

GENETIC INROADS INTO THE ART OF JAMES JOYCE

HANS WALTER GABLER





<https://www.openbookpublishers.com>

©2024 Hans Walter Gabler



This work is licensed under an Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International (CC BY-NC 4.0). This license allows you to share, copy, distribute and transmit the text; to adapt the text for non-commercial purposes of the text providing attribution is made to the author (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work). Attribution should include the following information:

Hans Walter Gabler, *Genetic Inroads into the Art of James Joyce*. Cambridge, UK: Open Book Publishers, 2024, <https://doi.org/10.11647/OBP.0325>

Copyright and permissions for the reuse of the images included in this publication may differ from the above. This information is provided in the captions and in the list of illustrations.

Further details about CC BY-NC licenses are available at
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

All external links were active at the time of publication unless otherwise stated and have been archived via the Internet Archive Wayback Machine at <https://archive.org/web>

Any digital material and resources associated with this volume will be available at
<https://doi.org/10.11647/OBP.0325#resources>

ISBN Paperback: 978-1-80064-884-5

ISBN Hardback: 978-1-80064-885-2

ISBN Digital (PDF): 978-1-80064-886-9

ISBN Digital ebook (EPUB): 978-1-80064-887-6

ISBN XML: 978-1-80064-889-0

ISBN HTML: 978-1-80064-890-6

DOI: 10.11647/OBP.0325

Cover image: Paul O'Mahony, *James Joyce* (2009), <https://bit.ly/3ZKANwf>

Cover design by Jeevanjot Kaur Nagpal

Composing *Penelope* Towards the Condition of Music

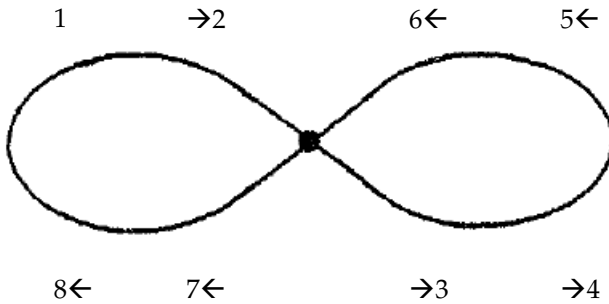
Imagination is memory. (James Joyce)

In *Ulysses*, published in February 1922, the concluding episode shows a clear design. It divides into eight segments—or ‘sentences’, as James Joyce himself named them: ‘*Penelope* is the clou of the book. The first sentence contains 2500 words. There are eight sentences in the episode.’¹ The chapter units that Joyce terms its sentences are marked off by white spacing and first-line indentation. Regardless of these typographical aids, however, the narrative flows both within the segments and across the segment divisions wholly unarticulated by apostrophes, commas, colons, semi-colons, question or exclamation marks. Most radically, they lack entirely divisions by full stops—or almost entirely. There is one full stop to end segment 4, and another to end segment 8. These are both graphically and structurally significant. They confer prospective significance, too, onto the full stop with which episode 17 ends. Joyce urged the Dijon printers to render that dot ‘bien visible’. Being well visible, it does double duty. It both closes the seventeenth and initiates the eighteenth episode. The special emphasis on the dot gives it weight and a claim to being recognised as a conscious measure of composition. It both divides the adjoining chapters and bridges their divide. As the closing token it is, it ends the novel’s 17 episodes in the Aristotelian narrative mode: beginning—middle—end (well-visibly dotted). Joyce himself expressed to Frank Budgen that ‘*Ithaca* [...] is in reality the end as *Penelope* has no beginning, middle or end.’ (*Letters I*, 172) In fact, its non-beginning is underscored by the dot ‘bien visible’ that, directly

1 *Letters of James Joyce*, ed. by Stuart Gilbert, vol. I (New York: Viking Press, 1957, 1966) (*Letters I*), p. 170.

preceding, in closing episode 17 simultaneously serves as entry to episode 18. This janus quality of the well-visible dot is not accidental, as close attention to the history of composition of the pair of final *Ulysses* chapters reveals. The eighteenth episode was finished and type-set close to two months before the end of the seventeenth, 'in reality the end', was reached. This means that when the final dot of episode 17 was set in place and was emphatically required to be made well visible, it was quite literally position-pointing towards opening an already existing episode 18.

The final chapter, as the eight-segment textual body it is, is thus articulated by means of one opening, one middle, and one final dot, or full stop. They render discernible, and so make graphically circumscribable, the chapter's symbolic contours. To suggest his sense of the episode's structure visually, Joyce took recourse to the graphics of a horizontal '8'— ∞ —the mathematical symbol of infinity:



In Christian connotation, the number '8' symbolises renewal. After the six days of creation and the seventh Sabbath day that biblically together comprise the Old Testament Hebrew dispensation, Christ's resurrection on the eighth day initiates the Christian New Testament dispensation. Christ incarnate as Jesus of Nazareth is the son of his mother Mary. From her thus, in earthly terms, springs the renewal culminating and epitomised in the resurrection. By the ingenuity of ancient cabalistically trained numerologists, therefore, Mary's birthday already falls on an eighth day, a day of renewal, the eighth of September (in the ninth month of the year). Her birthday is in *Ulysses* given to Molly Bloom.

