Introduction

THE NOTES AND THEIR USE

The primary intention of this volume is to provide a semi-encyclopedia that will inform a reading of *Dubliners* and of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. As they stood in 1967 and as they stand now, the notes are not complete, and undoubtedly some of the completed notes will prove inadequate or inaccurate. But the vernacular world of the Dublin on which Joyce so heavily depended for his vocabularies is rapidly receding out of living memory, and the effort to catch the nuances of those vocabularies before they are permanently lost is timely in its importance.

The annotated passages are presented in the sequence of the fictions themselves—not unlike the footnotes at the bottom of the pages of an edition of Shakespeare or Milton; thus this book is designed to be laid open beside the Joyce texts and to be read in conjunction with those texts. That method of reading has its disadvantages. It threatens a reader not only with interruption but also with distortion, since details which are mere grace notes of suggestion in the fictions may be overemphasized by the annotation. Several compromises suggest themselves here: one is to follow an interrupted reading with an uninterrupted reading; another is to read through a sequence of the notes before reading the annotated sequence in the fictions.

I have tried to balance on the knife edge of factual annotation and to avoid interpretive comment. This is something of a legal fiction since it can hardly be said that the notes do not imply interpretations or that they have not derived from interpretations in the first place;[1] but the intention

1. See the headnote to *A Portrait*, pp. 129–31 below, for a notable instance of the shadow zone between annotation and interpretation.

has been to keep the notes "neutral" so that they will inform rather than direct a reading. For example: the speaker in "Araby" remarks that he liked *The Memoirs of Vidocq* more than he liked *The Abbot* or *The Devout Communicant* because the pages of *The Memoirs* were "yellow," i.e., because the book appealed to a romantic fascination with antiquities. The notes to this passage in *Dubliners* indicate *The Memoirs* to be the least aged of the three books; the notes also state that *The Memoirs* are "inauthentic and/or unreliable," compiled in the interest of exciting and titillating an audience rather than in the interest of autobiographical accuracy. The neutrality of the "annotation" dictates that the reader be left to draw his own conclusions about the suggestiveness of these details, even though the details themselves can be read as implying that the boy has a preference for romantic fakes with little perception of the objects he observes (as subsequently in the story he romantically distorts "Mangan's sister" and "Araby," with little perception of their realities). The preference for *The Memoirs* thus can be regarded as a detail which is a clue to the way the boy participates in the processes of his own paralysis, but the notes, if they are to be informative rather than interpretative, should leave this development of the detail to the reader, since the detail does not have "meaning" in itself apart from its interrelations with the total context of the story (and with the whole of *Dubliners* as, in turn, the story's context).

The suggestive potential of minor details was, of course, enormously fascinating to Joyce, and the precision of his use of detail is a most important aspect of his literary method (see p. vii above). Early in his career Joyce frequently used religious metaphors for the artist and his processes, and in *Stephen Hero* he couched this fascination with detail in the religious term "epiphanies"—minor details that achieve for a moment a suggestive potential all out of proportion to their actual scale. "By an epiphany he [Stephen Daedalus] meant a sudden spiritual manifestation" when the "soul" or "whatness" of an object "leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance."[2] This passage suggests Joyce's fascination with the ways in which what he called "trivial things" could be invested with significance. But the term "epiphany" has been overquoted to the point where it has become remarkably fuzzy; it is not clear whether the "soul" which is made manifest is inherent in the object itself, or in the artist's response to the object's potential as metaphor, or in the response of a character within a fiction, or in the response of the reader to a revelatory moment in the fic-

2. *Stephen Hero* (New York, 1963), p. 211. In 1904 Joyce used the pseudonym Stephen Daedalus when the first versions of "The Sisters," "Eveline," and "After the Race" were published in *The Irish Homestead*. He used the same spelling for the protagonist of *Stephen Hero* (1904–5), but when he came to recast *Stephen Hero* as *A Portrait*, Joyce changed the spelling to "Dedalus" and separated his hero by one letter from the "cunning artificer" of Greek mythology.

tion. For example, the end of "Araby" raises the possibility of several questions; is the "epiphany," or "sudden spiritual manifestation," the "soul" of the tawdry, exhausted commercialism inherent in the bazaar? or is it Joyce's perception of the bazaar as the "soul" of romance Dublin-style? or is it the boy-narrator's romantic disillusionment when he reaches the bazaar? or is it our perception as readers of the disparities between the boy's expectations and responses on the one hand and Mangan's sister and the bazaar (and perhaps even the boy's own disillusionment) as objects on the other hand? The term "epiphany" tends to blur rather than direct answers to these questions because its scale as metaphor distracts us from what Joyce is really after—the "significance of trivial things" and the literary techniques involved in developing that significance.

