THE THEME OF CLASS IN JAMES JOYCE'S DUBLINERS

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ABSTRACT

There is evidence throughout the stories, and in Joyce's letters, to show that Dubliners should be considered as a single entity rather than as a series of unconnected short stories. This thesis examines Joyce's presentation of Dublin's middle class as a unifying principle underlying the whole work. Joyce believed that his city was in the grip of a life-denying "paralysis", and this thesis studies his attempt in Dubliners to relate that paralysis to those attitudes towards experience which his Dubliners hold in common.

The stories in Dubliners are grouped to form a progression from childhood through adolescence to maturity and public life. This progression reveals the nature of Dublin's middle class and its effect on its individual member throughout his life. Childhood is a time of comparative freedom, and adolescence shows the individual's increasing conformity to the standards and values of his class. By the time he reaches maturity he is totally trapped in that paralysis reflected in the corruption of the public institutions.

The nature of the middle class is revealed by four sub-themes which I designate: "religion," "adventure", "love", and "culture". For the purposes of this analysis the stories are grouped according to these thematic divisions,
but Joyce's own order is always taken into consideration. Chapters I to IV each examines one of these sub-themes. In Chapter V, "The Dead", which embraces all of these aspects of experience, is treated separately.
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INTRODUCTION

It may be seen from Joyce's own comments that he considered Dubliners a carefully organised whole, not merely a collection of unconnected short stories. During his attempts to publish it he was forced by his publisher and a reluctant printer to alter several passages which they considered improper. Although he satisfied them in minor instances he would not compromise on passages he believed essential to the unity of his work:

The points on which I have not yielded are the points which rivet the book together. If I eliminate them what becomes of the chapter of the moral history of my country? I fight to retain them because I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way that I have composed it I have taken the first step towards the spiritual liberation of my country.¹

He also stressed the sequence of the stories:

The order of the stories is as follows. The Sisters, An Encounter and another story [Araby] which are stories of my childhood: The Boarding House, After The Race and Eveline, which are stories of adolescence: The Clay, Counterparts and A Painful Case, which are stories of mature life: Ivy Day in the Committee Room, A Mother and the last story of the book [Grace] which are stories of public life in Dublin.²

That he took this order seriously is shown by the fact that the three stories written after this letter are placed according


to these categories: "Two Gallants" in the adolescence group, "A Little Cloud" in the mature life group and "The Dead" in the series dealing with public life.

The nature of the "moral history" is revealed elsewhere in Joyce's letters. He wrote to Nora immediately preceding their elopement:

My mind rejects the whole present social order and Christianity - home, the recognized virtues, classes of life, and religious doctrines. How could I like the idea of home? My home was simply a middle-class affair ruined by spend-thrift habits, which I have inherited. My mother was slowly killed, I think, by my father's ill-treatment, by years of trouble, and by my cynical frankness of conduct. When I looked on her face as she lay in her coffin - a face grey and wasted with cancer - I understood that I was looking on the face of a victim and I cursed the system which had made her a victim.3

Dubliners is Joyce's first presentation of this "system" and its "victims"; his "general indictment or survey of the island".4 Concerning the nature of this "indictment" he wrote to a friend:

I am writing a series of epicleti - ten - for a paper. I have written one. I call the series Dubliners to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city.5

The "soul" of Dublin, as we may see through a study of Dubliners, is, like Joyce's home, "a middle-class affair".

3Joyce, "Letter to Nora: Aug 29 1904", in Richard Ellman, James Joyce, p. 175.

4Joyce, "Letter to Stanislaus Joyce: 1905", in Richard Ellman, James Joyce, pp. 210-211.

Dubliners examines the cause of the paralysis, "moral, intellectual and spiritual"\(^6\), which has turned Dublin into a city of "The Dead", and Joyce declared in another letter the seriousness of his intentions:

> It is not my fault that the odour of ash pits and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilization in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking glass.\(^7\)

His "looking glass" does not reflect random images. It reflects a carefully selected and arranged series of insights into the life of that "middle class" to which Joyce himself belonged. Joyce's attempt throughout Dubliners to present the reader with a coherent view of the middle-class consciousness is one of the main unifying factors in the stories.

There have been several studies made of the unity of Dubliners,\(^8\) but I feel that they misread Joyce's intentions. J. Mitchell Morse stresses Joyce's concern for Aquinian moral

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\(^7\)Joyce, "To Grant Richards: 23 June 1906", Letters, pp. 63-64.


concepts and argues, rather dubiously, for Joyce's commitment to Catholic theology. Levin and Shattuck trace some fantastically far-fetched parallels between *Dubliners* and Homer's *Odyssey*. Florence L. Walzl sees the stories as paralleling the increasing paralysis of a diseased individual. Joyce examines his city, so to speak, as though it were a single patient in need of a diagnosis. As the focus of the stories shifts from youth to age, that is, with the passing of time for the patient, the disease becomes more serious. I agree that Joyce uses the image of paralysis as a unifying factor throughout *Dubliners*, and that the paralysis becomes more pronounced as the stories deal with older people. However, I feel that it must be taken into account that Joyce very carefully shows the increasing paralysis to result from an increasing adherence to middle-class ideals.

Joyce's attitude towards his class and his city is not a merely personal eccentricity, for Yeats held similar attitudes during the same period. Both men saw the essential meanness of the lives of the citizens of Dublin, and Joyce's attitude has much in common with Yeats's in his volume *Responsibilities*:

from "September 1913"

What need you, being come to sense,  
But fumble in a greasy till  
And add the halfpence to the pence  
And prayer to shivering prayer, until  
You have dried the marrow from the bone?  
For men were born to pray and save;  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave. 9

Pettiness about money is ever present in *Dubliners*, and so is the adherence to a meaningless religion. "Romantic Ireland" - an Ireland capable of producing heroes and heroic gestures - "is dead and gone", buried, in *Dubliners*, with Parnell and Michael Furey. And Yeats' poem, "To A Shade", presents the same dreary picture of post-Parnell political morality as Joyce's "Ivy Day": "For they are at their old tricks yet". 10

On similar occasions Joyce and Yeats rebelled against the cultural myopia of Dublin. Yeats, angered by the public uproar against Synge's play, wrote a poem:

On Those That Hated 'The Playboy of the Western World", 1907.

Once, when midnight smote the air, Eunuchs ran through Hell and met On every crowded street to stare Upon great Juan riding by: Even like these to rail and sweat Staring upon his sinewy thigh. 11

Several years earlier Joyce had satirized the entire theatre-going populace to Dublin in a bitter pamphlet, *The Day of the*

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Rabblement, provoked by an uproar against Yeats' play The Countess Cathleen. Both denounced the Dublin middle class, but whereas Joyce's works show his lifelong concern for it, Yeats rejected it for what he felt to be the more interesting world of aristocrats and peasants:

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.
Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen,
The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter;
Sing the lords and ladies gay
That were beaten into clay
Through seven heroic centuries;
Cast your mind on other days...

Although most critics have noted a relationship between Dubliners and Dublin's class system their attempts to define it have been unsatisfactory. J.I.M. Stewart states that "each of the stories cries out against the frustration and squalor of the priest-ridden, pub-besotted, culturally decomposing urban lower-middle-class living it depicts". Harry Levin comments that Joyce's subject matter reveals


13 W. B. Yeats, Collected Poems, p. 400.

the decomposition of the middle class...". Hugh Kenner stresses Joyce's deep involvement in the life of Dublin, his attempts to capture its spirit in the language of his writing, and his awareness and control of "Dublin lower middle-class conversation". William York Tindall believes that the failure of "After The Race" may be attributed to "Joyce's unfamiliarity with the subject. Expert in the lower middle class and upper lower, he had little knowledge of the upper or of the lower upper, the nouveaux riches, his present concern". Four attempts to name this class produce one "middle class", two "lower-middle-class" and one "lower middle class and upper lower". Dubliners is not simply a social document, it is, however, as I hope to show in this thesis, a purposeful attempt to describe and criticize the attitude towards experience of a well-defined group of people. That group is the aspiring middle class of Dublin. There has been no critical investigation made of Joyce's treatment of Dublin's middle class as a theme central to the unity and meaning of the collection of short stories. This is what I propose to examine in detail in this thesis.

The stories in Dubliners are interconnected by the


author's concern with revealing "the soul of that hemiplegia
or paralysis which many consider a city". And the course of
the stories makes it clear that the paralysis stems from the
limitations and demands placed on the individual by his
society. Its values are too much a part of him to be evaded,
and the paralysis is completed when the individual surrenders,
as we see in "Eveline" and "After The Race", not to demands
made directly by the society, but to that sense of duty,
propriety and respectability which is an inescapable part of
his own personality.

The first three stories; "The Sisters", "An Encounter"
and "Araby", introduce the social background against which
the action of Dubliners takes place. "Eveline", "After The
Race" and "The Boarding House" deal with young people betraying
themselves into stultifying respectability through their
subconscious commitment to middle-class ideals. "Two Gallants"
shows the sterility of lives not yet enmeshed in the respon­sibilities of society but incapable of erecting a meaningful
alternative to it. "A Little Cloud", "Counterparts", "Clay"
and "A Painful Case" display the mature life of the city, a
world of financial worries, unhappy marriages, unloved children,
pointless labour and loneliness. In "Ivy Day", "A Mother" and
"Grace", politics, culture and religion are weighed and found
wanting, for the institutions of the society reflect the same
shabbiness, shallowness and sham found in the lives of its
individual citizens. "The Dead" treats the social world as it
is displayed at the Misses Morkan's annual party.

The nature of the middle class is revealed directly and through four subsidiary themes which I designate: religion, adventure, love and culture. These are presented in the first three stories; religion in "The Sisters", adventure in "An Encounter", love in "Araby" and culture in all three. Class assumptions are revealed through the attitudes which Dubliners display towards these aspects of their common experience. This thesis is organized into four chapters, each concerned with the way in which the theme of class is developed through one of the sub-themes. Each chapter examines only those stories which deal primarily with the sub-theme in question, although this division of the stories is occasionally arbitrary when more than one of the sub-themes is present. "The Dead" is treated separately. It includes each of the sub-themes and demonstrates the way in which they complement each other to reveal the nature of middle-class experience. Separate treatment also permits an intensive study of Gabriel's triumph over those limiting aspects of personality which cause other Dubliners to evade the truth about themselves and become the "victims" of their situation.
CHAPTER I

RELIGION

There are three stories in which religion is predominant: "The Sisters", "Grace" and Clay". "The Sisters" is about a boy's reaction to the death of a paralysed priest who had befriended him. His responses are contrasted with those of the adults in the story, and theirs seem as unsatisfactory to the reader as they do to him. The adults are unimaginative and unintelligent, they accept the limitations of their existence in a way which the precocious boy cannot. He rebels against the platitudes of his uncle and old Cotter concerning life and is not satisfied by those of his aunt and the priest's sisters concerning death. The boy's desire for life and adventure in the first three stories contrasts sharply with the sterility and futility of his society.

Childhood is the time of greatest freedom for a member of Dublin's middle class, and the boy, whose natural instincts rebel against the limitations of his class, is an appropriate instrument for Joyce's purpose of aligning the reader, through sympathy, with the boy and against the world which surrounds him.

The boy's aunt visits the bereaved sisters and becomes involved in a ritualized act of consolation. She reacts to the death according to a cliched formula of piety, he reacts more honestly:
I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this, for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. (10)*

His relationship with the priest has been more intense than even the sisters', but he reacts to the situation with a certain spontaneity which they lack. He has not yet learned to respond according to established and standardized emotional patterns. He is unable to pray beside the coffin, accepts the wine but not the cracker of their communion, and sits silently in his corner through their trivial conversation with its discreetly curious half-questions and congratulatory condolences:

'Did he... peacefully?' she asked.
'O, quite peacefully, ma'am,' said Eliza. 'You couldn't tell when the breath went out of him. He had a beautiful death, God be praised.'
'And everything...?'
'Father O'Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepared him and all.'
'He knew then?'
'He was quite resigned.'
'He looks quite resigned,' said my aunt.
'That's just what the woman we had in to wash him said. She said he looked as if he was asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would think he'd make such a beautiful corpse.'
'Yes indeed,' said my aunt. (13)

This story is our introduction to the condition of

*All references to pagination in Dubliners follow James Joyce, Dubliners (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books Ltd., 1956).
religion in Dublin. Nowhere in it, despite the presence of Father O'Rourke, the dead priest and the mystery of death itself, is there any suggestion of spiritual vitality in the Church. There is the consolation offered by the aunt: "Ah, well, he's gone to a better world" (12); but this is mere platitude. The spiritual vacuum is emphasized by Father O'Rourke's entirely practical assistance in time of loss:

Only for Father O'Rourke I don't know what we'd done at all. It was him brought us all them flowers and them two candlesticks out of the chapel, and wrote out the notice for the Freeman's General and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor James's insurance. (13-14)

It is in keeping with Dublin's omnipresent concern with money that Father O'Rourke's aid should be of this sort, and in "Grace" the Church is portrayed as a businessman's institution intent only on reassuring the Dublin bourgeoisie of the righteousness of its commitment to Mammon.

