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By an entelechy we mean a completely realized actuality, and by an epiphany a sudden realization and at the same time manifestation of the entire anima (i.e. "soul") living in an object which we observe. This study proposes an examination of the final epiphany, the "Penelope" section, of Ulysses. A number of critical studies devoted to Joyce have agreed that "Penelope" is the epiphany of all that has happened in the book. However, estimates of what that epiphany ultimately does or what it epiphanizes--spiritually manifests--on the whole widely vary. As I find, mostly the critics are right always at one point and never at another. All of them suffer the chronic sickness in modern criticism, "dissociation of sensibility", and Chapter I of this thesis examines some of the symptoms and causes of this sickness. Chapter II considers, as an opposition to the dissociated sensibilities, Joyce's synthetic mind as we find in his making of "Penelope": the enormous synthetic power synthesizing an infinite number of various elements into a whole. Chapter III concentrates upon the entelechy of "Penelope", and inquires into what this entelechy finally achieves. The conclusion of this thesis identifies the final epiphany with a manifestation of the Creative God realized through this entelechy.

THE ENTELECHY OF "PENELOPE": THE EPIPHANY

OF THE ETERNAL IN THE TEMPORAL

by

Sung-hae Suhr

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INTRODUCTION

By an entelechy we mean a completely realized actuality, and by an epiphany a sudden realization and at the same time manifestation of the entire anima (i.e., "soul") living in an object which we observe. This study proposes an examination of the final epiphany in Ulysses. A number of critical studies devoted to Joyce have agreed that "Penelope" is the epiphany of all that has happened in the book.

Estimates of what that epiphany ultimately does on the whole widely vary. As I find, mostly they are right always at one point and never at another. All of them suffer the chronic sickness in modern criticism, "dissociation of sensibility".

To be a critic means to many renowned critics of Joyce to be a moralist. To be a moralist means to them to prefer one aspect of a life to another. Chapter I of this thesis considers first this moralism as the most distinct of symptoms of diseases common in Joycean criticism: particularly, the moralism of an utterly crippled kind which is unable to see a living, human object that is always more than one-sided.

The center of the kind of sick criticism Chapter I proposes to attack is "Hatred of life", which, I believe, is synonymous with the hatred of Molly Bloom. Why Molly means "Life" also is clarified.

Chapter II scrutinizes what "Life" meant to Joyce as revealed in "Penelope". "The contemplative life",¹ as known to Aristotle in

¹Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologica" in Selected Writings, ed., the Rev. Father M. C. D'Arcy (London, 1946), p. 226.

De Anima, Metaphysica, and Ethica Nicomachea, St. Augustine in De Musica, and St. Thomas Aquinas in Summa Theologica, is also found known to James Joyce. Joyce's way of living "the contemplative life" is his own individual synthesis of these three men's knowledge of this life. Whatever differences in particular there are between Joyce and the three men, those differences are considered as trivialities and accordingly dropped; instead, we consider the main idea of what Joyce, and some of us as well, knew as "the contemplative life". Moreover, the main concern of Chapter II is not to diversify the differences but to focus our attention on how Joyce lives "the contemplative life", as he understood, in his making of "Penelope".

Chapter III explores further how Joyce "lives" "the contemplative life" in the "Penelope" section of Ulysses. This concluding chapter, closely examining the text page by page, concentrates upon the entelechy of "Penelope", and inquires into what this entelechy finally achieves. The final conclusion of this thesis identifies the final epiphany of Ulysses with a manifestation of the Creative God, and the entelechy of the ordinary in "Penelope" with a realization of the Creative Power innate in things. So far as I know, no critics find "Penelope", the final epiphany of Ulysses, as a manifestation of the Ancient, Omnipotent, Living God, God the Creator, whom, I believe, Joyce, alone and in exile and silence, struggled to see in the flesh.

CHAPTER I
CRITICAL OBJECTIONS TO MOLLY'S AFFIRMATION
IN "PENELOPE" IN ULYSSES

As revealed in Joyce's own parody of "Molly Branningan", "Penelope" was thought immortal by the author himself, and regarded as the "clou", the clue, of the book by most of eminent Joycean scholars and critics. "Penelope" is the final epiphany of all that has been undergone in the preceding seventeen chapters. In "Penelope", Joyce contemplates in Molly's person Bloom's and her life during the day. The scope of the contemplation not only embraces the Blooms' life in the past, present and future, but all the life forms on the earth through this couple's particular life. As the title of the chapter suggests, "Penelope" is the weaving of the mind of Mrs. Molly Bloom, the Penelope, the Odysseus's wife in Ulysses. As the eternal tapestry of the eternal woman's mind ought to be, "Penelope" is a synthesis of infinitely various elements. Every woof and warp thread works toward the final pardon and merciful embrace of the sea-tossed hero Odysseus. The final effect of Molly's tapestry is to reaffirm into her bosom her husband Leopold Bloom, now having returned from his travel, her wayward child, her prodigal son, who is sleeping at her feet.

Stuart Gilbert wrote in his James Joyce's Ulysses, a study which was more often than not inspired by Joyce himself: "it is significant for those who see in Joyce's philosophy nothing beyond a blank pessimism, an evangel(sic) of denial, that Ulysses ends on a triple paean

of affirmation".² Joyce himself agreed with Benoist-Mechin, the French translator of Ulysses, that "the book must end with yes. It must end with the most positive word in the human language (B, p. 536)".

Molly Bloom in "Penelope" is a great creation of a man, probably the greatest writer in our age, and it has a great storage of both direct and indirect human references. The creation of her is based upon a real character whom Joyce knew in person, inasmuch as her body is constituted chiefly of dirt and water. She is a resurrection of all the dead in the living, and also ultimately a sublime realization of Joyce's own wife Nora Barnacle Joyce. Any type of condemnation of her life and existence is a transgression over the private domain--a sheer irrelevancy and stupidity, and the final judgment upon her person must be beyond the human scope. One's liking of her lips instead of her womb is a personal matter, and to condemn the other in preference to the one often seems a distinctive idiocy of the present sanitary culture of ours, as the opposite would seem odd.

The symbolic, epitomic, representational, immoral, amoral, ironic, parodic, paradoxical, sarcastic, impersonal, obscure, obscene, romantic, decadent, promiscuous, and nihilistic aspects of her person are no more true than her "Yes's" in those innumerable whispers, exactly as our pathology about her would be no less believable than our love of her anonymity. Once again, one is urged to remember what Joyce wrote to Frank Budgen of Molly Bloom's nonstop monologue: "It is the indis-

²Stuart Gilbert, James Joyce's Ulysses (New York, 1955), p. 403.

pensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity."³

Once Nietzsche wrote of Flaubert: "... is it the hatred against life or the excess of life which has here become creative? In Goethe, for example, the excess became creative; in Flaubert, hatred: Flaubert-- a new edition of Pascal, but as an artist, with the instinctive judgment deep down: "Flaubert est toujours haïssable, l'homme n'est rien, l'oeuvre est tout." ... "Selflessness"--the principle of decadence, the will to the end, in art as well as in morals."⁴ Certainly Joyce is no Flaubert, and, indeed, Joyce's case is far from Flaubert's. Already Joyce in Ulysses has walked an enormous distance, every inch of it with full love and toil, only to arrive at the final "Yes". Joyce, the tragic artist, is no pessimist: "he is precisely the one who says 'Yes' to everything questionable, even to the terrible--he is Dionysian."⁵ And in this light, "Penelope" must be seen and studied. Because of this light alone, Ulysses stands as "the most considerable work of imagination in English in our time".⁶

However, there are several renowned critics who, while agreeing that "Penelope" is the epiphany of all that has happened in Ulysses, do object to the affirmation on a moralistic "xtian" (as I am unable to call it a Christian) ground--notably, Kain, Kenner, Goldberg, Levin and Noon.

³Frank Budgen, The Making of Ulysses (New York, 1934), p. 264.

⁴F. Nietzsche, "Nietzsche contra Wagner", in The Portable Nietzsche, ed. & tr., W. Kaufmann (New York, 1964), p. 671.

⁵Nietzsche, "Twilight of the Idols" in The Portable, p. 484.

⁶T. S. Eliot, "A Message to the Fish" in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., S. Givens (New York, 1963), p. 468.

Borrowing from the plebian dialectic of our daily court, some critics attempt to obscure the true visage of that final affirmation in Ulysses. As I find, mostly the points they are making in criticizing "Penelope" are always right at one place and never at another. All of them suffer the chronic sickness in modern criticism, "dissociation of sensibility". Almost always their hatred of Molly is, I believe, synonymous with "hatred of life" as defined above by Nietzsche, and their moralism, the most common of the symptoms in that sickness is always identical in its one-eyed vision with that cycloptic nationalism humorously parodied by Joyce in "The Cyclops" in Ulysses: a moralism of utterly crippled kind which is unable to see a living, human object which always is more than one-sided.

André Gide says in appreciation of Joyce, quoting from Sainte-Beuve:

As for a ship, in danger of being stuck fast in the ice, 'one is incessantly occupied to break the rigid circles' ... so each one of us, at every instant, should be occupied in breaking in his mind the mould about to stiffen and take shape. Let us not congeal.⁷

The moralistic "xtian" mould about to stiffen and congeal must be attacked, before any true aspect of the affirmation, "Yes", "Life", becomes clear to us. Before we learn anything about the final epiphany, toward which the whole book works synthesizing itself, we must break these rigid circles.

