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Thomas M Keegan  
*University of Iowa*

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THE USUAL: PUB PHENOMENOLOGY IN THE WORKS OF JAMES JOYCE

by

Thomas M. Keegan

An Abstract

Of a thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the Doctor of Philosophy degree  
in English  
in the Graduate College of  
The University of Iowa

May 2010

Thesis Supervisor: Professor Cheryl Herr

## ABSTRACT

My dissertation, “The Usual: Pub Phenomenology in the Works of James Joyce,” attempts to wrest the pub from critical dismissal as a token symbol of paternalistic Irish drunkenness and return it to the center of Joyce’s work as the site for his development of a philosophy of being. Read this way, the pub illustrates ways humans come to understand their place in the world through objects, practices, and later, as part of a public entity. The pub also tells the story of modernism’s impact on Irish society. Few spaces so deftly render the complexities of the modern Irish position: at the edge of the mechanizing forces of modernity and at odds with the vexing forces of British imperialism.

Across five chapters and a conclusion, I read scenes of pub life in Joyce’s major works as the most illuminating indications of his phenomenological inquiry into the everyday. In *Dubliners*, Joyce outlines a trajectory for human development that passes through “childhood, adolescence, mature life, and public life.” This trajectory parallels the progress of a phenomenological inquiry into being. We begin with those things immediately available to us in childhood. We come to know the world through the objects surrounding us. Our encounters with doors, drawers, counters, and glasses reveal a host of practices that further embroider and define our experience of the world. This assemblage refigures humanity as a nexus of things and practices situated in space.

For Irish masculinity in the early twentieth century, the public house often served as a central space for this connection. The pub’s public nature illustrates a kind of endpoint in the phenomenological inquiry just as Joyce ends his corpus with a book deeply absorbed in the overlapping soundscapes of a crowded public house. Investigating the *how* of our existence brings us face to face with other people. Being for Joyce, as it was for Martin Heidegger, Hannah Arendt, and Jürgen Habermas, arises from the speech acts and human

contact afforded by publicness. In Joyce's writing, there is no being that is not also a being among other people. I argue that the public house belongs to that set of unique spaces Michel Foucault terms "heterotopias." They are spaces that buck the architectural, political, or spatial norms of the time and in so doing articulate a cultural engagement with being. The dissertation maps out a Heideggerian account of "equipment" and conjoins it with the inventive sociological theory of Michel de Certeau, the spatial poetics of Gaston Bachelard, and the public theory of Michael Warner. I close the dissertation with a brief look at the pub's legacy in poems by Paul Durcan and Macdara Woods and the novel *The Ginger Man* by J.P. Donleavy. These works continue Joyce's exploration of the pub as a space of memory and futurity, as the presence of expatriates and women in the public house lend new glosses to the practice of nostalgia and rounds respectively.

Abstract Approved: \_\_\_\_\_

Cheryl Herr, Thesis Supervisor

\_\_\_\_\_  
Professor, English Department

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

THE USUAL: PUB PHENOMENOLOGY IN THE WORKS OF JAMES JOYCE

by

Thomas M. Keegan

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the Doctor of  
Philosophy degree in English  
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The University of Iowa

May 2010

Thesis Supervisor: Professor Cheryl Herr

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Graduate College  
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Iowa City, Iowa

CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL

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PH.D. THESIS

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This is to certify that the Ph.D. thesis of

Thomas M. Keegan

has been approved by the Examining Committee  
for the thesis requirement for the Doctor of Philosophy  
degree in English at the May 2010 graduation.

Thesis Committee:

\_\_\_\_\_  
Cheryl Herr, Thesis Supervisor

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mary Lou Emery

\_\_\_\_\_  
John D. Peters

\_\_\_\_\_  
Harilaos Stecopoulos

\_\_\_\_\_  
Garrett Stewart

To my mother, Joyce



For you may be as practical as is predicable  
but you must have the proper sort of accident  
to meet that kind of a being with a difference.

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (269.13-15)

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1. Gnomon

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**CHAPTER I**  
**INTRODUCTION**  
**JOYCE AND THE PUB**

Nothing happens in the public houses. People drink.

James Joyce, *Letters II*

After years of voluntary revisions and grudging excisions to his work, James Joyce grew increasingly desperate to retain the realist aesthetics of *Dubliners*. Joyce balked at his publisher's request to change the names of the pubs and publicans in the book. The publisher, Grant Roberts, was concerned the establishments might seek legal action for libel if their real names were used. In an attempt to retain the names, Joyce frantically struck a number of poses. He plaintively stated: "nothing happens in the public houses. People drink." He offered to accompany Roberts, with proofs in hand, to the publicans named in the stories, suggesting they might appreciate the publicity. And he pointed out that in substituting "fictitious names for the few real ones [...] the selling value in Dublin of the book would go down."<sup>1</sup> The names, of course, found their way into the book and the number of pubs today advertising their inclusion or exclusion in his works testifies to Joyce's foresight.

As those establishments ply their trade partly in light of the merits of Joyce's art, in this dissertation I read Joyce's work as making use of the pub to develop his own brand of ontology. When Joyce disregards the activities of the public house as nothing, he is being at once disingenuous – drinking is *not* nothing – and admitting a social reality – drinking is nothing special. But Joyce saw in the nothing special of everyday life quite a lot that

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<sup>1</sup> Joyce, James, Stuart Gilbert, and Richard Ellmann. *Letters*, 1957. vol. 2, p. 312..

impressed him. On a walk one day with his brother, Stanislaus, Joyce watched a man dodge a Dublin tram and caught a glimpse of how the mundane might matter.

Do you see that man who has just skipped out of the way of the tram? Consider, if he had been run over, how significant every act of his would at once become. I don't mean for the police inspector. I mean for anybody who knew him. And his thoughts, for anybody that could know them. It is my idea of the significance of trivial things that I want to give the two or three unfortunate wretches who may eventually read me.<sup>2</sup>

The word trivial comes from the Latin *trivium* and refers to a crossroads. At some level, trivial things draw together disparate paths. Joyce's identification of the crossroads inherent in the tram-dodger reveals a nexus of relevance stretching far beyond the Cartesian dimensions of the subject. To begin with, then, the critic aspiring to unearth a phenomenology of the pub in Joyce has to realign his gaze to the everyday features of that space and the route Joyce criticism has taken to get here.

In 1951, Marshall McLuhan bemoaned Joyce criticism's "radically defective" state.<sup>3</sup> For him, the best work on Joyce remained Ezra Pound's "James Joyce et Péculchet" (1922), T.S. Eliot's "Ulysses, Order, and Myth" (1923), and Wyndham Lewis's chapter on Joyce in *Time and Western Man* (1927). To their credit, those works still resonate in what has become known as the Joyce industry.<sup>4</sup> However, McLuhan's review also points to many areas that have, years later, become definitive ways of critically engaging with Joyce's work. Halfway through the essay, in four short, successive reviews, McLuhan presciently juxtaposes: *James Joyce: A Bibliography of His Writings, Critical Material, and Miscellanea* (1948); *James Joyce: sa vie, son*

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<sup>2</sup> Ellmann, Richard. *James Joyce*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1983 [1959]. 163.

<sup>3</sup> McLuhan, Marshal 1951, 12.

<sup>4</sup> This appellation is typically placed in quotes, illustrating its vexed status among critical practitioners and their critics. But at a time when the humanities are increasingly called on to quantitatively justify their existence in higher education perhaps an industrial pose is the most advisable, if not most comfortable, pose to strike.

*oeuvre, son rayonnement* (1949); *A James Joyce Yearbook* (1949); and *James Joyce's Dublin* (1950). The first volume, edited by Alan Dean Parker, attends to the problem of what might be called editorial-variance in the printings of Joyce's work while the second, Bernard Gheerbant's catalogue of the 1949 Joyce exhibition in Paris, maps out the vast materiality underlying Joyce's process of composition: notes, translations, Joyce's personal library. Alongside these textual concerns, McLuhan places Maria Jolas's human record of Joyce – which includes interviews with the author and reminiscences about him – and Patricia Hutchins's spatial record of Joyce's iconic city – which sports photographs of Nassau Street and Sandymount Strand, familial information, etc. Arranged in this way, the works evidence the critical divide between textual and humanist concerns developed, respectively, by Hugh Kenner and Richard Ellmann during the middle of the twentieth century.

In *Joyce's Critics*, one of the most recent examinations of Joycean critical history, Joe Brooker notes that Ellmann and Kenner “represent what became of Joyce when the first hurdles had been cleared [...] new ways to disagree.”<sup>5</sup> But time and distance have lessened the boundary between the “humane and benevolent Joyce”<sup>6</sup> of Ellmann and “Kenner's modernist writer [...] closer to a cyborg, operating on the borderline between humanity and technology.”<sup>7</sup> Brooker points out that critical work on Joyce in the wake of the Ellmann-Kenner years has brought the two strands together “drawing on both Ellmann's socialist sympathies and on Kenner's sense of the text as a field of force.”<sup>8</sup> The rise of critical theory in the 1970s bends the strains into a double helix or, to borrow a phrase from Sebastian

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<sup>5</sup> Brooker, Joe. *Joyce's Critics*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2004. 97.

<sup>6</sup> Brooker 134.

<sup>7</sup> Brooker 126.

<sup>8</sup> Brooker 136.



D.G. Knowles, a “Dublin helix.” Cultural studies theorists, poststructuralists, and genetic critics reveal how often the textual and human realms interconnect in Joyce’s work. Of course, these approaches variously splinter, fragment, mutate, get borrowed, bent, or stolen over the course of the late-twentieth century. As Brandon Kershner acknowledges, “postcolonialism, feminism, gender studies, Marxism, cybernetics, popular/high culture investigations, and (yes, even) the New Historicism” have become “extremely visible aspects of Joyce criticism over the past twenty years or so.”<sup>9</sup> The critical lineage attests to the then growing interest in cultural studies and its potentially daunting array of approaches.

Today, the variety of approaches has made it *en vogue* to refer to Joyce as a multiplicity. In 1979, Hugh Kenner could already name the various biographical Joyces: the well-known Dublin and Zurich Joyces, the elusive Trieste Joyce, and the then-newly articulated Paris Joyce. “Whatever the Joyce of the moment,” noted Kenner, “there were always other Joyces.”<sup>10</sup> Indeed, critical theory has produced a litany of updated Joyces: French, Irish, Postcolonial, and Genetic, to name only a few. In this respect, the critical treatments of Joyce and his works reflect the remarkable dynamism of both, so that less than ten years after Kenner’s comments, Fritz Senn could point out “it is equally true to say ‘Joyce has been dead for forty-five years’ as it is to claim, ‘Joyce is alive.’”<sup>11</sup> The labels are useful for demarcating the critical camps, but their real value arises when they are placed in dialogue with one another. Fashioning a chorus from a cacophony is no easy task, however.

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<sup>9</sup> *European Joyce Studies* 15. 2003. 16.

<sup>10</sup> Kenner. “Joyce on the Continent.” *Mazes: Essays*. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1989. 117.

<sup>11</sup> Senn 1995, 7.

In this way, criticism addresses something like what Jean Michel Rabaté calls the “organic logic” of Joyce’s “true ‘corpus.’”<sup>12</sup> We look into the notebooks for the mechanical evolution of Joyce’s words and we look out into the world to recall or review the social, political, and interpersonal milieus that received his commentary. In doing so, criticism engages with work of Joyce’s body and work of his body of work. The body’s work – everyday practices, cultural production, biological function, emotional endeavor – resides in every page of Joyce’s texts. This is not to say that biological or phenomenological readings of Joyce rule the critical day. But considerations of bodily engagement with the world inform ongoing critical studies – chief among them, the two so-called French Joyces – philological and phenomenological. The first is perhaps better known as genetic Joyce studies, wherein the materials of composition (those miscellanea catalogued in 1949 found their way into several library collections) trace the evolution of Joyce’s work from scrap to published text. The second examines the ways in which Joyce explores being-in-the-world.

Genetic criticism wades into what Derek Attridge has, in reference to the multi-volume set of *Finnegans Wake* notebooks, termed a “sea” of textual material underlying Joyce’s “finished” texts.<sup>13</sup> Beyond formalism and with greater nuance than mere indexing, the genetic critic plumbs the depths of Joyce’s drafts and notes, tracing out the evolution of the text “vertically” (that is, through the various drafts).<sup>14</sup> Words appear, disappear and “reamalgamerge” (*FW* 49.36). Joyce’s use of longhand, crayon, circles, lines, and crossouts in

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<sup>12</sup> Rabaté, Jean Michel. *Advances in James Joyce Studies*. Basingstroke: Palgrave MacMillan. 2004, 1.

<sup>13</sup> Attridge 2003, 573. *Modernism/modernity* 10:3.

<sup>14</sup> One of the best primers for a genetic approach can be found in Finn Fordham’s essay “Mapping Echoland,” in which the term “vertically” originates, in the 2000 edition of the *Joyce Studies Annual*.

the *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* notebooks illustrate the living character of the works. Amidst the word games and puzzles in his illuminating and playful study, *The Dublin Helix*, Knowles argues that applying the language of molecular genetics to *Ulysses* allows that book to be read as “a living organism” and that “[l]etters carry language as a gene carries life, messengers for reproduction and representation.”<sup>15</sup> A certain irony accompanies the fandom of genetic criticism in light of earlier, less effusive assessments of Joyce’s work. For F.R. Leavis, Joyce’s *Work in Progress* was one of the “more notorious literary ‘cases’ of a malady borne by historical change into every cell of society and culture.”<sup>16</sup> Following evolution, malady, or mutation, the genetic Joycean maps out the progress of Joyce’s thought and the text’s enworldment. In many ways genetic work attempts to answer Joyce’s oft-noted gripe against the psychoanalytic tradition: “Why all this fuss and bother about the mystery of the unconscious? What about the mystery of the conscious? What do they know about that?”<sup>17</sup>

Depending on one’s point of view the wealth of material makes answering the question more or less difficult. David Hayman’s *A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake* (1963) was the first foray into the depths. The publication of Hans Walter Gabler’s “corrected” text of *Ulysses* in 1984 raised further critical awareness of the discipline, and renewed debate about the legitimacy of particular editions of Joyce’s works. An acquisition of previously unknown Joyce manuscripts in 2002 (including six notebooks, sixteen drafts of *Ulysses*, and a few *Wake* typescripts<sup>18</sup>) by the National Library of Ireland and the ongoing

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<sup>15</sup> Knowles, Sebastian D.G., *Dublin Helix: The Life of Language in Joyce’s Ulysses*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida: 2001. 26.

<sup>16</sup> Mulhern 57. Citing Leavis’s “Joyce and the Revolution of the Word.”

<sup>17</sup> Budgen 320.

publication of the *Finnegans Wake* notebooks also substantially deepen the gene pool, so to speak.

Arranging a coherent approach to this material was, in part, the goal of *Genitriclesling Joyce* (1999), the ninth volume in *European Joyce Studies* developed out of the Antwerp conference of the same title. That work brings the then-disparate strands of genetic criticism (mainly the philologists and the Structuralists) into dialogue while bringing the entire genetic approach to the fore of Joyce studies. The collection paved the way for genetic criticism's development over the next ten years and has led to the most recent and impressive genetic critical work, *How Joyce Wrote Finnegans Wake: A Chapter-by-Chapter Genetic Guide* (2008). Among the various contributions, David Hayman's "Male Maturity or the *Public Rise & Private Decline of HC Earwicker: Chapter II.3*" proffers an evident foothold for the concerns addressed in this dissertation. There, Hayman delineates some of the "ur-prehistory" that underlies the one of the most formally complex chapters in *Finnegans Wake*. He uses Joyce's notebooks to map out how Joyce cobbled together the pub scenes of the *Wake*. Bit by bit, Joyce's edits produce the human texture of the work: Earwicker appears to us as a man of and for words both in the sense of that Joyce penned him and that his patrons have penned him in conversation.

Though genetic criticism helps scholars and students understand Joyce's approach to his texts at a structural and linguistic level, it also invites them to consider how Joyce – particularly in the *Wake* – revised the ways he thought about humanity's place in the world. In the evolving landscape of his texts, Joyce shifts the parameters of the Cartesian plane and toys with the rote systems of everydayness we so readily, often blindly, accept each day. The

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<sup>18</sup> Groden, "The National Library of Ireland's New Joyce Manuscripts" in *Joyce in Trieste: an album of risky readings*. 2007. 21.

imagination on display in his revisions begs us to consider a world, our world, ordered differently than it usually appears. Genetic criticism shows us how an ordinary sentence develops into something quite dynamic, but it also shows us how Joyce moved both quotidian speech and quotidian space around to produce a world to be encountered anew by readers.

Recent Joyce criticism, in particular the pioneering efforts of Cheryl Herr, has been instructive in this respect. The recent publication of Declan Kiberd's *Ulysses and Us: The Art of Everyday Living* (2009) and Vicki Mahaffey's forthcoming *The Joyce of Everyday Life* (2010) illustrate the growing interest among scholars in mining this rich new vein of inquiry in Joyce's work. Herr's triptych of phenomenologically-inflected writings: "Joyce and the Art of Shaving" (2004), "Walking in Dublin" (2006) and "Being in Joyce's World" (2009) provides the most lucid descriptions of what this kind of approach looks like. Cognizant of the work of Martin Heidegger, informed by the late-twentieth century uptick in sociological applications of the phenomenological tradition, and variously tempered by the methods of cultural studies, a critical address of the everyday reads being through material histories. "These days," Herr writes, "I view Joyce as a philosopher."<sup>19</sup> Noting his contemporary (though as yet lamentably indirect) association with Heidegger, Herr locates Joyce in line with the phenomenological tradition. This has required turning away from the dialectics of "a Cartesian theory of shaving" and identifying a more enworlded way of being.<sup>20</sup> In "Walking in Dublin," Herr draws together feminist, postcolonial, and psychoanalytic theories, among others, to read Stephen Dedalus's perambulations as a form of "Being-in-

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<sup>19</sup> Herr, Cheryl. *Joyce and the Art of Shaving*. Dublin: National Library of Ireland, 2004. 3.

<sup>20</sup> Ibid. 21.

Joyceworld.”<sup>21</sup> The transactional encounters, tactical decisions, and tenuous promises of flight afforded Stephen in and on the streets of Dublin reveal themselves as inextricable components of his being. Dublin’s Georgian architecture inscribes a colonial economics on Stephen’s meanderings, while the hedonistic entreaties of prostitutes in the Mondo afford him other avenues of exploration. By the end of Herr’s essay, it seems foolish to consider Stephen outside the context of the street. To speak of his nationality (or coloniality) or his sexuality is already to speak of the everyday spaces through which he travels. Stephen and Dublin’s streets evince the kind of reticulated being that Heidegger ascribes to latches and doors: they make no sense without one another.

Early on in *Being and Time*, Heidegger makes plain his intention to “destroy” Cartesian ontology by insisting that Dasein (a reflexive regard for being) begins in the world-at-hand and can only be understood by a careful analysis of an engagement with it. He takes Descartes and the entire derivative philosophical tradition to task for failing to investigate the nature of “to be.” For Heidegger, the Cartesian dialectic is a “‘superficial’ formal manner” of analysis in which “Subject and Object do not coincide with Dasein and the world.”<sup>22</sup> The “baleful prejudice”<sup>23</sup> of Descartes’s *cogito sum* disregards the constitutive nature of equipment in the ongoing project of being. We might ironically term the Cartesian subject vacuous, as if, like a character in *The Matrix*, it could be rendered within a vacuum. Such untenability precludes the *cogito sum* from Heidegger’s consideration. Any assessment of

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<sup>21</sup> Herr, Cheryl. “Walking in Dublin.” *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. R.B. Kershner, ed. Boston: Bedford/St. Martin’s Press, 2006. 417.

<sup>22</sup> Heidegger, Martin. *Being and Time*. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson, trans. Oxford: Blackwell Publishers Ltd., 2000 [1962]. 87 [60].

<sup>23</sup> Ibid. 46 [25].

being must acknowledge being's beginning in things. As Joyce pseudosartorially puts it in *Finnegans Wake*, "In the becoming was the weared" (FW 487.20).

Ascribing the label of anti-Cartesian to Western modernists is nothing new. Eliot's Prufrock speaks more wisely than he perhaps realizes in stating: "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons" (line 51). In *The Modernist Self in Twentieth-Century English Literature: A Study in Self Fragmentation*, Dennis Brown argues this line "suggests [...] habituation, within flux, of compulsive personal ritual."<sup>24</sup> The ritual may be personal, but the materials are decidedly familiar. Colin MacCabe has insisted that in *Finnegans Wake* "what is subverted is the full Cartesian subject [...] one is presented with the problem of understanding the individual as a set of overlapping and contradictory practices which produce a plurality of contradictory subjects."<sup>25</sup> For MacCabe, this subversion destabilizes any notion of politics as such pluralism prohibits coherent ideological camps from forming. Without a recognizable individual in sight, no movement can be founded. More expansively, Ihab Hassan has argued "Descartes ushered dualism into Western thought while admitting solipsism by the back door."<sup>26</sup> For writer like Beckett, claims Hassan, "the starting point of meditation is no longer the Cartesian 'Je pense, donc je suis,' but rather, 'Je me doute.'"<sup>27</sup> Anti-Cartesianism can start to look pretty paralytic in these analyses.

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<sup>24</sup> Brown, Dennis. *The Modernist Self in Twentieth-Century English Literature: a Study in Self Fragmentation*. New York: Macmillan, 1989. 151.

<sup>25</sup> MacCabe, Colin. *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word*. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2002. 152-153.

<sup>26</sup> Hassan, Ihab. *The Dismemberment of Orpheus*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1982. 216.

<sup>27</sup> Ibid.

The retasking of the critical complex towards explicating the everyday offers a way of out this grim formulation. According to Dreyfus, “Heidegger is no existential solipsist.”<sup>28</sup> What appears to us as “solipsism,” Heidegger argues, is so far from a way of being-in-the-world that “what it does is precisely to bring Dasein face to face with its world, and thus bring it face to face with itself as being-in-the-world.”<sup>29</sup> The tautology of being cannot be undermined by what Heidegger terms “anxiety.”<sup>30</sup> Even the Western modernist malaise Eliot illustrates expresses being in the terms of the world present-at-hand.

Like Herr, André Topia offers a way of reading the experiential knowledge of the body in *Ulysses*. His excellent though lamentably brief, “‘Sirens’: The Emblematic Vibration,” examines Joyce’s use of synecdoche, phonic proximity, and grammatical dissolution, and points out that characters and whole scenes in “Sirens” exist in a sort of stasis that is “neither tableau nor narrative” where being is perpetually refigured.<sup>31</sup> The effect challenges rote understandings of bodily knowledge, like biological function, as eyes eat and talk, nostrils shout, breasts sing, and mouths hear throughout the episode.<sup>32</sup> Despite the grammatical focus, Topia’s argument opens onto phenomenological concerns. Bodies are “animated” by an “inner tension” present in the “kind of dance” performed in the phonic proximity of words like “ear” and “hair.”<sup>33</sup> Topia’s explication of an ontology freed from

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<sup>28</sup> Dreyfus, Hubert. *Being-in-the-World: A Commentary on Heidegger’s Being and Time*, Division I. Boston: MIT Press, 1991. 243.

<sup>29</sup> Heidegger 233 [188].

<sup>30</sup> Heidegger 228 [182].

<sup>31</sup> Topia, André. “‘Sirens’: The Emblematic Vibration.” *James Joyce: The Centennial Symposium*. Chicago: U of Illinois P, 1986: 76-81.

<sup>32</sup> Topia 79.

<sup>33</sup> Topia 78.



Cartesianism offers an excellent example of how to assess Joyce's phenomenology. This world, the world Herr and Topia attend to, reveals the complexity of the quotidian. Their work fosters a better understanding of Joyce's appreciation for the vibrancy of human lives manifested in the equipment, space, and time of the world.

The result of this thoroughgoing interest is *Finnegans Wake*. That book, more than any other text written by Joyce, captures the immanent futurity of humanity. Like Bachelard's forward looking phenomenology which "liquidates the past and confronts what is new,"<sup>34</sup> Joyce's *Wake* refigures language as an anticipatory media rather than a filing system for past and known human action. After spending time gently, deftly, craftily attending to the ways in which humans orient themselves in the world or else are oriented by it, Joyce begins to turn his gaze to what those ways of being that remain undone by humanity. The neoetymologies Joyce creates by virtue of his play with language offer readers a glimpse at the future in the same way that rote etymologies offer compact histories of humankind. While the narrator of "The Sisters" discovers language in the houses of Dublin, Joyce shows us language houses the future for humanity.

### *The terms of (Heideggerian) phenomenology*

Before launching into an explanation of the structure of this dissertation, prudence suggests I ground a number of Heideggerian terms and phenomenological concepts. In addition to their Jesuit schooling, Heidegger and Joyce share an appreciation for linguistic complexity and neologism that makes lucid description of their projects challenging. Terms like ontic, ontological, and ontic-ontological pose plenty of problems for readers and critics

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<sup>34</sup> Bachelard xxxii.

alike. Heidegger's repurposing of words like "care" (*Sorge*) and "concern" (*Besorge*) only make interpretation more challenging. In most cases, my understanding of these terms has been informed by the work of Hubert Dreyfus, particularly his book, *Being-in-the-World*. I understand ontic to address being in a categorical sense: being a student. I take ontological to address being in a more abstract sense: being in love. The joint term ontic-ontological refers to the imbricative nature of the two. For Heidegger, the project of being is ontic-ontological. But Dasein can be "authentic," "inauthentic," or "undifferentiated." Authentic being demands an ongoing effort to see through the everyday world into which we are "thrown" and apprehend the "primordial" essence of being. By contrast, an undifferentiated mode of being constitutes our typical, everyday being – characterized by an unquestioning participation in the social norms of the world in which we find ourselves. Inauthentic being arises from Dasein's embrace of these norms as the *only* mode of being. Despite its daunting abstraction, Heidegger roots his project in the tangibility of the world. The first half of *Being and Time* begins with an explication of the undifferentiated mode of being-in-the-world encountered as the everyday. Though his articulation of undifferentiated being always flirts with a value judgment, Heidegger does not view the everyday as trivial. Just as Joyce does in *Dubliners*, he resists a dismissal of the mundane as unimportant. "Dasein's everydayness," that average, undifferentiated mode of existence, according to Heidegger, "is *not nothing*."<sup>35</sup> Instead, the life unencumbered by questions of being remains a "positive phenomenal characteristic" of Dasein.<sup>36</sup> Here, the most basic experience of the world – a door, a hammer

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<sup>35</sup> Heidegger 69 [43].

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*

– becomes a portal to an understanding of being. In Joyce’s work, no reader wants for such portals. Wyndham Lewis famously described *Ulysses* as:

an Alladin’s cave of incredible bric-à-brac in which a dense mass of dead stuff is collected, from 1901 toothpaste, a bar or two of Sweet Rosie O’Grady, to pre-nordic architecture [...] The amount of *stuff* – unorganized brute material [...] is a suffocating mœtic expanse of objects, all of them lifeless, the sewage of a Past twenty years old.<sup>37</sup>

Though unflattering, Lewis’s portrait makes clear the epic inclusivity of both the novel and Joyce’s corpus – a “body of fiction” which Hugh Kenner notes, “resembles a city in necessitating such guides and such watchmen [...] in containing such holes into which the naïve may fall, or such loose stones over which they may stumble.”<sup>38</sup>

### Equipment

The phenomenological inquiry into everydayness begins in things. To talk about Division I of Heidegger’s *Being and Time*, is partly to talk about doors and hammers as the initial sites of understanding being. He regards those things as mutually constitutive of the project inherent in the verb “to be.” Heidegger initially distinguishes things as *Vorhandenheit* and *Zuhandenheit*, translated by Dreyfus as *occurentness* and *availableness*.<sup>39</sup> Heidegger calls our typical mode of being “averageness” (*Durchschnittlichkeit*)<sup>40</sup> or “average everydayness.”<sup>41</sup> We walk around, open doors, hail the bartender, and order drinks. This world appears to us in its

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<sup>37</sup> Lewis, Wyndham. *Time and Western Man*. Edited with Afterword and Notes by Paul Edwards. Santa Rosa: Black Sparrow Press, 1993. 89.

<sup>38</sup> Kenner, Hugh. *The Mechanic Muse*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1987. 82.

<sup>39</sup> Dreyfus xi.

<sup>40</sup> Heidegger 69 [43].

<sup>41</sup> Ibid. [44]

“*presence-at-hand*” and later its “*readiness-to-hand*.” The former defines a proximal world of stuff while the latter defines a regard for objects as “equipment” ready for usage in various projects. This relationship forms a “referential totality” (*Verweisungsganzheit*)<sup>42</sup> of things (glasses refer to liquids and then to counters or tables) always “constituted by various ways of the ‘in-order-to.’”<sup>43</sup> I take up a glass in order to drink or open a door in order to leave a room. This in-order-to structure reveals a “totality of involvements”<sup>44</sup> between Dasein and equipment. No thing exists apart from a nexus of practice that allows me to do something. Looking more closely at these involvements, Heidegger sees that equipment possesses a “*towards-which*” manifested in such work or practices, themselves done for a particular “*for-the-sake-of-which*”<sup>45</sup> glossed by Dreyfus as “activity [that] makes long-term sense [...] *being* a father or *being* a professor.”<sup>46</sup> With that said, we can begin to see the progression of being-in-the-world as experienced in the everyday. I encounter things in their disposition towards activity and use them to bring about a goal in turn directed towards some larger purpose. However, in taking up equipment towards an end, I lose sight of the equipment. Absorbed in my project or practices, I do not stop to consider my use of things. This is the difference between saying: “Here is a glass” and “This is me drinking.” The first statement sets the object apart. The second cloaks the glass its activity. Merleau-Ponty provides a more intimate gloss on this phenomenon by explaining it as “a coition, so to speak, of our body with

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<sup>42</sup> Heidegger 99 [70].

<sup>43</sup> Heidegger 97 [68].

<sup>44</sup> Heidegger 191 [150].

<sup>45</sup> Heidegger 116 [84].

<sup>46</sup> Dreyfus 95.

things.”<sup>47</sup> By calling attention to the work of things in being, the phenomenological tradition returns them to philosophical and critical sight.

Latour moves to dismantle the divide between things (items in the provenance of art and craft) and objects (items in the provenance of industrial production), a distinction he finds “justified by nothing but the crassest of prejudices.”<sup>48</sup> Despite his view of phenomenology’s limits, Latour sees in Heidegger a promising realist outcropping – the concept of *gathering* as a description of a thing’s thingness – which he pairs with the philosophy of Whitehead. Describing matters of concern, Latour suggests

[w]hatever the words, what is presented here is an entirely different attitude than the critical one, not a flight into the conditions of possibility of a given matter of fact, not the addition of something more human that the inhumane matter of fact would have missed, but, rather, a multifarious inquiry launched with the tools of anthropology, philosophy, metaphysics, history, sociology to detect *how many participants* are gathered in a *thing* to make it exist and to maintain its existence.<sup>49</sup>

Being as *bricolage* isn’t particularly new but the democratization of the subject it gestures towards can be daunting. For a writer like Joyce, so attentive to the stuff of everyday life, something familiar can be heard in what Dermot Moran has termed phenomenology’s “clarion call,”<sup>50</sup> Edmund Husserl’s insistence that existential attention be thrown “back to things themselves.”<sup>51</sup> Joyce’s manipulation of narrative in *Ulysses* and his reshuffling of

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<sup>47</sup> Merleau-Ponty, Maurice, and Colin Smith. *The Phenomenology of Perception*. London: Routledge Classics, 2005. 373.

<sup>48</sup> Latour, Bruno “Why Has Critique Run Out of Steam? From Matters of Fact to Matters of Concern.” *Critical Inquiry*. 30, no. 2 (2004). 234.

<sup>49</sup> Latour 2004, 245-246.

<sup>50</sup> Moran, Dermot. *Introduction to Phenomenology*. New York: Routledge, 2000. 9.

<sup>51</sup> Husserl, Edmund: “*zu den Sachen selbst*.” In Moran 9.

meaning and being in *Finnegans Wake* illustrate a mode of thinking about the world more in line with a Heideggerian critique of (if not contempt for) traditional metaphysics. In addressing the subtle, often fragmentary, character of everyday being, Joyce takes up the phenomenological project of disclosure in “sundyechosies” (*FW* 007.24). Instead of simply accepting the world as it appears, Joyce investigates humanity’s everydayness. He radically shifts his reader’s attention to the myriad ways in which that quotidian being arises. Rather than elevating everydayness to the level of art, Joyce uses an artistic rendering of the everyday to establish the critical distance upon which successful phenomenological investigations rely. It’s a project he carries out across his works from the epiphanies of *Dubliners* – those momentary revelations of the quotidian’s framework – to the inclusivity of *Finnegans Wake* in its blanket democratization of meaning.

To the extent that I encounter some flaw in the seamless operation of this nexus, my understanding of being may be disrupted. In this case, I experience what Heidegger calls a *disturbance*.<sup>52</sup> The object in question stands out from the nexus and my presupposition of the way the world *is* comes into question. In essence, the Joycean epiphany illustrates the acknowledgment of worldly disturbance – the moment of schism between what was assumed and what is now apparent. Face-to-face with my assumptions and my place in the world among objects, I address nothing less than my being. For pubgoers, the *what-is* and the *how-to* of their being define their understanding *who* they are amidst the nexus of pub spaces, objects, and practices. I would like to make clear, at this point, that Dublin social codes of the time render pub-going a particularly masculine enterprise. Dreyfus states that,

[n]ot only is Dasein’s activity conditioned by cultural interpretations of facts about its body, such as being male or female, but since Dasein must define itself in terms of social roles that

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<sup>52</sup> Dreyfus 70.

require certain activities, and since its roles require equipment, Dasein is at the mercy of factual events and objects in its environment.<sup>53</sup>

Bruno Latour echoes this claim in “When things strike back” where he defends “the capacity of artefacts to construct, literally and not metaphorically, social order.”<sup>54</sup> Things do not represent structural authority; they *are* the authority. Whatever powers lie behind the presence of the thing, I still have to grapple with *it* as a stoplight, roadblock, bar counter or whatever else stands before me. In *The Design of Everyday Life*, Elizabeth Shove, et al., note, “practices are organized by, through, and around a physical landscape of material possibilities.”<sup>55</sup> While they rightly point out things are not “infinitely flexible carries of ascribed meaning,”<sup>56</sup> some play can be introduced into their use. Garages can become extensions of a too small kitchen by housing freezers or an oven, for instance.<sup>57</sup> Things are partners, not kings, in the realm of being.

### Practice and Space

In *The Practice of Everyday Life*, de Certeau argues that despite the normalization of equipment and our use of it, other possibilities for use can be located within the logic of the thing. Recognizing the interpretative pliability of space and objects, he points out that “Charlie Chaplin multiplies the possibilities of his cane: he does other things with the same thing and he goes beyond the limits that the determinants of the object set on its

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<sup>53</sup> Dreyfus 44.

<sup>54</sup> Latour, Bruno. “When things strike back: a possible contribution of ‘social studies’ to the social sciences.” *British Journal of Sociology* 51, 2000: 107-123. 113.

<sup>55</sup> Shove, Elizabeth, et al. *The Design of Everyday Life*. New York: Berg, 2007. 37.

<sup>56</sup> Shove 7.

<sup>57</sup> Ibid. 28.

utilization.”<sup>58</sup> In going beyond these limits, Chaplin opens up a “tactical” reading of the world. Tactical usage of a thing discloses the choreography between user and thing, a mutually constitutive assessment and enactment of possibilities, through which being comes into view. Joyce, a fan of Chaplin, makes similar tactical use of the glass’s rote strategy. Rather than a mere conveyance for “liquid refreshment” (U 12.759) the glass winds up being put to use in friendly, sarcastic, and defensive gestures. The effect, in miniature, accentuates the aesthetic of intricacy Joyce borrowed from Irish illuminated manuscripts.<sup>59</sup> For example, throughout *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom puts his *Freeman’s Journal* to various uses. It hides a love letter from Martha Clifford, cushions his knee in the Glasnevin mortuary chapel, and lends cover to his surreptitious composition of a reply to Martha while he dines in the Ormond Hotel restaurant. Each repurposing of the newspaper thickens the reader’s understanding of Bloom’s being. He *is*, in part, his inventive use and reuse of the newspaper.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, raids on pubs, speakeasies, or shebeens, illicit drinking establishments, keeping late hours were common. As a result, a variety of dodges was invented to counter law enforcement. Illicit drinking became tacit knowledge in Dublin during the twentieth century. A bottle or a candle in the window of a tenement house might mark an entrance into a shebeen. Operators would store their wares out of sight, sometimes under grating in the street or, like Mr. Tierney’s father in *Dubliners*, have a bottle tucked away in a shop for Sunday morning. In Kevin Kearns’s *Dublin Pub Life & Lore* one Dublin drinker relates the story of a particularly *Wakéan* speakeasy from the 1930s, the Killarney House, which used a two-way wardrobe through which drinkers could

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<sup>58</sup> Certeau, Michel de. *The Practice of Everyday Life*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002. 98.

<sup>59</sup> Ellmann 545.



flee from pub to tenement house livingroom: “[W]hen there was going to be a raid it was, ‘Everybody *upstairs!*’ So they went upstairs through the wardrobe and the door closed and [the publican] slides the clothes back on the rack. The police came in and raided the place – nobody there!”<sup>60</sup>

The brevity of the word “pub” conceals its long history. It may be taken for granted that the convivial space of the public house developed out of domestic interiors. Fireside drinks, often taken in the kitchen of a residence or an inn, gave way to bolder and more robust spatial arrangements. In Dublin, as elsewhere, the rise in the drink trade forced publicans to move their families above the drinking floor. Homes became “converted houses”<sup>61</sup> reflecting the tension of a realm situated between the private and public. Valerie Hey points out that while women and children were typically kept out of the pub, the space afforded men a level of domestic accommodation by operating as “female substitutes.”<sup>62</sup> As a result, the pub diverged as a hybrid space somewhere between the home and the public sphere, between the individual and the family. In these spaces, social and political concerns were often drawn together. For instance, until 2002, publicans were allowed to refuse service to anyone without providing a reason. As Kevin Kearns explains, “the concept that the public house is entitled to the same respect and control as one’s private home is the basis of the Licensing Act of 1872.”<sup>63</sup> Cian Molloy notes that Irish pubs lagged behind their English

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<sup>60</sup> Kearns, Kevin. *Dublin Pub Life & Lore: An Oral History*. Niwot, Colo.: Roberts Rinehart Publishers, 1997. 83.

<sup>61</sup> Malcolm, Elizabeth. “The Rise of the Pub: A Study in the Disciplining of Popular Culture.” *Irish Popular Culture, 1650-1850*. Eds. James S. Donnelly and Kerby A. Miller. Dublin: Irish Academic Press, 1998. 71.

<sup>62</sup> Hey, Valerie. *Patriarchy and Pub Culture*. London: Tavistock. 1986.

<sup>63</sup> Kearns, 31.

counterparts in taking up decorative names for pubs and that “in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century, the Irish abandoned this form of pub name, choosing instead to name the pub after the current licensee or the family name of the pub’s founder.”<sup>64</sup> In light of this individualistic enterprise “[e]ntering the house...entailed entering into a relationship with that individual.”<sup>65</sup> The public house’s intimate origins make it a natural outcropping of Bachelard’s imaginative home. As such, the pub and modernism in Ireland, while similar in some respects to their counterparts in England or on the Continent carry a colonial imprint. Irish pubs in the early twentieth century were colonial and anticolonial spaces – at once subject to regulation by British laws and possessed of a desire to subvert them. A host of practices related to the pub arose to counteract the restrictive edicts of colonial law.

Three laws, in particular, make clear the parameters leveled on the pub in late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century: The Sunday Closing Act of 1878 and the Licensing Acts of 1902 and 1907. The closing act mandated the closing of all pubs in Ireland on Sundays, but granted partial exceptions in Ireland’s five largest cities: Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford. Closing times were a delicate issue in Ireland. Any law coming out of an English parliament was destined to encounter resistance from some facets of the Irish public. Charles Parnell, in his capacity as a Member of Parliament in the Irish House of Commons, took a number of oppositional stances in debates about legislating the Irish liquor trade, for instance.

The uniquely Irish feature of some pubs operating a grocery trade in addition to selling alcohol was a contentious issue. Kevin Kearns notes that combining the “grocery

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<sup>64</sup> Molloy, Cian. *The Story of the Irish Pub: An Intoxicating History of the Licensed Trade in Ireland*. Dublin: Liffey Press, 2003. 35.

<sup>65</sup> Malcolm 71.

trade with the vintner's trade produced a public house with long counters with brass scales hanging down at one end where the grocery items were weighed out."<sup>66</sup> It also produced measured disdain from some politicians and members of the temperance movement. J. Morely, the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the House of Commons, justifiably pointed out that selling groceries alongside liquor was "an amalgamation of callings which was not in itself favourable to temperance in Ireland."<sup>67</sup> But when the prospect of altering this arrangement was challenged Irish politicians rose to combat it. In debates about the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Act of 1895, William Redmond, the East Clare representative, argued that it was "impossible in these Irish shops to make any adequate structural alteration." In making the sale of alcohol illegal, "the Bill [...] would make it illegal for the people to purchase the common necessities of life in the majority of Irish towns."<sup>68</sup> The pub fused alcohol and sustenance. The legislative battle for sustaining the character of such shops, offers up these spaces for consideration as a counterpart to the colonial tenor of the Dublin architecture Herr sees in the city's financial institutions.<sup>69</sup>

The Licensing Act of 1902 further curtailed access to these necessities by forbidding the creation of new pub licenses.<sup>70</sup> Anyone wishing to open a new pub had first to purchase

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<sup>66</sup> Kearns 17.

<sup>67</sup> Sale of Intoxicating Liquors Bill (Ireland). HC Deb 24 April 1895 vol. 32 cc15604-602. [hansard.millbanksystems.com](http://hansard.millbanksystems.com). 24 April 1895. Millbank Systems. 5 May 2010. <[http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/commons/1895/apr/24/the-sale-of-intoxicating-liquors-ireland#column\\_1579](http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/commons/1895/apr/24/the-sale-of-intoxicating-liquors-ireland#column_1579)>

<sup>68</sup> Ibid. <[http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/commons/1895/apr/24/the-sale-of-intoxicating-liquors-ireland#column\\_1573](http://hansard.millbanksystems.com/commons/1895/apr/24/the-sale-of-intoxicating-liquors-ireland#column_1573)>

<sup>69</sup> Herr 2006, 424.

<sup>70</sup> The act remains in effect today under Irish law.

an existing license and receive permission from the state to have the license transferred. In the case of a license being transferred from a rural to an urban area, two licenses had to be purchased and “extinguished” in order to create a new, singular license. Such legislation immediately reined in the sprawl of the pub. After 1902, Irish pubs, while not an endangered species, became a finite commodity. The act also made evident a spatial aspect of pub ownership. The extinguishing and melding of licenses made clear the ongoing distillation of the space of the pub.

If limitations to the number of pubs was not management enough, the licensing Act of 1907 further curtailed pub hours, establishing a 10pm closing time and moving what was until 1960 known as the *bona fide* distance from three to five miles. In light of Sunday closings and harkening back to the pub’s origins in taverns and inns, the exemption stipulated that *bona fide* travelers having covered a the minimum distance from their homes could be served refreshment at a pub any time of day.<sup>71</sup> Though not its intention, the law made travelers of drinkers, rather than vice versa. People left town on Sundays looking for a drink and in so doing once a week altered the drinking geography of Dublin. As Tony Farmar states in *Ordinary Lives*:

The extension of the bona fide limit affected pubs in outlying districts considerably [...] in Booterstown and Blackrock passengers on the trams, used to alighting [in Rathfarnham], had to travel on, and were seen waving through the windows at their former haunts before moving on to Kingstown; while outlying townships such as Howth, which was clearly outside the new limit saw a great increase in trade, especially since, unlike Blackrock, Dollymount and other places, Howth was outside the jurisdiction of the Dublin Metropolitan Police.<sup>72</sup>

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<sup>71</sup> Butler, Shane. *Alcohol, Drugs, and Health Promotion in Modern Ireland*, Dublin: Institute of Public Administration, 2002. 29.

<sup>72</sup> Farmar, Tony. *Ordinary Lives: three generations of Irish middle class experience 1907, 1932, 1963*. Dublin: Gill & Macmillian Ltd., 1991. 42-43.

British law could also transform a pub's downstairs. The Templeogue Inn in south Dublin was made a temporary morgue by the Coroner's Act of 1846. The act allowed coroners to store dead bodies for a time in public houses or spirit retailers where storerooms, whose cold temperatures slowed decomposition, became morbid hypogea until an inquest could be conducted.<sup>73</sup> The Templeogue Inn's proximity to a dangerous bend in the road meant it housed a number of accident victims and earned the nickname "The Morgue" – the pub, its name, and nickname all remain in the Dublin of 2010.