Thus by Joyce's design are superimposed in the textual body of the novel's final episode the symbols of infinity and renewal. Figuring the

final chapter's eight segments arranged on the template of the ∞ —as in the image above—we find segments one and two swinging on the first half-circle upper to the middle. Segments 3 and 4 continue on the second half-circle lower to the point of graphic return. Segments 5 and 6 swing back through the second half-circle upper and through the graphic midpoint into the first half-circle lower that fulfils segments 7 and 8, so as to reach the ∞ 's end, which, springing from the seventeenth episode's end, was the eighteenth episode's beginning. Thus the episode's textual body is fully encompassed and set to renew itself ever and ever into infinity.

Joyce would not be Joyce, though, had the ∞ not also evoked in him playful recalls of the *Ulysses* text just written, or still in the making. He associates with the shape of the ∞ , surely, also both the 'adipose anterior and posterior female hemispheres' that Bloom yearned after in the preceding episode (*U* 17, 2232),² and the breakfast eggs that, at the opening of the final episode, Molly imagines he asked for—'breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs' (*U* 18, 2)—when, on the point of dropping into sleep, he murmured something about 'roc's auk's egg.' (*U* 17, 2328-29)

* * *

The structure and the flow of the episode were intensely in the making in the summer and early autumn 1921. The earliest extant draft for the chapter survives in a notebook. This comprises a cover and twenty leaves (forty pages) of which the final one is blank. Joyce's inscribed text begins on the recto of the first leaf and overflows to the left onto the verso of the notebook cover, which thereby becomes serially the first manuscript page. Materially and visually, the episode's composition so extends over nineteen verso-recto openings (thirty-eight pages). Of these, the ten initial openings especially are densely inscribed on both the recto (or right-hand) and the opposite verso (or left-hand) pages.

Joyce commonly used notebooks for drafting, opening by opening. The way he proceeded was first to fill right-hand pages with main columns of run-on writing and (at the outset, at least) to leave the

2 James Joyce, *Ulysses. A Critical and Synoptic Edition*, prepared by Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior, 3 vols. (New York & London: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1984; 21986).

opposite left-hand writing space blank. The inscription flow in the right-hand page columns is consecutive and basically linearly readable as text. True enough, it is frequently embellished already with interlinear changes and additions, as well as with changes and additions in the left and top and bottom margins. Such writing 'in surround' on the right-hand pages complicates, but does not render impossible, reading these right-hand pages consecutively as (provisional) text. The left-hand pages of each opening, by contrast, that is the versos of the respective preceding notebook leaves (or, in the case of the first opening of the Penelope notebook, the verso of the notebook cover), provide always open space that, if used, becomes progressively filled randomly with further writing-in-progress.

Writing on the left-hand pages is not organised in (potential) text flow. It is randomly scattered in 'islands', instead, in line or block or single-word units readable strictly within themselves. There is in this writing space no text continuity between the island units other than when indicated by the author's connecting links. Since, however, these units constitute revisions, mostly addition material to the composition run on the facing right-hand pages, the left-hand inscription islands are commonly, though not unfailingly, ear-marked with symbols connectively referred to from corresponding symbols in the right-hand-page text flow.

* * *

Joyce's to-and-fro itineraries of composition between the right-hand and left-hand side of the page openings are seriously challenging to unravel. In the Penelope notebook, the episode opening is laid out across facing page spaces: the verso of the notebook cover, page 0v (leaf zero-verso), and page 1r (the recto page of the first notebook leaf). This page-spread allows us to establish a template for tracing how the facing page spaces were successively filled. However chaotic the crowded result looks at first sight, the progress of composition can be made out. (Fig. 12.4 = page 1r, and Fig. 12.3 = page 0v, below, show each side of the initial opening visually.)

Joyce follows his habitual matrix and writes onto the right-hand blank page first the heading Penelope. In the present appearance of the

page, it is true, this is no longer easily discernible. Written above that heading, and so in the upper margin, are now two lines, and below it three lines of addition text. Under the heading, hence, Joyce at first also left ample white space before positioning, indented, the opening text line:

‘Yes because he never did a thing’

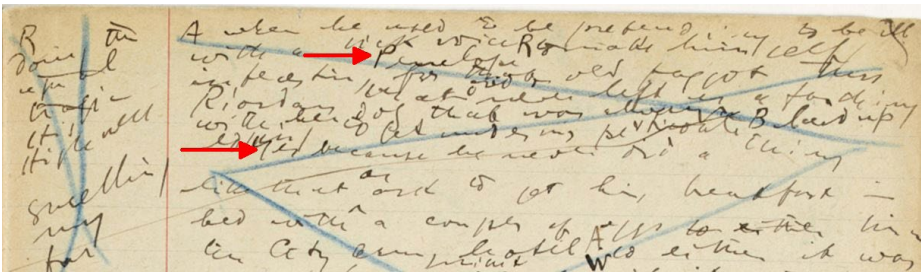


Fig. 12.1 Top of page 1r.

