is a lot of genuine research on show here which looks at Joyce from a variety of angles: from the points of view of autobiographical fiction, genetic studies, post-colonial studies, eco-criticism, intertextual and multi-modal approaches. The result is a volume which aspires towards offering multi-disciplinary readings (see the chapters dealing with Joyce's relationship with early cinema and the discussion of musical adaptations of his works) and usefully connects Joyce's work with that of a variety of his contemporaries, rivals, followers, and successors, including William Carlos Williams, Virginia Woolf, Samuel Beckett.

Serious attention has been given to challenging and sustaining the scholars as they refined their ideas and interpretations, through the dialogues and discussions which took place before and after each presentation and later, throughout the editing process. This collaborative and collective approach—so much the norm in scientific research—is not as prominent as it should be in the humanities where there is greater focus

on producing individual research "products." Constructive critical discussion has a fundamental role to play in the formation of ideas in general and in our attempts to learn how to tackle (from whatever angle) a writer of the density, range, and complexity of Joyce, a figure who, still today, seems know more about us than we know ourselves and to pre-empt so many of our era's realisations about itself.

We should not take for granted our collective knowledge and appreciation of Joyce today; it is the fruit of generations of scholarly commitment carried out in our universities which gradually paved the way for Joyce to be no longer seen as a "diabolically possessed" (to use Shane Leslie's term) danger to society but as one of the defining figures of the European novel whose work challenges each new wave of conservative conformity in a myriad of ways. It is to be hoped that the scholars whose writings are contained in this volume will, like their peers dotted around the world, continue to contribute to this process of learning to read Joyce in the unpredictable new perspectives that will evolve over the coming years.

(JMcC)

INTRODUCTION

DEREK ATTRIDGE

"We are still learning to be James Joyce's contemporaries," wrote Richard Ellmann in 1959, opening the introduction to his biography of Joyce eighteen years after his subject's death. He felt he could repeat the statement in the second edition of the biography in 1982, by which time Joyce had been dead for forty-one years. Would we want to echo Ellmann's assertion today, now that fifty years have passed since he first penned it, and seventy years since the publication of Joyce's final work? This collection of essays, I believe, shows that it is still a valid comment: Joyce continues to feel like a contemporary we haven't fully assimilated, and the work of graduate students around the world as exemplified here gives evidence of an ongoing project of getting to grips with his extraordinary legacy, a project which, at its best, acknowledges and responds to his strangeness without either domesticating or avoiding it.

It's not accurate, however, to describe it as a single project. One of the things this group of twenty essays demonstrates is that there are numerous projects going on simultaneously, benefiting from a variety of skills and drawing on a number of different areas of knowledge, all of them aiming to get closer to Joyce's writing and to the art of those influenced by him, all of them testifying to Joyce's enduring challenge to our interpretative skills. By my reckoning, over half the contributions are from Italian graduate students, and this in itself is remarkable evidence of the liveliness of Joyce studies in a non-Anglophone country—albeit one whose language and culture Joyce was thoroughly at home in, and one which has produced a number of outstanding Joyce scholars. In fact, encountering these essays without any information about the authors or the conference they were derived from, one would be hard put to identify a particular national origin. Where Joyce is examined in relation to another creative artist, the latter may be Irish (Yeats, Beckett), German (Wagner), English (Woolf, Pinter), or American (Williams). (Oddly, perhaps, none of the essays deals at any length with Joyce's importance in Italian culture.) The theoretical work drawn on is also highly varied, with good use being made of writing by Kristeva, Bloom, Derrida, de Man, Cixous, Bakhtin, Heidegger,

Merleau-Ponty, Barthes, Badiou, Deleuze and Guattari, Freud and many others. Stylistics, genetic criticism, cinema studies, ecocriticism, and influence studies are among the approaches represented. The main indication of the Italian origin of many of the essays lies in the many references to Italian scholars—another indication that the extent and excellence of the current generation of graduates working on Joyce is not simply fortuitous, but signifies a thriving intellectual culture around his work in Italian universities.