In their spatially and socially flexible character, pubs like the Morgue recommend themselves as what Michel Foucault terms "heterotopias" – cemeteries, prisons, hospitals.<sup>74</sup> These are "simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted" spaces, neither truly public nor truly private. The pub meets all of the six in criteria laid out by Foucault in "Of Other Spaces." In their unique evolution out of Irish homesteads and inns pubs are culturally occurring. The mutation from grocers to strictly alcoholic establishments attests to their functional change through history. Certainly, pubs are composed of incongruent spaces. Foucault uses the example of a theater and the stage, but it is not difficult to juxtapose the counter and the barstool or the barroom hemmed in by the living space above it and the cellar below. They are heterochronous. They are isolated yet penetrable. And they function in relation to the existent space beyond them. Foucault traces his understanding of heterotopias out of Bachelard and phenomenology, but argues for an increased attention to external spaces:

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<sup>73</sup> Molloy 57.

<sup>74</sup> Foucault, Michel. "Of Other Spaces." *Diacritics: A Review of Contemporary Criticism* 16, no. 1, 1986: 231-241.

Bachelard's monumental work and the descriptions of phenomenologists have taught us that we do not live in a homogeneous and empty space, but on the contrary in a space thoroughly imbued with quantities and perhaps thoroughly fantasmatic as well. The space of our primary perception, the space of our dreams and that of our passions hold within themselves qualities that seem intrinsic: there is a light, ethereal, transparent space, or again a dark, rough, encumbered space; a space from above, of summits, or on the contrary a space from below of mud; or again a space that can be flowing like sparkling water, or space that is fixed, congealed, like stone or crystal. Yet these analyses, while fundamental for reflection in our time, primarily concern internal space. I should like to speak now of external space.

The space in which we live, which draws us out of ourselves, in which the erosion of our lives, our time and our history occurs, the space that claws and gnaws at us, is also, in itself, a heterogeneous space. In other words, we do not live in a kind of void, inside of which we could place individuals and things. We do not live inside a void that could be colored with diverse shades of light, we live inside a set of relations that delineates sites which are irreducible to one another and absolutely not superimposable on one another.

Later in this chapter, I will discuss Foucault's remarks in light of a Heideggerian understanding of space. For the moment, I want to note his highlighting of the heterotopia's isolation and penetrability, which speaks to the fluidity of entrance and the pub.

For the pub in Ireland, entering has always been a nuanced practice, beholden to the kinds of navigation Foucault mentions. Governmental regulation of operating hours, the ambivalent gaze of the regular leveled upon a newcomer, or the "careful aegis of the pub staff"<sup>75</sup> all mediate the space of entrance. In cases where entrance might be denied, as was common for women in early twentieth-century Ireland, alternatives to physical entrance presented themselves. Kearns notes that:

It was acceptable to for [women] to linger at the pub doorway with a delft jug or billy can in hand waiting to catch the eye of the publican or a man they knew to have the vessel filled with porter for them. Sometimes they even dared to peer in and call a man out.<sup>76</sup>

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<sup>75</sup> Kearns 39.

<sup>76</sup> Kearns 43.

The Equal Status Acts of 2000 and 2004 made it illegal for a publican to refuse service without reason, and made clear the extent to which entrance remained a contested activity. The acts prohibit discrimination on the grounds of gender, marital status, family status (pregnancy, parenthood, etc.), sexual orientation, religion, age, disability, race, or membership in the Travelling community. At the threshold of the pub, we remain secure in the knowledge that one often had reason to tread lightly through the door – arriving at its present seeming banality only after centuries of complex cultural maneuvering. Clearly, Irish pubs are spaces informed by particular ways of doing things, different from those beyond the Irish Sea.

Joyce's sly conflation of nothing and the activities of the public house in conversation with Grant Roberts can now be attended to a bit more robustly. In its quotidian character, drinking doesn't look like anything. In Joyce's work, at least initially, the practice of drinking and its component activities (such as orders, rounds, and toasts) reside among the backdrops of daily life. They are things done while doing something else: meeting friends, conversing, flirting. In this sense, drinking amounts to nothing, background noise. In *Drunk the Night Before: An anatomy of intoxication*, Marty Roth ranks drinking among those innate materials of daily existence included in Edmund Husserl's term *hyle* and recognizes it as an "unvoiced history" in the way of Raymond Williams.<sup>77</sup> In either case, drinking remains the pub's central practice, its *raison d'être*. The space is organized to serve alcohol and is populated by those seeking to drink. Drinking serves as the foundational practice of the pub. As the Australian singer, Slim Dusty, has astutely observed, "There's nothing so lonesome, morbid, or drear / Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer."

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<sup>77</sup> Roth, Marty. "Introduction." *Drunk the Night Before: an anatomy of intoxication*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005. xviii.

Any bartender will tell you that over time repetition makes a practice second nature. As Dreyfus reminds us, “Dasein’s there is not a geometrical perspective, it is a moving center of pragmatic activity in the midst of a shared world.”<sup>78</sup> In *The Phenomenology of Perception*, Maurice Merleau-Ponty echoes Heidegger when he refers to things and being as a “knit system formed by phenomena and my body together.”<sup>79</sup> “Knowledge of the world,” he claims, “[...] is given to me with my body.”<sup>80</sup> Merleau-Ponty’s more poetical and immediately corporeal description resonates with kind of engagement with the world we witness in Leopold Bloom. The relative closeness (*in der Nähe*) of something “regulates itself in terms of circumspectively ‘calculative’ manipulating and using.”<sup>81</sup> By circumspection, Heidegger means simply our understanding of our environment. The flurry of bartending activity makes the bartender a constellation of taking orders, making change, washing glasses, chatting with patrons, changing kegs, opening bottles, cleaning the bar. All of these practices are learned and begin with some obvious awkwardness that can severely defamiliarize the individual and the space he inhabits. A bad bartender fails to seamlessly perform the tasks at hand. Over time and with repetition, all of those tasks fall in line with a bartender’s sense of what it means to “tend the bar.” By extension, those practices as “tending bar” orient a conception of a self. So that, making change and taking orders are not alienating obstacles encountered at the bar, but practical components of what one does and how one is.

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<sup>78</sup> Dreyfus 164.

<sup>79</sup> Merleau-Ponty 350.

<sup>80</sup> Merleau-Ponty 353.

<sup>81</sup> Heidegger 135 [102].



The same is true of patrons. Ordering a new drink or ordering in an unfamiliar bar can often bring about a sense of self-conscious alienation, particularly when one feels under critical observation from either or both the bartender and other patrons. But ordering one's usual in one's local asserts a degree of belonging in the drinker. Joyce is very aware of this notion of ownership and possession in the practice of drinking. In "Cyclops," the nameless narrator loses track of his pint, asking Joe Hynes, "Which is which?" (12.1465). "That's mine [...] as the devil said to the dead policeman" (12.1466) comes the reply. If all of this is nothing, then *nothing* is best seen in the practice of drinking in the public house.

In an earlier draft of this chapter, given as a talk at the 2007 North American James Joyce Conference, Sean Latham asked me whether or not it was possible to every adequately render *nothing* in a text. It seems to me, that nothing (in the parlance of Latour) is a matter of concern rather than fact. When a friend asks me what's happening and I reply: "Nothing," what I am really saying is that nothing *of immediate, conscious concern to me* is happening. Certainly, plenty is happening in the world around and within me. My red blood cells carry oxygen to my body's tissues, I gaze out the window, a car passes by. As Bloom hungrily ruminates in Lestrygonians: "Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, passing on" (*U* 8.484-485). Life moves constantly under the heading of "nothing." The nothingness that populates the pubs in *Dubliners* resembles the nothing that Vivian Mercer would famously accuse Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* of performing, twice. Beckett's nothing, like Joyce's, is existential – characterized by banality and couched in seemingly simplistic gestures and objects. Both writers put the everyday on display and in so doing return the reader to forgotten aspects of humanity.

Joyce's focus on the development of an emerging artistic consciousness of nothing in *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* offers such a view to readers. Stephen Daedalus and Stephen

Dedalus in *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist*, respectively, seek out an aesthetic view of existence that sufficiently captures the meaning of everyday life. As they search for a way of viewing the world in a way that discloses its hidden beauty both Stephens evince an engagement with being that echoes much of what Heidegger outlines in Division I of *Being and Time*. Heidegger calls this engagement “care.” An essentially empty structure, not to be confused with the concepts of worry or comfort, care simply denotes the structure of a being that takes a stand on its being. This stand operates within the facticity of one’s being. Given what we have encountered in the past we can now, in the present, grapple with the question of being in a more authentic way. As I point out in Chapter III Stephen Daedalus works from the basis of Irish social convention and more authentically copes with his being (tactically) within the structure of everydayness when he orders a working-class pint instead of the middle-class small special.

Again, the critical history helps illustrate the difference in a phenomenological consideration of the topic. Early engagements with space, like Eric Seidel’s *Epic Geography: James Joyce’s Ulysses* (1976), literally map the mythic onto Dublin. Seidel explains his works as “the layering of Irish and Mediterranean spaces.”<sup>82</sup> He attempts to trace out the narrative structure of the novel and its situational debt to the *Odyssey*, offering a demonstrably bird’s-eye view. His inclusion of maps paralleling the movements of Bloom and Ulysses reveals the trajectories of the day but little of its texture. In this respect, the study illustrates the need for a cultural studies approach to map the everyday and anticipates de Certeau’s arguments regarding trace knowledge.

Surveys of routes miss what was: the act itself of passing by.  
The operation of walking, wandering, or “window shopping,” that is,

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<sup>82</sup> Seidel, Michael. *Epic Geography: James Joyce’s Ulysses*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1976. xiii.

the activity of passers-by, is transformed into points that draw a totalizing and reversible line on the map [...] The trace left behind is substituted for practice. It exhibits the (voracious) property that the geographical system has of being able to transform action into legibility, but in doing so it causes a way of being in the world to be forgotten.<sup>83</sup>

De Certeau points out the problem with maps. They depict the where at the expense of the how. Seidel does an excellent job revealing the extent to which Joyce wove Ulysses's epic movements into those of the characters in Joyce's book. Those parallel trajectories help compass Joyce's revision of the epic, but they do not shed any light on what it means to hoist a sail or turn a corner, to wander or come home. Cultural studies attempts, in part, to provide such maps. And Seidel's work bears the mark of its datedness in his uneasiness with material culture. No fan of drunken modernity, he states:

[I]n *Ulysses*, the rewards of urbanity are suppressed by windbags and drunks. The city chokes on its own sewer gas. Its urban biology circulates trams that stop in the middle of nowhere and newscopy that has nothing to say. Its spaces are filled with pubs and the seedy streets of the Liberties or Nighttown [...] The loudest city chapter is set in Kiernan's pub, northwest, filled with retired or semi-retired men of Irish brawn, ex-members of the DMP.<sup>84</sup>

There are certainly louder chapters than "Cyclops." With its thunderclaps, drunken bluster, and late-night spillage into the streets of Dublin, "Oxen of the Sun" seems a far noisier affair. But that is not the most regrettable error in Seidel's reading of the spaces in *Ulysses*. His misreading of the characters in Kiernan's does a disservice to the keenness of his critical eye and reduces the human content of his cartography. Only one of the characters in question can make any verifiable claim to a brawny past: the Citizen, modeled on the GAA athlete, Michael Cusack. The other men, not least Bloom, lack particular brawn. Conversely, several of the men in the pub are employed. The narrator of the chapter is a debt collector.

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<sup>83</sup> De Certeau 97.

<sup>84</sup> Seidel 95-96.

Bloom is an ad canvasser. J.J. O'Molloy, though out of work, is a lawyer. In not sufficiently attending to these details, Seidel provides a glimpse at the merely directional ways of being in the world.

Contemporary examinations of space in *Ulysses* provide a more ontological map. The changes made from the 1975 edition of *James Joyce's Dublin: A Topographical Guide to the Dublin of Ulysses* to its 2004 iteration literally illustrates the progress of thinking about space through new photos, computer-generated maps, and architectural diagrams. *Joyce and the City: the significance of place* (2002), a collection of essays edited by Michael Begnal, also showcases the rise of spatial considerations in Joycean criticism via topographies, geographies, and histories. But the difficulty in getting the book published testifies to the to the edginess of spatial approaches in literature. Zack Bowen lobbied the University Press of Florida for the book's publication but one reader found it "overstepped the boundaries of more conservative literary critical traditions," and the book eventually found a home at Syracuse's press.<sup>85</sup> The essays map out a critical landscape that appears increasingly fruitful for connections between the body and the environment. For instance, Kevin Attell's "Of Questionable Character: The Construction of the Subject in *Ulysses*?" offers what can be read as phenomenological view of subjectivity. Against Groden's 1977 take on the book's dichotomy of character and technique, Attell reads in the later, more experimental chapters of *Ulysses* "a new conception of character."<sup>86</sup> His concluding remarks can be read as signposts for the ventures of Joyce criticism in recent years:

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<sup>85</sup> Bowen, Zack. Book review in *The Annals of the Association of American Geographers*. 93 (3). 2003. 767.

<sup>86</sup> Kevin, Atell. "Of Questionable Character: The Construction of Character in *Ulysses*." *Joyce Studies Annual*. Volume 13. 2002. p. 114, fn 19.

And as the novel's hyper-allusiveness and stylistic trickery imbeds the characters deep in the material of culture and cultural history, it simultaneously constructs them out of this material [...] [...] The gesture which Joyce ultimately makes in *Ulysses* is not toward the past – not toward a nostalgic recuperation of history or toward its monumental distillation into the transcendent artifact of the Book – but rather toward a historical understanding of the living present.

The achievement of *Ulysses* then would be neither solely in the unprecedented “depth” of its characters nor in its encyclopedia of human knowledge. Rather it is in its ability to represent these two cohabitating in the same space of the human subject. *Ulysses*, it would seem, proposes that the person – character as well as reader – is precisely the space of the dialectic between the individual and the historical aggregation of cultural practices which determine that individual's existence.<sup>87</sup>

Attell argues for a phenomenology of reading that calls into question the *cogito* of both the characters and the readers. I would like to go one step further and suggest that Joyce's project was not simply to create characters that by virtue of their complex disclosure on the page created readers. We witness in *Ulysses*, in Joyce's work as a whole, the organic development of a philosophy of being. In reading and rereading his texts for the phenomenology inherent in the narrative, not just the practice of reading, Joyce's approach to being shows up. Hugh Kenner's assertion that “[w]e become Joyce readers the way we become newspaper readers: by practice”<sup>88</sup> could not be more correct. In large part, becoming a Joyce reader means becoming a reader of ontology and a critic of subjectivity. Just as newspapers fashion publics through their readership, so too does Joyce call into being a public of readers for whom the question of being should become central. That such publics today so vibrantly and variously take up this question testifies to Joyce's vision of the world.

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<sup>87</sup> Attell 126-127.

<sup>88</sup> Kenner 1987. 72.

Valente reads *Dubliners* as “Joyce’s digest of everyday metro-colonial practices” and a “book of tactics.”<sup>89</sup> But rather than viewing tactics as democratic and improvisational, he sees them as reliant upon the strategies of colonization, such that each tactical maneuver by the characters in *Dubliners* remains an assertion of his or her metro-colonialism - a “doubly/divisively inscribed interspace”<sup>90</sup> characterized by an “underlying ambivalence and self-division.”<sup>91</sup> The language evokes images of Killarney’s wardrobe, but robs it of its ingenuity by redirecting the focus on legal pressures rather than personal creativity.

### Publicness

For all its focus on the individual’s engagement with the world, phenomenology moves inevitably towards a consideration of public being. Heidegger refers to everyday being as the “they-self” (*das Man-selbst*), variously characterized as: “everyday Being-among-one-another, distantiarity, averageness, levelling down, publicness, the disburdening of one’s being, and accommodation.”<sup>92</sup> Moran neatly pares that down to “the anonymous public self”<sup>93</sup> and Dreyfus has simply rendered it “the one.” The public house offers all of these things in bulk. Joyce’s characters are forever unburdening themselves over a pint or a whiskey while getting lost in pubtalk. Of course, this makes the pub sound like a bulwark of existential lies – a place to flee from phenomenological inquiry. But Heidegger also uses the

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<sup>89</sup> Valente, Joseph. “Between Resistance and Complicity: Metro-Colonial Tactics in *Dubliners*.” *Narrative*. 6.3. 1998. 329.

<sup>90</sup> Valente 327.

<sup>91</sup> Valente 338.

<sup>92</sup> Heidegger 166.

<sup>93</sup> Moran, 230.

term *Mitsein* (Being-with-others) in describing public being. *Mitsein*, like the “Other” theorized by Emmanuel Levinas or the collective discussed by Hannah Arendt, resembles a being inextricably connected to what Habermas terms *Öffentlichkeit* – variously translated as publicity, publichood, and publicness. Lumped in among what is referred to by Heidegger and Arendt as *Gerede* or “idle talk,” gossip is an “inauthentic” mode of speaking – that is, unmoored from deeply felt considerations of being, unreflective. It’s a fast moving, shallow form of discourse that contains little and obscures much – like publicness itself which Heidegger in *Being and Time* accuses of “obscuring everything.”<sup>94</sup> Chitchat, jokes, storytelling are all part of this shallow discursive mode which draws a veil over the nature of being. For Heidegger such talk comprises one facet of being’s “fallenness.”

For Paige Reynolds, audiences or publics provide a defining and shared characteristic for both Irish revivalism and Irish modernism. “Unlike international modernism, which defined itself in part through skepticism toward its audiences,” argues Reynolds, “Irish revivalism from its inception espoused great confidence in its publics.”<sup>95</sup> It had to, given the Revival’s nationalistic ambitions. But the rise of the individual, a stress introduced by international modernism, eventually fractured that confidence. Still Reynolds quickly points out that Irish modernists “remained deeply committed to creating real audiences to whom they might disseminate their beliefs, even if gathering those individuals in shared space and time threatened to exacerbate their differences. Irish modernism was shaped by and for its audiences.”<sup>96</sup> Though she attends to the shared spaces of plays, riots, funerals, and other

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<sup>94</sup> Heidegger 127 [94]

<sup>95</sup> Reynolds, Paige. *Modernism, Drama, and the Audience for Irish Spectacle*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007. 11.

<sup>96</sup> *Ibid.* 13.

events, Reynolds's description of the modernist engagement with publics could just as easily include the pub.

That she makes only passing reference to Joyce in her work, however, points to the his complicated relationship with both revivalism and publics. Joyce famously described the Abbey's theater-going public as a "rabblement."<sup>97</sup> The prospective public for *Dubliners* was his "indifferent audience"<sup>98</sup> or "two or three unfortunate wretches."<sup>99</sup> Of the public for *Ulysses*, Joyce once drunkenly proclaimed: "I made them take it!"<sup>100</sup> In this light, the question of how *Irish* a writer Joyce is remains at issue. Ellmann, citing the inclusion of several Irish writers in Joyce's personal library, asserts the author "did not leave Ireland behind him in any way except physically."<sup>101</sup> The reclamation of Joyce as an Irish writer is in some ways less about Joyce than it is about the plasticity of national labels – and the nation itself. Following the publication of *Dubliners* in 1914, Ezra Pound praised Joyce for being other than Irish.

It is surprising that Mr Joyce is Irish. One is so tired of the Irish or "Celtic" imagination (or "phantasy" as I think they now call it) flopping about. Mr Joyce does not flop about. He defines. He is not an institution for the promotion of Irish peasant industries. He accepts an international prose standard and lives up to it.<sup>102</sup>

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<sup>97</sup> Joyce, James. *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000. 50-52.

<sup>98</sup> Joyce, James. *Letters*. Vol. II. New York: Viking Press, 1966. 134.

<sup>99</sup> Quoted from Stanislaus Joyce's *Diary* in Ellmann (1959), 163.

<sup>100</sup> Ellmann 557.

<sup>101</sup> Ellman, Richard. *The Consciousness of Joyce*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1977. 7.

<sup>102</sup> Quoted from *The Egoist*, I, 14 (July 15, 1914), 267 in *Pound/Joyce*. Forrest Read, ed. New York: New Directions, 1970. 28-29.



By contrast, John Nash's *Joyce and the Act of Reception: Reading, Ireland, Modernism* opens up discussion of Joyce's nationalist reading public. Most notably, the book picks up the old debate about the relatively democratic nature of *Finnegans Wake* (a text in which there can be no bad readings) and intriguingly connects it to the Irish Free State. Yet, for an Irish modernist seemingly at odds with appealing to a public, no other writer focuses so particularly on the structures of publicity. The concept of a public pivots around the dual concerns of the text (its public circulation, its readership) and the culture (the public in which Joyce composed the text). Michael North engages both of these concerns in his *Reading 1922*, a mixture of biography and cultural study that showcases the slippage between lived and textual existence "at a time when the word and the world were beginning to converge in disorienting ways."<sup>103</sup> North's pronounced focus is "to reconstruct, insofar as it may be possible, the larger public world into which [*Ulysses* and *the Wasteland*] were introduced."<sup>104</sup> In his attention to the various print media that composed publics in 1922, North gestures towards modernity's multifaceted address.

In reexamining the pub as a site of public making, I have found Jürgen Habermas's 1962 work, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere* (only translated into English in 1989) helpful. His theories of collective communication and action have caused a considerable amount of interest and controversy across the humanities. His marquee space for what he terms "rational critical discourse" is the English coffeehouse of the eighteenth and nineteenth century. In those spaces, men actively constructed, if only fleetingly, a bourgeois public sphere. Habermas notably brackets out a discussion of the "plebian public

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<sup>103</sup> North, Michael, *Reading 1922 : A Return to the Scene of the Modern*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999. 29.

<sup>104</sup> *Ibid.* 30.

sphere” which would include the taverns or public houses. However, his initial formulation of public reason suggests that the public house ought to be considered as a branch in the natural development of publicness. According to Habermas, “The public’s understanding of the public use of reason was guided specifically by such private experiences as grew out of the audience-oriented subjectivity of the conjugal family’s intimate domain.”<sup>105</sup>

None of this necessarily recommends the pub as a space for *rational* critical discourse, but when compared to Irish coffeehouses, the pub provides a more textured picture of the desires and needs of the public in Dublin. In his 1925 record of Dublin’s historic and social life, Ada Peter includes a telling if unintentional juxtaposition of the coffeehouse during the reign of George II and the pub in this poem:

Sometimes to the Globe I stray  
To hear the trifle of the day.  
There learned politicians spy,  
With thread-bare cloaks and wigs awry,  
Assembled round in deep debate  
On Prussia’s arms, and Briton’s fate.  
Such folk there are, my friend, and you  
Have seen the like in London too.  
Tir’d of the noise, the smoke, the men,  
I leave the coffee-house at ten.<sup>106</sup>

Kearns suggests that the coffeehouse was less a democratic space than it was an upperclass enclave, evidenced in his description of the Coffee Palace, 6 Townsend Street:

[It] boasted a magnificent thirteen foot long marble-topped bar, huge polished copper urns, gold fish tank, reading room with all the current newspapers, and magazines, club room with games such as chess and draughts, smoke room, library and elegant temperance hall in which free lectures were given on health, science and temperance.<sup>107</sup>

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<sup>105</sup> Habermas, Jürgen. *The Structural Transformation of the Public House: An Inquiry into A Category of Bourgeois Society*. Boston: MIT Press, 1991. 28.

<sup>106</sup> Peter, Ada. *Dublin Fragments Social and Historic*. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., 1925. 55-56.

<sup>107</sup> Kearns 20.

In *Ulysses*, Bloom considers the role of the coffeehouse with something “approaching acrimony” (U 16.791-792) – though his bitterness arises from the meager payouts given the entertainment in the houses. So, what if a public isn’t simply – or at all – a group of people rationally arguing towards an evolving social doctrine? What if instead, the cacophonous overlapping discourses of the pub – the jokes, the songs, gossip, things overheard – generate collective feeling and illustrate the emergence of publicity? Rote rationality seems less public than simultaneous soundscapes such as those encountered in the pub. In such cases, the multiplicity of narratives gives rise to a more expansive horizon of possibility – people speak easily, drunkenly, are misheard or else overheard. The arrangement is messier than that of the coffeehouse but at stake is a sense of being beyond some collective rationality towards a more realistically flawed portrait of human engagement. In the pub, people gather to escape everyday pressures as much as debate them.

### Temporality

For Heidegger, being, which is always Being-towards-death, turns the phenomenal gaze inward so that in thinking about death, an individual is drawn out of the “factual lostness in the everydayness of the they-self.”<sup>108</sup> For both Joyce and Heidegger the effect is the same – acknowledgement of death wrenches consciousness from an undifferentiated or inauthentic view of the everyday. Heidegger’s summation of temporality can be dizzying, but in it we catch a glimpse of the fact that in moving through time, potential ways of being show up:

Temporality makes possible the unity of existence, facticity, and falling, and in this way constitutes primordially the totality of the structure of care. The items of care have not been pieced together

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<sup>108</sup> Heidegger 307.

cumulatively any more than temporality itself has been put together 'in the course of time' ["mit der Zeit"] out of the future, the having been, and the Present. Temporality 'is' not an *entity* at all. It is not, but it *temporalizes* itself. [...] Temporality temporalizes, and indeed it temporalizes possible ways of itself. These make possible the multiplicity of Dasein's modes of Being, and especially the basic possibility of authentic or inauthentic existence.<sup>109</sup>

As Declan Kiberd points out in *Inventing Ireland*, "[t]he Irish, through the later nineteenth century, had become one of the most deracinated of peoples; robbed of belief in their own future, losing their native language, overcome by feelings of *anomie* and indifference."<sup>110</sup>

Joyce understood the need for a future-oriented work that might undo this bind. Amidst this modern malaise Joyce emphasizes a public discourse, the pubtalk that makes verbal displays of almost next to nothing while fashioning a sense of community, in his works. "Public discourse," as Michael Warner argues in *Publics and Counterpublics*, "is contemporary, and it is oriented to the future."<sup>111</sup>

So too are Joyce's works. The stories in *Dubliners* move from the overheard conversations in "The Sisters" to Gabriel Conroy's speechifying in "The Dead." In doing so, they trace the trajectory of human growth cognizant of the future, of what life will be like *now* – in the wake of the phenomenological moment that is the epiphany. I often imagine the young narrator of "Araby" standing in the darkness of the closing bazaar, recognizing himself "driven and derided by vanity" (*D* 35), thinking to himself, like another dejected narrator years later, "how hard the world would be to me hereafter."<sup>112</sup> The hereafter, for

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<sup>109</sup> Heidegger 376-377 [328].

<sup>110</sup> Kiberd, Declan. *Inventing Ireland: The Literature of the Modern Nation*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1997. 329.

<sup>111</sup> Warner, Michael. *Publics and Counterpublics*. Cambridge: MIT Press, 2002. 94.

<sup>112</sup> Updike, John. "A&P" in *The New Yorker*, 22 July 1961. 22-24.

many of Joyce's male characters, inevitably includes trips to the pub and Joyce fills *Dubliners*'s stories of maturity and public life with them. Likewise, Stephen Dedalus's march to adulthood in *Portrait of the Artist* includes Sunday walks with his father and great-uncle to "some grimy wayside public house" (*P* 67). The discourse of his elders gives Stephen "glimpses of the real world" (*ibid*). Full of public discourse and epiphanies, the pubs of *Dubliners*, *Stephen Hero*, *Portrait*, and *Ulysses* anticipate the pubs of *Finnegans Wake* that will house both human history and human futurity.

But moving from childhood to the pub suggests a reinscription of the past, a perpetual infantilization at odds with a movement into public adulthood. The drunken antics and boozy boasting that happen in the pub testify to this view and Warner admits, "public discourse craves attention like a child."<sup>113</sup> Aware of the relationship between the childish ways of being and those of adults, of clamoring for attention and the public comportment of being, Leopold Bloom ruefully notes of a barroom bully: "Always want to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two" (*U* 13.1218-19).

One of *Dubliners*'s most instructive features is the attention paid to quotidian spaces and everyday gestures. The corners, drinking, and gossip encountered by the child narrator of "The Sisters" are revisited throughout the other stories in the collection and rediscovered in *Stephen Hero*, *Portrait*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*. In this way, when the public house arrives formally in the pages of "A Little Cloud" it appears as a familiar space for the reader (though not for Little Chandler for reasons made clear in Chapter II). Cataloguing the space of the pub and its attendant practices, the span of Joyce's textual architecture grows. By the time we get to *Finnegans Wake* the presence of the radio, the collision of styles and voices,

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<sup>113</sup> Warner 89.

etc. seems to embody the “engine for [...] social mutation”<sup>114</sup> Warner sees in the “projective character of public discourse” and its capacities for “estrangements and recharacterizations.”<sup>115</sup> In this constant draw on social consciousness “[t]he modern system of publics creates a demanding social phenomenology.”<sup>116</sup>

Joyce claimed to have “put the great talkers of Dublin in [*Ulysses*]” as well as “the things that they forgot.”<sup>117</sup> And so, Fritz Senn in *Ulysses Close-ups* acknowledges the “talking, usually among men, as often as not in pubs or pub-like constellations” that takes place in Joyce’s works.<sup>118</sup> The preponderance of chatter – socially-imposed conversation, bedside banter, jokes, puns, gossip – leads Senn to ask: “Is it a Joycean – perhaps Irish? – feature to make a verbal display of almost next to nothing?”<sup>119</sup> It’s certainly a *textual* feature of Joyce’s work. The word “nothing” gets a fair amount of mention in all of Joyce’s texts: occurring fifty-seven times in *Dubliners*, twenty-two times in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, one hundred times in *Ulysses*, and forty-seven times in *Finnegans Wake* (to say nothing of its various permutations there). The second chapter of John Bishop’s essential *Joyce’s Book of the Dark: Finnegans Wake*, addresses the expansiveness of nothingness. There, he convincingly argues the book “represents nothing; or to modulate the phrase one degree, much of it represents much the same kind of nothing that one will not remember not having

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<sup>114</sup> Warner 113.

<sup>115</sup> Warner 113.

<sup>116</sup> Warner 89.

<sup>117</sup> Barnes, Djuna. “James Joyce,” in *Vanity Fair*, 18, April 1922, 65.

<sup>118</sup> Senn, Fritz. *Ulysses Close-ups*. Rome: Bulzoni Editore, 2007. 47.

<sup>119</sup> *ibid.*

experienced in sleep last night.”<sup>120</sup> So, Joyce’s work certainly puts “nothing” on display. He’s a modernist after all. Nothingness, that great grim existential concern, pervades much of the literature moving out of the nineteenth century. As Bishop reminds us,

In “reconstructing the nocturnal life,” [Joyce] was also exercising the whole twentieth-century fascination with nothingness. “My eyes are tired,” he wrote to his son Giorgio three years before he completed *Finnegans Wake*. “for over half a century, they have gazed into nullity where they have found a lovely nothing.” (*L*, III 359, 361n.).<sup>121</sup>

In nullity, Joyce recognizes an inescapable fact of Dasein’s being. According to Heidegger, Dasein’s thrownness serves as its basis for being over which Dasein has no power.<sup>122</sup> He calls this basis a “nullity” but not in the sense of “not-Being-present-at-hand or not-subsisting.”<sup>123</sup> Rather, as Dreyfus points out, Heidegger unacknowledgedly borrows from Kierkegaard a view that “Dasein can never choose itself from the ground up.”<sup>124</sup> Later in Division II Heidegger uses nullity to define the concept of the future: “The primordial and authentic future is the “towards-oneself” (to *oneself*), existing as the possibility of nullity, the possibility which it not to be outstripped.”<sup>125</sup> Though the recognition of this nullity may cause Dasein to retreat into an inauthentic mode of being, Dreyfus suggests that “nullity and the anxiety that reveals it could equally well reveal Dasein and its world as an exciting

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<sup>120</sup> Bishop, John. *Joyce’s Book of the Dark*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1986. 43.

<sup>121</sup> Bishop 63.

<sup>122</sup> Heidegger 330 [284].

<sup>123</sup> Ibid.

<sup>124</sup> Dreyfus 307.

<sup>125</sup> Heidegger 378-379 [330].

manifestation of Dasein's finitude."<sup>126</sup> As modernity began casting human history into sharp relief, it exerted particular pressures on the public house, both to adapt to changing social and technological landscapes and to preserve that elusive imaginary – tradition. So, it is that the nothingness encountered in the quotidian details of the pub and its like constellations (a committee room or a bedside in *Dubliners*, a maternity hospital in *Ulysses* for example)<sup>127</sup> wind up being some of the most defining characteristics of Irish modernism. As way of recapping Heidegger's parsing of disclosedness and disclosing and introducing the organization of this dissertation, I have included Dreyfus's table below and added into it titles of Joyce's major works as I understand them to relate to the concepts illustrated therein.

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<sup>126</sup> Dreyfus 317.

<sup>127</sup> Senn notes a few of these spaces and adds the newspaper offices of the "Aeolus" episode of *Ulysses* and the National Library of "Scylla and Charybdis" to the list. He focuses on talk as the eliciting feature of a public atmosphere, while I am more inclined to insist drink be served in these constellations.



Table 1. Dreyfus' table of disclosedness and disclosing (with Joyce's works added).

	Affectedness		Understanding
<i>The world</i>	(Sensibility.)	articulation	Significance.
Current world.	Mood. <sup>128</sup>	Specific significations.	Room for maneuver.
The clearing (noun), the situation.	Things showing up as mattering.		Actions showing up as what it makes sense to do.
<i>Being-in</i>	Thrown.	Falling.	Projecting.
Current activity, being-my-there, clearing (verb).	In a mood.	Absorbed in coping.	Pressing into possibilities.
<i>The self</i>	How it's going with me.	Being what I am doing.	Ability-to-be me.
Care	Facticity. Being-already-in.	Fallenness. Being-amidst.	Existence. Being-ahead-of-itself.
	<i>Dubliners.</i>	<i>Stephen Hero, Portrait, Ulysses.</i>	<i>Finnegans Wake.</i>
	Past.	Present.	Future.

Source: Dreyfus, Hubert. *Being-in-the-World*. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1991. 240. My addition of Joyce's works.

Settling on an adequate organization for this dissertation has been difficult. Should an investigation of Joyce's pub phenomenology treat each work separately, analyzing the specific forms of pub life and stylistic decisions depicted there in? Should it instead take the

<sup>128</sup> Purely as a sidenote, *Moods* was the title of Joyce's first collection of poems. The manuscript has not survived. Heidegger's original term is *Stimmung*, which Dreyfus admits "has a broader range" than mood (169). In general mood can be understood as "ways of finding that things matter" (ibid.). Examples include "the *sensibility* of an age (such as romantic) [or] the *culture* of a company (such as aggressive)" (ibid.).

more sublime approach of articulating various features of the pub, a chapter on entrances, perhaps, another on drinkware, yet another on toasts? While the latter has consistently seemed to me the more inventive and dynamic organization, the former poses significant benefits for clearly paralleling Heidegger and Joyce. There is also precedent for it.

In composing *Dubliners*, Joyce arranged the stories to follow the developmental arc of “childhood, adolescence, maturity, and public life.”<sup>129</sup> The publication of the so-called *Scribbledebobble* notebook (now referred to as Buffalo notebook VI.A) in 1961 revealed a curious feature of Joyce’s early thinking about *Finnegans Wake* that offered a new way to look at the progression of Joyce’s corpus. Thomas Connolly, the editor of that volume, notes: “Joyce divided this notebook into forty-seven sections, and gave each section a title drawn from one of his previous literary works, beginning with *Chamber Music* and ending with the various parts of *Ulysses*.”<sup>130</sup> It was now “possible,” according to Margot Norris, “to read *Finnegans Wake* as the textual unconscious of the early Joycean *oeuvre*.”<sup>131</sup> If she could not before, a reader could now look at Joyce’s works as always already waking the *Wake* and the *Wake* in turn reawakening those texts. There is something fittingly phenomenological about viewing the work this way. Although Heidegger parses the structure of being-in-the-world, it remains an *all at once* occurrence. Richard Ellmann takes a similar view of things when he states, “[i]nsofar as the movement of the [*Ulysses*] is to bring Stephen, the young Joyce, into *rappport*, with Bloom, the mature Joyce, the author becomes, it may be said, his own father.”<sup>132</sup>

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<sup>129</sup> L II, 134.

<sup>130</sup> Connolly, Thomas E. *Scribbledebobble: The Ur-Notebook for Finnegans Wake*. Chicago: Northwestern University Press, 1961. viii.

<sup>131</sup> Norris, Margot. *Joyce’s Web: The Social Unraveling of Modernism*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1992. 25.

That trajectory from childhood to public life bears some similarity to Heidegger's account of how we come to experience the world: first, as children handling things, then as adolescents and adults navigating the spatially and socially inscribed practices of the world and learning to live amidst other people. And always, for Heidegger, this progression remains in the thrall of temporality. Whatever possibilities we encounter in life exist by virtue of our place under the rule of time. Pushing Joyce's four divisions beyond the scope of his first major work, reveals an easy alliance of textual content with metaphysical theorization. *Dubliners* can be read as Joyce's childhood text, the book in which he first instantiated an approach to the world of things. In the following pages, I will examine the ways in which individuals come to know the pub in the works of James Joyce. By reading *Dubliners* for its inclusion of equipment and practices associated with the pub, I will unearth the initial encounter with being in the pub. Like Dasein, Joyce's characters slowly arrive at an understanding of their place in the pub through such things and practices.

Heidegger uses the Greek word *aletheia* to describe the way in which things disclose being. In part, we can see Joyce do this in *Dubliners* as various things are held in the light of the narrative. But it is in *Stephen Hero* that we first see Joyce render an object in such a way that it evinces an *alethetic* character. As we will see, Stephen's interactions with a pewter tankard mark the beginning of an engagement with things beyond their status as *hyle*. *Stephen Hero* and its successor, *A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man*, can be read as adolescent texts, following Stephen Daedalus and Stephen Dedalus, respectively, on their journey into the ways of adulthood as they grapple with questions of love, friendship, and morality.

*Ulysses*, the text in which Joyce's second most famous character gives way to his first, Leopold Bloom, reveals a world of mature life. Middleaged Bloom, at thirty-eight, confronts

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<sup>132</sup> Ellmann 299.

the problems of infidelity, job security, waning sexual attractiveness, and the host of social conventions that color daily life in Dublin. *Ulysses* might also be understood as a text of public life; so exposed to the public is Bloom, whether in his capacity as an advertising canvasser, the subject of gossip in the pub, or a beachside masturbator. But cacophonous, mutative, plasticine landscape of *Finnegans Wake* strikes me as a more robust development of *Ulysses*'s nascent publicity. In addition, its expansion of temporal arguments made in *Ulysses* recommends it as a logical end/starting point the Joycean *oeuvre*. Though an admittedly indulgent Wakean combination of publicity and licitly, my fifth chapter's titular neologism is intended to foreground the notion of particular ways of being in the pub; to be public is to act in accordance with the practices of the pub. Within *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce presents a number of activities that appear characteristic to the pub. By no means should this licit being be understood as a limited one. One of the *Wake*'s most attractive and defining features is its apparent boundlessness. Yet, while it is quite possible that anything can happen in the pub, some things happen more regularly than others. Maintaining the focus on the public house, I endeavor in this chapter to explicate what I see as Joyce's depiction of the "counterpublic" of the pub, to borrow and pun upon a concept from the critical theorist, Nancy Fraser. I understand this counterpublic to be most evidently mapped out in chapter II.3 of the *Wake*, though HCE's dreamwork threads pub objects and practices throughout the text. In II.3, this counterpublic consists of HCE (as bartender and other various mutations), twelve customers, four old men, three soldiers, Kate, a radio, and a television on which Mutt and Jute (or Butt and Taff) play out a vaudevillian act commenting on the viewers.

In *Public Freedom*, Dana Villa cites the following passage from Arendt's essay on Walter Benjamin and his "method," pointing out that it has "remarkable affinities to

both Heidegger and her own.”<sup>133</sup> I include it here be way of making a case for the variegated critical approach I utilize in making a case for Joyce’s phenomenology of the pub.

This thinking, fed by the present, works with the “thought fragments” it can wrest from the past and gather about itself. Like a pearl diver who descends to the bottom of the sea, not to excavate the bottom and bring it to light but to pry loose the rich and the strange, this thinking delves into the depths of the past – but not in order to resuscitate it the way it was and to contribute to the renewal of extinct ages. What guides this thinking is the conviction that although the living is subject to the ruin of time, the process of decay is at the same time a process of crystallization, that in the depth of the sea, into which sinks and is dissolved what once was alive, some things “suffer a sea-change” and survive in new crystallized forms and shapes that remain immune to the elements, as though they waited only for the pearl diver who one day will come down to them and bring them up into the world of the living – as “thought fragments,” as something “rich and strange,” and perhaps even as everlasting *Urphänomene*.<sup>134</sup>

In literary criticism’s ongoing endeavor to remain at the *avant-garde* of theory the critic often finds himself grappling with models and approaches that in being tailored to other disciplines do not precisely fit his own. I do not claim to be excavating the political publics within depths the *Wake* or bringing the wholesale theorizations of Arendt or Habermas to the surface of the text, but rather taking salient points made by those theorists about the nature of publicness and using them to elucidate the complex functioning of group relations in Earwicker’s pub.

My aim in writing this dissertation is to follow Joyce’s mapping of this social phenomenology in the space of the public house. Doing so has required an at times mixed approach of critical theories and a degree of historical contextualization with respect to the particular pubs Joyce incorporated into his works. A critical confluence of disparate theories often gets derided as hybridization, insufficiently attendant to the approaches employed. At

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<sup>133</sup> Villa, Dana. *Public Freedom*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2008. 318.

<sup>134</sup> Arendt, Hannah. *Men in Dark Times*. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1968. 205-206.

worst, such mergers look like dilettantism. But this fate is by no means the only one available to those who would draw from seemingly incongruous critical lineages. Despite disclaiming “prescriptive interpretations or a converging focus of interpretations or even a converging focus,”<sup>135</sup> Michael Gillespie and A. Nicholas Fargnoli’s *Ulysses in Critical Perspective* (2006) offers a unified outlook. At its best, cooperative theorizing opens up new possibilities for criticism. In the words of Bruno Latour the “critic is not one who debunks, but one who assembles [...] not the one who lifts the rug from under the feet of the naïve believers, but the one who offers the participants arenas in which to gather.”<sup>136</sup> The arena of the pub houses, like the expansive term “Joycean,” “some heterogeneous, but characteristic hyperactivity.”<sup>137</sup> That sense of movement, of flux, of something happening can be detected in both of these public arenas. As disparate theories or movements take hold of Joyce’s texts in the early twenty-first century, a sense emerges that the critical body of work increasingly orients itself towards the work of the body.

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<sup>135</sup> Ibid. 2

<sup>136</sup> Latour 2004, 246.

<sup>137</sup> Senn, Fritz. “Joyce the Verb” in *Inductive Scrutinies*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1995. 9.

**CHAPTER II**  
**PUB EQUIPMENT**  
*DUBLINERS*

*Einai gar kai entautha theous*  
Here too the gods are present.

Heraclitus

Gods make their own importance.

Patrick Kavanagh, "Epic"

When Heraclitus, tucked away in his oven, translates divine being into quotidian space, he calls attention to the foundational importance of the little things. Before falling under the weight of the godly unseens in life, humanity, whether it realizes it or not, must grapple with the equally unseen matters at hand. In part, the closing line of Patrick Kavanagh's sonnet echoes this reality. In that poem, World War I, simply "the Munich bother," takes a back seat to the turf battles in Ballyrush and Gortin, Homeric stages on which the myth of the divine occurs. James Joyce set out to do something similar in *Dubliners*. Across fifteen short stories, he lays out the blueprint for an engagement with the world informed by his "idea of the significance of trivial things,"<sup>138</sup> an echo, perhaps, of Edmund Husserl's existential rallying cry: "To the things themselves." In Joyce's vision, life's absolute banalities – entering a room, raising a glass – can be rendered in such a way that they steal the thunder of the gods.

In the limited space of this chapter, I address the equipment of the pub, such as it appears to readers via the corner, the doorway, drinking glasses, and the more abstract concept of the mobile pub by way of pointing out the initial stages of Joyce's pub

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<sup>138</sup> Ellmann 163.

phenomenology. This ontico-ontological investigation involves uncovering the spaces, objects, and practices that go unacknowledged in everyday life as means of understanding their reappearance and rearrangement as a public house. The occurrence of spaces and objects that come to define the public house are found first in the private home. The space of the corner, the space of the doorway, the objects involved in the practice of drinking, all exist within a readerly consciousness in the opening stories, before Joyce reuses them to articulate being in the pub. For this reason, I understand a character's initial phenomenological engagement with the world of *Dubliners* to be continuous with being-towards-the-pub.

Gaston Bachelard's topoanalysis (*topo-analyse*)<sup>139</sup> of space lends an experiential component to a person's being in particular settings, which I find useful for describing what is at stake when one drinks in the corner of a pub or enters into an unfamiliar bar. As Joyce calls attention to these things, the thinged quality of being materializes before the reader.<sup>140</sup> Joyce foregrounds everyday spaces and practices by making them uncanny, by making that which gets ignored in everyday life, visible. Noticing this is not always easy because as human beings we are heavily conditioned to keep the background in the background. Even when Joyce calls our attention to spaces and objects our impulse is to read over the moment *en route* to the seemingly larger concerns of the plot or to interpret the events of the moment as symbolic or descriptive of some other aspect of the character's existence. In this latter approach, such as gendered or nationalistic readings, a character's experience becomes a

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<sup>139</sup> Bachelard, Gaston. *The Poetics of Space*. M. Jolas, trans. Boston: Beacon Press, 1994. 27.