The most typical of that moralism, which I referred above, is Kain's. He says, "Bloom's wife Molly represents the earthy, pagan acceptance of

⁷André Gide, "Interviews Imaginaires", Le Figaro, May 30/31, 1942; ed. in L. Gillet, Claybook for James Joyce, trans., by G. M. Totevy (London, 1958), p. 127.

life in all its sensual vulgarity."⁸ What Kain means is too obvious: that he does not see anything beyond the vulgarity in Molly's acceptance. We understand in this statement that the dirt from which we all came and to which we all shall return is no longer sacred but vulgar and ludicrous to Kain. The most common element in humanity is despised, and, then, the humanity itself may not be much respected.

Accordingly, Kain not only regards Molly as one of the minor characters in the novel but also as a masterpiece of comic portrayal. Obviously to him her portrayal is something sheerly funny and ludicrous, unless the words "comic" and "vulgar" produce an unusual combination. Also, Kain says that Homer may be forgotten in the "soliloquy". Probably Kain has forgotten the whole book's most intense preoccupation with Molly page after page. As for Homer, one may have forgotten him, but not altogether the poet's gods. The mysterious cause and effect of their existence had better not be forgotten.

What Kain says after all in these critical squabbles seems to be that he does not approve of Molly, the central concern of the book, while pretending to like the book as a whole. He does not see what may grow in dirt, but an atomic aspect of dirt.

Another similar kind of atomic view on "Penelope" is expounded by Hugh Kenner. The man who saw only "the epiphanization of industrial man"⁹ in "Ithaca" is not expected to find anything valuable in "Penelope". As expected, he laments as follows:

⁸Richard M. Kain, Fabulous Voyager (Chicago, 1947), pp. 20-1.

⁹Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce (London, 1955), p. 261.

Some readers have over-sentimentalized the final pages of her monologue. They are in key with the animal level at which this comic inferno is conceived; and they are the epiphany of all that we have seen and heard during the day. The 'Yes' of consent that kills the soul has darkened the intellect and blunted the moral sense of all Dublin. At the very rim of Dante's funnel-shaped Hell is the imperceptible 'Yes' of Paola and Francesca; they are blown about by the winds, but Molly lies still at the warm dead womb-like centre of the labyrinth of paving-stones. Her 'Yes' is confident and exultant; it is the 'Yes' of authority: authority over this animal kingdom of the dead.¹⁰

Accusing some readers' over-sentimental reading of the final pages of "Penelope", Kenner emotionalizes what "Penelope" is not. Every statement he makes in this paragraph may seem right at one point but never is at another. How his view is thus one-sided is a useful distinction for us to draw.

First of all, hardly any one who takes Molly's "Yes" as a yes can be accused of being a sentimentalist, as he takes what is given without a sentimental exaggeration or without a perverted sensation. Contrarily, we suspect those who take the "Yes" as "No" of having some sentimental perversion, since there must be something extra to the normal condition of human psyche involved in that ultra-ironical reaction.

The second sentence of the paragraph seems to make a little better sense than the first. Rightly he perceives that the final pages of "Penelope" are "the epiphany of all that we have seen and heard during the day." However, it is impossible for us to conceive a paradise without some animal level of healthy sensations, while quite possible to see an inferno with bodiless phantoms.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 262.

In the third sentence, Kenner proves himself a member of those rigid circles, which, as Gide says, always stiffen and congeal our mind into ice. Contrary to what Kenner says, the distinct "yes" of consent is always heard when the soul has enlightened the intellect and found the higher moral.

Now, the direction of the rest of the paragraph becomes too certain. This strangely sanitary mind turns the affirmation into a mockery; a beauty into a putrefaction; the serious into the ludicrous; the living into the dead.

Essentially Goldberg's view on Ulysses does not differ much from Kenner's. He also takes Molly's "yes" as "no", and the whole monologue as the last triumphant exclamation of spiritual death. One thing, if any, that he has as an addition may be the dialectic of the court. He says: "The vitality by which both citizen and artist are justified has little to do with the 'affirmation' of Penelope."¹¹ Instead, he judges this, his, notion of a "vitality" as having something to do with the classical temper which Joyce expounds in Stephen Hero as follows:

Classicism is not the manner of any fixed age or of any fixed country: it is a constant state of the artistic mind. It is a temper of security and satisfaction and patience (S, p. 78).

By comparing Goldberg's notion of a vitality with what is said above through Stephen by Joyce, we see that Goldberg is pushing his notion beyond the limit of common sense. Plainly, Goldberg's view¹²

¹¹S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper (New York, 1961), p. 314.

¹²Ibid., p. 292.

that Molly is "coarsened" or verbalized mystery is not the product of the same temper. If any one sees any possible connection between the kind of vitality Goldberg suggests and the kind of classical temper Joyce says of in the Hero, he must have, we believe, an unusually sophisticated mind. For the naturalistic moralism which Goldberg's notion of a vitality bears has nothing to do with "the Golden Mean" of classical temper.

Accordingly the title of Goldberg's book The Classical Temper is a misnomer, and may be changed, may we suggest, into The Naturalistic Temper. Contrary to what the title of his book gives an impression of, he must have forgotten to remember Stephen who says: "But to approach the temper which has made art is an act of reverence before the performance of which many conventions must be first put off for certainly that inmost region will never yield its secret to one who is enmeshed with profanities (S, p. 79)".

That Goldberg wrote a book on Ulysses and called the heart of the novel "crude naturalism",¹³ blindly subdued to the popular moralistic convention of our day, seems something as desperate as to disparage the value of an apple which is utterly beyond one's reach. It is no wonder that, enmeshed with the contagious sickness of the petit-bourgeois moralism of our culture, he has mistaken what is the center and the clue of the book as nonsense. Thus enmeshed with sick profanities, he is unable to see Joyce's sympathetic insight. Incapable of seeing the great Pity and Terror, Goldberg talks about only the flaws and limitations of Ulysses. The kind of mechanical perfection which Goldberg seems to

¹³S. L. Goldberg, The Classical Temper (London, 1963), p. 297.

desire is not expected to be in Joyce, the humanist, and, indeed, we afford it not.

So far we have examined what comparatively unsophisticated moralism can profane a work of art, and our vision of that final epiphany in James Joyce's Ulysses. Now, let us consider a little more sophisticated moralism common among a few other distinguished Joycean critics.

As early as in 1922, Pound thought Joyce "has perfected the great collection of objects for ridicule."¹⁴ Wyndham Lewis said Ulysses contained a "suffocating, moetic expanse of objects, all of them lifeless",¹⁵ and Miller shared a similar view with Lewis in The Cosmological Eye (Norfolk, 1939). To many present day's readers of Ulysses, these statements seem to be going too far, and, in their exaggerated outlook, appear rather funny. For we have found in Ellmann's biography of James Joyce the fact that Joyce himself never gave a full consent to these criticisms.

However, these critics were the pioneers in the Joycean new ancient land, and, as such, they were often lost in the wilderness and forest. Differing in degrees, they held a common view that Ulysses is a collection of the ludicrous. Much amused, they did not take seriously what is meant to be highly serious in the book. They gave their audiences a notion that Joyce mainly dealt with the ludicrous in Ulysses, and this notion found its clearer expression in later Joycean critics--notably Levin

¹⁴Ezra Pound, "James Joyce et Pécuchet", Mercure de France, CLVI (June 1, 1922); trans. F. Bornhauser, Shenandoah III (Autumn, 1952), p. 9-20.

¹⁵Wyndham Lewis, Time and Western Man (London, 1927), p. 108.

and Noon. The outlook of the ludicrous in the highly serious puzzled these latter critics, and lured them to an intricate trap: "Irony".

Before defining "Irony" as understood by the two men, a useful distinction for us to make is what is regarded, as I know at least to that effect, "ludicrous" to some critics--notably Kain, Kenner, Goldberg and Toynbee--in "Penelope". For Aristotle the Ludicrous, which includes the Ugly, is an object a comedy should imitate. For him "comedy is an imitation of a lower type", and "consists in some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive."¹⁶ And Molly's substance is, as any of us is, made chiefly out of dirt, as she is not a supernatural romantic phantom, and, as Budgen points out, "there is none of the coldness of an abstraction in her."¹⁷

As Ulysses is, contrary to what Goldberg says of it in The Classical Temper, an approximation to or rather a paradigm of a life, not an abstract representation, much of the book appears made of water, mud, dirt, ashes, the substance from which we all came and to which we all shall return. Although Goldman suggests that "Penelope" is a protective mask for Joyce's portrait of Bloom,¹⁸ Joyce's portrayal of Poldy and Molly is as naked and honest as it is possible. Whatever substance her body is made of, it is "fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed (U. p. 737)", and comparable with nothing less than the earth where we come from and

¹⁶Aristotle, The Poetics, trans., S. H. Butcher, in Criticism, ed., C. Kaplan (San Francisco, undated), p. 29.

¹⁷Frank Budgen, The Making of Ulysses (New York, 1934), p. 262.

¹⁸Arnold Goldman, The Joyce Paradox (Evanston, 1966), p. 110.

whither we all shall return. Her love of God is as incomprehensible as God's of her, and her knowledge of Him is as ancient as His very Being. Never ugly and ludicrous and distorted is her comic mask, and it does imply "Pain". Molly is as large as "Life". She is much closer to the "gross body, the body of humanity",¹⁹ and her faults, if any, denote the basic of humanity.