In "Grace" Mrs. Kernan's attitude towards religion and its possible effect on her husband are clearly stated:

After a quarter of a century of married life, she had very few illusions left. Religion for her was a habit, and she suspected that a man of her husband's age would not change greatly before death... However, Mr. Cunningham was a capable man; and religion was religion. The scheme might do good and, at least, it could do no harm. Her beliefs were not extravagant. She believed steadily in the Sacred Heart as the most generally useful of all Catholic devotions and approved of the sacraments. Her faith was bounded by her kitchen, but, if she was put to it she could believe also in the banshee and the Holy Ghost. (155)
This contains the essence of the beliefs of any of the women in *Dubliners* from the boy's aunt and the priest's sisters in "The Sisters" to Mrs. Mooney in "The Boarding House" or Aunt Kate in "The Dead". Her ignorance, however, is hardly greater than that displayed by her husband and his friends in their pseudo-intellectual discussions.

The friends' conversation betrays their abysmal ignorance of matters spiritual and historical. Kernan acknowledges the value of the Jesuits: "They're an educated order. I believe they mean well too"(161); and M'Coy's admiration for them is even more temporal: "if you want a thing done and no flies about, you go to a Jesuit. They're the boyos have influence"(161). In keeping with their own social pretensions they even approve of the air of class about that order:

'The Jesuits cater for the upper classes,' said Mr. M'Coy. 'Of course,' said Mr. Power. 'Yes,' said Mr. Kernan. 'That's why I have a feeling for them.'(161)

Their assessment is completely temporal and their attitude towards the retreat is equally casual. When Kernan presses for details of it they make it sound more like a theatrical entertainment than a religious service:

'O, it's just a retreat, you know,' said Mr. Cunningham. 'Father Purdon is giving it. It's for business men, you know.'

'He won't be too hard on us, Tom,' said Mr. Power persuasively.

'Father Purdon? Father Purdon?' said the invalid.
'O, you must know him, Tom,' said Mr. Cunningham, stoutly. 'Fine, jolly fellow! He's a man of the world like ourselves.' (162)

Their jovial air is seen to be a fitting approach to a religion which, as Father Purdon's sermon demonstrates, goes to all lengths to avoid upsetting the consciences of its followers.

In their ecclesiastical debates the friends confuse themselves, through a combination of poor memory and limited knowledge, until their discussions become a series of minor bickerings on confused issues which always end with the general acceptance of a platitudinous explanation by the pompous Cunningham. On matters of Church history and theology their knowledge is limited and bigoted, but this does not prevent them from solving, to their own satisfaction at least, the differences between Catholic and Protestant, the culture and morality of the popes of history and the problem of Papal Infallibility:

'But he's an Orangeman, Crofton, isn't he?' said Mr. Power. 'Course he is,' said Mr. Kernan, 'and a damned decent Orangeman too. We went into Butler's in Moore Street - faith, I was genuinely moved, tell you the God's truth - and I remember well his very words. Kernan, he said, we worship at different altars, he said, but our belief is the same. Struck me as very well put.' 'There's a good deal in that,' said Mr. Power. 'There used always be crowds of Protestants in the chapel where Father Tom was preaching.' 'There's not much difference between us,' said Mr. M'Coy. 'We both believe in -' He hesitated for a moment. '... in the Redeemer. Only they don't believe in the
'But, of course,' said Mr. Cunningham quietly and effectively, 'our religion is the religion, the old, original faith.'

'not a doubt of it,' said Mr. Kernan warmly. (163-164)

Mr. Kernan seemed to be troubled in mind. He made an effort to recall the Protestant theology on some thorny points and in the end addressed Mr. Cunningham.

'Tell me, Martin,' he said. 'Weren't some the the Popes - of course, nor our present man, or his predecessor, but some of the old Popes - not exactly... you know... up to the knocker?'

There was a silence. Mr. Cunningham said:

'O, of course, there were some bad lots... But the astonishing thing is this. Not one of them, not the biggest drunkard, not the most... out-and-out ruffian, not one of them ever preached ex cathedra a word of false doctrine. Now isn't that an astonishing thing?'

'That is,' said Mr. Kernan.

'Yes, because when the Pope speaks ex cathedra,' Mr. Fogarty explained, 'he is infallible.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Cunningham. (166)

They mock the countrified manners and attitudes of the policemen in the story of "65, catch your cabbage" (158), but their arguments betray the ignorance underlying what they believe to be their urban sophistication.

On the night of the retreat the Church is filled with all the notable businessmen of Dublin, and Mr. Kernan's reaction is social, not spiritual, and "gradually, as he recognized familiar faces, Mr. Kernan began to feel more at home". (162) The congregation offers the priest ample opportunity to repeat Christ's warning about rich men having no more chance of entering heaven than a camel has of passing through the eye of a needle, or to remind them that Christ, in the only display of anger in his life, drove the usurers and moneylenders from the temple. He chooses instead an
obscure passage which he interprets to justify the money-making ambitions of his hearers:

For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Wherefore make unto yourselves friends out of the mammon of iniquity so that when you die they may receive you into everlasting dwellings. (171)

His text is taken glaringly out of context and ignores the obvious sarcasm of Christ's commentary and the fact that he ended this parable with the warning:

13. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.
14. And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things; and they derided him.
15. And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

Luke Chapter 16

In the light of these verses the priest is seen to display the same materialistic smugness and intellectual and moral myopia that characterize his hearers:

Father Purdon developed the text with resonant assurance. It was one of the most difficult texts in all the Scriptures, he said, to interpret properly. It was a text which might seem to the casual observer at variance with the lofty morality elsewhere preached by Jesus Christ. But, he told his hearers, the text had seemed to him specially adapted for the guidance of those whose lot it was to lead the life of the world and who yet wished to lead that life not in the manner of worldlings. It was a text for business men and professional men. Jesus Christ, with His divine understanding of every cranny of human nature, understood that all men were not called to the religious life, that by far the vast majority were forced to
live in the world, and, to a certain extent, for the world: and in this sentence He designed to give them a word of counsel, setting before them as exemplars in the religious life those very worshippers of Mammon who were of all men the least solicitous in matters religious... Jesus Christ was not a hard taskmaster. He understood our little failings, understood the weakness of our poor fallen nature, understood the temptations of this life.(171-172)

"God's grace" has been replaced in Dublin by that of the money-lenders.

A similar moral obtuseness is demonstrated in "The Boarding House" in Mrs. Mooney's casual reminder that "she would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch the short twelve at Marlborough Street".(62) She shows no moral awareness of her complicity with her daughter and attends "short twelve", we may be sure, with as clear a conscience as the gentlemen have in "Grace".

"Clay" is included in this chapter because both Maria's name and her nature, ("you are a veritable peace-maker" the matron had said,) suggest a comparison with the Virgin Mary. She is certainly one of the meek who will inherit the earth, but it is clay symbolic of death that she touches in the game that foretells the future. It is part of Joyce's ironic comment on the sterility of middle-class Dublin that an elderly spinster plays in the role of the Virgin and throughout Dubliners he suggests this kind of comparison between the heroic figures of the past and their pathetic modern counterparts. Little Chandler, for example, is made to invite comparison with Byron, Farrington with Ulysses, and Corley
and Lenehan with the Florentines.

Like all of the characters in Dublin's lower-middle-class Maria maintains a sense of gentility. "The matron was such a nice person to deal with, so genteel", (98) but Ginger Mooney, although she "meant well... had the notions of a common woman". (99) It is this susceptibility to gentility which causes her to become flustered by the gentleman on the bus and lose the precious plum cake:

Maria thought he was a colonel-looking gentleman and she reflected how much more polite he was than the young men who simply stared straight before them. The gentleman began to chat with her about Hallow Eve and the rainy weather. He supposed the bag was full of good things for the little ones and said it was only right that the youngsters should enjoy themselves while they were young. Maria agreed with him and favoured him with demure nods and hems. He was very nice with her, and when she was getting out at the Canal Bridge she thanked him and bowed, and he bowed to her and raised his hat and smiled agreeably; and while she was going up along the terrace, bending her tiny head under the rain, she though how easy it was to know a gentleman even when he has a drop taken. (100-101)

Maria is quite content with her hard-working and unrewarding life. It is the reader who sees the futility of her genteel aspirations and the emptiness reflected in her omission of those verses of the song which deal with intense passion and the joys of marriage. Her gentility seems even more pathetic in the light of Joe's drunken sentimentality:

He was very much moved. He said that there was no time like the long ago and no music for him like poor old Balfe, whatever other people might say; and his eyes filled up so much with tears that he
could not find what he was looking for and in the end he had to ask his wife to tell him where the corkscrew was. (104)

In "The Sisters" the ritualized actions and words of the aunt and the sisters and the pointless conversation of the uncle and old Cotter give us our first insight into the sterility of life in Dublin. "Clay" shows the same sterility combined with a pathetic social pretentiousness. "Grace" also reveals this concern for keeping up social appearance, an absurd intellectual pretentiousness, and the pragmatic role of the Church in a society where true spirituality is irrelevant and the primary concern is the acquisition of money.
What I define as adventure, the desire for more vital experience, plays some part in all of the stories. It is predominant in "An Encounter", "Eveline", "After The Race" and "Counterparts". It is introduced in "An Encounter". The schoolboys, stimulated by the adventure stories they have read, engage in games of cowboys and Indians, battles and sieges:

We banded ourselves together, some boldly, some in jest and some almost in fear; and of the number of these latter, the reluctant Indians who were afraid to seem studious or lacking in robustness, I was one. The adventures related in the literature of the Wild West were remote from my nature but, at least, they opened the doors of escape.(17)

This offers at once the cause of the desire for adventure in Dubliners and its failure. Adventure is a means of escape from Dublin reality. This is never successfully achieved because those who wish for it, Eveline and Jimmy for example, like the "reluctant Indians", lack the strength to deny the course of action imposed on them by their society. Despite his extreme youth the boy is a product of his class and accepts some of its attitudes. When Father Butler caught Leo Dillon with a copy of The Halfpenny Marvel he was horrified: "I'm surprised at boys like you, educated, reading such stuff. I could understand it if your were... National School Boys".(18)

This distinction between themselves and the lower orders is so
fixed in the boy's mind that when the old man asks whether Mahoney is often whipped at school he is almost stung to an answer: "I was going to reply indignantly that we were not National School Boys to be whipped, as he called it". (24)

He is "bored" by the pervert's clichés: "that the happiest time of one's life was undoubtedly one's schoolboy days, and that he would give anything to be young again"; (22) but he is conscious enough of class distinctions to notice "that his accent was good". (23)

The narrator, however, is more sensitive than his companions to the shortcomings of their make-believe:

The mimic warfare of the evening became at last as wearisome to me as the routine of school in the morning because I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home; they must be sought abroad. (18)

The idea that "real adventure" is to be found "abroad" accounts for the respect many Dubliners feel towards Europe, but the boy, happy in the belief that it can be more immediately achieved organizes the day of "miching". Leo Dillon, whose timidity foreshadows Eveline and Jimmy, lacks the courage to keep the rendez-vous, and although the less-sensitive Mahoney takes a great deal of pleasure in the outing the narrator is doomed to disappointment. He eagerly "examined the foreign sailors to see had any of them green eyes, for [he] had some confused notion...", (21) but the hopelessness of his dream is accentuated when he discovers instead the unhealthy reality of the pervert's "bottle-green eyes... under a
twitching forehead", (23) He set out in search of "real adventure" but found only an old man whose monotonous phantasies, first of "nice young girls... [with] nice white hands... [and] beautiful soft hair" (23) and then of "chastising" and "whipping" young boys, are a denial of the excitement and adventure that he seeks. He wishes to escape from the "wearisome routine" of school and children's games to a life of "wild sensations" but discovers only the morbid and frightening ritualism of the pervert.