I set out here entire, line by line, the flow of the core inscription column on page 1r. Into it I have intercalated instant deletions $[-...-]$ and additions $[+...+]$ as they occur in-line or between lines; or, for marginal additions, $[m+...+m]$. I have moreover registered Joyce's linking symbols as they occur in the right-hand-page core column for extended changes/additions written and squeezed into the right-hand-page margins. (To follow visually the core inscription in the right-hand page with all its margin enrichments, consult Fig. 12.4 below.) Registered are also the linking symbols in the core column to the revisions and expansions that, in the further course of composition, were distributed diversely over the facing left-hand page space.

Penelope

Yes because he never did a thing
 like that $[+as+]$ ask to get his breakfast in
 bed with a couple of eggs $[-so either-]$ since
 the City Arms hotel $||>A[,]W<||$ so either it was
 one of those $[+night+]$ women if it was
 down there he was really and the
 hotel story $[+he made up+]$ a pack of lies $[+to hide it+]$ $||>R<||$ or
 else it

was some |person-| |m+little bitch+m| he got in some-
 way or picked up somewhere ||>F<|| yes
 because the day Dignam died he
 was writing a letter and then he
 covered it |+up+| with the blottingpaper
 pretending to be thinking about
 business so very probably that was
 it to someone who |thought-| |+thinks+| she
 had a softy |+in him+| because all men
 get a bit like that at his
 age especially getting on to
 forty so as to wheedle any
 money she can out of him
 |+no fool like an old fool+|
 and then kissing my bottom
 was to hide it ||>M<|| yes because
 he couldn't |m+possibly+m| do without it |-so-| |+that+|
 long |+so he must do it somewhere+| and the last time he
 came on my bottom was the
 night Boylan |-was squeezing my hand-|
 |+gave my hand a great squeeze+| singing the young
 May moon she's beaming
 love going along by the Tolka
 with the full moon because he|-s-|
 has an idea about him and
 me in any case God knows
 he's a change in a way
 not to be always |+wearing the same old hat+| doing that
 frigging ||>A<|| |+find out things+| simply ruination

This renders an individual consciousness—female, unnamed—in a silent, highly aware flow of observation, reflection, memory. Her thoughts and articulated emotions, unspoken, yet all the more pertinently rendered for that in written narrative, circle around and focus on a 'he'—male, equally unnamed. The text mesmerises us readers into identifying the unnamed 'she' as Molly and the unnamed 'he' as Bloom. This is an equation far from safe, however: readers live with the episode's constant thrill of subversion of the 'he' reference: in the stream of 'her' consciousness, 'he' is whoever the man happens to be whom 'she' recalls and thinks of at the given narrative moment. This mental

slight-of-hand begins to show already in this core inscription towards the end of page 1r where 'he' refers to Boylan. Off and on, the text does give personal names, it is true, but they are reserved for individuals (Dignam, Boylan), identified by 'her' in the whirlwind moments of 'her' reflection and memory.

* * *

Strikingly, the base draft opening, when stripped to its written-out core column, while it reads like last-episode *Ulysses* text, somehow does not (yet) quite feel like the 'Molly Bloom' chapter we remember from the finished book. By scrutinising Joyce's extensive and substantial changes in the right-hand page margins, eventually augmented significantly further by those randomly strewn over the opposite left-hand page, we may begin to get a feel for and understanding of Joyce's mode of revision, and altogether of his creative impulse towards how as text to realise his novel's final episode.

We may commence from the five-line addition in what was, to begin with, white space in the page's top margin. In the fully filled page, it near-obliterates the episode title just discernible as the third line of the crowded top-of-the-page inscription. We cannot be sure that the five-line addition (two lines above, and three lines below the episode title, as Fig. 12.1 shows) was, in the chapter opening's overall composition, in truth the first substantial text addition to the right-hand page core column of writing. But these five lines provide a start to our analysis and argument. This is how they read:

[key symbol: ||>A<||]
 |u[pper]m[argin]+when he used to be pretending to be |-ill-|
 |+laid up+| with a sick voice |m+doing |-the usual tragic-| |+His
 Highness+|+m| to make himself
 interesting for that old faggot Mrs
 Riordan that |+died &+| never left us a farthing
 with her dog that was always
 edging to get under my petticoats
 |m+smelling my fur+m|+u[pper]m[argin]|

