

The Rhetorics of Fiction and Politics in the *Aeolus* Episode of *Ulysses*

"They had heard, or had heard said, or had heard said written"

Finnegans Wake 369:16

As everyone has remarked, the business of this episode is rhetoric. But in a fairly obvious sense the business of all the episodes is rhetoric: how to find a style that best communicates the thoughts of a half-educated man as he goes about his business in a provincial capital of the British Empire in 1904; the thoughts of his uneducated wife mulling over her past and present without melancholy in the middle of the night; the musings of an overeducated young man walking alone with his thoughts on a beach; the conversation of a group of intellectuals discussing literary history; the talk of another group of educated men discussing and practicing rhetoric as here in this episode.¹

How do you convey the rather chaotic reality of a group conversation in a place of business with its many interruptions without at the same time presenting the reader with chaos? How do you make the report an artistic daedalian construct that displays the individual parts without seeming like a collection of *disjecta membra*? It is the question that Stephen Dedalus tried to grapple with on the beach in "Proteus": how to turn the protean flux of life into an artistic "thing".

¹ In **James Joyce's *Ulysses*** (194-8) Stuart Gilbert has four pages of rhetorical forms used in this episode. An appendix doing much the same can be found in Don Gifford's ***Ulysses Annotated*** (2nd ed., Berkeley: U of California Press, 1988), p.635 ff.

Karen Lawrence's excellent chapter on this *Aeolus* episode in her book **The Odyssey of Style in Ulysses**² speaks almost exclusively of the intrusive headings which were not present in the first published version in **The Little Review** in 1918; Joyce added them in 1921. She sees them as a deliberate attempt to disrupt the "norm" established in the first six chapters and to foretell the experimentation in the later ones. The headline intrusions have no obvious narrator or perpetrator, and often little connection with the narrative which they are designed to disrupt, thus questioning not only the rhetoric being displayed by the characters in the chapter, but the possibilities of normal novel narrative which would find such intrusions intolerable.

The curious thing is that the narrative DOES proceed in spite of the headlines or subheadings the way a column of news does. I find myself skipping them all the time as I used to do with subheadings in a column of newspaper, and in fact on re-reading the headings both in Joyce and a paper, I feel that many of them look not so much like sub-headlines as like clues in the more elaborate crossword puzzles you find in some magazines, clues which you sometimes do not understand until you have read the solution. To what extent then is Joyce's tactic a success or a failure? The drive on the reader's part to follow a narrative is so strong, at least in my own case, that I find the "headlines" hardly more than a curiosity which I tend to ignore even after I have given them some previous attention. To that extent, I suppose, Joyce's revision is not a success.

What I find principally interesting are the other intrusions throughout the chapter, interfering with the main narrative and with the narratives of the characters within the chapter. Take the noises: they start off not as intrusions, but as the norm: the "clanging ringing of the trams" (line 10), "loudflung sacks of letters" (17), the shouting of the tram starter, the thud of barrels on the dray. In most novels all this would be

² Princeton, New Jersey: P. U. P., 1981

ambience, falling into the background easily, as normal human speech takes the foreground. But here, Bloom's voice trying to assert itself is partially drowned by the whirring and clanking of the press in the printing house; he has to slip "his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking" (line 139). And throughout the chapter, noises are frequent: newsboys' running feet, their song **with** words which you have to read, the screams of their own headlines, the ringing of the telephone, and so on. These are not just noises off; they are very much onstage, but are not only quite irrelevant to the narrative; they are interruptions to it.

Then there are the interruptions that are more or less than noises: boys tumbling through the door in their fighting and being ejected, or a doorknob banging into one character's back as another visitor enters. "A dumb belch of hunger" (860) interrupts McHugh's recitation of Taylor's great speech, and there are other "dumb", i.e. unspoken, interruptions -- the thoughts of Bloom and Stephen, the only ones we are privy to.³