Molly's moral faults, as I think, critics approached as the Ludicrous, are something from which no human psyche can escape. Most typical of the kind of critical approach which we have been suspecting as confusing the ludicrous with what is the basic in humanity--specifically, may we say, Original Sin?--finds an expression in Philip Toynbee. He says that "the daughter of major Tweedy reflects in the rather weary language of the English lower middle class." Further, he complains, "wherever one may dip into this stream one finds exactly the same rather muddy liquid."²⁰ Fundamentally here Kain's and Kenner's atomic view of the dirt in Ulysses is repeated but in a little less agitating and, therefore, a little more sober, tone. We see more clearly in Toynbee's matter-of-fact statements than in Kain and Kenner the point in which the "Ludicrous" is identified with what is basic and inescapable in humanity. As we find, this is also where class distinction is mistaken as the literary and where the atomic aspect of life in general is mistaken as integral aspects of Molly Bloom in the "Penelope" section of Ulysses. What the moralistic critics I have referred so far in this

¹⁹Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (New York, 1931), p. 224.

²⁰Philip Toynbee, "A Study of James Joyce's Ulysses", in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., Seon Givens (New York, 1963), p. 283.

thesis have agreed unanimously concerning "Penelope", the final epiphany of Ulysses, is the Ludicrous, the Comic in Aristotelian sense. However, we must add that the Ludicrous is not the whole they suggested, but just one universal set where every one of them shares his lot with others.

In fact every one of them was struck by other aspects of Molly: for instance, Kain was struck by the unusual degree of honesty in Molly. However, points where each independently was struck outside the universal set were widely dispersed and never in accord. A little more unifying concept was needed. Very early in the history of Joycean criticism a solution had been sought. As early as 1930's Harry Levin suggested a "dual formula of irony and pathos".²¹ Having thought that Joyce's "Penelope" is spiritually less elevating than the final pages of Goethe's Faust and apparently often taken Molly's "Yes" as "No", he wanted to justify Ulysses, a perfect living work of art which has, by its own light, I think, already justified enough not only Levin but the entire humanity and, therefore, needs nobody's justification. He took a recourse to the dialectic of a moralistic hypocrite that one means "good" when he expresses a contradiction by seeming to be "bad". Therefore, a pathetic symptom of this sickness accordingly was bound to be nothing else than "Pathos".

However, Levin does not go down deeply into the pathetic dialectic of "Irony", and his dual formula of irony and pathos does need more explanation. Therefore, before we examine a more sophisticated concept

²¹L. A. Murillo, The Cyclical Night (Cambridge, 1968), p. 38.

of "ironic incognito", we may clarify this dual concept of pathetic irony through one who has it in plenty.

Kierkegaard observed "irony and hypocrisy"²² as opposite forms, and possibly as of the same coin too. So far as I know, Kierkegaard regarded "irony" as the fundamental basis of all developmental status in personality. He thought the ironist is on the way toward the ethicist; the ethicist toward the humorist; the humorist toward the religious individual. Still further, probably he did perceive the truly highest is not merely the religious individual. He, perhaps, knew that the highest is the laughter, the dionysian poet, the subjective creator, since, indeed, to Kierkegaard the truly religious is the comic in a serious sense. However, the paradox, the sickness, which is inevitable in the process of this enlightenment, Kierkegaard never did overcome. Essentially, he remains an oppressed ironist in the face of an oppressive God. For him, as well as for us, "Faith is the objective uncertainty", and that uncertainty breaks him down into a neurosis. The mind of that ironist must have borne something unbearably sickening.

Noon's "ironic incognito" derives from this Kierkegaardian ironical system. The ironic incognito is the very monster which broke down that profoundly Christian author of the Postscript: the sickness of paradox, the moralistic syphilis unnoticed and uncured in a greater man than what he actually was. However, Noon, later in Joyce and Aquinas takes a recourse to the "borderline humor, halfway between ethical severity and religious awareness".²³ Hardly, "this borderline humor" is

²²Soren Kierkegaard, "Concluding Unscientific Postscript to the Philosophical Fragments", in Kierkegaard Anthology, ed., Robert Bretall (New Jersey, 1946), p. 228.

²³William T. Noon, Joyce and Aquinas (New Haven, 1957), p. 90.

an escape from the pathetic irony, and both are identical. The whole complex of remorse, "agenbite of inwit", which wants to be purged in a larger motherhood, is not purged in this borderline humor yet.

By examining Noon's "ironic incognito", we have completed the part of this thesis in which we struggled to accept Molly's "Yes" as "Yes". It must be noted that the "yes's", including one unformed, in the male monologue of "Proteus" eventually grew into the innumerable "yes's" in "Penelope", the final monologue (female) in Ulysses. Finally to say a definite "Yes" for "Penelope", we need nobody less than Jung and T. S. Eliot.

Jung says that what is achieved in "Penelope" is "just that which a Jesus or a Buddha achieved--and that which Faust also strove to attain--the overcoming of a fool's world, a liberation from the opposites."²⁴ T. S. Eliot questioned Virginia Woolf of "Penelope", "How could anyone write again after achieving the immense prodigy of the last chapter (B, p. 542)?"

As we see, to Jung and Eliot, two of the great synthetic minds of our time "Penelope" is something as immense and large as an eternal "Life", which none of the atomic critics this thesis has discussed so far saw and found in "Penelope". As suggested through Nietzsche in the beginning of this thesis, what those atomic critics, being unable to affirm the affirmation, represent is "hatred of life". Their mistakes in regard to Molly are more or less those of their own personal life. What those self-less moralists brought to Joycean criticism is

²⁴C. G. Jung, "Ulysses a Monologue", trans., W. S. Dell, Nimbus, vol. 2, no. 1, pp. 160-1.

a complex of remorse, rather than a criticism of Joyce. While Jung saw the creative god in Joyce, they recognized only the moralistic entanglement. Reading through "Penelope" carefully, one finds that the humorous large mind of the creator, already knowing these seeds born of remorse, is lulling them to sleep. Insignificant as they are, they are once contained in the larger concept of "Life" in "Penelope".

According to what one may learn from "Penelope" all these critics born of the "complex of remorse"²⁵ have a common course of life. It starts from "their bad conscience", for all these men are "afraid of hell (U, p. 782)". Because of "their bad conscience", they avoid the particulars, and abstract everything. To justify their alienation from the particulars, the real things, they take to a dialectic--a plebeian instinct of self-justification. Unhappy with the particulars, they escape into "the universal". Removed further from the common run of humanity, they think they find a way out. When every object seems dead, one thing goads their conscience: "Irony". By seeming to be bad, "Irony" expresses the contradiction that the internal which can be good is not the external. This self-contradiction tortures them. Because it tortures them, they think it is the only thing living in life. They begin to call their abstracted objects "symbols", "representations", "impersonalities", when those things have been long dead to their hearts. Even the simplest of things become so abstract to them that they mistake life for death and yes for no. Nevertheless, Molly still wants to humor them: "God help their poor head (U, p. 762)". It is no wonder

²⁵A. Burgess, ReJoyce (New York, 1965), p. 223.

that hardly any of them is called a creator (U, p. 782) in a serious sense. They are such a complex of remorse that they will not "let you enjoy anything naturally (U, p. 771)". That's "the kind of villainy they're always dreaming about with not another thing in their empty heads (U, p. 771)". Yet, she hopes, "O this nuisance of a thing", "they'll have something better for us in the other world (U, p. 772)". She humors them all: "sweet God sweet God well when I am stretched out dead in my grave I suppose I'll have some peace (U, pp. 768-9)". She is "in fits of laughing with giggles" she can't stop about all her hairpins falling one after another with the mass of hair she has (U, pp. 743-4).

Invariably those critics who oppose Molly's "Yes" prefer Bloom and Stephen, and particularly the muds in the course of the two men's progress toward the final enlightenment in "Penelope". Almost obsessed by the atomic aspects of dirt, they have disregarded the fact that the whole portion of Ulysses up to the end of "Ithaca", the second from the last chapter, is only the long painstaking process of Bloom's "freeing himself from entanglement in the physical and mental worlds."²⁶ The reason why some part of Molly's criticism of Bloom's world, which we used above to elucidate the common course of atomic criticisms, seems to have served our purpose well must now be clear at least to those who have read Ulysses.

Let us consider briefly how the portion of Ulysses dealing with Stephen and Bloom proceeds through muds toward "Penelope". The seven-

²⁶Jung, p. 160.

teen chapters before "Penelope" are preoccupied with the turmoil of illusions: remorse, irony, ridicule, parody, abstraction, satire and paradox. For Stephen history seems to be a nightmare in "Nestor" and life a curse in "Aeolus (U, p. 142)". Bloom, Stephen's consubstantial father, sees himself as "the outdoor hawker of imitation jewellery, the dun for the recovery of bad and doubtful debts, the poor rate and deputy cess collector", the mendicant "of the fraudulent bankrupt with negligible assets paying 1 s. 4 d. in the L, sandiwichman, distributor of throwaways, nocturnal vagrant, insinuating sycophant, maimed sailor, blind stripling, superannuated bailiff's man, marfeast, lickplate, spoilsport, pickthank, eccentric public laughingstock seated on bench of public park under discarded perforated umbrellar, the inmate of Old Man's House (Royal Hospital), Kilmainham, the inmate of Simpson's Hospital for reduced but respectable men permanently disabled by gout or want of sight, the nadir of misery, the aged impotent disfranchised ratesupported moribund lunatic pauper (U, p. 725)", the practitioner of Onanism ("Nausicaa"), the crucified, despised, and cuckolded "jew" ("The Cyclops"; "Circe", etc.), the unwanted stranger, the gift of Zeus ("Nausicaa"), Bloom the Noman, Bloom the Everyman (U, p. 727).

Bloom's being approximates nonentity, "Nothing (U, p. 37)". He is a "childman weary, the manchild in the womb (U, p. 737)" in "Ithaca". His existence is almost totally abnegated into a nothing, and only by Molly-Penelope Bloom it is reaffirmed into a being. Her "Yes" for Leopold Bloom approximates a creation from Nothing (U, p. 37), and is an act of Charity. In her charity even the whole horrible complex of remorse this thesis has been attacking is humored, calmed and pardoned.