The first three stories trace the boy's growing disillusion with his society, but he is not aware of the significance of his discoveries in the way that the reader is. In "The Sisters" he vaguely senses that the priest's paralysis signifies a corruption that is more than physical, it is the reader who sees the priest's condition as symbolic of the state of the whole Church in Ireland. Similarly in "An Encounter", where the boy is once again faced with a form of corruption that he does not entirely understand, the reader can see the significance of his instinctive reactions. At first he is impressed by the old man. He pretends to have read every book he names, and when his friend asks why boys should not read some of Lord Lytton's works he is afraid the man will think him "as stupid as Mahoney". (23) When the old man talks about girls, however, he feels uneasy:

His attitude on the point struck me as strangely liberal in a man of his age. In my heart I thought that what he said about boys and sweethearts was reasonable. But I disliked the words in his mouth,
and I wondered why he shuddered once or twice as if he feared something or felt a sudden chill. (23)

Mahoney sees the old man's acts but the boy, sensing their corrupt nature, does not look up. When the old man returns and talks of whipping his fear increases and he escapes to the company of Mahoney: "How my heart beat as he ran across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent; for in my heart I had always despised him a little". (26) Mahoney is rough and unimaginative, perhaps a Corley or Gallaher in the making, but the pervert is already in the same category as Lenehan, Chandler and Duffy. Joyce had called the first three stories, "stories of my childhood", and the boy is perhaps an early portrait of the artist. The pervert pointed out that he and the boy were both "bookworms", as opposed to the rougher Mahoney who "goes in for games", (23) and it had seemed a bond between them. Faced with the corruption of those qualities he admires, however, the boy turns humbly to Mahoney's healthy exuberance.

The desire for adventure as opposed to the living death that is Dublin is common to many stories. It expresses itself through involvement in love, as in "Araby", and aspiration toward culture, as in "A Little Cloud". It is always an attempt to escape from the limitations imposed by the social conditions of Dublin. It is a factor common to both "Eveline" and "After The Race". Both these stories fall into the category which Joyce labelled "adolescence" and show the last efforts of two young people to assert their personal
judgement over that of their class.

The atmosphere of Eveline's life is described in terms of dust and decay:

Her head leaned against the window curtains, and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired... Home! She looked around the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where all the dust came from.(34-35)

Her mother and one of her brothers are dead and the whole of her drab present is contrasted with the promise of the Buenos Aires (good air) of the new country. The sailor himself, a good-natured singer who takes her to see the Bohemian Girl, is the antithesis of her father who dismissed the Italian organ grinder with the words: "damned Italians, coming over here".

Her memories of childhood are overshadowed by her father's temper and her present life is dominated by his miserliness and coarse threats of brutality. As is the case with so many Dubliners his unconscious rebellion against the futility of his own existence takes the form of drunken violence towards his children:

Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her drunken father's sullen violence. She knew it was that which had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl: but latterly he had begun to threaten her.(35)
Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could, but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night.(36)

As she waits for the hour of her escape the natural timidity of her character and her fear of change begin to obscure the sordid nature of her life: "it was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life":(36)

Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed, he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.(37)

Next her mind moves to the two younger children and her promise to her mother "to keep the house together as long as she could". This leads to a realization of the true horror of her mother's existence, a horror she knows that she herself must face if she stays in Ireland.

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

'Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!'
She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would
give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her. (38)

"She wanted to live", but her knowledge that Dublin is bound to lead her to the "terror" of an existence like her mother's cannot help her at the last moment on the dock. She has "a right to happiness" but cannot decide what it is her "duty" to do. Eveline is paralysed. Although she is capable of envisaging a better and happier life she is too much a victim of her class's sense of "duty" and "sacrifice" to rebel and assert her independence. Her lack of vital energy is such that adventure for her must remain only an idea.

Jimmy, in "After The Race", on the verge of the sporting life of his companions, shows himself to be a pathetic male counterpart to Eveline. He is offered the possibility of overcoming the limitations of his own society and entering a realm of what he acknowledges to be more intense experience. He enjoys playing with ideas and emotions foreign to his own background, but the virtues of his upbringing reassert themselves once his "recklessness" ceases to be "reasonable". "He had been sent to Cambridge to see a little of life", (41) and at the party on the yacht he "took his part with a will; this was seeing life". (45) He is, in fact, incapable of the necessary suspension of middle-class awareness to be more than a mere onlooker. The three Europeans who admit him to their circle are each described as being in
"good humour". (40-41) Jimmy, "however, was too excited to be genuinely happy". (41) He is always too conscious of himself, too much the inheritor of the "solid instincts" (42) which had taught his father early in life to modify his views as an "advanced Nationalist" (41) and expand his butcher's business until he "had become rich enough to be alluded to in the Dublin newspapers as a merchant prince". (41) The father even acknowledges that wild oats must be sown, and, "remonstrative, but covertly proud of his [Jimmy's] excess, paid his bills [at Cambridge] and brought him home". (41)

Adolescence in Dubliners is a painfully prolonged affair. Jimmy is a "young man" although "about twenty-six years of age". Similarly Lenehan is thirty and Freddy Malins and Mary Jane in "The Dead", although their youth is emphasized, are about forty and thirty-five respectively. The society does not encourage the next generation to assume its maturity. And that maturity when it does occur requires the surrender of all the adolescent's ideals and aspirations, as we see in the case of Eveline and Jimmy, to those of their class.

Jimmy is wealthy and emphasis is laid on his separateness from those who watch the race - "the gratefully oppressed" in their "channel of poverty". (40) But it is also stressed that he is not at ease in the world of the fashionable young foreigners. He is basking in the aura which surrounds his continental friends and the Dublin motor races, but his happiness comes from his enjoyment of public recognition and
envy, not directly from his personal enjoyment of the situation. He is aware of public opinion and unable to be comfortable in his happiness unless he can realize the value of his own participation through the reactions of humbler onlookers. This point is made on two occasions. The first is at the race when he is introduced to one of the foreign drivers: "it was pleasant after that honour to return to the profane world amid nudges and significant looks". The second occurs at the party on the yacht which is so brilliantly witty that he "felt obscurely the lack of an audience" to assure himself of the value of his own participation.

Jimmy enjoys the careless charm of "Bohemian" living and at Cambridge "divided his time curiously between musical and motoring circles". At the party he even tipsily espouses the political extremism which his father had tasted in his youth, and he really is a fitting son for such a father. The elder Doyle approves of the fabulously wealthy Segouin: "such a man (as his father agreed) was well worth knowing, even if he had not been the charming companion he was... Villona was entertaining also - a brilliant pianist - but, unfortunately, very poor." It is not clear whether the "unfortunately" implies sympathy for Villona's case or simply a regret that one so charming should lack the wherewithal to make himself "well worth knowing". Even Mr. Doyle's reaction to his own son, it is hinted, has financial overtones:

Jimmy, too, looked very well when he was dressed, and as he stood in the hall, giving a last equation to the bows of his dress tie, his father may have felt even
commercially satisfied at having secured for his son qualities often unpurchasable. (43)

In the confusion surrounding the last game of cards Jimmy is far more concerned with the amount of money he has lost than with the pleasure which he might have had in losing it. "He knew he would regret in the morning, but at present he was glad of the rest, glad of the dark stupor that would cover up his folly". (46) Jimmy is undoubtedly the inheritor of "solid instincts"; instincts which centre on the commercial value of everything; instincts which never permit the abandonment necessary to enjoy anything which might in some way contradict the commercial assumptions on which life is organized.

"Counterparts" falls into the group that Joyce called "stories of mature life". As the boy in "An Encounter" represents the child's search for adventure, and Eveline and Jimmy deal with adolescent aspirations, Farrington represents the adult search for "real adventure". He chafes under the domination of the pompous Mr. Alleyne, a mere Ulsterman physically his inferior but with the financial power to abuse him with impunity, and from the start his frustration expresses itself in a desire for escape through violence: "the man stared fixedly at the polished skull which directed the affairs of Crosbie and Alleyne, gauging its fragility. A spasm of rage gripped his throat...". (85) His surreptitious drink adds to his confusion and, realizing the impossibility of finishing his copy that evening, he craves escape to a more satisfying
world of camaraderie and good fellowship: "with the boys,
drinking with his friends amid the glare of gas and the
clatter of glasses". (87)

Blast it! He couldn't finish it in time. He longed
to exorcise aloud, to bring his fist down on something
violently. He was so enraged that he wrote Bernard
Bernard instead of Bernard Bodley and had to begin
again on a clean sheet. He felt strong enough to
clean out the whole office single-handed. His body
ached to do something, to rush out and revel in
violence. All the indignities of his life enraged
him... (88)

His desire for violence is impotent: "he could hardly refrain
his fist from descending upon the head of the manikin in
front of him"; (88) yet his attack on Mr. Alleyne is un-
premeditated and verbal and his violence is reserved for his
helpless son. Mr. Alleyne asked whether Farrington believed
him to be "an utter fool":

and, almost before he was aware of it, his tongue had
found a felicitous moment:
'I don't think, sir,' he said, 'that that's a fair
question to put to me.'
There was a pause in the very breathing of the clerks.
Everyone was astounded (the author of the witticism
no less than his neighbours). (89)

Mr. Alleyne demands a humiliating apology and the "indignities"
which Farrington drinks to forget are forced on him several
times in the course of the evening. First he must apologize
to Mr. Alleyne. Next he is overlooked by the woman in the
bar, and thirdly he is defeated in the test of strength.
These humiliations, combined with his awareness of his poverty,
the bad position he has put himself into at the office and
even his inability to get drunk add to the rage which is consummated in his savage attack on his son.

Joyce's attitude towards the futility of the modern desire for adventure is emphasized by the Odyssean parallels in "Counterparts". This is hinted at by the repetition of the epithet "wine-dark", a common Homeric device, and a case may be made for Farrington as a modern Ulysses. He is physically strong and is given the stature of a hero when he is called upon "to uphold the national honour".(93) He also believes himself attractive to women and defeats Mr. Shelly through cunning in the episode of the caps. Farrington, however, fails where Ulysses succeeded. Ulysses was loved by two goddesses, Circe and Calypso, and stood high in the favour of Athene: Farrington cannot impress the theatrical woman. Ulysses used his intellect to save his life, as in the Cyclops' cave: Farrington uses his for the sake of a quick drink. Ulysses' golden oratory becomes the copy-clerk's unconsciously witty answer. Both arrive home after various travels, although Ulysses had never lost a feat of strength. But whereas Ulysses found the faithful Penelope and warmly greeted his son, Farrington's wife is out and he beats his son. The emptiness of a middle-class Dubliner's attempts to engage in adventure and experience is adequately brought out in the comparison between Ulysses of the Heroic Age, and Farrington, the hero of a less auspicious time.

