ULYSSES AND THE SEA

by

Ronald C. Kincaid

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Come out to where the youth is met
Under the moon, beside the sea,
And leave your weapon and your net,
Your loom and your embroidery.

Bring back the pleasantness of days
And crystal moonlight on the shore.
Your feet have woven many a maze
In old times on the ivory floor.

The weapons and the looms are mute
And feet are hurryin by the sea,
I hear the viol and the flute,
The sackbut and the psaltery.

James Joyce, "Untitled"

And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary
I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father,
my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the
mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moan-
anoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only,
into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those
therrble prongs! Two more. Onetwo moremens more. So.
Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But
one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of.
Lff! So soft this morning, ours. Yes. Carry me along,
taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen
him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like
he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die down over his
feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There's
where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush
End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee,
mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to.
Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*
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INTRODUCTION

A literary pilgrimage to the realm of James Joyce's *Ulysses* animates the Edwardian Dublin immortalized by Leopold Bloom, and the visit reveals many aspects about the narrative not apparent in merely reading it. When I journeyed to Dublin in June of 1972, I gained new understandings about *Ulysses* from visits such as one to the Martello Tower at Sandycove. From the roof of the tower situated on the headland of Dalkey and the site of the first scene in *Ulysses*, I gazed across the languid waters of Dublin Bay and followed visually the curve of the strands past Dublin to the promontory opposite Dalkey, Howth Head. I then realized that the plot of the novel traces a rough half-circle from south to north with the natural curve of the bay. The work begins with Stephen Dedalus in Dalkey; it follows him north along the curving strands to Dublin where Bloom is portrayed; then, it continues its circular sweep to Howth Head in the rumination mind of Molly Bloom. Perhaps there, in her memory of love's younger days, Molly and Leopold gaze out over Dublin Bay and—in Bloomsday's commingling of the past, present, and future—they meet Stephen's gaze above the waves from Dalkey completing the circle. As my thoughts paused over the bay and I speculated on the possibility
of an undeciphered Joycean device of geographical circularity, I asked myself these important questions about the last span of my theoretical circle, Dublin Bay: What about the sea? Since this modern Odyssey depicts life on or near the seashore, how important is the sea in Ulysses? The answers to these and related questions lay in subsequent biographical and critical research on Joyce and in a close reading of Ulysses with eyes that sought any ripple of seawater, ears any sound of waves, a nose any scent of brine. The questions phrased initially on the roof of the Martello Tower led to the critical investigation recorded in the following thesis and to a new understanding of Ulysses and the sea.

My research verified what I had suspected initially, that few critics have investigated the sea's importance in Ulysses, and those who have examined it (such as Maurice Beebe and Richard Ellmann) have not investigated it to my complete satisfaction. That few critics discuss the sea should be surprising, for it is common knowledge among Joyce critics that Joyce structured his Ulysses partly after Homer's Odyssey in which the sea is a fundamental element in Odysseus' struggle homeward. Odysseus' world is an archipelago of many different and dangerous experiences. In the Odyssey, the sea is the means and route homeward to Ithaca and the shelter from island perils, but also the sea is the agent of death that rages
and destroys the remainder of Odysseus’ crew from Troy. The sea is a literal life-giving and taking force, but it is also a symbol of death and renewal as Odysseus arises miraculously out of its dark depths and onto the beach at Phaiakia. Joyce structured *Ulysses* partly after the *Odyssey*, and therefore we are justified in asking: Is the sea also a fundamental element in this day in the lives of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus? Of course, *Ulysses* does not take place literally in an archipelago, for Bloom's wanderings are landlocked. Nevertheless, Bloom voyages metaphorically down treacherous routes in streams of traffic; he seeks relief from the perilous islands of experience down at the seaside before returning indirectly from the sea to his Penelope. As we shall see, the sea pervades *Ulysses* on literal and symbolic levels not previously illuminated by Joyce criticism.

Therefore, the thesis of this paper is that the sea is an important part of *Ulysses* in which it operates as a literal and symbolic element and as part of a death and renewal motif. As with the other numerous elements, motifs, and images in the novel, the sea does not predominate or define the entire work. Nevertheless, we cannot ignore the sea in *Ulysses*. A knowledge of how the sea operates in *Ulysses* is important for us to gain the fullest understanding of the novel. The sea is part of the experience of Bloomsday, of Dublin, Stephen Dedalus,
and Leopold Bloom—a part that helps make up the whole picture of *Ulysses*. This thesis is not an attempt to understand the whole of *Ulysses*, but an attempt to illuminate a part of it which, pieced with the other illuminated parts, aids us in understanding the whole. The sea is an important part of *Ulysses* whether or not Joyce ascribed to it a coherent pattern of meaning (although this paper delineates such a pattern). Therefore, to aid in a fuller understanding of *Ulysses*, I have combed the strands of the narrative and herein present my critical pastiche of *Ulysses* and the sea.