It is notable that Joyce dropped the term "epiphany" from Stephen's discussion of his aesthetic theory in *A Portrait* and that Stephen mocks the adolescent pretentiousness of his book of epiphanies in *Ulysses* (p. 40.)[3] Joyce did begin to compile a "book of epiphanies" (1900–1903) in which he attempted to record minor moments in such a way as to develop (without explicitly or discursively so stating) their metaphoric potential. He did not abandon his collection of epiphanies (the dream moments at the end of *A Portrait* are culled from those notebook fragments), but his interest in the ideal of artistic detachment displaced the overstatement of "a sudden spiritual manifestation" in favor of a precise attention to the handling of detail together with the author's refusal to point, evaluate, or interpret in any direct way the meaning of a detail.

When he was working on the stories that were to comprise *Dubliners*, Joyce said to his brother Stanislaus:

> Do you see that man who has just skipped out of the way of the tram? Consider, if he had been run over, how significant every act of his would at once become. I don't mean for the police inspector. I mean for anybody who knew him. And his thoughts, for anybody that could know them. It is my idea of the significance of trivial things that I want to give the two or three unfortunate wretches who may eventually read me.[4]

The technical difficulty was how to let the man in the fiction skip "out of the way of the tram" and yet give the reader the sense of "the significance of trivial things" consequent on the man's having been "run over." If we are to count ourselves among the "unfortunate wretches," we have to strike

3. Page references to *Ulysses* are to the Modern Library edition (New York, 1961) and to the subsequent Vintage edition. To locate all the appearances in *Ulysses* of characters mentioned in *Dubliners* and *A Portrait* consult Shari Benstock and Bernard Benstock, *Who's He When He's at Home: A James Joyce Directory* (Urbana, Ill., 1980).

4. Quoted from Stanislaus Joyce's *Diary* in Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959), p. 169.

a dynamic and ever-shifting balance between the sense that trivial details are (and should remain) trivial and the sense that they are capable of revelatory metaphoric significance. What makes the balance difficult is that the excitement attendant on the recognition of a significance can so easily make us forget that the man has only figuratively, not literally, been run over by the tram.

BIOGRAPHY

Joyce depended heavily on the people, events, and environments in his own life for models of the characters and events of his fictions. This is a commonplace of scholarship on Joyce, and indeed much of that scholarship has been devoted to researching Joyce's personal environments and to identifying the autobiographical elements in his work. The notes in this volume intentionally neglect this phase of scholarship on Joyce. Presumably every novelist relies to some extent on the range and vocabulary of his personal experience. In this respect Joyce is not different in kind from other novelists, although he may well be so different in degree as to appear different in kind. But once the event or the person (or even the stick of "Dublin street furniture") is transferred from "fact" to the page (and inevitably transformed in the process), the "true" nature of the event or person loses much of its relevance for the reader who is attempting to grasp the forms and meanings inherent in the fiction itself. This is particularly true if one grants Joyce the achievement of his ideal of artistic detachment.

The "facts" do remain relevant to a study of the writer's biography and of his habits and processes as a writer, and that study can contribute to an understanding of the writer's works, but the contribution is primarily indirect. To know that Cranly is a partial portrait of John Francis Byrne or that Lynch is a partial portrait of Vincent Cosgrave does not particularly illuminate a reading of Chapter V of *A Portrait* since the "truth to life" (or at least the plural truth—other perspectives, other views) of the two sitters would require a thoroughness and immediacy of observation of them that is probably beyond the capacity of scholarship and certainly beyond the capacity of the well-informed reader. Furthermore, this whole tangled question of Joyce's personal life and its relation to his work has been retangled by the comments and objections of several of the people whose partial portraits Joyce rendered in ways that were not always exactly flattering.[5]

5. See the writings of Stanislaus Joyce; John Francis Byrne, *The Silent Years* (New York, 1953); Eugene Sheehy, *May It Please the Court* (Dublin, 1951); Oliver St. John Gogarty, *As I Was Going down Sackville Street* (New York, 1937) and *Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove* (New York, 1948). See also Ellmann's sources in *James Joyce*, *passim*.