Nineteenth-century novels, English or French, proceed with comparative economy, even long and windy novels like many of Dickens's. Everything that is introduced should have something to do to develop the main plot or a sub-plot or the characters. If the author of such a novel draws your attention to a noise or a gesture, let us say, it is significant in some way, even if only for ambience; it is not to HINDER the narrative. Joyce even parodies this normal feature of novels: "I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking if that match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives" (763-765), a passage that suggests Dickens to Gifford; to others perhaps Beaufoy of "Matcham's Masterstroke". Whether the passage is Stephen's sardonic silent thought or the narrator's, it is not strictly part of the narrative. But thoughts and noises in life

³ See lines 836, 841, 880 for Stephen; 260, 292, 303, 338, 983 etc for Bloom.

are like that: they do not stay obediently in their own marked-off section, and *Aeolus* tries to make the novel more like real life with normal and abnormal interruptions to smooth narrative in the most inconvenient places. Even the rolling periods of Taylor's speech are interrupted by McHugh's belch which he would have gladly suppressed. Maybe Taylor's original speech was interrupted by that orator's own hunger or indigestion. Did someone bang a door just as he modulated his speech to a touching whisper? Did a voice in a corridor shriek with laughter or burst out in song just as he reached his peroration? If such interruptions happened, as they are happening at the moment in the newspaper office, they are suppressed in the re-telling, for the intended effect is better achieved without them. That is art. Joyce's chapter artfully pretends to imitate life. It is an attempt to show the artificialness of this kind of suppression of interruptions, and to demonstrate how they can be handled.

The characters themselves also interrupt the smoothness of narrative and dialogue in a way fairly typical of life but not of novels. Visitors entering in the middle of the dialogue have to greet and be greeted. Lenehan's first attempt to tell his riddle is itself an interruption, an effort to change the drift of the conversation which, nevertheless proceeds around him (l. 477); his next attempt (l.504) is a more obvious interruption of a story by Molloy, but is itself interrupted by the entry of Stephen and O'Madden Burke whom Lenehan himself greets in French. Lenehan finally gets to pose his riddle (513), but any answer is interrupted by Stephen giving Deasy's letter to the editor, which leads to another change in the conversation in which Lenehan himself participates. Not until two pages later (ll 588-591) is Lenehan finally able to give the answer to his riddle. Even Stephen's story which begins on l. 923 proceeds only to 951 before being interrupted until 1002 when he can resume. While there are no further lengthy interruptions, there are fairly frequent interjections, responses to the story as it goes along. Thus, out of about 100 lines, Stephen's story takes up only half. Stephen does not make a speech like the quoted orators; he tells a story, but only as the principal in a group, some of whom contribute bits.

Curiously (and triumphantly), this is not at all as confusing in the text as it sounds in paraphrase; we experience it all the time in life, not much in fiction, and it is a very impressive display by Joyce of a rhetoric of fiction so different from the normal nineteenth-century novel. Writers on 'conversation theory' these days, describe much the same thing as characteristic of story-telling in groups. In Joyce it does not seem to matter whether the talk is high flown or scrupulously mean like the style of Stephen's story; whether it is largely second-hand as with the rhetoric in the office, or apparently original like Stephen's story told in the street. But a comparison of Joyce's chapter with a transcript of a conversation among educated people in a book by, say, Deborah Tannen, will demonstrate how chaotic are such conversations in groups, and how artful Joyce's "imitation" really is.⁴

As for Bloom, his very presence in the chapter is a kind of interruption, whether he is in the printing house, the editorial office, or the street.

But notice the one kind of interruption that is strikingly absent: any description of the room in which much of the chapter takes place, the kind of interruptive description that would be a standard feature of many novels. We do eventually deduce that the room has a window facing the street, at least one door, a file cabinet, because all of these FUNCTION in the narrative. The only apparently irrelevant feature mentioned (two or three times) is the fireplace which does nothing in the story, and its appearance three times seems designed to point that out.