In this paper, first I shall discuss the biographical aspect of Joyce and the sea (necessary to show Joyce's experience with and enduring regard for the sea that prompted its inclusion in *Ulysses*); secondly, I shall discuss *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* that introduces the element of the sea that evolves into *Ulysses*; and thirdly, I shall discuss the sea in *Ulysses*. 
CHAPTER I

JOYCE AND THE SEA

A biographical investigation of Joyce and the sea reveals Joyce's exposure to and enduring regard for the sea. The sea was a significant element in his life experience, a factor reflected in his writings. If we can understand the importance of the sea to Joyce, then we can understand better Ulysses and the sea. Early in his life and writings, Joyce regarded the sea as an ambiguous force. Later in his career, he viewed the sea as a fatal and negative force. Finally, he accepted the sea as both a negative and positive element; he associated the sea not only with death—but also with life's renewal. Joyce was born on an island and thus he was naturally conscious of the sea, and the seaside place of his birth and youth made him even more aware of it.

James Joyce was born in Dublin and thus into an environment of natural and planned symmetry, of geographical and geometrical order. The city of Dublin rests like the retina of the eye-like Cartesian oval of Dublin Bay, and (in this metaphorical sense) it eyes perpetually Great Britain. The languid waters of Dublin Bay ebb and flow along the gently curving shoreline that varies
between stretches of sand and rock. The fingers of waves trace a score of kilometers between the headlands of Howth to the north and Dalkey to the south. The headlands offer spectacular views of each other and of the city of Dublin between them. The River Liffey flows directly through the center of Dublin and empties into the middle part of the bay. The Tolka River follows a similar route through the north section of the city, as does the River Dodder to the south. The three rivers wind languorously towards the bay until they empty their opaque waters into the dark sea. Their flows and textures alter with the tide of the bay; as the sea retreats, it drains the Liffey almost completely and reveals the remnants of past Dublin days—lost bicycles and discarded Guinness bottles. The ebbing tide also bares the strand for hundreds of yards seaward, revealing an even expanse of tidepools and shells disturbed only by exploring humans and frolicking dogs.

The natural geographical order of Dublin and its environs has influenced the geometrical creations of its inhabitants. Over the centuries, Dublin planners have added to the symmetry of nature to maintain Dublin's paramount characteristic as a city of patterns. The architecture is predominantly neo-classic, the parks and squares are carefully arranged, and the streets follow the flows of the rivers and canals as they curve harmoniously across the city.
This prominent characteristic of order is not only depicted on a map of Dublin, it is etched on the mind of every Dubliner. Although James Joyce struggled to escape the social and physical webs of Ireland, he did not escape Dublin's influence of natural and neo-classical order. In his life and writings, Joyce shows a classicist's concern for order and symmetry. He meticulously orders the form of *Ulysses*, the structures of Stephen's and Bloom's journeys, and the objects that they encounter. This one aspect of Joyce's artistic style, his meticulous realism, mirrors the order and symmetry of Dublin. His artistic form always seeks its expression in the Dublin whose order helped fashion that form as he depicts Dublin's dimensions--its buildings, streets, rivers, and the sea.

One can argue for coincidence, but James Joyce lived invariably in places bounded or defined by a body of water (sea, river, or lake) from Dublin to Pola, Rome, Trieste, Zurich, and Paris. Also, he vacationed primarily at seaside resorts. Other critics can draw their own conclusions which may include coincidence about the above; I have drawn mine: that Joyce needed and used bodies of water (seas, rivers, and lakes) to define his existence and to inscribe into his writings his complex philosophy. The importance of such bodies of water is demonstrated by their frequent appearances in Richard Ellmann's
biography James Joyce and from it we can construct the importance of the sea to Joyce.

As a Dubliner, Joyce was never very far from the sea; Dublin Bay plays an important part in the life of the seashore-lapped city, in its commerce, travel, and recreation. Joyce's childhood made him even more conscious of the sea. Although he would not always admit it, James Joyce was greatly influenced by his father John. John Joyce came to Dublin from Cork, a city defined and influenced by the sea like Dublin. He always longed to live close to the sea and often realized that wish. In May of 1887, the Joyce family moved into a house at Martello Terrace in the seaside village of Bray, about ten miles south of Dublin, but within view of Dublin Bay. The five years that the Joyce family lived in Bray were some of the rare happy ones for them, and those seaside years were etched deeply on James's mind although he was spending part of that epoch at Clongowes Wood College, County Kildare. At school he pined to be at Bray and eagerly awaited his leaves from the College. The home in Bray with its seaside setting maintained an important place in James's mind when the Joyces moved back to Dublin in 1892, and it is the first house that Joyce uses in his writings. As his brother Stanislaus Joyce reports, on the beach at Bray James "was badly bitten by an excited Irish terrier, for which he and I were throwing stones into
At Martello Terrace, the Joyces were only a few steps from the sea, so close in fact that the street flooded occasionally with seawater. Perhaps, this periodic inundation of his childhood quarters from storms borne off the sea lodged in Joyce's mind a fear of the sea and his association of death with it. But then, to fully accept this theory, we must first accept the James Joyce-Stephen Dedalus identity and believe that Stephen speaks for Joyce when he states in A Portrait that he fears the sea and thunderstorms. In any event, Joyce's years at Bray and the subsequent ones in Dublin resulted in his ambiguous regard for the sea as expressed in an essay written about 1896 (the earliest example of his writing known):