Always those are less men than Bloom, who may feel ridiculed and humiliated in the face of this large magnificent "Charity". Without a stamp of irony and pathos, Molly's mind is an infinitely inexhaustible spring of joy and laugh.

Life for Molly-Penelope is something infinitely larger than a morality which the whole complex of remorse strives for. Life for her is born of the sun and drenched in humor. By an epiphany Stephen in the Hero means "a sudden spiritual manifestation (S, p. 211)". No matter how vulgar, mean and low a thing is, the moment the focus is reached, it is epiphanized and the supreme quality of beauty is thereby realized. In "Penelope" by an epiphany Joyce achieves "Tao", which means in Lao-tze "fulfillment, wholeness, a vocation performed, beginning and end and complete realization of the existence innate in things",²⁷ a realization of God. Molly is a magnificent epiphany of the Creator in Joyce. All moralistic objections are minor in regard to His presence.

²⁷Carl G. Jung, The Integration of the Personality, trans., S. M. Dell (New York, 1939), p. 305.

CHAPTER II
THE SYNTHESIS OF MOLLY'S AFFIRMATION

In the preceding chapter of this thesis, we have examined some critical objections against Molly's affirmation, and have attempted to register an antithesis to those objections. We wanted to take the affirmation as affirmation, and accept Molly as an indivisible entity. We have recognized "Penelope" as a larger entity than those detractors had thought.

Our immediate task following Chapter I is as an opposition to the atomic criticisms discussed in that chapter to focus our attention on Joyce's synthetic mind as found in his making of "Penelope". In order to realize the entirety of the "Penelope" section of Ulysses, we need to consider the materials used for the making. In a writer like Flaubert, biography does not have much significance in regard to the works. However, with such great writers as Goethe and Tolstoy, knowledge of the details of their lives enhances the understanding of their works.

James Joyce belongs to the latter group of writers. Furthermore, in James Joyce's works, one not only profits from knowing the author's life but also, it seems to me, the author himself wants us to identify the sources of his works. Largely Joyce's works are autobiographical, and the characters in his novels derive their lives from real persons whom Joyce knew.

While art for the atomic critics we discussed in Chapter I is an

abstraction, art seems to mean in Joyce a particular life--a life which has living references to living things. Like Homer, Vergil, and Villon, Joyce particularizes his characters by cataloguing their possessions, relatives, friends and lovers, detailing the deviations in their personality, specifying their abnormalities and originalities and the place and time of certain important events in their lives, and documenting their family history and present addresses. He explains to Arthur Power why he particularizes his fictions:

I always write about Dublin, because if I can get to the heart of Dublin I can get to the heart of all the cities of the world. In the particular is contained the universal.²⁸

For Joyce the particular means the temporal, and the temporal things are the means of knowing things eternal. Stephen in the Hero states, "Claritas is quidditas (S, p. 213)." Stephen in the "Proteus" section of Ulysses strives for a thought through his senses, "ineluctable modality of the visible" and the audible (U, p. 37). He is thinking of things temporal and particular at a given point of time and place. Stephen asks himself, "Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand (U, p. 37)?" As a matter of fact, Joyce's devotion to the temporal goes through the state of pathology, as we have seen clearly in the magnified vision of "Circe" and "Ithaca" in particular, and finally vaults over the boundary of pathology in the final pages of "Penelope".

²⁸Arthur Power, From the Old Waterford House (London, Mellifont Press, undated), p. 64.

Joyce's love of the temporal reaches a state of obsession in "Ithaca"; the obsession becomes an ecstatic at the end of the same chapter; the latter state develops into mysterious recognition of all particulars synthesized into the whole; and finally into a complete realization of the whole. A perfect Joycean "entelechy", completed realization of the whole, is achieved in the final section of the book following "Ithaca". However, what concerns the present portion of this thesis is, not to explain in detail the entire process as stated above, but to bring into focus the particulars we recognize in the "Penelope" section of Ulysses, those particulars which we identify with the temporal in Joyce. In other words, at present, we mean to discuss only the temporal things which Joyce particularly employs in the "Penelope" section of Ulysses. Specifically we want to identify the important living sources for Joyce's writing of "Penelope", and study how they are used in "Penelope". Only then will we be able to make a clear distinction of an artistic creation from the mire of cavilling criticisms gathered around the name of James Joyce.

Thornton lists in his Allusions in Ulysses thirty-one or more instances of allusions in "Penelope" to popular and folk songs known during Joyce's own time: "Molly Darling", "In Old Madrid", "Love's Old Sweetsong", "Shall I Wear a White Rose", and others. Also, he lists seventeen or more references made in the chapter to popular literature, including Fair Tyrant, Henry Dunbar, and The Moonstone. Philip Toynbee, as cited in the first chapter of this thesis, points out that "the daughter of major Tweedy reflects in the rather weary

language of the English lower middle class". To D. H. Lawrence, Joyce's work is "nothing but old fags and cabbage stumps, of quotations from the Bible and the rest, stewed in the juice of deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness..."²⁹ Indeed, the life of "Penelope" almost entirely depends upon the ordinary. Indeed, it seems as if Joyce gathered all kinds of popular trash for women and all the low tenets in humanity to form a Molly Bloom.

Like every one of us, she derives her life from dirt. Although works by such names of distinction as Mozart, Defoe, Swift, Thomas Moore, Southey, Newman and Keats are used in many places in "Penelope", their appearance does not help discriminate the dirt, the substance of Molly's body, from her whole being. It seems as if what most attracted the author of Ulysses was the basic substance of her being, the magnet inside the magnetic field, the flesh, the ideal clay (in Hugo), "intricately wrought in the depths of the earth (Psalm CXXXIX, 15)".

Near the end of his life, on Christmas Eve of 1940, Joyce said to the Giedons and his own family: "You don't know how wonderful dirt is (B, p. 753)". He meant it in 1921 in the vivid language of Molly Bloom in "Penelope": "... flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing even out of the ditches (U, p. 782)". For Joyce dirt was something magical and sacred in which he might grow a life form. Joyce found the same substance in Molly's flesh, which resembles Gea-Tellus, "fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed (U, p. 737)". "Penelope" is "like the huge earthball itself round and round spinning."³⁰

²⁹L. Golding, James Joyce (London, 1933), p. 169.

³⁰Frank Budgen, The Making of Ulysses (New York, 1934), p. 263.

However, Joyce was not interested in dirt alone. He was more interested in what may be made out of dirt: forms temporal made out of dirt, the most common and eternal substance of our life that we know. Above all else the human, the noblest creation from dirt, as we know, interested Joyce. Particularly woman the life-giver, concerned him in "Penelope".

Joyce wrote to Budgen of "Penelope":

Her monologue turns slowly, evenly, though with variations, capriciously, but surely like the huge earth ball itself round and round spinning. Its four cardinal points are the female breasts, arse, womb and sex expressed by the words "because", "bottom (in all senses bottom button, bottom of the glass, bottom of the sea, bottom of his heart)", "woman", "yes".³¹

Before he sleeps Bloom osculates Molly's arse and recognizes her womb. After having travelled seven hundred thirty-seven pages, Bloom finally returns to her womb to be reborn. Symbolically, "Penelope" breast-feeds him, and affirms him anew into a being. And this is the womanhood Joyce is particularly concerned with in "Penelope".

Yet, contrary to some one-sided abstractions suggested by the critics we cited in the first part of this thesis, Joyce's creation of that womanhood is based on a more concrete and more solid foundation. In order to divine a life from dirt, an artist must have studied living forms. As there is "no known method from the known to the unknown (U, p. 701)", he has to start from the known to realize "the known", that which is known but never has been completely substantiated.

³¹Ibid., p. 263.

Joyce employs specific personalities he knew in creating Molly Bloom in Ulysses. Ellmann says that "Molly Bloom, once Marie Tallon, Amalia Popper, and Nora Joyce, became the river Liffey (B, p. 562)". In all his books, Joyce makes his characters out of real prototypes, and Molly is not an exception. So far we find through Ellmann's biography of James Joyce that Molly Bloom is based upon real characters such as: "Mrs. Chance, Signora Santos, Signora Popper, and Matt Dillon's daughter (B, p. 387)".

All these characters are important for our better understanding of "Penelope". However, the most significant prototypes in regard to the total effect of the final chapter of the book are two women: Signora Popper and Mrs. Joyce. Around the matrix of these two women Joyce's thoughts on woman, the life-giver, begin to revolve.

One of Joyce's English students was Amalia Popper, and he dreamed of a closer intimacy with her. She was the daughter of a Jewish businessman whose first name was Leopoldo. In an unpublished notebook entitled Giacomo Joyce (B, pp. 353-60), Joyce gives an account of the "affair". He describes her as a Hedda Gabler and Beatrice. He sees in her something sacred and mysterious; "the wisdom-wearied voice of the Eternal calling on Abraham through echoing hills (B, p. 359)". He considers the most distinct of her characteristics as: "Yes: a brief syllable. A brief laugh. A brief beat of the eyelids (B, p. 359)". Thereby he perhaps finds that a monosyllabic can be equally expressive as a sesquipedalian word. He not only conceives an image of a "daughter of Jerusalem" in her, but also divines the mysterious cause and effect of her spiritually nomadic ancestry.

Joyce's preoccupation with Signora Popper, so far as we know, lasted several years. Finally when he found he was rebuffed, he felt his voice "dying in the echoes", and the immense stillness of the universe annihilating his own being. He wrote:

Youth has an end: the end is here. It will never be. You know that well. What then? Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for (B, p. 359)?