Obviously enough, the individual consciousness that, in the right-hand page text column, Joyce aims at narratively modelling in simulated

thought, is in this extension at once being made associatively to sprout tentacles of diversification. The City Arms Hotel of the right-hand page core text—a *currente calamo* afterthought, in the first place, for which the deletion |so either| in the main column text provides the evidence—leads to Mrs Riordan, to ‘his’ making himself interesting to her and the attitude ‘he’ assumes for the purpose, and to the futility of ‘his’ subservience, since Mrs Riordan is remembered to have died and left not a farthing. Remaining alive in present consciousness is Mrs Riordan’s dog only, titillatingly remembered for his under-petticoat indecency. Entertained (indeed: ourselves increasingly titillated) by the flowering acrobatics of memories brought into simultaneity in the present moment of the text and our reading, we find at the same time our own memories stimulated to recall moments from the novel’s preceding seventeen episodes. At *U* 6, 378 Bloom recalled ‘Where old Mrs Riordan died.’ At 8, 847-49, it is by ‘Old Mrs Riordan with the rumbling stomach’s Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. Molly fondling him in her lap. O, the big doggybowwowsywowsy!’ that Bloom remembered a close version of the scenery ‘she’ in memory now, ten episodes later, also rehearses. We recall, too (should we ever have stopped to wonder), the question and response clarification in episode 17, lines 479 to 486, that established the triangulation of Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom and Mrs Riordan. She is Stephen Dedalus’s aunt Dante from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. For her to be included in the *Ulysses* personnel, she has been made to have played a role in the life of the Blooms too. Significantly, we understand all this through activating our own reading memory of the novel. It is in response to the recall whirlwind of ‘her’ reflection and memory that the opening of the novel’s last episode begins to unleash. In a manner, the memory patterns of the novel’s personae and of its readers mirror each other.

* * *

Graphically, in the inscription outlay, the top of the first draft page for Penelope resembles the top of the page of the earliest extant draft for episode 9 (Scylla & Charybdis). Its first inscription reads:

—And we have those priceless pages of Wilhelm Meister, the quaker librarian said, have we not? A great poet on a great brother poet. A soul confronted with a task beyond its powers, torn by conflicting doubts.

In multiple rounds of revision, this is over-written; the blank space above the original inception is here equally used, as this manuscript image shows:

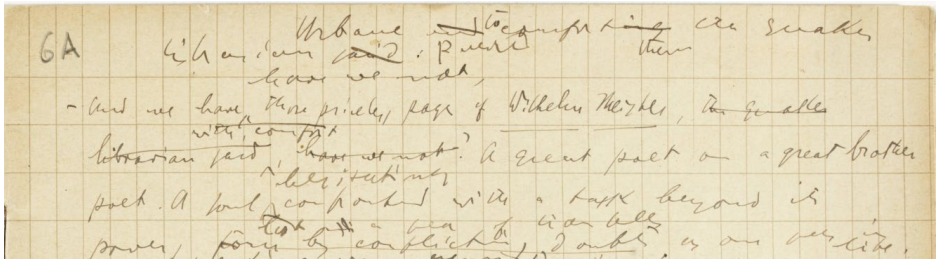


Fig. 12.2 Top of page 1r of Joyce's 1918 draft of *Ulysses*, episode 9.

Eventually, by the time the chapter reaches publication, episode 9 opens with only modest further modification from this draft as overwritten with revisions:

Urbane, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:
—And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*. A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

(U9, 1-4)

Yet, although the draft openings of episode 9 and episode 18 thus look similar, they are strikingly contrasted in impulse. Episode 9 sets the scene in the National Library for Stephen Dedalus' Hamlet lecture. It does so by means of verbal fireworks that, right at the outset, define the audience he has to contend with. What the text strives to achieve and, through its revisions, intensifies is the impact of the moment, so as from it to build the forward drive of the episode action and its narrative rendering. The vector of the over-writing with revisions, focused as it is on the progression of the action in congruence with narrative time, is insistently centripetal.

For episode 18, the drive of composition is the entire opposite. What happens, as over and alongside the core column of the draft's first opening Joyce's whirlwind of revision and addition sets in, is (as said) a diversification of associations. How this operates, to what lengths and into what variegated convolutions it goes, grows increasingly evident already from our paradigm, the draft manuscript's opening. What even at a first close reading becomes evident is that, here, Joyce's ever injecting the stream of thought and association of the individual—female, unnamed—with additions, revisions, extensions, is multi-directional. The shaping of the 'she' in text, and so in the narrative's silent, highly aware flow of observation, reflection, memory, is centrifugal—and yet simultaneously centred on 'her' incessantly diversifying consciousness.

This notably manifests itself in the long addition in the lower-quarter and bottom margins of the right-hand page; it is in fact quite possible that the sequence near the bottom-left of the page was the first extended addition for integration into the core text column on the right-hand page, and thus chronologically preceded the diversifications that sprouted associatively from 'the City Arms hotel' in the early lines of the text column. The bottom-left notes were squeezed into the margin, coded with key symbol $\|>M<\|$:

not that I care who he does it with |m+or knew before that way but
I'd like to find out+m| so long as I don't have |m+the two of+m| them
under my nose all the time like that slut, that Mary, padding |+up+| her
false bottom to excite him $\|>P<\|$ and stealing my potatoes and oysters
 $\|>A<\|$ for her aunt, if you please, common robbery, |+it takes me to find
out things+| O yes her aunt was very fond of oysters I told her what I
thought of her $\|>H<\|$

Within this sweep of addition text we now see, as indicated in this transcription, the further key symbols: $>P<$, $>A<$ and $>H<$. They point to additional flourishes of authorial add-ons to be found in the left-hand verso page space.