All these adventures take place against the drab back-
ground of Dublin, and all fail. In "An Encounter" the boy fails because he hopes for more than Dublin can give, and despite his independence he shows signs of an awakening class consciousness. Eveline and Jimmy desire to live according to a pattern which does not seem impossible but both fail because of the "solid instincts" which are a part of their minds. Eveline's instincts are moral, she cannot decide whether her "duty" is to herself or to her family, and her inability to overcome her paralysis and make a choice loses her the opportunity for an escape to life. Jimmy chooses more consciously to accept his role as his father's heir. These three began their adventures with hopes of permanent achievement and we see Eveline and Jimmy become "victims" of their own inner class-consciousness. Farrington is one of the "mature" citizens of Dublin. His acceptance of his position in society is cemented by his job, his marriage and his children. His search for adventure is only an attempt to escape temporarily from a realization of the horrifying pointlessness of his life. Eveline and Jimmy in their acceptance of the ideals of their society condemn themselves to this type of existence.
Chapter III

Love

Four stories are mainly concerned with sexual love: "Araby", "Two Gallants", "The Boarding House" and "A Painful Case". Love appears in many forms in Dubliners but nowhere is there a suggestion of a healthy love relationship or a happy one. Little Chandler "looked coldly into the eyes of the photograph [of his wife] and they answered coldly. Certainly they were pretty and the face itself was pretty. But he found something mean in it". (80) Farrington's wife "was a little sharp-faced woman who bullied her husband when he was sober and was bullied by him when he was drunk". (95) And Captain Sinico "had dismissed his wife so sincerely from his gallery of pleasures that he did not suspect that anyone else would take an interest in her". (108) Mrs. Kearney married the bootmaker only when her single state was becoming a subject for gossip among her friends, and Mrs. Kernan, who married for love, "had found a wife's life irksome" (153) after only three weeks of marriage.

"Araby" is the third story in which Joyce uses the boy-narrator to establish the basic themes of Dubliners. It introduces the narcissism common to Dublin's lovers and demonstrates the middle-class attachment to a culture divorced from its own experience. The pervert in "An Encounter" read Scott and Lord Lytton and the uncle's intoxicated recital of The Arab's Farewell to his Steed is another
example of Dubliners' acceptance of the incongruity between Romantic literature and the banality of their own existence:

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' He asked me where I was going and, when I told him a second time, he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.(31)

The boy's ideas are derived from the same Romantic source:

"The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant, and The Memoirs of Vidocq";(27) and his illusions are patterned on what he has read:

I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself into my bosom... All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled murmuring: 'O love! O love!' many times.(29)

He describes the girl, although unconsciously, in erotic terms: "her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side";(28) but he has been so affected by Romantic fiction that he expresses his sensuality in terms of spiritual and chivalric ideals and replaces the real girl with an "image".(28) Like so many of Dublin's middle-class he constructs a brilliant illusion to compensate for a shabby reality. It is part of Joyce's irony that in his city the realization of the boy's romantic dreams should depend on a two-shilling donation from such a mundane
source as the drunken uncle. At the bazaar the boy is abashed and helpless before the inanity of the English voices. This nervousness towards England, and the awareness of the English as a controlling force commercially, culturally and politically is one of the facts of life in middle-class Dublin. The English, or the pro-English Ulstermen, control much of Dublin's commerce and exercise power over the lives of many of Joyce's Dubliners. An Ulsterman bought the field where Eveline and her friends played and built houses on it, and Maria in "Clay" and Farrington in "Counterparts" work for Protestant companies. Farrington's anguish, in fact, is caused by Alleyne, an Ulsterman, the woman with the "London accent" and Weathers, an English acrobat; and at the root of Little Chandler's puny rebellion lies his jealousy at Gallaher's success in London. Nationalism, as seen in "Ivy Day" and "A Mother", is a reaction against this English predominance, and it is Miss Ivors' enthusiastically Irish objection to Gabriel's preference for English and Continental culture which causes their quarrel in "The Dead". Nationalism in Dubliners, however, as the arguments in "Ivy Day" about the royal visit demonstrate, offers no real solution to the problem of Ireland's relationship to England.

The boy is unable to challenge the silly English banter. Faced with the problem of turning his phantasy into reality by buying a gift he succumbs to Dublin's paralysis.
The illusion he had believed to be love gives way: "gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger". The boy's love is entirely self-centred, it is not concerned with the actual existence of Mangan's sister. In much the same fashion the two "gallants" and Duffy act according to a rigid idea of what they expect in a love relationship and deny the humanity of the woman involved.

"Two Gallants" presents a modern version of the courtly figures which the title suggests. Corley "aspirated the first letter of his name after the manner of the Florentines" and Lenehan refers to his friend as a "gay Lothario". Both references suggest a comparison between the ardent passion which existed in the past and the modern reduction of sexual love to the level of callous exploitation. The knights-errant Corley and Lenehan present the dilemma of the choice between action and inaction, they are, in effect, the Sweeney and Prufrock of a Dublin Wasteland. Throughout Dubliners those who choose action are seen as coarse, insensitive, vulgar and often brutal. Those who avoid involvement in action, although sometimes sensitive, are subject to fears and psychological inhibitions which prevent their ever realizing the illusions with which they attempt to brighten their lives.

This story also presents sex as a matter of class exploitation. Corley is flattered that the girl "thinks [he's] a bit of class", but feels no responsibility about
the fact that "she's a bit gone on [him]."(50) He does not even tell her his real name. She is a slavey, the lowest form of servant girl, and he speaks of her with a philosophical appreciation which seems to deny that he considers her to be even human: "'There's nothing to touch a good slavey,' he affirmed. 'Take my tip for it.'"(50) Corley admits that he has turned to this kind of woman because as far as spending money and being well-mannered with girls of his own class was concerned: "damn the thing I ever got out it";(50) or as Lenehan succinctly comments: "it's a mugs game".(50) Corley even admits to having ruined one respectable girl to the point where she became a prostitute. He feels no qualms about this, only muses a little "regretfully" because, after all, "she was... a bit of all right".(50) Sex to Corley is a contest, the endpoint is victory, getting what he wants with no concern for the feelings of the second party. His attitude is in keeping with his policeman's build: "his bulk, his easy pace, and the solid sound of his boots had something of the conqueror in them".(53) But he conquers only the helpless, simple-minded and trusting in a war of attrition against the less fortunate and less socially-acceptable members of the opposite sex. Guilt, shame, or even momentary self-doubt, are beyond him.

Lenehan's personal qualities are in many ways the opposite of Corley's, although in no way more commendable. He is, in the Dublin fashion, a "young man";(47) "he would be thirty-one in November".(55) He affects a sporting dress
and manner of an adventurer, an active participant in life. He is, in fact, incapable of action, a mere *voyeur*, who dreams of public and marital respectability. He wants a "good job" and "a home of his own". "He thought how pleasant it would be to have a warm fire to sit by and a good dinner to sit down to...(55) He affects the dress and manner of a "gallant" but desires the reverse of the kind of adventure that implies. It is ironic evidence of the power of middle-class ideals in Dublin that even Lenehan, an apparent pariah, should aspire to be so conventionally bourgeois.

The gold coin makes Corley's relationship with the slavey more sordid than it had seemed. To that point he had shown himself to be drude, unfeeling and coarse. The coin reveals him to be more callous than the reader would have suspected, a male prostitute whose desire for gain dehumanizes both himself and his victims. The final twist, however, shows Lenehan to be even more repulsive in his shrill impotence than Corley is in his callous abuse:

'Well?' he said. 'Did it come off?'
...Lenehan kept up with his friend, breathing uneasily. He was baffled, and a note of menace pierced through his voice. 'Can't you tell us?' he said. 'Did you try her?'(58)

The reader sees them as unprincipled street-walkers; they do not even doubt their own gentility. Such moral blindness is common in *Dubliners*, and the callous pursuance of a desired end, with the implication of prostitution, links the "gallants" with Mrs. Mooney, "The Madam", in "The Boarding
"The Boarding House" is the perfect example of Joyce's treatment of a minor incident to show the self-deception and horror inherent in the lives of that class of people who stress appearance not reality, form not content, and trap themselves in a series of hollow clichés which they refuse to question. Mrs. Mooney is a butcher's daughter, "a big imposing woman" with a "great florid face", who "dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat". (61) She is a "determined woman". In the course of the story the crudity of her personality shows through its thin veneer of gentility and propriety. She is a hard-headed, ruthless judge of situation and character who feels quite justified in calling to her aid the sentimental morality to which she merely pays lip-service. Her prime concern is to marry off her daughter and it is significant that "all the resident young men spoke of her as The Madam". (60)

"As Polly was very lively, the intention was to give her the run of the young men." Quite aware of the growing relationship between her daughter and one of the boarders, and of its obvious consequences, "she watched the pair and kept her own counsel":

Polly knew that she was being watched, but her mother's persistent silence could not be misunderstood. There had been no open complicity between mother and daughter, no open understanding... (61)
In the face of her mother's silence Polly understands that she is temporarily being given a free hand to implicate the unsuspecting clerk. Mrs. Mooney, in her unspoken complicity with her daughter's actions, lives up to her nickname as "The Madam" and in effect prostitutes her daughter to the greater cause of acquiring a husband.

When Mrs. Mooney feels the moment to be right she intervenes; her attitude towards Polly is hypocritical, and Polly's answer is equally so:

...she had been frank in her questions and Polly had been frank in her answers. Both had been somewhat awkward, of course. She had been made awkward by her not wishing to receive the news in too cavalier a fashion or to seem to have connived, and Polly had been made awkward not merely because allusions of that kind always made her awkward, but also because she did not wish it to be thought that in her wise innocence she had divined the intention behind her mother's tolerance.(62)

Even in a moment of such importance they keep between them a farce of untruth and dishonesty. They carefully evade acknowledging even to themselves the vulgarity of their existence and the duplicity of every word, thought and action.

Mrs. Mooney is acknowledged as a shrewd businesswoman and a keen judge of character who "knew when to give credit, when to be stern and when to let things pass".(59-60) These are commendable bourgeois traits but she uses them with the same deadly effect as she manipulates Doran's middle-class reverence for "social opinion":

She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour, and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as his excuse; neither could ignorance be his excuse, since he was a man of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident.(62)

She is so completely taken in by her own line of reasoning at this point that she has not the least compunction regarding the part which she herself has played. She will "catch short twelve at Marlborough Street" with a clear conscience and with the satisfaction of knowing beyond all doubt that justice has been done. She even permits herself a patronizing thought towards "some mothers she knew who could not get their daughters off their hands".(63)

Polly plays a minor role in the comedy. She accepts the complicity with her mother and is willing to let things happen as they do. She is a shallow, narcissistic creature with the same tendency to erect intricate daydreams of escape from her shabby existence as many young Dubliners:

She rested the nape of her neck against the cool iron bedrail and fell into a reverie. There was no longer any perturbation visible on her face. She waited on patiently, almost cheerfully, without alarm, her memories gradually giving place to hopes and visions of the future. Her hopes and visions were so intricate that she no longer saw the white pillows on which her gaze was fixed or remembered that she was waiting for anything. At last she heard her mother calling. She started to her feet and ran to the banisters.

'Polly! Polly!'

'Yes, mamma?'

'Come down, dear. Mr. Doran wants to speak to you.' Then she remembered what she had been waiting for.

(66-67)
She serves as a counterpart to her brother and demonstrates the emotional shallowness and moral emptiness underlying the superficial gentility of the middle-classes while he projects their coarseness, arrogance, and latent viciousness. The qualities of both are present in their mother. It is a wry comment on the hypocritical morality of these people that the hard-drinking and foul-mouthed Jack Mooney, a chip off the same block as Corley, should be cast as the protector of his sister's honour: "If any fellow tried that sort of a game on with his sister he'd bloody well put his teeth down his throat: so he would"; yet at the same time there is an unspoken agreement between mother and daughter that Polly should induce Doran to try exactly "that sort of a game" with her.

Doran is weak. Mrs. Mooney is right when she thinks that he will not defy her and risk publicity, for he is too much at ease in the pleasant rut of his existence to dare attempt anything new. In his younger years he had, in true bourgeois fashion, "shown his wild oats", and even experienced a period of free-thinking. But he has worked for thirteen years for the same firm and is horrified at the prospect of "all his industry and diligence thrown away". There is a great deal of similarity between him and Jimmy Doyle of "After The Race". Both are at that stage of life when their individual desires are challenged by the middle-class ideas of propriety. Both suffer from commitment to
"solid instincts" which justify "industry and diligence". Both have kept their rebellion within the bounds of "reasonable" recklessness and both capitulate to their society. Doran also has in common with Jimmy an inability to judge without submitting the case first to the concensus of public opinion. When he tries to imagine himself married to Polly he judges her with all the petty snobbishness with which the slightly higher orders of the middle-class view their social inferiors. His concern is not what he feels for the girl but what his family and friends will feel:

The family would look down on her. First of all there was her disreputable father, and then her mother's boarding house was beginning to get a certain fame. He had a notion he was being had. He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing.(64)

This story is concerned with the comedy of middle-class love and marriage. Mrs. Mooney shows many of the characteristic virtues of her class: shrewdness, good business management and a keen grasp of character. Her use of them, however, has no moral basis other than the end justifying the means. Despite this she self-righteously uses the ideals of respectability, reputation and acceptability for the conquest of Mr. Doran.