The same is true of personal descriptions of people. There is no full physical description of anyone, and no description at all of many. What we do get here are the few "characterizing" physical details that the narrator finds significant, and often

⁴ Joyce does something similar in the following chapter, "Lestrygonians" in an exchange between Bloom and Nosey Flynn. At 773 Flynn asks "Who's getting it up?", a question that is not answered until 784.

repeats. Before we are done we know, for example, that the editor is red-faced, has a blue-eyed stare and a stand of white hair and a number of other things about him. But notice how even in one of the longest of the descriptive passages the features are SUBJECTS of verbs not objects or complements: not "he had a scarlet beaked face" but "a scarlet beaked face, crested by a comb of feathery hair thrust itself in, the bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked"(344-6), "the loose flesh of his neck shook" (1.663) etc. We glance McHugh's unwashed teeth (373) his black rimmed spectacles (335, 440, 560, 810-11, 826), his long lips (473, 809, 1055), his frayed stained shirtcuffs and collar (487 & 821). But why McHugh? Do we know what the others look like? Does it much matter?

This is Joyce's rhetoric for the narrator, but his rhetoric for the characters is, like most journalism, reporting, giving something second hand. Everyone is quoting, except perhaps for Simon Dedalus with his original lament: "Wouldn't it give you a heartburn in your arse," and the saucy newsboy's inventive headline: "Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows". (Perhaps he was the one ejected from the office by McHugh, one of the bellows in the chapter). Bloom is quoting an ad from a Kilkenny newspaper. Stephen quotes, if "dumbly", the quatrain, presumably the thing he produced on the beach in "Proteus", about as derivative and second hand as such a production can get. And, again dumbly, he quotes Augustine (841) and Dickens or Beaufoy (760). Lambert quotes Dan Dawson's dreadfully "eloquent" speech derisively. Molloy and McHugh quote speeches they consider genuinely eloquent from Irish orators, and the editor quotes Ignatius Gallagher, his ideal journalist, who had used an advertisement cleverly to convey some breaking news. (Sweet are the uses of advertisements, unless Bloom has anything to do with them.)

And why do we have the impression that in the past all the "regulars" have heard -- perhaps many times -- the journalistic anecdote about Gallagher, Taylor's speech, and

Bushe's polished period. One reason for our suspicion is the aforementioned interruptions of Lenehan's riddle, Lenehan's own interruption of Molloy as he starts to lead up to his favorite quotation (503-4), and still another is Lenehan's derogatory limerick in response to MacHugh's derogatory speeches about the Roman and British empires (578). They are all uninterested in hearing again stuff they have heard so often before. Stephen is rather silent in the conversation, contributing almost nothing. As the new boy he seems to know that his place here and now is to watch and listen as the favorite gems, old and well polished, are produced for the admiration of the newcomer. This narrator will not *tell* us that they have been displayed often in the past; we have to deduce that. Nor, unlike the narrator of the Dickens / Beaufofy passage, will he tell us the future; we have to wait for it.

We do find later in a similar setting in the library that Stephen *is* as eloquent in a discursive way as McHugh is here. But the library discussion is about literary history, and this conversation in *Aeolus* is largely about political history and its consequences, a nightmare from which Stephen says he is trying to awake. But even in this episode, he is fluent in a different fashion when his turn comes on the way to the pub. What he calls his "vision" is a deliberately banal story told to counteract the oratory he has heard in the newspaper office. It is a contrast to, and maybe a gentle mockery of, the cosmic fanfare or bodily emission that seemed to accompany the "poetic" parturition in *Proteus*. He *is* like cousin Swift after all; bitter prose comes much more readily than romantic verse.⁵

Apart from Stephen, the only ones who do much COMPOSING in the chapter are the composers in the printing house. Indeed among the contrasts and connections in this chapter are notably those between the printed word and the spoken word, the living

⁵ As with Joyce himself whose verse everyone wants to improve by putting it to music. See the list of composers, already quite long, at the end of Gillespie and Fargnoli's *Joyce A to Z* (NY: Facts on File, 1995).

and the dead languages. Dawson's *speech* sounds like something *written* before it was delivered, and is now *printed* in the paper. As Bloom remarks silently, this rubbish *sounds* better when delivered by the likes of Doughy Daw than when *read* by Ned Lambert from the *printed* paper, and so do the speeches of the old orators when *spoken* by Molloy and McHugh who rightly refers to this as genuine "oratory" (879). Even the newsboy's shout is modeled after a printed headline. Lenehan's spoken riddle and limerick and Stephen's unspoken poem are pre-written or, at least, pre-composed, but curiously Stephen's prose story gives the impression of being orally composed on the spot, no doubt an artful illusion. And of course, **we** are reading in print the conversation that should have gone into only akasic records from the newsroom if it had ever actually taken place. Intertextuality par excellence, I suppose.