Signora Popper remained a pure fiction of Joyce's own. His "affair" with her did not significantly change the actual life of either person; however, it helped him write some important outlines for the two most important characters in Ulysses: Molly and Bloom. The race of the Blooms was determined; some Mediterranean traits of Molly Bloom were molded; the gentility of Leopoldo Popper, Signora Popper's father, the Jewish businessman, was taken as a distinct trait for Leopold Bloom.

However, the Poppers as Joyce knew serve only as outlines for the characterization of Leopold and Molly. Molly's flesh and soul essentially depend upon a much more intimate source of Joyce's, his own wife Nora Barnacle Joyce, insomuch as Bloom's life depends upon Joyce himself. All the women Joyce contemplated for his making of Molly are realized through his wife in the flesh. She is the woman he knew best, and the greatest and richest of his heart's treasures.

Holy Son living in the trinity of Joyce's own being already cried in "Proteus": "What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me (U, p. 49)". Nora was the woman whom Joyce always could ask for a "touch" and in whom he entrusted his sin,

his folly, his weakness and sadness. He wrote to her on September 2, 1909:

... I have enormous belief in the power of a simple honorable soul. You are that, are you not, Nora?

I want you to say to yourself: Jim, the poor fellow I love, is coming back. He is a poor weak impulsive man and he prays to me to defend him and make him strong.

I gave others my pride and joy. To you I give my sin, my folly, my weakness and sadness (L, p. 243).

Born in a large poor family of a drinking country baker, she was naturally gifted with an enormous amount of resistance against pain and misfortune. "She had only a grammar school education", and had "no understanding in literature (B, p. 163)". "Purer than he, she could receive his litanies, and better still, his confidences (B, p. 163)". Ellmann saw her as a little naïve country girl just arrived from her country home and meeting a "Gentleman". She was an honest, simple woman, the purest living form of what may be made by nature. She was not meticulously premeditated as by many other unhappy husbands of our time, but was "thrown into the life of this man (B, p. 165)", James Joyce.

Nora was gifted for what Joyce called the "life". She was the "keys to" "the"- "os" for Joyce's "way" to immortality. For her Joyce was a "simple minded Jim (L, p. 75)", "an errant child (B, p. 305)". Nobody would have been able to be such a humble and self-willed queen as Nora who supported and adored Joyce to his death. To Joyce she was a "mother", a star, a saint, an angel, Ireland and the Church (L, p. 248). Joyce, like Bloom, "had erred and sinned and wandered (U, p. 367)", and, asked for a pardon, Nora reprimanded and then forgave

him. As Joyce said in one of his letters to her, she had been to his "youngwomanhood what the idea of the Blessed Virgin was to" his boyhood (L, p. 242). Nora was herself "the refuge of sinners", comfortress of the afflicted (U, p. 358), as Gerty and finally Molly became to Bloom in Ulysses. If Molly was the "indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity," Nora was the woman through whom Joyce might be lifted to eternity.

Not long after Nora first met Joyce, she wrote to him:

Many thanks I hope you did not get wet if you were in town to day I will be expecting to see you 8-15 to morrow evening hoping it will be fine I feel much better since last night but feels (sic) a bit lonely to day as I had nothing else to do I read that long letter over and over again but could not understand it I think I will take it to you to morrow eve--and perhaps you might make me understand it

no more at present from your loving Girl

Nora XXXXX

excuse writing in haste

I suppose you will be lighting the fire when you get this (L, p. 52).

This prose style, Nora's, unadorned, without a punctuation, is the original style on which Joyce postulates Molly's non-stop monologue in "Penelope".

Stephen says in the "Scylla and Charybdis" section of Ulysses that Ann Hathaway was Shakespeare's Penelope and Shakespeare's marriage with her was a portal of discovery (U, p. 190). When A. E. (George Russel) protests against Stephen's "prying into the family life of a great man (U, p. 189)", Stephen, quickly remembering his personal debts to him, makes no reply just then. However, Stephen persists in talking to other

men present in the director's office of the National Library of Shakespeare's personal life in relation to his works. To him a work of art which does not pertain to the actual life is a "Wall, tarnation (U, p. 185)". Unlike that particular kind of art, Joyce's "Penelope" has a rich collection of references to his wife Nora Joyce, the woman he knew best and worshipped most in his actual life.

As Joyce himself told her in many letters his salvation depended on Nora. To grasp the essence of her being meant for him to find "the secrets of life (L, p. 248)". He always thought of one who held him in her hand like a pebble; thought of one who is more to him than the world (L, p. 248). And she was Nora. He contemplated not only her flesh and soul, but also her world and universe. Her intimacies with Michael (Sonny) Bodkin, Willie Mulvey, Vince Cosgrave, Roberto Prezioso and a few other men she knew were almost as important to him as her own love of himself.

To him Nora became a minute version of earth, as Molly was to Bloom at the end of "Ithaca". Nora was the ineluctable mean to the end, the eternal, "a way a lone a last a loved a long the (F, p. 628)". Molly was the magnificent fruit of Joyce's subjective contemplation on Nora, a sublime realization of what he experienced and divined in her: his despair and joy; his sin and glory, in her own flesh and soul.

We have discussed Nora's being the most important of the prototypes of Molly Bloom in Ulysses. From this we have to consider further how Joyce took Nora Joyce in forming Molly. As suggested so far, Molly's very "anima" derives from Nora, and Nora's soul exists within her body. While soul cannot be a body, it cannot be without a body. It is some-

thing relative to a body, and that is why it is in a body. Just as Molly's, Nora's entirety cannot be realized fully without her body. "I, entelechy, form of forms (U, p. 189)" am impossible without a body.

Joyce wrote to Nora on Christmas Eve in 1909: "My little mother, take me into the dark sanctuary of your womb. Shelter me, dear, from harm: I am too childish and impulsive to live alone." It was not meant always as an irony when Stephen says of "a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend (U, p. 28)" in "Nestor". Stephen rightly put the direction of the novel in "Proteus", saying: "Womb of sin. Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten (U, p. 38)". The depths of Nora's flesh, the center of which is the dark sanctuary of her womb, is where "word is made flesh (U, p. 391)". Bloom may be wanting to kiss Molly's womb in reverence, even while sleeping, when Molly says, "... my hole as hes there my brown part (U, p. 780)".

Then, Nora's body, of which the most sacred place is the womb, is where Joyce's heart is. Joyce writes in Molly's contemplation of Stephen, the son aspect of the trinity in Joyce's mind in Ulysses:

... he wont think me stupid if he thinks all women are the same and I can teach him the other part Ill make him feel all over him till he half faints under me then he will write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous O but then what I am going to do about him though (U, p. 776)

Struggling in the darkness of woman's womb, Joyce's thought was knit together; the marvellous work was done. The Creator's thoughts on a woman, if one can count them, were more than the sand, and they,

when one struggles in darkness, are most intensely felt. For Psalmist says:

If I say, 'Let only darkness cover me,
and the light about me be night,'
even the darkness is not dark to thee,
the night is bright as the day;
for darkness is as light with thee (Psalm, CXXXIX, 11-2).

Indeed, when Joyce took the darkness in Nora's womb in creating Molly's body, "The Indescribably", in the Faustian sense, is achieved.

To clarify further our vision of what Joyce took from Nora into Molly, let us now examine closely Molly in the text. Molly's mind, the final aspect of Joyce's contemplation in the book of Ulysses, refuses "to recognize a difference between (B, p. 387)" Bloom and other young men she has known, as Nora regarded Joyce "as quite similar with other men she had known (B, p. 252)". Molly refers "to various men she has known chiefly as 'he', with only occasional indication of a change involved (B, p. 387)". Furthermore, she confuses Bloom with "Jamesey" and thinks Professor Goodwin's "patent" specialty is "John Jameson (U, p. 775)"--incidentally, the name of an Irish Whiskey. As one may surmise, Jamesey is Joyce's second choice nickname for Molly or even Nora, and John Jameson is a pun on Joyce's own name James Joyce, the eldest son of John Joyce. It may not be only Molly but also Nora Joyce who is protesting in "Penelope": "O Jamesey let me up out of this pooh sweets of sin whoever suggested that business for women (U, p. 769)".

The time of Ulysses is between the day of June 16 and the morning of June 17, 1904, the memorable time when Joyce and Nora first went together walking at Ringsend in Dublin (B, p. 162). The day of June 16,

1904, seems almost an infinity, waiting for Bloom, the hero, to return home and waiting for Joyce, the creator, to enter "the portals of discovery (U, p. 190)" through woman's womb. For on that day he conceived an eternal woman out of a temporal: a "sane full amoral fertilizable untrustworthy engaging limited prudent indifferent Weib. Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht."³² A form which suggested itself an eternity, something "like the huge earth ball itself round and round spinning". Nora was the best possible living model for the indescribably Ovidian creative force in Joyce.

Yet in Ulysses, Joyce realizes more in detail. Bloom sees in Molly the "metempsychosis", spiritual transmigration, of the ancient Greek souls. Bloom says, frowning, while he explains what is meant by "metempsychosis", "It's Greek: from the Greek (U, Pps., 64; 744; et al)". All the seducing beauties in The Odyssey are gathering around the image of the Penelope in Ulysses. Bloom suggests Molly that the Greeks "used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance (U, p. 65)". By metempsychosis all females in Ulysses may be realized as aspects of Molly, as all women Joyce met are realized through Nora in the flesh. The Nausicaas, the Sirens, the Calypsos, the Circes, the Nymphs and all other ancient females, Bloom found, are living in Molly's body. Not only the Greeks but also the Christian archetypal females are found in her: "the second Eve (U, p. 391)", "Vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio (U, p. 391; Paradiso, Canto XXXIII)", for example in "The Oxen of the Sun". By metempsychosis, the souls of Shakespeare's

³²Frank Budgen, The Making of Ulysses (New York, 1934), p. 266.