<sup>140</sup> Arguably, this existential materialization takes place for the characters as well, although none appear to engage with their experience in a critical manner. Chandler does not take the opportunity of his encounter with the doorway of Corless's to grapple with the problems of his being.



comment on the larger structures of social or political power rather than, or prior to, an explication of that character's being. Paul Lin, for example, sees Thomas Farrington's alcoholism in "Counterparts" as a comment on colonialism's reinscription of oppression.<sup>141</sup> This is a useful and necessary understanding of what alcoholism means in *Dubliners* and in the Dublin of the early twentieth-century. However, such a reading does not engage with the ontological questions of drinking. Lin's reading does not examine what drinking means for Farrington's being beyond the categorical state of being a colonial subject. That is, it does not look at drinking and the nexus of spaces and objects the practice of drinking insists on, in defining both *what* and *how* Farrington *is* at the level of the everyday.

And drinking in the pub is very much an everyday occurrence for many of the characters in *Dubliners*. With only some jest, Joyce's friend, Patrick Colum read over the proofs of *Dubliners* and asked if the book was "all about public houses."<sup>142</sup> He can be forgiven for thinking it might be. There are mentions of at least twelve pubs<sup>143</sup> in *Dubliners* – a total that does not include the amount of drink taken in what Fritz Senn has termed "pub-

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<sup>141</sup> Lin, Paul. "Standing the Empire: Drinking, Masculinity, and Modernity in 'Counterparts.'" *European Joyce Studies*, v. 10: Masculinities in Joyce: Postcolonial Constructions. Christine van Boheemen-Saaf and Colleen Lamos (eds.) Atlanta: Rodopi, 2001.

<sup>142</sup> Ellmann 329.

<sup>143</sup> In "Two Gallants" Lenehan mentions being stood a drink by Holohan in Egan's (aka The Oval, 78 Abbey Street, Middle). In "A Little Cloud" Thomas Chandler and Ignatius Gallaher drink whiskies in Corless's, or the Burlington Hotel, Restaurant, and Dining Rooms (26-27 St. Andrew's Street and 6 Church Lane). Tom Farrington nips into O'Neill's (28 Essex Street) and joins his cronies in Davy Byrne's (21 Duke Street), The Scotch House (6-7 Burgh Quay), and Mulligan's (8 Poolbeg Street) in "Counterparts." Mr. Duffy lunches in Dan Burke's (50 Baggot Street Lower) and drinks in an unnamed pub (The Bridge Inn) near Chapelizod Bridge in "A Painful Case." The men of "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" drink bottles of stout brought over from the fictional Black Eagle and make mention of the very real Kavanagh's (27 Parliament Street). "Grace" opens in an unnamed pub in Grafton Street and later includes a passing mention of McAuley's (39 Lower Dorset Street).

like constellations”<sup>144</sup>: committee rooms, bedrooms, sitting rooms, and other sites. I view such spaces as mobile pubs constructed by the reemergence of pub objects and practices in typically domestic or business settings. The movement of pub phenomenology into these realms, particularly the domestic, acknowledges their origins in the home. So even when Joyce locates his characters outside the pub, he often inflects their engagement with the world with a mobile pub phenomenology. In the mobile pubs of *Dubliners*: sherries are poured in a sitting room (“The Sisters”); drunken toasts are made on a boat (“After the Race”); bottles of Bass are nursed on a staircase (“The Boarding House”); stouts and ports are offered beside a fireplace (“Clay”); corkscrews are sought in the home and a committee room (“Clay” and “Ivy Day in the Committee Room”); a half-pint of whisky is gifted in a bedroom (“Grace”); and squads of bottled stout, ale, and minerals are drawn up in a dining room (“The Dead”). What one does or can do in a pub often finds its way into many other corners of Dublin life. Conversely, the ways Dubliners arrive at those pub practices originate in the home.

### *Corners*

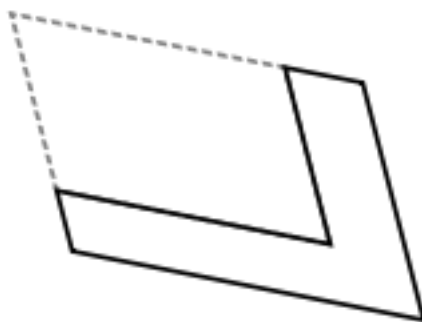
One of the pub’s great spatial ironies is the centrality of its corners. People will enter a pub and seek out the spaces in the darkest, most secluded areas of the bar. Entering the pub involves a desire for mediated openness somewhere between privacy and exposure. According to Bachelard, this ironic tension is characteristic of the corner and foundational to an engagement with the space of the world. Any consideration of the corners of the pub develops out of an initial encounter with the corners of the domestic abode. Bachelard calls

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<sup>144</sup> Senn 2007, 47.

these corners the “the germ of a room, or of a house.”<sup>145</sup> For him all space radiates out of the corners initially encountered in childhood.

So it is fitting that on the first page of “The Sisters” – the first of the fifteen stories to be written, the first story in the book, and the first story of childhood – the narrator cites the word *gnomon* among those words like *simony* and *paralysis* that “soun[d] strangely in [his] ears” (D 9). A *gnomon* is the italicized L-shape arrived at through the practice of removing a like parallelogram from the corner of a larger one.



**Figure 1. Gnomon**

With a removal of one convex corner arrives a concave corner – or vice versa depending on how one looks at the diagram. But this is the point: like doorways, which allow entrances that are also always exits, *gnomons* or corners contain implicit reversals. In the corner’s spatial logic, the narrator correctly senses an uncanny quality. This resonates with Heidegger, who understands the nature of human being-in-the-world to be *Unheimlich* (translated by Dreyfus as *unsettled*)<sup>146</sup> and with Bachelard, who makes the expansive claim that

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<sup>145</sup> Bachelard 136.

<sup>146</sup> Dreyfus xii.

“our house is our corner of the world [...] our first universe, a real cosmos in every sense of the word.”<sup>147</sup> For the narrator told to “box his corner” (*D* 11) and privy to the advice and gossip of adults from his “usual chair in the corner” (*D* 14) the word carries a sense of stricture underscored by its later association with coffins and confessionals. Much later on in Joyce, Leopold Bloom will muse, “The Irishman’s house is his coffin.” (*U* 6.821-822). *Dubliners* begins as much in the throes of paralysis as it does in the corners of a childhood hemmed in by religious and domestic geographies.

This dynamism augments all subsequent instances of the word and its like associations throughout the text, in the same way that paralysis haunts the remaining stories. In fact, Bachelard, in acknowledging the paradox of the corner’s dialectic, states that “one’s corner produces a sense of immobility, and this, in turn, radiates immobility.”<sup>148</sup> Joyce, I think, relishes this paradox as he deploys the word thirty-two times across the collection, each instance recalling the unsettled experience of “The Sisters” while also lading the word with new valences.<sup>149</sup> The process of contextual accrual, through which words take on a wealth of meaningful inflections, characterizes Joyce’s approach to language from *Dubliners* to the *Wake*. This accumulative technique prefigures the Bachelardian suggestion that words

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<sup>147</sup> Bachelard 4.

<sup>148</sup> Bachelard 137.

<sup>149</sup> For instance, the story “Two Gallants” uses the word corner nine times – by far the most of any story. Corley and Lenehan wander, wait, and ogle from and across corners, emphasizing the visibility afforded by that space. A more experimental reading of the story might also take note of the fact that corner in French is “le coin.” This opens up a very latent set of readings for a story in which the last image the reader receives is a golden sovereign. Pilfered from an upper class woman and handed over to the posing flâneurs, the coin conjures up images of escape and wealth reinscribed by Gallaher’s talk of France in “A Little Cloud.” In this pun, le coin and the coin operate similarly as imaginative spaces in which characters find themselves only escaping by virtue of pipe dreams.

are “little houses, each with its cellar and garret.”<sup>150</sup> Arguably, no other writer’s corpus so insists on the production of concordances as Joyce’s. For him, words and their precise repetition and resonance do nothing less than map the “living texture” (*D* 43) of human existence. The “scrupulous meanness” of *Dubliners* begins grounding every thing, every practice, in an array of experiential moments – for the textual and readerly worlds alike. Alternately figured as a haven or half-box, something that protects or hems in, the corner clearly articulates the dialectics of inside and outside, of private and public spheres. Joyce, who visually retreated to a “corner of the ceiling”<sup>151</sup> when confronted with women who read Molly Bloom as one “those women,” understood this. Molly, herself, retreats to the corners of her mind when she laments her husband’s roundabout explications. “[E]xplain a thing simply the way a body can understand” (*U* 18.567), she huffs to herself. That impetus to disclose through bodily knowing informs the whole of *Dubliners* and all of Joyce’s subsequent work.<sup>152</sup> In Joyce’s corners, characters arrive at readings of themselves and their place in the world. Simultaneously generative and constrictive, the corner offers a compelling space for semi/post/anti/colonial readings. But rather than theorize Joyce’s emblematic use of the corner, I want to suggest that this space of flux constitutes an important part of what it means to be a Dubliner and what it means to be in the pub. My point, in this lengthy

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<sup>150</sup> Bachelard 147. In these houses, commonsense resides on the ground floor, dreams in the etymological basement, and withdrawal from the word in the attic.

<sup>151</sup> Mercanton, Jacques. *Les Heures de James Joyce*. Lausanne: Éd. de l’Age d’homme, 1967. 13; in Ellman 363.

<sup>152</sup> In *Ulysses*, for example, Molly knows Blazes Boylan is at the door by his “tattarrattat” (*U* 18.343) and that he is late because she has already seen “the 2 Dedalus girls coming from school” (*U* 18.344). Molly knows Bloom “came somewhere [...] by his appetite” (*U* 18.34-35). In reading doors, knocks, girls in the street, hunger, Molly (and Joyce) share a profound knack for observation. Reading the ways in which Joyce embeds his characters into their world provides readers with a better sense of how to understand their own existences.

introduction to the space of the pub, is that whenever we encounter the word “corner” in *Dubliners* and whenever characters take up their place in or on the corners of the world, the experience of the space is informed by everything that has come before it. No corner is a new corner; every corner echoes and is inflected by those that have preceded it.

So, the quiet reflection and the cunning observation experienced by the narrator of “The Sisters” informs subsequent iterations of corners in the book. Characters look to corners for some kind of coherence, an orienting structure or a making sense of things that Joyce often associates with dodges. Lenehan longs for some “snug corner” in which to hunker down with a “simple-minded girl with a little of the ready” (*D* 58.) Whenever in a “tight corner” financially, Ignatius Gallaher is said to have covered his lack of funds with the jocular phrase lifted from *Our Mutual Friend*: ‘Half time, now boys. Where’s my considering cap?’ (*D* 73). Nosey Flynn, sits “up in his usual corner of Davy Byrne’s” (*D* 93) waiting on the rounds. Richard Tierney’s “little old father” is said to have kept “a tricky little black bottle up in a corner” (*D* 123) of his second-hand clothing shop for use on Sunday mornings. The space of the corner becomes a place for fraught security – misplaced affection, ill-gotten funds, or boozing complacency.

Often the snug, an architectural oddity, provides the measured anonymity pubgoers seek. From a readerly standpoint, it also upsets that anonymity by providing a set of practices and poetics that offer possible ways for coming to know the character. With this understanding of the corner’s ontological import in mind, I want to address the space of the snug in “Counterparts” as an extended example of how the corner can shape a character. In that story, Thomas Farrington, a disgruntled clerk plagued throughout the day by thoughts of drinking, slips out of the office under the pretense of needing to urinate. He takes refuge in the “dark snug of O’Neill’s shop” (*D* 88) during this fifth midday escape from the office

to the pub. The snug, nicknamed the “confessional” in Irish culture, offers refuge from the world as it is walled off from the main bar with access to the counter via a small window. As I pointed out in the introduction to the dissertation, this drinking corner arises in response to the problem of “poverty-stricken women” looking to preserve their anonymity and keep their drinking from their husbands.<sup>153</sup> Any reading of Farrington should take into account that cultural, social, and architectural history in understanding the narrative arc Joyce intends for the boozing, brawny clerk. This is not to say that all men who drink in the snug immediately become feminized.<sup>154</sup> Joyce uses the snug’s feminine legacy to highlight a trajectory of being for a man who drinks five glasses of porter in an afternoon, pawns his watch to get drunk after work, loses two arm wrestling matches to an Englishman, and returns home to beat his son. In this way, Joyce uses Farrington’s immediate, desperate grasp of the pub’s geography to highlight just how far he will fall when he finds his pub savvy bested at the night’s end. The reader looks at Farrington’s place in the snug as both an indication that this is a man who knows his pub and the tragic maneuverings of a man who does not know himself.

### *The Public House*

In his book *Publics and Counterpublics*, the second of Michael Warner’s seven criteria for the constitution of public is the inclusion of strangers. A public “must” include them insofar as a public is understood to connect with the social. Of strangers, Warner writes:

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<sup>153</sup> Gutzke, David. *Pubs and Progressives: Reinventing the Public House in England, 1896-1960*. Dekalb, USA: Northern Illinois University Press, 2006. 7.

<sup>154</sup> Carol Reed’s 1947 film, *Odd Man Out* nicely illustrates this feature of the snug. In one scene, the snugs of the (now infamous) Crown pub hide a wounded IRA gunman and contain a fight between Shell, a slavish opportunist, and Lukey, a painter whose sexuality appears open to interpretation. Thanks to Cheryl Herr for reminding me of this important and excellent example of the snug’s spatial and social commentary.

We are routinely oriented to them in common life. They are a normal feature of the social. [...] an environment of strangerhood is the necessary premise of some of our most prized ways of being [...] in modern forms strangerhood is the necessary medium of commonality. The modern social imaginary does not make sense without strangers.<sup>155</sup>

Warner, like many theorists of publics, is speaking about discursive publics built out of letters and address. The preponderance of chatter – jokes, gossip, storytelling, in Joyce’s works tweak this approach and accommodate a kind of applied publicity or pragmatic, everyday publicity. The seemingly ironic requirement for modern commonality – *not* knowing someone – is more than fitting for Joyce’s formulation of publics. In Joyce’s last story of adolescence, “The Boarding House,” we encounter a character that Joyce will reuse in the pubs of *Ulysses* – Bob Doran. The surname “Doran” translates as “an exile or a stranger” in Irish.<sup>156</sup> Leopold Bloom, of course, will become Joyce’s most infamous example of the publicmaking stranger. But thinking about Doran as a stranger wandering between publics – the boarding house, the pub, the church – allows us to examine how a stranger is made familiar.

Once he situates the origins of pubspace in the corner, Joyce makes the Bachelardian move to consider the house as the next iteration of a *public* spatial poetics. The first public house in *Dubliners* is not a pub, but instead Mrs. Mooney’s boarding house. Populated by “floating” tourists, musical hall *artistes*, and Dublin clerks, as well as Mrs. Mooney and her two children, Polly and Jack, the house is a lesson in the admixture of publicness – neither a strictly private nor completely collective state of being. This distinction falls between an Arendtian representative publicness and Habermas’s institutional conceptualization of the

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<sup>155</sup> Warner 75-76.

<sup>156</sup> Gifford, Don. *Joyce Annotated: Notes for Dubliners and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1982 [1967]. 64.



public sphere.<sup>157</sup> Suffice it to say, the story addresses the notion of “social opinion” (*D* 64) and “publicity” (*D* 65) as a determinative factors for being. Mooney’s successful manipulation of the threat of publicity, as well as her manipulation of her daughter and the space of the boarding house, allows a relationship to develop between Polly and Doran. The spatial poetics of openness or publicness situated in the story likewise inform the actual public houses encountered elsewhere in *Dubliners*. And to the extent that drinking and singing take place in Mooney’s, the boarding house espouses practices that come to define a pub.

Mooney is schooled in making due with the remnants. As she rolls the failed butchering business into the boarding house, she has Mary, the maid, collect the “the crusts and pieces of broken bread” (*D* 64) from the breakfast table for Tuesday’s bread pudding. Likewise, Mrs. Mooney will turn the hash of things Doran and Polly have made into a serviceable product. She does this in large part by being cognizant of her status as a public being. In Arendtian fashion, Mrs. Mooney understands the value of her public appearance as the “outraged mother” (*D* 64). Added to this, she possesses a more Habermasian regard for the persuasive cleavers open to her in the form of the Church and social opinion with particular attention to economic factors – here understood to be inextricable from moral ones. Her intervention is, in part, a public one. The judging of the right moment is of interest for the reader of the public sphere in Joyce’s work. Mooney is said to have “counted all her cards again” (*D* 65) before finally sending for Doran and informing him of his limited options. The phrasing grimly recalls the drunken ineptitude of Jimmy in the card games of “After the Race.” Mooney possesses none of Jimmy’s boyish naivety and clearly understands

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<sup>157</sup> The tension between these views is discussed in detail in Chapter V (“Being Publicly”) which addresses the nature of gossip and public being in *Finnegans Wake*.

what constitutes a winning hand. As an outraged mother, she has “the weight of social opinion on her side” (*D* 64). Doran, in his mid-thirties and gainfully employed can plead neither youth nor ignorance. This latter point is the evident crux of Mooney’s reliance on public or social opinion.

In Mooney’s understanding, social opinion is a constitutive part of publicity. Informed by religious, gender, and class concerns social opinion serves as an amorphous public mechanism that can be employed for private coercion. As it does in other cultures, social opinion often forms through conversation. The stridently verbal character of Irish culture may appear most boisterously in the pub, but as one-time Radio *Eireann* producer and programmer, Seán MacRéamoinn, notes “[f]or those who don’t like pubs we’re willing to put the talk between hard and soft covers or on to the stage.”<sup>158</sup> For an example of this fact, one need look no farther than J.M. Synge’s play, *Playboy of the Western World*, in which Christy Mahon’s scurrilous tale of patricide, first uttered in Flaherty’s pub, circulates widely and wildly through the village making him a local celebrity – until, of course, his father materializes.<sup>159</sup>

Dublin, despite once being the Empire’s “second city,”<sup>160</sup> has always owned had a reputation as something of a village. Even Doran realizes “Dublin is such small city: everyone knows everyone else’s business” (*D* 66). Though Joyce does not provide many

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<sup>158</sup> MacRéamoinn “Words: Written, Spoken, and Sung.” *Irish Life and Traditions*. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1979 [1986]. 209.

<sup>159</sup> Joyce was not fond of Synge’s work – *Riders to the Sea* was not “Aristotelian” enough (Ellmann 124). But by the time of the Abbey riots in 1907, Joyce had a more measured respect for Synge – particularly his use of the word “bloody” and the “wonderful vision” of the phrase (unpublished in *Playboy*): ‘if all the girls in Mayo were standing before me in their shifts.’ Letter to Stanislaus, February 11, 1907 (*LII* 211.)

<sup>160</sup> Joyce was fond of using this phrase in stressing the importance of Dublin’s place among other, more renowned European cities.

details about the actual means by which opinion gets formulated and deployed in “The Boarding House” he does provide us with one clear example, the kind of publicity created in gossip among the lodgers some of whom have “invented” details and having socioeconomic repercussions. Such invention is the stuff of gossip. And gossip, while discounted as a private form of discourse, functions publicly and influences, indeed sometimes overmasters public reason. In the Irish public sphere, the word of mouth that speaks of trespasses against a tacit religious morality can cost one dearly. The narrator asserts: “he had been employed for thirteen years in a great Catholic wine-merchant’s office and publicity would mean for him, perhaps, the loss of his sit” (*D* 65). Of course, by avoiding the one form of publicity and choosing to marry Polly, Bob opens himself up to the perhaps less economically damaging but just as socially antagonistic publicity of the publichouse. In the “Cyclops” episode of *Ulysses*, the narrator sneers at Bob Doran’s midday drunkenness and his wife’s reputation as something a bit beyond the “perverse madonna” – now a “little concubine of a wife” (*U* 12.812). Even Mrs. Mooney’s reputation has fallen away as the narrator refers to as her “the old prostitute of a mother procuring rooms to street couples” (*U* 12.814-815).

Gossip, as it spreads from private conversation to private conversation, effects a public of individuals who collectively share the so-called knowledge of a particular event, state of affairs, or other item without necessarily sharing knowledge of one another. To the extent that such a public can be said to constitute a public or social presence, gossip influences public or social opinion. Mrs. Mooney sees in the details invented by the lodgers one of her social advantages. In this respect, Mooney’s calculative approach to Doran’s transgression and social opinion resembles a form of feminist publicity in the late-nineteenth American politics. Ryan points out the heft of “the Victorian moral code” in American feminist politicking. Female politicians opposing prostitution “alternatively used the threat of

publicity and the mantle of female privacy to affect public opinion.”<sup>161</sup> However, the arguable prostituting of her daughter casts a shadow over a similar reading of Mrs. Mooney. Still, Joyce shows us the complicated nature of female social advancement in doing so.

For as much as it is about the distance and proximity kept between Polly Mooney and Bob Doran, the story addresses the nature of publics. The boarding house illustrates a blend of public and private, masculine and feminine, spheres for its proprietor, known as “The Madam.” Rather than reinscribe the tired essentialism of the public/male, private/female dichotomies, Joyce explores the interconnectedness of various publics and the efficacy of social opinion in shaping private affairs. The house’s open spatiality underscores the collision of publics and privates in the story. Open windows and doors dot the domestic landscape such that Ulin is moved comment that “It is as if the world of the street is welcomed into the home, in complete opposition to the nationalist ideal of the home as a haven from the outside world.”<sup>162</sup> There’s a bit of too neat punning or too naïve propositioning going on that comment – Mooney is at times rendered, by critics and characters alike, as prostituting her daughter while Nationalist discourse at times saw the home as exactly the kind of place to engage the outside world. But Ulin has it exactly right. The boarding house is essentially open to the street insofar as the street represents the public. And it is these wandering, homeless individuals, these strangers pulled from the street by the lure of a place to spend the night – who make up the public of the boarding house.

Mrs. Mooney’s contempt for the churchgoing public is lightly registered in the details of “their self-contained demeanour” and “gloved hands” (*D* 63). The pubgoing public

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<sup>161</sup> Ryan, Mary. 281.

<sup>162</sup> Ulin, Jessica. “Fluid Borders and Naughty Girls: Music, Domesticity, and Nation in Joyce’s Boarding House” *James Joyce Quarterly*. 44.2, 2007. 276.

appears in its boasting, joking, and general raucousness. These three publics cohere around the amorphous social opinion upon which Mooney relies to make her case for “reparation” (*D* 64, 67) from Doran. So, the story maps out ways in which public pressure can be brought to bear on private people. As Doran sits in his bedroom awaiting Mrs. Mooney’s call, he mulls over his changed situation.

All his long years of service gone for nothing! All his industry and diligence thrown away! As a young man he had sown his wild oats, of course; he had boasted of his free-thinking and denied the existence of God to his companions in public-houses. But that was all done with...nearly. [...] He had a notion that he was being had, He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing. [...] His instinct urged him to remain free, not to marry. Once you are married you are done for, it said (*D* 66).

The closing line of the passage effectively telegraphs the paralysis of Thomas Chandler in the following story, “A Little Cloud.” More important, this glimpse of Doran’s thinking reveals the pressures of publicity whether Doran does or does not submit to Mrs. Mooney’s desires. Home to braggadocio, the pub affords its patrons a measure of grandiosity or fantasy clearly incapable of being enacted elsewhere in Dublin. It is also, however, the space in which such claims are open to criticism. Bob rightly assumes that his friends will discuss his affairs and find them wanting. In the “Cyclops” episode of *Ulysses*, the nameless narrator remarks unkindly on Bob Doran’s now wife, Polly, and Doran’s own demonstrable insobriety. Pubtalk, in this way, is a kind of backchannel of the “publicity” (*D* 65) to which Mrs. Mooney surmises Bob will not submit himself.

One last illustrative pub moment in “The Boarding House” comes wandering up the stairs in the form of Polly’s brother, Jack Mooney – a “hard case” whose returns home “in the small hours” (*D* 62). As Doran descends the staircase – so lately the site of romantic contact between Doran and Polly – to meet with the Madam, he passes Jack “nursing two bottles of *Bas*” (*D* 68). Doran, reading the drunkenness on the young man, is reminded of

Jack's promise to avenge ill treatment of his sister by taking the offending party and "bloody well put[ting] his teeth down his throat" (*D* 68). Joyce argued for the preservation of Jack's raw speech in the face of censorship from Roberts. However, that he *nurses* the bottles (a detail added in the drafts) infantilizes Jack and effectively puts him in line with his "stooped little drunkard" (*D* 61) of a father. The brazen dialogue laced with alcohol echoes Doran's own hyperbolic pubtalk. The drunken man, in both cases, is rendered ridiculous, infantile. Neither Jack nor his sheriff's man father makes a likely policeman. The construction of the drinking male through discourse and the bottle paves the way for the later stories in *Dubliners*, where those who inhabit the pub where things do a better job of making being intelligible than gender.

### *Doorways*

Born *into* the world, humans are constant practitioners of entrance. Movement from one place to another is our original practice, replicated outward from birth, across the span of our lives. We enter buildings, rooms, conversations; we open doors, windows, books, forever participating in the confounding dialectics of outside and inside. We leave one space for another, entering and exiting, perpetuating the vice versa of existence. This seemingly paradoxical aspect of being is in part what Bachelard has in mind when he refers to the "spiral" of man's being where one is continually moving out and back. In this spiraling poetics, "[o]ne no longer knows *right away* whether one is running toward the center or escaping."<sup>163</sup> Writing about the act of entrance, Bourdieu was cognizant of this simultaneous "reversal of directions (*sens*) and meanings (*sens*)."<sup>164</sup> He views the threshold as the space

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<sup>163</sup> Bachelard 214.

“where the order of things turns upside down.”<sup>165</sup> For some characters in *Dubliners* the result of this ongoing reversal, can foster a “hesitation of being.”<sup>166</sup> This, despite the germane poetics of liminality shared by the act of entrance and the public house writ large.

In fact, pub entrance is the stuff of jokes: a guy walks into a bar. As Luke Gibbons notes in his study of *The Quiet Man*, “the call to the bar [is] such that even Michaelleen Oge Flynn’s horse, Pavlovian fashion, stops outside Cohan’s pub.”<sup>167</sup> But allowing entrance to remain a backdrop for action, as it so often appears in Joyce’s work, ignores the extent to which such a banal practice structures the terms of the text or opens a window onto the operation of what I read as the ontic-ontological “aspiration to reinvent the practice of everyday life in modernity.”<sup>168</sup> Bachelard offers another sweeping consideration of what this aspiration looks like when he exults:

How concrete everything becomes in the world of the spirit when an object, a mere door, can give images of hesitation, temptation, desire, security, welcome and respect. If one were to give an account of all the doors one has closed and opened, of all the doors one would like to re-open, one would have to tell the story of one’s entire life.<sup>169</sup>

This, of course, is iconic of Joyce’s endeavor in *Dubliners*, a collection of stories about a city revered and reviled for its doorways.<sup>170</sup>

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<sup>164</sup> Bourdieu, Pierre. *Outline of a Theory of Practice*. trans. Richard Nice. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1972 [1977, 2005], 119.

<sup>165</sup> Bourdieu 131-132.

<sup>166</sup> Bachelard 214.

<sup>167</sup> Gibbons, Luke. *The Quiet Man*. Cork: Cork University Press, 2002. 10.

<sup>168</sup> Suárez, Juan A. *Pop Modernism*. University of Illinois Press: Chicago, 2007. 5.

<sup>169</sup> Bachelard 224.

<sup>170</sup> The 1970 tourism poster “30 Dublin Doors” has become an iconic expression of the city’s mix of colonial Georgian architecture and individual idiosyncrasy.

The story of pub doors in *Dubliners*, like that of corners, begins in the home. Again, Joyce foregrounds the background in a story of childhood. The narrator of “Araby” impatiently awaits his uncle’s return home, and with it the arrival of the florin that will unlock the splendor of the bazaar – or so he hopes. Joyce renders the narrator’s frustration in the following paragraph:

At nine o’clock I heard my uncle’s latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was halfway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten (*D* 33).

In a story about learning to read body language and gesture – the hand of Mangan’s sister upon the iron railing, the flirtatious conversation of the stallgirl – the narrator of “Araby” correctly reads the signs of drunkenness (the pub’s trace) on his uncle. Muttering to himself, sloppily hanging up his coat – the uncle’s entrance tells the story of his being. It also illustrates Joyce’s attention to the interaction between person and thing – a technique deftly deployed in “A Little Cloud” and “The Dead” and much later in *Ulysses*. The rack *receives* the overcoat and replies with rocking. The narrator cannily reads that gesture, a conversation between the uncle and the rack, as a familiar one. He knows enough to wait until his uncle has eaten and perhaps sobered up some before bothering him with a request for money. The interaction is far kinder and more skillful than the one awaiting the son of Farrington or Little Chandler.

In an October 18<sup>th</sup> 1906 letter to Stanislaus Joyce, James wrote, “A page of *A Little Cloud* gives me more pleasure than all my verses.”<sup>171</sup> Joyce’s singling out of “A Little Cloud” suggests that something in particular drew out such praise. Perhaps he admired its careful choreography of drinking ritual, its muted, besotted humanity, or its meditation on the rift

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<sup>171</sup> Ellmann 232.



between the bliss of bachelorhood and the burden of family life. For my money, Joyce enjoys the robust articulation of a man utterly baffled by the public house. In the wake of Mrs. Mooney's muscling and Doran's caving, Joyce's reader encounters "A Little Cloud" and the more delicate dealings of Thomas "Little" Chandler. Finally encountering the public house proper, the reader moves into the arguably more intimate (and seemingly more congenial) sphere of private conversation between old acquaintances. Joyce transports the practice of conversation into the pub and allows it to unfold along particularly masculine lines. The story details the reunion of two friends, Thomas "Little" Chandler and Ignatius Gallaher. Chandler, a clerk at the Kings Inn, wiles away his cautious life in seemingly dutiful service to his employers, his wife, and his social standing as a respectable man of modest means and tastes. By contrast, Gallaher stands before the reader as a returned self-exile: a newspaperman from the Continent, transient by trade, philandering by nature, seemingly indifferent to perceived propriety. Not long after the men begin drinking in Corless's, their differences swallow them and the evening becomes acrimonious, as Chandler feels himself affronted by Gallaher's condescension. The story closes with a besotted Chandler returning home without having remembered to buy coffee, much to his wife's discontentment. As she hurries off to buy the forgotten parcel, she leaves Chandler in charge of their infant son. Almost immediately, the child begins to wail, and frustrated by his evening, by his inability to counter the cries of his son, by his unstated recognition of the *disturbance* of his life, he tries to shout down his son. At this point, his wife returns and quickly scolds the unlikely bully.

Long before this scolding, however, readers enter Chandler's daydreams as he sits at his desk in the Kings Inns. Reverie constitutes Chandler's little corner of solitude and comfort. He indulges in some nostalgia for his friend, Gallaher, temporarily returned from a job as a newspaperman on the Continent. Like the action of the plot, Chandler's thoughts

eventually come around to the matter of the pub, Corless's, where he is to meet Gallaher. Joyce forestalls the pub's materialization as a means of calling attention to Chandler's trepidation about that space. Chandler, who drinks "very little as a rule" (*D* 75), has never been to Corless's, though he knows "the value of the name" (*D* 72).<sup>172</sup> He knows too that the clientele go "there after the theatre to eat oysters and drink liqueurs"; he knows the "waiters [speak] French and German" (*D* 72). He knows, essentially, that the pub remains apart from him as an alien space, a collection of literally and figuratively foreign practices. Accordingly, nowhere in *Dubliners* is the door made more uncanny than in "A Little Cloud." Walking to Corless's Chandler observes the "grimy children" in Henrietta Street, "crawl[ing] up the steps before the gaping doors or squatt[ing] like mice upon the thresholds" (*D* 71). As Chandler and Joyce take their time getting to the pub, Chandler psychically readies himself for this foreign encounter, and Joyce cunningly forestalls Chandler's hesitant entrance with a hesitant narrative entrance. But the pub, which will reveal Chandler's self doubt and dissatisfaction remains an inevitable destination.

A word about Heidegger's articulation of nearness and farness will help situate this moment phenomenologically. The Heideggerian view of *Ent-fernung* (usefully translated by Dreyfus as *dis-stance*)<sup>173</sup> addresses spatially locating oneself among the objects of the world. Things can be physically or existentially near or far. My familiarity with an object and its

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<sup>172</sup> There's some irony here. Gifford points out that by the time Joyce wrote the story, The Burlington Hotel, Restaurant, and Dining rooms were under the ownership and management of the Jammet brothers, rather than Thomas Corless. *Dubliners* were likely to call the establishment by either name. This detail underscores Kevin Kearns claim that public houses were likely to bear and be known by the name of their publican – establishing a direct link between the man and the space. With this in mind, the body of Thomas Corless becomes a constellation of practices associated with the space of his public house – even after his proprietorship has come to a close.

<sup>173</sup> Dreyfus 130. Dreyfus's translation acknowledges the import of the hyphen as "the opening up of a space in which things can be near and far."

availability renders it near to me (pint glasses are near to me.) To the extent that I cannot make sufficient sense of an object within my understanding of an equipmental whole, it remains far from me (skateboards are far from me.) Now, those things near to me almost never show up in my understanding of my being. Their familiarity makes them invisible and their use second nature. However, when something near suddenly appears far from me – I am faced with an opportunity to reevaluate the previously assumed nature of my being. In Chandler's case, Joyce renders the everyday space of the door and the common practice of entrance as far more ontologically unsettling. By the time Chandler arrives at the pub, it possesses an evident mastery over him.

The light and noise of the bar held him at the doorway for a few moments. He looked about him, but his sight was confused by the shining of many red and green wine-glasses. The bar seemed to him to be full of people and he felt that the people were observing him curiously. He glanced quickly to the right and left (frowning slightly to make his errand appear serious), but when his sight had cleared a little he saw that nobody had turned to look at him: and there, sure enough was Ignatius Gallaher leaning with his back against the counter and his feet planted far apart (*D* 74).

Here, as Chandler stands in the doorway of the pub, he could not be farther from it – though his ineptitude with other pub equipment will underscore the *dis-stance*. The unsettled moment of his entrance and his paltry attempt to disguise his discomfit with a frown (who has not affected that face in unfamiliar settings?) make the reader immediately apprehend the door and the act of entrance. No longer an un- or under-acknowledged segment of the background, the threshold supersedes Chandler's narrative place in the foreground. He fails to register in the proceedings. This reality will color his entire encounter with Gallaher. Chandler's inexperience with the space of the pub makes him a poor practitioner within its world. That reality confronts him, as he stands entranced by the practice of entrance. He is in all senses entranced. In entering the bar, Chandler enters into an acknowledgement of his own pub ignorance, of just how extensively he does not *know* Corless's. By contrast, Ignatius

Gallagher knows the bar so well he is virtually a part of it and strikes a Lotharian pose deserving of the Merleau-Pontian term *coition*.

Likewise, Farrington's entrance into O'Neill's looks positively brazen, though it too is couched in cautious rhetoric. Before ducking into the snug, Farrington, tactically excusing himself under the pretence of having to urinate, leaves his office and "walk[s] on furtively on the inner side of the path towards the corner and all at once dive[s] into a doorway" (*D* 88). Moving out of "The Sisters," Joyce preserves the connections between paralysis and corners by locating the former in the space of the latter where the pub is concerned. With evident contempt, Joyce once described the drunken Dubliner as one who, "guided by an instinctive desire for stability along the straight lines of the houses, [...] goes slithering his backside against all walls and corners. He goes 'arsing along' as we say in English."<sup>174</sup> Joyce has in mind the walk home, but just as often in *Dubliners*, the drinker arses into the corner as along it. Farrington's diving entrance echoes this sentiment while illustrating a phenomenological know-how quite beyond Chandler's. How these men interact with the space of the doorway discloses that Farrington understands the surveillance of the street, the need to be brief in his entrance. Chandler's hesitant entrance betrays an utter naivety of the terms of pub ontology.

For the readers of *Dubliners*, each pub entrance – whether timid or bold – reinforces the poetics of familiarity associated with thresholds. I don't simply mean that how a character enters the pub provides an insight into his being, though this is true. Instead, with each reinscription of entrance, Joyce schools the reader in how one enters (or should enter) the pub. What makes a story like "Grace" especially interesting is the decision to *not* show the reader Tom Kernan's entrance into the pub. Kernan, though quite a bit less timid than

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<sup>174</sup> Ellmann 1983, 217.

Chandler, is only slightly more successful in navigating pub space. In the opening of this story of public life, the reader witnesses a man's (Kernan is not yet named) besotted, bloodied, and soiled body as he lays facefirst in the "filth and ooze of the floor" (*D* 150) outside the pub toilets. The narration places the reader in a position of public anonymity in a way similar to the deixis of "Cyclops." After witnessing a number of pub entrances, Joyce now allows his readers immediate access to a vantage point likely to require an accrued knowledge of the pub. Few things better express a familiarity with the pub than knowing the location of the jacks. That the reader of "Grace" *enters* the story here suggests Joyce was now comfortable settling the narrative perspective within the public purview.<sup>175</sup>

Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, a tragicomic lament for the violence of 1916, attracts considerable and understandable critical attention for its language, politics, and experimentalism – the first two, prongs of uproar that spurred the February 10, 1926 riot in the Abbey Theatre.<sup>176</sup> Fluther's hyperbole, Nora's terror, Bessie's death – the most rhetorical and emotional moments in the play – bear the weight of the critical gaze. Yet, this criticism of the symbolic and the linguistic looks past the fact that the play makes considerable use of entrances. The play asks us, before anything else, to consider the door and the act of

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<sup>175</sup> In fact, before the composition of "The Dead," this story was to be the last in the collection.

<sup>176</sup> The most famous outcry against Shaw's play came from Mrs. Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington in the pages of the *Irish Independent* in mid to late February. She took issue with the play's "realism" and the extent to which it made "a mockery and a byword of a revolutionary movement." (*The Letters of Sean O'Casey*, 168). Shaw met her criticisms in kind, writing: "The heavy-hearted expression by Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington about "The Ireland that remembers with tear-dimmed eyes all that Easter Week stands for" makes me sick. Some of the men can't even get a job. Mrs. Skeffington is certainly not dumb, but she appears to be both blind and deaf to all the things that are happening around her. Is the Ireland that is pouring to the picture houses, to the dance halls, to the football matches, remembering with tear-dimmed eyes all that Easter Week stands for? (*ibid.*, 170-171).

entrance, prefiguring the extent to which intrusion will dominate the play.<sup>177</sup> So, it is not surprising that Fluther Good appears first on the stage.<sup>178</sup> He is the phenomenological man equipped with the tools of repair, in concert with the door, and so the world.<sup>179</sup>

FLUTHER GOOD is repairing the lock of door, Right. A claw hammer is on a chair beside him, and he has a screw-driver in his hand [...] He is in shirt sleeves at present, and wears a soiled white apron, from a pocket in which sticks a carpenter's two-foot rule. He has just finished the job of putting on a new lock, and filled with satisfaction, he is opening and shutting the door, enjoying the completion of a work well done. (p. 3-4)

As Fluther illustrates, the door functions not to keep things in and out, but to allow passage between two spaces. The doorway is a transitional, not a definitive, space. The scene introduces repair as a daily activity – one that will be revisited by the play's close, in the damaging wake of the events of Easter 1916. It is tempting, then, to read the door metaphorically, as a symbol for any number of grander narratives: the door as an emblem of early twentieth-century republican politics, the security of the Irish nation, or even the less symbolic separation of public and private lives of Irish society. These are apt and intriguing readings. But when *The Plough and the Stars* opens upon the door, we ought not to immediately jump into the realm of the metaphorical or symbolic. These readings expend their critical energies considering a “*fabricated image* [...] an ephemeral expression,”<sup>180</sup> they dump out the door's relevance as a part of our everyday experience in favor of more esoteric connections. If I view the door as a placeholder for issues of early twentieth century Irish

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<sup>177</sup> By Act IV, the doors of the tenement house are being routinely banged on and kicked in, as Fluther returns home drunk and of no help to Bessie and Nora, and later the Tommies barge into the house after having mistaken Bessie for a sniper and shot her.

<sup>178</sup> O'Casey was no stranger to the public house, basing his character on Fluther Good, an actual person, a bit of “north Dublin folklore” (Neary 55, in Kearns 70) and a regular at Noctor and McCann's pub on 34 Sherriff St.

<sup>180</sup> Bachelard 75.

republican political thinking – I risk turning my back on all that the door does on a daily level as a mediator of personal space and an embodying component of (Irish) subjectivity, an extension of Merleau-Ponty’s *flesh* of the being.<sup>181</sup> In explaining the “radical difference between image and metaphor,”<sup>182</sup> Bachelard argues that an image “confers being upon us [...] is the pure product of absolute imagination [...] is a phenomenon of being [...] and] is also one of the specific phenomena of the speaking creature.”<sup>183</sup> A move to immediately consider the door as a metaphor ignores the value of considering the door as a thing itself, elides its “phenomenological value”<sup>184</sup> for the narrative.

To talk of a door’s phenomenological value, is an admittedly abstract enterprise. When Merleau-Ponty touts the immediacy of the phenomenal body over the laborious and ill-conceived objective body, the phenomenological value of the door, of all things in the world, becomes clearer.

[...]the subject, when put in front of his scissors, needle and familiar tasks, does not need to look for his hands or his fingers, because they are not objects to be discovered in objective space: bones, muscles and nerves, but potentialities already mobilized by the perception of scissors or needle, the central end of these ‘intentional threads’ which link him to the objects given.<sup>185</sup>

Theses ‘intentional threads’ can be picked up in the opening scene of O’Casey’s play.

Fluther’s interaction with the door captures these potentialities both on the stage and in the imagination of the audience. Man in concert with the door, speaks to the audience’s

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<sup>181</sup> Merleau-Ponty 350.

<sup>182</sup> Bachelard 74.

<sup>183</sup> Bachelard 75.

<sup>184</sup> Bachelard 75.

<sup>185</sup> Bachelard 121.

understanding of everyday existence. Fluther appears to the audience as already woven into the fabric of the everyday, at home in the world of things.

The door also serves as the pub's entrance into the play. So many characters cross its threshold in Act I that Fluther remarks, "Openin' an' shutin' now with a well-mannered motion, like the door of a select bar in a high-class pub."<sup>186</sup> Robert Hogan reads these entrances as being used by O'Casey in "a Chekovian manner"<sup>187</sup> to fracture and change the course of Fluther and Mrs. Gogan's conversation. It is a fair point, but neglects that fact that Fluther's commentary illustrates the overriding frame of reference the pub provides on a daily level – a well-used door recalls the image of the high-class pub.<sup>188</sup> At a narrative level, the dialogue transports the public house into the tenement house (public in its own way) and signals the parallelism of various practices across both spaces.<sup>189</sup> Indeed, the gossip and argument, as well as the constant entrances and exits, which fill the flat of Act I are revisited in the pub of Act II.

So, if an entrance is always also an exit, the audience of O'Casey's play enters the heterotopic space of the theater via the doorway onstage and the doorway makes a fitting entrance for the play. It telegraphs the arrival of the pub in Act II and commences the play's meditation on comings and goings, reversals, and the larger understanding of every entrance

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<sup>186</sup> O'Casey 1926, 22.

<sup>187</sup> Hogan, Robert. *The Experiments of Sean O'Casey*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1960. 45.

<sup>188</sup> Hogan is interested in the Chekovian structure of the play its evocation of irony in concert with the play's more Boucicaultian aspects. He views O'Casey's realism blended with melodrama, as the playwright "does what every tragic writer does – converts the tawdry materials of reality into their essence" (53).

<sup>189</sup> The tenement house also receives O'Casey's spatial attention. Mrs. Gogan quotes Nora Clitherhoe's disdainful (and prophetic) description of the house: "Vaults that are hidin' th' dead, instead of homes that are sheltherin' th' livin' (7).



being, too, an exit. For this is a play seemingly full of paradoxes. As Mrs. Gogan says of Nora's prettiness, "she is an' she isn't. There's prettiness an' prettiness in it" and of Nora and Jack's getting along, "they do, an' they don't."<sup>190</sup> Things are one way and then another. Likewise, entrance into narrative or as a practice is never simply the movement from an exterior to an interior.

Of course to be perpetually vice versa is to be forever back and forth, an oscillation, a kind of paralysis – A Joycean outlook on the Irish everyday that perhaps diminishes the distance June Dwyer maps between Joyce's view of the public house and O'Casey's.

Joyce cast a colder eye than either Synge or O'Casey on the democracy, wisdom, and the amoral vitality of the public house and on those who frequent it. Although he recognised the pub as a place of release, he did not mistake it for an asylum from the exacting demands of the church and state in Ireland. Rather, he viewed it as a theatre where the common people had the freedom to be themselves, and to act out what their spirits wished they might do in the outside world. Performances proved excessive and ineffectual, ranging from violence to sentimentality to surprising (if fleeting) generosity.<sup>191</sup>

Dwyer apparently writes her last sentence without having the second act of O'Casey's play in mind, which is a shame as the registers of violence, sentiment, and generosity all find themselves ringing out across the stage in that act. For O'Casey the pub is no mean asylum; the outside world finds its way in at every turn. And its inclusiveness contributed to rancor raised upon its initial run.