Opening the newspaper is like opening a bag of rather stale wind, including Dan Dawson's artificially scented zephyr, the whole thing filled by people who have been "bit by a bellows", except for the composers. We do get to hear the few actual compositions within the episode: Lenehan's limerick and riddle (presumably original with him), Stephen's poem, and most prominently, his original short story. The only other literature, even journalistic, is Deasy's letter and the sports page. Not much living eloquence, anyway, although the languages mentioned or quoted are numerous, all but two of them dead languages at this point: English, Latin, Greek, French, Hebrew, -- and Irish, which is spoken of but not spoken. Most of the characters know as much Irish as Bloom knows Hebrew, and he hesitates to ask Nanetti about an Italian pronunciation lest he too be ignorant of his "native" tongue. And the biggest bag of wind of all is a book the size of **Ulysses** filled by a man who was bit by a bellows as a child, in Rathmines or thereabouts..⁶

⁶ "like a newspaper broadsheet it [Ulysses] juxtaposed discrepant reports and experiences, and it demands a similar technique of reading." (465) Moreover, the action of the "novel" is like the action of a newspaper, it covers only one day (470). Declan Kiberd in **Irish Classics**.(Cambridge, Harvard UP, 2001)

In a chapter about eloquence the fairly heavy presence of Moses is noticeable, as Ellmann, Maddox, and Gordon have pointed out. Moses was notoriously tongue-tied, and had to have his brother Aaron speak for him to the Pharaoh. The reverse is ironically and comically true here; Dublin is represented in parliament not by the connoisseurs of fine oratory, but by the most taciturn man in the chapter. A member of a race noted for their volubility, Nannetti is a quiet Moses rather than an eloquent Aaron, but is nevertheless a successful Irish politician, an "outsider" who unlike Bloom, has made it in a strange land, where the intellectuals sit around and gasbag away the day while political affairs are run by reticent working men in their spare time, a fact stressed by Nannetti himself in Bloom's unspoken thought (87-88).⁷ But Nannetti is unlike Moses in one important respect. Moses did lead his people to the borders of the promised land.

They have been discussing Irish orators and quoting the eloquent comparison one of them had made between the Irish people and the Jews in Egypt led by Moses. But, as Ireland's history proves, eloquence is no substitute for either when dealing with a ruthless enemy -- the one with the chariots, landbound or seagoing, King of England or Pharaoh of Egypt. This is what Stephen's Parable of the Plums illustrates, somewhat as follows:

A certain monarch had an admiral called Nelson who died in battle after many victories. To honor the admiral and to celebrate his victories the monarch erected a pillar of stone in the middle of the chief city of one of his subject nations.

Two elderly women of that city and nation go to the top of the Pillar to see what they can see, maybe the promised land, like Moses in the bible: *"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah that is over against*

⁷ And in actual fact, according to Gifford. As Bloom half foretells here Nannetti did become Lord Mayor of Dublin (106), as Bloom himself becomes in imagination in "Circe", and as the Jewish Briscoes, father and son, did in fact become in the latter half of the twentieth century.

Jericho, and the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan.” (Deut 34.1).

What do the poor Dublin women see? A holy land of sorts, for the principal structures they note are churches which they can also see from below. But, nothing new. No "vision". The holy land is just the same old place viewed from a height; this is Dublin, dear and dirty, relentlessly urban, not the *locus amoenus* painted in Dan Dawson's gaudy prose, and not the land of vision, sacred or secular, portrayed in the bible or in different versions of the Pisgah Sight by many nineteenth-century English with whom apparently it was a favorite trope.⁸

If the women are disappointed, it is not with the disappointment that afflicted Moses or his later English analogues. The women sit down and eat their brawn and plums, Dublin manna for Dubliners who, unlike the chosen people, had to **buy** their manna. From the top of a monument erected to celebrate the British Empire which the learned have been deriding in the newspaper office, the unlearned see what they have been used to seeing -- the monuments to which they give **their** allegiance, churches, which Stephen and some readers see as the monuments to the women's other master, the Church of Rome. The profound difference, assumed by Stephen but never noted by the critics, is that this other master is willingly accepted.