Mr. Duffy, in "A Painful Case", considers himself to be free from the conventions of his society, but he is as much a victim of them as Doran. He told Mrs. Sinico that he did not publish his thoughts because he would not "submit
himself to the criticisms of an obtuse middle-class which entrusted its morality to policemen and its fine arts to impresarios" (108-109) and he intends his way of life to deny middle-class values. His living in Chapelizod demonstrates his contempt for his city: "he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen and... he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious" (105) and his pasting, "in an ironical moment", (105) an advertisement for Bile Beans onto the first page of his collection of aphorisms was a gesture of his distaste for modern advertising. The only "social duties" he consciously acknowledges are "visiting his relatives at Christmas and escorting them to the cemetery when they [die]... [He concedes] nothing further to the conventions which regulate the civic life." (106-107)

Yet he constantly reasserts the fastidiousness and self-righteousness of his class, especially in his judgement of Mrs. Sinico's death:

The whole narrative of her death revolted him and it revolted him to think that he had ever spoken to her of what he held sacred. The threadbare phrases, the inane expressions of sympathy, the cautious words of a reporter won over to conceal the details of a commonplace vulgar death attacked his stomach. Not merely had she degraded herself; she had degraded him. (112)

Even his involvement with the Irish Socialist Party, ostensibly an anti-middle-class gesture, gives evidence that his attitudes are really those of his class. His reactions to the earnest workmen, and the ease with which he "discontinues his
attendances" when his audience is diminished, show a superficiality in his political idealism and a conscious acceptance of his superiority to the workers similar to the canvassers' in "Ivy Day":

He had felt himself a unique figure amidst a score of sober workmen in a garret lit by an inefficient oil-lamp. When the party had divided into three sections, each under its own leader and in its own garret, he had discontinued his attendances. The workmen's discussions, he said, were too timorous; the interest they took in the question of wages was inordinate. He felt that they were hard-featured realists and that they resented an exactitude which was the produce of a leisure not within their reach.

(108)

He approaches his intimacy with Mrs. Sinico, as he approaches every other aspect of his existence, from a completely intellectual position. He lends her books and talks endlessly, she simply listens. "With almost maternal solicitude she urged him to let his nature open to the full: she became his confessor". (108) "The union exalted him... emotionalized his mental life". (109) These beginnings of emotion, however, Duffy turns into visions of self-glorification in the same way that the boy in "Araby" imagines, not the girl, but himself in relation to her "image": he "thought that in her eyes he would ascend to an angelical stature". (109) He is happy only as long as their friendship fulfills this ideal vision of himself. When his "image" threatens to become real he is terrified. When Mrs. Sinico, lonely and warm hearted, "caught up his hand passionately and pressed it to her cheek, Mr. Duffy was very much surprised. Her interpretation of his
words disillusioned him". (109) He speaks to her of "the soul's incurable loneliness" (109) and spurns her attempt to end that loneliness. He breaks off their relationship and sums up the whole affair in the aphorism: "Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse, and friendship between man and woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse". (110) He overlooks the natural and obvious choice of love between man and woman and retreats from the one person who might have infused life into the "adventureless tale" (107) of his existence. Duffy uses his intellectualism to protect himself from reality as Farrington uses drink, the pervert engages in auto-eroticism, and the boy in "Araby" constructs an ideal dream world.

Following his discovery of Mrs. Sinico's death he momentarily realizes his own responsibility:

He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else he could have done. He could not have carried on a comedy of deception with her; and he could not have lived with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night, alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, ceased to exist, became a memory - if anyone remembered him.

(113-114)

First he tries to rationalize his actions and then he escapes into self-pity. In this he is similar to Chandler and Farrington, other examples of the "mature" life of Dublin, for all react with self-pity to the truth about themselves and
their circumstances.

The condition of love in Dublin displays the drabness of middle-class experience through the misadventures of five lovers. In "Araby" the boy erects a romantic ideal of love. His vision is unrealistic and when he tries to make it real it crumbles. He at least realizes that he has "derided" himself, the others lack the honesty to discover the truth of their situation. Corley has no moral awareness of his acts and represents love in its crudest form as sexual instinct debased still further by the desire for financial gain. Lenehan is motivated by the same instincts but has not the ability to indulge them. His impotence accentuates the sterility of both their lives. Doran is trapped into marriage by the connivings of the mother and daughter. His attitude towards Polly is a combination of resentment and distaste. He knows that his family will look down on a girl from a lower middle-class family who sometimes says "'I seen' and 'If I had've known'"(64) but he lacks the strength to defy "social opinion" and so will marry the "little perverse madonna"(60) who has seduced him. Duffy is incapable of feeling emotionally towards Mrs. Sinico when she is alive and feels only self-pity at her death. Love in Dublin's middle-class lacks any suggestion that it can be other than drab and sordid.
CHAPTER IV
CULTURE

Three stories in *Dubliners* are directly concerned with Dublin's middle-class culture: "A Little Cloud", "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" and "A Mother". "A Little Cloud" portrays what might be called the dilemma of the Dublin artist, while "Ivy Day" reveals the city's political life and "A Mother" its theatrical entertainments.

The pervert in "An Encounter" read Scott and Lord Lytton, the boy in "Araby" read the yellowed romances which had belonged to the priest, and his uncle recited "The Arabs Farewell to His Steed". Polly in "The Boarding House" spoke in the melodramatic clichés of the sloppiest forms of literary romance, and Eveline enjoyed "The Bohemian Girl". In keeping with this cultural heritage Little Chandler admires Byron and has visions of himself as a Romantic poet, one of "the Celtic school by reason of the melancholy tone of his poems."

Despite these poetic aspirations, however, the commonplace nature of Little Chandler's consciousness is reflected in the first paragraph of the story. Here his thoughts are represented as a series of middle-class platitudes and clichés:

Eight years before he had seen his friend off at the North Wall and wished him God-speed. Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent. Few fellows had talents like his, and fewer still
still could remain unspoiled by such success, Gallaher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that. (68)

When he imagines himself as a poet his mind is just as subject to platitudes and he sees himself as the traditional world-weary romantic hero: A gentle melancholy took possession of him. He felt how useless it was to struggle against fortune, this being the burden of wisdom which the ages had bequeathed to him. (69) He has the same habit of imagining the slightest possibility as proven fact as the boy in "Araby", and escapes from reality into satisfying daydreams. As the boy moved through the rowdy market imagining that he "bore' [his] chalice safely through a throng of foes", (29) so little Chandler picks his way among Dublin's squalor "weighing his soul to see if it was a poet's soul". (71)

Chandler rebels against the shabbiness of his own life, "the dull inelegance of Capel Street", (70) and, like Jimmy Doyle, believes in the superiority of foreignness. "Every step [towards Galaher] brought him nearer to London, further from his own inartistic life", (71) and he dreams that he will escape to London through writing poetry. He has a moment of almost poetic insight into his city as he looks at the river, but this leads, not to poetry, but to a vision of himself as a successful poet. He does not produce poetry but allows his mind to race ahead of himself and "invent sentences and phrases from the notice which his book would get". (71) His reverie actually becomes so intense that he passes Corless's
and has to turn back. Like so many of the people of Dublin
his tendency to imagine rather than to act has enabled him
to pass by any possibilities which life might have held.

He shows no interest in the past of his own city or
in its present social condition:

A horde of grimy children populated the street.
They stood or ran in the roadway, or crawled like
mice upon the thresholds. Little Chandler gave
them no thought. He picked his way deftly through
all that minute vermin-like life and under the sha­
dow of the gaunt spectral mansions in which the old
nobility of Dublin had roistered. No memory of the
past touched him, for his mind was full of a present
joy.(69)

In place of an awareness of either the condition of the
children or the fading past he has a perfectly middle-class
evaluation of the place where he is to meet Gallaher: "He
had never been in Corless's but he knew the value of the name".
(69)

His reaction to his friend displays more of his middle-
class fastidiousness, for "Gallaher's accent and way of express­
ing himself did not please him. There was something vulgar in
his friend which he had not observed before".(74) And his envy
expresses itself in terms which illustrate his class-conscious­
ness:

The adventure of meeting Gallaher after eight years,
of finding himself with Gallaher in Corless's
surrounded by lights and noise, of listening to
Gallaher's stories and of sharing for a brief space
Gallaher's vagrant and triumphant life, upset the
equipoise of his sensitive nature. He felt acutely
the contrast between his own life and his friend's and it seemed to him unjust. Gallaher was his inferior in birth and education. (78)

The conversation from this point is coloured by Chandler's bitterness and antagonism to Gallaher's arrogance. Chandler insists that Gallaher will marry, but in a tone which betrays his own unhappiness. Gallaher replies by boasting of the "thousands of Germans and Jews, rotten with money" (79) who would marry him if he wished it. He delivers a crude insult to his friend, crushing because it is true!

'I don't fancy tying myself up to one woman, you know.' He imitated with his mouth the act of tasting and made a wry face.
'Must get a bit stale, I should think,' he said. (79)

When he is left in charge of the baby Chandler's resentment continues to mount. His wife's photograph with its "thin tight lips" and cold eyes that "repelled him" reminded him of Gallahers stories of "rich Jewesses". "Those dark Oriental eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing!": (80)

A dull resentment against his life awoke within him. Could he not escape from his little house? Was it too late for him to try to live bravely like Gallaher? Could he go to London? There was the furniture still to be paid for. (81)

His impulse to escape is destroyed by his financial concern and he lapses into yet another daydream: "If he could only write a book and get it published, that might be the way for him". (81) He tries to relieve himself by reading Byron, the arch anti-
bourgeois heretic, but is prevented by the crying of the baby, the symbol of his bourgeois commitments. For a brief moment he rebels, and the object of his violence, of his attempt "to vindicate himself in some way, to assert his manhood",(78) is the helpless child. The return of his wife reduces him to a condition of stuttering incoherence, and "tears of remorse started to his eyes".(83) Remorse for what he has done to the child, and remorse for his own misery and failure. Little Chandler is a defeated and helpless man. His condition is characteristic of the "mature" state of middle-class life in Dublin. Gallaher, who represents the only alternative to this condition is of the same mould as Corley. He has the same brutalized attitude towards women, the same nerve-shattering crassness and condescension. Chandler believes him to have talent but he is only a third-rate journalist. In the realm of art, as of love in "Two Gallants", the exponents of action are coarse, cheapened and aggressive. Those who choose inaction live in a state of total impotence.

"Ivy Day" is one of the stories which Joyce intended to represent "public life in Dublin". These stories are concerned even more directly than those preceding with specific conditions of the society. "Ivy Day" offers a glimpse of the political scene and the diverse people who inhabit it, "A Mother" does much the same for the theatrical world. "Grace" begins with the individual and his spiritual condition but is expanded by the time of Father Purdon's sermon to refer to the spiritual condition of all who attend the retreat. "The
Dead" reverses this, starting with the general social condition and then focusing on the individual.