The one surprising absence in the collection is of any extended discussion of *Finnegans Wake*. Is this a sign that, although the *Wake* is no longer the awkward and, for many critics, unapproachable oddity in the canon that it was when I was a graduate student, it remains a hard nut to crack, especially perhaps for those at the beginning of their careers working in a language that is not native to them? If this is the case, there is perhaps unnecessary caution being exercised. It would be possible to argue that, contrary to first appearances, Joyce's last book offers special opportunities to the student in this position: as a multilingual, open-ended work it allows experts in other languages a privileged vantage point while not arousing expectations of exhaustive or conclusive interpretation. In Italian culture, Umberto Eco showed the way with an important discussion of *Finnegans Wake* in "Le poetiche di Joyce," part of his 1962 work *Opera aperta* (English readers had to wait until 1982 for it to be published as *The Aesthetics of Chaosmos*), and among more recent books on the *Wake* one of the best is by an Italian scholar: Lucia Boldrini's *Joyce, Dante, and the Poetics of Literary Relations* (2001). With many fine reference works and critical studies available to guide the student and on which to build in their research—I think, for example, of Finn Fordham's *Lots of Fun at Finnegans Wake* (2007) and Luca Crispi and Sam Slote's edited volume *How Joyce Wrote 'Finnegans Wake'* (2007)—there are enormous possibilities for fresh considerations of Joyce's final masterpiece. This is where we have most to learn if we want to become Joyce's contemporaries at last.

What of the future of Joyce studies, then, as seen from the perspective of the newcomer to the field? In a chapter I wrote as the new millennium dawned (Attridge 2000, 163-88) I set out the reasons for assuming that there will be no drying-up of the flow of Joyce studies as fresh critical approaches continue to emerge, new facets of Joyce's work are discovered, and the existing body of criticism and scholarship goes on providing a large body of material for reassessment and debate. The essays in this volume, in their variety and originality, provide ample evidence of this healthy future for Joyce studies. Nevertheless, in that chapter I found

myself wondering if a less hagiographic attitude to Joyce might be valuable; I argued that Joyce's pre-eminence as a modernist writer, and the vast accumulation of secondary material demonstrating and celebrating that pre-eminence, could be seen as problematic, in that it may divert attention from other writers deserving of attention while establishing an excessively cosy relationship between Joyce and the bourgeois culture—now a global culture—he so effectively dismantled.

In a related argument, Sean Latham notes that the difficulties that beset the Joyce critic arise not from the constantly changing intellectual marketplace but from "the very success Joyce scholars have enjoyed in that marketplace." He continues:

> That is, novice Joyce scholars, in particular, must first confront the sheer volume of Joyce criticism to be searched and read—an archive now grown so substantial that it threatens to overwhelm even the most earnest scholar hoping to launch his or her own research into Joyce. The labor of actually reading a text such as *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* pales, after all, in comparison to what has become the real task of the modern Joyce critic: sorting through the monographs, biographies, letters, notebooks, journal articles, and conference proceedings that constitute the ever-expanding output of what Vivian Mercier described over four decades ago as the Joyce industry [...] Who among us, when looking with dismay at the tightly packed shelves of Joyce criticism, has not cast a somewhat jealous eye on David Jones or Patrick Kavanagh, whose works frame the considerable Joyce collection in my own small university library? (2002, 120)[1]

However, in the few years since Latham and I wrote our words there has been a significant change in the situation faced by Joyce critics and scholars, whether students or academics. Advances in electronic resources have made the task of sifting through the vast mass of secondary literature less onerous, and it is no longer a matter of spending long hours in libraries paging through documents that turn out to be irrelevant. One example of the new resources available is the online version of the James Joyce Checklist recently initiated by the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas, and ably edited by the tireless William S. Brockman.

[1] Latham's uneasiness about the "Joyce industry" leads, unsurprisingly, to the promotion of his own preferred style of criticism—"locating Joyce himself within a broader and more complex cultural context" (2002, 130); there is no reason to suppose, however, that such criticism will meet a fate any different from that of all the other styles that have been successfully incorporated within the multinational Joyce enterprise.

This is a superbly useful tool, updated quarterly, that allows for many different kinds of search among a huge quantity of primary and secondary material, an increasing proportion of which is itself on line. The media-savvy graduate student of today can navigate among the products of the Joyce industry much more easily than her equivalent of twenty years ago, even though that output is now so much larger; and the danger of repeating what has already been done—an issue which Latham and I both raised—has been significantly reduced.