* * *

The left-hand verso page provides free space for writing to be integrated further into the core column on the right-hand page. To establish

from the full range of writing notation, across the draft opening, a text in full composition—that is, a flow of writing consecutively readable as text—is, in material practice, to be achieved only by means of an eventual integrative copying of the dispersed elements of writing on the right-hand and left-hand pages together—in other words, through (fair-)copying. This is what an author commonly does: transfer writing from document to document in the progress of composition towards text, often enough through sequences of copies, each originally ‘fair’, but soon overlaid with further changes; even printing-house typesetters are (or used to be) known to be capable of typesetting directly from drafts into text for the printed book. Conceptually, indeed, and with an awareness of the material nature of documents of transmission, it is properly not what is initially drafted in writing that should be designated ‘text’. Drafting, as the material manifestation of composition it is, does not yet in itself constitute text. ‘Text’, consecutively to be read linearly, results genuinely first in copying(s) of draft writing. This is what (fair-)copying authors or printing-house typesetters accomplish. Naturally (one might say), they privilege achieved text. In this, they work teleologically. Their *telos*, or goal, is ‘the’ text.

By contrast: the genetic critic, even the genetically aware editor, privileges elucidating the process and progress of writing. Hence, in analysing Joyce’s earliest extant drafting of the episode that he heads Penelope, my concern is not foremost to focus on (the) text that results from the drafting. I wish to foreground the material presence and inscriptional appearance of writing that, in its arrangements and patterns, is not yet text fully achieved, but which allows us to trace the composition as process and production. For a first sampling of this graphic, and therefore visual, perspective on drafting, the left-hand page of the first notebook opening of episode 18 should suffice—though it boggles the mind somewhat at first sight, densely inscribed as it is with randomly strewn islands of writing:

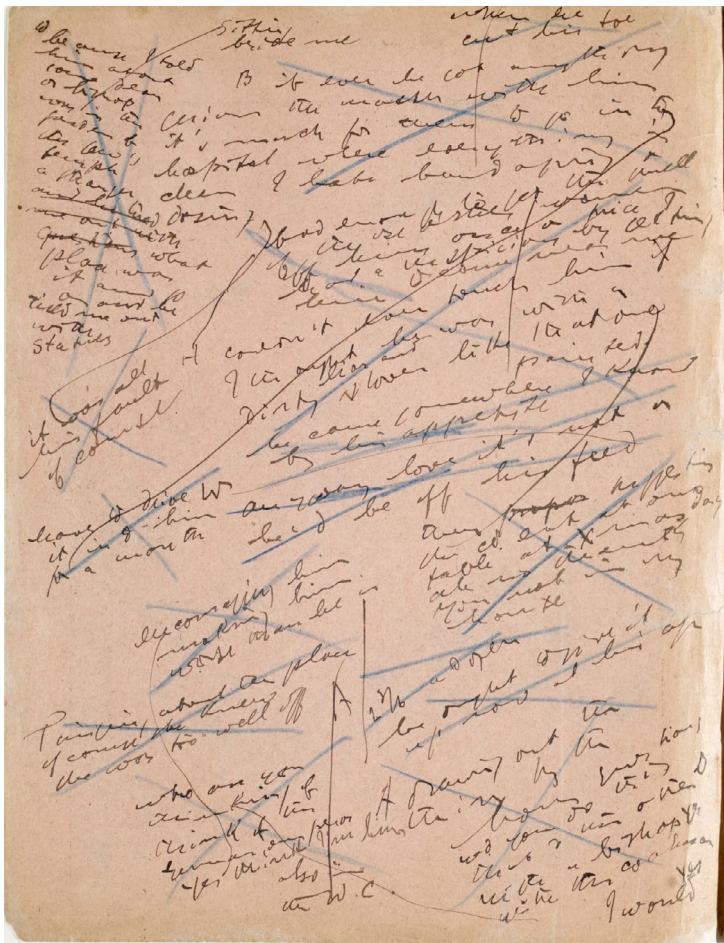


Fig. 12.3 Page 0v [note: the crossings-out in blue are the author's; he has, in copying, used each writing unit so deleted.]

From this left-hand page of randomly distributed writing islands, in conjunction with the relatively consecutive writing sequence on the opposite right-hand page, arises the challenge to retrace the paths of composition to and fro across the facing sides of the opening. The mosaic of individual units of writing on the left-hand-page, singly or in discrete combinations, craves to be related to the writing in existence in the core column on the right-hand page opposite, as well as its extensions in the right-hand margins. In other words, the call is to search out and follow the paths the fair-copying author trod in transforming his writing into

text; or that a genetic critic, and maybe a genetic editor, is and will be obliged to retrace, in turn, to critically as well as editorially measure out the composition.

With the precedence of the inscription of the right-hand page established, its core column of writing together with its interlinear and marginal accretions provide an orientation grid towards successfully joining together the mosaic pieces. In support, what is given here, first, is the image of the right-hand page of the first NLI draft opening; and, following it, a rendering in full of the text that comprehensively results from all the acts of composition and writing discernible in their spread over the two pages 1r and 0v.