Of course someone less cynical would point out that to these women a city as bechurched as Dublin might be more like the promised land if it had one more church, the Catholic cathedral it so notably lacked and lacks because Nelson and his kind made sure that the King controlled the old pre-reformation cathedrals. The only and pathetic Catholic protest was and is to refuse to build a new one. So, the old cathedrals, Christ Church and St Patricks, are just as much monuments to the Victor as Nelson's pillar or

⁸ See the chapter "Pisgah Sight" in George Landow's **Victorian Types** Boston and London: Routledge, 1980. Stephen retells the parable to Bloom in "Ithaca" (l. 1640) though **we** do not hear it again there. Bloom thinks it suitable for a school reader or for a money-making article of a "Matcham's Masterstroke" kind.

Wellington's needle.

For his story about the women on the monument Stephen prefers his semi-biblical title, Parable of the Plums, to the classical one suggested by McHugh: "Deus nobis haec otia fecit". ("God has made this leisure / peace / pleasant place / for us"). Why the biblical preference? Well, for one thing the newspaper people have been citing the speech in which the orator compared the Jews in captivity to the Irish under British rule. For another, McHugh's Virgilian line praising the bucolic life does not seem particularly apt, to us at least, though one suspects a lurking joke.⁹ And in Stephen's preference for the title, *Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, there definitely lurks a rather wry joke.

First, by way of explanation, a couple of definitions and illustrative quotations and a cartoon that will throw light on each other and on Stephen's choice of title. These definitions appeared in a book published in London in 1891: **Slang and Its Analogues**, compiled by J.S. Farmer and W.E. Henley :

"Palestine: 1821: Palestine in London or the Holy Land, includes that portion of the parish of St Giles, Bloomsbury, inhabited by the lower Irish."

We look up "Holy Land" and find a number of quotations, including this gem from an English magazine:

"It would be hard to say whether the Irishmen of the Holy Land or the Hebrew scum of Petticoat Lane showed the finest specimens of 'looped and windowed raggedness.'"

A second Farmer and Henley definition of Holy Land:

"Generic for any neighborhood affected by Jews."

Does this about cover the **Bloomsbury** of Dublin upon which the women look?

Second, an English cartoon from 1829 depicting a mob of Irish people in London

⁹ See Fritz Zenn, "Bucolic Strands in *Aeolus*", **James Joyce Quarterly** 27 (1989), 129-132.

celebrating Catholic Emancipation. It is a cartoon typical of many English and American pictures of the poor Irish immigrant: ragged, drunken and bestial. The heading of the cartoon says clearly: "*A Scene in the Holy Land. March 17, 1829.*" Note also the name of the district, *St Giles*, on the wall at the left of the picture. ¹⁰



¹⁰ See Appendix below for a transcript of the words in the cartoon which may be difficult to decipher. A copy of the political 1829 Emancipation cartoon that was omitted from the print version of part of this article can now be found on the web at ThomondGate.net

So what the two women see *is* Palestine, though it is not the promised land of Moses, and it is **Bloomsbury**, though they do not know it. Each of the women is a *sean bhean bhocht*,¹¹ perhaps another version of the milkwoman of "Telemachus", all of them testifying to the victory of the conqueror who has deprived them of their language and their land. "Oh the French are on the sea, said the *sean bhean bhocht*," went the words of an old patriotic ballad recalling the hope of the Irish for French help in throwing off the English oppression. Well, Nelson had put a stop to that, and Ireland was savaged again, the *sean bhean bhocht* once more in the rebellion of 1798 of which Bloom and his kind fear to speak. Nelson's pillar is a tribute to the memory of the victor and his victory over French and Irish alike. Joyce's phrase for this episode in *Linati* is "The Mockery of the Victory," and the "Victory" is, among other things, the name of Nelson's flagship. Mockery of the Victory is objective and subjective genitive: the defeated Irish mock the English power, but the English victor smiles mockingly down on the Irish poor. He is secure on his column.