MacCann and Davin provide splendid examples of the ways in which the retrospect of history could distort a reading of Chapter V of *A Portrait*. MacCann is a partial portrait of Francis Sheehy-Skeffington (1878–1916); Davin, of George Clancy (d. March 1921). Sheehy-Skeffington was shot without trial (murdered by a deranged British officer) during the Easter 1916 Rebellion in Dublin because Sheehy-Skeffington's pacifism compelled him to urge British soldiers to stop looting. Clancy, as Nationalist mayor of Limerick, was "foully murdered, by the Black and Tans at night in his home before the eyes of his family" (Byrne, p. 55). The "facts" of the two deaths could easily be read back into *A Portrait*, deepening the shadows in the prior fictional careers of MacCann and Davin. But those careers do not point "ineluctably" toward the untimely and pointless violence of the deaths of the two men. The modern reader should be distant enough from the Dublin of 1900 and its rich play of personality to be able to face Joyce's work squarely as the "fiction" which it is, and to refuse to let the retrospect of fact cloud the prospect of fiction.

The imposition of autobiographical time on fictional time can also distort the way *A Portrait* is read. The fragment of *Stephen Hero* that remains to us is cast in a picaresque narrative time which is a familiar way of imitating the chronological succession of day-to-day, season-to-season in autobiographical time. The narrative time of *A Portrait* does not attempt to imitate chronological continuity; it is discontinuous, episodic, a sequence of portraits rather than a flow of happenings. (To reflect the episodic nature of the novel, the notes to *A Portrait* in this volume are organized not only into five chapters but also into subchapters: I:A, I:B, I:C, etc.)

In autobiographical time Joyce spent three years at Clongowes Wood College (September 1888–June 1891). In *A Portrait* those three years are focused (and summed up) as an afternoon-night-morning in October (chapter I:B) and a Wednesday morning-early-afternoon during Lent—of the following year?—(chapter I:D). Obviously the novel does not ask us to follow a succession of events in autobiographical time but a sequence of tableaux in which the climate of that-time-of-life and the textures of that-phase-of-the-mind are imaged. Nor does it matter that the death of Parnell (October 1891) is an anachronism in I:B (because in autobiographical time Joyce left Clongowes four months before Parnell's death). That death is appropriate in fictional time because it provides an image of the shadowy presence that the world of Irish politics had for the child, Stephen—appropriate to the child-as-child and structurally appropriate as prelude to the political and religious donnybrook of the Christmas dinner in I:C.

The autobiographical years at Belvedere College (1893–98) are focused as one night in May (autobiographically, 1898) in II:C. The five days of Chapter III are also autobiographically Belvedere time (the retreat itself,

30 November–3 December 1896). And here Joyce has juggled time (or paid little attention to it) in the fiction. St. Francis Xavier's feast day, 3 December, fell on Thursday in 1896. In the novel it falls on Saturday; that would mean it is 1898, but it could not have been in Joyce-time because Joyce was already a student at University College, Dublin. As an expanded episode the retreat fits the episodic pattern of the novel, but the narrative presentation of the retreat also imitates chronological succession. The function of this sustained narrative at the structural center of the novel would seem to be that chapters III and IV:A (its afterglow) are to stand not only as tableaux of that phase-in-life but also as sustained and concentrated images of the all-pervasive and fearful presence of religion for Stephen during his coming-of-age in the novel.

In *A Portrait* succession in chronological-autobiographical time is not as important as the succession and juxtaposition of tableaux, of portraits. Subchapters IV:B and IV:C provide paired portraits of Stephen at the end of his time at Belvedere. Chapter V presents four portraits located in University College time (1898–1902), but the "Thursday" of V:A and the evening in Lent of V:C are not precisely located, though clearly we are meant to sense them as toward the end of that phase-of-life. Here again the attempt at a direct correlation of fictional time and autobiographical time could mislead. Stephen's diary in V:D begins on 20 March, which (whether Joyce was aware or not) was a Thursday in 1902 (the autobiographical year of departure). One way to underscore the fictional nature of time in *A Portrait* (and to suggest that it does not matter which calendar year) is to point to the fact that Good Friday and Easter must inevitably fall within the time covered by Stephen's diary, and Stephen takes no notice of those notable days in the liturgical calendar (other than to notice the season as the time when he should do his Easter Duty but refuses).[6]