"Ivy Day" takes place on the anniversary of the death of Parnell, the "uncrowned King"(131) of Ireland. He is, ironically, the presence most felt throughout the story, the ideal against which the reader can measure the shabbiness of Mr. Richard J. Tierney and his canvassers. For with Parnell's presence so emphasized the political situation is seen not simply as corrupt in itself but as fallen from a previous height. Parnell almost achieved Ireland's independence. During his brilliant career and fall he was either worshipped or hated. He was a great man capable of instilling into others his own burning ideals, and inciting the enmity of the entire Irish Catholic Church. Tricky Dicky Tierney is his political heir, a mere job-seeker and social climber with none of the integrity of his working-class opponent. He even supports the controversial address of welcome to the visiting English monarch, and is allied with the self-same Church that had hounded Parnell. The "fawning priests - no friends of his" (132) that Hynes attacks in his poetic tribute to Parnell support Tierney in the form of the apparently disreputable Father Keon who is "travelling on his own account"(124) and has a "little business matter"(123) with Tierney's agent Fanning, and Father Burke whose support is used to impress the voters: " [Grimes] asked me who the nominators were, and I told him, I mentioned Father Burke's name. I think it'll be all right". (120)
When Henchy asked O'Connor why Hynes was one of them
O'Connor replied: "he's hard up like the rest of us". (122)
And the characters in the Committee Room are an incongruous
group which financial necessity has turned into politicians.
They are not certain of the political views of their candidate
or those of their fellow workers. Old Jack, the caretaker,
is an ignorant old gossip, and the young men in the Committee
Room; O'Connor, Hynes and Lyons, are sentimental Nationalists.
Hynes even sympathizes with the working-class political move­
ment, like Duffy who had attended the meetings of the meetings
of the Irish Socialist Party, and Doran in "The Boarding
House" who bought a copy of the socialist Reynolds's Newspaper
every week. Like all the young people in Dubliners they are
weak willed and easily controlled, and it is Henchy, a
garrulous and opinionated backbiter who alternately praises
and criticizes Tierney, Fanning, Hynes, Crofton and Parnell,
who dominates the conversation. He and Crofton are both in
favour of the royal visit, for Henchy's political integrity,
like Tierney's, enables him to support the Nationalist cause
and welcome an English monarch at the same time. The portly
Crofton at least has the excuse of being a pro-English
Conservative whose candidate has withdrawn.

Despite their impecunious state, however, all are
members of Dublin's middle-class as distinct from the working-
class from which their opponent wins his support. Even old
Jack, apparently the caretaker of the Committee Room, and as
such the most socially insignificant person there, looks down
on Colgan for being a bricklayer. Hynes argues this point when Jack refers to the opposition candidate carelessly as "the other tinker":

'What other tinker?' said Mr. Hynes.
'Colgan,' said the old man scornfully.
'It is because Colgan's a working-man you say that? What's the difference between a good honest bricklayer and a publican eh? Hasn't the working-man as good a right to be in the corporation as anyone else — ay, and a better right than those shoheens that are always hat in hand before any fellow with a handle to his name? Isn't that so Mat?' said Mr. Hynes, addressing Mr. O'Connor.
'I think you're right,' said Mr. O'Connor.
'One man is a plain honest man with no hunker-sliding about him. He goes in to represent the labour classes. This fellow you're working for only wants to get some job or other.'
'Of course, the working-classes should be represented,' said the old man.(119)

The upper layers of society are also represented in the Committee Room by Mr. Crofton who supports the upper-class, pro-English Conservative Party. He judges men according to an aristocratic formula. The Conservatives, he admits, "respect" Parnell "because he was a gentleman",(130) and he attempts to maintain his own dignity through aloofness. "He was silent for two reasons. The first reason, sufficient in itself, was that he had nothing to say; the second reason was that he considered his companions beneath him".(128) He obviously considers himself a gentleman; his companions are not.

Neither Parnell nor Edward VII are present in the Committee Room yet the discussion centres about them and reflects the duplicity and shabbiness of all who are there. Hynes and
O'Connor wear an ivy leaf in memory of Parnell. Both are nationalists and resent the coming visit of an English king. Yet they support Tierney, a man who Hynes considers one of those who will "drag the honour of Dublin in the mud to please a German monarch" (119). Henchy lacks the intelligence to appreciate the finer points of the "honour of Dublin" and justifies the city's address of welcome to the king on rather uncertain financial grounds: "the king's coming here will mean an influx of money into this country. The citizens of Dublin will benefit by it". (129) The question of whether an Irish Nationalist should support an address of welcome to the king who oppresses them, and an attempt by O'Connor to quote Parnell on the subject is halted by Henchy's curt retort that "Parnell is dead". (129) Lyon's attempt to object to Edward on moral grounds is treated just as abruptly:

'But after all now,' said Mr. Lyons argumentatively, 'King Edward's life, you know, is not the very...'
'Let bygones by bygones,' said Mr. Henchy. (129)

Lyons insists on pressing his point; no one let bygones be bygones where Parnell was concerned - if he could be publicly castigated on moral grounds why should the far more notorious Edward VII be tolerated: "'In the name of God,' said Mr. Henchy, 'where's the analogy between the two cases?'". (130) Their immense seriousness combined with their ignorance and moral obtuseness gives their conversation the same note of emptypomposity as the ecclesiastical discussions in "Grace".

O'Connor ends the argument by reminding the company of
the significance of the day, and the irony of the comedy moves towards its climax as the depths of the failure of Parnell's idealism and the sentimentalism which has replaced it are revealed. Hynes recites an atrociously unpoetic and maudlin set of verses he has composed to Parnell's memory:

He dreamed (alas, 'twas but a dream!)
Of Liberty: but as he strove
To clutch that idol, treachery
Sundered him from the thing he loved.

Shame on the coward, caitiff hands
That smote their Lord or with a kiss
Betrayed him to the rabble-rout
Of fawning priests - no friends of his.

May everlasting shame consume
The memory of those who tried
To befoul and smear the exalted name
Of one who spurned them in his pride.(132)

The company is moved by it in a fashion reminiscent of Joe's intense play of emotion at the end of "Clay". They are entranced by the aura of sentimental patriotism evoked by the eulogy to "the Chief"(130) which Hynes delivers with glaringly amateur-theatrical self-consciousness. In such company it is fitting that the last comments should come from Henchy, the most unwittingly anti-Parnell pragmatist in the group, and Crofton, a Conservative:

'Good man, Joe!' said Mr. O'Connor, taking out his cigarette papers and pouch the better to hide his emotion.
'What do you think of that, Crofton?' cried Mr. Henchy.
'Isn't that fine? What?'
Mr. Crofton said that it was a very fine piece of writing.(133)

"A Mother" continues Joyce's panoramic view of the
"public life in Dublin". It treats the romantic aspirations of an eminently respectable member of Dublin's middle-class who tries to satisfy her romantic dreams through her daughter's musical career. In her youth Mrs. Kearney had felt those aspirations common to all "adolescents" in Dublin. She had consoled "her romantic desires by eating a great deal of Turkish Delight in secret" (134) until she realized that she was not going to find a suitor who would "offer her a brilliant life" and so became "Mrs. Kearney out of spite". (134) After her marriage she "perceived" that her husband "would wear better than a romantic person, but she never put her own romantic ideas away". (134)

Mrs. Kearney views the concerts as a means of realizing her own romantic desires. She is not so romantic, however, as to overlook the necessity of first settling Kathleen's fee and contract, and it is when she feels threatened financially that she creates the final embarrassing scenes with the members of the Eire Abu Society. The society stresses Irish culture and the Kearneys' attitude towards the fashionable "Irish Revival" shows the superficiality of the middle-class commitment to culture:

Kathleen and her sister sent Irish picture postcards to their friends and these friends sent back other Irish picture postcards. On special Sundays, when Mr. Kearney went with his family to the pro-cathedral, a little crowd of people would assemble after mass at the corner of Cathedral Street. They were all friends of the Kearneys - musical friends or Nationalist friends, and, when they had played every little counter of gossip, they shook hands with one another all together, laughing at the crossing of so many hands, and said good-bye to one another in Irish. (135)
With a keen eye to public opinion Mrs. Kearney had not involved her family in the Revival until it became an "appreciable" social force.

The nonchalant way in which the first night is organized irritates Mrs. Kearney's sense of organization and profit. The attendance is poor and the performers "mediocre"; even Holohan admitted that "the artistes were no good" and that "all the talent" was being reserved for Saturday night. At the second night's performance even more shabbily organized than the first, Mrs. Kearney learns that the Friday performance is to be abandoned. Anticipating a financial threat she tries to find out whether this will jeopardize her fee which was settled for four concerts. Hoppy Holohan and Mr. Fitzpatrick, the organizers, are uncertain and refer her to the committee:

Mrs. Kearney's anger began to flutter in her cheek and she had all she could do to keep from asking: 'And who is the Commetty pray?' But she knew that it would not be ladylike to do that so she was silent.

On the Saturday night, however, her behaviour is anything but ladylike.

At the final performance "all the talent" is displayed. Madame Glynn "from London" who "sang Killarney in a bodiless gasping voice... and looked as if she had been resurrected from an old stage wardrobe", and Mr. Duggan, the bass:

...a slender young man with a scattered black moustache. He was the son of a hall porter in an office in the city and, as a boy, he had sung prolonged bass notes
in the resounding hall. From this humble state he had raised himself until he had become a first-rate *artiste*. He had appeared in grand opera. One night, when an operatic *artiste* had fallen ill, he had undertaken the part of the king in the opera of *Maritana* at the Queen's Theatre. He sang his music with great feeling and volume and was warmly welcomed by the gallery; but, unfortunately, he marred the good impression by wiping his nose in his gloved hand once or twice out of thoughtlessness. (140)

The critic for the evening's performance is Mr. O'Madden Burke: "a suave, elderly man who balanced his imposing body, when at rest, upon a large silk umbrella". (143) He is the representative of the Gaelic West, and it is in keeping with Dublin's shabbiness that his ostentatious Gallicism should be his means of solving his financial problems: "His magniloquent western name was the moral umbrella upon which he balanced the fine problem of his finances. He was widely respected". (143)

Mrs. Kearney refuses to let Kathleen play her accompaniments before she is paid and the flustered committee pays her half. When she refuses to allow her daughter to play in the second part of the concert unless she receives the remainder, the committee, with the moral backing of the imposing O'Madden Burke, refuse to submit. Mrs. Kearney's anger and indignation leave her completely beyond the bounds of reason. Even when she is promised the remainder of her money on the following Tuesday she will not be placated. The money is her over-riding consideration, all sense of what is "ladylike" goes by the board:

Her face was inundated with an angry colour and she looked as if she would attack someone with her hands. "I'm asking for my rights," she said.
'You might have some sense of decency,' said Mr. Holohan. 'Might I, indeed?... And when I ask when my daughter is going to be paid I can't get a civil answer.' She tossed her head and assumed a haughty voice: 'You must speak to the secretary. It's not my business. I'm a great fellow fol-the-diddle-I-do.' 'I thought you were a lady,' said Mr. Holohan, walking away from her abruptly. After that Mrs. Kearney's conduct was condemned on all hands: every one approved of what the committee had done. (146)

Mrs. Kearney would feel vastly superior to Mrs. Mooney of "The Boarding House", but there is a great deal of similarity between them. Both will use any available means to gain their ends and in both cases there is only a thin veneer of civilization concealing the basic vulgarity of their personalities. As Mrs. Mooney so cold-bloodedly prostitutes her daughter for the sake of a marriage, so Mrs. Kearney barters her daughter in an attempt to satisfy her own frustrated dreams.
Critical approaches to *Dubliners* have a tendency to contradict one another, a fact nowhere more apparent than in the various readings of "The Dead". Harry Levin, for instance, claims that, "in their own way, the tangential sketches of *Dubliners* came as close to Joyce's theme - the estrangement of the artist from the city - as does the systematic cross-section of *Ulysses".*¹ Yet his meagre treatment of the stories does not enlarge on this point, and he dismisses "The Dead" hastily, stressing the outlook at the end:

Gabriel, who had not known of Michael Furey before, feels a pang of the soul's incurable loneliness. He can never participate in this buried experience, even though it has become a part of the person he has known most intimately; he suddenly recognizes that he and Gretta are strangers. And, as he tries to imagine the dead boy, he realizes that his own identity is no more palpable to others than Michael Furey's is to him. In the light of this epiphany, the solid world seems to dissolve and dwindle, until nothing is left except the relics of the dead and the hosts of the dying.(p.36)

William York Tindall is hardly more satisfactory, for his interpretation tends to skip from symbol to symbol disconnectedly without ever tackling the story itself. He seems, however, unlike Levin, to find a certain optimism in the ending,

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noting that the word "tender" "recurs rhythmically throughout the latter part of the story to bring promise maybe of humanity and love".\textsuperscript{19} He also sees Gabriel's change in attitude at the end of the story as a positive achievement:

Gabriel finds himself guilty not of withholding love but of lacking it entirely. Pride or that complacent concentration upon self which seems a cause of his incapacity for loving yields to a kind of generous impersonality, accompanied by pity and sympathy, not for himself this time but for others. His self destroyed, his identity gone, he becomes one with all the living and the dead. This dramatic extinction of personality could be another hopeful sign. No longer Gabriel alone, but one with everyone, he may be ready to accept, give, and participate.\textsuperscript{(p.43)}

This is similar to Daiches view that "the theme of the story is the assault on the walled circle of Gabriel's egotism".\textsuperscript{20} These critics disagree, however, on the real significance of the story. Tindall sees Joyce's treatment of "the conflict of pride with love, of ego with humanity... [as] his first major presentation of what obsessed him"\textsuperscript{(p.49)} throughout his works. Daiches stresses the separateness of "The Dead" from the rest of \textit{Dubliners} and its relationship to Joycean aesthetic theory:

"The Dead" was not part of the original draft of \textit{Dubliners}. It was added later, at a time when Joyce was becoming increasingly preoccupied with the problem of aesthetics. The story is, indeed, a symbolic statement of the aesthetic attitude that he came to accept. Gabriel moves from an egocentric to an impersonal point of view just

\textsuperscript{19}W. Y. Tindall, \textit{A Reader's Guide to James Joyce}, p. 48.

as the artist (according to Joyce's explanation in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) moves from the personal lyrical method to the impersonal dramatic approach. The indifferent acceptance of life as something revolving not round the artist's ego but on its independent axis is for Joyce the ideal aesthetic attitude. Thus "The Dead" is, in some sense, a fable illustrating Joyce's view of the nature of the artist's attitude. (pp.81-82)

Richard Ellman, supporting the contention that "The Dead" concludes on a hopeful note, offers convincing biographical evidence to support his claim that it embodies Joyce's increasing confidence in himself and his art. Hugh Kenner, however, sees "the fragrant air Gabriel had carried into the Misses Morkan's house to be the principle of death... his proper medium, as he comes to see". He emphasizes what he believes to be the hopelessness of the ending: Gabriel "is named for the angel who is to blow the last trump; but having released no blast of Judgment he watches through a hotel window the pale flakes falling through darkness". (p.68)

I agree with Kenner that "it is towards the definition of living death... that the entire book is oriented" (p.62) but I cannot accept his interpretation of the ending of "The Dead" as disillusioned and pessimistic. Tindall notes the repetition of "tender" towards the end of the story and the word "generous" also becomes significant. Gabriel is the most completely and subtly drawn character in *Dubliners* and in the

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end he faces the truth about himself with an honesty matched only by that of the boy in the first three stories whose natural instincts have not yet been dulled by the soul-destroying world which surrounds him. The whole tone of "The Dead" is, in fact, sympathetic, and the characterization lacks the harshness to be found in the portraits of Mrs. Mooney, Mrs. Kearney and the two "gallants". There is ample evidence in the closing scenes of the story itself, as I hope to show, to support the view that its ending is optimistic, and Ellman offers interesting biographical support of this. He notes that the story of Michael Furey is based on an actual occurrence in Nora Barnacle's life and that Joyce's reaction to this incident was similar to Gabriel's in the story. Even Gabriel's physical appearance is akin to Joyce's own, especially "the polished lenses and the bright gilt rims of the glasses which screened his delicate and restless eyes. [And the] Hair parted in the middle". (176)

A letter from Joyce to Stanislaus, preceding the writing of "The Dead" suggests Gabriel's after dinner speech and hints at the difference in tone between "The Dead" and the rest of *Dubliners* while at the same time justifying his attitude in the other stories.

Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city for I have never felt at my ease in any city since I left it, except in Paris. I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality. The latter 'virtue' so far as I can see does not exist elsewhere in Europe. I have not been just to its beauty: for it is more beautiful naturally in my opinion than what I have seen of England,
Switzerland, France, Austria or Italy. And yet I know how useless these reflections are, for were I to rewrite the book as [Grant Richards] suggests 'in another sense' (where the hell does he get the meaningless phrases he uses) I am sure I should find again what you call the Holy Ghost sitting in the ink-bottle and the perverse devil of my literary conscience sitting on the hump of my pen. After all Two Gallants - with the Sunday crowds and the harp in Kildare Street and Lenehan - is an Irish landscape.23

"The Dead" is different in several ways from the other stories in Dubliners but it is not separate from them. Ellman notes that its theme, "the interrelationship of dead and living is the theme of the first story in Dubliners as well as the last: [and also] of "A Painful Case"... [and] "Ivy Day in the Committee Room". (p.262) And Kenner states that "the motifs of 'The Dead' are drawn... from all the stories in the book, [and]its particular modes of consciousness are in touch with "The Sisters" at the beginning and with the "Clay" - "Painful Case" - "Ivy Day" group in the centre". (p.62) It is also linked to the rest of Dubliners by the theme of class. For the party, the longest social scene in Dubliners, continues the revelation of the nature of Dublin's middle class, and what we have learned about this class in the preceding stories heightens our awareness of the tensions between the guests and the subtleties of Gabriel's attitude towards others and towards himself. The title itself embraces all of Joyce's Dubliners who have more in common than they would appreciate

with the monks of Mount Melloray who "never spoke... and slept in their coffins".(198)

The greater part of "The Dead" is about the Misses Morkans' annual dance. This, we are told, "was always a great affair... Never once had it fallen flat. For years and years it had gone off in splendid style".(173) No doubt the same verdict will be passed on this party also by almost all who attend it, but Joyce shows the reader the reality behind the "splendid style". Kate and Julia are introduced as "gossiping and laughing and fussing", (173) but their happiness only superficially conceals their real concern: "They were dreadfully afraid that Freddy Malins might turn up screwed. They would not wish for worlds that any of Mary Jane's pupils should see him under the influence". (174) Freddy Malins must be invited, his mother is an old friend and he has always attended, but his behaviour offends their sense of gentility and, (and this is a greater fear,) might offend their pupils, many of whom "belonged to the better-class families on the Kingstown and Dalkey line", (174)

Such notes of social concern and uneasiness recur throughout the story despite the festive nature of the occasion, and the relationships between the guests are often awkward and strained. Browne embarrasses the young ladies with his imitation of a "very low Dublin accent" (181) and the Misses Morkans put up with him, although a little resentfully. Miss Ivors angers Gabriel with her enthusiastic
propagandism and upsets Mary Jane by leaving the party un-
expectedly. Bartell D'Arcy is surly and uncooperative with
all who approach him. Joyce reveals the basic artificiality
of the entire situation when Mary Janes plays her piano solo:

Gabriel could not listen while Mary Janes was playing
her Academy piece, full of runs and difficult passages,
to the hushed drawing-room. He liked music, but the
piece she was playing had no melody for him and he
doubted whether it had any melody for the other
listeners, though they had begged Mary Jane to play
something. Four young men, who had come from the
refreshment-room to stand in the doorway at the sound
of the piano, had gone away quietly in couples after
a few minutes. The only persons who seemed to follow
the music were Mary Jane herself, her hands racing
along the keyboard or lifted from it at the pauses
like those of a priestess in momentary imprecation,
and Aunt Kate standing at her elbow to turn the pages.

(183-184)

Despite its total lack of appreciation the audience applauds
emphatically:

Great applause greeted Mary Jane as, blushing and
rolling up her music nervously, she escaped from the
room. The most vigorous clapping came from the four
young men in the doorway who had gone away to the
refreshment-room at the beginning of the piece but
had come back when the piano had stopped: (185)

Music is merely a social convention, and the super-
ficiality of their appreciation becomes obvious at the supper
table:

'Why did they never play the grand old operas now,'
Mr. Browne asked, 'Dinorah, Lucrezia Borgia? Because
they could not get the voices to sing them: that was
why.'

'O, well,' said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, 'I presume there
are as good singers today as there were then.'

'Where are they?' asked Mr. Browne defiantly.
'In London, Paris, Milan,' said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy warmly. 'I suppose Caruso, for example, is quite as good, if not better than any of the men you have mentioned.'

'Maybe so,' said Mr. Browne, 'But I may tell you I doubt it strongly.' (196-197)

Opinion runs against D'Arcy, and on the question of great tenors, as in their attempts to explain to Mr. Browne, a Protestant, why the monks of Mount Melloray "never spoke, got up at two in the morning and slept in their coffins", (198) the guests display their ignorance in a fashion reminiscent of the learned discussions in "Ivy Day" and "Grace":

Aunt Kate repeated that it was the rule, that was all. Mr. Browne still seemed not to understand. Freddy Malins explained to him, as best he could, that the monks were trying to make up for the sins committed by all the sinners in the outside world. The explanation was not very clear, for Mr. Browne grinned and said: 'I like that idea very much, but wouldn't a comfortable spring bed do them as well as a coffin?'

'The coffin,' said Mary Jane, 'is to remind them of their last end.' (198)

This ignorance of religious matters characteristic of the middle-class in *Dubliners* is reflected also in Kate's attitude towards the policy which removed women from the Church choirs:

Aunt Kate turned fiercely on her niece and said:

'I know all about the honour of God, Mary Jane, but I think it's not at all honourable for the Pope to turn out the women of the choirs that have slaved there all their lives and put little whipper-snappers of boys over their heads. I suppose it is for the good of the Church, if the Pope does it. But it's not just, Mary Jane, and it's not right.' (192)

The choir had been part of Julia's social existence and the edict had deprived her of it. Here, as in "Grace", the
Church is represented as a social, not a spiritual, institution, and the career of Gabriel's brother Constantine in the priesthood offers further evidence of the pragmatic attitude of the society towards religion. Gabriel's mother, a "serious and matronly" woman, "very sensible of the dignity of family life", (184) had decided this matter. She appears to have been a practical strong-willed woman moulded in the same stern fashion as Mrs. Kearney in "A Mother". She carefully planned her children's lives, and it was, Gabriel recalls, "thanks to her, [that] Constantine was now senior curate in Balbriggan". (184)

As the guests are leaving the Aunts' genteel pretensions come to the fore once again. The decrepit Mr. Browne assumes a manner far beyond his means and Aunt Julia dutifully rises to the occasion:

'I'd like nothing better this minute,' said Mr. Browne stoutly, 'than a rattling fine walk in the country or a fast drive with a good spanking goer between the shafts.'
'We used to have a very good horse and trap at home,' said Aunt Julia, sadly.
'The never-to-be-forgotten Johnny,' said Mary Jane laughing.
Aunt Kate and Gabriel laughed too.
'Why, what was wonderful about Johnny?' asked Mr. Browne.
'The late lamented Patrick Morkan, our grandfather, that is,' explained Gabriel, 'commonly known in his later years as the old gentleman, was a glue-boiler.'
'O, now, Gabriel,' said Aunt Daise, laughing, 'he had a starch mill.'
'Well, glue or starch,' said Gabriel, 'the old gentleman had a horse by the name of Johnny. And Johnny used to work in the old gentleman's mill, walking round and round in order to drive the mill. That was all very well; but now comes the tragic part about Johnny. One fine day the old gentleman thought he'd like to drive out with the quality to a military review in the park.'
'The Lord have mercy on his soul,' said Aunt Kate compassionately.
'Amen,' said Gabriel, 'So the old gentleman, as I said, harnessed Johnny and put on his very best tall hat and his very best stock collar and drove out in grand style from his ancestral mansion somewhere near Back Lane, I think.'

Everyone laughed, even Mrs. Malins, at Gabriel's manner and Aunt Kate said:
'O, now, Gabriel, he didn't live in Back Lane, really, Only the mill was there.' (204-205)

Both aunts are touchy about their origins. Julia exaggerates Johnny's attributes out of all proportion and Kate objects to the suggestion that their ancestors might have lived in unfashionable Back Lane. It was a similar pretentiousness that led Patrick Morkan to harness his work-horse to a trap in order to "drive out with the quality" and his family have deified his social ambition in the title "the old gentleman". Even Gavriel accepts this, and his burlesque recital of the anecdote, although ironically delivered, stresses the humour of the horse's actions, "the tragic truth about Johnny", rather than the ludicrous nature of Patrick Morkan's aspirations. In the context of the theme of class throughout Dubliners this anecdote is representative of every Dubliner's desire to be something other than he is. Patrick Morkan's pathetic ambition is on a level with all such aspirations from Eveline's desire for escape and Jimmy Doyle's search for "life" to Mrs. Kearney's romantic dreams and Mr. Kernan's intellectualism.