There is nothing so deceptive and for all that so alluring as a good surface. The sea, when beheld in the warm sunlight of a summer's day; the sky, blue in the faint and amber glimmer of an autumn sun, are pleasing to the eye: but, how different the scene, when the wild anger of the elements has waked again the discord of confusion, how different the ocean, choking with froth and foam, to the calm, placid sea, that glanced and rippled merrily in the sun. But the best examples of the fickleness of appearances are—Man and Fortune.

In this introduction of an early writing, the young Joyce uses the sea as a metaphor to moralize on man and fortune. Despite his didactic method, he discerns the dualistic cycle of the sea and holds its ambiguous nature in awe. In 1902, Joyce performed his first gesture of voluntary exile and fled from Ireland to Europe and Paris.
for a short period. Just before he returned to Dublin in 1903, he sent a poem to J.F. Byrne that "tells of the journeyings of the soul." The piece was later included in his first collection of poems, *Chamber Music*. It is a prelude to the Daedalian flight in *A Portrait*; the bird-like artificer soars clear above the sea though lonely and buffeted (a self-image that Joyce later tailored to fit his human shortcomings).

All day I hear the noise of waters
Making moan,
Sad as the sea-bird is, when going
Forth alone,
He hears the winds cry to the waters'
Monotone.

The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
Where I go,
I hear the noise of many waters
Far below,
All day, all night, I hear them flowing
To and fro.

This poem actually depicts Joyce's voyage across the sea waters in his exile, yet the work also operates on a symbolic level. As the artist in exile, Joyce faces real or imagined adversity as the cold grey winds; the many events and changes in his new life are like many churning waters that continuously pervade his existence. The new roosts where the grey winds blew the exile were invariably lapped by the many waters--lakes, rivers, and the sea.

Again in 1904, Joyce fled the seaboard city of Dublin, but this time instead of traveling to Paris, he
arrived with Nora Barnacle in the seaport of Pola. They settled in that "'Naval Siberia,'" as Joyce described it, because he was desperate for work. In time, he learned to accept Pola's quiet seaside life because its isolation was European and not Irish. The Joyces were forced to leave Pola because of political turmoil, and in 1905 they moved to another seaport, Trieste, where they stayed for most of the next ten years until forced to leave again because of political upheaval. In Joyce's time, Trieste resembled Dublin with its population size, its diverse ethnic mixture, its struggle for independence, and its geographical features. Trieste gazes out across a Cartesian oval gulf to the Adriatic Sea and Italy. Joyce saw in the city these many resemblances to Dublin and he felt he understood Trieste, the birthplace of Ulysses. Of course, Joyce also lived in Zurich and Paris during the production of Ulysses and neither city is bounded by the sea. But then, in those cities Joyce had the Limmat and Seine rivers to remind him of the River Liffey and its waters that wind inexorably towards the sea.

While domiciled in Trieste, Joyce made his last visit to Ireland in 1912 and wrote an interesting article for the Trieste newspaper Il Piccolo della Sera called "The Mirage of the Fisherman of Aran: England's Safety Valve in Case of War." It describes a trip Joyce and
Nora took to the Aran Islands. Just as the elements predominate in Aran life, the sea pervades the newspaper article. In the writing, Joyce visits the holy island of Aranmor which "Sleeps like a great shark in the grey waters of the Atlantic Ocean, which the islanders call the Old Sea." Joyce remembers that beneath the sea the wrecks of the Spanish Armada lie where the storms and waves have scattered them. And then, Joyce describes an Aran ritual with the benign air of an anthropologist:

The waters have repented. Every year on the day before the Feast of the Assumption, when the herring fishing begins, the waters of the bay are blessed. A flotilla of fishing boats departs from Claddagh preceded by a flagship, on whose deck stands a Dominican friar. When they reach an appropriate place the flotilla stops, the fishermen kneel down and uncover themselves, and the friar, muttering prayers of exorcism, shakes his aspergill on the sea, and divides the dark air in the form of a cross.

Joyce departs from the island and the article closes with Aranmor disappearing in a smoky veil as the rain falls on the Old Sea.