Far more important to a reading of *A Portrait* than a knowledge of autobiographical time is a sense of the political and cultural climate in Ireland at the turn of the century. The collapse of Parnell's leadership in the Great Split of December 1890, the factional bitterness engendered by the Split and exacerbated by what the faithful regarded as Parnell's martyrdom in October 1891 plunged Ireland into at least a decade of political disorientation. The cultural climate was politicized by the rise of the Gaelic League (1893ff.) and by deliberate intensification of Irish cultural self-consciousness. The artistic climate was characterized by conflicting claims: of the nationalists who demanded an art in the service of a national self-image, of

6. If it were 1902, the entry for 30 March would be the entry for Easter Sunday, and the final entry would be (27 April) a Sunday.

the Catholic and Protestant moralists who demanded an art that would inculcate Victorian morality, of the symbolists who urged an art-for-art's-sake aestheticism—as against the naturalism of Ibsen and Zola and its rejection of what Ibsen called "the aesthetic" in favor of "the ethical, the prophetic."[7] In this connection it is notable that Stephen's preoccupation with Ibsen is as absent from *A Portrait* as it is present in *Stephen Hero* (and in Joyce's own personal interests).

There are, of course, exceptions to this no-biography rule in these notes, particularly when the persons or events Joyce used as raw materials have a public or historical existence that provides meaningful perspectives or points of reference. In general, however, it seems more intelligent to examine Joyce's complex relations to his raw materials in separate study—tributary to but apart from a direct reading of the works themselves, and for that study there is no better place to begin than with Richard Ellmann's splendid biography, *James Joyce* (New York, 1959).

References to *Stephen Hero* have also been omitted from these notes on the basis that a comparative study of that fragment and *A Portrait* is more appropriate to a study of Joyce's development as an artist than it is illuminating to a reading of *A Portrait* itself. Indeed, it has proven all too easy to distort readings of *A Portrait* by importing particulars if not "facts" from *Stephen Hero*; see the discussion of "epiphany" above, pp. 2–4, for one example of this distortion. Another example: in *A Portrait* Stephen's "beloved" is called "Emma" three times in two pages in III:B; otherwise, she is "she," never "Emma Clery" as she is in *Stephen Hero*, though once she is "E—— C——" when Stephen addresses a poem to her in II:B. In *A Portrait* she is on stage only twice: at the end of V:A and the beginning of V:C (and then only fleetingly). Heron and Wallis see her in II:C. For the rest she is present only in Stephen's recall and in his imagination. But the tradition of referring to her as Emma Clery persists in Joyce criticism and brings with it the temptation to import particulars from *Stephen Hero* in order to lend flesh and blood to the appropriately ghostly presence of E—— C——. Many critics assume, for example, that the reason she snubs Stephen in favor of Cranly in *A Portrait* V:C is because Stephen has offended her by proposing one night of passion as he does in *Stephen Hero*, pp. 197–99. This gives her a dramatic will of her own which in *A Portrait* she does not enjoy unless one counts her "reply to Cranly's greeting" in V:C as response to the fact that Stephen, preoccupied with his "confessor," Cranly, has not raised his hat to greet her. As her "image" floats through *A Portrait*, she is a technical triumph, a *tour de force* reflection of

7. Ibsen in a letter to Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, 12 September 1865, q. in *Brand*, translated by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy (Seattle, 1966), p. 14.

the narcissism of the adolescent poetic imagination, 1890s style. To import her name and an independent flesh-and-blood voice from *Stephen Hero* is to deny Joyce an artistic triumph and to distort a reading of *A Portrait.*

IRELAND AND EXILE

The contemporary American reader may very well be baffled by Stephen Dedalus's dramatic insistence (and Joyce's personal insistence) on exile from Ireland as precondition for artistic enterprise. Why, we might ask, couldn't the artist both remain in Ireland and maintain his artistic integrity? Wasn't there some underground that could be discovered or created? Or is this insistence on exile a latter-day Byronism? One answer to those questions is reflected in the figure of Gabriel Conroy in "The Dead." Like Stephen (and Joyce) he is put off by the Gaelic League and its self-conscious attempts to revive the Irish language and to revive a truly "Irish" culture. Unlike Joyce, Gabriel has remained in Ireland, where he is teased by the militant Gaels (Molly Ivors) as a "West Briton" (a proponent of English culture *and* English rule). Gabriel has not evolved into a writer but into a literary journalist. At best his literary independence is clouded by an inevitable association with the politics of *The Daily Express*, the conservative, pro-British newspaper for which he writes reviews in fiction (and for which Joyce wrote reviews in fact). At worst Gabriel is shown as an insecure panderer to the tastes and demands of the middle-class world around him—as he worries about quoting "that difficult poet," Browning, and tailors his after-dinner speech at his aunts' annual dance so that it won't be "above the heads of his hearers."