The prospects for Joyce studies are bright, therefore, and the paths followed by those who catch the Joyce bug will no doubt continue to be diverse. Joyce's handling of language will continue to be of central importance, and the non-English-speaking world has a particular contribution to make here. Genetic studies will flourish, as access to Joyce's manuscripts and notebooks becomes easier. What this volume calls "intertextual and multimodal" studies offer an almost limitless field for future scholarship. Detailed discussions of Joyce's historical and political context, will provide more information of the worlds in which he lived and wrote—and, since he spent most of his creative life in continental Europe, scholars in these countries have a special role to play. (John McCourt's work on Joyce's period in Trieste (McCourt 2000) is an outstanding example, but there is much more to be done.) As new theories develop in the domains of, for example, aesthetics, ethics, politics, epistemology, psychology, ecology, and linguistics, so fresh light will be thrown on Joyce's writing. And to return to my earlier point, we have only just begun the task of understanding *Finnegans Wake*.

I ended the chapter to which I referred earlier, the last in the book, with a gesture of leave-taking, implying that I would not be writing about Joyce any longer. But Joyce doesn't let go of one that easily: not only is there the never-ending fascination and challenge of the work, the continuing appearance of original and stimulating critical studies, and the steady stream of young people eager to get to grips with an author who intrigues and captivates them, there is also the global Joyce community itself, with its good humour, its openness to new thinking, and its dedication to the best in literary scholarship. The conference which gave rise to these essays was one example of the kind of event that keeps the would-be ex-Joycean perpetually hooked: spirited, intellectually energetic, multilingual, multivoiced, welcoming of the new while treasuring the old. During those two days in Rome there was a sense, well captured by the essays here, of the Joyce industry renewing itself—and therefore functioning not at all like an industry but like a living being, and one possessed of the secret of eternal youth.

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PART ONE:

DUBLINERS AND *A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN*

THE FRAGMENTED SELF: RE-READING *DUBLINERS* AS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FICTION

TIMO MÜLLER

The autobiographical background of the *Dubliners* stories has been discussed at length in Joyce scholarship. It was pointed out as early as the first Joyce biographies (Ellmann 1959, passim) and treated extensively by such experts as Hugh Kenner (1976, 177f.). My paper is not a reiteration of these highly instructive discussions, which are after all based on a traditional notion of biographical "fact" and its "reflection" in the literary text. Instead, I follow Paul de Man in regarding autobiography not as "a genre or a mode, but a figure of reading or of understanding that occurs, to some degree, in all texts" (1984, 70). Autobiography creates a persona, and the fictional text allows the writer to project his persona into different situations, to explore and define his identity as an artist. Joyce's specific innovation in the context of autobiographical fiction, I would argue, is his splitting of the unified autobiographical self of the nineteenth-century bildungsroman into several characters, each of which represents an aspect of the author. He first uses this technique in *Dubliners*. Reading the *Dubliners* stories as instances of self-fragmentation allows us to recapture their autobiographical import without resorting to obsolete notions of the text as a reflection (*Widerspiegelung*) of reality or as an expression of a specific intention. Instead, they offer insights into Joyce's ideas of the artist in society and into his efforts to turn his ideas to practical use by developing, in the laboratory of his fiction, a successful artist-persona. The main aspect of this persona as it emerges in *Dubliners* is the ability to understand oneself and one's environment through understanding others. The stories show Joyce's selves at different stages of their development toward this goal.

Kenner has pointed out that four of the characters are endowed with particularly striking autobiographical traits: Little Chandler is poor, likes Byron, dreams of a literary career and of escape from Dublin; James Duffy shares the author's first name, keeps a loose notebook, and has translated Hauptmann's *Michael Kramer*; Jimmy Doyle has an even more similar

name ("Jimmy Joyce's with two letters altered") and is interested in motor-racing; Gabriel Conroy writes reviews for the *Daily Express*, teaches language, has married a woman from the west, is jealous of her previous lovers, and resembles Joyce in certain details of his appearance (Kenner 1976, 177f.). Since the stories are arranged in a more or less chronological order—according to Joyce, they divide into four groups dealing with "childhood, adolescence, maturity, and public life," respectively (Joyce 1966, 134)—the autobiographical characters mentioned by Kenner represent the artist in different periods of his life. Adolescent Jimmy Doyle is reminiscent of Stephen at the end of *Portrait*, Duffy and Chandler are middle-aged, bourgeois, somewhat isolated citizens like Leopold Bloom, and Gabriel Conroy, of the "public life" section, shares features of all these characters. In the following, I will trace how and to what end Joyce develops the technique of self-fragmentation in these four stories.