Joyce never left the sea in his life or in his mind or in his writings. As a child he played at the sea's edge, the sea was the route to his exile, and the sea offered imagery for the journey of his artist's soul in his writings. In the short story "The Dead," Joyce describes the Shannon waves as dark and mutinous; in his last written description of the sea, in Finnegans Wake, the sea is cold and mad. In both works, the sea
is associated not only with death, but also with life and renewal. In "The Dead," the snow falls on the living and the dead from land to sea and unites them in a mutual process of life. In Finnegans Wake, the River Liffey flows to its dissolution in the sea past the awakening life of Dublin:

Here Anna Livia Plurabelle, the river of life flows towards the sea, which is death; the fresh water passes into the salt, a bitter ending. Yet it is also a return to her father, the sea, that produces the cloud which makes the river, and her father is also her husband, to whom she gives herself as a bride to her groom.  

Between "The Dead" and Finnegans Wake, Joyce also depicted the sea in A Portrait and then in Ulysses, and to these two works we must turn.
CHAPTER II

A PORTRAIT AND THE SEA

In order to best understand the sea in *Ulysses*, we must first investigate the sea in *A Portrait*, which incorporates the sea into a fictional structure that extends into *Ulysses*. A concordance to *A Portrait* reveals readily that the sea and sea-related elements pervade the entire scope of the narrative. When Joyce is not depicting the sea literally, the sea describes metaphorically the experiences of the young artist:

He had tried to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interests and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the water had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.15

In *A Portrait* as in *Ulysses*, where the human body is one with the structure of the narrative, the tides of the artist's body cannot be separated from the tides of the external world.

As Joyce emphasized when he commented on *A Portrait*, his *Künstlerroman* is a portrait of the artist as a young man. Thus, in *A Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus is in the process of encountering and defining the elements of his world, and the picture of that world changes as Stephen
changes. The young artist's view of the sea is ambiguous—sometimes negative, sometimes positive, and sometimes both. In the *Proteus* episode of *Ulysses*, Stephen's view of the sea remains equally ambiguous. In *A Portrait*, the sea mirrors his sordid vision of Irish religion and culture, but it also produces the icons of his new visionary religion of the artist, the hawklike man and the birdlike girl. The sea surges against Stephen's flight, but it also offers a means for ships to travel to the distant nations. Despite Stephen's ambiguous regard for it, the sea is drawn into his world as a permanent element where it suffuses and defines the tides of life.

The sea appears early in *A Portrait*; Stephen remembers the sea at Bray while at Clongowes:

Soon all would be dark and sleeping. There was cold night air in the chapel and the marbles were the colour the sea was at night. The sea was cold day and night: but it was colder at night. It was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father's house. But the kettle would be on the hob to make punch.16

This passage alludes to Stephen's fear of the sea and to his early associations of darkness and death with the waves, associations reenforced in the imagined scene where, as a child:

He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, dark under the moonless night. A tiny light twinkled at the pierhead where the ship was entering: and he saw a multitude of people gathered by the waters' edge to see the ship that was entering their harbour. A tall man stood on the deck, looking
out towards the flat dark land: and by the light at the pierhead he saw his face, the sorrowful face of Brother Michael.

He saw him lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the waters:

--He is dead. We saw him lying upon the catafalque.

A wail of sorrow went up from the people.
--Parnell! Parnell! He is dead!

They fell upon their knees, moaning in sorrow.
And he saw Dante in a maroon velvet dress and with a green velvet mantle hanging from her shoulders walking proudly and silently past the people who knelt by the waters' edge.\(^{17}\)

Parnell is one of the Dedalus heroes, and his death merges with the context in which it is received (by the dark sea's edge) to taint the young artist's gaze across the waters. Mrs. Riordan (Dante Hearn Conway) also evokes the image of death in the sea when, at the Christmas dinner squabble over Parnell, she exclaims that: "'It would be better for [Parnell] that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were cast into the depth of the sea.'\(^{18}\) In the dramatic sermon episode, the priest raises the same dreadful image of death by forced drowning in the sea:

"In olden times it was the custom to punish the parricide, the man who had raised his murderous hand against his father, by casting him into the depths of the sea in a sack in which were placed a cock, a monkey and a serpent."\(^{19}\)

The priest's fearful images of the sea and the horrors of Hell reform temporarily the young artist's anguished soul before the awesome power of God. When the fledgling artist risks plunging headlong into the depths of Hell,
he is ready to test his flight over the dark and deadly waters of the sea.