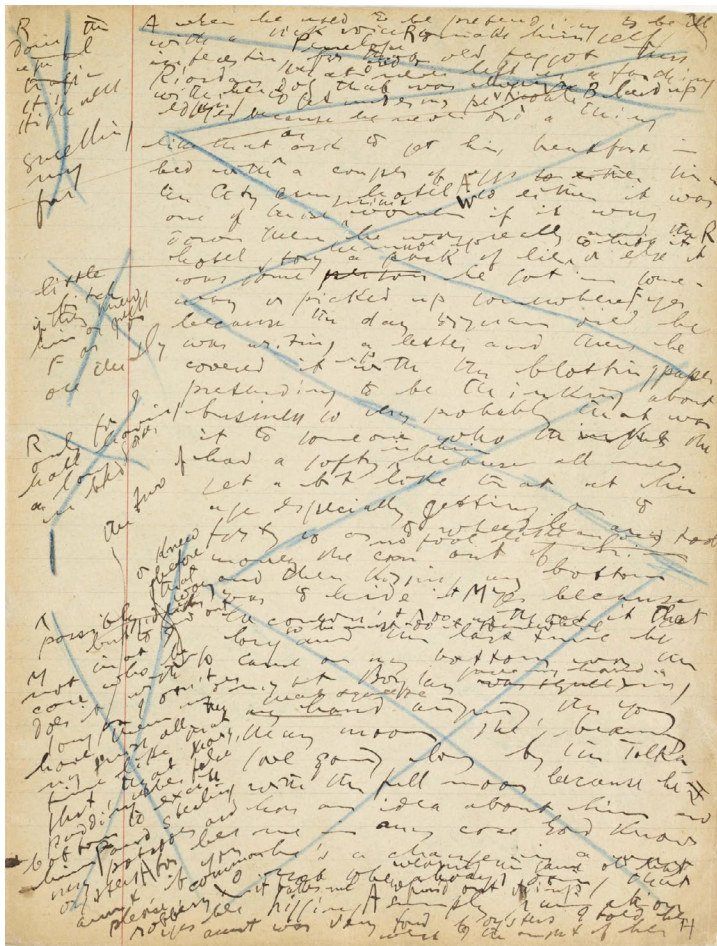


Fig. 12.4 Page 1r.

What follows is the text achieved in the course of the draft's multi-layered composition. This rendering I have purposefully broken up into its every constituent small or large unit, to elucidate the multiple writing acts distinguishable in the two manuscript pages. I have, though, left out all tagging (except for deletions) so as to ease, I believe, locating the puzzle pieces at their points of inscription on the two pages and joining them together into an achieved consecutive text for reading. The presentation in this irregular line-fall should help to trace back the bits of the puzzle to their appearance as writing events in the composition space of the facing-page opening:

Penelope

Yes because he never did a thing like that
 as
 ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs so either
 since the City Arms hotel
 when he used to be pretending to be
 ill laid up
 with a sick voice
 doing the usual tragic His Highness
 to make himself interesting for that old faggot Mrs Riordan that
 died &
 never left us a farthing with her dog that was always
 edging to get under my petticoats
 smelling my fur
 if ever he got anything serious the matter with him it's much
 for them to go in to
 hospital for a month
 have to drive it in
 where everything is clean I hate bandaging & dosing
 when he cut his toe
 it was all his fault of course
 he came somewhere I know by his appetite
 anyway love it's not or he'd be off his feed
 so either it was one of those
 night
 women if it was down there he was really and the hotel story
 he made up
 a pack of lies
 to hide it
 only for I hate having a long goster in bed
 or else it was some

person little bitch
he got in someway or picked up somewhere
on the sly
if they knew him as well as I do
yes because the day Dignam died he was writing a letter and then
he
covered it
up
with the blottingpaper pretending to be thinking about business so
very probably that was it to someone who
thought thinks
she had a softy
in him
because all men get a bit like that at his age especially getting on
to forty so as to wheedle any money she can out of him
no fool like an old fool
and then kissing my bottom was to hide it
not that I care who he does it with
or knew before that way but I'd like to find out
so long as I don't have
the two of
them under my nose all the time like that slut, that Mary, padding
up
her false bottom to excite him
singing about the place
also in the W.C.
of course she knew she was too well off
and stealing my potatoes and oysters
2/6 a dozen
for her aunt, if you please, common robbery,
it takes me to find out things
O yes her aunt was very fond of oysters I told her what I thought of
her
bad enough to get the smell of those {other}
painted
women off him once or twice I had a suspicion by getting him to
come
near me
I couldn't even touch him if I thought he was with a dirty
liar and
sloven like that one
then propos suggesting she cd eat at our table at Xmas day ah no
thank you not in my house

yes because he couldn't
 possibly
 do without it
 so that long
 so he must do it somewhere
 and the last time he came on my bottom was the night Boylan
 was squeezing my hand gave my hand a great squeeze
 singing the young May moon she's beaming love going along by the
 Tolka with the full moon because he's he has an idea about him and
 me in any case God knows he's a change in a way not to be always
 wearing the same old hat
 doing that frigging
 drawing out the thing by the hour questions wd you do this that &
 the other
 because I told him about some dean or bishop was
 sitting beside me
 in the garden of the jew's temple a stranger
 and he tired me out with questions
 what place was it and so on
 and he tired me out with statues
 with a bishop yes with the coalman yes I would who are you
 thinking
 of think of the German emperor yes think I'm him
 encouraging him making him worse than he is he ought to give it
 up now at his age
 simply ruination