Among the various aspects of the play's realism that came under fire during its run at the Abbey Theatre was this particular act of entrance on the part of the Irish Citizen Army officers. O'Casey met these criticisms by suggesting that the public was upset by "the tinsel

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<sup>190</sup> O'Casey 1926, 6.

<sup>191</sup> Dwyer, June. "A drop taken: the role of drinking in the fiction and drama of the Irish Literary Revival." *Contemporary Drug Problems*. Summer, 1986. 271-285.

of shame [being] shaken from the body of truth” and that “[s]ome of the Men of Easter Week liked a bottle of stout, and I can see nothing wrong with that.”<sup>192</sup> The denuding of the public house appealed to O’Casey as much as its construction on the stage. O’Casey, like Joyce and others, was trying to get down the idiosyncrasies of everyday life in his art. He was a playwright “interested in men and women” over “gods and heroes”<sup>193</sup> and the sometimes humorous, sometimes acerbic, sometimes offensive marginalia of daily life laces his work with veracity rather than sham.

O’Casey was, after all, “anxious to bring everyone into the publichouses to make them proper places of amusement and refreshment.”<sup>194</sup> His comment, like much of the action in the play, attends to two ends. He is ostensibly referencing the array of characters he writes into Act II, while at the same time noting the play’s address to a popular audience. The space of the pub is one that O’Casey takes great care to describe in his stage directions and the set was “particularly innovative”<sup>195</sup> for its inclusion of the pub interior and the activity of “the man” (modeled after Padraic Pearse) speaking outside of the pub.<sup>196</sup>

A commodious public-house at the corner of the street in which the meeting is being addressed from Platform No. 1. It is the south corner of the public-house that is visible to the audience. The counter, beginning at Back about one-fourth of the width of the space shown, comes across two-thirds of the length of the stage, and, taking a circular sweep, passes out of sight to Left. On the counter are beer-pulls, glasses and a carafe. The other three-fourths of the

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<sup>192</sup> O’Casey 1992, 168-169.

<sup>193</sup> O’Casey 1992, 175.

<sup>194</sup> *Ibid.* 180.

<sup>195</sup> Simmons *Sean O’Casey*. London: The Macmillan Press Ltd, 1983. 83.

<sup>196</sup> Simmons points to Hugh Hunt’s *The Abbey* and Yeats’s involvement with the development of this set. Greater detail on the innovative character of the set would be useful above or in this footnote.

Back is occupied by a tall, wide, two-paned window. Beside this window at the Right is a small, box-like, panelled snug. Next to the snug is a double swing door, the entrance to that particular end of the house. Farther on is a shelf on which customers may rest their drinks. Underneath the window is a cushioned seat. Behind the counter as Back can be seen the shelves running the whole length of the counter. On these shelves can be seen the end (or the beginning) of rows of bottles.<sup>197</sup>

The arresting length of the stage directions reminds us that the pub is an altogether more ornate, more massive construct than we might expect. Its orientation, such that the audience already inhabits the space of the pub, keeps with O’Casey’s stated aim of inclusiveness. Within the confines of the play’s action, eleven characters enter the pub, some repeatedly.

O’Casey opens Act II as he did Act I, presenting a world ready-to-hand, inhabited here by Rosie, a prostitute “*toying with what remains of a half whiskey in a wine glass*”<sup>198</sup> and the unnamed barman, wiping the counter. It is a space similar to de Certeau’s city: “a universe of rented spaces haunted by a nowhere of dreamed-of places.”<sup>199</sup> Rosie’s wine glass, an attempt to class up her drink speaks to the imagined realm, just as the republican speaker outside of the pub will speak to the masses of a new day for Ireland. Rosie dreams of “a swankier outfit,”<sup>200</sup> a nicer garden. The man outside proclaims the need to “accustom ourselves to the thought [...] sight [and] use of arms.”<sup>201</sup> His vocal entrance, disembodied, ethereal – much like his rhetoric – permeates the space of the pub, as the public space of the street will literally wander into the public space of the pub moments later. This form of entrance into

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<sup>197</sup> O’Casey 1926, 17.

<sup>198</sup> O’Casey 4.

<sup>199</sup> Certeau 103.

<sup>200</sup> O’Casey 1926, 45.

<sup>201</sup> Ibid.

the play's action underscores the heterotopia of both the pub within the play and the play within the theater. In a play that moves from the "verbal pyrotechnics"<sup>202</sup> of nationalistic and drunken hyperbole to the sobering realities of war's horror, the pub stands as a transitional space, a doorway itself, a space through which the players move en route to less loquacious and more silencing confrontations, the hangover of reality.<sup>203</sup>

The collision of reality and reverie is a common occurrence in the pub. Peter and Fluther's initial entrance into the pub is, in fact, not their first trip to the bar for a pint during the oratory in the street. Rosie remarks, "Oh, here's th' two gems runnin' over again for their oil."<sup>204</sup> Their roiling entrance is a refueling, so to speak, an oil change as Rosie puts it. O'Casey casts the act of entrance into the pub as a pit stop. While the rhetoric races take place outside, the pub becomes aflutter with its own activity.<sup>205</sup> O'Casey carefully lays out the transitional nature of their movement from the street to the bar.

(PETER and FLUTHER enter tumultuously. They are hot, and full and hasty with the things they have seen and heard. Emotion is bubbling up in them, so that when they drink, and when they speak, they drink and speak with the fullness of emotional passion. PETER leads the way to the counter.)<sup>206</sup>

Their entrance their entrance physically and psychically maps the intrusion of the outside world into the pub. In the gestures of their entrance, the men carry the passion of the

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<sup>202</sup> Schrank, Bernice. "Language and Silence in *The Plough and the Stars*." *Moderna Sprak*. 80.4, 1986: 289-296. 291.

<sup>203</sup> Rarely have critics engaged with the way in which O'Casey uses space to prefigure "the new reality of popular resistance" that Bernice Schrank tracks in the characters' turn away from hyperbolic discourse and towards silence.

<sup>204</sup> O'Casey 1926, 46.

<sup>205</sup> That is: drinking, arguments, and exits.

<sup>206</sup> O'Casey 46.

speeches from the street into the pub. O'Casey layers the entrance of the national rhetoric, first allowing it to float past the windows of the pub, then having it burst through the doors on the faces and tongues of Peter and Fluther. The act of entrance telegraphs the tenor of the world.

Mrs. Gogan's entrance into the pub with her baby functions similarly. O'Casey, true to his intention to get everyone into the pub, reaches across generations by bringing the baby into the fray. The child's entrance has the added critical appeal of visually referencing the Proclamation of Irish Independence which proclaims the Republic's "cherishing all of the children of the nation equally and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government." Though melodramatically, O'Casey makes the point that entrance into the public house can be understood as an entrance into the *republic* house. The child, the mother, the prostitute, uncles, carpenters, barmen, across gender and class the space of the pub seemingly houses all. Before the close of Act II even the symbols of the dreamed-of republic make their way to the bar.

Carrying the banner of the Plough and the Stars and the Tricolor, Captain Brennan, Lieutenant Langon, and Jack Clitheroe of the Irish Citizen Army enter the pub. There, Langon ironically proclaims: "Th' time for Ireland's battle is now – th' place for Ireland's battle is here."<sup>207</sup> It is an ironic comment for a number of reasons. Just prior to the volunteers' arrival, the pub has been a battleground, as Mrs. Gogan, Bessie, Peter, Fluther, Rosie, and the Covey fall into a series of drunken arguments. O'Casey, understanding the polemical, motivational power of public discourse in the pub, initially holds the play back from that space of quickening momentum. And in doing so, provides the audience with a better contrast between the quotidian nature of tenement life and the inflammatory and

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<sup>207</sup> O'Casey 1992, 71.

tragicomic demeanor of the pub.<sup>208</sup> But the scene itself became a battleground for O’Casey. Langon’s prescient comments call to mind objections following the Abbey riots that the Tricolor was never in a public house. O’Casey met these objections by writing,

I myself have seen it there. I have seen the Green, White and Gold in strange places. I have seen it painted on a lavatory in the “The Gloucester Diamond”; it has been flown from some of the worst slums in Dublin; I’ve seen it thrust from the window of a shebeen in “The Digs”[...]<sup>209</sup>

The image of the flag, the symbol of the Republic, here collides with the everyday spaces of the Dublin landscape. The Tricolor enters into the “sieve-order”<sup>210</sup> of de Certeau’s city. That reality was clearly difficult to accept for some critics of the play, and captures, in microcosm, the challenge *The Plough and the Stars* leaves at the doorstep of the audience.

The play forces us to consider the act of entrance as a meaningful and embodying activity within Irish society. It foists the paradoxical situation of entrance and exit onto such considerations, continually couching the actions of characters and the emotions of the play in the vice versical realm – a liminal realm in which dream and reality brush up against one another. O’Casey’s doors foreground the phenomenal being of Irish subjectivity. We watch Fluther handle the door; he is the phenomenal man. They also serve as connective images between the tenement house and the public house, mapping the concerns of one onto the other. That connection dominates much of the play as the violence of war rends the

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<sup>208</sup> This is not to suggest that the tenement house does not become a stage for drunken argument or emotional distress – Bessie’s bawling and Nora’s melancholy in Act I attest to this. However, the rhetorical and gestural modes of the public house scenes appear almost exclusively informed by these sentiments.

<sup>209</sup> O’Casey 1992, 169.

<sup>210</sup> O’Casey 107.

dialectics of outside and inside.<sup>211</sup> In a sense the vice versa is impossibly enabled, as things become other than they previously were, and distinction winds up dissolved into a boundless realm where the encompassing walls of space are blown up. O’Casey’s doors seem plucked from the pages of *The Poetics of Space*.

When the poet unfolds [the image of the house] and spreads it out, it presents a very pure phenomenological aspect. Consciousness becomes “uplifted” in contact with an image that, ordinarily, is “in repose.” The image is no longer descriptive, but resolutely inspirational.

It is a strange situation. The space we love is unwilling to remain permanently enclosed. It deploys and appears to move elsewhere without difficulty; into other times, and on different planes of dream and memory.<sup>212</sup>

For as many scenes as they open onto in the play, and they open up in the memories of the audience, the doors throughout *Dubliners* and *The Plough and the Stars* form a constellation of entrances spanning art and everyday life. The laying of a hand to a door is, for Joyce as well as O’Casey, to touch the sublime potentialities of everyday life and feel the bursting forth of the sometimes hilarious, sometimes horrific quotidian.

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<sup>211</sup> Echoing this sense of O’Casey’s flair for the nature of things vice versa, Harold Bloom claims the playwright, “does fuse incompatibles [...] certainly a strain of militant idealism and a current of comic realism,” (3) though he does not use the term tragicomedy, preferring to call the O’Casey’s plays “pragmatically indescribable” (1). “Introduction.” *Sean O’Casey*. Ed. Harold Bloom. New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1987. In the same volume, Raymond Williams describes the language of the play as “the sound, really, of a long confusion and disintegration [...] an unbearable contrast [...] of nerves ragged by talking which cannot connect with the direct and terrible action.” (“The Endless Fantasy of Irish Talk,” *ibid.* 17).

<sup>212</sup> 53.

### *Drinking*

The history of pub glassware is fascinating and storied, as well as beyond the scope of this dissertation.<sup>213</sup> However, glassware tends to reflect a host of practical and object concerns. By way of example, consider the red wine glass, whose wide bottom and open mouth are specifically designed for aerating the characteristic tannins and nose of the wine.<sup>214</sup> More specific to the pub is the rise of the nonik (from conic and pronounced no-nick) pint glass introducing a bulge a short way below the rim of the glass to avoid the chipping inherent in washing and storage. Of course, the bulge had the added benefit of giving the drinker a firmer grip on the pint glass, as he could situate his index finger below the bulge. Thin and thick walled glasses<sup>215</sup>; the move from pots to fluted and dimpled mugs to glasses; these are stops on the evolutionary chain of bar glassware.

By association, the glassware is stop on the chain of pub being, begun once patrons start “naming their poisons” (*D* 93) – a kind of potable call-and-response. In the pub, that call can be variously sounded. The patron, in calling for the barman, brings himself into time at the bar, he instantiates his experience of being plugged in, as it were, to the events of the

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<sup>213</sup> A good place to begin looking at the evolution and proliferation of drinking glasses is Bickerton and Elleray’s *Eighteenth century English drinking glasses: an illustrated guide*. London: Antique Collectors’ Club, 2001. D.W. Hall’s *Irish Pewter: A History* (Powys, Wales: Welshpool Printing Company, 1995) is also excellent and referred to in the next chapter.

<sup>214</sup> Recently, Riedel introduced a series of wine glasses tailored to particular types of grapes – leaving behind simple distinctions between red and white.

<sup>215</sup> In Mike Hodge’s 1971 film, *Get Carter*, Michael Caine famously orders a pint of bitter and shouts after the barman, “In a *thin* glass!” For a more contemporary look at glassware, see this November 11, 2009 post on social historian Joe Morgan’s blog: <<http://joemoransblog.blogspot.com/2009/11/toast-to-pint-sized-polymorph.html>> in which Morgan offers a northerner/southerner gloss on Caine’s preference.



public house.<sup>216</sup> The more ambiguous “*this* calls for a drink” brings people into time at the bar. That time results solely from the “connections among beings.”<sup>217</sup> Without engagement with each other and the thinged world – a distinction that rapidly falls away in the pub – time ceases to exist. Entrance into the pub and the ordering of a drink commence these engagements. This of course does not make pub time a vastly enduring temporality. As soon as he enters the pub, as soon as he orders his drink, the patron is moving towards the exit. Pub time, more than *in medias res*, is already ahead of the moment: “Pub clock five minutes fast,” observes Bloom (*U* 8.790). In this respect, pub time is decidedly practical. The quickened clock always has its eyes on “Chuckingout time” (*U* 14.1453). When that hour comes round the barman can be heard to cry “Time, gents!” (*U* 14.1544).<sup>218</sup> This close of pub time, what we might term the pub call-ender, is discussed in greater detail in the next chapter.

To return to the moment of entrance into the pub, orders serve as practical contracts between the patron and the bartender. In every accepted order is the promise of pouring and in turn the arrival of the drink. That drink makes concrete the patron’s reasons for being in the pub. Whatever stresses, joys, or social graces have brought him within the pub, his drink

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<sup>216</sup> Susan Stewart in *Poetry and the Fate of the Senses* suggests that “[w]hen we invoke or call for sound, we bring ourselves [...] into a certain path: we take our place in time.” Though her reading of sound differs from the act of ordering a drink, I find the suggestion the otological order of the world presses us into time and space a useful way to begin thinking about how the pub eventually came to appear to Joyce through sounds. Stewart, Susan. *Poetry and the Fate of the Senses*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002. 145.

<sup>217</sup> Latour 1993, 77.

<sup>218</sup> The moment resonates with the call of “HURRY UP PLEASE IT’S TIME” in *The Wasteland*. By 1922, it seems the barman’s call had become solidified in the modernist consciousness. Amusingly, Vivienne Eliot’s comments on the first instance of the refrain echo the pubgoer’s response to the call: “Perhaps not so soon. Could you put this later?” (Eliot, T. S. *The Waste Land; a Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971. 13.

says – at a basic, practical level – he belongs there. The question the drink may not answer, however, is the same one posed at the moment of entrance: “Dyoublong?” (*FW* 13.4). In part, this is the “painful case” that confronts Mr. Duffy in *Dubliners* as he sits in the Chapelizod Bridge pub.

The proprietor served him [a hot punch] obsequiously but did not venture to talk. There were five or six working-men in the shop discussing the value of a gentleman’s estate in County Kildare. They drank at intervals from their huge pint tumblers and smoked, spitting often on the floor and sometimes dragging the sawdust over their spits with their heavy boots. Mr Duffy sat on his stool and gazed at them, without seeing or hearing them. After a while they went out and he called for another punch. He sat a long time over it. The shop was very quiet. The proprietor sprawled on the counter reading the *Herald* and yawning. Now and again a tram was heard swishing along the lonely road outside. (*D* 117).

Duffy’s loneliness manifests itself in all corners of the scene. As it is for Chandler in the doorway, so too it is for Duffy; he becomes marginalized. The everyday construction of the working-men is accessible: tumblers, smoke, spit, boots, and sawdust. But in their occurrentness, the men illustrate Duffy’s distance from humanity. Their conversation, their drinks, their smoking and spit embody the life from which Duffy feels cast out. In this story of emotional negligence, stubborn self-policing, and frantic depression, the “huge pint tumblers” (*D* 116) being emptied speak to Duffy’s assessment of himself as “an outcast from life’s feast” (*D* 117).

Their relative size, as huge in the estimation of the narrator (which I take to be close to Duffy’s perception despite his vacant gaze) recalls Dreyfus’s explication of the situational characteristics of equipment – called “properties” (always in quotes) by Heidegger and “*aspects*” by Dreyfus.<sup>219</sup> Aspects of equipment tend to show up when the equipment breaks down in some way. Break down here means failing to seamlessly flow into the user’s

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<sup>219</sup> Dreyfus 78.

intention. Heidegger uses the example of a heavy hammer to illustrate his point.<sup>220</sup> In these moments, when equipment appears decoupled from involvement, I may be tempted to indulge in a dialectical regard for the matter at hand. Duffy's sadness, spatially affirmed in the pub, is commensurate with his distance from the banquet of life and his embrace of the hopeless loneliness of the Cartesian landscape. Bakhtin's observations about actual feasting help illustrate the remove Duffy suffers.

[I]n the act of eating [...] the confines between the body and the world are overstepped by the body; it triumphs over the world, over its enemy, celebrates its victory, grows at the world's expense[...] The victorious body receives the defeated world and is renewed.<sup>221</sup>

Like the feast, rounds are a form of victorious reception, a gift-exchange in which people buy drinks for one another and in so doing affirm not only a sense of community but corporality. The gift exchange depicts “the values given body, *made* body by the transubstantiation achieved by hidden persuasion of an implicit pedagogy.”<sup>222</sup> Bourdieu's “implicit pedagogy” means rounds must adhere to a “temporal structure” that obfuscates the objective truth of the practice.<sup>223</sup> Standing a counter-round, so to speak, immediately after the initial one constitutes “swapping.” Acting as though the round is *owed* renders the entire practice a form of “lending.”<sup>224</sup> Both practices can be perceived as insults that betray an ignorance of local knowledge. Waiting too long or not waiting at all to buy a round make the

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<sup>220</sup> Heidegger 412 [360].

<sup>221</sup> Bakhtin, Mikail. *Rabelais and His World*. Helene Iswolsky, trans. Cambridge: MIT Press, 1968. 282.

<sup>222</sup> Bourdieu 94.

<sup>223</sup> Bourdieu 5-6.

<sup>224</sup> Bourdieu 5.

drinker look ungrateful (or American). For Bourdieu, like Joyce, “[i]t is all a question of style.”<sup>225</sup> And that style has everything to do with time. Not for nothing do the drinkers in the “Oxen of the Sun” episode blather: “Keep a watch on the clock” (14.1452) and “[...] Ten to. Obligated awful” (14.1471-1472). The awful obligation here, more than just drunken phrasing of thanks, can be understood as the need to squeeze in a round. Keeping oneself in time with drinking, however, is not always easy.

Joe Valente usefully reads Ignatius Gallaher and Thomas Chandler’s “personal and ideological contest”<sup>226</sup> in “A Little Cloud” and Farrington’s “personal and ethnic manhood”<sup>227</sup> through the practice of drinking. For him the “subject [is...] a nexus of resistance [in which] the operation of social codes [...] jostle clash, and reinforce one another.”<sup>228</sup> Understandably, then, “paralysis is not a moral category [...] but a political one” that Joyce reveals through the “tactics of metrocolonial everyday life.”<sup>229</sup> That kind of reading of “limited agency”<sup>230</sup> is useful within a critical framework that concerns itself with power struggles, colonialism, and the (in)visible imprint of history on the quotidian world. But the concern here is with the immediate understanding of the self in space. His reading of “A Little Cloud” ignores the practice of ordering a drink, the constellation of gestures

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<sup>225</sup> Bourdieu 6. Joyce famously dismissed his brother’s politics in 1936, saying “For God’s sake don’t talk politics. I’m not interested in politics. The only thing that interests me is style.” Quoted in Ellmann 697.

<sup>226</sup> Valente 335.

<sup>227</sup> Valente 337.

<sup>228</sup> Valente 331.

<sup>229</sup> Valente 338.

<sup>230</sup> Valente 331.

necessitated, choosing instead to examine why Chandler feels the need to compete with Gallaher's drinking pace. Valente's reading foregoes the how in favor of the why. In eliding this question, he misses an opportunity to examine issues of identity and belonging that Joyce expands upon in *Ulysses*, where Bloom's fumbling with drinking practices constitute part of his embodied agency. Reading for the everyday, whether as tactics, spaces, or gestures, requires us to rein in an *a priori* politicizing of all aspects of literatures in the colonial family tree (anti-, metro-, post-, and semi-). Throughout *Dubliners*, tactical and tactile engagements with the pub are as constitutive of being as they are symbolic of the larger political pressures weighing on the citizens of the Empire.

Dreyfus points out that both Heidegger and Bourdieu understand the style of cultural practices to be tacitly communicated. He uses the example of a Japanese and an American baby; the former lulled into quietude, the latter left to roam and vocalize freely.<sup>231</sup> In a similar vein, John Bishop, describing the oral "bodily knowing" that goes on in "Lestrygonians," usefully reminds us that the mouth is one of the first and most frequently used organs of knowledge for children.<sup>232</sup> Joyce's infantilization of Chandler within Corless's highlights this process. Chandler's failings as a drink orderer are evident. So lately frozen in the doorway of Corless's, he now has "some trouble [...] in catching the barman's eye" (*D* 76). At the counter, he still exists on the pub's practical margins. Not in possession of Gallaher's ease with pub practice – "Here...*garçon*, bring us two halves of malt whisky, like a good fellow" (*D* 74) – Chandler instead orders "the same again" (*D* 76). The polite exchange

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<sup>231</sup> Dreyfus 17. His example is culled from W. Caudill and H. Weinstein, "Maternal Care and Infant Behavior in Japan and in America," in C.S. Lavatelli and F. Stendler, eds., *Readings in Child Behavior and Development*. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1972. 78.

<sup>232</sup> Bishop, John. "Joyce and Modernist Knowing," paper presentation at the North American James Joyce Conference. Buffalo, NY. June 15, 2009.

summarizes his sad existence, while Gallaher's order is ridiculous, foppishly Continental, but, to Chandler's unfamiliar eyes, knowledgeable. While Chandler's order returns the gift equally, it smacks of dull sameness, an echo of the low-grade eternal recurrence of his daily drudgery. The order also signals the first in a series of repetitive orders by Chandler, as he practices how to conduct oneself at the bar. After this order, Chandler (as he gets drunk) espouses more and more of Gallaher's gallantry. In the next round, Gallaher asks, "The same again, I suppose?" before calling on the barman: "*François*, the same again" (D 78). Joyce juxtaposes the drink and the order. Gallaher's worldliness stylizes his orders just as Chandler's insularity deflates his own.

In this way, rounds can overrun a singular body. Famed *seannacht*<sup>233</sup> Eamon Kelly offers an amusing illustration of the point:

Ned was noted. But fierce for the drink. And he took every known pledge including the anti-treating pledge – that was brought in a (*sic*) the time to counter act the habit of standing your round / which is fine if the company is small but if it swells to 9 or ten and before you know where you are the man that started it is on the second leg of the course. And if you try to call your round and go home you'll be told put away that pound tishn't your turn yet! And God help the man with the small capacity. Don't he suffer and his wife at home thinking he's enjoying himself.<sup>234</sup>

Kelly wryly displays the overmastering geography of rounds. A drinker can get lost in the practice and if he attempts to locate himself by breaking with the organization of the thing – calling his round out of turn – the practice, indistinguishable from the company of drinkers, namelessly speaks back to him, "tishn't your turn." Rounds, like all practices, have their right and wrong ways and places. As his evening wears on and his purse wears thin, Farrington "curse[s] his want of money and curse[s] all the rounds he [has] stood, particularly all the

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<sup>233</sup> Irish for "storyteller."

<sup>234</sup> Kelly, MS 36, 966-969. Notebook titled "Pub Raid". National Library of Ireland.

whiskies and Apollinaris [...] to Weathers” (D 91). Farrington’s fatigue is his own fault. The puffery of his friends eggs on his generosity in Davy Byrne’s; he buys rounds when it isn’t his turn. In the Scotch House, in drunken possession of “definite notions about what was what” (D 90), he offers whisky and Apollinaris to all the drinking crew in the wake of Weathers’s expensive request. Critics tend to regard Farrington as a surly reprobate. More charitable assessments of him chalk his temperament up to a function of colonialism. Noting Weather’s nationality and his place among the “ruling class,” Paul Lin calls Weathers an “outsider on the inside [who...] within the space of the public house, a putative space outside of modernity, [...] enslaves the two Irishmen by their own national custom and allegorically reproduces the condition of colonialism.”<sup>235</sup> By using the term “putative,” Lin gestures toward the commonly held Irish view of pub as a timeless enclave. It is not difficult to find regulars in a (Dublin) bar ready to lament the passing away of the old pubs and “the way things used to be” (a Cartesian lamentation if ever there was one). Weathers’ presence, a marker of modernity for Lin, indicates the pub’s transition beyond rote nationalism and into a hybridized modernity that accounts for transnationalism. Lin’s excellent point: Dubliners tend to get set in their *ways*, especially with respect to the pub, gets obscured when he insists on applying a colonial critique to the proceedings that puts politics before practice. The limits here are those of traditional postcolonial readings, structured as they are by concerns with power struggles above the everyday. Lin passes on closely reading practice to in order to fashion it as a symbol of colonialism.

In that light, I am inclined to let the practical field hold more sway over Farrington. He misuses the practice of rounds and literally pays the price for it. For him rounds are less

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<sup>235</sup> Lin 49.

about belonging than display. He tries to bend the practice into an assertion of his masculine will. He *will* put Alleyne in his place. He *will* stand the next round. He *will* best Weathers in arm wrestling. In each case, that *will* runs up against reality. He does not have the authority, money, or physical strength to achieve any of these things. The first and last of these failures can be laughed off or retold in a narrative that limits their psychic damage. The second cannot be ignored. The money comes from Farrington's pawned watch – an overt exchange of time in service to the pub. Early on in the story, Joyce explains that when the money is gone the party for the penniless is typically over. At the conclusion of a round in Davy Byrne's there is a pause. Neither Nosey Flynn nor Higgins has any money – a kind of pub valediction – “so the whole party [leaves] the shop somewhat regretfully.” The destitute “bevel[...] off” from Farrington, Paddy Leonard, and O'Halloran. Regretful or not, Flynn and Higgins possess practical tact. Farrington, a self-deluder, keeps up the self-deception of his wealth with successive rounds.

This is also apparent in their successively more combative toasts. Toasters take hold of the gesture of fellowship embodied by the toast and refashion it as a means of dominant self-assertion. Toasting, by turns defensive and aggressive, is another drinking practice. Senn suggests “when drinks are taken up custom demands some sort of ritual toast.”<sup>236</sup> Drinks or their drinkers need to be “toastified” (*FW* 382.2), in *Ulysses* this looks particularly banal: “Health” (12.241), “Fortune” (12.820), “good health” (12.820, 1076, 1077), “God bless all here” (12.1673), and “butter for fish” (a form of health and fortune; 12.1753). Those polite gestures display their toasters' knack for local knowledge and bespeak their pub savvy. But in

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<sup>236</sup> Senn 55-56.



a few cases drinkers make use of the toast in tactical rather than customary (or perhaps strategic) fashion, in an adaptation of *la perruque*.<sup>237</sup>

In a much more contemporary context, the toast can be read as similar to the b-boy and rap battles that were part of early hip-hop culture.<sup>238</sup> With physical aggression an untenable and unappealing option, artistic attack, thickly or thinly veiled, provides a means of illustrating a practitioner's skill. And just as a good freeze requires a platform on which to stand base itself or a successful battle requires an audience, the toaster needs a glass. It would be difficult to imagine Gallaher or Chandler making particular kinds of jibes without a

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<sup>237</sup> The adaptation is admittedly tenuous. As pointed out in Chapter I, *la perruque*, in de Certeau's formulation involves a worker's surreptitious projects within the larger strategy of his employment. In formulation above, the Citizen uses social custom (the work of society) to mask his own attack against Bloom (his project).

<sup>238</sup> Joyce's inclusion of the phrase "hip hop handihap" (022.33) in *Finnegans Wake*, though not the origin of "hiphop" seems a fortuitous invitation to read Joyce in this contemporary context. Jeff Chang's *Cant Stop Won't Stop: A History of the Hip Hop Generation* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2005) remains an invaluable resource for tracking the development of the battle from violent to virtuosic. I'd be remiss if I did not note his (maybe) nod to Joyce in the description of a 1981 graffiti piece by NOC 167:

At the right, a cool, top-hatted cat rode an angry, blue-jacketed fire-breathing dragon next to a portrait of the writer as a young rebel – staring nonchalant from behind his ski goggles like he'd already beaten the transit cops and the toys. *No matter how hard you try, you can't stop me now.* (124).

His piece, "It's a Hip-Hop World," in October 2007 issue of *Foreign Policy* updates his views in a more global context.

The climax of the battle, the most thrilling part, is itself the deepest kind of communication. 'It happens in an exchange,' says Storm. 'He's giving me something that I can relate to and I have to answer with something that he can relate to so that we can continue this battle.' It's the kind of exchange that happens daily, among millions, in almost every corner of the world.

Chang, Jeff. "It's a Hip Hop World." *foreignpolicy.com*. 11 October, 2007. *Foreign Policy*. 5 May, 2010.

<[http://www.foreignpolicy.com/articles/2007/10/11/its\\_a\\_hip\\_hop\\_world?page=full](http://www.foreignpolicy.com/articles/2007/10/11/its_a_hip_hop_world?page=full)>

glass in hand. The unglased toast is closer to an imperative sentence than a form of respect (however dubious or malingering) and uncouthly reveals the toaster to be a poor practitioner.

In the exchanges between Chandler and Ignatius Gallaher, Joyce raises the material world into view via the glass, as the men down their whiskies amidst the quotidian sparring of toasts. Chandler, marked as an outsider by his hesitant entrance into the bar and difficulty with orders, becomes again an alien figure among glassware and toasts. By allowing his whisky to be “very much diluted” (*D* 75) Chandler invites Gallaher’s chastisement:

-You don’t know what’s good for you, my boy, said Ignatius Gallaher. I drink mine neat.

-I drink very little as a rule, said Little Chandler modestly. An odd half-one or so when I meet any of the old crowd: that’s all.

-Ah, well, said Ignatius Gallaher, cheerfully, here’s to us and old times and acquaintance.

They clinked glasses and drank the toast (*D* 75).

Clinking glasses, crossing swords, or touching gloves. The mutual contempt that grows and reveals itself as the men drink hides feebly behind the words “modestly” and “cheerfully,” a bit of artifice as flimsy as the toast they drink. The diluted whisky is not a *sign* for Chandler’s diluted masculinity, diluted hopes, and diluted happiness. Rather, Chandler *is* the diluted whisky as much as he is anything else. The drinks are not simply symbolic of their personalities or their approach to life. Their drinks are a component of their being within the space of the pub. In the constellation of pub practices, kinds of drinks, pacing, etc. are in part who you are. In the next round, Chandler tries to assert himself a little more adeptly.

Little Chandler finished his whisky and, after some trouble, succeeded in catching the barman’s eye. He ordered the same again.

-I’ve been to the Moulin Rouge, Ignatius Gallaher continued when the barman had removed their glasses, and I’ve been to all the Bohemian cafés. Hot stuff! Not for a pious chap like you, Tommy.

Little Chandler said nothing until the barman returned with the two glasses: then he touched his friend’s glass lightly and reciprocated the former toast (*D* 76).

Chandler says nothing but communicates much. His silence and his toast betray his thoughts to Gallaher and the savvy reader of practice. The barman, busy doing his composite practical work: taking orders, clearing glasses, delivering rounds, is understood as an audience by both men. For Chandler, the barman bears witness to his practicing of toasting. In an attempt to look the part of assertive pubgoer, Chandler quickly repeats Gallaher's prior toast in front of the barman. But Chandler jumps the gun a bit by putting his glass to Gallaher's. In its aggressive, mock earnestness, the move comes across as a little clumsy. The moment intentionally recalls feelings of watching, with sheepish and patronizing pride, a child do something by him or her *self*.

By contrast, Gallaher views the barman as an unwanted audience – “Walls have ears” (U 15.399), so to speak, prefiguring deaf Pat the waiter’s “open mouth ear waiting to wait” (U 11.718-719) in “Sirens.” Gallaher’s caution at when to brag about the Moulin Rouge bespeaks his knowledge about keeping up particular social appearances and the gossipy nature of a pub and its populace. Chandler’s learning curve can be witnessed again in the pace and style of drinking. Gallaher “[drinks] off his whisky” while Chandler, evidencing some self-consciousness about pace, “[takes] four or five sips from his glass” (D 72). This hardly satisfies Gallaher, who implores Chandler: “I say, Tommy, don’t make punch of that whisky: liquor up” (D 72).<sup>239</sup> Gallaher plays the part of elder here, echoing “advice” J.M. Callwell claims was “frequently given by elders to their juniors” – “Make your head while you are young.”<sup>240</sup> The implication here is that you’re going to be drinking in life, so you might as well prepare yourself for it. That awareness of life’s future (futility) gives way in

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<sup>239</sup> The knock against Chandler looks ahead to “A Painful Case” and Mr. Duffy’s order of a punch amidst the working-men’s pints.

<sup>240</sup> Callwell, J.M. *Old Irish Life*. London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1912. 152.

Gallaher's rendering of the practice as an end in itself. Drinking and drunkenness become indistinguishable.

This learning is lost and ironically inscribed on Chandler whose characteristic sobriety gives way over the course of the story. He looks "confusedly at his glass" (*D* 81) after Gallaher, employing a common phoniness, "slap[s] his friend on the back in congratulation after finding out Chandler is a father: "Bravo, he said, I wouldn't doubt you, Tommy" (*D* 81).<sup>241</sup> Chandler's gaze falls on the pub equipment being wielded in this foreign space, and he becomes overmastered not just by his timidity, that "former agitation" (*D* 79), but by the alcohol he has consumed.

In a last desperate attempt to master pub practice but addled by three whiskies which have "gone to his head" (*D* 80), Chandler orders a final round, a "*deac an dorius*" according to Gallaher – literally the "door drink," the drink that says goodbye. They uncanny poetics of the door return and remind the reader of Chandler's prior and definitive hesitation, lest his boldness get read as anything other than liquored up bravado.

The barman brought their drinks. Little Chandler pushed one glass towards his friend and took up the other boldly.

-Who knows? he said, as they lifted their glasses. When you come next year I may have the pleasure of wishing long life and happiness to Mr and Mrs Ignatius Gallaher.

Ignatius Gallaher in the act of drinking closed one eye expressively over the rim of this glass. When he had drunk he smacked his lips decisively, set down his glass and said:

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<sup>241</sup> Vaneigem bristles at the platitude of handshakes and backslapping. "All the backslapping that goes on could not be more phoney [...] this energetically reiterated affirmation of social concord is an attempt to trick our senses – to 'adjust' our perception to the emptiness of the spectacle" (33). I do not share his outright contempt, or his arguable paranoia, but I agree with the performative potential he sees in such activity to mask genuine emotion or disinterest.

-No blooming fear of that, my boy. I'm going to have my  
 fling first and see a bit of the world before I put my head in the sack  
 – if I ever do. (81).<sup>242</sup>

The “delicate and abstinent person” (*D* 80) finally becomes an unwieldy gathering of pubthings: glasses, alcohol, and toasts. His manipulation of the objects and practices speaks with too much candor, so much in fact that Chandler understands that in his tone he has “betrayed himself” (*D* 81). He puts on a brazenness that does not suit him and the ill-fitting practice looks the farce to Gallaher who winks over his glass. And there, the glass obfuscates, distances, mediates Gallaher’s knowing wink, framing his dismissive gesture. For a moment, Joyce unites the pubgoer’s face with this pub artefact and at the same time maps the distance between the men with it. To return to Latour – and it is difficult not to when Gallaher proclaims: “When I go about a *thing* I mean business” (*D* 77, my emphasis) – Gallaher and his insult are rendered in a practical assemblage, a constellation of body, glass, sarcasm, and gesture.

Sometimes communicated in a patron’s order, other times set at the lip of the glass, waiting and the pace of drinking also provide a means of reading a character’s interaction with things. Chandler “[takes] four or five sips from his glass” (*D* 72) while Gallaher “[drinks] off his whisky and [shakes] his head” (*D* 72). One possesses a timidity so great that the narration has difficulty detecting just how little he drinks while the other drinks “boldly” (*D* 71) and “tosse[s] his glass to his mouth” (*D* 77). No one will confuse these two men based on their handling of objects. The glass, stage of selfconstructing toasts, also becomes a theater for the practice of pace.

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<sup>242</sup> Gallaher’s “expressive” wink recalls Corley’s in “Two Gallants.” There the fat schemer “expressively” closes one eye as an assurance to Lenehan that the slavey he has set his sights on is “game” for thieving from her employer (*D* 46). Winking, thus, accrues further experiential heft as a discursive practice of deception, arrogance, and mastery.

He tossed his glass to his mouth, finished his drink and laughed loudly. Then he looked thoughtfully before him and said in a calmer tone:

-But I'm in no hurry. They can wait. I don't fancy tying myself 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 (*D* 77).

The cavalier gesture of finishing a drink, the laughter, the wit – it all lies beyond Chandler's practical grasp. A Gallaher-glass hybrid embodies the realization of so much that Chandler will not effect. The practice of tasting whisky becomes a metonym (*not* a metaphor) for the act of tasting life. And this is, of course, what Chandler understands as he walks home in a melancholy mood, and later drunkenly, frustratedly, angrily shouts into the face of his infant son, "Stop!" (*D* 80).

### *Mobile Pubs*

In a sense, *Dubliners* is not a book all about pubs but it is, in part, a book about how we come to know the pub. The practices associated with the pub, the hallmarks of pubgoing, arise slowly in the collection, first seen in the childish and adolescent observations of the early stories. Later, as the reader moves into the stories of mature and public life, the pub appears more fully as accords the extent of access to a pub. By the book's end, being in the pub can be understood as ongoing ontic-ontological project that pervades Dublin life.

Like so many other items, the pub finds its way into pockets. The most mobile space in Joyce, the pocket figures heavily in Joyce's fiction as a site that testifies to embodiment, a place where the history of coition between things and people is told. In "Grace" Mrs. Kernan's "puzzled eyes watch" Jack Power (who has just brought her drunken husband home) drive out of sight before she "withdr[aws] them [...] and emptie[s] her husband's pockets" (*D* 154). As Molly asserts: "deceitful men all their 20 pockets arent enough for their

lies” (*U* 18.1336-1237). Rather than rework, in miniature, the pockets of practice made earlier in the chapter by looking again at instances of entering or toasting, I offer a few close readings of moments in *Dubliners* where the “pub-like constellations” gather.<sup>243</sup>

Joyce’s initial iteration of the mobile pub occurs in the seemingly unlikely space of Nannie and Eliza’s sitting room. The narrator of “The Sisters” sits in his “usual chair in the corner,” while Nannie gathers “the decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses” (*D* 7). For the reader of “A Little Cloud” and “Counterparts,” the corner seat respectively recalls Nosey Flynn’s drinking spot and Chandler and Gallaher’s place at the counter. Women, not yet welcome in the pub, improvise. His aunt “finger[s] the stem of her wine glass” (*D* 15) and mentions she “heard something” (*D* 17) about the dead priest’s mental condition. A public scene, complete with gossip – that practice of the tea-table<sup>244</sup> and the pub alike – arises before narrator’s eyes. The corner provides him with a view to one more drinking practice. Just as the story teaches its readers how to read for corners, it teaches them how to read for the mobile pub.

For all its political rhetoric, “Ivy Day in the Committee Room,” is about drinking. Early on in the story, Old Jack laments his nineteen year-old son as being a “drunken bowsy” (*D* 120) who “goes boosing about” (*D* 119), “takes th’upper hand of [Jack] whenever he sees [Jack has] a sup taken” (*D* 120), and “whenever he gets a job [...] drinks it all” (*D* 120). The heavy irony of these complaints doesn’t arrive until the bottles do, however. A boy from the Black Eagle brings a basket of bottles of stout but neglects to bring a corkscrew or tumblers. The arrival of the bottles puts into action an astonishing

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<sup>243</sup> Senn 47.

<sup>244</sup> In “Araby” the narrator has to “endure the gossip of the tea-table” (*D* 33) while awaiting the arrival of his uncle and money for the bazaar.

series of pub practices. A corkscrew is called for and the boy rapidly borrows one from the bar. As Old Jack hands back the corkscrew to the boy Mr. Henchy asks him if he would like a drink. The boy assents and Jack “grudgingly” (*D* 126) opens another bottle. After offering Henchy his “*very best respects*,” the boy downs the bottle, “wipes[s] his mouth with his sleeve,” takes the corkscrew, and departs. The tactical use of his sleeve underscores the brazen youth in the boy’s drinking practice. In his absence, Jack muses: “That’s the way it begins.”

Henchy, instigator of the boy’s drinking, agrees, saying: “The thin edge of the wedge” (*D* 126). The moment could be taken as an example of the Dublin male’s penchant for destruction of himself and others – “I see it all now plainly and they call that friendship killing and then burying one another” (*U* 18.1270-1271) ruminates Molly Bloom about Paddy Dignam’s funeral. But leaving aside the psychodrama of the gesture, Henchy extends the usual hospitality of the round to the boy. The boy, perhaps less schooled in the ways of the pub or aware that his elders remain entrenched in the courtesies of exchange, only bothers to get the toast right and blatantly ignores the pace of drinking. He must work, unlike the men gathered in the committee room winding down their day with a far more leisurely drink.

Having depicted these drinkers as old hands at the practice, Joyce sets about a spatial reorganization of the committee room. Like de Certeau’s *flâneurs*, the men actualize and invent new possibilities for the room’s spatial order. After their first and notably simultaneous drink, the men place their bottles “on the mantelpiece within a hand’s reach” (*D* 129). The men organize their bottles in space with considerations about drinking and repurpose the mantel as a counter. Severed from the aid of that pub tool, the corkscrew, the men rely on Henchy’s ingenuity to open the remaining bottles.

-Wait now, wait now! said Mr Henchy, getting up quickly.  
Did you ever see this little trick?



He took two bottles from the table and, carrying them to the fire, put them on the hob. Then he sat down again by the fire and took another drink from his bottle. Mr Lyons sat on the edge of the table, pushed his hat back towards the nape of his neck and began to swing his legs [...] In a few minutes an apologetic *Pok!* was heard as the cork flew out of Mr Lyon's bottle (*D* 131).

Henchy makes good tactical use of the fire – it becomes a corkscrew. As a result, the fireplace gets incorporated into the constellation of the drinking. Likewise, Lyons turns the table into a stool; Crofton sits on a box. The entire space begins to transform and the story alludes to other other pub tableaus. Henchy proclaims King Edward “an ordinary knockabout like you and me” who is “fond of his glass of grog and [...] a bit of a rake” (*D* 132) invoking the knockabout Weathers and blurring politics and practice as in “Counterparts.” As tempers begin to flare over Parnell's memory, Mr. O'Connor foreshadows the peacemaker role later played by Terry Ryan in *Ulysses*, and reminds the men “This is Parnell's anniversary [...] don't let us stir up any bad blood. We all respect him now that he's dead and gone” (*D* 132).

The grim opening to “Grace” serves as a set-up for Joyce's punny comparison of the church and pub. He revisits Kernan's drunken tumble at the close of the story in Father Purdon's assertion that

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. We might have had, we all had from time to time, our temptations: we might have, we all had, our failings.

It is quite right to hear an echo of a curate's “Time, gentlemen!” in the “time to time” in which Father Purdon locates the failings of the flock. These temptations occur within the

space of the pub, within the narrowing sliver of time before the closing of the bar.<sup>245</sup> The play of fallen nature, postlapsarian or drunk, and the slim distance between failing and falling illustrate the fluid nature of the pub, its narrative slippage past the daunting, sobering walls of the church. It is a space in which the fallen nature of man is as honestly, if not moreso, present than in the Jesuit Church on Gardiner Street. Both spaces compete to give some promise of spiritual life to Tom Kernan. In this way the narrative constellation of pub space, church space, and office space can hardly be denied at the close of “Grace.” We hear the grudging scribbling, the sad tallying of Little Chandler in Father Purdon’s rhetoric of “accounts” and “discrepancies, in his direction to honest men to ask of themselves: “ ‘Well, I have looked into my accounts. I find this wrong and this wrong. But, with God’s grace, I will rectify this and this. I will set right my accounts.’ ” (*D* 174). These accounts, kept and told, delineate the formulative importance of the pub in ordering a number of Dubliners’ lives.