The anecdote ends with Johnny plodding stolidly around King Billy's statue:

'Out from the mansion of his forefathers' continued
Gabriel, 'he drove with Johnny. And everything went on beautifully until Johnny came in sight of King Billy's statue: and whether he fell in love with the horse King Billy sits on or whether he thought he was back again in the mill, anyhow he began to walk round the statue."

Gabriel paced in a circle round the hall in his goloshes...(285)

This is part of a circle motif which recurs throughout Dubliners. The pervert's 'mind was slowly circling round and round in the same orbit",(24) and, after his act of masturbation, "seemed to circle slowly round and round its new centre".(25) Lenehan walks in a roughly circular pattern through Dublin, and Duffy's life is a monotonously repetitive pattern. The motif is indicative of the aimlessness of middle-class life in Dublin.

Set against this social background is Gabriel's drama of disillusion and self-discovery. He is one of "the dead" and a series of unexpected circumstances make him realize it. From his contented, and limited, view of himself, he moves, through his acceptance of the value of Michael Furey's sacrifice and the poverty of his own experience, to a broader, more "generous" understanding of the nature of life, love and death.

He arrives at the party in good humour but is immediately upset by Lily's bitterness. She is a servant girl, and he speaks to her in a patronizing though friendly manner. He alludes to the possibility of her getting married and her unexpected answer, reminiscent of the abuse of the slavey in "Two Gallants",
"discomposes" him:

'O, then,' said Gabriel gaily, 'I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these days with your young man, eh?' The girl glanced back at him over her shoulder and said with great bitterness: 'The men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you.' (175-176)

Trying to dispel the gloom which Lily's answer had cast over him he glanced at the headings he had made for his speech. He was undecided about the lines from Robert Browning, for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers... The indelicate clacking of the men's heels and the shuffling of their soles reminded him that their grade of culture differed from his. He would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they could not understand. They would think that he was airing his superior education. (176-177)

He is presented from the start as very much a part of Dublin's middle class, and his attitude towards the lower cultural level of his fellow guests reflects the same intellectual conceit as Duffy's attitude towards the working-class socialists.

He is upset a second time when Aunt Julia seems to deprecate his admiration for the Continent. She asks what goloshes are and Gretta answers:

'Gutta-percha things. We both have a pair now. Gabriel says everyone wears them on the Continent.' 'O, on the Continent,' murmured Aunt Julia, nodding her head slowly. Gabriel knitted his brows and said, as if he were slightly angered... (178)

This foreshadows his quarrel with Miss Ivors who far more
A page of text from a book, discussing characters and their views on Continental and British commitments. The dialogue between Gabriel and Miss Ivors highlights their contrasting perspectives. The text ends with a reflection on the two schools of thought in Dublin: one looking to England and Europe, the other to Ireland.
Burke and the Nationalists of "A Mother" and "Ivy Day", looks to Ireland. Throughout the stories Dublin's characteristic shabbiness attaches itself to both attitudes, and the fact that Miss Ivors gets the better of Gabriel does not imply that Joyce sympathizes with her outlook. She is used as a foil to Gabriel, and his reactions to her throughout the evening illustrate his nervousness and uncertainty and his tendency to become petty when challenged. He wonders whether Miss Ivors "really had any life of her own behind all her propaganda". (189) It does not occur to him that the question could, with even more validity, be asked of himself.

At the hotel with Gretta, Gabriel learns of Michael Furey. As is the case with so many Dubliners his gentility is easily stripped from him and he boorishly accuses his wife of wanting to go to Galway to meet the boy whom she still loves. The knowledge that Michael Furey is dead only increases his misery:

Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a penny-boy for his aunts, a nervous, well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealizing his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. (216-217)

Apart from the boy in the first three stories Dubliners have been either too blind to see the truth of their condition, like the two "gallants" and Mrs. Mooney, or have escaped from
their realization into self-pity like Farrington, Chandler and Duffy. However, as Gabriel stumbles on to greater and more frightening knowledge, finer qualities of character than are found elsewhere in *Dubliners* make themselves felt: "he tried to keep up his tone of cold interrogation, but his voice when he spoke was humble and indifferent". When the whole touching story of Michael Furey is told he displays further delicacy of feeling:

Gabriel held her hand for a moment longer irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window... So she had had that romance in her life; a man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life... A strange, friendly pity for her entered his soul... He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live. Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love.

(218-220)

Before Gabriel knew anything of his wife's secret she had called him "a very generous person", and events reveal an unexpected truth in her words.

When Gretta told him: "I think he died for me", Gabriel felt that "some impalpable and vindictive being was coming against him, gathering forces against him in its vague world". But it is only when he understands the spirit of Michael Furey that he is liberated from his place among the living-dead of Dublin. In his acknowledgement of Michael's sacrifice he achieves a new level of sensibility.
He undergoes an experience similar to Stephen's vision of the girl on the beach in *A Portrait of the Artist*. The texture of the prose and even actual phrases in both scenes bear comparison, for both Gabriel and Stephen experience an almost mystical *rapport* with the spirit of a world beyond their own, and both accept the necessity of experiencing life positively:

To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life. A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory... His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings.  

Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and whither dizzingly with age... He saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence... His soul swooned... (219-220)

David Daiches notes the relationship between "The Dead" and Stephen's aesthetic theory in *A Portrait*:

Gabriel moves from an egocentric to an impersonal point of view just as the artist (according to Joyce's explanation in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) moves from the personal lyrical method to the impersonal dramatic approach.  

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Daiches, however, places too much emphasis on the separate-ness of "The Dead" from the other stories, and I do not agree with him that the story is primarily "a symbolic statement of [Joyce's] aesthetic attitude". It is true, however, that Gabriel, like Stephen or Joyce himself, achieves a breadth of vision through which he transcends the confines of middle-class Dublin.

The most significant evidence for Gabriel's achievement is the note of harmony on which the story ends as contrasted with the discord throughout the rest of *Dubliners*. At the party, a microcosm of the larger world of middle-class Dublin, this disharmony is abundantly felt and Gabriel is often at the centre of it. He is continually described as "nervous" and he is constantly worried about what the others think of him. Lily's answer upset him, Aunt Julia and Freddy Malins annoy him, and Miss Ivors embarrasses and angers him. In the final paragraphs, however, Gabriel's egotism gives way to a more impersonal point of view. All the disharmonies of Gabriel's world are resolved and he achieves a reconciliation with all that he has previously failed to understand or accept: the banality of his own life, Gretta as she really is, the west of Ireland and Michael Furey. At the party his thoughts had been limited to immediate and often petty personal concerns, at the end his outlook widens to include "the universe" and "all the living and the dead".

Joyce's technique of the progression of short stories
enables us to approach each one with a sense of the process which has moulded the characters in it, and of the forces which control them. In reading about Little Chandler, for example, what we have learned of the process of growing from childhood through adolescence to maturity in Dublin provides background and gives us a more immediate sense of Chandler himself than would have been possible otherwise. Joyce in presenting his Dubliners in this way gives the reader a widening frame of reference within which to interpret each successive story. Consequently the first fourteen stories prepare the background for "The Dead". What we have learned about Dublin's middle class in the preceding stories heightens our awareness of the tension between the guests, and of the subtleties of Gabriel's personality. In its integration of all the sub-themes of Dubliners, and in Gabriel's personality which echoes several of the protagonists' of the earlier stories, "The Dead" provides the climax and conclusion to Dubliners.
Arnold Kettle notes that the failure of middle-class experience as a theme common to many writers in the early part of this century stems directly from the "disintegration" of the nineteenth century bourgeois way of life. This term could be aptly applied to Joyce's Dublin. The institutions of the society - politics, Church and family, are no longer unifying forces, and the people themselves exist in their own, often highly imaginary, worlds cut off from family, friends, lovers and even, like Mr. Duffy, who "lived at a little distance from his body, regarding his own acts with doubtful side glances", from themselves. *Dubliners* is Joyce's first study of the workings of the middle-class mind and the forces which mould it. His later works are increasingly complex developments of the basic themes introduced in it, especially of the living death of Dublin's middle-class existence and the relationship of the artist to his city.

In *Stephen Hero* Stephen is constantly moralizing on the horrifying pointlessness of the lives around him and on the corruption of the institutions and ideals which destroy the lives of his fellow citizens. Between this and *A Portrait* the emphasis shifts from Stephen's reiteration of his separateness from his class to the development of his commitment to art. *A Portrait* still shows, however, his attempts to

dissociate himself from the middle-class values instilled into him in childhood and from the bourgeois aspirations of his fellow students. Meaningful experience here, as in *Dubliners*, is shown to be impossible within the limitations accepted by the members of Dublin's middle class.

In *Ulysses* Stephen is still the artist trying to free himself from Dublin's paralysis, and his feverish bursts of excitement show up the complacent mediocrity of those around him. Bloom, however, is totally a product of Dublin's middle class and a perfect portrait of the introvert as outlined in *Dubliners*. His capacity for phantasy, his timidity and his continual introspection link him with the boy in "Araby", Little Chandler, Eveline, Jimmy Doyle and Duffy. His pointless walking, like Lenehan's, betrays the pervading aimlessness of life in Dublin. Bloom's own thoughts and feelings, and the city that his wanderings reveal, show *Ulysses* to be a more intricate presentation of the middle-class consciousness that Joyce describes in *Dubliners*. In *Dubliners* Joyce does this through the technique of the progression of short stories, each story broadening our perspective of the bourgeois sensibility and the forces which have formed it. In *Ulysses* he uses the stream-of-consciousness to render more intimately than was previously possible the subtleties of his characters' thought processes. *Finnegans Wake* is an even more obfuscating elaboration of the same theme. *Ulysses* is concerned with the waking mind; *Finnegans Wake* tries to depict the subconscious mind of a sleeper. Earwicker's
dream is, in fact, a labyrinthine presentation of the psychological implications behind the waking actions of the whole of Dublin's middle class, and Earwicker himself becomes a type of bourgeois Everyman whose subconscious mind envelops all aspects of his city's experience. Shem and Shaun, for instance, complementary aspects of his subconscious, represent the dichotomy between the sensitive introvert and the coarse extrovert, the unsuccessful artist and the blatantly successful bourgeois, - tensions that Joyce set up in *Dubliners* in the Chandler-Gallaher, Lenehan-Corley antithesis.

*Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* display a sense of comedy lighter than that in *Dubliners*. The boisterous humour of the later works in contrast to the acid humour more common in *Dubliners* indicates a certain change in Joyce's attitude towards his city. In a letter to Stanislaus written in 1906 (before the writing of "The Dead"), he comments:

Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city... its ingenuous insularity and its hospitality. (quoted in Ellman, p. 239)

*Ulysses* does not evade the facts about Dublin, but it does treat the city less harshly than *Dubliners*, *Stephen Hero* or *A Portrait* does, and there are many passages which are uproariously funny without the sardonic overtones of "Ivy Day" or "The Boarding House". It would seem that Joyce's youthful contempt for his city gave way as he grew older to a more forgiving attitude. For *Ulysses* does display a more balanced
view than the relatively one-sided portrait of paralysis in the early works.

Joyce's preoccupation with the condition of middle-class experience is not an isolated phenomenon but a theme common to many of the writers of the early part of this century. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the middle-class had been a dynamic, liberal force in society. By the late nineteenth century, however, the basis of Britain's middle-class optimism had been undermined by her diminishing control of world trade and finance. The middle class became a conservative force intent on maintaining a status quo which vindicated its belief in its inherent superiority. This society, clinging to an ideal conception of its own past as it became less and less capable of facing the facts of the present, was the kind of society which the writers of the turn of the century present. Samuel Butler (The Way of All Flesh 1903), Arnold Bennett (Old Wives' Tale 1908), E.M. Forster (Howard's End 1910), and D.H. Lawrence (The Rainbow 1915), all show the same concern with the failure of middle-class experience as Joyce does. Joyce's Dubliners (1914), as well as his later works, is seen to deal with issues common to contemporary literature in the mainstream of English literary tradition.