Cultural-political confusion would seem to be part of the answer to the question: why exile for the Irish artist? since the Irish revival movement was as covertly political as it was overtly cultural. Any display of cultural (artistic) independence would have immediate political overtones whether they were intended or not. And there was also a corollary problem: English was, in a root way, the language and culture of Joyce and his literate Irish contemporaries, just as it is for the contemporary American. The self-conscious attempt to deny those English roots and to replace them with Irish "roots" was the attempt to substitute an artificial medium for the natural medium (even though the connotations of the English medium were sometimes difficult to accept). One wonders what would have happened in the United States had post-Revolutionary hotheads been successful in their advocacy of French (or German) as the official language of the newly born republic?

The religious environment of turn-of-the-century Ireland adds an interesting dimension to the problem that would have faced the artist-in-

residence. In 1890 Ireland was approximately 90 percent Roman Catholic. It is axiomatic that a comfortable majority in a community can usually afford to tolerate considerable deviation from the stated norms within its ranks. But the Irish Catholic community acted instead like a beleaguered minority—tender to the point of paranoia and inclined to "excommunicate" anyone who refused to conform. This minority psychosis can of course be explained as a function of Britain's political and economic dominion over Ireland and as a function of the living memory of British oppression. The Catholic community enjoyed a numerical majority (with all its power to ostracize and discomfit), but at the same time the community was economically and politically in the minority and was inclined to militancy in its reaction. The Protestant minority on the other hand was also beleaguered and intolerant in spite of the political and economic power it derived from English support. The Protestant community regarded Catholics as chronically undependable, subversive, and incendiary; the Catholic community regarded Protestants as continually threatening to erode the Catholic position by coercion, intimidation, and bribery, and by proselytizing.

Both communities were conservative in religion, and both were conservative in politics—the Protestants conservative pro-English, the Catholics conservative pro-Home Rule for Ireland. A significant minority in the Catholic community was inclined toward radical nationalism, but conservative Catholics were suspicious of the "Fenians" (see p. 20 below) and vice versa—as Joyce so clearly dramatizes for the child Stephen in the confrontation at Christmas dinner in *A Portrait*. In a world so bitterly divided against itself there was virtually no middle or anonymous ground for personal independence, and any assertion of independence was liable to be greeted not with unilateral but with multilateral retaliation—a plague-on-both-your-houses in reverse. Joyce's struggle with the Dublin publishers who agreed and then refused to publish *Dubliners* offers a case in point, as do Yeats's and J. M. Synge's, and Sean O'Casey's repeated encounters with Irish intolerance (not to mention dozens of other writers and artists who have had their difficulties); see *Por* C226:12–13n.

The Irish Free State (1922ff.), which has evolved into the Republic of Ireland, exercised until recently a fairly repressive and Church-dominated censorship.[8] Official censorship has been relaxed somewhat in contempo-

8. See Michael Adams, *Censorship: The Irish Experience* (University, Ala., 1968). This book is useful for the information it presents, but it is hampered by a stiff attempt at an impartiality unaffected by any prejudice against censorship in general and, in particular, against Irish censorship, which was itself intensely prejudicial. Adams does not take into account the ways in which the actions of the censors in effect licensed community harrassment of the writers of banned books, intimidating them and their fellow writers and driving many into exile.

rary Dublin, but there is still a strong odor of unofficial censorship, strong enough to give one a clear impression of how unfriendly the city could have been in the opening decades of this century. For example: the first Dublin performance (October 1977) of Sean O'Casey's burlesque *Cock-a-doodle Dandy* (1949) was introduced with an apology in the Abbey Theatre program lest the play take the audience unawares and anger "religious, national, and social sensibilities . . . especially for [its] undeniably crude caricatures of [Irish] patriots, politicians, and priests."

STEPHEN DEDALUS'S EDUCATION

Stephen's education in *A Portrait* stands in troublesome contrast to contemporary educational practices. His knowledge of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, for example, is not based on a reading of those authors in context or *in extenso* as it would be in a contemporary university; Stephen's knowledge is based on a study of selected passages, key points or moments, presented in textbooks which advertised themselves as *Synopsis of the Philosophy of* . . . . As Stephen puts it to himself, he has "only a garner of slender sentences." The educational practice of focusing study on memorable key quotations provided the student with a package of quotable phrases and tended to suggest that thought was aphorism. It also made it possible for an individual to appear remarkably learned when he had, in fact, not read very widely.