Ann Hathaway, Socrates's Xanthippe, Myrto (absit nomen!) Socratididion's Epipsychidion, Dante's Virgin Mother, Chaucer's Wife of Bath, Donne's divine spouse, Goethe's virgin in Faust, and Mozart's Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" are all transmigrated into Molly Bloom. In creating Molly Bloom, Joyce synthesizes around the matrix of Nora all the female elements that he learned and knew fit into what he discovered from her as her characteristics. Edmund Wilson says of Molly:

She will tend to breed from the highest type of life she knows: she turns to Bloom, and, beyond him toward Stephen. This gross body, the body of humanity, upon which the whole structure of 'Ulysses' rests--still throbbing with so strong a rhythm amid obscenity, commonness and squalor--is laboring to throw up some knowledge and beauty by which it may transcend itself.³³

In making Molly Bloom, this "indescribably" gross body of humanity, Joyce manipulates, as Eliot points out, "a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity".³⁴ In realizing this parallel, we take "metempsychosis" as the key word. Only by metempsychosis are we able to understand Molly Bloom as a describable life form, which has many prototypes, archetypes, and ideal types all at the same time within itself to approximate the "entelechy" of Nora Barnacle Joyce.

We insist upon that "Penelope" is a Joyce's entelechy of Nora Joyce, because it is only then that we are able to accept Molly as a whole and find Joyce properly belongs to a great European tradition of mind. Only then are we able to recognize Joyce, as a humble prince heir of the two

³³Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle (New York, 1931), p. 224.

³⁴T. S. Eliot, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth", in James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., S. Givens (New York, 1963), p. 201.

highest magisters in that great tradition, to whom Joyce is a recognized heir in our time: namely Aristotle whom Dante called "maestro di color che sanno (U, p. 37)" and St. Thomas Aquinas whom the poet called "fiamma benedeta". To make this spiritual relationship between the two masters and James Joyce, we consider what Ulysses lays claims to these two men's heritage.

Aristotle tells us in the Book II of De Anima, the "entelechy of any given thing can only be realized in what is already potentially that thing, i.e. in a matter of its own appropriate to it".³⁵ Without further explanation, Chapter II of this thesis so far has struggled to make this point clear in regard to Joyce's making of "Penelope" in Ulysses.

To clarify what is stated by Aristotle, we go to St. Thomas, a great proper heir of Aristotelian tradition. In his thesis on "Contemplative Life", St. Thomas says: "the contemplative life principally consists in knowledge of divine things. But the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."³⁶ Stephen, in one of the most important chapters in Ulysses, confirms what is said above by St. Thomas Aquinas by stating: "Ineluctable modality of the visible (U, p. 37)" and "the audible (U, p. 38)".

St. Thomas also says: "although the contemplative life consists chiefly in the act of the intellect, it has its beginning in the appetite, since it is through charity that one is urged to the contemplation

³⁵Aristotle, "De Anima", in The Basic Works of, ed., R. McKeon (New York, 1941), p. 559.

³⁶St. Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologica", in Selected Writings, ed., the Rev. Father M. C. D'Arcy (London, 1940), p. 220.

of God."³⁷ Thence, to him the end corresponds to the beginning. Thus, "where your treasure is, there is your heart also."³⁸ St. Thomas clarifies this point further: "And since every one rejoices when he obtains what he loves, it follows that the contemplative life terminates in delight, which is seated in the affective power, the result being that love also becomes more intense."³⁹

Joyce obtains what he loves when the entelechy of what is made and known for him, Nora Joyce, is achieved in the "Penelope" section of Ulysses. For "the stream of consciousness" is a Joycean version of the classical contemplative life we have defined through Aristotle and St. Thomas, and the ultimate cause and effect of that classical contemplation is God and God alone, "the noblest object",⁴⁰ as Aristotle says. And the classical contemplators meant the living God, not the dead. Therefore, it is no accident, nor result of our sentimentalizing, that Ulysses closes with the living image of the Creator, the creative power innate in Nature, if you will, which is, not imagined, nor fancied, but really divined and felt in the flesh in the final pages of Ulysses.

This Creative Power is, as we see, an enormous synthesis of all diverse elements Joyce discovered in Nora, and by its sheer energy has affirmed all things probable and possible, as far as Joyce is able to accept.

³⁷St. Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologica", p. 215.

³⁸Ibid., p. 194.

³⁹Ibid., p. 220.

⁴⁰Ibid., p. 226.

It is nothing else but definite "Yes" for all. And to achieve this immense prodigy of the last chapter in Ulysses, Joyce starts from the known and given, the flesh and the dirt. As Galway Kinnel said of Villon's poetry, Joyce's entelechy of Nora in the final section of Ulysses also "starts from the grossest base, it is made of pain and laughter, and it is indestructible."⁴¹

⁴¹G. Kinnel, The Poems of François Villon (New York, 1965), p. 18.

CHAPTER III

THE ENTELECHY OF MOLLY: THE EPIPHANY OF

THE DIVINE IN THE ORDINARY

In the preceding chapter, we have considered Joyce's synthetic mind as we found in his making of "Penelope". We have reaffirmed the final affirmation in Ulysses through recognizing the Creative God in Joyce, as we believe embraced by him in Ulysses, the microcosm of the universe. Our present task is to consider what we have not examined, what is Joyce's entelechy, his completed realization, of Molly Bloom, the second Nora, in the final chapter of Ulysses and also what the chapter as a whole finally epiphanizes.

"Penelope" consists of eight sentences in twenty-five thousand words without a punctuation between them; starts and ends with "Yes". "Penelope" is a new adventure, as every chapter of Ulysses is, and our adventure in "Penelope" is one person, although it is composed of many persons. It is an adventure of contemplation in the sense that we postulated on St. Thomas and Aristotle, in the final pages of Chapter II, as any other chapters in Ulysses are, and during its course, we live "the contemplative life".

To make clear how that life started, here we examine how an important event came before Bloom fell asleep at Molly's womb. Seeing off Stephen, Bloom meditates on some affinities existing between the moon and woman, and we remember the first name of Molly's mother is "Lunita", meaning in Spanish "little moon". Bloom's mind at this point elucidates

to Stephen's mind "the mystery of an invisible person, his wife Marion (Molly) Bloom, denoted by a visible splendid sign, lamp" "with indirect and direct verbal allusions or affirmation: with subdued affection and admiration: with description: with impediment: with suggestion (U, p. 702)".

As we understand Ulysses as a metempsychical novel, we may take "Penelope" as a Bloom's contemplation. However, there are some solid facts in "Penelope" and the end of "Ithaca" which of themselves eliminate any possibility for this supposition. One of the facts is that Bloom becomes a manchild in the womb of the Gea-Tellus, Molly Bloom (U, p. 737), and that Bloom sleeps upside down throughout the entire span of Molly's monologue: "He rests. He has travelled (U, p. 737)".

Nevertheless, we remain certain the author of Ulysses is carrying Bloom's contemplation further in Molly's person, and no facts in the novel oppose this conviction of ours. We are assured that Joyce lives "the contemplative life" in Ulysses and Ulysses is a Joycean version of the classical contemplation. What Molly's mind shares with Bloom's is so immense that we almost take Molly's as Bloom's. This is due to the distinct characteristics of Ulysses: it is largely autobiographic and it is an eloquent expression of what Joyce believed as a classical form of the contemplative life. The creation of "Penelope" is the final aspect of Joyce's creation of a contemplative life within himself in Ulysses. The entelechy of Molly Bloom is Joyce's entelechy of Joyce's own wife Nora Joyce with all of her infinite potentialities. Therefore, in this light only must we examine the "actual" in Molly's mind.

While "Ithaca" is largely an impersonal criticism of Bloom's own on himself during the day, "Penelope" is basically a personal criticism of Joyce's own on Bloom and his world through Molly's person. Following the set principle of metempsychosis in Ulysses, we may be able to regard twenty-five or more suitors, as listed in "Ithaca" (U, p. 731), of Molly, the Penelope in Ulysses, as aspects of Joycean Odysseus, Leopold Bloom, who is also an aspect of Joyce himself. However, we admit that this is literary talk, and Joyce achieves in Ulysses a unique artistic reality which is infinitely higher than the actual and which definitely sets Bloom apart from the suitors and also Molly apart from all the characters in the novel including Bloom and the suitors. When Molly refers to a person as "he", which person she refers is always clear to a careful reader. When she refers to Hugh Boylan or Mulvey, she does not mean Leopold Bloom, for instance. Of course, there is a confusion in that she wants to see other men she has known in her living Odysseus, Leopold Bloom, and we are often able to and want to take one she refers to as a Bloom in our sheer pity of Bloom. Nonetheless, differences between Poldy and her other suitors make the criticism of Bloom and his world more real.

Let us examine closely what is Molly's personal criticism of Bloom and his world, which is in fact our own world. In the first sentence we find that Bloom has a habit of exaggerating his sickness. Although he has compassionate manners, being polite and kind to the old, he has some weaknesses which almost always we understand as feminine characteristics. Bloom is extremely afraid of physical pains. Also he is terribly weak in the presence of a woman, his modesty being almost self-

abusive in the face of a woman. He scribbles something in secret to send to a lady other than Molly, and, when found by Molly, he pretends to "be thinking about business (U, p. 739)", covering it with a blotting paper. Coming from the Night-town, he makes "a pack of lies" to Molly to hide where he went. Molly remembers that once in the past he flirted with a servant girl of the family and how he was excessively modest to that poor creature. He is not only weak to Molly but also to all other women.