Can Dubliners see any more from Horatio Nelson's pillar than from Billy Pitt's Martello tower, built in the same period as a British defense against the French, as Mulligan had pointed out in "Telemachus"? Can they see Mountjoy jail where so many Irish patriots served time or suffered execution? All three — pillar, tower, jail — like the cathedrals we have mentioned but which the narrative does not, are symbols and constant reminders of a British conquest which is effective even now over Stephen's mind. For when McHugh says "poor Penelope", Stephen Dedalus of the Greek name, in a book named **Ulysses** immediately thinks not of the famous faithful wife of Odysseus but of Penelope Rich, a literary figure from Sir Phillip Sidney's sonnets, an adulteress in actual life, like Nelson's mistress, Emma Hamilton. What we do **not** hear about Penelope Rich, but what perhaps we are supposed to know in a book that

¹¹ *sean bhean bhocht*, Irish for "poor old woman," an old poetic code for Ireland. For the words see Gifford, note to "Telemachus", I, 543-4.

expects us to know so much, is that she left her husband to live with Lord Mountjoy in whose honor that infamous Dublin jail was named because of his infamous and brutal subjugation of Ireland in Sidney's and Shakespeare's lifetime, a subjugation even more savage than that of the Neapolitan revolution crushed by Nelson in the nineteenth century.

So much for the promised land, where the mind of the brightest can now be conquered by the sugared eloquence of the conqueror, a sonnet written by the enemy, (PENelope *is* champ, as the headline almost said), and where the second brightest is attracted by a sardonic parable told by the first which deflates him and his countrymen but at which he laughs "richly". "PEN IS CHAMP": the pen is mightier than the sword, perhaps, but only when wielded by the those who have prevailed by the sword.

Critics from Tindall onwards make more or less explicit the pun of sexual conquest hinted at in the headline and the implications of phallic triumph in Nelson's Pillar.¹² Each sean bhean who climbs the pillar is bhucked by the "PenIs Champ"(no space between be subject and the copula), and the experience appears to be the biggest or second biggest disappointment to these Dublin "vestals", as a related experience was to the American bride, according to another Dubliner, Oscar Wilde. Notice that the sean bhean is also *bhoct* (poor): she has to **pay** for the privilege of mounting the symbol of her subjection. She must even bring the plums she has to buy at the butt of the pillar, and whose seed she spits out at the top: a 24-seed salute to the one-handed adulterer. The rich mount joy; the poor mount Nelson at considerable cost to themselves and so are bhoct, for the part of Nelson that remains potent is his political power to possess

¹² Among the more recent see D. Weir, "Sophomore Plumps for Old Man Moses", **JJQ** 28 (1991), 657-661; Theoharis C. Theoharis, **Joyce's Ulysses : An Anatomy of the Soul**. Chapel Hill: U. of N. Carolina Press, 1988), p. 192. Weir perhaps infers rather more than the text implies. See also Cheryl Herr's **Joyce's Anatomy of Culture** (U of Illinois P, 1986), p.77. References to to other critical commentaries on this episode up to that point are conveniently collected in the notes to chapter 2 of Herr's book.

them AND make them pay for it, the dear might of him who rules the wives, even in death.

--Imperium romanum, J.J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton [another English jail whose inside was very well known to Irishmen]. The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire.

Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling. --That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell. --Wait a moment, professor Mac Hugh said, raising two quiet claws. We mustn't be led away by words, by the sounds of words (478-484).

And then McHugh proceeds for much of the rest of the chapter to let exactly that happen, but not in the direction Molloy's observation about Brixton might have led both of them. Stephen is not misled: he has had his verbal orgasm for the day on the beach in "Proteus". When Molloy invites Stephen's appreciation for the most polished period Molloy has ever heard, "You like it?" , Stephen is silent; his only response is to blush (775). His ultimate answer shows that he is not moved, not to patriotism at least, by the seduction of fine words: he composes a Parable expressed in deliberately anti-intoxicating rhetoric, the kind of flat workaday prose used by another famous earlier Dubliner. Stephen may *be* like Antisthenes. He certainly *aims* to be like Swift, Protestant Dean of St Patrick's, the seized cathedral, and thus a man with divided sympathies that were partly responsible for his bitterness against the English oppressors, and against himself and his fellow countrymen. Stephen's parable, more sardonic than bitter, is about *imperium Romanum* in Dublin displayed in its churches, and the *imperium Britannicum* or *Brixtonicum* displayed in monuments like Nelson's column which says with the editor: you are the fat in the fire; you don't have the chance of a snowball in hell.