Stephen remarks in V:A that his aesthetic is "applied Aquinas"; dramatically this assertion is "correct" since Stephen does use a series of semi-quotations from Aquinas as the basis of his explication. Intellectually, Stephen's assertion is somewhat confusing since the semi-quotations from Aquinas are used without much regard for the larger context of Aquinas's work and thought. This confusion has led several critics to challenge Joyce's grasp of Aquinas, and while that is an interesting issue, the pursuit of it takes the reader away from the dramatic fabric of Stephen's discussion in V:A to focus instead on Joyce's mental processes and on Joyce's relation to the history of ideas. The point is that Stephen is presenting his argument in the conventional form dictated by his training; he quotes his authority only ostensibly to develop the aesthetic latent in Aquinas's observations; actually Stephen uses the phrases from Aquinas as a point of departure for his own aesthetic speculation because that is the "language" in which he has been trained to present (and to cloak) his own thought. It is widely assumed that Stephen's aesthetic theory is Joyce's and that Joyce is using Stephen as a mouthpiece, but it can also be argued that Joyce is using Lynch as a mouthpiece when that character remarks

that Stephen's discussion has "the true scholastic stink." Stephen's aesthetic may be Joyce's only in part, presented in a language appropriate not to the writer who is about to turn his attention to *Ulysses* but to the coinage of the "young man's" education and to the young artist's romantic inclination, since the aesthetic is not any more "applied Aquinas" than it is applied Shelley.

J. S. Atherton has demonstrated that all of Stephen's quotations from Newman derive not from Newman's works but from a one-volume anthology, *Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman* (London, 1875).[9] Atherton argues that Joyce is trying to give the impression that Stephen is widely read. But Stephen treats his bits of Newman (in the dramatic context of the novel) as parts of a collection of phrases notable for their sounds and rhythms, not notable for their reflection of the context in which they occur or for their reflection of the attitudes of the writer from whom they were taken. This would again suggest the tendency to regard learning not as a grasp of contexts but as an acquisition of quotable moments. The dramatic impression left by Stephen's mental behavior in the novel is not so much that of a mind that has read widely as it is of a mind that has poked around and collected phrases in a variety of places: some of them collected in conformity with the emphasis of his education, as from Newman, Aquinas, Aristotle; some of them collected in out-of-the-way places, as from minor Elizabethans, from Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, from Luigi Galvani, etc. But all of the phrases have been converted from their literary and intellectual contexts to the context of Stephen's personal use. Above and behind Stephen, Joyce on occasion manipulates the bits and pieces as indicators of ironies and evaluations—for example, in V:A when Stephen, the nonconformist, quotes Christian Aquinas to the Dean of Studies, the conformist, who in turn quotes pagan Epictetus, or when Stephen follows a poetic quotation from Shelley with a superficially apt phrase from Luigi Galvani ("enchantment of the heart")—except that Galvani was describing what happens to a frog's heart when a needle is inserted in its spine.

Religious instruction was a regular and required feature of the education Joyce received in fact and which Stephen receives in fiction. Two catechisms were assigned as the basic texts in the courses of religious instruction at Clongowes Wood College in the 1880s and 90s:

> *The Catechism Ordered by the National Synod of Maynooth* (Dublin, 1883), called *Maynooth Catechism* in the notes.
>
> Joseph De Harbe, S. J., *A Full Catechism of the Catholic Religion*, translated

9. James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London, 1964), p. 249 n.

from the German by the Rev. John Flander (New York, 1877), cited as De Harbe *Catechism* in these notes.

The catechism or catechisms assigned at Belvedere College when Joyce (and Stephen) were students there in the 1890s are not known. The Rector of Belvedere writes (August 1976) that unfortunately the College's records are "incomplete" on this point. For the purposes of this annotation I have assumed that the Maynooth and De Harbe catechisms were used at both Jesuit colleges and that together they provided the basis for Joyce's (and Stephen's) catechetical saturation.

I have also consulted two other Irish catechisms:

Rev. Andrew Donlevy, *The Catechism, or, Christian Doctrine . . . Published for the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick, Maynooth* (Dublin, 1848), cited as Donlevy *Catechism* below.