Molly knows that Bloom enjoys not only flirting with other women than herself but also being cuckolded. It is not she but Bloom who tries to make a whore of Molly (U, p. 740). We are reminded in the third sentence that Bloom, when he lost the job in Hely's and she was selling clothes and strumming in the coffee place, suggested that she may pose for a picture naked to some rich fellow in Holles street (U, p. 753).

Also Molly remembers how Bloom cried terribly when his father died: that he is a weakling. However, he never goes to church mass or meeting (U, p. 741), and does not believe in the existence of "soul". While he needs somebody stronger than himself to protect him, he refuses to worship God. Instead, as we already know, he has made his wife the Church, and she knows that he knows he cannot live without her.

He worships some odd parts of woman: breasts, bottom, arse and womb. He regularly kisses Molly's bottom before he sleeps. Molly remembers how Bloom tried to make her drink a cup of tea creamed with her own milk. We are reminded of the fact that he was also breast-fed by her when she was nursing her baby. Molly is Bloom's mother and church.

She thinks "he knows a lot of mixed up things especially about the body and insides (U, p. 743)". He never says things in plain words, and he has a strange obsession with a woman's drawers. Molly remembers how Bloom once told her that they have no soul and there is only grey matter inside their body. He loves to talk about politics, which Molly detests. She reminds us that once Bloom made her cry by blundering out that Our Lord was a carpenter, and the first socialist.

Bloom came home late after midnight almost near to two o'clock in the morning today. He brought home a motherless visitor and, having forgotten the latch key, he had to climb over the railings and get into the house through the scullery door. He opened the door from inside, and invited the visitor to the kitchen. However, the visitor, whose name was Stephen Dedalus and who, according to Bloom, was a professor and an author, did not stay long in the kitchen. After drinking a cup of cocoa, and chatting a little, the visitor left without a promise to return. Before he fell asleep at her womb, he ordered Molly to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs.

Leopold Bloom has never been steady with a job, since he has been regularly sacked. Whenever it seemed he remained at one position enough, he made some blunders and got fired. He has never been able to rent an apartment for long. They had to run from one place after another almost every year. He has been a nocturnal vagrant, a voluntary cuckold, pretender of all things, and a steady practitioner of Onanism since Rudy's death.

Bloom's faults are many, and his follies unaccountable. His world is grossly material and scientific, and essentially irreligious. It is

chiefly an atomic, inactive, ironical and anti-heroic world born of remorse. However, Molly is never bitter about it; instead, she humors it, never being ironical and sarcastic. Her immense pity of Bloom and his world is terrifying to us.

Instead of denying him, she accepts him. Not whimpering, she is laughing at him. For Molly's "Penelope" only starts with a criticism of Bloom and his world, and goes and expands farther beyond it. For her monologue is a magnificent tapestry of something much larger than a criticism of Bloom's world, not atomic criticisms of remorse. Without an "agenbite of inwit (U, p. 189)", reprimanding a little, she forgives Bloom. Even Bloom's passivity, one of his greatest weaknesses, is turned into a great virtue in this huge synthesis of Penelope-Molly's mind. For, indeed, what enables Odysseus to kill the suitors is the greater virtue of Penelope, his wife, the great weaver, not his personal heroism.

We stated before that "Penelope" is basically Joyce's personal criticism of Bloom through Molly's person. So far we have considered this particular aspect of "Penelope". However, what Joyce has achieved in the final chapter of Ulysses is not merely a humorous personal account of Bloom, as we said before. Although it significantly distinguishes Molly from what we expect from Bloom's wife, by this action the entelechy of Molly is barely started.

Her relationship with Bloom makes only a basic reality: for her Bloom is a basic medium through which she experiences the fallible material world. Molly tells us at the end of the second sentence in "Penelope", of an incident in which she paid a visit to Mr. Cuffe to

plead for Bloom's cause when Cuffe sacked Bloom from his office because of his rudeness:

Im extremely sorry Mrs Bloom believe me without making it too marked the first time after him being insulted and me being supposed to be his wife I just half smiled I know my chest was out that way at the door when he said Im extremely sorry and Im sure you were (U, p. 753)

Molly is almost incapable of feeling humiliations in the world where everybody else would feel humiliated. She laughs in the face of humiliation. Whenever she experiences humiliation, her person proves itself to be bigger than the thing which is abasing her. She means a laugh even when she says: "... he goes about whistling every time were on the run again his huguenots or the frogs march pretending to help the men with our 4 sticks of furniture (U, p. 772)". We remember that even the death of Rudy, their only son, which had a pathetic effect on Bloom's life ("Circe"; "Ithaca"), Molly has managed to overcome with magnificence and disinterestedness of her mind: "yes hed be ll though what was the good in going into mourning for what was neither one thing nor the other (U, p. 774)". She adds later: "O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more (U, p. 778)".

As in Faust, in Molly Bloom "Earth's Insufficiency grows to Event".⁴² She says: "... those fine young men I could see down in Margate strand bathing place from the side of the rock standing up in the sun naked like a God or something and then plunging into the sea with them why

⁴²Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Faust, trans., Bayard Taylor (New York, 1967), p. 258.

arent all men like that (U, p. 775)". What is wanted is fulfilled in what is now and here. Her mind fulfills all of what is wanted in Bloom and other Dublin's failures. She says: "... thered be some consolation for a woman like that lovely little statue he bought I could look at him all day long curly head and his shoulders his finger up for you to listen theres real beauty and poetry for you I often felt I wanted to kiss him all over... .. theres no danger besides hed be so clean compared with those pigs of men (U, pp. 775-6)". Artless often she seems, she has the greatest of all arts, the art of contemplation in a purest and most classical form.

In her relationship with Bloom she seems "a little like that dirty bitch in that Spanish photo he has (U, p. 753)"; however, for herself, in her mind, the very eternal tapestry of Penelope, and by her own light, she is all deathless "fire inside (U, p. 754)" her. As Bloom points out in "Ithaca", she is able to have not only those twenty-five suitors but an infinite number of them.

Our biography of Molly Bloom, as we are able to gather from "Penelope" and other chapters in the book, is even more puzzling than Bloom's suggestion of her capacity. First of all, she does not know her present age. As for her ancestry, we never hear about anything beyond her own parents. He mother's name is Lunita Laredo, as we knew before. Molly says of her mother, "... my mother whoever she was might have given me a nicer name the Lord knows after the lovely one she had (U, p. 761)". Her father is major Tweedy, and she supposes, "he died of galloping drink ages ago the days like years (U, p. 756)".

However, she talks particularly about a terribly cold winter in the

sixth sentence of "Penelope", referring to the icy wind that came from Sierra Nevada, the fireplace and the big doll she had at her house, and her age in that winter which, she thinks, was about ten (U, p. 763).

Bloom informs us in "Ithaca" of her age, saying that Molly was born on 8 September 1870. She is a living form, who is thirty-three years old, not a symbol of an ageless earth, as she says:

...soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you boot-
makers and publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought
you were a wheelbarrow thed die down dead off their
feet if ever they got a chance of walking down the
Almeda on an officers arm like me on the bandnight my
eyes flash my bust that they havent passion God help
their poor head I know more about men and life when
I was 15 than theyll all know at 50 they dont know
how to sing a song like that Gardner said no man
could look at my mouth and teeth smiling like that
and not think of it (U, p. 762)

Thence, some confusions we encountered in her biography must not lead us to conclude that she represents our confused concept of Gea-Tellus, although more or less her mind dangerously approximates the mind of Gea-Tellus. Such confusions as we encountered were due to the nature of her "contemplative life", and not to the facts about her life. It is we who caused confusions in making her biography out of her contemplation during the night. Far more significant than the historical value we imposed upon her respective words is that the mind we realize in that particular flesh of Molly Bloom strikingly does resemble the mind of the earth--if we assume that such exists and suppose that we know it.

Her mind reveals to us certain characteristics we understand as belonging to the earth. Gea-Tellus's indiscriminate love for her children

and her inexhaustible energy to contain all things possible and probable is found transmitted into this woman's body. Also, she detests politics and wars, although she likes the order of any military march. She loves love, God, and the Nature: she says:

I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming
in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the
wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then
the beautiful contry with fields of oats and wheat and
all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about
that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes
and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours
(U, pp. 781-2)

Her menstruation and urination at the end of the sixth sentence are described in her mind as follows: "O Lord what a row youre making like the jersey lily easy O how the waters come down at Lahore (U, p. 771)".

In fact all the souls of women Gea-Tellus may have given to great human creators, either for their life or for their art, are transmigrated into Molly by means of Joycean metempsychosis. Molly compares herself to a nymph in the third sentence of "Penelope". She suggests later in the fourth sentence of her life with Bloom that: "people were always going away and we never (U, p. 756)". Indeed, instead of going away, her "soul" stays at one point to receive all other souls coming to her. Every renowned Joycean critic rightly suggests at least one ancient woman whose character parallels Molly Bloom, and we have listed some important ones critics named for Molly in the final pages of the second chapter of this thesis as names of those whose souls are transmigrated into Molly.