The imaginary Daedalian flight above Dublin Bay is a crucial scene in *A Portrait*, and here we must investigate the sea's role in that first test of the artist's wings. Stephen has refused the vocation of the Catholic priesthood as he walks seaward to be initiated into the religion of the artist, into the cult of the great artificers. He approaches the wooden walkway to North Bull Island with pride and satisfaction uplifting him like long slow waves. As he crosses the thin shaky bridge over the bay, he ruminates on refusing the ministerial vocation and passes some Christian Brothers whose "uncouth faces passed him two by two, stained yellow or red or livid by the sea." Stephen tries to avoid their eyes by gazing into the shallow swirling water under the bridge, and instead he views their reflections on the bay. The Brothers' sordid images are reflected on and associated with the sea, and Stephen must fly beyond this fatal power and influence of the Church to preserve his artist's spirit. He passes over the trembling bridge to the firm land, safe beyond what are to him the dangerous waters of religion, to where his soul must encounter its second test. From the slope of North Bull Island's breakwater, Stephen attempts to fly above the sea and swimmers, above and beyond the state and culture of Ireland.
As Stephen reaches the island, the air chills and a flying squall darkens and crisps the tide. The sea appears to be marshalling its forces to thwart the artist's impending flight, but he presses forward:

A faint click at his heart, a faint throb in his throat told him once more of how his flesh dreaded the cold infrahuman odour of the sea: yet he did not strike across the downs on his left but held straight on along the spine of rocks that pointed against the river's mouth.21

As Stephen presses on, he is greeted by the bathers as "the Dedalus," an evocation that signals his Daedalian flight. Stephen's acquaintances mock him with quasi-Greek banters, but this furthers his resolve to fly beyond the cold, wet, naked reality of Irish life that chills him to the bone:

Their bodies, corpsewhite or suffused with a pallid golden light or rawly tanned by the suns, gleamed with the wet of the sea. Their divingstone, poised on its rude supports and rocking under their plunges, and the roughhewn stones of the sloping breakwater over which they scrambled in their horseplay, gleamed with cold wet lustre. The towels with which they smacked their bodies were heavy with cold seawater: and drenched with cold brine was their matted hair.22

To join the swimmers and dive into the sea would be to suffuse his soul into its dark sordid depths, so he persists in his imaginary flight sunward. Stephen feels that he must remain aloof and unattached to the world to be the artist. His contacts with the Church, his friends, and the sea remind him of his social and physical limitations that he feels choke the artist to death.
Stephen attempts to emulate the artisan Daedalus and soar above the sea and away from Ireland. As the bathers again evoke his Daedalian name, Stephen seems to see the hawklike man and joins him soaring sunward above the sea:

Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawklike man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being?

His heart trembled; his breath came faster and a wild spirit passed over his limbs as though he were soaring sunward.23

Stephen's imaginary flight purifies his radiant body, which stands above and in contrast with the brine-covered bathers.

Critics have argued that the vision is not impalpable and imperishable, that the hawklike man is not Daedalus but his son Icarus who soars too far sunward and falls into the sea and drowns. Thus, within the context of A Portrait, there is a question as to which Daedalus Stephen's flight symbolizes. Just as Daedalus reached Cumae safely, Joyce-Dedalus reached the Continent—if only to return to Ireland shortly thereafter and to fly away again (the second time to remain in Europe as an exile and to perfect his art). The only allusion to Icarus in A Portrait is that Stephen is the son of Simon Dedalus
whose dictates he consistently disobeys. Thus, the swimmer's cry "'O, cripes, I'm drownded!'" could refer to Icarus' indiscreet fall. Previous to his seaside vision, Stephen has a premonition of a fall:

He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard: and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling but not yet fallen, still unfallen but about to fall.

And in Ulysses, we hear Stephen ruminating on his fall from his short flight to Europe:


In the Circe episode of Ulysses, Stephen contradicts this earlier statment with: "No, I flew. My foes beneath me. And ever shall be. World without end. . . . Pater! Free!" As he rises beyond the sea in A Portrait, Stephen feels resurrected from the physical world and death: "His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her graveclothes." This vital flight from the grave to the godhood of the artist is reversed in Ulysses as the artist is reduced from the Godsbody to the dead dogsbody. Stephen flies above the sea in A Portrait, but his flight is not forever, for in Ulysses he has obviously fallen, he is the dead dogsbody. If then, in view of Ulysses, we see Stephen as an Icarus
who falls, Joyce admits that the young artist is immature and somewhat pretentious. As S.L. Goldberg points out in *The Classical Temper*, Stephen falls—but he is not lost forever like Icarus:

... he is flying high, he will suffer a fall, and in *Ulysses* will appear in the interesting condition of trying to do something about it. As Stephen says of Shakespeare, his "errors" are really "portals of discovery."

Stephen falls into the infrahuman odour of the sea, into the sordid depths of Irish life, but he pulls himself out and soars again. Stephen's ability to struggle from the dark sea back up to the shore and then toward the sun, from failure to triumph, produces the motto of his artistic endeavor: "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life!"