"A Little Cloud" is the most obviously self-reflexive story in the collection. An aspiring writer from Dublin, Little Chandler has been read by many critics as an early version of Joyce himself. In one of the most perceptive interpretations of the story, James Ruoff argues that Chandler is a negative of Joyce, an embodiment of everything the Joycean "true artist" is not (Ruoff 1957, 271). Indeed, the story offers several reasons for the reader to side against Chandler and his putative artistic vocation. Chandler's main concern is with appearances. He is portrayed as a materialist who envisions himself as a poet because he is unable to overcome the limitations of his situation and personality in any other way. For him, poetry is a means not of connecting with his environment but of escaping from it:

> He remembered the books of poetry upon his shelves at home. He had bought them in his bachelor days and many an evening […] he had been tempted to take one down from he bookshelf and read out something to his wife. But shyness had always held him back; and so the books had remained on their shelves. At times he repeated lines to himself and this consoled him. (Joyce 1969, 71)

Chandler has developed regressively. In his youth he had a true sense of poetry, of which the volumes on his shelf are evidence. We are told that Byron is one of his favorite poets—an opinion which, as we learn in *Portrait*, is unpopular in turn-of-the-century Dublin but is shared by Stephen Dedalus and, I contend, by the authorial voice as well. However, while Stephen defends his allegiance to the epitomic poet-genius in the most adverse circumstances, Chandler has betrayed his taste and, in tune

with the nineteenth-century appropriation of romantic poets by the conservative bourgeoisie, has bluntly refashioned Byron's poetry into a safe haven from the troubles of real life.

In a heated discussion with his mother, the Stephen of *Stephen Hero* asserts that literature is by no means a way of escaping from the world but is "its very central expression" (Joyce 1969 bis, 90). Chandler, in contrast, cultivates poetry as a retreat to the extent that he cannot even share it with his wife. Chandler's distance from the authorial poetic ideal is exemplified by his pseudo-epiphanic experience on Grattan Bridge. He experiences the tristesse of the river quays not directly, as a perceptive poet would, but through the filter of a flowery, stilted language (the "band of tramps" passage) that he seems to take for the poetic touch. "He wondered whether he could write a poem to express this idea […] He was not sure what idea he wished to express, but the thought that a poetic moment had touched him took life within him like an infant hope" (Joyce 1969, 73). This amateurish approach to writing is criticized in several ways: through its inherent contradictions (compare the original Latin meaning of *infans*, "without speech"), through the contrast with Chandler's earlier avoidance and disgust of the poor children he encountered in Henrietta Street, and, indirectly, through Joyce's naturalistic dictum that the poet should express "whatever he has seen and heard" (Joyce 1966, 134) and not some vague "idea." So far, Chandler indeed appears as a 'negative' autobiographical self, as everything that Joyce does not want to be.

It is fair to say, however, that Joyce did not altogether evade becoming Chandler. While the authorial voice in "A Little Cloud" seems to denounce the pragmatic, materialist motivation of Chandler's poetry, we know that Joyce took a decided interest in the publication and reception of his own work and went so far as to write personal letters to influential reviewers in the hope that they would keep his name in mind (Ellmann 1959, 364). There is no categorical difference between this sort of scheming and Chandler's fondness for dreaming up favorable reviews of his still-to-be-written poetry. Chandler certainly is a negative version of Joyce; however, what we sense when reading the story is not, as literary hagiography has it, a sovereign poetic genius ridiculing the lesser minds he has always already transcended, but a diffident, aspiring writer who resorts to autobiographical figuring in order to analyze (and problematize) his own strategies in the competition for success and recognition.

In this perspective, Chandler's uneasy position in between the exigencies of Irish nationalist discourse and his spontaneous adherence to a transnational perspective can be read as an instance of Joycean self-analysis. Chandler's fantasizing about the critical assessment of his poetic