* * *

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the column of consecutive text on page 1r, the right-hand page of the opening, was initially the whole first-page extent of the episode's beginning, it is amazing to see, after the working-over on this and its facing left-hand page, what the beginning has turned into. The difference is drastic in mere quantity. The flow of the core inscription column on page 1r (that is, Fig. 4 without its interlinear and marginal additions) extends to 263 words. The wordcount for the entire opening, the core column together with the writing events cumulated from the right-hand-page interlinings and margins plus the facing left-hand page, is 670 words: an increase of approximately 250 percent.³

3 The word count for the draft's opening stretch, to 'ruination', it should be mentioned, is close to 1500 words in the first-edition text of 2 February 1922—an increase over

But quantity is in truth not the issue. The significance of the text's extensive diversification lies in the transcendent quality of the creative process. What Joyce seeks and achieves is to induce a change in reading response from an objective to a subjective awareness of time. Felt through the narrative, this permeates our reading experience. Or, less abstractly: in terms of the draft's first opening, telling the beginning of 'her' silent roaming in language within the compass of the right-hand-page core inscription assumes a conventional reading reception. The time it takes to read the right-hand core column text feels roughly equivalent to the time it takes 'her' to pursue the ruminations told. As readers trained in the reciprocity convention of narrative to reading, we live through, in the right-hand page core column, a stretch of reading time as comprehension time commensurate with narrated character time. The extent and diversity of the character's mental associations do not (as yet) overstretch a customary character-to-narrative-to-reader correlation. Yet by means of the text expansion accomplished through the intense working-over across the two-page opening, time of narration-and-reading is made hopelessly to exceed the instant momentariness of the flashes of association and memory, or the jumps-to-conclusion about the present or the future, that so rapidly tumble through 'her' brain and emotions. What we see and have endeavoured to analyse from pages 0v and 1r carries forward throughout the first ten openings of the NLI Penelope draft, in particular. Joyce, seemingly crazily, continues to compose as we have seen him doing in the first opening. In floods of marginal and opposite-verso additions to the right-hand core-column text, he lavishly fills up and enriches the density and scope of 'her' memory recalls and emotional associations, her non-sequiturs, her projections into imagined futures.

He clearly knows, though, what he is doing. In their exuberant accumulation, the multitude of 'her' instant mental flashes bank up and arrest a sense of time passing, as by convention, with the time of reading. Rather, Joyce establishes the tumbles through 'her' mind as whirring equally through our minds and reading. We are force-fed her thinking, reflecting, remembering, associating, speculating, projecting 'in no time'. The constant clash that results, with the time the text craves in telling and reading, neutralises a character- and event-related

succession-in-time. It minimises, even erases thereby, the very sense of a passing of real time in 'her' past-present-future mental spontaneity. For 'her', everything that crosses her mind is simultaneously present. To experience this clash of temporalities in reading also suspends our sense of time passing.

But how can through narrative the spell be cast that 'she', the central consciousness, reflecting in simultaneity instant observations, feelings, memories, thereby inhabits an ongoing present subjectively apart from clock time? We know ourselves, though, that such experience may be had: it may take an infinitesimal moment, or extend over a length of clock time. If the latter, we may, when 'waking' from an absence in subjective presence only, exclaim: 'O, what I just thought and felt absorbed me so much, I forgot the time.' Joyce in fact makes 'her' fleetingly reflect, too, even such awareness: 'wait theres Georges church bells wait 3 quarters the hour 1 wait 2 oclock well thats a nice hour of the night for him to be coming home' (*U* 18, 1231-33). Closely considered, moreover, this explicit interjection of clock time reveals that 'her' thought and re-présenting reflection has indeed, up to this point, moved entirely within a subjective time capsule: 'he' is not returning home at the hour she apparently registers. He has, after all, been asleep beside her since he, she believes, ordered those eggs for breakfast. It is only now, at the time of night the clock strikes, that she becomes clock-time aware of when he did come home: 'that *was* a nice hour for him to be coming home' [*my italics*], in the first place.

* * *

The coming-to from an absence in subjective presence is of the nature of the experience of playing and hearing music. Music in progression establishes an autonomy of experience. "This is one of the magical things about music. It changes more than the atmosphere, it can change one's perception of existence, it can change the way you sense and feel, while you're listening to it."⁴ Thus music in progression distinctly also establishes its autonomous time—while clock time of course