Stephen's vision in *A Portrait* retreats with the sea; the squall departs and the tide ebbs baring a strand gleaming with a new warmth. The seaside changes to a new and positive form:

The sea had fallen below the line of seawrack on the shallow side of the breakwater and already the tide was running out fast along the foreshore. Already one long oval bank of sand lay warm and dry amid the wavelets. Here and there warm isles of sand gleamed above the shallow tide, and about the isles and around the long bank and amid the shallow currents of the beach were lightclad gayclad figures, wading and delving.

After the squall and the vision have passed, the seaside reflects Stephen's serene and playful attitude. Now his Icarian immersion in the sea appears to be one of choice
more than failure, and then only partial, as he wades through the ebbing tide. With a salt-eaten stick in hand, he clambers down the slope of the breakwater and wades into the sea wondering about the endless drift of seaweed:

Emerald and black and russet and olive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. The water of the rivulet was dark with endless drift and mirrored the high-drifting clouds. The clouds were drifting above him silently and silently the seaweed was drifting below him; and the grey warm air was still: and a new wild life was singing in his veins.

As he wades through the changing water, Stephen sees beauty in its dark depths and shows a new and mature acceptance of the sea. He now regards the sea, which he shunned previously, as one with the process, rhythm, and harmony of the day of dappled seaborne clouds. He accepts his loneliness as part of the happiness near the wild heart of life:

He was alone and young and wilful and wildhearted, alone amid a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seaharvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and gayclad lightclad figures, of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air.

Stephen notices a girl in midstream of the tide who stands still and alone as she gazes out to sea. Maurice Beebe states that she brings the soaring artist back to the physical world. She offers Stephen a compromise between the world of physical limitations and the ideal
world of the artist's religion; she stands between the
total immersion of the swimmers and Stephen's fear of
swimming in the sea. She directs his gaze to the water
as if to say: the artist must have contact with the
physical world to make his art viable. "In Joyce's
description of Stephen's moment of transcendent dedica-
tion, images of flight and immersion, the eternal and
the mortal, art and life, are fused into a single whole-
ness."35 Stephen sees the girl as human and angel,
mortal and eternal, offering him error and glory:

A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal
youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of
life, to throw open before him in an instant of
ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory.36

In the metaphoric context of the sea, he communes with
her soul:

She seemed like one whom magic had changed into
the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird.
Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a
crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of
seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the
flesh... .

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea;
and when she felt his presence and the worship of
his eyes her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance
of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. Long,
long she suffered his gaze and then quietly with-
drew her eyes from his and bent them towards the
stream, gently stirring the water with her foot
hither and thither. The first faint noise of
gently moving water broke the silence, low and
faint and whispering, faint as the bells of sleep;
hither and thither, hither and thither: and a faint
flame trembled on her cheek.37

Stephen strides away from her across the strand in an
outburst of profane joy, his cheeks aflame and his body aglow, purified in their souls's communion in the dark brackish sea. "On and on and on and on he strode far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of life that had cried to him."

As Stephen's exuberance ebbs, the sea advances towards the shore to soothe the riot of his blood. As he drifts into sleep, he feels the vast cyclic movement of the earth; his soul swoons into a "new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under the sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings." The sky, the earth, and the sea commingle in the strange light of a new world:

A world, a glimmer, or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than other.

The scene of the young artist's vision ends with Stephen awakening on the seashore, which has given away its mysterious glow for the shroud of night. Our last images of the scene reveal the sea moving quickly toward Stephen who is newly initiated into the lonely religion of the artist:

He climbed to the crest of the sandhill and gazed about him. Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of sky like the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low
whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures
in distant pools.  

Although Stephen leaves the sea and returns to
Dublin's world of watery tea and memories of the "dark
turfcoloured water" of the bath at Clongowes, he brings
the imagery of the sea with him. He incorporates the
sea imagery into the aesthetic theory as in the discus­
sion with Lynch:

"The personality of the artist passes into the
narrative itself, flowing round and round the persons
and the action like a vital sea... The dramatic
form is reached when the vitality which has flowed
and eddied round each person fills every person
with such vital force that he or she assumes a
proper and intangible esthetic life."  

As Stephen watches the birds fly near the library and he
contemplates leaving his homeland and "wandering the
loud waters," the sea imagery suffuses and directs his
thoughts:

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters
flowed over his memory and he felt in his heart the
soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky
above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows
flying through the seadusk over the flowing waters.
A soft liquid joy flowed through the words
where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly and
fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking
the white bells of their waves in mute chime and
mute peal and soft low swooning cry; and he felt
that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting
birds and in the pale space of sky above him had
come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret
quietly and swiftly.