A Catechism of Catholic Doctrine; Approved by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland (Dublin, 1951), cited as *Catechism*, 1951 below.

WOMEN AND THEIR EXPECTATIONS

A middle-class woman's horizons in Dublin at the beginning of this century were severely limited. Apart from marriage or a convent, there were precious few careers open to her, and some of those such as clerking in a shop or going into service implied a loss of social status. If she were skilled, dressmaking and millinery were open to her. With some vocational schooling (a relatively new idea), she might become a typist, a stenographer, and even (though rarely) a secretary. If educated, she could seek employment as a governess or companion or teacher. Otherwise, her only hope was dependency, or . . . see *Dub* C99:2n.

Marriage itself was by no means something that could be expected in due course. After the Great Famine of the 1840s the population of Ireland declined and continued to decline. The marriage rate declined; the average age at which people married rose toward the mid-30s, and the birth rate declined. In Ireland in 1901 52.7 percent of the women of marriageable age in the population (16 years of age and older) were unmarried; 37.7 percent were married; 9.6 percent widowed. The proportion of unmarried increased from 47.7 percent in 1881 to 50.8 percent in 1891 to 52.7 percent in 1901. These are very high rates: what they mean is that Frank's offer to Eveline, in the story "Eveline," is the exception rather than the rule, and it is quite probable that when Eveline turns away from Frank she turns toward a celibate future, a fate like that of Maria in "Clay."

MONETARY VALUES

Joyce uses monetary values (among other incidental "hard facts") as indicators of and clues to his characters' attitudes and status. Since Joyce's technique is to withhold evaluatory comment, these clues can easily be overlooked or misinterpreted. The value of money in Ireland circa 1900 (or in any country foreign in space and time) presents difficult problems for the reader. What does it imply that Eveline Hill in the story "Eveline" receives a weekly wage of seven shillings? What order of poverty and/or exploitation does her wage suggest? A direct and rough translation would start by assuming that the dollar in 1900 was worth five times what it is today; thus the British pound, worth $5.00 in 1900, would be worth $25.00 in 1980. So Eveline's wage would be the equivalent of $8.75 a week in 1980! This would suggest abysmal poverty and cruel exploitation. On the other hand, a somewhat different line of reasoning would lead to quite different answers. *Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland* (Dublin, 1904), p. 1345, lists the Dublin market prices of four Irish staples: bacon, bread, potatoes, and oatmeal.[10] A comparison of the prices of those staples (plus beer) in 1904 and 1980 suggests that the British penny (1904) had the buying power of 44.25¢ (U.S. 1980); so Eveline's weekly wage would be the equivalent of $37.17 (1980). This would still mean poverty, but of quite a different order. In the late nineteenth century women were still regarded as "temporary employees" in stores and offices, so they were not paid wages on the assumption that they were self-supporting but on the assumption that they lived at home and that the minimal wages they earned would augment an established family income as Eveline's wage does.

The unpleasant tone of the Hill family's relation to money is not economic but interpersonal. Joyce does not imply that Eveline has to give her whole wage to her father because her family is suffering under grinding poverty, but because her father likes to drink and is brutally ungenerous.

10. Bacon, 7d. (seven pence, old style) a pound in 1904; a comparable lean (Canadian) bacon in the U.S.A. (1980) would be at least $3.00 a pound; the British penny (d.) = 43¢. Bread, 5½d. for a four pound loaf in 1904; U.S.A. 1980, $2.36; d. = 43¢. Potatoes, .36d. in 1904; U.S.A. 1980, 25¢; d. = 69¢. Oatmeal, 1.8d. per pound in 1904; U.S.A. 1980, 39¢; d. = 22¢. Average: d. (1904) = 44.25¢ (1980); or one shilling (1904) = $5.31 (1980); or one pound (1904) = $106.20 (1980). These figures may sound way out of line, and yet when we adjust our glasses by recognizing that food was subsidized in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1904, we still have to take into account a profound transformation of money values in the last seventy-five years. Another Dublin staple (not averaged above), the twenty ounce pint of beer, was a subsidized 2d. in Dublin, 1904, or in 1904 dollars, a nickel. Today (1980) a pint in Dublin costs 55 to 60 new pence or $1.30 to $1.42; the 1904 d. = 68¢ (1980); s. = $8.16; £ = $163.32!