So Tom Kernan wears the visit to the pub on his tongue, partly bitten off in a tumble down the steps of pub in “Grace.” He uses the accident to avoid going to work and the pub comes to him. Laid up in bed after his drunken fall, his friends drop by with a scheme to get Kernan to Father Purdon’s retreat for businessmen and “make a new man of him” (*D* 155). The scheme transforms the bedroom into a pub. If it were not for the occasional entrance by Mrs. Kernan, “ironing downstairs” (*D* 161), the scene would be indistinguishable from one in the pub. Even her entrances take on a valance of the pub practice. She first comes in with a tray of stout and later enters to silently call time to the men. She effectively and ironically sets the parameters of the pub scene. As the “distribution of the bottles of stout [takes] place amid general merriment” (*D* 162), Joyce carefully attends

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<sup>245</sup> Tellingly, in the early 2000s, Ireland debated instituting extended drinking hours, along the lines of England in an attempt to curb binge drinking at last call and the practice of ordering several pints at a time for oneself.

to the pace of drinking. In a story about setting a good example in the eyes of God, the Church, and society, drinking's pace is no less a matter of tact. The men drink their stout "one following another's example" (D 164). When Mr. Fogarty arrives with a "half-pint of special whisky" Mr. Power pours "five small measures" which have the benefit of "enliven[ing] the conversation" (D 166). In the midst of their discussion of Pope Leo XIII's poetry, the men take heed of who drinks when.

Yes, said Mr Cunningham. He wrote Latin poetry.  
 -Is that so? said Mr Fogarty.  
 Mr M'Coy *tasted his whiskey* contentedly and shook his head with a double intention, saying:  
 -That's no joke, I can tell you.  
 -We didn't learn that, Tom, said Mr Power, *following Mr M'Coy's example*, when we went to the penny-a-week school.  
 -There was many a good man went to the penny-a-week school with a sod of turf under his oxter, said Mr Kernan sententiously. The old system was the best: plain honest education. None of your modern trumpery...  
 -Quite right, said Mr Power.  
 -No superfluties, said Mr Fogarty.  
 He enunciated the word and *then drank* gravely.  
 -I remember reading, said Mr Cunningham, that one of Pope Leo's poems was on the invention of the photograph – in Latin, of course.  
 -On the photograph! exclaimed Mr Kernan  
 -Yes, said Mr Cunningham.  
 He also *drank* from his glass (D 167, my italics).

M'Coy's double-intentioned gesture recalls the choreography of Gallaher's "must get a bit stale" as it turns to comment that neither the whisky nor the fact of Leo's poems are a joke. The comment, in turn, is spun outward to encompass several other concerns: class, education, technology. Well in advance of *Ulysses*, Joyce was developing an ear for associative thinking among the Irish.<sup>246</sup> So, by the time he writes *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* Joyce no longer needs to point out the duality of intention; gestures and words implicitly assume multiple valences. In addition to the scene's invocation of Gallaher, smaller resonances with

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<sup>246</sup> Ellmann 395.

“A Little Cloud” also occur in the story. Martin Cunningham “stoutly” proclaims Father Purdon a “man of the world like ourselves” (*D* 164) recalling both Chandler’s “stoutly” offered assertion that Gallaher will one day get married, and Gallaher’s own worldliness. It should be noted that this worldliness is every bit as lecherous as Gallaher’s. Joyce teasingly names Purdon after the street in Dublin’s red light district and Power “keeps that barmaid” remembers Molly Bloom in *Ulysses* (18.1272). That fact lends considerable heft to Power’s jocular admittance that the group is “a nice collection of scoundrels” (*D* 162).

That phrase takes on its own double intention in light of the narrative voice’s perpetual invocation of formal address. Joyce uses “Mr” variously throughout *Dubliners*, but typically unveils it when the setting calls for formality or social grace recommends it. For example, the narrative voice of “The Dead,” which resides next to Gabriel’s consciousness, renders the tenor, Bartell D’Arcy, Mr D’Arcy but leaves the drunkard, Freddy Mallins, misterless. I raise the issue here because in both this story and “Ivy Day in the Committee Room” misters abound. The effect lends one more resonance of the pub to the proceedings. Gorham, in his lament for the passing away of old pub customs cites among them the publican’s “the reluctance to use customers’ names.”<sup>247</sup> The practice is meant to keep a person’s identity private and while “initials are the rule”<sup>248</sup> (Mr. M. rather than Mr. M’Coy). The formality in Joyce’s narrative suggests proximity to this other pub practice and toys with the notion of identity’s shifting formulation within pub practice and space.

In the mobile pubs just articulated and that have been left unattended, one might object that the only thing made clear is the pervasive nature of alcohol. It seeps into

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<sup>247</sup> Gorham, Maurice. “Introduction.” *Irish Pubs of Character*. By Roy Bulson. Dublin: Bruce Spicer Ltd., 1969. 13.

<sup>248</sup> Gorham 14.

seemingly every social setting. Less cynically, I have been arguing that the mobile pub illustrates pub's inextricable involvement in an ontology of Irishness. Drink is part of that being, but only a part. The nexus of humans and objects mandated to bring about a pub or a pub-like constellation, addresses far more than taking drink or getting drunk. Reading for the narrative of drinking networks affords access to Joyce's philosophical view of what being a Dubliner entails at a daily level. As they enter the pub, the Chandlers and Farringtons of Joyce's world next must grapple with the equipment of the pub's two foundational practices: drinking and conversation. In the construction of that public, the Dubliner constructs himself.

In a lucid moment Tom Kernan recalls something Crofton said to him in Butler's public house after the pair had just heard a sermon by Father Tom Burke: "*Kernan*, he said, *we worship at different altars*, he said, *but our belief is the same*" (D 165). Crofton ostensibly points out the difference and underlying sameness of Kernan's Catholicism and his own Protestantism. But in the context of the pub, I am inclined to claim that Crofton wittingly or not points out a more basic belief. In sharing a pint, they locate a belief in the innate and abiding power of the public house to draw people together, to foster publics in which men testify to the existence of others: hail, toast, and drink with – argue, arm wrestle, and lose out to one another. Crofton's comment prefigures one made much later in Thaddeus O'Sullivan's filmic adaptation of Sean O'Faolain's "The Woman Who Married Clark Gable." There two Irish factory workers chastise a fellow worker, figured as an outsider on account of his Englishness and Protestantism, for failing to buy a round when he comes to the table: "All this time in Ireland, George, and you still don't understand *the* religion," says one while the other raises his pint glass. At the altar of the pub, belief manifests itself in a raised glass and the shared conviction of conversation – here too are the gods.



**CHAPTER III**  
**PUB UNDERSTANDING**  
*STEPHEN HERO AND PORTRAIT OF*  
*THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN*

As true as I'm drinking this porter if he was at his last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living.

James Joyce, *Ulysses* (12.1362-63).

In the “Cyclops” episode of *Ulysses*, the nameless narrator’s exasperation with Bloom’s suggestion that “discipline [is] the same everywhere” (*U* 12.1360), unwittingly reveals a central truth for phenomenology: death makes living possible. Growing up, socially or philosophically, entails the acceptance of death. Joyce bookended *Dubliners* with this reality and he reprises it in *Stephen Hero*. In this chapter, I will explain Joyce’s exploration an adolescent engagement with the pub and his development of Stephen’s growing sense of “being what I am doing” in the fallenness of the everyday. Once he highlights the material embeddedness of being in *Dubliners*, Joyce turns his attention to how being discloses itself through practice and reflection. *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* constitute a more evident working over of the myth of subjectivity than can be perceived in *Dubliners*. Where that work offers a fragmentary depiction of how the network of alcohol consumption orients Irish masculine being, *Stephen Hero* provides a more cohesive portrait of the ways in which drinking and the pub contribute to Stephen’s thinking about *quidditas* - the scholastic word Aristotle used to denote “whatness” and the centerpiece of Stephen’s theory of the epiphany. The epiphany, highly touted as *Dubliners*’s greatest contribution to literature, constitutes a moment of truth – what Heidegger calls a rupture and what James Luchte in his book on Heidegger’s early

philosophy terms a “truth event.”<sup>249</sup> Though the characters in *Dubliners* experience epiphanies, none of them is every shown considering its import for their ontology. In Joyce’s failed and first novels, Stephen broods over his situation in life as he aspires to assert himself as an artist in a world that often seems indifferent, if not hostile, to his artistic enterprise. I view this adolescent brooding as a kind of engagement with the question of authenticity raised by Heidegger in *Being and Time*. Stephen wants to understand his being through the *quidditas* of the world and attempts to do so taking up a critical view of averageness.<sup>250</sup> In *Hero*, the most salient examples of this endeavor appear in or alongside the pub. Post-funeral drinking traditions, the teasing flirtations of a young woman, and the inauthentic ineptitude of the billiard-room facilitate Stephen’s awareness of the fallen condition of everyday life. Put more bluntly, Stephen’s experience of death and sex drive him to drink and when he does, he does so with a new regard for the publicness in which he sits.

Despite the fact that *Hero* serves as a forerunner to *Portrait*, the latter text nearly eradicates all traces of the pub from its narrative. Yet, the traces that remain provide an equally compelling view of Stephen’s artistic and phenomenological project. Sunday constitutionals with his father and uncle quite literally put Stephen on the road to the pub. Inside it, Stephen encounters pubtalk and despite its brevity, the passage presents a strong case for the influence of pub discourse on Stephen’s sense of self and art. In the closing section of this chapter, I argue that Stephen’s experience on the Sunday roads and in the Sunday pubs can be read through Bakhtin’s theory of the chronotope. The goal here is to understand the pub as Bakhtin understands the road in Greek romances: an ordering

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<sup>249</sup> Luchte, James. *Heidegger’s Early Philosophy: The Phenomenology of Ecstatic Temporality*. Continuum. 2008. 49.

<sup>250</sup> Heidegger 43.



structure for narrative that simultaneously controls the arc of the narrative and discloses a historically contextualized sensibility of being. In this way, *Portrait* anticipates the extensive fusion of the road with the pub that takes place in *Ulysses*.

### *Death and Drink Orders*

Composed between 1901 and 1906<sup>251</sup> and published posthumously in 1944, *Stephen Hero* is an autobiographical ur-text for *Portrait of the Artist* and provides material later incorporated into *Ulysses*. The work instantiates Stephen's theories of the epiphany and a language of gesture – the former revisited in *Portrait*, the latter addressed in *Ulysses* – and provides a view of Stephen as a drinker that is at once critical of the pub and instrumental in understanding Stephen's conception of what it means to be-in-the-world. This stance is immediately recognizable as that of the young Joyce who, Ellmann suggests, did not begin drinking until 1902 when he encountered Parisian wines.

Joyce's early drinking history is important here as it illustrates the extent to which the writer's bodily engagement with the public house influenced his portrait of it in his works – particularly *Stephen Hero* and *Ulysses*. Joyce was not, as they say, a born drinker. In his memoir of Joyce's early years, Stanislaus points out that his brother “had not the *physique du rôle*, nor had he a substantial basis of square meals to help him carry his liquor.”<sup>252</sup> In this fact, Joyce exhibits a unique feature of Irish drinking habits. Drawing on M.J.F. McCarthy's 1911 work, *Irish Land & Liberty*, Robert F. Bales points out that Irish drinkers were socially conditioned to substitute alcohol for food. The stricture of food consumption induced by the Irish

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<sup>251</sup> Theodor Spencer supplies this broad range of dates in light of the various and sometimes conflicting accounts of exactly when Joyce compiled notes for the novel and when he began composing a more cohesive narrative.

<sup>252</sup> Joyce, S. *My Brother's Keeper*. New York: Viking Press, 1958. 245.

Famine in concert with the “symbolic separation of food and alcohol on the social level [and] the various permissive and customary uses of alcohol”<sup>253</sup> produced a typical, we might say everyday, regard for drinking on an empty stomach. Besides indicating the relative poverty of the Joyce clan, Stanislaus’s observation acknowledges the ideal preparatory work required for drinking while pointing towards the less satisfying reality.

Joyce likely commenced drinking with some regularity after leaving University College Dublin for Paris in 1902. While at UCD, he did not drink (or not often enough to garner comment from his brother or biographers) and apparently “affected along with abstemiousness a disdain for low talk and public misbehavior.”<sup>254</sup> That would not last. During his return from Paris in December 1902, Joyce was falling out of friendship with John Francis Byrne (the model for Stephen’s friend Cranly) and into a friendship with Oliver St. John Gogarty (who would become the model for Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*). According to Ellmann, Joyce’s friendship with Byrne “was of such importance [...] that when it dwindled [...] he felt less at home in Ireland.”<sup>255</sup> Ironically, Gogarty’s influence put Joyce in an all too familiar mode of being – drunkenness. The alcoholism of Joyce’s father, John, is well documented and undoubtedly part of young James’s decision to avoid drinking. But Gogarty, eager to find a drinking companion in Joyce, refused to let paternal example deter the course of frivolity. Walking in Berkeley Street, with Stanislaus and Gogarty, Joyce recited a song of Autolycus that included the line: “For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.” Gogarty

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<sup>253</sup> Bales, Robert F. “Attitudes Towards Drinking in the Irish Culture.” *Society, Culture, and Drinking Patterns*. David J. Pittman, ed. New York: John Wiley and Sons, 1962. 161-162.

<sup>254</sup> Ellmann 63.

<sup>255</sup> Ellmann 64.

derisively replied, “A quart of milk is more in your line!”<sup>256</sup> On the heels of this comment, Stanislaus provides a thumbnail sketch of his brother’s nascent drinking:

In emulation of Falstaff and the poets of the Mermaid Inn, my brother began drinking sack, which to my astonishment he found in the *Bodega* in Dame Street, but soon he declined upon Guinness’s porter. He was talkative in his cups, and his natural speaking voice, a pleasant tenor, seemed to be keyed up a few tones higher. I hated to see him glossy-eyed and slobbery-mouthed, and I usually told him so heatedly, either on the spot or the morning after.<sup>257</sup>

To one such heated entreaty, Joyce replied, “What’s the matter with you is that you’re afraid to live. You and people like you. This city is suffering from hemiplegia of the will. I’m not afraid to live.”<sup>258</sup> When confronted with the hypocrisy of his statements, Joyce marshaled both Whitman and Blake to his defense, saying “Very well, then, I contradict myself” and “The road to excess [...] leads to the palace of wisdom.”<sup>259</sup>

For Stephen the pub, at least initially, depicts an Irish predatory malaise. When Madden, a young nationalist, accuses Stephen of “giving vent to old stale libels – the drunken Irishman, the baboon-faced Irishman, that we see in *Punch*” (*SH* 65), Stephen offers a reply that prefigures his theory of the epiphany:

What I say, I see about me. The publicans and pawnbrokers who live on the miseries of the people spend part of the money they make in sending their sons and daughters into religion to pray for them. One of your professors in the Medical School who teaches you Sanitary Science or Forensic Medicine or something – God knows what – is at the same time the landlord of a whole streetful of brothels not a mile away from where we are standing (*SH* 65).

The pub reinscribes the miserable condition of the Irish by keeping them drunk or devout. Rather than an instrument of social change, which it might be in light of the money flowing

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<sup>256</sup> Joyce, S. 246.

<sup>257</sup> Joyce, S. 246-247.

<sup>258</sup> Joyce, S. 247.

<sup>259</sup> Joyce, S. 247, 248.

through it, the pub remains an instrument of social stasis. In Heideggerian terms, it “levels down” the possibilities of Irish being; it maintains a compulsory blindness with respect to its paralytic role like the doctors who double as landlords for the skin trade.<sup>260</sup> Given Stephen’s avowed contempt for the pub’s complicity in Irish misery, it is interesting to examine just when and how he comes to enter the pub’s orbit.

The death of Stephen’s sister ushers in the first instance of the aspiring artist’s taking a drink. Following her death, family members descend upon the Daedalus’s rooms in the dilapidated mansion of Mr. Wilkinson for a two-day wake that each morning leaves the drawingroom table bearing the trace of the mobile pub as it looks “like a marine-stores so crowded was it with empty bottles, black and green” (*SH* 166). The wake resembles a scene in the pub as the attendees drink and tell stories, though, in a demonstration of deference to the house, they do not smoke (*SH* 167). We are told Stephen and his brother, Maurice, “assisted” with the wake, though no mention is made of them drinking. If Stephen has no contempt for these proceedings in which people pay tribute and comfort to a dead girl and her family by crafting narratives about her, the family, and themselves, the case is not the same following Isabel’s funeral, where he finally takes a drink.

Just as Paddy Dignam will be in *Ulysses*, Isabel is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, and like the attendees at that funeral, Isabel’s mourners retire to a nearby pub after interring her. Joyce couches this transition from Foucault’s hetertopia of the dead to that of the living with a wry rhetorical flourish that associates practicality with the need for drink and makes

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<sup>260</sup> Of course, Stephen’s indictment of this compensatory system leaves out his own complicity, as he is a frequenter of the brothels with which he cudgels the professor.

evident the Irish (though arguably *human* and certainly crosscultural) custom of marking death and life with alcohol.<sup>261</sup>

The unnatural tension of condolence had been somewhat relived and the talk was becoming practical again. They got into the carriages and drove back along the Glasnevin road. At Dunphy's corner the carriage drew up behind the carriages of other funerals. In the bar Mr Wilkinson stood by the party the first drink" (*SH* 168).

In the face of mortality, the practical talk is of communal drinking. The line of carriages from *other* funerals makes the custom clear.<sup>262</sup> Rounds begin automatically, with the Daedalus's landlord, Wilkinson, who has a "great power of holding his drink" (*SH* 160), naturally starting the proceedings. But this practice, on the face of things designed to retreat from the awkwardness of consolation and the frightening proximity of death, fails to successfully stave off either for Stephen. The mourners are an example of the one – everydayness that promulgates the continual inauthentic "leveling down" of Dasein's genuine engagement with the question of being. According to Dreyfus "[i]n *choosing inauthenticity*, Dasein actively takes over the public practices of flight for-the-sake-of covering

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<sup>261</sup> Heath, Dwight B. *Drinking Occasions: Comparative Perspectives on Alcohol and Culture*. Ann Arbor: Sheridan Books, 2000. 28.

<sup>262</sup> James Stephens, a friend of Joyce's and at one time considered by Joyce to be the only writer who could capably complete *Finnegans Wake* should he abandon it, testifies to the ongoing practice of remembering the dead at Dunphy's Corner in his poem of the same name:

Pacing slowly down the road  
Black horses go, with load on load  
Of Dublin people dead, and they  
Will be covered up in clay.

Ere their friends go home, each man  
Will shake his head, and drain a can  
To Dublin people we will meet  
Not again in Grafton Street.

Published in *The Rocky Road to Dublin: The Adventures of Seumas Beg*. New York: Macmillan, 1915. 88.)

up its nullity.”<sup>263</sup> The system of rounds remains as scripted as it was in *Dubliners* where what is ordered and how it is consumed will reflect a socially inscribed understanding of who is drinking it.

[...]the drivers of the carriages were called in and they stood by the door in a clump and rubbed their coat-sleeves across their bony battered-looking faces until they were asked to name their drink. They all chose pints and indeed their own bodily tenements were not unlike hardly used pewter measures. The mourners drank small specials for the most part. Stephen, when asked what he would drink, answered at once:

-A pint.

His father ceased talking and began to regard him with great attention but, Stephen feeling too cold-hearted to be abashed, received his pint very seriously and drank it off in a long draught. While his head was beneath the tankard he was conscious of his startled father and he felt the savour of the bitter clay of the graveyard sharp in his throat. (*SH* 168)

This remarkable passage from early Joyce achieves something similar to what Bakhtin witnesses in the works of Rabelais: “a disunification of what had been traditionally linked and a bringing together of what had been hierarchically disunified and distant.”<sup>264</sup> Joyce upsets convention by drawing together the artistic and quotidian spheres, the working and middle classes, the worlds of the living and the dead, in short, by exposing the networked nature of being.

John Paul Riquelme briefly acknowledges this scene’s existential import in an essay written in 1990 for the *Cambridge Companion to James Joyce* and revised for that volume’s 2004 edition. He first describes Stephen’s actions as “a new kind of public performance for Stephen, marking an irrevocable shift in his conduct, his relationships within the family, and

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<sup>263</sup> Dreyfus 315.

<sup>264</sup> Bakhtin 193.

his attitude toward the family's Irish social context."<sup>265</sup> The disregard for custom and the embrace of a demonstrably lowerclass order signal Stephen's "extravagant defiance"<sup>266</sup> in the face of Irish averageness. In the 2004 version of the essay, Riquelme replaces "a new kind of public performance" with "gesture" and does away with the added detail that Stephen receives a "hard look" from his father. An admittedly small change, it marks the ongoing reevaluation of publicity and gesture in Joyce's work. The 1990 iteration of the statement calls attention to the public nature of the event while the 2004 iteration makes a quieter statement about the nature of gesture – implicitly connoting the publicness of the act. Frankly, I prefer the earlier version of Rilquelme's critique because it better illustrates the stakes of gesture within the public house. The audacity of Stephen's decision to quaff his pint relies on the shared understanding of pub conduct *and* being seen by his father and stresses the consequences of a public being within the public house manifested through gestures and local knowledge.

The local knowledge needed in this case appears, initially, as basic as the difference between a tankard and a small special. Joyce evinces a degree of Bachelardian poetics in making the distinction when he likens the hearsdrivers to their own tankards – as if man and drinking vessel were one in the same. Pewter tankards, though commonly used in Ireland during the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, were approaching the end of their run in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. An air of obsolescence clings to them in the pub and their bulky, unwieldy, handcrafted aesthetic connotes a hulking stolidity out of step with the small specials ordered

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<sup>265</sup> Rilquelme, John Paul. "Stephen Hero and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: Transforming the Nightmare of History." *The Cambridge Companion to James Joyce*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. 1990 [2004]. Page 113 for both quotes.

<sup>266</sup> Rilquelme 1990, 109; 2004, 111.

by the mourners.<sup>267</sup> Ironically, special, from the Latin *specialus* or individual/particular, becomes a sign of groupthink which Stephen resents. Instead, he finds an authentic measure of himself in the hearsedrivers and their tankards. He expresses his bitterness though the bitter porter of the working class, making an ostentatious display of this superficial custom which he now sees as one point in the “network of falsities and trivialities which make up the funeral of a dead burgher” (*SH* 168).<sup>268</sup> In drinking, Stephen communes with the physical trauma of his sister’s burial. He does not give in to the fallenness of the mourners and their usual way of paying tribute to the dead. He fuses his contempt for decorum with his recognition of his own finitude and the sadness he experiences in the wake of his sister’s death.

In that moment, the pub ceases to be an enmiserating space and becomes a stage on which Stephen can recognize himself through his disdain for the fettering sensibilities of middleclass Irish gentility. Stephen takes his stand in being stood a drink. His reformulation of the pub’s convention illustrates an important aspect of acting authentically. Taylor Carman points out that authenticity is not “simply casting off the shackles of convention altogether, but in taking up a new and different relation to the one, which continues to define what will count as normal, proper, and intelligible in this milieu.”<sup>269</sup> If we are *how* we

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<sup>267</sup> Joyce later uses the phrase in “Counterparts” as O’Halloran orders “small hot specials all round” for Farrington and his cronies. Here, again, the order suggests a degree of pretention.

<sup>268</sup> The inclusion of this word signals a Habermasian turn for Joyce’s work, developed in greater detail in *Finnegans Wake* and dealt with in Chapter V. Habermas, of course, centers his initial theory of the public sphere around the rise of the burgher class into the political realm by dint of its use of coffeehouses and similar spaces. Joyce, by contrast, depicts the less class-oriented space of the pub as the mouthpiece of social (if not expressly political) change. In either case, it bears noting that in light of Stephen’s class judgement, the Dedaluses would be included within Habermas’s framework from the public sphere.



do something rather than simply *what* we do, Stephen's actions signal a new way of being. He acts differently than the mourners and as a result points up the remarkable gaps in emotional, social, and class relationships taking place within the pub at that moment. Of course, he does this through the materials of the convention he critiques. Dreyfus points out that "even when Dasein acts authentically, it must do what makes sense according to public norms and use public equipment [...] Resisting fallenness requires constant effort."<sup>270</sup> Stephen cannot escape the existential terms of the debate but he can look upon them with a vision tempered by the recognition of their tremulousness. Phenomenologically speaking, Stephen has begun to enter into resoluteness with respect to his being.

Dreyfus translates resoluteness (*Entschlossenheit*) as "openness" rather than resolve in an effort to mitigate the term's association with "the despair of the ethical."<sup>271</sup> We ought not to embrace resoluteness as a *good*, per se, but an abiding recognition of authentic being. Less a choice than a realization, resoluteness turns towards Dasein's "essential empty openness."<sup>272</sup> As such, Stephen's drink order can be viewed as symptomatic of his developing resoluteness. He is open to the reality of custom's falsity and the sham comfort of decorum. In this moment, he learns how to take tactical charge of pub practice in order to communicate his refusal to remain enmeshed in a sates of fallenness. Looking ahead to *Finnegans Wake*, I view this moment like Joyce's acceptance of the extant nature of the English language and his subsequent refiguration of it through the thing itself. When

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<sup>269</sup> Carman, Taylor. "Authenticity." *The A Companion to Heidegger*. Blackwell Published Ltd: Malden, MA 2007 [2005]. 293.

<sup>270</sup> Dreyfus 236.

<sup>271</sup> Dreyfus 318.

<sup>272</sup> Ibid.

Stephen quaffs his drink like a binge-drinker, (Maurice later jokingly defends his brother's action by saying he "was thirsty") he enacts a language of gesture that shrugs off the conventionality he so resents within Irish culture and, at least for Stephen, communicates a dissatisfaction with things as they are.

The reaction of Stephen's father to this indignity makes clearer the radicality of Stephen's actions and revisits a point made about Bachelardian poetics in the previous chapter.

I know the groove you're in, said his father. Didn't I see you the morning of your poor sister's funeral – don't forget that? Unnatural bloody ruffian. By Christ I was ashamed of you that morning. You couldn't behave like a «gentleman» or talk or do a bloody thing only slink over in a corner with the hearsedrivers and mutes by God. Who taught you to drink pints of plain porter, might I ask? Is that considered the proper thing for an a...artist to do?" (*SH* 228).

According to propriety, the artist should acquiesce to social convention. But Stephen, struck by the death of his sister, has no interest in blindly giving over to the customs associated with mourning.<sup>273</sup> He looks on the practice of post-funereal rounds as an opportunity to carve out for himself a stance *contra* the stultifying Irish everydayness he increasingly sees around him. That Stephen stands in a corner while doing so immediately resonates with the reading of corners offered in the previous chapter of this dissertation.

Aligned with all of corner's insulating and isolating possibility, Stephen stands apart from his family but amidst the common Irishmen who frequent these drinking spaces. He turns away from inauthenticity and towards authenticity and its concomitant resoluteness. Such a stance, according to Dreyfus requires Dasein to "arrive at a way of dealing with things and people that incorporates the insight gained in anxiety that no possibilities have intrinsic significance

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<sup>273</sup> Joyce was arguably less analytical than Stephen. Stanislaus recalls that "[s]hortly after my mother's death in August [1903], my brother began to drink riotously" (245).

– i.e., that they have no essential relation to the self, nor can they be given any – yet makes that insight the basis for an active life.”<sup>274</sup> For Stephen, that insight manifests itself in his theory of the epiphany.

### *The Epiphany's Association with the Pub*

In *Stephen Hero*, Joyce locates the origin of the epiphany in the streets of Dublin. As Stephen passes the “steps of one of those brown brick houses which seem the very incarnation of Irish paralysis” (*SH* 211) he overhears “a fragment of colloquy” which gives him an “impression keen enough to afflict his sensitiveness very severely.” (*SH* 211).

The Young Lady – (drawling discreetly)...O, yes...I was...at the...cha...pel...

The Young Gentleman – (inaudibly)...I...(again inaudibly)...I...

The Young Lady – (softly)...O...but you're...ve...ry...wick...ed...

This triviality made him think of collecting many such moment together in a book of epiphanies. By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself. He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves were the most delicate and evanescent of moments. (*SH* 211).

Joshua Jacobs points out that Stephen tries to minimize the sexual component of the epiphany by attributing its collection to the ‘man of letters’ and in conversation with Cranly, using the Ballast Office clock to explicate the epiphany. For Jacobs, “Stephen’s self-assured argument for clarity is in fact an reaction against an unsettling multiplicity of language and sexuality.”<sup>275</sup> Stephen’s frustrations with women in *Stephen Hero*, *Portrait*, and *Ulysses* are well

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<sup>274</sup> Dreyfus 316.

<sup>275</sup> Jacobs, Joshua. “Joyce’s Epiphanic Mode: Material Language and the Representation of Sexuality in *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait*.” *Twentieth Century Literature*. Vol. 46, No. 21 (Spring 2000). 22.

documented and critiques by Jacobs and others trace out a clear lineage of artistic development for Stephen that involves his ability to put his sexuality into words. But sex is not the only orienting and disorienting component of Stephen's nascent theory.

I will pass it time after time, allude to it, refer to it, catch a glimpse of it. It is only an item in the catalogue of Dublin's street furniture. The all at once I see it and I know what it is: epiphany.

-What?

-Imagine my glimpses at that clock as the gropings of a spiritual eye which seeks to adjust its vision to an exact focus. The moment the focus is reached the object is epiphanised (*SH* 211).

The scene prefigures a juxtaposition made by Heidegger in *Being and Time*. In describing the towards-which of Dasein's experience of equipment, Heidegger flatly observes: "[t]he shoe which is to be produced is for wearing (footgear) [Schuhzeug]; the clock is manufactured for telling time."<sup>276</sup> Stephen, afoot in the streets of Dublin, moves beyond this regard for the clock. As a "mechanism of esthetic apprehension" (*SH* 212), this focus suggests an interpretive tenor in line with Heidegger.

Like Heidegger's ironic modern solipsist who reifies the world at hand in turning away from it, Stephen's explication of the epiphany, in shirking the pub, includes it in the calculation. Stephen outlines his expansion of Aquinas's thoughts on beauty to Cranly as the two wander the Dublin streets. First, one must recognize a thing's "integrity" – it is a thing apart from anything else. Then, "the mind" in Thomist fashion "[...] traverses every cranny of the structure" en route to apprehending the object's symmetry (*SH* 212). At this point in the lecture, Cranly interrupts Stephen and suggests they "turn back."

They had reached the corner of Grafton St and as the footpath was over crowded they turned back northwards. Cranly had an inclination to watch the antics of a drunkard who had been ejected from a bar in Suffolk St but Stephen took his arm summarily and led him away. (*SH* 213).<sup>277</sup>

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<sup>276</sup> Heidegger 99 [70].

Having turned from the drunk, Stephen finishes his argument with an abstract and esoteric summary similar to something Heidegger or Bachelard might write.

[...]finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognise that it is *that* thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany (*SH* 213).

In his essay, “The Thing,” Heidegger formulates the argument around a jug.

The jug’s thingness resides in it being *qua* vessel. We become aware of the vessel’s holding nature when we fill the jug. The jug’s bottom and sides obviously take on the task of holding. But not so fast! When we fill the jug with wine, do we pour the wine into the sides and bottom? At most, we pour the wine between the sides and over the bottom. Sides and bottom are, to be sure, what are impermeable in the vessel. But what is impermeable is not yet what does the holding. When we fill the jug, the pouring that fills it flows into the empty jug. The emptiness, the void, is what does the vessel’s holding. The empty space, this nothing of the jug, is what it is as the holding vessel.<sup>278</sup>

A further investigation into the constitution of this void reveals the jug’s participation in the nexus of practices associated with pouring and will be attended to in the following chapter in a discussion of the “language of flow” in the Ormond Hotel bar. For the time being, I include Heidegger’s later thinking about the jug in order to point out how remarkably phenomenological Stephen’s thinking becomes with respect to things and being.

Joyce’s decision to include a drunk on the horizon of Stephen’s theory signals the ongoing role the pub plays in evidencing his theory. As soon as he articulates the capacity of vulgar speech or gesture to embody an epiphany, Stephen reveals his actions in the Gravedigger’s to be epiphanical. His father’s assessment makes this explicit. Jettisoned from

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<sup>277</sup> The bar is likely O’Neill’s, today a massive gastropub on at the corner of Suffolk St. and St. Andrews St.

<sup>278</sup> Heidegger 1971. 169.

the pub, the drunk is another entry in the catalogue of Dublin's street furniture. Stephen does not bother to focus on him, but the potentiality to do so remains inherently mapped onto the drunk. Later Stephen will turn his focusing spiritual eye onto a drunk in a billiard hall and recoil in frustration and horror at what he sees. For the moment, however, he remains tightly focused on the theory rather than the practice. Still, in redirecting the reader's consciousness to the pub in the midst of Stephen's theorizing, Joyce asks us to reconsider the import of the pewter tankard.

The clarity of insight Stephen achieves in the pub, as Riquelme notes, is unprecedented in *Stephen Hero*. Though he only finds the words for it much later in the manuscript, Stephen's theory of the epiphany originates in the pub not the street. Stephen like Joyce may work out his problems on long walks,<sup>279</sup> but it is beneath the tankard that he achieves his first glimpse of things as they authentically are. Under the sign of both the quotidian and the poetic Joyce forges a connection between the pub and a moment of clarity. By way of reasserting this fact, Joyce makes sure to bring the pewter measure back into view when Stephen next undergoes an epiphany.

### *Sex and Reverie*

“Is a girl beautiful and does a young man feel that he ought to exert himself to win her as his wife?” asks McCarthy in *Irish Land and Irish Liberty*. “Instead of doing so, he takes a drink and thinks and talks about her, and never woos her.”<sup>280</sup> This is nearly the case for

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<sup>279</sup> For Joyce, an avid walker who took “preposterously long walks,” (Ellmann 45) the compositional appeal of the road was evident.<sup>279</sup>

<sup>280</sup> McCarthy, Michael John Fitzgerald. *Irish Land and Liberty*. New York: MacBride, Nast, and Co., 1914. 297-298. McCarthy effectively summarizes the condition of both Lynch and Stephen in another line: “Is a young student anxious about an approaching examination, for

Stephen throughout much of *Hero*. His adolescent lust for Emma Clery drives him to commit both coy and audacious entreaties for love. In one instance, Stephen walks Emma home and after an earnest but awkward exchange of glances and pleasantries, they part company. On his way home, Stephen encounters a prostitute and the sight of her sends Stephen into a reverie about the relative sanctity of Jesus and Buddha, the western world's bloodlust, the "sense of decorum" that makes the prostitute "wear a black straw hat in winter" (*SH* 190), and the nature of giving love.

In the wake of this walk, some nights later, Stephen wanders with his friend Lynch at his side and insists he is done with Emma. When Lynch hears Stephen use the word "love" to describe what it is he actually wants from Emma, the counsel is immediate.

Lynch halted abruptly, saying:  
 - Look here, I have fourpence...  
 - *You* have ?  
 - Let us go in somewhere. But if I give you a drink you must  
 promise not to say that any more. (*SH* 190)

The gravity of the situation is heightened by the fact that Lynch is a known mooch.<sup>281</sup> And Joyce underscores the drama of the word "love" as Lynch is both driven into the pub at its utterance and offers to buy his companion's round, a "luxury" (*SH* 191) that allows him to gently chastise Stephen about his approach to sex. Lynch's heightened sensitivity to the word love suggests that language in its embodiment of difficult and burdensome phenomena effects immediate coping. It also exemplifies a common trope in Irish culture: drinking as a

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which he feels he ought to read with redoubled application ? He takes a drink and talks about the dangers of being plucked and the necessity of study, but does not study."

<sup>281</sup> He remains admired by his friends because he never stands "any drinks in return for those which he accepted from others" (*SH* 130). Lynch, like Weathers in "Counterparts," is a gamer of the rounds system, his austerity or ingenuity is just as much a symptom of his poverty as his denigration of Irish hospitality.

release from sexual tension.<sup>282</sup> The thought of love drives Lynch and Stephen to drink in a manner similar to the way that the thought of death compels the mourners in Glasnevin cemetery to visit The Gravedigger's.

The parallelism of the scenes is highlighted when in “squalid gloom of [the] tavern,” (*SH* 191) Stephen begins “to rock his [chair] stool from leg to leg meditatively,” (*SH* 191) and “concern[s] himself with his pewter measure for a little time” (*SH* 191). Unlike a story like “Eveline,” the reader gets no clear look at what Stephen is thinking.<sup>283</sup> His reverie is hidden from view. However, readers of Joyce's work will recognize the pose.<sup>284</sup> Staring at a drinking vessel, Stephen illustrates another of Heidegger's phenomenological events. Heidegger claims that we pay more attention to things when they break down. A broken doorknob makes its importance known to us, reminds us of the complexity of the network in opening a door. In this passage, Stephen's future, though not broken down, makes itself apparent to him. Like the hearsedrivers, Stephen-in-the-pub becomes an assemblage of human flesh and drinkware. He may not be as stout as those cemetery men, but he can participate in their form of being by taking up the tankard because Joyce has linked the tankard to the being of those men. In a sense, Stephen now *is* one of the miserable rabble off which the publican feeds. But his earlier critical view the publican is not in evidence here.

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<sup>282</sup> Bales, Robert F. “Attitudes Towards Drinking in the Irish Culture” in *Society, Culture, and Drinking Patterns*. David J. Pittman and Charles R. Snyder, eds. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1962. 168-169.

<sup>283</sup> For an extended discussion of Eveline's reverie and Joyce's use of marked order narration as means of delineating possible outcomes for a situation see Terrence Patrick Murphy's “Interpreting marked order narration: The case of James Joyce's ‘Eveline.’” *Journal of Literary Semantics*. Volume 34, Issue 2. 107–124.

<sup>284</sup> Mr. Duffy in “A Painful Case” and Bloom in “Oxen of the Sun” both stare vacantly at their respective drinking vessels while lost in reverie.



As soon as he drinks alongside the hearseddrivers, Stephen inhabits a different mode of being with regard to the pub. These are not the same dingy watering holes he condemns; they are the havens of the wronged, the depressed, and the introspective. Stephen, ever in search of providing an art for a public, becomes a member of that public. Ironically, misery, the mother of imagination brings him into the fold. It resides at the counter with her alcoholic minions who spur on the dual-edged aspirations and failings of the inebriated. Like the corner, the drunken proclamation – in this case: “I will not see her again” (*SH* 192) – has it both ways. Within its borders resides the possibility of achievement, though it often occupies less space than the equally at home, possibility of continued paralysis.

On the heels of Stephen’s conversation with Lynch comes a passage in which Stephen jokingly composes a mock catechism: “*Question* – What great truth do we learn from the *Libation-Pourers* of Eschylus? *Answer* – We learn from the *Libation-Pourers* of Eschylus that in ancient Greece brothers and sisters took the same size in boots” (*SH* 192-193). Joyce’s inclusion of *The Libation-Pourers* brings together a number of motifs running through the narrative. Libations, carried by elderly slave women, are poured over the grave of Agamemnon to “ward off harm” as much towards the dead king as his cunning wife, Clytemnestra. Its mythic stature aside, the use of booze in hopes of better times is a common occurrence in Joyce’s works. At the grave, Electra notices footprints similar to her own (made by the boots to which Stephen alludes). They belong to her brother, Orestes, who has returned to avenge his father’s death. In the play, Orestes, wonders aloud: “Shall I be ashamed to kill [my] mother?” The moment looks forward to Stephen’s own guilt in *Ulysses* concerning his indelicate response to his mother’s dying request that he accept the Catholic faith.

Stephen's adolescent consciousness still rotates around his confounding engagement with women. The death of his sister, the religious convictions of his mother, and the unconsummated lust he feels for Emma color his thinking. Just after this dalliance with Aeschylus, Stephen catches sight of Emma from a window and excuses himself from his Italian lesson. When he catches her in the street, he propositions her for a one-night affair complete with a Michael Fureyian tableau:

I will give you a chance, said Stephen, pressing her hand close in his two hands. Tonight when you are going to bed remember me and go to your window: I will be in the garden. Open the window and call my name and ask me to come in. Then come down and let me in. We will live one night together – one night, Emma, alone together and in the morning we will say goodbye (*SH* 198).

I like to think that as he stares into his pewter measure Stephen turns this moment over in his mind. From the distance of his barstool it seems an unlikely event and so he resolves to never again see Emma. But in following that resolution with Stephen's parsing of Aeschylus and then his brazen invitation to Emma, Joyce draws a line of connection from the tavern to the sidewalk.

If it places him in line with Duffy, Stephen's gaze into the pewter vessel also looks forward to a scene in the "Oxen of the Sun" episode of *Ulysses*. There, during the course of drunken babblings in an antechamber within the Holles Street Maternity Hospital, Bloom settles his gaze on the "scarlet label" (*U* 14.1164) of a "number one Bass beer bottled by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent" (*U* 14.1182-1183). Mistakenly, Buck Mulligan believes Bloom to be in a deep reverie and he stops the thirsty Lenehan from grabbing the bottle by uttering a classic rule of Monastic contemplation:

preserve a druid silence. His soul is far away. It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be born. Any object, intensely regarded, may be a gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the gods. (*U* 14.1165-1167).

Mulligan, unlikable but not uninstrusive, offers the reader a moment of paradoxical reflection. He calls the reader's attention to reading (for) the everyday. Whether out of the womb or the mind (Bachelardian spaces), being cast into the reality of the world can be jarring. This, of course, is Latour's argument. No one wants to fully engage with the complex linkages of existence, they choose instead to keep it Cartesian. Mulligan ironically and jokingly suggests that things can serve as portals to some higher plane, some greater truth. Bloom of course is thinking about nothing (which is always something), "recollecting two or three private transactions" (*U* 14.1189). This kind of vacuous gaze, looking at something without seeing, helps reveal the flimsy veneer of the Cartesian divide. Nabokov warned that "concentrat[ing] on a material object [...] may lead to our involuntary sinking into the history of that object."<sup>285</sup> The thing stared at and not seen inhabits the staring person or else he falls into it. If I cannot actively say that it is something other than me, what is it? In this moment, Bloom and the bottle (a rare pairing) or, in the previous one, Stephen and his pewter cup articulate the embedded condition of quotidian existence.

Whether we file them under Bachelard's *reverie* or simply label them as daydreams, these moments provide a picture of man crystalized in thought. Articulating a drinker's embodiment requires an acknowledgement of the material world surrounding him. When the hearsedrivers awkwardly drink among the grieving families, what must they be thinking? Surely, they are lost in thoughts, dreams, desires to be elsewhere. Only their drinks disclose their demeanor. In likening them to their pewter measures, Joyce conveys their sout, stoical existence and the silence custom dictates. Elsewhere in the novel, Joyce's ammends an instance of "chair" to "stool," illustrating both an ongoing concern for authentic detail and a

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<sup>285</sup> Nabokov, Vladimir. *Transparent Things* (1972; New York; Vintage 1989), 1. In Brown, Bill. *A Sense of Things*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003. 7.

footnote to the history of pubgoer embodiment. The stool on which Stephen thoughtfully rocks, testifies to one of several changing pub conventions during the course of Joyce's life – a place to sit at in the bar. Previous eras saw men stand along the counter rather than sit. When you were too drunk to stand, it might be time to draw conversation to a close.

Stephen's commiseration with Lynch in the gloomy tavern is not his last visit to the pub. Prior to his examinations Stephen procrastinates from studying with "aimless walking and talking" with Cranly. The narrator tells us "[t]heir walks and talks led nowhere because whenever anything definite threatened to make its appearance in their talk Cranly promptly sought the company of some of his chosen companions" (*SH* 207). Thus, the duo makes the Adelphi Hotel's billiard-room and adjoining bar a nightly destination. Just as before, Joyce keeps up the illusion that the bar is as much a no-place as the activities within it are nothing. But it's not true, of course. Joyce keeps articulating his characters through the pub. Cranly swears "at his flamin' cue" (*SH* 207), a "stout barmaid who [wears] badly made stays, serve[s] bottles of stout (*SH* 207) to "young men [...]their hats sideways far back on their heads" (*SH* 207), and a clerk from the Agricultural Board showcases the tongue-unhinging property of alcohol by speaking "very little when he [is] sober but very much when he [is] drunk" (*SH* 207).

The clerk picks up a thread of pub and drinking practice that up to this point in the novel goes underdeveloped – drunkenness. Though Lynch suffers from a hangover and Stephen's father stays up late with Wilkinson over pints and conversation, Joyce provides no extended look at inebriation. This is partly because the narration privileges things close to the orbit of Stephen's consciousness. As that orbit changes under the pull of the pub's chronotope the chances for a drunken encounter increase. Stephen and the reader get a look at his future when the clerk provokes a medical student "with a taste for the art of self

defence” (*SH* 208). In choosing to call the medical a “dirty name,” the clerk manifests one version of Hannah Arendt’s dictum that “one deed, and sometimes one word, suffices to change every constellation.”<sup>286</sup> The student’s conviviality turns to rage and he sweeps all the drinks from the counter.<sup>287</sup> Stephen and Cranly, doing their best imitation of Bloom, hustle the clerk out of the bar. As they try to compose him, the clerk affects the earnest and boastful idiom of the drunk and twice tells Stephen that he got the “highest marks ever in Pure Mathematics ever given in the degree examination” (*SH* 208).<sup>288</sup> He’s not the stage Irishman of *Punch*, but the utterly incongruous proclamation lampoons the poor clerk in its assertion of his importance. This is not Stephen’s provenance. Joyce juxtaposes the scene with the sentence: “Stephen continued making his book of verses in spite of these distractions” (*SH* 208). The stifling proximity of the publichouse, its boozy boasts, and predilection for violence suggest nothing in that realm will serve Stephen in his ascension to artistry.