The birds wheel above Stephen and augur his departure from
Ireland; they signal his flight across the sea with the
black arms of tall ships that voice their tale of distant
nations (as Stephen records them in his notebook):

They are held out to say: We are alone. Come.
And the voices say with them: We are your kinsmen.
And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.43

They make ready to risk departure from the homeland, to voyage across the dark sea.
CHAPTER III

ULYSSES AND THE SEA

The sea and sea-related elements are diffused throughout Ulysses, and thus they appear in two contexts: in scenes on the seashore and those not directly by the sea. Of course, the two contexts are relative to Dublin which is a seaside city (a fact that partly explains Joyce's copious references to the sea). In both contexts, Joyce depicts the sea as a literal and/or symbolic element, image, and motif. Although a scene may occur literally by the sea, the sea can be a symbolic element; and conversely, although the sea may appear outside of a seaside scene, it can be a literal as well as a symbolic reference. And in some scenes, as we shall see, the sea can be both a literal and symbolic element, impressing us with its actuality while conveying a meaning beyond the actual.

Peter K. Garrett, in his Scene and Symbol from George Eliot to James Joyce, offers an excellent example of Joyce's dual use of images as literal and symbolic. Garrett cites a section of the Proteus episode in Ulysses, a scene where Stephen sees: "Moving through the air the high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent
Stephen actually views a ship, the Rosevean, but the context and grammatical arrangement of the passage convey a symbolic meaning in addition to the actual. The literal reference is brief and calculated to emphasize its symbolic meaning. The passage demonstrates that one meaning, actual or symbolic, can predominate over the other, while both can coexist in the same images. In this instance, the symbolic quality is more insistent, as Garrett notes:

The ship appears suddenly and is presented only in the single sentence quoted. Its image concludes not only the chapter but the opening sequence of three chapters centering on Stephen. Isolated by the narrative break which follows it, the ship, already somewhat mysterious in its silent motion, is made even more portentous.46

As Frank Budgen mentions in his James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses,47 Joyce describes the "yards" as crosstrees to allude to a crucifixion. The schooner is actually a "threemaster," but as religion is a motif of the episode, the three masts allude to the three crucified or to the Catholic Trinity. The homebound ship announces the arrival of "a waveworn wanderer, W.B. Murphy of Carrigaloe, Odysseus Pseudangelos, to his own native shore."48 And finally, the ship symbolizes Odysseus-Bloom who is introduced immediately after the passage. As the Rosevean scene indicates, unless we recognize Joyce's dual use of images as literal and symbolic, the sea does not attain its important role in
In considering *Ulysses* and the sea, we must also remember that Bloomsday's sea is an evolution and elaboration of the sea in Joyce's earlier writings, in particular *A Portrait*. These earlier works aid in our understanding of *Ulysses* and the sea, but the essential meaning of the sea must lie ultimately in the context of the narrative. As Garrett notes, all of the novel's elements, from its basic verbal units to its composite units of character and event, ordered as the novel presents them, combine to produce its meaning. Within the confines of *Ulysses*, juxtaposed to its other images and allusions, objects and events, the sea takes on its own special meaning—actual, symbolic, or both.

Another important point to keep in mind in our investigation of *Ulysses* and the sea is that when Joyce as artist-God steps aside to pare his fingernails and allows the characters to dominate the narrative with their streams of consciousness—they determine primarily whether or not an element, image, or scene is literal or symbolic. Stephen is apt to regard anything as symbolic in his great scheme of things. On the other hand, Molly and Leopold Bloom often regard things as literal without attempting to fix them with symbolic meaning. Thus, if we discover that Joyce's presentation of the sea is contradictory in different passages, this
might be explained by the contradictory characters who voice such views of the sea. In a search for continuity in the meaning of objects and events, in literal and symbolic images, we discover that the elements of *Ulysses* often contradict each other, and that we are left with many views instead of simply one. Joyce *does* emphasize a symbolic relation between the elements of his work, but he denies full primacy to the symbolic level as well.

Investigated as a whole, the sea imagery in *Ulysses* develops into a coherent pattern of meaning; it is not simply flotsam and jetsam drifting about the narrative. In the beginning of *Ulysses*, the sea and sea-related elements are viewed as negative, primarily by Stephen Dedalus. As the work progresses and Leopold Bloom appears, the sea slowly assumes positive aspects. The sea is both negative and positive, of death and renewal, part of a dualistic pattern of life that man must learn to accept. Bloom accepts the sea as part of life's dual nature. If Stephen can mature and accept the dual aspects of life and the sea, he will be able to recreate life out of life as the artist-God. Near the end of *Ulysses*, Stephen is exposed to Bloom's benign acceptance of life, an attitude that might teach him to accept the sea as part of the dual pattern of life. But, Stephen's acceptance of the sea and life remains only a possibility; his outcome from the events of Bloomsday is inconclusive.
Stephen is resurrected or rescued physically by Bloom (after Carr knocks him down), but he is not conclusively reborn as the Godsbody—only the terms and possibilities of that vital metamorphosis are set forth. Stephen might gain Bloom's mature acceptance of life and become the artist-God, but this does not conclusively happen by the end of Bloomsday. Stephen has little intention of returning to Leopold and Molly, and Bloom is too wise to count on his acceptance of the invitation. However, Stephen's outcome does not negate Joyce's depiction of the sea as part of a dualistic pattern of life. The sea continues to ebb and flow without man's consciousness of its dual nature.