style oscillates between these poles: on the one hand, he seeks acceptance by an international audience; on the other, he plans to capture his critics by marketing himself as a "Celtic" poet. This ambivalence has been regarded as a scathing critique of pseudo-Irishness, of a "longing for fame as an Irish poet, but seeking it through alien consciousness" (Solomon 1972, 269). Read as a precursor to the tantalizingly elusive nationalism of Leopold Bloom, however, Chandler's attitude appears to inaugurate a fruitful process of emancipation from narrow conceptions of national identity. Bloom's definition of a nation, in the Cyclops episode, as "the same people […] living in different places" (Joyce 1993, 317) is much in the same vein as Chandler's indifference to cultural nationalism. Similarly, Chandler foreshadows Bloom in his sober renunciation of the would-be immorality of the major European cities, which Gallaher only uses to present himself as a mundane cosmopolite (a subtle irony indicated by the fact that Gallaher ranks Prussian Berlin as the most 'immoral' city). In *Dubliners* as well as in *Ulysses*, it is this slightly boring but decidedly humane common sense that distinguishes authorial representatives from bragging would-be authorities such as Gallaher, Boylan, or Haines. Thus, Chandler functions as a positive version of Joyce, too: he allows Joyce to negotiate and assert his own values in their relation to other, more self-centered voices.

It is its technique, however, that marks "A Little Cloud" as an important step in modernist autobiographical writing. The stories of *Dubliners* stage different versions of the self in different environments, which lends them a more comprehensive overall scope than the traditional bildungsroman. "A Little Cloud" is of particular interest in this respect as it confronts the autobiographical self (Chandler) with its counterpart (Gallaher)—and, as in the subsequent story of that title, counterparts in Joyce are always related in many ways. Just as Farrington's bullying at home aligns him with his oppressor Alleyne, Chandler has more in common with Gallaher than appears at first glance. As Ruoff points out, both men earn their living by writing that is ultimately meaningless to them, both are afraid of life, and both are "imbued with a melancholy resignation to what they believe is the immitigable stupidity and hopelessness of life." Moreover, Chandler seizes the first chance to switch roles: when he deprecates his friend's marriage prospects, he "slips easily into the role of his bullying counterpart, and we see that the differences between the two are merely symptomatical in that one manifests his neurosis as an introvert, the other as an extrovert" (Ruoff 1957, 269). Thus, the story stages two aspects of the same self and explores their viability by pitching them against one another. It marks Joyce's first

attempt in a method he was going to perfect in *Ulysses*: he charts different, fragmentary versions of himself and makes them interact in order to develop for himself a viable artist-persona. However, the comparison with *Ulysses* also reveals that "A Little Cloud" is an immature exercise in this method. The selves it stages are too binary to interact meaningfully; consequently, their interaction yields no self-recognition and little increase in self-knowledge.

The analytic distance inherent to the method of self-fragmentation comes to the fore in "A Painful Case." James Duffy, the protagonist, is a factual, detached person who shirks from emotions and generally avoids contact with other people. He lives in Chapelizod "because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen" and even detaches himself from his own body, from which he lives "at a little distance." Of all the characters in *Dubliners*, Duffy takes self-analysis to an extreme: he cultivates "an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense" (Joyce 1969, 107f.). While this attitude provides a sound defense against disagreeable influences of any kind, it effectively bars him from relating to others at all. In the all-encompassing sterility of his daily routine, Duffy appears no less a prisoner than the other, more emotional protagonists of the "maturity" section.

Again, one way of reading Duffy is as another possible Joyce. Aside from the direct autobiographical markers mentioned above, the striking parallel is in their chosen role as the isolated, aloof artist whose tolerance of others is limited by the absolute demands of his vocation. In terms of vocation, Duffy functions as an extreme version of Joyce-the-artist: he retreats from "mean, modern and pretentious" society not so much to foster his artistic production—which remains scarce and unpublished—but to avoid any kind of corrupting influence on his self-contained personality (Joyce 1969, 107). In his quest for spiritual autarky he seems to have in mind the Nietzschean 'superman,' who refuses to let others, in particular women and 'the mob,' influence his thoughts and opinions. However, Duffy's reading of Nietzsche, whom he only adds to his bookshelf *after* his break-up with Mrs. Sinico, seems guided by his wish for philosophical absolution rather than by any sort of spiritual affinity. For Nietzsche's superman is also the ideal creative artist who breaks through the paralysis of his cultural environment in order to realize the full potential of the human spirit. In comparison with the Nietzschean figure, who is powerful and individual in every respect, the superman as embodied by Duffy is a sterile, larmoyant distortion. Thus, Duffy is an autobiographical

representative not of Joyce but of certain aspects of the Joycean artist-persona. By taking these aspects to an extreme, he comes to stand as a memento for all artists who are tempted to use 'art for art's sake' as an excuse for intellectual self-sufficiency.