It seems as if such an enormous collection of diverse elements in Molly would endanger her reality. However, she contains all, and is

the highest possible real personality. She remains distinctly dear Molly for Bloom and the suitors. As she says of Mulvey that "those men have to make to the end of the world and back (U, p. 762)", all her real lovers are Odysseus's for her. Like Dante's Ulysses some of them never come back, being lost in the waves of life for ever. Boylan and d'Arcy are most unlike Ulysses, and in her heart she resents the two men, full of contempt (U, Pps. 745; 776; et al). Although she remains faithful to all the dead or lost ones--for instance, like Mulvey--the living Ulysses for Molly is Bloom, and, indeed, we do not know whether her other Ulysses's are still living or not. For Bloom she is: "my Precious one everything connected with your glorious Body everything underlined that comes from it is a thing of beauty and joy for ever (U, p. 771)". Bloom has travelled and now rests at her feet. Molly takes care to let him rest fully. Just as she suggests that Bloom's sleeping posture resembles that of a Buddha's (U, p. 771), Bloom's mind in Molly's "womb" is, perhaps, entering a perfect state of nirvana.

Molly is ancient and at the same time contemporary. Composed of many she is but one; loved by many she only belongs to one. The entelechy of her approximates that of the earth and Nature. Finally the entelechy of her is Joyce's completed realization of an eternal woman in his own wife Nora Barnacle Joyce, as Stephen in "Proteus" predicted: "God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle ... (U, p. 50)".

The force of the entelechy comes from Joyce the creator. It is the strength of his contemplation which realized the Omnipotent power innate in things, the Creative God. As St. Paul and St. Thomas say that "we

come through temporal things to the knowledge of things eternal",⁴³ Joyce's contemplation of Nora, his "temporal", has led him to achieve the eternal in "Penelope". He lives a life in "Penelope", which is the entelechy of his contemplation of Nora, and that entelechy approximates the entelechy of the Eternal Being. For both Aristotle and Joyce, "the entelechy of thought is life, and God is that entelechy."⁴⁴ What the entelechy of the temporal in Joyce finally achieves in "Penelope" is an epiphany--a sudden spiritual manifestation--of God, the Creator. No matter how ordinary and humble a thing is the moment the focus is reached it is epiphanized the supreme quality of beauty is thereby realized. When the entelechy of a thing is perfectly achieved, it becomes the entelechy of the Eternal. Ellmann explains this notion of epiphany as follows:

He mystified Curran by informing him, 'I am writing a series of epicleti-- ten -- for a paper. I have written one. I call the series Dubliners to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or pralysis which many consider a city'. The word epicleti, an error for epicleses (Latin) or epicleseis (Greek), referred to an invocation still found in the mass of the Eastern Church, but dropped from the Roman ritual, in which the Holy Ghost is besought to transform the host into the body and blood of Christ. What Joyce meant by this term adapted like epiphany and eucharistic moment from ritual, he suggested to his brother Stanislaus: 'Don't you think there is a certain resemblance between the mystery of the Mass and what I am trying to do? I mean that I am trying... to give people some kind of intellectual pleasure or spiritual enjoyment by converting the bread of everyday life into something that has a permanent artistic life of its own... for their mental, moral and spiritual uplift (B, p. 169).'

⁴³Rom. i, 20; St. Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica, I.q.79.a.7.

⁴⁴Aristotle, "Metaphysica", p. 880.

Instead of these three words sequentially used in Joyce's earlier youth, "epicleti", "epiphany", and "Eucharistic moment", Stephen in Ulysses uses the term "entelechy", and he uses it in a sense inclusive of all three words he formerly used. Stephen says in "Scylla and Charybdis": "But I, entelechy form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms (U, p. 189)". And he quickly juxtaposes this sense of "I" into "I", the affirmative particular proposition, according to the classification of formal logic, the "I" in the A-E-I-O scheme. The affirmative particular proposition is further explained in "Proteus": "I throw this ended shadow from me, manshape ineluctable... Endless, would it be mine, form of my form (U, p. 48)?"

Therefore, now what Stephen meant by Ineluctable modality of the visible and the audible in the beginning of "Proteus" must be clear. By that he means "My particular Thoughts Through My Senses". This, which is also Joyce's own, "My Particular Thoughts Through My Senses" is the affirmative particular proposition, the artist's subjective reality, and finds its own form and matter in Joyce's own Nora Barnacle Joyce. What is found in her, the actuality containing infinite potentialities of her, is plainly written down in Molly's monologue.

Still further, the entelechy of Nora Barnacle Joyce is for Joyce a form containing infinite matters, creative potentialities. It is the complete realization of the Creative God embraced by Joyce in Ulysses, and his "affirmative particular proposition" of Nora in Molly has been the ineluctable mean for Joyce to achieve it.

Molly makes this point clear:

God of heaven theres nothing like nature... ..

even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature
 it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give
 a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why
 dont they go and create something I often asked him
 atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash
 the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling
 for the priest and they dying and why why because
 theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience
 Ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the
 universe before there was anybody that made it all who
 ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are
 they might as well try to stop the sun from rising to-
 morrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were
 lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the
 grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to
 propose to me yes (U, p. 782)

Here in this portion of Ulysses Joyce's affirmative particular proposi-
 tion affirms not only the entelechy and potentiality of her but also all
 the life forms on the earth and the inexhaustible creative force within
 them, the Creative God. Molly's actuality here unites with God the
 Creator that exceeds the compass of our minds, uniting with Him by un-
 knowing, with that super-resplendent rays of the Divinity. The definite
 "Yes" of Joyce, the Dionysian creator, here dangerously approaches the
 eternal "Yes" of God the Creator, God the Most Merciful, the Original
 Maker of all things temporal and ordinary, all things either good or bad.
 Molly whispers "yes's" throughout the final pages until they become a
 murmur, and a chorus:

O that awful deep down torrent O and the the sea
 crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets
 and the figtrees in the Almeda gardens yes and all
 the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow
 houses and the rose gardens and the jessamine and
 geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where
 I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the
 rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or
 shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the
 Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another
 and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes

and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my
 mountain flower and first I put my arms around him
 yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my
 breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going
 like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes (U, p. 783).

Not only Mulvey, one of her myriad dead (?) Odysseus's, who kissed
 her under the Moorish wall, but all Odysseus's, all her lovers, either
 past or present, are realized through her "yes's" to Bloom. Suggesting
 an eternity, the light in her chamber remains lit throughout the night,
 and her "Yes" grows serene into eternity. Through her mind is epipha-
 nized the Divine; through Joyce's love of an ordinary woman is achieved
 an Immortal Woman.

EPILOGUE

This thesis has discussed critical oppositions to Molly's affirmation, Joyce's synthesis in the making of Molly's affirmative monologue, and finally the entelechy of Molly.

Many significant subjects have been found while writing this thesis, and, though have often tempting digressions on them, they have been dropped as trivialities. To keep the consistency of argument, one has to sacrifice even something highly valuable and important to oneself. For example, I have neglected Homeric parallels and musical allusions in "Penelope", and Nietzschean aesthetics (which I firmly believe influenced Joyce) lying behind the structure of "Penelope".

To avoid atomistic views on the novel, this thesis has focused its main attention on the entelechy of Molly and Joyce's synthetic mind in the making of "Penelope". In order to introduce an all-inclusive concept into our understanding of the work, this thesis may often have misused theology. However, in borrowing from theology, always the author of this thesis has purposed some useful end, and never a perversion.

Joyce left the Catholic Church in his earlier youth, and remained an elapsed Catholic during the rest of his life. However, as Ellmann points out, he never opposed the idea of "soul". His attitude toward the saints, Christ, and God the Creator had been always most reverential throughout his life, as we all witness in his novels. Stephen suggests in "Proteus", one of the most important chapters in the book, that he may have been a "Missionary to Europe after fiery Columbanus (U, p. 42)".

Perhaps he made some fun of the idea of Holy Father and Holy Son through Bloom and Stephen in Ulysses. However, for Joyce all the true creators are always God's as Molly suggests in the final pages of the book, and to us the whole book remains enormously reverential toward the Holy Ghost, as She (i.e. Holy Ghost which is feminine in Hebrew) transforms the bread of everyday life into something permanent and eternal in the book.

In Joyce a great artist seems to mean always a great holy sinner, in the sense that he, like that tragic Jacob, has to sin in his struggling for the Angel's own blessing. He must ask for His own hand to bless him in the flesh. To grasp the divine in the temporal the artist must live fully in the temporal, even disregarding all his previous grand notions of the divine.

Joyce married with the most possible ordinary woman he could find. After having left the Church, he made the woman his church. He worshipped and contemplated her in Ulysses, and finally discovered her in the final chapter of the same book as the Mystical Body of Church Founded on the Rock (i.e. "the rock of Gibraltar (U, p. 770)").

What is epiphanized in the entelechy of her in "Penelope" is God the Creator, the host of the church Joyce erected in her body. Joyce exiled in a foreign land and bowed down in dust with his woman, divined in Ulysses the indestructible creative force innate in all things temporal and ordinary, the sacred hands of God the Creator. In this light Ulysses stands as one of the most sacred books written in our time.

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APPENDIX

List of Abbreviations

<u>Title of Work</u>	<u>Reference Letter</u>
Joyce, James. <u>A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man</u> . New York: Modern Library, 1928	<u>P</u>
Joyce, James. <u>Finnegans Wake</u> . New York: Viking Press, 1969	<u>F</u>
Joyce, James. <u>Stephen Hero</u> , ed., T. Spencer. New York: New Directions, 1944.	<u>S</u>
Joyce, James. <u>Ulysses</u> . New York: Modern Library, 1961.	<u>U</u>
Ellmann, Richard. <u>James Joyce</u> . New York: Oxford University Press, 1959.	<u>B</u>
Ellmann, Richard, Ed. <u>Letters of James Joyce</u> , II. New York: Viking Press, 1966.	<u>L</u>