But if Stephen doesn’t see the pub in service to art, Joyce does. As Stephen articulates his aesthetic theory to Cranly, Joyce fringes the proceedings with the image of a drunkard in the street. That figure does not mark the limits of Stephen’s perambulations so much as foreshadow his future drunkenness in *Ulysses* and the evolution of Joyce’s art into the realm of pubtalk. Stephen, still an artist, still considered a writer in *Ulysses* will drink, rant, and smash as well as any medical or clerk by the time he enters the rear hours of that novel.

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<sup>286</sup> Arendt 1958, 170.

<sup>287</sup> By now, and perhaps even then, this action has attained cliché-status – especially in films, where the drama and the violence of the act are rendered more ostentatious. Both John Ford’s *The Quiet Man* and Pat Murphy’s *Maeve* make use of this counter-sweeping display of rage. See the Coda for more.

<sup>288</sup> The phrase comes from a quote in Joyce’s notes: “I got the highest marks in mathematics of any man that ever went in.”

But in *Stephen Hero* he's still a trepidatious drinker. The futility of the billiard-room becomes too much for him.

Stephen recognizes the covering everydayness of the scene. Like the narrator in "Araby" Stephen can read the signs of drunkenness. He "recognize[s] the dark ooze [...] threatening to emerge upon [the clerk's] heated face" (*SH* 217) and the volley of looks from bottle to barmaid. The sound of men and billiard balls falling to the floor convey an air of talentless, errant play. The game he watches between an "elderly clerk" and his equally inept "junior colleagues" (*SH* 217) becomes too much to bear. The overchalking of the cues, the statements of the obvious when one man misses his shot or else the blame levied against the cue, the growing impatience between opponents embody the "hopeless pretence of those lives, their irredeemable servility" and drive Stephen outside, nearly to tears. "O, hopeless! hopeless!" he says "clenching his fists" (*SH* 218).

I read this scene and understand Stephen's discomfit. Watching any practice poorly performed can be an agonizing experience. Watching another man make excuses for his ineptitude, watching someone blame the *thing* rather than mediocre manipulation of it can be embarrassing. Stephen looks at these men and sees them burying themselves in a language of gesture that tries to cover over their blatant lack of agency – at the billiard table and in life. He neglects the aesthetic theory he just recently mapped out. He cannot appreciate the choreography of excusemaking. Using chalk as if it is some kind of fairydust, grimacing at the betrayal of the cue – these things are practices as much as making a clean shot. Stephen cannot appreciate this because he remains so deeply invested in getting out of an Ireland he already views as buried. The movements of the men around the billiard table are the decomposing motions of the dead, not the nuanced compositional practices that make up a Saturday night. His fear of life overrides his inquisitive regard for it. He wants to make art

for the public, to show them their lives but he begrudges them the very existence he aspires to reveal. He does not see these men as making choices, he sees them as having their choices made for them. It is as the narrator points out an “impetuously” (*SH* 218) designed view of things.

### *Roads to the Public House*

In 1937 and 1938, as Joyce was putting the finishing touches on the expansive *Finnegans Wake*, Mikhail Bakhtin was composing what Franco Moretti has called “the greatest study ever written on space and narrative,”<sup>289</sup> the essay, “Forms of Time and Chronotope in the Novel.” A radical reassessment of space and time in fiction, the essay poses an essentially phenomenological examination of the way space and being come together in narratives. Settings for action are always more than scene, as John Stilgoe’s writes about Bachelard’s view of space. Setting constitutes the “armature around which the work revolves”<sup>290</sup> Bakhtin insists that the depiction of space in a genre reveals a particular cultural imprint. In essence he traces an etymology of the image through various narrative forms in order to display man’s evolving understanding of space’s relationship to being. Like Joyce musing on the intersection of trams, those struck by them, and the nexus of the bereaved, Bakhtin makes the case for an understanding of being that acknowledges a more expansive, anti-Cartesian character.<sup>291</sup>

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<sup>289</sup> Moretti, Franco. *Graphs, Maps, Trees*. New York: Verso, 2007. 35.

<sup>290</sup> Bachelard x.

<sup>291</sup> The network of humans, quasi-objects, and space becomes a focal point for Bakhtin as he traces out the evolution of narrated space from the Greek romance to Rabelaisian satire. Bruno Latour’s recent development of an Actor-Network Theory (ANT) take a comparable approach to the “social,” considering it as an evolving network of pieces.

Similarly, the pubs of *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* are piecemeal, slowly revealed through the marginal, typically tentative movements of Stephen. He approaches the pub with a telling hesitation: Stephen harbors a suspicion about the pub's capacity to scuttle his ambition (like the nets of religion and politics he tries to fly). His cautious engagement with the pub provides only shards of chronotopic import as if in Benjamin's *arcades*, "historical time is broken up into kaleidoscopic distractions and momentary come-ons."<sup>292</sup> The would-be artist only begins to grasp the importance of the pub in articulating his story as it continues to arise in his wanderings. Stephen, like other archetypal wanderers – de Certeau's "voyeur-god" or Heidegger's Dasein – "must disentangle himself from the murky intertwining daily behaviors and make himself alien to them."<sup>293</sup> Joyce's project, like that of these philosophers, strives to reveal the creative structures that underlie and constitute the everyday. We might understand this remote regard for everyday life to make clear to us what Stephen condescends to call the "stationary march" or the "marionette life" (*SH* 187).

In part, this is because the novels narrate Stephen's *Bildung* – his move out of childhood and into the realm of adults. Fittingly, the reader only sees the pub to the extent that Stephen has access to it. So, we share Simon Dedalus's surprise when, following the burial of Stephen's sister, Isabel, we see the young artist order a pint and down it in one "long draught." Stephen finds his way to the pub slowly and, at least in Simon's estimation, clumsily. Rootless, Stephen wanders through Dublin. He rejects the ties of family, Church, and nation that would offer him roles to play and so a demonstrable place in the world. He could be the son, the penitent, or the citizen. But instead, he wanders the streets of the city

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<sup>292</sup> Eiland, Howard and Kevin McLaughlin. "Translator's Foreword" in Benjamin's *The Arcades Project*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1999. xii.

<sup>293</sup> De Certeau 93.



in search of a more innate sense of being. So how does the chronotope of the pub appear? As Stephen's being rotates through space, the pub begins to cohere around it. After mapping out the pub in *Dubliners*, Joyce maps out the approach of a single character. He inculcates Stephen by degrees.

In chronotopes, time gets read through the tangibility of commonplace objects. Stephen's critical gaze draws back the curtain of familiarity from this quotidian cover, to expose the remarkably complex nexus of materials and men and time and space that coheres under the guise of a simple drunkard's retreat. Like Chandler's fumbling drink orders and toasts, Stephen's tactical and tactile participation in the public house discloses a degree of the pub's phenomenological involvement in being.

As I proceed with an articulation of the pub's phenomenology, I think Bakhtin's analysis provides an approach for considering the pub as a spatial form in and through which being gets formulated. As Bakhtin illustrates in *The Dialogic Imagination*, the road is antiquity's archetypal chronotope. All narratives move forward through time and space along the lines of some winding expansive line. Over time and across genre that the terms of the chronotope may change, but its character does not. Drinking in the Rabelaisian matrix does not resemble Joyce's more quotidian depictions, but its involvement in being remains unchanged.<sup>294</sup> For the modernist, the roads of the ancients simply become the streets of the burgeoning metropolis. The sea as a chronotope for the Greek epic becomes the Dublin sidewalk of Joyce's modernist epic. These spaces house an evident comment on the character of the epoch, its composition and its impact on the lives being run through it. In a

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<sup>294</sup> Part of this changing appearance is the result of technological development. Though its beyond the scope and concerns of this dissertation, I would like to momentarily offer a comment on Heidegger's fears about the technology's alteration of being.

sense, any space could be figured as a chronotope. But the chronotope is not simply the setting; it is the network of materials through which being gets expressed.

Cheryl Herr addresses this network in “Walking in Dublin,” when she writes, “[i]n short, the streets of Dublin and the practice of walking in the city not only constantly transform Stephen’s sense of the world but also materially shape his emergent Being-in-the-world.”<sup>295</sup> The road, as an armature around which our daily narratives take shape, offer us a glimpse of what Herr calls the “mutuality of embodiment and embeddedness.”<sup>296</sup> She uses Heidegger to make her case, while Bakhtin uses Rabelais to make his, but the argument is essentially the same – human *being* exists only in concert with the surrounding material world. The stories generated by our lives, come into existence only by dint of the chronotopes through which we move. Eliot’s Prufrock laments that he has “measured out [his] life with coffeespoons.” In its desperately mundane domesticity, perhaps the coffeespoon is a *better* metric for evaluating the passage of time than days or calendar years. Of necessity, narratives are articulations of space, of personal proximities, of distances overcome. In *Dubliners*, readers encounter characters that are already embedded and embodied in this way. *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* offer a lengthier articulation of how that embeddedness takes place.

One might go so far as to argue that Joyce’s flight to Paris in 1902 was in part made appealing by the absolute reverie enjoyed by Parisian walkers. In her essay on Walter Benjamin, Arendt provides a wonderful description of walking in that city:

In Paris a stranger feels at home because he can inhabit the city the way he lives in his own four walls. And just as one inhabits an apartment, and makes it comfortable, by living in it instead of just using it for sleeping, eating, and working, so one inhabits a city by

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<sup>295</sup> Herr 2006, 416.

<sup>296</sup> Ibid.

strolling through it without aim or purpose, with one's stay secured by the countless cafés which line the streets and past which the life of the city, the flow of pedestrians, moves along [...] Thus ever since the Second Empire the city has been the paradise of all those who need to chase after no livelihood, pursue no career, reach no goal – the paradise then, of bohemians, and not only of artists and writers but of all those who have gathered about them because they could not be integrated either politically – being homeless or stateless – or socially.<sup>297</sup>

Homelessness, the impetus for modernist aesthetics and phenomenological inquiry, makes walking the premier practice of modernity's narrative.

Ambles and hurried paces fill the pages of *Dubliners*; *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* are covered in walking. So, it's fitting that the additional pages of the *Stephen Hero* manuscript end with words: "he was a few paces" – what are any of us at any given moment but a few paces to and from being? As Maurice muses, his changed mood results from "walking [on] from the ball of my left foot" rather than the right (*SH* 100).

I do not want to rehash the phenomenological import of walking in Joyce. Herr's work remains deservedly unrivaled in this arena and I make use of the road here simply as an inroad to the space of the pub. Despite the preponderance of walking in Joyce, his characters are inevitably en route to some (temporary) destination. For Stephen, an increasingly common destination is the public house. A reader unfamiliar with the progression of his character from *Stephen Hero* to *Portrait* to *Ulysses* might balk at this claim. After all, the pub very infrequently appears in *Portrait* and Stephen sneeringly derides the "publicans and pawnbrokers who live on the miseries of the people" in *Stephen Hero* (65). This is a far cry from the round-buying son of Simon Dedalus, whose money finds its way into the bed of Georgina Johnson and the empty glasses of his hangers-on. Filling in the gaps of Stephen's engagement with the pub in *Portrait* with those in *Stephen Hero*, we arrive at

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<sup>297</sup> Arendt 1968. 174.

a clearer picture of this young pubgoer's movement out of adolescence and into the so-called mature life of the drinker.

Bakhtin argues that the "heroization" of commonplace acts (eating, drinking) in Rabelais more fully articulates the "whole man."<sup>298</sup> Rabelais constructs monsters whose basest biological processes are rendered epic. Joyce's attention to the quotidian does something similar, though not with the same hyperbolized style. After Rabelais (and in light of Bakhtin's analysis) Joyce's characters appear fleshed out in their daily activity. Of Bloom: "He liked to read at stool" (*U* 4.55.465). Of Stephen: "He ate his dinner with surly appetite [...]clearing the scum from his mouth with his tongue and licking it from his lips" (*P* 107). More and more often, moving from *Dubliners* to the later works, Joyce advances an agenda of minute detail upon the activities of his characters. We can ascribe this to realism, but doing so misses the mark for an author who advised his portraitist: "Never mind my soul [...] Just be sure you have my tie right."<sup>299</sup> It is through the tangible world that the soul of the artist comes into view. Again, the gods reside in the smallest details of the modern chronotope.

The degree of detail within the pubs of this chapter, particularly as it relates to Stephen and Bloom, interests me. In their evolving involvement with one another through the pub, I hear Burgess's assertion that "to Joyce a community is men meeting, drinking, arguing, recognising each other in the streets."<sup>300</sup> While Joyce busies himself utilizing the streets of Dublin to play out an increasingly dense collection of narratives (the height of

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<sup>298</sup> Bakhtin 192.

<sup>299</sup> Budgen, Frank. *Further Recollections of James Joyce*. London: Sheval Press, 1955. 13. Joyce is said to have so cautioned the Dublin-born painter, Patrick Tuohy.

<sup>300</sup> Burgess, Antony. *Re Joyce*. New York: Ballentine, 1965. 181.

which is arguably achieved in the “Wandering Rocks” episode of *Ulysses*) he also configures the pub as a chronotope through which the narrative of Stephen’s development gets told. The first image given to the reader of *Portrait* is of that of “a moocow coming down along the road” (*P* 20). Soon enough, young Stephen steps out onto the road with his father and great uncle for long Sunday constitutionals. As Stephen moves forward into adolescence, his approach of the pub conveys his changing being. Stephen, as human as anyone – if more prone to aesthetic pronouncements – hears in the conversation of his elders and the men of the public house the enworlding capacity of discourse. In the walk, the generative chronotope of the road fuses with the public house:

Trudging along the road or standing in some grimy wayside publichouse his elders spoke constantly of the subjects nearest their hearts, of Irish politics, of Munster and of the legends of their own family, to all of which Stephen lent an avid ear. Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learned them by heart: and through them he had glimpses of the real world about him. The hour when he too would take part in the life of that world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him, the nature of which he only dimly apprehended (*P* 64).

So, what is going on in this pastiche of a Sunday amble? Stephen has been brought into the social. He has entered a network of relations that produce these men at a certain time in a certain place. These men, socially, culturally, genetically arranged, take their place on the state strategy of the road. They move forward in space and the narrative making use of the road for its intended purpose of travel. And within this social arrangement, Stephen bears witness to a public – the pubgoing, masculine enclave of Sunday bona fiders. This routine literally puts Stephen on the road to the pub (a road that also leads away from the domestic home). The public house joins the road in Bakhtin’s formulation of the chronotope. In both spaces, as Simon and Charles let their narratives unfold, Stephen’s consciousness about life and language (these inextricable phenomena) takes shape.

But what shape, exactly? What are these glimpses of the “real world around him” that Stephen has? It’s a world of men and legend and politics. It’s a world of pubtalk – liquor-laced pronouncements of deeds done, memories, misremembrance, or else work left to be done, wrongs to be righted, dreams as yet unfulfilled – echoes of Father Purdon’s words in “Grace”: “with God’s grace, I will rectify this and this. I will set right my accounts” (*D* 174). Stephen’s nascent ambition for a life as yet unattained falls in line with this. If he won’t ever arrive at the elusive world that these promises and proclamations aspire to, he certainly makes it into reality of such utterances. The immediate space of the pub and the flowing discourse of politics, sports, family, and legend is the world into which Stephen, like Joyce, and like so many Dubliners enters. Stephen, who so often imagines himself as apart from the public, the rabble, looks remarkably like another of its ranks. Peter Costello claims that the arrival of John Joyce’s pension check (following deductions made by the Eagle Star Insurance Co., to whom he owed £500) “would eventually become a day of horror in the Joyce household as it allowed John Joyce to go on a monthly binge from which he would return home deliriously drunk.”<sup>301</sup> The drunken comings and goings may have been reviled by Joyce, but they also made clear the drunken paths to and from the home. As it does in “Araby” and “The Boarding House,” the pub colors the domestic sphere of the characters’ lives. As the Dedalus family once again takes to the road in *Stephen Hero*, about to be evicted from their Dublin flat, Stephen can discern the ill effects of the pub in the movements of the draymen hired to help move his family’s belongings to Mr. Wilkinson’s “dilapidated mansion” (*SH* 159). Having “drunk a good deal more than was good for them,” (*ibid*) the draymen are spared having to carry the Dedalus’ ancestral portraits.

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<sup>301</sup> Costello, Peter. *James Joyce: The years of growth, 1882-1915*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1992. 179.

With *Portrait*, Joyce approaches the pub obliquely – as a young man would in Ireland at the time. Young men in post-famine Ireland were often introduced to the pub by their maternal uncles. Richard Stivers investigates these avuncular relationships in his book, *The Hair of the Dog*. Working from Claude Lévi-Strauss’s “structural analysis,” Stivers focuses on the rural population of twentieth-century Ireland but puts forth a model that can be found to the urban relationships Joyce illustrates in his works. For Stivers, the avunculate emerges not necessarily as an uncle, but rather as a male peer group, a ‘bachelor group’ which “functioned to make palatable the system of single inheritance, few and late marriages, and chastity.”<sup>302</sup> In light of the group’s makeup, he argues that the pub was a necessary or a necessarily concomitant part of Irish social life as ordered by its religious predilections:

in a society where chastity and segregation of the sexes among the unmarried are considered necessary to maintain the family system according to religious teachings, unmarried males will bond together more extensively and intensely than they would in a society where unfettered interaction between males and females is the rule.<sup>303</sup>

The avuncular angle Stivers describes (his reading includes the interaction of the men and the young porter from the bar in “Ivy Day in the Committee Room”) makes clear the extent to which communal male drinking functioned as a publicmaking activity – both inside and outside the actual public house. Looking back to *Dubliners* we can catch sight of this avuncularism immediately in “The Sisters” and “Araby.” Just as Herr turns a trajectory<sup>304</sup> for

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<sup>302</sup> Stivers, Richard. *The Hair of the Dog*. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1976. 73.

<sup>303</sup> Stivers 77.

<sup>304</sup> In “The Labyrinth as Controlling Image in Joyce’s *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*,” (*Bulletin of the New York Public Library*. 76. 1972: 120-81) Herr rereads this in a more phenomenological way. Diana Fortuna views Stephen’s Continental-facing diary entries at the close of the novel as testifying to his ascension to artistic control of his labyrinthine movements in the world.

Stephen away from Paris and back towards the streets (and women) of Dublin, I advocate a further trajectory for this road weary traveler that even from a young age, finds him in the pub. This masculine enclave need not be at odds with a reading of Stephen in search of either female companionship or phenomenological being.

So begins, what looks like the promising start of Stephen Dedalus on the road to pubgoerhood. Here is one of Joyce's two most notable characters, his avatar, poised to enter creative and linguistic life at the threshold of the pub. But if he's in the pub at his childhood, he's outside it by dint of his adolescence. Joyce mentions the pub in *Portrait* once more, during a successful attempt by Simon Dedalus to secure his son a place in University College, Dublin. This rare inclusion would be a withering indictment of the pub's importance if Joyce did not choose to again entwine the road and the pub in the narrative.

He could wait no longer.

From the door of Byron's publichouse to the gates of Clontarf Chapel to the door of Byron's publichouse and then back again to the chapel and then back again to the publichouse he had paced slowly at first, planting his steps scrupulously in the space of the patchwork of the footpath, then timing their fall to the fall of verses. (*P* 149).

At the outset of the novel, Stephen moved towards the publichouse and his divination of the real world and an aesthetic philosophy as a marginal figure standing among his elders. Now, with his academic future in question, he remains on the pub's periphery and moves between the two religions of Dublin: the pub and the church, his options symbolically fettered.

Having rejected an offer to enter the priesthood, Stephen appears just as unlikely to successfully navigate the social networks of the publichouse – the gossip and gladhanding. As a means of temporary escape, he heads to the seashore and there undergoes an artistic conversion, falling into sleep amidst the ocean idyll of the Strand. Stephen's aesthetics are unquestionably his own. But to ignore the role of the pub in crafting them, in crafting



Stephen's being, is mistaken. He bumps up against the realities of drink at every turn. And it's only through his father's pubgoing machinations that he gains a place in UCD. Joyce can limit the role and visibility of the pub in the story of Stephen's artistic development but he cannot completely remove it from the reality of Dublin's spatial logic. The extent to which he tried to do so can be seen in *Stephen Hero*.

Stephen comes a long way through the pub's chronotope in *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait*. Towards the close of the manuscript, Stephen comes closer and more frequently to the pub. He's not necessarily interested in being in the pub, but the trajectory of his walk into adulthood brings him within its sphere. Drunks, alcoholic remorse, and barroom banter crop up more frequently in the closing sections of the text. He sits in that space and it works him over. He listens to the pubtalk around him. He holds the pewter cup in his hands. He ponders his life outside the pub – the one stuck in lust and ambition. But he, and Joyce, do not yet hear the call to embodiment that accompanies conversations and drink orders. While Joyce structures the pub as a public space towards which Dublin males are oriented in their social development, no *pub* narratives are being told. These adolescent texts flirt with the phenomenology that *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* deliver. Stephen and the young Joyce are not in a position to appreciate the dynamism of the pub. It remains a shackle on Irish aspiration not an expression of it.

**CHAPTER IV**  
**PUB FLOWS**  
*ULYSSES*

No, assuredly, they are not justified, those gloompourers who grouse that letters  
have never been quite their old selves again since that weird weekday in bleak Janiveer

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (112.23-26)

Leopold Bloom is Joyce's "distinguished phenomenologist" (*U* 12.1822). In his capacity as an ad canvasser, he is also a "staid agent of publicity" (14.1042). As he walks among the machinery of the *Freeman's Journal* in the "Aeolus" episode, Bloom listens to its discourse: "Sllt. Almost human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt." (*U* 7.175-177). This kind of phenomenological hearing signals a change in how the everyday gets perceived in Joyce's work. Where Stephen was invested in looking into things and trying to draw out their whatness, Bloom seems content to already admit the agency of everything around him. So, when he receives a flower in a love letter from Martha Clifford, Bloom wonders how such thing speaks. At dinner in the Ormond, he muses, "Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means something, language of flow. Was it a daisy? Innocence that is" (*U* 11.297-298). In abbreviating the language of flowers to one of flow, Joyce opens up a host of interpretive possibilities. In the critical tradition, the chief reading of this language associates it with femininity.<sup>305</sup> Joyce's inclusion of the phrase in *Finnegans Wake* – the "languish of flowers" (*FW* 096.11), "florilingua" (*FW* 117.14), and "languo of flows" (*FW* 621.22) – in contexts related to Anna Livia's flowing thought support the feminine reading.

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<sup>305</sup> See Christine van Boheemen's "'The Language of Flow': Joyce's Dispossession of the Feminine in *Ulysses*" in *Joyce, Modernity, and its Mediation*. Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1989. 63-77.

In this chapter, I read the language of flow in two particular senses: the flow of time through the activity of the pub and the flow of liquid in social pub practices. The first animates the pub as a force in history; the second animates the people in the pub. Until *Ulysses*, time is not a prominent feature of Joyce's work. The characters of *Dubliners*, *Stephen Hero*, and *Portrait* possess a knowledge of local and national history but none showcases the deeply imaginative historical portraits Joyce paints of equipmental and linguistic or literary history in "Cyclops" or "Oxen of the Sun." In those portraits, readers encounter a history of the thing – as if they inhabited the space of Nabokov's staring subject. In the "Cyclops," Joyce winds the reader into a puzzling instance of pubtalk that seems to shift between the present and the past as it deictically fixes the reader in the pub of the narrator's present position. In the "Oxen," Joyce famously parallels the birth and development of the English language with the gestation and birth of Mina Purefoy's son. The episode closes in the pubs of and in Holles and Denzille (now Fenian) streets as the reader is treated to a vexing array of drunken pronouncements. In setting up this past-towards-into-the-present, Joyce builds a sense of progress into the activities of the pub. Joyce locates Terry Ryan's pouring of a pint in a long line of mythic equipmental feats. Pubtime takes on a newly epic character. In the wake of entrance, order, and pour the drink arrives. The touchstone of the quotidian, that nothing happens object, the drink brings to the table, the counter, the lips of the drinker, more than a little in the way of "winefizzling, ginsizzling, booseguzzling existences" (*U* 15.1581). A gathering of liquid, glass, bartender, and patron, the drink is one of the pub's many phenomenological constellations. Taking up a drink immediately renders the patron a person-glass hybrid now capable of activities previously unattainable when the drink was apart from the patron's hand. Though drinking the drink is the most likely activity to take place, a number of possibilities stretch out before the hybridized patron-glass entity.

*Pubtime*

Following the temporal arc of Joyce's corpus, Bloom's encounters with the public houses of *Ulysses* move from the past to the future through the present. In the morning activities of O'Rourke's he sees the progress of past curates – yocals from Leitrim who have risen to Lord Mayor through the public house. In Kiernan's, the Holles Street maternity hospitals, and Burke's Bloom runs up against the legacy of the past manifested in the political, racial, and linguistic biases and mixtures of the present. Later, in Bella Cohen's shebeen, Bloom "a perfect stranger" (*U*. 15.1195) glimpses a future – "the new Bloomusalem in the nova Hibernia of the future" (*U* 15.1544-45).

So what does pubtime constitute? For starters, the pub as chronotope is a running joke in modernism. There's something comical about an irate or exhausted publican calling time. At the practical level, no one wants to have his good time brought to a close. In a more sublime plane of understanding, it seems presumptuous for anyone to handle a divinity like temporality. Pubtime is a functional lie. One meant to ease the work of the publican in emptying out the bar.

As Bloom passes O'Rourke's pub, the site of Larry O'Rourke watching "the aproned curate swab up with mop and bucket" (*U* 4.114) causes him to construct the narrative of Irish aspiration, industry, and cunning.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the county Leitrim, rinsing empties and old man in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons. Then think of the competition. General thirst. Good puzzle would be to cross Dublin without passing a pub. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. Put down three and carry five. What is that, a bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job see? (*U* 48.126-133).

The narrative flows from the geography of Ireland into the cellars of the Dublin pubs through the coffers of the curate down the gullets of the drunk and into the seats of influence.<sup>306</sup> In Bloom's fashioning, the chronotope of the pub plays host to the rise of the bumpkin.<sup>307</sup> Bloom, exceedingly adept at seeing the parts of the whole, reads all of this through a curate mopping. The pub's dynamism transcends its status as a space of retreat or self-flagellation. Joyce extends the description of the pub into new areas of human involvement. Over the course of the novel the reader gets a glimpse of the pub in the morning, the pub from a funeral procession, the pub at lunchtime, the pub at dinnertime, the pub between meals, the pub in a maternity hospital, the pub at close, and the pub afterhours in the form of Bella Cohen's bordello. One cannot traverse Dublin without passing or passing *into* a pub. This is a lot of pubgoing for Bloom who, like Chandler, does not drink much: a glass of burgundy at lunch and a cider with dinner. He foregoes a drink in Barney Kiernan's but has a cigar and orders a ginger cordial among the absinthes, Besses, and whiskies of the late night.

The novel spends an evident amount of time in pubs. In them, Joyce begins to depict pubtime as a unique mutation of time in general. I have waited until this chapter to discuss pubtime because I wanted to first foreground the degree to which pubs are conglomerations of quasi-objects. Through the quixotic use of these objects, pubtime coheres. At its most basic, pubtime is a rereading or a reseeing of things and the practices that make up the pub. For example, the more often we perform a particular practice

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<sup>306</sup> McCarthy notes: "The brewers and distillers are the most important people in the Catholic provinces. In Dublin, to a large extent, business means drink and drink business; the wine merchants and publicans being the most powerful section in municipal affairs, and the most pushful and self-assertive politicians of the community" (293).

<sup>307</sup> Gifford points out that Leitrim's "inhabitants were regarded as country bumpkins" (2008, 72). Dan Tallon, a one-time publican, was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1899 and 1900.

performed, the better, typically, we become at it. As we do so, activity and its equipment (an indistinguishable union) appear less consciously manipulated. The practice becomes less a part of, and less apart from, us. A young curate, for instance, has to confront a daunting array of materials when he takes up the job: glasses, kegs, bottles, the register, the customers, etc. As he becomes more accustomed to the tasks, they melt into his being. He expands into the things at hand and communicates with them. A group of dirty glasses on the counter *tells* the curate that he will have to clean them at some point. The glasses portend a use of time (washing) and recount a past practice (drinking). The curate looks at these glasses and sees a configuration of time and materials not simply a grouping of things.

Bloom's initial view of O'Rourke's illustrates a similarly chronotopic configuration. Like the Yeatsian "child of revery" whose "feet find now resting place on earth,"<sup>308</sup> Bloom wanders in mind and body; his feet bring him across space but never to rest within it. As he ambles past the pub, his mind wanders into the scene before him. The activities of the Leitrim curate, he sees, retell and forecast narratives of success, while also telling the story of the moment: the floor needs mopping. In this way, Bloom enacts the trifold nature of pubtime by looking to what has been, what is, and what may be – nostalgia, immediacy, and futurity. Even as he looks at the events of the present, the space brings to mind other times. He cannot stay rooted in the now. To the extent that nostalgia informs the work of Joyce's pubtime, he shares a view of space espoused by Heidegger and Bachelard.<sup>309</sup> But as he looks forward through the present, he also calls attention to the way in which pubtime contains simultaneous addresses. In pubtime, drinkers recline in the convivial and foreshortened time

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<sup>308</sup> Andrew Gibson, uses the Yeatsian comparison to describe Stephen in Chapter II or *Portrait*. Gibson, Andrew. "Time Drops in Decay": *A Portrait of the Artist* in History (ii), Chapter 2." *James Joyce Quarterly*. 2007. Vol. 44. No. 4. Summer. 712.

<sup>309</sup> Lefebvre, Henri. *The Production of Space*. New York: Wiley-Blackwell, 1991. 120-121.

of drunkenness, while the ongoing tasks of drink orders, pouring, and glass- and bottlewashing constitute pubtime's flipside and the publican's concern. The publican, after all, is the one responsible for "calling time." He draws to a close the times instantiated and initiated by every patron to walk through the door. On and in these institutions, Joyce lays bare the intricacy of the human engagement with time.

By way of example, when Bloom enters Davy Byrne's "[m]oral pub" (U 8.732) for lunch he winds up exposing some of pubtime's networked nature. Bloom likes this spot because Byrne doesn't chat, occasionally stands a drink, and once cashed a check for Bloom. But in getting situated for his lunch – a Gorgonzola sandwich<sup>310</sup> and a glass of burgundy – Bloom becomes the object of Nosey Flynn's nosiness. From "his nook" (U 8.737) Flynn asks, "How's things?" (U 8.739). Flynn is all cunning covers and the question is as subtle a look into Bloom's cuckoldry as Flynn's reaching into his pocket to scratch himself (U 8.786-787).<sup>311</sup> Bloom, despite believing Flynn "knows as much about [music] as [his] coachman" (U 8.769), turns the conversation Molly's tour as "[f]ree ad" (U 8.770). Flynn springs his gossiptrap with the question: "Who's getting it up?" (U 8.773) Bloom, understandably flustered, begins to answer "it's like a company idea [...] [p]art shares and part profits" (U 8.784-785) until Flynn, undeterred, interjects, "Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?" (U 8.787-788). As in Corless's bar, the choreography of the moment is exquisite. Flynn's hand points the way toward adultery while Bloom's explanation might as well be about that same thing.

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<sup>310</sup> In Samuel Beckett's "Dante and the Lobster" the misanthropic Belacqua eats a similar sandwich in the pub.

<sup>311</sup> In *The Presentation of the Self in Everyday Life* (New York: Doubleday, 1959), Erving Goffmann suggests that "concealed practices" are a necessity in just about every "legitimate everyday vocation" (64). I'd make the argument that such practices extend beyond vocations and are essential to any public portrayal of the self. Flynn's half-surreptitious scratch is an instance of this. He could have more blatantly relieved the itch.

Boylan is very much mixed up in it and Bloom's reaction to the question gestures towards Steven Connor's concept of "mixed bodies" as a way of understanding the relationship between humans and quasi-objects.<sup>312</sup>

Confronted with a topic he would rather avoid, Bloom like Joyce looks up and away for a way out of conversation.<sup>313</sup> In this "delicate and evanescent" (*SH* 211) moment, he checks the time and meets "the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet" (*U* 8.789-791). On the face of things, Bloom immediately recognizes the pub practice of setting clocks ahead five minutes – a tactic to facilitate emptying out the pub at closing time that remains in practice today. But surrounding this recognition of the publican's hand in time, Bloom's mind wanders across several other topics in an example of Heideggerian referentiality or Latourian anti-singularity. He looks to a clock because he has appointments to keep, because he is preoccupied with Blazes Boylan's rendezvous with Molly, and because he simply wants to avoid the question that inscribes Boylan on the face of the clock. All clocks, for Bloom at least, will carry with them the valence of Boylan. Boylan has become the clock. He is incarnate time. Because Boylan concerns Bloom, Boylan becomes the measure of time for Bloom. The meaning of time in *Ulysses*, as Deborah Warner has pointed out in a discussion of the Bloom's reading of the Ballast Office clock, "is relative to the system by which time is measured."<sup>314</sup> Before he

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<sup>312</sup> Connor, Steven. "How to Get Out of Your Head: Toward a Philosophy of Mixed Bodies. Talk at the London Consottium." [stevenconnor.com](http://www.stevenconnor.com). 26 January, 2006. Stephen Connor. 5 May 2010. <<http://www.stevenconnor.com/mixedbodies.pdf>>

<sup>313</sup> See Chapter I and Ellman 363.

<sup>314</sup> Warner, Deborah. "The Ballast-Office Timeball and the Subjectivity of Time and Space." *James Joyce Quarterly*. Vol 35.4-36.1, Summer-Fall 1998. 861-864. Holly E. Parker has similarly pointed out Bloom's battle with Bergsonian "clock-time" and his perpetual retreat into silent reflection as a means out of its grasp. "Language as a Mask for Silence in Two Seemingly



eats (stuck in the enmiserating throes of low blood sugar) Bloom thinks about the immanence of death and the perpetual replenishment of humans: “Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, passing on” (U 8.484-485). Pubs are loci for these questions. They exist under the dual sign of conviviality and mortality.

Beckett’s reworks these questions in an early story from his 1934 collection, *More Pricks Than Kicks*. In “Dante and the Lobster” he includes a number of references to “the public” in order to sketch out the “static moment”<sup>315</sup> that constitutes Belacqua Shuah’s life. The collection hints at Beckett’s later minimalism and shows an already apparent interest in gesture and practice – “Dante and the Lobster” commits seven paragraphs to the preparation of toast. In the face of such banality, Harry Vandervlist argues that “[t]hrough strategies of negation, Beckett’s stories privilege possibility over action, and create a space of unfulfilled potential.”<sup>316</sup> While some might find this an apt description of the public house milieu and Belacqua himself, I find Vandervlist’s description of a “(reluctantly) represented world”<sup>317</sup> in Beckett’s collection to miss the foundational importance the field of practice in the stories. Vandervlist gets it wrong when he claims, “*More Pricks Than Kicks* enacts the aimless wanderings of the indolent Belacqua.”<sup>318</sup> Indolent though he may be, Belacqua’s wanderings are hardly aimless. “Dante and the Lobster” makes quite clear the extent to

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Antithetical Authors: Kazantzakis and Joyce.” *Journal of Modern Greek Studies*. 16.2. 1998. 247-64.

<sup>315</sup> Vandervlist, Harry. “Nothing Doing: The Repudiation of Action in Beckett’s *More Pricks than Kicks*.” *Negation, Critical Theory, and Postmodern Textuality*. Daniel Fischlin, ed. Dordrecht: Kluwer Acad., 1994: 145-156. 147.

<sup>316</sup> Vandervlist 146.

<sup>317</sup> *ibid.*

<sup>318</sup> *ibid.*

which Belacqua's comings and goings are aimed at particular, if not exciting, ends. It also illustrates the narrative maneuvers undertaken by Beckett to closely stitch together the story's beginning and end.

In "Dante and the Lobster," Beckett sets up the pub as a place of respite, only to cast it in far darker tones at the close of the story. For mildly misanthropic Belacqua the pub offers a welcome escape from the outside world and he heads there to consume his lunch – a pungent sandwich of burnt toast, ripe Gorgonzola, and mustard.

Stumbling along by devious ways towards the lowly public where he was expected, in the sense that entry of his grotesque person would provoke no comment or laughter, Belacqua gradually got the upper hand of his choler. Now that lunch was as good as a *fait accompli*, because the incontinent bosthoons of his own class, itching to pass on a big idea or inflict an appointment, were seldom at large in this shabby quarter of the city, he was free to consider items two and three, the lobster and the lesson, in closer detail.<sup>319</sup>

This secondary space of belonging for Belacqua, outside of his apartment grants Belacqua the security of anonymity and a remove from conversation. It also offers him a chance to think and drink in quiet solitude before the holy hour of afternoon closing comes upon him.

[...]it would be time enough if he left the public as it closed, he could remain on till the last moment. Benissimo. He had half-a-crown. That was two pints of draught anyway and perhaps a bottle to wind up with. Their bottled stout was particularly excellent and well-up.<sup>320</sup>

This musing on the welcoming nature of the pub takes place prior to Belacqua's actual entrance into the pub. In this way, Beckett has already entered the reader into the dreamlike, naïve regard for the pub as a place outside of life's complications. At the threshold of the pub entrance, Beckett complicates this reading by setting up a parallel between Belacqua and the lobster.

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<sup>319</sup> Beckett, Samuel. *More Pricks than Kicks*. New York: Grove, 1994. 15-16.

<sup>320</sup> Beckett 16.

Everything was all set now and in order. Bating, of course the lobster, which had to remain an incalculable factor. He must just hope for the best. And expect the worst, he thought gaily, diving into the public, as usual.<sup>321</sup>

She lifted the lobster clear of the table. It had about thirty seconds to live.

Well, thought Belacqua, it's a quick death, God help us all. It is not. (22)

The watery verb insists upon a refiguration of Belacqua as the doomed crustacean.<sup>322</sup> Beckett counters Belacqua's habitual entrance into the pub and his aphoristic attitude by making clear in the closing lines the connection between the pub and the pot into which one can "dive" and the untenable truth of platitudes. The pub carries the burden of the narrative here, inviting the reader into the same naïve worldview possessed by Belacqua only to have the lesson of the world's inescapable horror thrust back upon them.

Much later in *Ulysses*, as the men are pouring into and out of the pubs of "Oxen of the Sun" the command and clumsy pun: "Keep a watch on the clock" (14.1452) hangs over the frivolity. A flurry of question and answer follows it: "Enemy?<sup>323</sup> Avuncular's got my timepiece.<sup>324</sup> Ten to. Obligated awful" (14.1471-1472)." The time of Boylan's encounter with Molly has long since passed at this point in the novel, but at this late hour in the novel time has accrued an inescapable amount of concern with drink, sex, and Bloom. Enemy, slang for time, maps easily onto Boylan. The time "Ten to" echoes not only "Two" (the time

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<sup>321</sup> Beckett 17.

<sup>322</sup> Appropriately, his name translates as "beautiful water."

<sup>323</sup> The question is shorthand for "How goes the enemy" which is slang for "What's the time?" Gifford 2008, 443.

<sup>324</sup> The inclusion of "avuncular" here is perplexing. The word goes ignored in Gifford. However, Stivers offers some insight. Applying Lévi-Strauss's concept of the avunculate to Irish family and social life, Stivers argues that young men and married males in the public house enact this connection. This is partly bolstered by Joyce's experience with his uncle. Avuncular Bloom, the constant clock-watcher, figures to be the guiding presence here.

of Bloom's lunch) but "tend to" – Bloom's domestic watch over both Molly and Stephen, and Blazes's sexual attention to Molly. In addition, Bloom gets wound into the moment as the avunculate, looking after the lads and tending to his timepiece – recently stopped on the Strand at the time of Boylan's meeting with Molly and Bloom's own masturbatory encounter with Gerty.

The clock presides over this mutation of time. It is Stephen's original example of the epiphany. Byrne's "bilious clock," just another piece of Dublin pub furniture, ceases to appear as a simple a collection of gears. It becomes an ongoing association of Bloom's experience of time as constituted by thoughts about Boylan, conversation with Flynn, and an awareness of a pub clock's anticipatory hour. In this way, the clocks echo the publican's voice. Their open lie, accepted by the drinkers, acknowledges the network of necessity present in the time. At its close, pubtime pushes its participants out into the night. The is not drinkers need not respect it or acquiesce to its close as a sign for the stoppage of drinking, however. Their presence in the shebeens of Dublin and *Ulysses* attests to the tactical rearrangement of space in service to drinking. Just like the bona fide laws, people will go a long way to get a drink.

### *Language of Flow*

In the short story, "Work," by the American writer, Denis Johnson, the downandout narrator looks up at his beautiful bartender, who pours "doubles like an angel, right up to the lip of the cocktail glass, no measuring," and tells her she possesses "a lovely pitching arm."<sup>325</sup> The bartender delivers her overmeasure with artistry or the overmeasure renders her

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<sup>325</sup> Johnson, Denis. *Jesus' Son*. New York: Harper Perennial, 1993. 66. The line also gestures towards baseball, the delivery of a pitch, drinking as a pastime, and a way of passing time.

delivery artistic. In either case, the moment illustrates the degree of intimacy between bartender and patron in the practice of pouring; the overmeasure, in particular, owns a notorious history of collusion.<sup>326</sup> Pouring out booze for another person is at its most basic level, a labor of servitude. Whether complicated by the exchange of money or the gruffness of a request, it remains a thing done in service to someone else. Pouring a drink ranks among the most intimate practices of the pub. And a considerable amount of booze gets poured out in the work of Joyce. The flow of intimacy varies by occurrence, but in each case, the practice unfolds a complex of connections between the server and the served.

The flirty and buxom barmaids of the Ormond Hotel bar, Misses Douce and Kennedy, man the tap handles of the “Sirens” episode. In a work where Stephen and Bloom lack the keys to their respective homes, the women essentially unlock the Ormond’s and the chapter’s musicality with the pouring out of whisky, whose “light music falling into glasses make[s] an agreeable interlude” (*D* 168). For Miss Douce, the act of pouring and serving, if not all her bar activities, are opportunities, not all taken, for the extension of her flirtatiousness. The practice of pouring embodies her sex; she speaks her sexuality through the practice, a kind of “language of flow” (*U* 11.298). For the flirty Simon Dedalus she

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<sup>326</sup> 1916 regulations of the pub trade in the UK generated increased focus on, among other practices, the overmeasure. Gutzke elaborates:

Inside licensed premises the [Central Control Board] outlawed several cherished practices that allegedly caused insobriety among laborers – treating customers to drinks on the house, offering credit, giving overmeasure, and providing for direct delivery of beer, known as beer hawking. Of the four practices, the most pervasive and harmful was overmeasure, more commonly called the “long pull,” a notorious sales tactic in which Edwardian retailers literally gave away free beer when filling orders. Beer flowed so generously that midlands brewers regarded the reduction to 125 percent of what the customer ordered as a significant concession. Use of a special super-sized pint glass, enlarged at the top so it could hold the additional 25 percent, was publicly touted in the trade press as a remarkable gesture of solidarity (51-52).

“tap[s] a measure of gold whisky from her crystal keg [and] Alacrity she serve[s]” (*U* 11.215-216). Joyce fills the narration with the sprightliness of Douce’s demeanor. Her pour, her serve literally effuse it. Conversely, when Pat the waiter comes to her with an order for “[l]ager for diner. Lager without alacrity she serve[s]” (*U* 11.288). She returns to form for Boylan.

Shebronze, dealing from her oblique jar thick syrupy liquor  
for his lips, looked as it flowed (flower in his coat: who gave him?),  
and syropped with her voice:  
- Fine goods in small parcels.  
That is to say she. Neatly she poured slowsyrupy sloe” (*U*  
11.365-369)

The narration, turning upon itself as it rolls towards its conclusion, nods both to the revision of the sentence structure: “Shebronze dealing [...] that is to say she [...] neatly she poured slowsyrupy sloe” and the commentary Douce offers on her chest. The deftness of her pour and her attentive service anticipate Bloom’s own pouring out of Bass ale for Lenehan in “Oxen.” Caught in a tiresome exchange with Lenehan at the Ormond Hotel bar, Simon Dedalus drinks to distance himself from the conversation:

After an interval Mr Dedalus raised his grog and  
-That must have been highly diverting, said he. I see.  
He see. He drank. With far away mourning mountain eye. Set  
down his glass.  
He looked towards the saloon door.  
[...]  
-Is that a fact? Mr Dedalus said.  
He drank and strayed away. (*U* 11.271-83)

Just as Douce speaks through her pours, Dedalus talks with the glass. It lays bare his disinterest; he drinks rather than pursuing the conversation. And the act of drinking covers Dedalus’s departure from the counter. With his gesture of boredom, he leaves Miss Douce, bound by her duties to the tap handles and crystal kegs, caught in the web of Lenehan’s flirtation.

Bloom walks into a different linguistic web when he enters Barney Kiernan's pub in "Cyclops." His entrance is twice mediated by the cycloptic "says I" narration of the unnamed narrator and again, literally by the cycloptically-aggressive Citizen, who in essence admits Bloom into the pub by calling off his dog.