However, Duffy is not the only detached writer in "A Painful Case": his attitude is reflected in the narrative voice, which is palpably more distant than in most of the other stories. By referring to his protagonist as "Mr. Duffy" throughout, the narrator immediately distinguishes himself from the narrative voice of earlier stories, in particular from that of "After the Race," whose protagonist shares Duffy's first name but is simply called "Jimmy Floyd." Duffy's story is told in short, succinct sentences and a deliberately neutral tone. This has led critics to consider the narrator of "A Painful Case" the embodiment of Stephen Dedalus's ideal artist who, "like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (Joyce 1972, 215). Critics have also observed that Joycean narrators rarely meet this ideal, and I would argue that not even the narrator of "A Painful Case" fulfills all the requirements. While he remains aloof of his "handiwork," seems indifferent to his story, and can arguably be imagined to be paring his fingernails, he is neither invisible nor "refined out of existence." In his neutral stance, he is of course less visible than the average auctorial or first-person narrator, but by ostentatiously setting indifference as his standard he ends up spotlighting even the smallest deviations. His introductory description already contains several impressions, comparisons, and evaluations that lend him a certain individuality.

> Mr. Duffy abhorred anything which betokened physical or mental disorder. A mediaeval doctor would have called him saturnine. His face, which carried the entire tale of his years, was of the brown tint of Dublin streets. (Joyce 1969, 108)

From this characterization, we learn that the narrator is a Dubliner or has lived in Dublin for some time—long enough to recognize the tint of its streets in a face—and commands a vocabulary whose depth suggests some sort of higher education. His position toward the events he narrates is one of self-assurance. It allows him to put things into perspective and occasionally to comment on them (the "odd autobiographical habit"); moreover, as Fritz Senn has pointed out, he frequently uses technical terms that relate to (his) narrating and writing, such as "paragraph," "narrative," "sentence," or "discourse" (Senn 1988, 34-36).

Although he seems to regard himself as decidedly superior to Duffy, the narrator cannot dissociate himself fully from his protagonist's fate. His neutral attitude only holds for a certain time; it breaks down at the point where Duffy reads of Mrs. Sinico's death in the newspaper. The narrator describes Duffy reading the article and behaving in an extraordinarily confused and troubled manner afterwards. But instead of elucidating the events at once, as his straightforward narration has made us expect, the narrator dramatizes the moment by delaying the crucial information for an entire paragraph. He finally introduces the newspaper article with a stage-manager's flourish ("This was the paragraph:") that intrudes into the fictional world and brings his constitutive position to our attention. One cannot help but feel that from this point on he takes a more personal interest in Duffy, who after a revolting but unsuccessful attempt at distancing begins to fathom the tragic dimensions of his fateful break-up with Mrs. Sinico—not only for her life but for his own as well. The concluding paragraph of the story is certainly written with an eye if not to pity and fear then at least to an empathetic reaction on the reader's part.

Under the guise of a distant narrator—and of references that link Duffy with Joyce's brother, Stanislaus (Beck 1969, 219-28)—Joyce can thus analyze the 'anti-social' aspect of his personality, an aspect that must have been particularly troubling for him as the literary field of turn-of-the-century Dublin offered little opportunity for a writer of his reach to discuss his experimental ideas with intellectual equals. With a view to his later works, it is evident what lesson Joyce drew from this self-analysis: when taken to an extreme, both the aloof posture of the artist-superman and the strictly neutral approach to autobiographical fiction prove unsuccessful in the end. On the plot level, "A Painful Case" is another example of the failure of two different personalities to interact in a meaningful way. Duffy and Mrs. Sinico each embody traits of character that the other has so far lacked: Duffy is alert, rational, and self-controlled; Mrs. Sinico is not, and if she were she would have secured a better marriage and resisted the temptation to drink. On the other hand, she is motherly, sensual, and caring, traits from which Duffy would obviously have profited in more ways than one. In the end, Duffy's ossified detachment takes control of his life and of his story, which ends in bleak, "perfectly silent" loneliness (Joyce 1969, 117). On the discourse level, he functions as a metonymy for the failure of strict distance as an autobiographical method: Mr. Duffy is deprived of his first name, James, which is identical with the author's and thus the prime autobiographical marker of the narrative. James Duffy is clearly an unsuccessful version of James Joyce; the attitude he stands for must be discarded both as a posture and as a method of writing.