4 Sir George Benjamin, composer and conductor, was in May 2023 in Munich awarded this year's renowned Ernst von Siemens Musikpreis. John Hyman, Professor of the Philosophy of the Mind and Logic at University College, London, cited these words of Sir George's in his laudation. George Benjamin articulates the musician's

relentlessly passes. Yet, absorbed by and in the music, we disconnect from the dominance of clock time, even though ‘afterwards’ we remind ourselves, and throughout know subliminally anyhow, that the music we (as audience) heard or (as musicians) performed commenced an hour ago. The awareness of time so redoubled under the experience of music, moreover, engages the memory, in particular, in specific ways and modes of remembering. To experience, to feel and think within the flow of the music, requires that we are capable of *présentant* and *re-présentant*, together, moments with past moments of the flow of that experience. A work of music depends on one’s remaining aware, and not forgetting, at any given moment of its passing in real time, what at any moment within the flow of its subjective past it intoned and configured. Experiencing music thus involves holding in mind and emotion its past-in-action and thereby continuously *re-présentant* it.⁵ In this way, music establishes itself as total presence even though at the same time (!) it passes in time—in contrast to narrative that, even though progressing now, tends at the same time (!) always to be felt as ‘safely’ in the past. A composition in language, a narrative, may be interrupted at any time and picked up again five minutes, an hour, or a day or more later without loss of perception or understanding. A composition in music, by contrast, whether played or listened to, lives in performance and is essentially un-interruptible—interruption kills its lines of thought and emotion, its power of communication and its meaning in imagination.

This means, for *Ulysses*, no less than that James Joyce has, in concluding the novel with Penelope, invented yet a new and original narrative mode. *Ulysses* has, throughout its earlier course, challenged us with re-inventions of modes of narration. For episode 10, Joyce devised a narrated Dublin constructed on a grid of cross-linked simultaneities between characters and events at separate locations. The narrative of

experience felt and lived that James Joyce, fellow musician, conveys through musicalising, by ever enriching, the flow in language of his Penelope composition.

- 5 Intriguingly, and in kinship with George Benjamin’s utterance, Jerome McGann in a recent essay circumscribes the experience in a mode of what he, with Charles Bernstein, terms ‘Close Listening’: ‘You listen and you think, “didn’t I hear that before somewhere?” But the music keeps playing and while you are carried forwards, you are haunted backwards.’ Jerome McGann, ‘Breakthrough into Performance. A Touchstone Work of Late Modernist American Poetry’, *PAJ: A Journal of Performance and Art*, Volume 44, Number 1, January 2022 (PAJ 130), 16-29, https://doi.org/10.1162/paj_a_00594

episode 11 he based on principles of forms of music composition and rendering. Every subsequent chapter, from episode 12 to episode 17, constitutes, in whole or in part, a further fresh experiment with a narrative stance or stances. For episode 18—for Penelope, ‘the clou of the book’—Joyce now invents a mode of narration to cast the suspension of time into real-time timelessness. The reading awareness this elicits generates a sensual experience of the very structure abstractly conceived for the episode. The suspension of time into timelessness, an illusion created through the mode of narrative deployed, answers in our acculturation to endlessness as (transcendental) eternity, or correspondingly to infinity (as secular eternity vectorialised through mathematics)—whose symbol is the figure ∞ on which Joyce expressly structured the episode.

Relating the timelessness of the narrative mode deployed to the infinity of the endlessly circumscribed ∞ is the objective correlative to the sensual experience of the suspension of real time in reading. This, in the realm of human responses, proves akin to the experience of music. In ‘her’ roaming in memory, thought, association, projection, everything is, since all-present, seemingly simultaneous. We read episode 18 as we hear music: we know and sense that it passes in time, yet it is to our perception ‘at the same time’ entirely an autonomous capsule in clock time, in itself an experience-as-if of an a-temporal presence. The final *Ulysses* episode is thus narrated wholly in the mode of music. The text composed through its many-layered extensions does not *tell* ‘her’—it represents in that it *performs* ‘her’.

Samuel Beckett a few years later found the perfect formula for Joyce’s writing. His verdict on *Work in Progress*, Joyce’s labour towards *Finnegans Wake*, is fully applicable, too, to the final episode of *Ulysses*. ‘It is not written at all. It is not to be read—or rather it is not only to be read. It is to be looked at and listened to. His writing is not about something; it is that something itself.’⁶ To look at it means to read its score, and to listen to it is to hear its music—thus, simultaneously looking and listening means to respond to the episode as performed in the temporal mode of music.

In overall terms of literary writing, the episode so realises, even as it performs, the re-configuration of narration (*diegesis*) into representation

6 Samuel Beckett, ‘Dante... Bruno. Vico... Joyce’, in *Our Exagmination Round his Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress* (London: Faber & Faber, 1929, p. 14.)

(*mimesis*). This means, for *Ulysses* as a whole: telling the novel in the time-honoured mode of teleologic and therein diegetic Aristotelian narration—'beginning – middle – end'—is brought to its close with episode 17. 'The *Ithaca* episode [...] is in reality the end as *Penelope* has no beginning, middle or end' as Joyce himself remarked to Harriet Weaver (*Letters* I, 172). As science distinguishes Euclidian and non-Euclidian mathematics, so does Joyce, ultimately in *Ulysses*, overreach Aristotelian with non-Aristotelian narration. Out of the final full stop 'bien visible' of episode 17 is triggered, in mimetic narration, 'her' time-capsuled past-present-future simultaneity under the condition of music.