There he is again, says the citizen, staring out.  
 Who? says I.  
 Bloom, says he. He's on point duty up and down there for  
 the last ten minutes.  
 And begob I saw his physog do a peep in and then slidder off  
 again.  
 [...]
   
 Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom skeezing  
 round the door.  
 – Come in, come on, says the citizen. He won't eat you.  
 So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog and he asks  
 Terry was Martin Cunningham there. (U 12.377-381, 12.407-410)

The dual mediation of entrance underscores Bloom's outsider status making him the object in the retelling of events. David Hayman has pointed out the deictic maneuvers utilized in "Cyclops" make determining when and where the narrative takes place an amusing challenge. Because the story of Bloom's entrance into Barney Kiernan's is told in the past tense but aspects of the narration acknowledge an ongoing present, it is at times difficult to fix the unnamed speaker in space. Fixing the reader in space is less problematic. As we read, we are brought alongside the narrator in the ambiguous space of a pub, not necessarily Kiernan's. After having been particularly intimate with Bloom for a number of chapters within his streaming consciousness and recently alongside his tactical farting at the close of the Sirens episode,<sup>327</sup> Joyce wheels the reader around and into the privileged position among

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<sup>327</sup> Leaving the Ormond Hotel, Bloom feels the aftereffects of his lunchtime glass of Burgundy and telegraphs the rhetoric of Robert Emmet, Irish patriot, which will color Bloom's interaction with the Citizen in the Cyclops episode. 11.1284-1294. 238-239: Seabloom, greasebloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among*  
 Prrpr.  
 Must be the bur.

the locals of the pub. Twice the narrator asserts the veracity of his account by saying “true as you’re there” (*U* 12. 395, 12.778), an assertion that inevitably becomes “true as I’m drinking this porter” (*U* 12.1362) and underscores the spatially unifying practice of drinking, the streaming consciousness of drink, that has brought reader and narrator together. By folding the reader into the narrative, Joyce evokes a Pouletian pub consciousness that attends to both the author’s view of how drinkers exist in the pub and the extent to which the text has thoroughly gotten ahold of the reader as complicit narrative presence in the pub.

These side-by-side exchanges along the bar also take the form of toasts, they did in “A Little Cloud,” and flesh out the relationship of the drinkers. Can there be any doubt about how the citizen wields his “pintglass” (12.519) as he offers a toast?

-The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his  
pintglass and glaring at Bloom.  
-Ay, ay, says Joe.  
-You don’t grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is....  
-*Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn fein ambain!* The friends we  
love are by our side and the foes we hate before us. (12.519-524).<sup>328</sup>

It is tempting to ask whether the citizen toasts because, as Fritz Senn suggests, “when drinks are taken up custom demands some sort of ritual toast”<sup>329</sup> or whether the toast offers the citizen a less than covert opportunity to insult Bloom. Joyce offers us a telling pun as the

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Fff! Oo. Rrpr.  
*Nations of the earth.* No one behind. She’s passed. *Then and not till then.* Tram kran kran kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krandlkrankran. I’m sure it’s the burgundy. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be.* Kraaaaaa. *Written. I have.*  
Pprrpffrrppffff.  
*Done.*

<sup>328</sup> This particular toast recalls an earlier moment in *Stephen Hero* where amidst the chafing context of Stephen’s Irish language lessons (a tactical move on Stephen’s part in order to better woo Emma Clery). Mr. Casey, one of the instructors “raise[s] his glass to Stephen saying ‘Sinn Fein’ instead of ‘Good Health’” (SH 56). Here Stephen learns the passwords to belonging in the publichouse – a nationalist toast.

<sup>329</sup> Senn 2007, 55-56.



citizen most certainly does not grasp Bloom's point, in part because he is grasping that pintglass and already well inebriated. The act of toasting, insulting, and drinking come together in an assemblage of hatred that makes clear its spatial concerns. In this way the toast none too subtly spells out the citizen's message for Bloom. So, the pintglass operates as an object around which the practice of toasting coheres and with which the citizen can advance his xenophobic antagonisms against Bloom. Like the pub's reliance on the practice of drinking, it would be difficult to imagine the citizen making this particular kind of jibe without a glass in hand. By contrast, when Bloom does handle booze, he is the consummate gentleman.

Drinkware also discloses pubtime. The glass reflects the kind of alcohol consumed (pint glasses for porter; shot glasses for spirits) and the amount (a pony or half-pint of porter suggests a very different pace of drinking). These are two important aspects of assembling the drinker. What a drinker drinks and how much he drinks at a time (from glass size to the pace of sipping) locate him within a nexus of social concerns. When Alf Bergan orders a "pony" (*U* 12. 274) of ale, Ned Lambert orders a "half one" (*U* 12.1017), and Martin Cunningham consents to Lambert's offer of "a brief libation" (*U* 12.1668) the orders suggest that the drinker's time in the pub is short and his intention is not (explicitly) to get drunk. This is in contrast to the citizen who gets "his mouth half way down the tumbler" before the narrator finishes his toast.

Bergan testily tells the barman to "hurry up, Terry boy" (*U* 12.279). Terry Ryan, oft idling like the barman in "A Painful Case," "straightaway [brings] the crystal cup [...] in beauty akin to the immortals" (*U* 12.288-289) and Alf gives "with gracious gesture a testoon of costliest bronze." (*U* 12.291-292). The exchange is a light one illustrating Joyce's hyperbolic treatment of the mundane. But that is the point. In a chapter about the getting

and spending of drink, the begetting and begotten of nationhood, Joyce gathers the narrative around service and the testoon. Just like the quick history lesson rendered in through the sight/site of the mopping curate in O'Rourke's, the coin with its image of Queen Victoria offers a map to those who would pause and read it. For the narrator, her likeness calls to mind her rule over "the united Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the sea [...] the pale, the dark, the ruddy, and the ethiop" (*U* 12.294-299). Alf Bergan carries hangmen's letters with him (*U* 12.304), Paddy Dignam's ghost stalks the streets (*U* 12.326), the Belgians in Roger Casement's report rape the women of the Congo and flog the bellies of the rubber workers (*U* 12.1546-1547).

Drinking is not just coping for these men. For them and for Joyce drinking is construction. Ned Lambert orders a "half one" (*U* 12.1017), and Martin Cunningham consents to Lambert's offer of "a brief libation" (*U* 12.1668) the orders suggest that the drinker's time in the pub is short and his intention is not (explicitly) to get drunk. When the narrator recalls his first pint of the day in Kiernan's he exclaims: "Ah! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click" (*U* 12.242-243). The pint fills a void in the narrator and it along with subsequent pints constructs him in as much as he exists as inebriated speech. Joyce uses the moment to deictically fill the imagined pub with the reader's presence – it is the reader to whom the first three ejaculations are addressed. Elsewhere in the episode: the porter is said to be "up in [Bob Doran]" (*U* 12.312); the drinkers make holes in pints (12.756); and the Citizen is rendered pickled as the narrator marvels at the need of a "small fortune to keep him in drinks" (*U* 12.822). Later as the Citizen "ups his pint to wet his whistle" (12.1555), one gets the feeling that the he is *whetting* his whistle as well, honing his sharp words for Bloom at the close of the episode.

In contrast to Chandler, the Citizen is Joyce's most self-serving character in when it comes to toasts. As Joe Hynes hands round pints in Kiernan's, the Citizen says "*Slán leat*" (U 12.819), Irish for goodbye and not so much a toast as an address to the pint. By the time the narrator wishes him "Good health" (U 12.820) "he [has] his mouth halfway down the tumbler" (U 12.821). It's a rude gesture and noticed by the narrator. Entitlement is the Citizen's idiom. His next round, the fawning hyperbole over his bygone athleticism, and the correctness of his worldview, are all forgone conclusions. Talking at crosspurposes with Bloom and Hynes about the history of Irish martyrdom, the citizen uses a toast to temporarily shout down Bloom.

-The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pintglass and glaring at Bloom.  
 -Ay, ay, says Joe.  
 -You don't grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is...  
 -*Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn Fein abmain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us" (U 12.523-524).

Keeping in mind the tacit requirement of a glass for a toast, the pintglass operates as an object around which the practice of toasting and the distance between Bloom and the citizen cohere. As he advances his xenophobic antagonisms against Bloom, the citizen literally fails to grasp Bloom's point because he is grasping his pintglass; the rounds have slickened his mental grip.

Bloom is both apart from and a part of the public in Kiernan's, Dublin, and Ireland. He embodies the viceversical coming and going of the entrances and exits. Joyce telegraphs this move in "Cyclops" when he narrator asks the barman to "Show us the entrance out [to urinate]" (12.1559). Bloom's figuration as ben Bloom Elijah, the savior of the Jews and the Irish (12.1644-1645), similarly is a coming and a going, as he departs from Kiernan's pub "at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green street like a shot off a shovel."

(12.1917-1918). The religious overtones look forward to Bloom's time in Bella Cohen's where a future in which Bloom rules that landscape takes shape.

In light of the deixis in "Cyclops," I have looked with greater enthusiasm for linkages between the sound of pubtalk and the presence of the reader in the text. Joyce's notoriously complex episode, "Oxen of the Sun," challenges its readers to assemble space and meaning in its closing pages. Fittingly, the disconcerting soundscape's whirling mix of voices suggests the settling of a pint of stout and the promise inebriation and its imaginative capabilities. Like the evolution of the English language, things begin in a seeming swirl but gradually cohere and, once having done so, the thing becomes blackest when ready to drink. It is unsurprising, perhaps, that the "disintegration"<sup>330</sup> of language Harry Blamires views towards the close of the episode, occurs on the way towards, into, and out of the pub. One gets the feeling that Joyce viewed the pub as the pinnacle of human evolution and deevolution. The drink orders in *Dubliners* or Stephen's hurried chugging of the pint in Kavanagh's get stylized in the "Cyclops" episode in part to make a point about the epic nature of the activity. Joyce makes the practice of ordering, pouring, and paying for a pint a mythic parody but at the same time he moves these quotidian acts into an uncanny form of articulation. We pay attention to the pour and, if we take the narration literally, regard it as a marvelous and remarkable event. It is. Everything is for a Thomist like Joyce. But we often fail to apprehend these actions as remarkable because they are routine, or else because we consider their content unimportant. But within a request for a pint, its pouring, and payment resides a history of human evolution and ingenuity, of social practices and engineering know-how. Joyce is no sociologist, but his literary treatment of the world can help us to think about how

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<sup>330</sup> Blamires, Harry. *The New Bloomsday Book: A Guide Through Ulysses*. New York: Routledge, 1999. 157.

we view it. I am thinking here of Bruno Latour's discussion of the pliable and empty term: "group."<sup>331</sup>

From Kiernan's pub, practice flows into the maternity hospital in Holles St. The group is described as "that fellowship that was there to the intent to be drunken as they might" (14.187-188). Stephen "the most drunken that still demanded more of mead" (*U* 14.194-195) acts the barman "fill[ing] all the cups that stood empty" and toastingly proclaims the mead doled out to be "not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment" (14.277-283). Alcohol transcends the corporeal world. The joke telling (Lenehan repeats his *Rose of Castille* pun), the gossip, the handling of booze evoke an atmosphere so like the pub, that the rabble is repeatedly told by the nurses to keep it down. The birthing of the Purefoy child and the birthing of the English language are paralleled. And the intensity of both labors is mapped onto the furious activities of the drinkers who only settle down<sup>332</sup>, like the pint of Guinness, after the child has been poured out, so to speak.

Bloom, variously described as a "staid agent of publicity" (14.1042) and a "Pubb. Canv." (14.12.30-1231; 1300), testifies to the public house tenor of the proceedings. It is difficult to ignore the cohesion of the words pub and license in the word publicity – etymologically, the state of open lawful existence. Bloom, of course is notoriously open to the reader, but also typically to the public. In the previous chapter, I discussed Bloom's reverie with regard to a bottle of Bass. I want to return to the moment to point out how Bloom returns to the world once he notices Lenehan's thirstiness:

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<sup>331</sup> Latour, Bruno. *Reassembling the Social*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2005. His chapter on "group formation" discusses the ways in which *a* group is always an active set of ongoing relations.

<sup>332</sup> The reader is told that following the birth a calm overtakes the hospital. "Nothing, as it seems, there of rash or violent. Quietude of custody, rather, befitting their station in that house" (14.1381-1382). One rightly hears a resonance of the *public* house in the claim.

[...]as soon as it began to dawn on him that the other was endeavouring to help himself to the thing he involuntarily determined to help him himself and so he accordingly took hold of the neck of the mediumsized glass recipient which contained the fluid sought after and made a capacious hole in it by pouring a lot of it out with, also at the same time, however, a considerable degree of attentiveness in order not to upset any of the beer that was in it about the place (*U* 14.1191-1197).

Bloom the barman's gesture is magnanimous and deft, a pour of "magnificence," (*FW* 15.2845) that recalls Lenehan's near compliment: "There's the touch of the artist about old Bloom" (10.582-583) and in doing so looks forward to Bloom's ultimate artistry, a gesture of kindness – the Samaritan tending of Stephen in nighttown.<sup>333</sup>

### *Afterhours*

By the time the first-time reader arrives, exhaustedly, at the concluding pages of "Oxen," few things remain clear. The men have left the maternity hospital – as Ellmann astutely observes, "Stephen emerges not to life but to Burkes's pub."<sup>334</sup> Beyond that, little is evident and the reader is given only brief moments of clarity, in alcoholic parlance, to suss out the activity on the page. One of the more lucid moments is the following drink order. In it, the beverages ordered stand in nicely for the persons drinking them.

Yours? Mead of our fathers for the *Übermensch*. Ditto. Five number ones. You, sir? Ginger cordial. Chase me, the cabby's

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<sup>333</sup> More than any other moment in the novel, Bloom's treatment of Stephen is the realization of a language of gesture. Throughout *Ulysses* Joyce's characters enact and read a variety of gestures. None is more charged with that word known to all men than Bloom's undoing of Stephen's waistcoat buttons and his brushing of "*woodshavings from Stephen's clothes with light hand and fingers*" (*U* 15.4937-4938). Rather than a devolutionary form of communication, gesture is the closest humanity has gotten to telepathy. The gestures here also illustrate the inextricable linkages between people and things. What Bloom does to the clothes he does for Stephen. At the same time, the gesture recalls Milly Bloom's playful affection for her father and his waistcoat buttons.

<sup>334</sup> Ellmann 299.

caudle<sup>335</sup>. Stimulate the caloric. Winding of his ticker. Stopped short never to go again when the old. Absinthe for me, savvy? *Caramba!* Have an eggnog or a prairie oyster” (U14.1467-1471).

The relative drunkenness of the group can be immediately mapped onto the orders: two whiskies, five Bass ales, a ginger cordial (for Bloom, of course), an absinthe for Stephen, and somewhat savvier advice (perhaps from the barman) for a hangover cure. Bloom and Stephen take up their posts on either end of the spectrum: Bloom the abstainer, Stephen the (a)stander. When shortly after this round, Stephen proposes “[m]ore bluggy drunkables” (U 14.1528-1529) drinking practice comes to a close. By closingtime the men have dissolved into their spirits. The last call heard in pubs of *Ulysses* heralds the imminent departure of the group and the arrival of fullblown pubtalk “Absinthe the lot!” (U 14.1533)

The close of the pub does not necessarily close pubtime or bring an end to the night’s drinking. Shebeens covered the Dublin map, expanding pubtime into the small and prohibited hours. In a 1902 letter to the editor of the *Irish Times*, the secretary of the Licensed Grocers’ and Vintners’ Protection Association praised a recent Sunday night police raid on a “bogus club.” The raid found upwards of 100 people in attendance with drinks being served “over the counter as in an ordinary public house.” The letter goes on to lament the association of illicit drinking and drunkenness with licensed public houses and points out that from 1901-1902, “740 persons were arrested in the Dublin Metropolitan Police District [...] for drunkenness between 8 a.m. on Sundays and 8 a.m. on Mondays and of these all but 161 were arrested when the publichouses were closed.”<sup>336</sup> In *Ulysses*, Stephen barely avoids a

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<sup>335</sup> A caudle is a spiced mixture of wine or beer, bread, egg, and sugar sometimes used as a curative for the sick.

<sup>336</sup> Russell, Robert. Letter to the editor. *Irish Times*. November 13, 1902. The letter is dated to November 11, 1902.

similar fate after smashing a chandelier in Bella Cohen's brothel (82 Tyrone St.), fleeing the premises, and getting into an argument with two English soldiers.

Like the mobile pubs on display in *Dubliners*, shebeens espouse an ad hoc arrangement of materials in service to drinking. Cohen's brothel is a converted Georgian home and a shebeen by virtue of its providing alcohol to customers. Just as the men of the committee room make chairs and tables of whatever is at hand, the shebeen explores the possibilities latent in domestic space. It is as if, afterhours, the desire to continue drinking causes a historical regression of the pub. The pub crawls back into the home and situates itself as best as possible. The results can be carnivalesque in their upending of understood domestic roles. The narrator of "Cyclops" describes one scene in which Bob Doran transgresses a number of taboos: "Blind up to the world up in a shebeen in Bride street after closing time, fornicating with two shawls and a bully on guard, drinking porter out of teacups" (*U* 12.802-804).<sup>337</sup> So here's Doran traipsing all over Irish religions: a married man and "a Frenchy" for the prostitutes, daring to drink his porter outside a pint glass. While he waxes atheistic (as was his inclination in *Dubliners*), the shawls pick his drunken pockets. The shebeen is no different from the committee room. Space operates in service to drinking. The teacups condescend to porter; beds masquerade as barstools. But the narrator, an equal opportunity disdainer, also indicts the domestic sphere Doran occasionally flees. Polly Mooney is a "little concubine of a wife" (*U* 12.812) and her mother "the old prostitute" (*U* 12.814). His failure to register a difference between the shebeen and the domestic sphere illustrates his inflexible misogyny. But his apparent disdain for drinking porter from teacups recalls Latour's claim that things have the ability to "construct, literally and not

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<sup>337</sup> Shawl here is Irish slang for prostitute. A bully (also called a gallant) is one who protects them.



metaphorically, social order[...][t]they are in large part the stuff out of which socialness is made.”<sup>338</sup> Doran and the women come together around the cup in an admittedly more salacious grouping than Bloom and Stephen around coffee and teacups in the “Ithaca” episode. But shebeens are not without their conventions. In Cohen’s brothel, to paraphrase Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, the bill always comes.

In a forbear of what Joyce calls a “shebby choruysh” (*FW* 005.16) Bella, two of her girls (Zoe and Kitty), Lynch, and Bloom discuss the matter of payment. The exchange’s crosscurrents resemble those of publichouse conversation.

BELLA, ZOE, KITTY, LYNCH, BLOOM  
*(chattering and squabbling)* The gentleman...ten shillings....paying for three...allow me a moment...this gentleman pays separate....who’s touching it?...ow!...mind you’re pinching ...are you staying the night or a short time? who did?...you’re a liar, excuse me...the gentleman paid down like a gentleman...drink...it’s long after eleven. (*U* 15.1555-1560)

Conversation flows and mixes so that parsing out who is speaking becomes so fruitless that the reader must accept the conversationalists as a cohesive whole. The extent to which Dubliners wind up mixed in Cohen’s also trades on the fact the traffic in the brothels is not light. The comings and goings in Cohen’s are made manifest in the departure of the mysterious man in the mackintosh who leaves by a “trick” doorhandle that sings the last word of the lyric “Shall carry my heart to thee!”<sup>339</sup> Zoe flatly states that “The devil is in that door” and she’s as likely to be talking about the doorhandle as Mackintosh, called “Dusty Rhodes” in “Oxen.” Whoever he is, his presence agitates Bloom who gets nervous upon

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<sup>338</sup> Latour 2000. 113.

<sup>339</sup> John Gordon (*Joyce and Reality: The Empirical Strikes Back*. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 2004) has suggested that the man in the mackintosh is, in fact, the ghost of Bloom’s father, Virag. In this case, the song alludes to Joyce’s father who was fond of singing the song in the wake of duping yet another landlord into housing the destitute family. (*My Brother’s Keeper* 122.)

hearing the man on the stairs and on the doorstep and relaxes when he hears him pass outside. The anonymity of Mackintosh allows for the possibility of him being Boylan in Bloom's mind. The dangers of sexually transmitted infection are well noted in Joyce and were Boylan to be a patron of Cohen's, Bloom might be quite a bit more mixed with the bodies of the Dublin public.<sup>340</sup>

In "Nausikaa" Bloom recalls Mrs. Duggan's disdain for a drunken husband "rolling in drunk, stink of pub off him like a polecat" to which causes him to think "Have that in your nose in the dark, whiff of stale boose. Then ask in the morning: Was I drunk last night?" (13.964-966). The moment looks forward to Molly who, in Penelope, smells on Bloom "some kind of drink not whisky or stout or perhaps the sweet kind of paste they stick their bills up with some liqueur" (18.126-127). This trace of the pub on Bloom, makes Molly think of "sip[ping] those richlooking green and yellow expensive drinks those stagedoor johnnies drink" and her theft of a taste once by dipping her fingers in an American's drink (18.127-130). That bit of drinking and surreptitiousness reminds her of drinking port and eating potted meat with Boylan this afternoon, which in part led to her falling asleep only to be awakened by the same clap of thunder that frightened Stephen in "Oxen." Drink, clearly, can be a dizzying thing. In tracing out the trajectory of Molly's thought, alcohol in its many forms dots the map from Burke's to the theatre bar to 7 Eccles Street to the maternity hospital. The reader gets a picture of how fluidly the pub can move around both Dublin and the mind.

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<sup>340</sup> This, of course, assumes that Bloom will again enjoy full coitus with Molly. Also, in *Stephen Hero* Lynch reminds Stephen that he's lucky to not have already gotten a "dose" from the prostitutes he frequents (192).

**CHAPTER V**  
**BEING PUBLICITLY**  
*FINNEGANS WAKE*

The dark damp night was coming and he longed to spend it in the bars, drinking with his friends amid the glare of gas and the clatter of glasses.

James Joyce, "Counterparts"

On April 2, 1937, between 9:20 and 9:40 in the morning, the BBC broadcast a segment by W.B. Yeats titled "In the Poet's Pub." Yeats opens his remarks by noting the "intolerable monotony" that accompanies "five or six poems" being read after one another (266). A solution to this problem, Yeats surmises, lies in observing the success of "folk singers who sing without accompaniment [and] have tricks to break the monotony and rest the mind" (266). These tricks include: handclapping, fingercracking, whistling, or the presence of a chorus. Presaging National Public Radio, Yeats asks:

Why not fill up the space between poem and poem with musical notes and so enable the mind to free itself from one group of ideas, while preparing for another group, and yet keep it receptive and dreaming" (266).

Yeats depends on such receptivity and dreaminess for the bulk of his radio experiment: to recreate the sense of being in a so-called "poet's pub." In this space poetry, song, and conversation collide. "There are such pubs in Dublin and I suppose elsewhere," Yeats assures his audience, asking them to imagine sitting in such a pub, "among poets, musicians, farmers, and labourers" (267). Yeats then indulges in an incredible bit of oneiric pubscaping that neatly captures the foundational tensions of his literary career.

The fact that we are in a pub reminds somebody of Belloc's poem beginning 'Do you know an inn, Miranda' and then somebody recites the first and more vigorous part of Chesterton's 'Rolling English Drunkard', and then, because everybody in the inn except me is very English and we are all a little drunk, somebody recites De la Mare's 'Three Jolly Farmers' as patter. Patter is singing or speaking

very quickly with very marked time, an art known to all old actors in my youth. We are all delighted, and at every pause we want to pound the table with our tankards. As, however, a tankard must be both heard and seen, the B.B.C. has substituted the rolling of a drum.<sup>341</sup>

His words touch on much that this dissertation seeks to engage: the public nature of the space where various trades and classes come together; the collective discourse of poems recited and songs sung; the tactical, phenomenological nature of objects – “a tankard must be both heard and seen.” At the same time it is not difficult to detect Yeats’s grasping, delusionally idealized view of what goes on in the pub.

In what amounts to de Certeau-like local legend, Yeats is purported to have only visited a pub once. Toner’s pub, first opened in 1818 by Andrew Rogers sits at the corner of Baggot St. and Roger’s Lane in the Ballsbridge neighborhood of Dublin. Today it continues to be known by the name of its 1923 licensee, James Toner, and for much of its history was a bar and grocery. Kearns supplies the story:

Yeats was one day persuaded by Gogarty to rectify his pub deficiency and taken to Toner’s. He slipped unobtrusively into a snug close to the door and ordered a sherry. Upon finishing it, he rose stiffly to his feet, proclaimed “I have seen a pub. Will you knodlt take me home”, and departed in obvious relief.<sup>342</sup>

The daydream Yeats offers the BBC audience comes stocked with pedantic asides and perhaps embarrassing invocations of gesture – Yeats banging a tankard calls to mind Michael Dukakis riding a tank or George W. Bush perusing *L’Étranger*. And he further underlines his classist leanings with his other radio broadcast: “In The Poet’s Parlour.” In its opening lines, Yeats admits:

When we were in the Poets’ Pub I asked you to listen to poems written for everybody, but now you will listen, or so I hope, to

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<sup>341</sup> Yeats, W.B. “In the Poet’s Pub.” *The Collected Works of W.B. Yeats Volume X: Later Articles and Reviews*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 2000. 267.

<sup>342</sup> Kearns 65.

poems written for poets, and that is why we are in the Poet's Parlour. Those present are his intimate friends and fellow students. There is a beautiful lady, or two or three beautiful ladies, four or five poets, a couple of musicians and all are devoted to poetry.<sup>343</sup>

Alongside the manuscript draft of "In the Poet's Pub" at the National Library of Ireland is a page of notes that appears to refer to both broadcasts. On it, Yeats vacillates between the titles, crossing out and rewriting both a number of times. The implication seems to be that Yeats remained uncertain of where to set his public entreaty to imaginatively engage with poetry. There can be little doubt about the incantatory nature Yeats aligned with the poetry. For me, Yeats's poetical pub sounds far more interesting than his parlour – a hybrid space that exerts its own alchemical power over the public and the artist.

Unlike Yeats, Joyce didn't want for familiarity with the pub. He was an inveterate drinker. By way of describing this chapter's titular neologism, I understand Joyce to have been a *publicit* drinker: a drinker familiar with the space and practice of the pub and all that its publicness exposes. As I pointed out in Chapter III, Gogarty had greater success persuading Joyce to pick up the habits and know-how of the pub. Before wading into the sleepy boozedaddled prose of the *Wake*, I want to provide a brief overview of the extent to which Joyce took up and took in the practice of drinking. It informed him nearly as much as it does the *Wake*. As a young man, he enjoyed sack, but its expense drove him to embrace stout.<sup>344</sup> He preferred white wine ("sunshine"<sup>345</sup> and "electricity"<sup>346</sup>) to red wine

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<sup>343</sup> Yeats 2000, "In the Poet's Parlour." 276.

<sup>344</sup> Ellmann 132.

<sup>345</sup> Ellmann 680.

<sup>346</sup> Ellmann 455.

(“beefsteak”<sup>347</sup>). Of the former, his favorite was Fendant de Sion but he would accept *vin mousseux* in its stead.<sup>348</sup> He drank champagne until dawn with “waiters, cooks, and chambermaids” on the landing of a Zurich restaurant.<sup>349</sup> He critiqued Flaubert with champagne and Fendant at his elbow.<sup>350</sup> He was fond of John Jameson & Sons Irish whiskey, calling it “Anna Livia’s fireheaded son,” its special quality a result of being the only Irish whiskey that used unfiltered Liffey water: “mud and all.”<sup>351</sup> Joyce’s preferences depict the malleability of taste in service to geography and occasion. Sack accompanies the pomposity of his youth – Joyce as Prince Hal – while the Parisian fad of absinthe colors his habits the way lemon takes the place of milk in Stephen’s tea in *Ulysses*.<sup>352</sup> For a robust defense of his Irishness, Joyce has the dregs of the Liffy and for Continental dinners he wields wine the color of “Orina.”<sup>353</sup> In the face of his wife Nora’s disdain for his boozing, he concocted dodges. He might take predinner Pernods by himself in a café or surreptitiously stop at the bar of a restaurant on his way from the dinner table to the lavatory.<sup>354</sup> Despite these tactics, enough people knew and spoke about Joyce’s drinking that he was forced to allay Harriet Weaver’s concerns about his “reputation of being an incurable dipsomaniac.”<sup>355</sup>

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<sup>347</sup> Ellmann 455.

<sup>348</sup> Ellmann 517.

<sup>349</sup> Ellmann 431.

<sup>350</sup> Ellmann 492.

<sup>351</sup> In a card accompanying a bottle of the stuff he sent to Gilbert Seldes, Ellmann 592.

<sup>352</sup> Ellmann 733.

<sup>353</sup> Ellmann 455.

<sup>354</sup> Ellmann 733, 455.

He hyperbolized to cover the facts of the matter. He drank often and, echoing his father's alcoholic descent, at the expense of his family's finances. In his introduction to *Joyce's Ulysses Notesheets in the British Museum*, Phillip Herring acknowledges the difficulty of reading Joyce's "personal"<sup>356</sup> handwriting. For Herring, the style of that hand is determined by, among other things, "perhaps even [Joyce's] sobriety."<sup>357</sup> Wyndham Lewis remarks in his memoir, *Blasting and Bombardiering*, "It is only natural that I should have intoxicated myself while forming an acquaintance with James Joyce, just as I certainly should never have drunk more than a cup of tea (as I did once or twice) with the author of *Queen Victoria*."<sup>358</sup> At the same time, this readymade, uninvestigative view of Joyce as raconteur remains one of the well-deserved knocks against Stan Gébler Davies's woefully inadequate biography, *James Joyce: A Portrait of the Artist*. Susan Henke once assessed it as "a long pub story, embellished with bawdy, salacious, and misogynist guffaws."<sup>359</sup> She's too kind to Davies and too hard on pubtalk, for which Joyce had an unparalleled ear.

### *Joy(ce) in the Pub*

In his biography of Joyce, Richard Ellmann claims that through writing *Portrait* and *Ulysses*, that "superhuman effort of the creative process [Joyce became] no one but James

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<sup>355</sup> In Ellmann 510.

<sup>356</sup> As distinct from the "epistolary" and "publication" styles noted by Herring.

<sup>357</sup> Herring, Phillip. "Introduction" *Joyce's Ulysses Notesheets in the British Museum*. Charlottesville, VA: University of Virginia Press, 1972. 8.

<sup>358</sup> Lewis, Wyndham. *Blasting and Bombardiering*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967. 14.

<sup>359</sup> Henke, "James Joyce: A Portrait of the Critics." *Virginia Quarterly Review*. Autumn 1977. 773-776. p. 776.

Joyce.”<sup>360</sup> In keeping with that romantic notion, I view Joyce’s final work as the one in which he became everyone. *Finnegans Wake* is the great story of public life. The epic story of the everyday, or of every day, the book winds itself around humanity, reporting and reflecting on all facets of everything at once. With a title taken from the Irish-American song about the reanimating capacities of a celebratory remembrance of the dead; a structure informed by Vico’s quadripartite cycle of men coming together to create history; and subject matter, to the extent such a thing can be agreed upon, often concerning the vivacious and agonistic realm of the public house, the *Wake* exists *qua* the public. II.3, which begins, McHugh tells us, with the acrostic “I’m noman,” foregrounds the problematic nature of being in the chapter while homonymically returning readers to the gnomens of “The Sisters.” When gossip is all we have to go on, verifying the realities of a situation can be tricky. The entire line reads: “It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but” (309.01) and encompasses gossip’s twosided nature where things may be or not be as they are communicated.

This turn to pubtalk also brings the reader into the pub in more easily demonstrable ways than elsewhere in the book. Though Joyce denoted only chapter II.3 as “the scene in the public,”<sup>361</sup> traces of alcohol and pub practice are found throughout the book: from the directness of the first page (“pa’s malt [...] brewed by arlight” 003.13) to the obliqueness of the last page (“Avelaval” 628.06, a swallowing that is also a farewell directed downstream). For both Vico and Bachelard the experiences of childhood leave an indelible mark an individual’s encounter with the world.

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<sup>360</sup> Ellmann 299.

<sup>361</sup> *LJ* 241.



By nature, children retain the ideas and names of the people and things they have known first, and later apply them to others they meet who bear a resemblance or relation to the first.<sup>362</sup>

[T]he house we were born in has engraved within us the hierarchy of the various functions of inhabiting. We are the diagram of the functions of inhabiting that particular house, and all the other houses [we inhabit] are but variations on a fundamental theme. The word habit is too worn a word to express this passionate liaison of our bodies, which do not forget, with an unforgettable house.<sup>363</sup>

And while, as we have seen in the previous chapter, alcohol and practice go a long way towards fashioning a kind of being in the pub, it is in *Finnegans Wake* that Joyce enacts his final structural transformation of public ontology. Here Joyce foregrounds the importance of public discourses and publicity in creating being. Ironic as it may sound, given the *Wake*'s daunting complexity, Joyce's last text is his most public work. In both its formulation as a publican's dreamscape and its ownership of an expansive publication record, the *Wake* exhibits a remarkable engagement with the notion of the public. This fourth movement of Joyce's quadripartite evolution of humanity addresses the public life Joyce began composing in the later stories of *Dubliners* and followed through sections of *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait* and nearly all of *Ulysses*.

In this chapter I want to sketch out how chapter II.3 of the *Wake* offers a view of publicness that resembles that of the phenomenological tradition, while not indicting idle talk as something that masks authenticity. At its most basic, I view the *Wake* as offering a new vocabulary for existence – one that better attends to the work of disclosing resoluteness with respect to being and the future. Before she turned her attention to the possible and possibilizing worlds of the *Wake*, Margot Norris regarded the text as enduring a “total

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<sup>362</sup> Vico, Giambattista. *New Science: principles on the new science concerning the common nature of nations*. New York: Penguin Classics, 2000. 92.

<sup>363</sup> Bachelard 13.

submersion in idle talk.”<sup>364</sup> As a result, such yammering “manifest[s] a self that has lost touch with its authentic being, and that takes its opinions and feelings from a disembodied, soulless public.”<sup>365</sup> In this chapter, issue will be whether or not gossip (as it is rendered in the *Wake*) can be understood as looking towards the horizon of possibilities for being rather than calling us back to the familiarity of the everyday.

Critical readings of the *Wake*'s language have put it to various uses. Terry Eagleton rightly suggests that “[i]t is always worth testing out any literary theory by asking: How would it work with Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*?”<sup>366</sup> Christy Burns attends to several of them – feminist, political, linguistic – in *Gestural Politics: Stereotype and Parody in Joyce*. Most interestingly, she reads the language of the *Wake* as evocative of Joyce’s own ambivalent Irishness. The expansive meanings at play in the language give voice to a “tensional perspective as a cosmopolitan movement of sympathies that crosses the space between a subject’s situated position and his or her curiosity about more worldly culture, history, and events.”<sup>367</sup> Eagleton is again instructive when he argues that art, despite being “a matter of common human concerns” need not, perhaps even should not (were we to honestly address the complexity of these concerns), use common everyday language.<sup>368</sup> As has been noted elsewhere in this dissertation, John Bishop’s etymological work with the *Wake* has given

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<sup>364</sup> Norris, Margot. *The decentered universe of Finnegans Wake: a structuralist analysis*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976. 81.

<sup>365</sup> Ibid. 82-83.

<sup>366</sup> Eagleton, Terry. *Literary Theory*. Oxford: Blackwell, 1996 [1983]. 71.

<sup>367</sup> Burns, Christy. *Gestural Politics Stereotype and Parody in Joyce*. Albany: State University of New York Press, 2000. 170.

<sup>368</sup> Eagleton, Terry. *After Theory*. Basic Books, 2004. 79.

readers a seemingly endless number of histories through which to trace Joyce's mutation of language. Resembling the cacophonous aftermath of Babel, the *Wake's* language was objected to during its composition by Harriet Shaw Weaver, who confessed: "I am made in such a way that I do not care much for the output from your Wholesale Safety Pun Factory nor for the darkness and unintelligibilities of your deliberately-entangled language system."<sup>369</sup> Ezra Pound derided it as "a bad stunt."<sup>370</sup> Yet, Anthony Burgess claims that Joyce's myriad modes of making language unintelligible "all seem to aim at a mode of communication rather than a wanton muffling or quelling of sense."<sup>371</sup> In its manner, the prose neatly resembles pubtalk, which even at its most besotted aspires to communicate *something*.

Burgess's allowance that the language both shows and shows the difficult in showing something speaks to Heidegger's views on poetic language in "The Origin of the Work of Art." Heidegger argues that in art we witness "the disclosure of the particular being in its being, the happening of truth."<sup>372</sup> Jennifer Anna Gosetti-Ferencei neatly unpacks this concept: "That poetry opens up a realm of such ontological unconcealment for beings it poeticizes [...] manifests their essential relation to Being and, at the same time, reveals language or *poiesis* as the way in which their Being comes to happen as an event of truth."<sup>373</sup> So, what does pubgoing, once poeticized, look like? In the *Wake*, we are told "group drinkards maaks grope thinkards" (*FW* 312.31), and not, necessarily, counter publics.

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<sup>369</sup> Ellmann 590.

<sup>370</sup> Ellmann 591, unpublished letter from Joyce to Weaver, Jan. 26. 1927.

<sup>371</sup> Burgess 340.

<sup>372</sup> Heidegger 1971, 38.

<sup>373</sup> Gosetti-Ferencei, Jennifer Anna. *The Ecstatic Quotidian: Phenomenological Sightings in Modern Art and Literature*. University Park, PA: State University of Pennsylvania Press, 2007. 186.

Grope thinking is exactly the kind of bodily inquisitiveness necessitated when wading into the *Wake* where any reading proceeds “forth by black” (*FW* 062.27) into the darkness of night, dream, and gossip. The appeal to tactile knowing recalls Merleau-Ponty’s concept of coition, Bishop’s modernist knowing, and more generally the nature of equipment and understanding put forth by Heidegger. Importantly, the *Wake* associates this kind of hands-on cognition with the act of drinking in groups. Being in the pub – or perhaps, drinking together in a mobile pub – offers participants a chance at inquisitive thought. The creative benefits of extensive drinking are evident in the line “slake your thidst thoughts awake with it” (311. 16-17). All activity in the pub of II.3 (if not the book entirely) is multilayered, ornamentalized with possibility – in a fashion resembling, but not identical to, hyperbolic modes of discourse in the “Cyclops” episode of *Ulysses*. Drinking is a “mouth burial” (311.18-19). The calling of time as “till time jings pleas” (310.25-26) captures the sonorous quality of both the ringing of till and the plaintive cries of the unfinished drinker. It also recalls that jingling boozer, Blazes Boylan, whose jangling and drinking in the Ormond Bar of *Ulysses* disclose a flirty and scandalous nature befitting the gossip told about HCE in this chapter. Like Tim Finnegan’s revived corpse, alcohol sparks an animation of the flesh. A counter offer to Douce’s flirtation and the testoon’s colonial yoke in *Ulysses* appears in *Finnegans Wake*. A gathering hoard of revelers and mourners at “Fillagain’s chrissormiss wake” (*FW* 6.14-15) construct the dead man’s body and bier in a typically *Wakean* synthesis by “filling him down” (*FW* 6.22) as they “tap up his bier” (*FW* 6.24) – a definite kind of “Fillstup” (*FW* 20.14). The pour possesses a literally embodying resonance in the *Wake*.

Being in the *Wake* is not drastically different from being in Joyce’s prior works. The characters still interact with objects, still talk to one another. There are admittedly moments of transmogrification that appear to defy quotidian being, but even these can be understood

as hyperbolic illustrations of man's thoroughgoing involvement with all aspects of the world. The outlandishness of being in the *Wake* stems from its language. Joyce once described II.3 as a "wordspiderweb." That phrase has often been invoked as a moniker for the book's Byzantine appearance, but I think, perhaps, Joyce had a less confusing and more cohesive meaning in mind. The operation *Wakean* prose is always accumulative. Nothing in the text is meant to narrow possible meaning. The words operate like nets, opening up to take in as much as possible or, more weblike, to capture as many meanings as possible. For those looking to previous works addressed in the text, passages like the following illustrate the allencompassing arc of Joyce's public trajectory: "Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her sailer alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers, those two theygottheres" (*FW* 311.02-04) For a reader familiar with *Dubliners* it is difficult not to detect a nod towards Eveline's sailor or towards the drunken father of her sunken dreams. It is difficult, too, not to hear a mention of Polly Mooney's Bassdrinking brother or her husband, Bob Doran, in those lines. As the two patrons at the bar each get their "cathartic emulsipotion" (310.36) we are reminded of those others who have gotten theirs because of drunkenness.

In the previous chapters, it has been at times difficult to talk about pub being in terms that adequately reflect the phenomenological union between, say, man and pint. Accusing someone of speaking drunkenly does not convey the same sense of connectedness that can be found in Joyce's neologism: "alcoherently" (*FW* 40.05). Among the many, many things going on in Joyce's final work, is the delivery of a language that discloses a renewed sense of things as instrumental in being. I don't have to dwell on the physiological meaning of "drunk" when Joyce provides me with a lexicon that includes words like: "alebrill" (*FW*: 15.36, from the Italian for tipsy, *brillo*), "mouldystoned" (*FW*:128.02), "lebrity, frothearnity"

(FW: 133.31, celebrated or levity laced inebriation and seemingly perpetual drunkenness), and the statement: “when liquified [...] he murmoaned” (FW: 430.13), “absintheminded” (FW: 464.17). The gossipy (and so possibilizing) nature of the *Wake*’s discourse finally allows the pub and its practices to be described in terms befitting their drunken character. It’s a generative language spoken in “softongues pawkytalk” (37.22), “moltapuke on voltapuke” (40.05), “chithouse chat” (57.34-35). In this chapter, the space of the pub itself is variously rendered as a gulpstroom (FW: 319.27), a “smooking pub” (FW: 320.6), a “saloom” (FW: 323.27).

But if the actors in this network of meaning are a public, they don’t operate in the sense that Heidegger, Habermas, or Arendt theorizes them. In bringing the public’s theory of Hannah Arendt or Jürgen Habermas to bear on Joyce’s fictitious public house a few caveats are in order. Foremost, the publics rendered by Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* are not of a piece with the bourgeois public sphere at the center of Habermas’s work. Rather, Joyce’s publics reside in the plebeian public sphere that Habermas expressly brackets out of *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere*. For those that believe – as Habermas did until 1992<sup>374</sup> – the bourgeois public sphere has been refeudalized and the power of public discourse remains firmly in the hands of an elite class, Joyce’s the plebian public sphere will seem a far cry from anything likely to elicit rational critical discourse. With its gossip, its stories, its jokes, its songs, its raucousness, its irrationality, its brazen emotion, and its confrontational demeanor the plebian public sphere suggests itself as a kind tactical redress to the strategies of rational critical public being. As such, there can be no direct, one-to-one application of Habermas’s theory to Joyce’s pubgoers. The “public use of one’s reason” which constitutes the main

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<sup>374</sup> In the “Concluding Remarks” of *Habermas and the Public Sphere* (edited by Craig Calhoun, Cambridge: MIT Press, 1992. 462-479) Habermas acknowledges the BPS was an ideal formulation.

thrust of the rational-critical model does not possess the same cache for the drunken operations of discourse in Earwicker's "public plouse" (*FW*: 338.04). Still, Habermas's theorization of how publics assemble themselves in order to effect broad social change does facilitate a reading of Joyce's *Wakean* publics. And from a phenomenological standpoint, the public sphere's importance for *being* is antecedent to questions of social change.

On the face of things, of course, we might accuse the language of the *Wake* as being the most obscuring, inauthentic form of publicness and so the paragon of Heidegger and Arendt's everyday leveling. On the other hand, this is poetic language not necessarily gossip or idle talk – or perhaps the *Wake* is an artistic rendering of *Gerede* and so points out the authentic failing of such talk. That goes too far, I think. The *Wake* heroizes gossip. It's the book's primary mode of discourse. Innuendo and storytelling constitute the bulk of anything we can decipher in the text.

Richard Gilman-Opalsky in *Unbounded Publics* addresses the possibility for an application of Habermas's theories to the plebeian public sphere. While he occasionally makes use of the phrase "plebeian public sphere," Richard Gilman-Opalsky takes a more contra-Habermasian stance by more often using the phrase "nonbourgeois public sphere" to describe those publics that do not resemble Habermas's rationale-critical model. He distinguishes the term from proletarian publics, given his focus on publics not necessarily concerned with the means of production and posits that "[n]onbourgeois public spheres need to be more creative and contestatory" because their composition placed them beyond access to the political channels available to the bourgeoisie.<sup>375</sup> And while he acknowledges that the term, counterpublics, "hews closely" to his own, Gilman-Opalsky hesitates to place

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<sup>375</sup> Gilman-Opalsky, Richard. *Unbounded Publics: transgressive public spheres, Zapatismo, and political theory*. Lanham, MD: Lexington Books, 2008. 69.

his nonbourgeois publics in the position of subordination that he understands counterpublics to possess.<sup>376</sup> For my purposes, plebeian public sphere or plebeian publics shall suffice. Joyce makes repeated use of the word “plebe” throughout the *Wake*, – “plabs” (FW 057.03), “plebeia” (FW 085.13), and “plebsed” (FW 485.10), for example – and defined against a notion of privilege the term best summarizes the pub’s public.