If Eveline had been allowed to keep as little as half her weekly wage for pocket money ($18.50, 1980), she would have been "well off" in relation to her lower-middle-class contemporaries, even though her "living standard" (the possessions and services she could afford) would have been below that of a 1980 Dublin shop girl. But this, too, is a misleading comparison, since the range of consumer choice which the Dublin world would have offered to Eveline would have been much narrower than that available to her modern counterpart, and conversely Eveline would have felt less deprived than her modern counterpart is liable to feel, since the modern shop girl is comparatively less able to take advantage of the opportunities presented (or at least advertised) as within her field of choice as a consumer. If Eveline were to try to live on her own, Dublin, 1904, she could have found a tenement room, furnished for four shillings per week, unfurnished for one shilling sixpence. If she had a few sticks of furniture, she could have found accommodation for just a little more than one-fifth of her paltry seven shilling salary.

The notes on money clues provided in this volume have been worked out with a three-dimensional relativism of the sort applied here to Eveline's salary. These notes are an exception to the intention to keep the notes "factual" rather than interpretive—largely because exact monetary equivalents are not available and would not always be revealing if they were, since it is not only the value of money that has changed but also the relation of money to all aspects of life. Dubliners in the 1890s experienced both depression and prosperity, but they were habituated to fixed currency values and not to the chronic inflation with which we live. Further, the domestic economy of Dublin in 1900 was not a consumer economy as ours is. Staples play a relatively small part in our household budgets; they were central in the lower-middle-class family budget, 1900. A relatively secure salary or wage earner (1900) would not have expected his income to provide anything like the range of goods and services his 1980 counterpart would expect, and most of what a 1980 consumer regards as everyday necessities would have been once-in-a-while luxuries in 1900.

Stephen's scholarship prize of £33 in *A Portrait* II:E provides another sort of example. It was a sizeable sum; the average book in 1900 cost from five to seven shillings; Stephen could have purchased approximately 110 books with his prize. In terms of today's average book prices Stephen's prize would have been worth more than $1000. But that is only part of the story; a £33 prize would have put Stephen in a far more unusual relation to his normal environment (and that of his school contemporaries) than a $1000 prize would put a modern student. A modern student can easily earn that amount of money in a few summer weeks. Stephen and his class-

mates, if they had been able to work at comparable jobs (and as members of their "student class" that would have been unlikely), would have been lucky to earn £6 in a summer. When, after several years at the University, Stephen does get a job as a schoolteacher (in *Ulysses*), his monthly wage is £3/12/0, about three times Eveline's wage, but it would still have taken Stephen more than nine months to equal his prize money. Finally, impressive as the amount of money must have been in the 1890s, the importance of the prize was primarily the academic distinction that it conferred. (Academic prizes have not kept pace with inflation; a comparable modern student prize in Ireland would still be on the order of £20 to £30—$40 to $60, 1980—even more emphasis on academic distinction.)

Poverty: this discussion of monetary values applies primarily to the middle- and lower-middle-class world in Dublin, the world on which Joyce focuses. The world of the lower depths is glimpsed only at moments, as the "throng of foes" through which the boy passes on Saturday evenings in "Araby" and the "vermin-like life" through which Little Chandler picks his way in "A Little Cloud." "Informed contemporary estimates" put early twentieth century unemployment in Dublin "at anything up to twenty per cent though in the skilled trades the figure would have been appreciably less, perhaps as low as ten per cent."[11] The result (together with the depressed wage scale in Ireland as against wage scales in England) was an appalling poverty:

> About thirty per cent (87,000) of the people of Dublin lived in the slums which were for the most part wornout shells of Georgian mansions. Over 2000 *families* lived in single room tenements which were without heat or light or water (save for a tap in a passage or backyard) or adequate sanitation. Inevitably, the death-rate was the highest in the country, while infant mortality was the worst, not just in Ireland, but in the British Isles. Disease of every kind, especially tuberculosis, was rife and malnutrition was endemic; it is hardly surprising that the poor, when they had a few pence, often spent them seeking oblivion through drink.[12]

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY

The world of Dublin in Joyce's time enjoyed a complex preoccupation with history-as-legend and legend-as-history and possessed a rich vocabulary of historical anecdote. Joyce exploits this preoccupation and vocabulary to the full, and it is obvious that a general grasp of Irish history (as the Irish saw it) is indispensable to an informed reading of Joyce's works. The

11. F. S. L. Lyons, *Ireland Since the Famine* (London, 1973), p. 278.
12. *Ibid.*, pp. 277–78.