Words. Later in the book, in the "Cyclops" episode, there is another Citizen with a different rhetoric, who wants to reify the anagram and beat "words" into "sword", who

mocks the victor in less polished terms than those of McHugh and Molloy; who speaks for action which the sardonic know will end as it always has, and as it did again in 1916. For now, the vanquished have one small victory, a matter of fact, if also only a matter of words, and certainly small enough not to be noticed by most readers: the citizens of 1904 Dublin and the narrator of this episode call the street on which Nelson's Pillar stands "O'Connell St" (l. 1041); officially it has kept the name imposed by the masters: "Sackville St." In the late nineteenth century the Dublin Corporation or town council, reflecting a popular sentiment, had tried to change the name to O'Connell Street formally, but it was vetoed by the Rt Hon Eyre Chatterton, and in anger the Corporation proposed to rename as Chatterton Street a notorious street in the Monto red-light district. Apparently the council did not rename either street, but ordinary people did not back off their demand, and insisted on calling the main thoroughfare O'Connell Street. Indeed, it is said that at this time if a passenger hailed a cab at a train station or at the pier in Dublin, and asked to be taken to Sackville St, cabmen refused to acknowledge that there was such a street in Dublin.¹³

The point of Stephen's satire is that the victor still smiles down on that street whatever the subject Irish call it. He can sack this ville anytime he likes, and do it with the Nelson touch, onehanded. From Horatio Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street towards Billy Pitt's tower in Sandycove run rows of cast steel and electric wires. The connection can be disrupted for a moment when the power goes off briefly. But do not let that give you any notion that you have seen the promised land free finally of the power of the conqueror. The power will return; it always has. This power, like the poor, you have always with you in Dublin. Let the Irish orators talk all they want; let the literati mock all they want; Pitt and Nelson have the fortresses and the armed ships. They will not allow you to set foot in the promised land.

¹³ See P. Somerville- Large, **Dublin** (Hamish Hamilton, London 1979), p. 245. Gogarty (the original for Buck Mulligan) wrote a book which he called **As I Was Going Down Sackville Street**. He needed to keep the British name to make the allusion to the Horatian satire: "Ibam forte via sacra. As I was going down Sacra Street."

As the first headline in the chapter says, the Pillar stands as a stake "In the Heart of the Hibernian Metropolis" as it does through Ireland's eye in "Cyclops." It is indestructably present at the beginning and end of the chapter, before the rhetoric and after it. It is not a pillar of cloud or fire, leading the chosen people to the promised land, nor a column of words in a newspaper ironically named "The Freeman"; it is a pillar of stone, a priapic column of granite, raised by the Pharaoh exulting in his subjugation and rape of "the chosen people" who have no Moses to lead them and who need not in this case expect any help from on high. The column is a monument to worldly potency, and maybe also to divine power, for if victory is proof, God is on the side of the Pharaoh, and mockery of the victory is pointless or blasphemous. Any comparison of the Irish people to the chosen people of God is vain and idle.

End of Chapter

APPENDIX

Word in the 1829 Tregear cartoon.

1. Heading: "Scene in the Holy Land March 17, 1829" (Year of Catholic Emancipation).
2. O'Connell (being carried): "Be the powers, I'll make ye all Wigs"
- 3 O'Connell carrier: "O'Connel (sic) for ever with his sprig of Shelale (sic) and Shamrock so green."
4. Top Center: "Be telling the Ould Primes just to put me on the Half Pay Commission."
5. Woman: "The darling, the Ladys joy"
6. Right: "Daniel O'Connel for ever and a day after ! fait and its himself will see us righted now any hour!"

7. On the wall at left: "St Giles".
8. Small script at bottom: "Pub'd 1829 by Tregear, 123 Cheap Side, London"