I do not share Gilman-Opalsky interest in reading the public sphere as directed towards politically motivated social change, and I think it safe to say that Joyce is similarly divested. Instead, I want to examine the phenomenal field of the public sphere that Joyce lays out in all its confounding polyphonic character. In doing so, I hope to illustrate the extent to which Joyce uses the pub to showcase the changing nature of everyday human interaction. In light of Heidegger’s work on possibility, we can understand the public of the *Wake* as illustrative of a kind of *Mitsein* made so by the *Spielraum* of the text. Though all of Joyce’s works (and arguably any narrative text) produces this “leeway” of the “factual potentiality-for-Being” *Finnegans Wake* most evidently does so with what Peter Myers says “at least looks like devil-may-care spontaneity.”<sup>377</sup> Within the *Spielraum* of the text, as within that of existence, HCE, like *Dasein*, is “constantly ‘more’ than it factually is.”<sup>378</sup> This is of course different from HCE’s (and *Dasein*’s) facticity, which includes the horizon of possibilities for his being.

The slippery nature of idle talk allows the discourse itself to operate as a kind of *Spielraum* in which meaning continually shuffles between what we think we know and what might be the case. When we say that we come to know HCE through the language of the

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<sup>376</sup> Gilman-Opalsky 89.

<sup>377</sup> Myers, Peter. *The Sound of Finnegans Wake*. Macmillan Press Ltd.: London, 1992. 78.

<sup>378</sup> Heidegger 185 [145].



*Wake* in general or the idle talk of the pub in particular (if such a distinction can be made) we acknowledge the force of such talk to bring into being this character through multiple possibilities. He is a father, a publican, a voyeur, and all the rest.

The plebian public sphere of the Dublin pub – notably male, white, middleclass, Irish, and Catholic – is transformed in *Finnegans Wake*. Protestantism, usually made marginal in Joyce’s pubs (Mr Crofton of “Ivy Day,” “Grace,” and “Cyclops”), now resides behind the bar. Women, previously evidenced in the pub as prostitutes (in “Counterparts”) or barmaids (“Sirens”) now appear with greater frequency. As Gutzke reminds us, women occupied an interstitial space within the public house. “Ostracized by male solidarity in main drinking rooms, they resorted to drinking in peripheral unclaimed space – doorsteps, passageways, and ‘jug and bottle’ (off-license) departments.”<sup>379</sup> But in the *Wake*, the interstices are opened up. Kate’s being/becoming (*FW*: 332-333) suggests that entering the pub is a form of existential action. Of course, her entrance is not simply into the pun but onto the male radar. At the same time, the message she brings – ALP would like HCE to say goodnight the children – has the opposite effect of refashioning the publican’s domestic pose as that of the dutiful dad. That’s no leap, of course, as the publican is always a version of a father figure already. But Kate’s entrance illustrates the woven nature of pub being and that being’s susceptibility to discourse. HCE is susceptible to what is said to and about him.

In each of the previous works, however, Joyce’s focus is on the drinkers on one side of the counter. Like Warner’s text-based publics, Joyce’s publicans and curates make their appearance by virtue of address. Pat in “Counterparts” materializes in Farrington’s order. Terry Ryan in Kiernan’s dozes while reading the paper, until called into action to pour a pint. But because the *Wake* depicts everything “ambilaterally” (*FW*:323.29) we get a fuller picture

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<sup>379</sup> Gutzke 57.

of the publican in it. Even as he sleeps, HCE, “Publius Manlius” (336.22) discloses this to us. Despite the fantastic appearance of his dreams or the expansive discourse in which they are couched, the stuff of dreams appears particularly quotidian and decidedly public. This can partly be explained away in light of HCE’s role as a publican – all day long (with the possible exception of the holy hour), he engages with the public of the pub through his eyes, ears, and mouth, literally filling himself with the proceeding of the barroom. It is perhaps not surprising then, that when we first encounter him, he’s fashioned as a giant whose body sprawls across the geography of Dublin. But part of being in Dublin, in public, or in the role of publican is grappling with discordant views and much of HCE’s dreambeing incorporates this fact. Like Bloom in *Circe*, the sleeping publican subjects himself both to and through the accusatory, derogatory, and argumentative voices of those he encounters. More often than not, these voices take on a valence of gossip. Within this space, HCE is repeatedly re- and disassembled through the pubtalk of his clientele.

Among the many roles inhabited by the publican, sympathetic ear is one. No other public figure is so susceptible to the projected camaraderie of others than the publican. Simply by standing behind the counter, he becomes a confidante. Here is Kearns’s gloss on the expansive role of the publican:

His role goes far beyond that of congenial host behind the bar. Historically, he has been leading figure in the local community performing valuable services for people in times of need. Publicans lived above their shop, knew customers intimately, generously dispensed advice, guidance, financial assistance and even mediated family disputes. They customarily provided money and drink for life’s great moments – births, christenings, first holy communion, weddings, wakes and burials.<sup>380</sup>

The far side of the counter provides a great view to these proceedings and the “pilsener [that has] the baar” has access to all the conversations along it. More than anything else he’s

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<sup>380</sup> Kearns 4.

hearing during the day and so processing during the night, HCE is hearing gossip. And so gossip, becomes the central discourse of the *Wake*. And it is through gossip, and other forms of idle talk, that the reader comes to know HCE and the public he serves. In this way, idle talk is a disclosing discourse that opens up private individuals to a (readerly) public. In the *Wake* HCE is literally man made gossip. How the reader recognizes HCE reveals the weblike or assembled character of being in the text. John Bishop has suggested that HCE falls from readerly sight over the course of Book I, becoming a literally absent subject “only indirectly represented in rumor, gossip, and report.”<sup>381</sup> By virtue of being a public entity, HCE is everywhere in the *Wake*. He exists in the discourses of all the disparate chapters of the *Wake* though he makes a more tangible appearance in II.3, where he takes up his position as publican.

There he returns to readerly sight through both the idling dialogues of the customers and through a host familiar of pub practices. The former recirculates the old saws about HCE’s sexual liaisons in Phoenix Park and reasserts the extent to which stories go a long way towards crafting a person’s being within a collective. The latter momentarily defamiliarizes activities seen previously in Joyce’s work with an eye towards expressing their incorporising character. For instance, when he is brought into view in II.3, HCE is the “hoary frother” (310.35) – the Godhead of the pub, the aged pourer, the paternalistic figure to the drinkers, and the soon overthrown father of Shem and Shaun. Joyce parses out his being even in the act of pouring out drinks. It’s an illustration of how public disclosure of being does not negate the so-called private aspects of our existence. Like the cubists, Joyce wants to show the reader all sides at once.

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<sup>381</sup> Bishop, “Introduction” to *Finnegans Wake*. xx.

Being behind the bar, necessitates an “otological life” (310.21). The pub’s structural transformation begins and ends with, is essentially contained or embodied by, Earwicker, in particular his hearing. John Bishop, Peter Myers, and Jane Lewty have variously attended to the act of hearing, radio, and the work of the ear in *Finnegans Wake*. Bishop spends much time in *Joyce’s Book of the Dark* pointing out the extent to which Joyce incorporates ear etymologies into the *Wake*, while Myers assesses the book’s performative musicality. Lewty’s cultural history of the radio in both the book and Joyce’s life makes the case that the language of the *Wake* is that of the trembling airwaves. But the evolution of the text is at least as informed by the hearer as it is by the ear. Earwicker’s role as a publican shapes the texture of the *Wake* and signals a new approach to the pub for Joyce. Up to this point, barmen in *Dubliners*, *Portrait*, or *Ulysses* get little attention in those narratives. They man the periphery. For instance, the nameless barman in “A Little Cloud” who shuttles neat whiskies to Gallaher and Tom Chandler or Terry Ryan in “Cyclops,” who much to the narrator’s annoyance spreads himself “over the bloody paper [...] looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public” (*U*: 12.1321-1322). In a different setting, one might imagine reading the paper *was* being attentive to the general public. But, here we see a perfect example of Warner’s assertion that a public is wont to understand itself as the public. The narrator understands the general public as the particular one that needs tending to. For the publican this is the public to which he is beholden – the “presence of others who have seen and heard and will remember”<sup>382</sup> his being and whose retelling of his being reify him.

In his theorization of what a counterpublic might look like, Warner offers a version of communal activity that appears almost *Wakean*. For Warner, *a* public differs considerably from *the* public. Among its other connotations, the former possesses a definite particularity

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<sup>382</sup> Arendt 1958 83.

arising from texts and their circulation. The latter connotes a potentially boundless totality. To be sure, Warner admits that “[a] public, in practice, appears as *the* public.”<sup>383</sup> Foundationally, publics “exist by virtue of their address.”<sup>384</sup> A counterpublic, in Warner’s estimation is a marginalized public that (at least initially) resists operating as a more typical public might in seeking to advance its particular social or political aims. Warner argues that the viability of a counterpublic relies on its ability to “supply different ways of imagining stranger sociability and reflexivity.”<sup>385</sup> If public agency, as Warner understands it, must make do with the verbs of private reading (he says publics can “scrutinize, ask, reject, opine, decide, judge, and so on,”<sup>386</sup>) then counterpublics cannot lay claim to those activities because do so annihilates their difference, they become just another public. The trouble is all the other verbs make for difficult picturing. “A queer public,” says Warner, “might be one that throws shade, prances, disses, acts up, carries on, longs, fantasizes, throws fits, mourns, ‘reads.’”<sup>387</sup> And for those terms to be taken seriously with respect to public agency, Warner says, “we would need to inhabit a culture with a different language ideology, a different social imaginary. It is difficult to say,” he writes, “what such a world would be like.”<sup>388</sup> I’d like to suggest that such a world is exactly the kind depicted by Joyce in the *Wake*. The carrying on in II.3 evidences this kind of public agency, where the public is rendered as:

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<sup>383</sup> Warner 68.

<sup>384</sup> Warner 73.

<sup>385</sup> Warner 121-122.

<sup>386</sup> Warner 123.

<sup>387</sup> Warner 124.

<sup>388</sup> Warner 124.

“profusional drinklords” (FW: 141.24); “group drinkards” and “grope thinkards” (FW: 312.31); “Freestouters and publicranks” (FW: 331.31). In these spaces “the whole pub’s pobbel” (334.24) gossips, deals (FW: 311.15), slakes (FW: 311.16), calls, apes (FW: 314.10), toasts, smokes, salubrates (FW: 343.28), refracts (FW:345.32), boxerises (FW: 347.30), coxeruses (FW: 347.30), exercicises (FW: 347.30), and patronnises (FW: 347.31). The “lewd-brogue” (313.21-22) nature of this public exists *contra* Habermas’s public sphere. The collision of idle talk and hyperactive technology in II.3 (and throughout the book in general) evince a sense of self-derived from a widely democratized socialness.

Despite this, *Finnegans Wake* remains a book more notorious for its seeming unreadability than its having been read by a great many people. The “independent life of their own”<sup>389</sup> that Joyce imagined for the serialized sections of *WIP* might have been more independent than Joyce anticipated with a readership in serious doubt. Ironically, the complexity that discourages readers from taking up the *Wake* also fosters the formation of reading groups that endeavor to suss it out. A *Wake* reading group is an excellent example of a text-based public outlined by Warner in *Publics and Counterpublics*.<sup>390</sup>

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<sup>389</sup> Huddleson, Sisley. *Back to Montparnasse: Glimpses of Broadway in Bohemia*. Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott Co., 1931. 195-196.

<sup>390</sup> In its incarnation as “Work in Progress” the text underwent a lengthy fourteen-year emergence into public view beginning with the publication of “Mamalujo” in the April 1924 issue of Ford Maddox Ford’s *transatlantic review*. The following year, Robert McAlmon included what would become lines 030.01-304.29 in his *Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers*. The journals *Criterion*, *Two Worlds*, *Le Navire d’Argent*, and most notably Eugene and Maria Jolas’s *transition*, furthered the circulation of Joyce’s evolving work as did the standalone publications *Tales Told of Shem and Shaun* (1929), *Haveth Childers Everywhere* (1930, 1931), *Anna Livia Plurabelle* (1930), *Two Tales of Shem and Shaun* (1932), *The Mime of Mick Nick and the Maggies* (1934), and *Storiella as She Is Syung* (1937). The completed work, published in 1939, was followed by at least five corrected editions, the last being Faber and Faber’s 1975 edition that corrects the alignment of the marginal notes in II.2.

Though Hannah Arendt likely does not intend her arguments about publicness to be a defense of gossip, it is difficult not to hear one when she writes: “Without being talked about by men and without housing them the world would not be a human artifice but a heap of unrelated things to which each isolated individual was at liberty to add one more object.”<sup>391</sup> Tackling Arendt’s views on life’s narrative, Seyla Benhabib posits: “[i]n everyday life, gossip is the quintessential narrative of action.”<sup>392</sup> The problem, I think, is that Arendt and Heidegger take an implicitly classist view of gossip. For them, lowbrow discourse can never appropriately disclose authentic being.

Ironically enough, Fredric Jameson elevates the importance of gossip in a critical light. He argues: “from the upper limits of city life [...] all the way down to the most minute aberrations of private life, it is by means of gossip and through the form of the anecdote that the dimensions of the city are maintained within humane limits and that the unity of city life is affirmed and celebrated.”<sup>393</sup> For him, gossip is the discourse of dereification and as Trevor Williams has pointed out in *Reading Joyce Politically* – gossip is a response to imperialism that ultimately does away with reader, author, point-of-view and character so that “[o]nly a form of material unity is left.”<sup>394</sup> Beyond this, Dirk Van Hulle suggests that Joyce’s “notion of history is comparable to the proliferation of rumors, such as the rumours concerning the protagonist HCE’s alleged crime in Phoenix Park. The more elements from hearsay that are

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<sup>391</sup> Arendt 1958, 183.

<sup>392</sup> Benhabib, Selma. *The Reluctant Modernism of Hannah Arendt*. Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications, 1996. 130.

<sup>393</sup> Jameson, Fredric. “*Ulysses* and History.” *James Joyce and Modern Literature*. Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1982: 126-141. 133.

<sup>394</sup> Williams, Trevor. *Reading Joyce Politically*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1997. 52.

added to the first rumours, the harder it becomes to separate fact from fiction.”<sup>395</sup> For a reading of the text that privileges the phenomenological aspects of the narrative, this is a problem. But Heidegger is really critiquing the lack of substance not the rate of transmission. And idle talk in Joyce is laden with substance while still moving at the “incalculable speed” of connection Derrida claims for Joyce’s informational bricolages.<sup>396</sup> This kind of cohesion can be witnessed in a more contemporary context. Consider for a moment this recent passage from an article in the *New York Times* regarding the power of the social networking tool, Twitter, for post-election Iranian protests:

The qualities that make Twitter seem inane and half-baked are what makes it so powerful,” says Jonathan Zittrain, a Harvard law professor who is an expert on the Internet. That is, tweets by their nature seem trivial, with little that is original or menacing. Even Twitter accounts seen as promoting the protest movement in Iran are largely a series of links to photographs hosted on other sites or brief updates on strategy. Each update may not be important. Collectively, however, the tweets can create a personality or environment that reflects the emotions of the moment and helps drive opinion.<sup>397</sup>

What elsewhere in the article Cohen terms “old-fashioned word of mouth” is essentially a precursor to the seeming triviality of tweets. Gossip, as we see in “A Boarding House” is a powerful tool for shaping public opinion and effecting social change. But Cohen does not simply note Twitter’s influence on public opinion, he posits its ability to essentially reify a zeitgeist. Dereification is, after all, only another kind of reification which makes manifest a

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<sup>395</sup> Van Hulle, Dirk. “The Hypertextual Structure of Writing Processes” *Literatures in the digital era: theory and praxis*. Newcastle, UK: Cambridge Scholars Publishers, 2007: 231-234. 229-230.

<sup>396</sup> Derrida, Jacques. “Two Words for Joyce.” *Post-Structuralist Joyce: Essays from the French*. Derek Attridge and Daniel Ferrer, eds. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984. 148.

<sup>397</sup> Cohen, Noam. “Twitter on the Barricades: Six Lessons Learned.” nytimes.com. June 20, 2009. *The New York Times*. 5 May 2010.  
<<http://www.nytimes.com/2009/06/21/weekinreview/21cohenweb.html>>



new form. Joyce, arguably, is doing something similar in *Finnegans Wake*. Though limited to 140 characters, the tweets of Twitter, via their ability to link to other sites, images, and stories, function like the neologistic etymologies of Joyce's text – always turning outward in an attempt to encompass the living texture of human history. The value of hypertext versions of Joyce's work is a recent and energetically theorized new branch of Joyce studies.<sup>398</sup>

### *Eyegonblack/Augenblick*

In Chapter III, I briefly discussed Stephen's flirtation with resoluteness in the face of social custom that covered over death with polite drinking as a commemoration. Heidegger uses the term *Augenblick* to describe the moment in which we see the world authentically. In this moment, "Dasein has brought itself back from falling, and has done so precisely in order to be more authentically 'there' in the 'moment of *vision*' as regards the Situation which has been disclosed."<sup>399</sup> Later Heidegger refines the phrase as

a phenomenon which *in principle* can *not* be clarified in terms of the "now" [dem *Jetzt*]. The "now is a temporal phenomenon which belongs to time as within-time-ness: the "now" 'in which' something arises, passes away, or is present-at-hand. 'In the moment of vision' nothing can occur; but as an authentic Present or waiting-towards, the moment of vision permits us *to encounter for the first time* what can be 'in a time' as ready-to-hand or present-at-hand.<sup>400</sup>

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<sup>398</sup> Armand, Louis. "Strange Attractions: Technopoetics in the Vortext" in *Contemporary Poetics*. Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP, 2007; Hulle, Dirk van. "The Hypertextual Structure of Writing Processes" in *Literatures of the Digital Era: Theory and Praxis*. Ed: Sanz, Amelia, et al. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England: Cambridge Scholars, 2007. Ieta, Rodica. *Between Hypertext and Experience: James Joyce and the Potentiality of Language*. Dissertation, University of West Ontario, 2003.

<sup>399</sup> Heidegger 376 [328].

<sup>400</sup> Heidegger 387-388 [338].

In its ongoing complication of the seemingly current language systems, ways of speaking, and evocation of sound, the verbiage of the *Wake* makes intelligible a host of things show up as possibly ready-to-hand or present-at-hand. Joyce invites a comparison with Heidegger in the line “One eyegonblack. Bison is bisons” (*FW* 016.29). In a very reductive sense, I understand Heidegger to be articulating the work of imagination as directed through the everyday. In seeing things as they are, I am afforded the chance to view things as they might at some point be. Resoluteness allows for a glimpse of a yet unencountered world.

By the time we get to the *Wake*, characters are still arguing, still drinking, still gossiping. By the time he began composing *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce had already made the agonistic quality of the public house apparent. *Dubliners* showed us the friendly and not so friendly debates in “A Little Cloud” and “Counterparts.” *Stephen Hero* displayed the pathos of the billiard table. *Portrait* implied the bargaining Simon Dedalus carries out in Byron’s public house. *Ulysses* centerpieced the dustup in Barney Kiernan’s while providing several other instances of *public* debate. But in the *Wake*, the insularity of a character like Mr. Duffy or the overdetermined subjectivity of the Citizen appears untenable – no one can be “cast out” from the *Wake*’s feast of publicity that renders being in the pub an inescapably inclusive affair. Mr. Duffy outcast as he is from life’s feast is the best example of a man utterly lacking publicitiness, so to speak. He can go through the motions, he can enter the pub and sit on the stool. He can place his orders and drink his punches. But his handle on the humanity of the pub is tenuous if existent. The character of HCE only arises through the other voices in the text. New forms of discourse (radio and television) in concert with more timeworn forms of pub noise (gossip and storytelling) open up his private person to a host of public concerns. This democratization of being provides a novel form of publicity in Joyce’s work. This is his structural change to the public house – the foundational importance of others for

being. In each neologistic turn, Joyce multiplies the potential meanings of a particular word or passage. While Wyndham Lewis asserted that *Ulysses* was a book about the past, no such thing can be claimed for *Finnegans Wake*. This is a text absolutely geared toward the future; it is “a flash from a future of maybe mahamaybability” (FW: 597.28). And its plastic setting – the public house – appears to be Joyce’s avatar for the arrival of the future. The future will be a public affair where “Every talk has his stay” (FW: 597.19).

There is some evidence that Joyce had in mind past iterations of the public house, however. In addition to its focus on the publican and the practices of the pub, *Finnegans Wake* also indexes a vast number of drinking establishments throughout Dublin history. Using Ada Peter’s *Dublin Fragments: Social and Historic* among other works, Joyce threads pub names into the text and weaves a drinker’s map. This list of names comes to us from the HCE’s hearing of:

the wretch’s statement that, muttering Irish, he had had had o’gloriously a’lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leahsed, in Ramitdown’s ship hotel since the morning moment he could dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthepluthered up against the gatestone pier (FW: 63.21-28)

Among the seven explanations of the line “L’Arcs in His Cieling Flee Chinx on the Flur,” Joyce provided this glimpse of the public house: “The electric lamps of the gin palace are lit and the boss Roderick Rex is standing free drinks to all on the ‘flure of the house.’”<sup>401</sup> By 1939, the gin palace was a dated space, a gaudy and seedy monstrosity more common to the previous century, but Earwicker’s plastic bar expands to include all pub forms past, present, and future. In addition, its dual function as public and private home is later illustrated in the lines, “On the sourd-site we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies, the

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<sup>401</sup> Ellmann 594.

bathhouse and bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the sponthe-site it is the alcoven and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all pura-purthy” (FW: 597.12-16). Describing the pub without describing human history or without including a reference to family life becomes impossible in the *Wake*. Joyce, I think, wants his readers to see in that impossibility, the reality we articulate whenever we describe the everyday.

The *Wake* continues to draw connections between men and the pub, but expands the grasp of being through history. Where Bloom looked on O'Rourke's pub and saw the bootstrapping of the Leitrim countryfolk projected into the future, the space of the pub in *Finnegans Wake* encompasses both the lineage of human history and the ongoing modification of the pub to accommodate human interests and desires. In a less experimental register, the *Wake* concerns the coherence of a public sphere for the pub. Among the neologisms and portmanteaus, Joyce includes the technological changes that help mark the passage of time within the pub chronotope. Televisions and radios mutate the physical and linguistic geographies of the pub. One of the ongoing changes in European culture was the development of wireless technology in the areas of radio and television. For the pub, in Ireland and abroad, this technology promised the extension of public life beyond the boundaries of personal experience and the barroom.<sup>402</sup>

### *Public Technologies: Radio and Television*

There is a common misconception, voiced by William York Tindall in his *Readers Guide*, that Joyce was exercising some remarkable prescience by placing a television in Earwicker's pub when “there was no TV at the time of Earwicker's dream or Joyce's

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<sup>402</sup> George Orwell, for instance, no particular fan of Joyce (he routinely included him, derisively, at the forefront of the modernist pantheon), routinely made his way into English pubs to attempt to hear news broadcasts during the years of the first World War.

writing.”<sup>403</sup> In fact, television had been addressed in *The Irish Times* as early as 1909 and became a fixture of continual public interest by late 1923.<sup>404</sup> Like the newspaper before them, the public technologies of the radio and the television gravitated to the public house. By 1938, television had made its way into the public house in the UK to such an extent that the *Irish Times* suggested, “cinema houses are losing their patronage because public-houses, night clubs, and other places are providing audiences with free television.”<sup>405</sup> The specter of public airings of films via television in such public spaces drove the cinema industry to threaten increased fees for films aired by the BBC. As a result, the BBC agreed to run warnings against the practice of public television viewing before all films made available on the network.<sup>406</sup>

The television scene in II.3 suggests that Joyce understood the public, democratizing potential of the new medium. While television has been fashioned as an enemy of the pub, an exemplar of modernity’s encroachment of so-called tradition, Joyce’s real prescience was in his understanding of the evolving nature of publicness in the pub. Throughout the twentieth century, publicans in Dublin bars clung to an image of the pub as a haven from the noise of the outside world. In Kevin Kearns’s catalogue of oral histories from Dublin publicans of the mid to late twentieth century, the television appears taboo. There Eugene Kelly, publican of The Gravedigger’s (Stephen’s site of resoluteness) remarks that “here

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<sup>403</sup> Tindall 197.

<sup>404</sup> In the item “Seeing By Telegraph” (*Irish Times*, Saturday December 18, 1909) readers are invited to ponder the question: “shall we ever be able to see people in Paris while sitting comfortably in our homes of business houses in London?” Under the heading “Tele-Vision” in the “London Letter” section of the paper for Nov. 13, 1923 (p. 6) M. Edouard Belin’s wireless transmissions of photographs in half-tones are recounted.

<sup>405</sup> *Irish Times* April 7, 1938 p.6.

<sup>406</sup> *Irish Times*. April 7, 1938. P. 6.

we've no TV, no phone, no noise box and people really talk to each other [...] I like to meet people as they are and if you have a noise box up in the corner then you're competing with the noise."<sup>407</sup> Competing with the noise is one way of understanding public being. The *Wake* privileges competition with the noise in order to illustrate what Joyce in "Two Gallants" called "the living texture [...] which, changing hue and shape unceasingly, [sends] up an unchanging unceasing murmur." That murmur, which through its constant change maintains a consistent being, captures the essence of de Certeau's sieve-ordered city, Stephen's IOU dodging cellular structure, and the heart of being publicly.

### *Conclusion*

By the close of the *Wake*, which by virtue of its cyclical structure is also a kind of entrance, Joyce has thoroughly rattled the strictures of language. He destabilizes what we see and hear to such an extent that any word automatically become larger than the histories it contains. Meaning, as we have come to understand it through exquisite etymologies, through the past, through what is usual, no longer appears to be the haven for an immediately understandable sense of being. Readers depart from the *Wake* and Joyce's oeuvre, as Stephen and Bloom do Burke's – awash in linguistic world that testifies to the inventive and always already intertwined nature of human being.

For almost a century, Joyce criticism has eagerly engaged with the idiosyncrasies, puzzles, and intentional frustrations such depictions entail. The diligent cataloguing of Joyce's notebooks, or the dynamic parsing of his signs and signifiers, or the studious articulation of the political valences threaded through his imagery have offered readers a

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<sup>407</sup> Kearns 103.

chance to find their footing in the Joycean city. Cultural studies and deconstructionism (and its one of its offshoots, genetic criticism), in particular, have allowed us to confidently engage with the world about which he wrote or the process through which he wrote about it, respectively. Of late, criticism elevated these two Joyces to the fore of our study. His work illuminates the world or else his drafts illuminate his views on language and so illuminate himself. We come closer to a history of culture through one and closer to a history of the tongue through the other.

I have not sufficiently engaged with the work of Georges Poulet or William York Tindall in making my case for a middle path between these sometime adversarial camps. But here, at the close of my initial foray into reading Joyce phenomenologically, I have become increasingly aware of the fact that an approach I considered new at the outset of this project is, in fact, rather dated. Yet, phenomenology's datedness has always seemed to me less the result of its obsolescence or unconscionably abstract terminology, and more the product of fear. Fear that it would not sufficiently engage with the lifeworld of objects or quasi-objects, that it would rob culture of its rich material histories by flattening out tradition into a set of practices devoid of context, uninformed by place. Or else fear that it would triumphalize the solidity of the world by privileging tactility over sound. Somehow phenomenology would make the words on the page or in our mouths afterthoughts, the echoes of space and practice through which we move each day. Phenomenology has always resided in the gutter between these camps, neglected by virtue of its commodiousness.

This broad acceptance of the world, touched and talked about, can be found in Joyce's pubs. Of course, making this claim requires me to redefine the public house entirely. To reasonably view women in these pubs, I need to acknowledge the extent to which my reading of pub space occurs first in the corner's of an aunt's house and her conversations

with the sisters of a dead priest. I need to acknowledge the fact the no corner, from here on out, will appear without some valence of that encounter in it. Nor will any actual public house Joyce addresses in his work stand apart from the architectural histories that spawned them. Nor will the pubs appear apolitical or irreligious as even when characters move beyond the rote walls of Burke's or Kiernan's or the Black Eagle, they carry with them the know-how to fashion the communal spine and practical tooling that characterize a pub. As Joyce expands his map of Dublin across each of his works, into streets, homes, bedrooms, pockets, and thoughts, he takes great care to keep traces of the pub in view. Whether we read it in the debts Stephen accumulates to solvency and sobriety or the cigar smoke that clings to Bloom's clothes or the unmitigated gibberish that spews from the mouths of the flustered, we see and hear and smell the living being of the pub through the human body. I think Joyce returned to the pub in each of his works because of its ability to gather people together, to force them through proximity or inebriation to take a stand on things. Its role as a haven and a stage must have appealed to his interest in revealing the depth of the everyday world.

Yet, in tracing out these ways of being, Joyce, like Heidegger, arrived at language. There he heard and saw the absolute horizon of humanity's potential. The word's ability to outlast death, to endlessly accumulate meaning, to be projected into other words, to receive the future of what might be offers itself up as the most vibrant testament to the merit of the public house. In that drinking space, the men of Joyce's time could speak relatively freely. They could boast, joke, lie, and regale with greater ease than they could on the street. Liquorlaced words might come more readily, more absurdly than elsewhere. Amidst this impropriety, I think Joyce heard the promise of what words might do – a consolation prize for all that drunkards have left undone. In a place where nostalgicians imagine a future for



themselves by refashioning the past in narrative, I think Joyce understood how the pub might come to usher in a regard for being that privileges a world yet to come – a world that resides in accidents of speech, in nonsense that comes closer to truth than the facts of the matter.

In *Stephen Hero*, Father Artifoni, “admire[s] very much the wholehearted manner in which Stephen vivifie[s] philosophic generalizations” (*SH* 171). It is my hope that in writing this dissertation, I will have helped, in a very small way, support a reading of Joyce as a vivifier of phenomenology through the public house.

CHAPTER VI  
PUBS POST-JOYCE

In 1979, Seán MacRéamoinn claimed, “there is little of a decent vernacular tradition in furnishing or decorating, either in private or public buildings. Until very recently the interiors of Irish Catholic churches were as appalling vulgar as the newest Irish pubs are now.”<sup>408</sup> His lament for the passing away of the old interiors of the pub is a common one. But if the space of the pub gives away a degree of recognizability in its appearance, latter works continue to acknowledge the traditional practices of the pub. As we have seen in Joyce, the pub can serve as the daydreamer’s church.

Few contemporary Irish poets have as successfully combined the dreary realities of the everyday with the space of the daydream as Paul Durcan. He is a poet of the incongruous, taking up the quotidian and the dreamed, a love poet who has been described as a “master elegist.”<sup>409</sup> His 1995 reprint of *O Westport in the Light of Asia Minor* (1975) includes poems from *Endsville*, a 1967 joint publication with Brian Lynch. The collection attests to Durcan’s skill as an elegist for love and two poems taken from *Endsville*, published in “their proper sequence,”<sup>410</sup> locate their reverie of loss within the pub. On facing pages, “Animus Anima Amen” and “The Unrequited” both detail the end of a romantic relationship and juxtapose the private space of memory with the public space of the pub.

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<sup>408</sup> In *Irish Life and Traditions*. Sharon Gmelch, ed. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1986 [1979, as *Irish Life*]. 210.

<sup>409</sup> Elliott, Maurice. “Paul Durcan; Melancholy Poet of Love.” *Nordic Irish Studies*. 3.1. 2004. 137-155. 151

<sup>410</sup> Durcan, Paul. *O Westport in the Light of Asia Minor*. London: Harvill Press, 1995. vii.

“Animus Anima Amen” with its incantatory, alliterative title, paradoxically suggests a soporific and playful tone amidst the titular nod to psychology, religion, desire, and prayer. It is a fitting paradox, as Jung’s explication of the human inner self, parsed into *anima* for men and *animus* for women, locates a bit of each gender in the other. Jung uses *anima/animus* to describe the entrance into a loving relationship, and Durcan laces that theory into the spatial practice of entrance into the pub. The opening suggests, in an echo of Weeks, that to enter the pub is to enter into a relationship with the patrons: “He went into a bar, feel (sic) deeply in love with a/ strange girl [...]” (lines 1 and 2). The lines conflate pub entrance and romance, casting the space of the pub in an amorous light. Yet, by the end of the poem, that light appears as ethereal and fleeting as that cast by “the fellow in the bloody moon” to whom the strange girl returns. By the poem’s close, the speaker is left with only the memory of this encounter, a trace of the girl. Practice renders space full of such traces. The pub, in this poem and the one that follows it, is made a receptacle for melancholy memory. The speaker no longer enters into the potentiality of romance when he enters the pub, but its bitter memory.

“The Unrequited” moves quickly in both space and time as it explores the dubious refuge of the pub in the face this memory. At two stanzas, eighteen lines total, the textual space of the poem is small, but the spatial geographies are not. The first stanza, ostensibly depicting a bedroom scene presents a number of images that will be taken up by the second stanza in its evocation of the pub:

In the autumn evening light  
 She is combing back her hair.  
 In the autumn evening light  
 On a stool before the mirror  
 Making cold-as-ice streams  
 Of her yellow hair.  
 In the autumn evening light  
 She say: I do not love,  
 I do not love you, Paul.

The “stool before the mirror” calls to mind the image of the speaker seated at the public house in line twelve, while the paradox of “cold-as-ice streams” addresses the “stillness of the falling rain” in lines thirteen and eighteen. The closing lines of the stanza offer a stuttering admittance of love’s loss and a bitter entrance into the speaker’s moodiness, the threshold of the second stanza, and the moment in which the poem enters the pub. The speaker, as we come to realize, already sits “amongst working-men / At the bar of a public house” (lines 11 and 12).

The textual entrance into the pub is also an oneiric one. In an echo of the door’s vice versa nature, the daydream in Durcan’s poem both hesitates from entering the pub and already places the reader within that space. We come down out of memory and find ourselves already at the bar. So the moment captured in the first stanza hangs, like a thought balloon or a daydream, above the second stanza and the drinking daydreamer. Durcan slyly moves the reader into the pub through the reverie of the drinking man. He uses a textual, rather than a literal, entrance. We are not before the door here, but already inside. Stanza two is a confession itself. Durcan is not interested in opening the doors of the pub. He is interested in opening the doors of memory while at the same time mapping the landscape of romantic elegy and the space of coping, whether in the mind or over a pint.

In the noonday rain  
Of winter, amongst the working-men,  
At the bar of a public house, I sit  
Still as the stillness of the galling rain.  
And I am pale and restless  
And the working-men around me  
Are pale and restless  
As the stillness that is still  
Like the stillness of the falling rain.

The space of the pub reflects the mindset of the speaker, as the sentiment of the first stanza echoes throughout poem. Though the season has changed, from autumn in the first

stanza to winter in the second, suggesting a relative distance from the elegiac confession, it seems just as likely that the speaker has been inhabiting the pub ever since the end of the relationship and stanza one. In stitching together two seemingly disparate moments, Durcan investigates the temporal and spatial flexibility of the pub. The public sphere of the public house accommodates the private pain of its patrons. In turn, that suffering and the burden of memory at home in the public sphere craft a collective. As the gloom of the speaker's emotional state finds resonance in the weather, so to does it see itself reflected in the exhausted state of the men in the pub. From a narrative standpoint, the entrance into memory heralds the entrance into the pub, as that space becomes a cold and reflective vantage point from which to gaze back across the wintery expanse of one's day or one's fractured love life. Not a revolutionary act for a pub-goer, but Durcan's transition between stanzas effectively captures the oneiric entrances that occur within the pub.

As it does in Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, the pub in Macdara Woods's "Angelica Saved By Ruggiero" rises out of the speaker's dreamscape, a remembrance of an Ingres painting. The poem's title, taken from Aristo's epic poem "Orlando Furioso" (Canto 10), locates the speaker within this space as Ruggiero, a Christian Saracen knight who rescues the princess Angelica from a sea monster. For her part, the would be rescued girl stands in for both the princess and the orc, "this girl [...] / from the filleting room at the back of Keegan's" (line 1 and 2, p. 24), "herself like an underwater creature" (line 7, p. 24)

After three stanzas tracing out his fictional life with the unnamed girl – as they travel to Africa, drink mint tea and coffee, feast on fish kebabs and prawns – the speaker comes to abruptly at the outset of stanza five.

This happens in mid-sentence  
with our fingers on the page we lose our place  
delaying we were caught between the tides  
while the foreshore lengthened all around

into a dim anonymous suburban pub  
 with all the elements and furniture of sea-wrack  
 rising up from the floor to claim us  
 ash-trays and razor-shells a palm-court pianist  
 and in the corner hung with sea-weed  
 a supermarket trolley rusting in the sand (lines 38-47, p. 25).

The mythic existence, the amorous fiction slips away replaced by the hybrid image of the sea-wracked suburban pub. A corner in which reveries gather, the pub enters the poem as transitional space, a place of (near) encounter stranded between the imagined and the dully ordinary. As the speaker points out in stanza six “The level sands stretched out and that was it / new myths spring up beneath each step we take / always another fact or proposition missed / and just for a moment we almost touched” (lines 48-51, p. 25). Woods makes use of the pub’s dubiously amorous setting to underscore the wrenching infatuation of the speaker, seated (we might suppose) in a pub window, daydreaming as he watches this girl hurry “down the morning street” (line 54, p. 25), crafting an epic romance from his decidedly common perch. The moment recalls the last line of Patrick Kavanagh’s poem “Epic.”

The narrative entrance of the pub causes a disruption of this godly fashioning while asserting the pub’s role as a place for such activity. The point is not a new one – people daydream in the pub – but Woods positions the pub’s presence in such a way, that its arrival seems inevitable; where else could this speaker have begun or ended his oneiric exploit? The moment calls to mind Bachelard’s discussion of the flexibility of space in the poetic mind.

It is better to leave the ambivalences of archetypes wrapped in their dominant quality. This is why a poet will always be more suggestive than a philosopher. It is precisely his right to be suggestive. Pursuing the dynamism that belongs to suggestion, then, the reader can go farther, even too far[...]<sup>411</sup>

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<sup>411</sup> Bachelard 53.

The space of the pub in literature, in reality, remains open to the flux of experience. For the speaker of Woods' poem the pub intrudes upon his epic daydream by virtue of its expansive nature. As a site of romantic and oneiric practices, the pub seeps into the consciousness of the speaker, at once of the dream and apart from it.

Likewise, in J.P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* all entrances into the pub are made tactical.<sup>412</sup> In part this is because the errant American, Sebastian Dangerfield, failing law student at Trinity College, Dublin, child of privilege, beneficiary of the G.I. Bill, and reviled protagonist of the novel "owes money in every [pub]."<sup>413</sup> The novel offers less in the way of plot than it does in pastiche and pub activities figure prominently. Against the financial odds, Dangerfield makes his way into the pub and Donleavy showcases a number of practice-oriented concerns regarding entry for a lecherous, scheming American drunk in Dublin. Where Bloom makes use of the pub to avoid having to return home to his adulterous wife, the pub for Dangerfield is the very place to initiate such activity. Having spied a washergirl, Christine, after whom he lusts, Dangerfield approaches her on the sidewalk.

"Are you window shopping?"

"Yes, it passes the time."

Mate in one move.

"Come have a drink with me."

"Well."

"Come along."

"Well there's nothing stopping me. All right."

[...]

They walked to the bottom of Grafton St.

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<sup>412</sup> The critical field has of late largely relegated Donleavy to the margins of discussions of modernism and Irish literature. After a spike in interest in his novels in the 1970s (including at least six dissertations touching upon Donleavy's work, including – "Between Two Worlds: J.P. Donleavy's Use of 'The Outsider' as Protagonist in his Novels" by Griffith Dudding and "The Hero in the Novels of J.P. Donleavy" by Thomas Lester Croak) articles about his work have become less common.

<sup>413</sup> Donleavy 69.

“We’ll go in that pub. Nice soft seats upstairs.”

“All right.”

They wait on the curb. Two beetle American cars go by. A breeze. Cool sky. Taking her hand an instant, warm knuckles of her long fingers. Just guiding you safely across. She went up the stairs before him, curious climber. White petticoat. Slight pigeon toe. The voices around the corner and in the door. Slight hush as they enter, and sit. She crosses her legs and smooths her skirt over her nice knee. (70)

If “[e]levators do away with the heroism of stair climbing”<sup>414</sup> as Bachelard suggests, they might also threaten its voyeurism. Here on the staircase, the entrance to the pub, Dangerfield’s lustful gaze refashions the space. His opportunistic move, in the style of de Certeau’s *la perruque*, affords him a glimpse of petticoat and pigeon toe that extends two sentences later to the leg in general, and the knee in particular.

The entrance also Given the time period, the slight hush can be read as a result of Christine’s presence in the pub; certainly the change in the pub sounds that trickle out around the corner affirms that the duo’s entrance does alter the tenor of the pub talk. The novel takes place shortly after the end of World War Two and women, particularly single women, were still a rarity – though increasing less rare. Kearns points out that, “[a]fter wives became accepted in pubs, single women gradually appeared on the scene. During the 1960s and 1970s, segregated pubs toppled like dominoes.”<sup>415</sup> So the entrance here, already appears scandalous in the gaze of 1950s Dublin social sentiment. Added to that, Dangerfield’s navigation of the staircase makes a nice illustration of the tactical advantage he gains by following Chris.

Pubs continue to serve tactical ends as Dangerfield makes use of their ubiquity in opposition to Chris’s prudence.

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<sup>414</sup> Bachelard 27.

<sup>415</sup> Kearns 45.



They set off along Suffolk Street, into the Wicklow Street and up the Great George's. And over there Thomas Moore was born. Come in and see it, a nice public house indeed. But I must go home and wash my hair. But just a quick one.

In they went. The embarrassed figures looking at them and bird whispering. The man showed them to a booth, but Mr. Dangerfield said that they were just in for a fast one.

O surely, sir and it's a grand evening. 'Tis that.

And passing the Bleeding Horse he tried to steer her in there. But she said she could go on alone just around the corner. But I must come.<sup>416</sup>

That pubs are everywhere, even on the way home, serves Dangerfield well, despite the fact that whenever he slips into one the “bird whispering” seems to be struck up. One place in which this might not have been the case is the Bleeding Horse, which Kearns points out was a fairly disreputable locale in the 1930s. Dangerfield's unsubtle double entendre at the close of the scene lends some credence to this, and plenty to his status a wolfish pub-goer.

But all entrances with respect to adultery and the pub in *The Ginger Man* do not strike up scandalous whispering among the clientele. Meeting Chris at a later date, Dangerfield makes use of another entrance, affording himself a voyeuristic moment, a tactical move on his part to survey the scene, take in a good, long, lecherous look at Chris before being seen.

In the side door to Jury's. There she is, all dark hair, all white skin and dark lips and mouth, heart and sound. Sitting sedately. And near by, a sly-eyed business man, licking his mouth for her. I know them. I know them all right. In this nook of utter respectability. But this a nice lounge with palm fronds and wicker chairs. Flexing her legs, recrossing. Pale nails, long, tender fingers and moisture on her eyes. What do you have underneath, my dear Chris. Tell me.

Dangerfield's curiosity about Chris's naked body and emotional mindset (at this point a curiosity unsatisfied) speaks to the language of gesture. She remains fixed in his gaze, objectified and seemingly naïve – her little gestures read as potentialities and mysteries. A self-styled voyeur, Dangerfield moves between actor and spectator – a dual role

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<sup>416</sup> Donleavy 72.

characterized by the lapses into third-person narration he allows himself. From his sly entrance, he reads her for opportunity and himself for action.

Less sly, but just as manipulative, is Donleavy's literalizing of the old joke: A man walks into a pub.

The crowds stepped back to make room for this shouter. Dangerfield abandoning his spider walk set off swiftly across the street towards O'Donogue's Public House. He missed the door. A great slap of body into the wall. He stood there stunned. Scratching at the bricks.

O'Keefe watching him, broke into wild laughter. The crowd stepped back further. When shouters laugh, there's violence.

O'Keefe speaking to the crowd.

"Can't you see I'm mad? Drink is the curse of this damn country."

He followed Dangerfield who was standing, a bit twitchy inside the pub door.

"For God's sake, Kenneth, what's the matter with you? Do you want to have me spotted?"

"You bastard, you got me into a pub anyway. Boy did you look silly running into the wall."<sup>417</sup>

In literalizing the joke Donleavy underscores the extent to which Dangerfield is the joke, embodies the joke. This comic, antic figure is always already the punchline. So at the level of the narrative, Donleavy uses this entrance to reinforce the text's status as a running joke for the reader. At the same time, Dangerfield's (initially) failed entrance into O'Donogue's Public House illustrates a tactical manipulation of entrance at the level of the plot. Lambasted by his friend Kenneth O'Keefe for being a "God damn drunkard" Dangerfield can hardly expect to be joined by his friend in the pub for a morning pint, or have the pints paid for. But Dangerfield understands the practice of grifting, particularly when dealing with O'Keefe, and his blundering collision with the outer walls of O'Donogue's serves as the ideal con, buoying O'Keefe's spirits and luring him into the pub.

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<sup>417</sup> Donleavy 215-216.

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