The above discussion appears to digress from my thesis subject, but the sea is closely interrelated with the death and resurrection motif. If we are to conduct a meaningful investigation into *Ulysses* and the sea, we must tie the sea to the death and resurrection motif, even if this appears at times to lead us away from the sea.

William York Tindall disagrees with my view that Stephen does not conclusively change on Bloomsday. Tindall is emphatic that June 16-17 is a time of renewal. For a full account of this view, I refer the reader to *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*. Stated simply, Tindall perceives Stephen as involved in a quest for charity,
humanity, maturity, and self. In discovering Bloom who is "Everyman or Noman," Stephen discovers mankind. Bloom's humanity gives Stephen an understanding of humanity. Bloom enables Stephen to see himself in everyman and to grow up. Bloom offers dogsbody Stephen god food (cocoa), and Stephen becomes a god. Stephen's thoughts revert back briefly to his dead mother, but now he can manage such thoughts because he knows and accepts that life and death are the reality we all encounter everyday. Thinking of death, Stephen leaves Bloom's house reborn. Just before he leaves, Bloom points out the "visible luminous sign," a light shining in the darkness from the house, which illuminates Molly Bloom. Tindall states:

It is a credit no less to Stephen's imagination and sensibility than to Bloom's suggestive eloquence that Stephen is able to share Bloom's vision. Understanding Bloom has prepared the way for the fundamental and more charitable understanding that Molly demands. What Stephen apprehends is revealed in the next chapter. Knowing Bloom and Molly, as every writer must, Stephen knows humanity entirely. Let him go away now and write about it.52

If we accept Tindall's speculative reading, we rest assured that someone closely matching the description of Stephen Dedalus did just that. But Ulysses is not this simple. Such post-Bloomsday speculation may entertain us and offer a reprieve from the tedium of criticism, but it remains better left in the divining mind than in a critical analysis. If Stephen is reborn under Bloom's aegis, he must be reborn within the covers of Ulysses.
We must examine the terms and elements in the narrative for the meaning of the sea on Bloomsday, a meaning already complex without the addition of extraneous speculation.

Maurice Beebe examines the sea in *Ulysses* more closely than any other critic I have read, and he offers views that I favor. In his article "James Joyce: Barnacle Goose and Lapwing," Beebe speculates on the meaning in *Ulysses* of the water imagery (which includes the sea) and a group of related images—the moon, drowning, and rising from an earth or water grave. Beebe points out that Joyce's imagery is drawn from literary conventions before him, and he works them into an iconography for the artist Stephen Dedalus.

Closely related to Joyce's images of moon and sea are those of drowning and rising from the grave, which represent the possible fates of the woman-trapped artist, who may lose his independence as an artist by submerging in life or may transcend mundane life by continuing to produce art which is universal and timeless. These images are, again, psychologically appropriate. If woman is the sea, she holds out possibilities of both death by drowning and birth or rebirth.

In both *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*, Stephen encounters this dual nature of the sea, the negative and the positive aspects, its death and renewal. In order to mature and succeed as the artist, Stephen must not only accept the dual nature of life, but also the dual nature of *his* life—the disinterested and exiled artist and the married
and domesticated man.

Beebe states that in Victorian literature, water or sea imagery is often used as a symbol for baptism. The Victorian hero is baptized with water images when he humbles himself to be immersed in the world around him. In A Portrait, Joyce initially reverses this baptismal process as Stephen refuses to humble himself and enter the sordid and mundane world of the swimmers. He strives to liberate himself from the physical world and soar above the waves like the Greek Daedalus. After Stephen descends from his imaginary flight, the girl standing in midstream of the tide suffers his gaze and directs it to the water. For a moment, Stephen unites into a single wholeness the dual elements of flight and immersion, the eternal and the mortal, art and life. He walks into the sea and acknowledges its dark beauty, but he passes beyond the water, the girl, and the vision to find himself once again alone and isolated from social life and the physical world. Stephen seeks to escape his social ties and physical contact. This is exemplified in his refusal to swim in the sea with his acquaintances. And this is how we find him in the first scene of Ulysses.

In Ulysses, Stephen's fear of the sea is part of his basic fear of contact with the physical world. This fear causes him to fail in that world, as when he treats his dying mother heartlessly. He attempts to fly from the
physical world to the ideal realm of the artist, but he soars too far beyond life and falls into the sea and his remorse of conscience. As Stephen walks along the strand, he argues that if he had submitted to his mother's deathbed wish and humbled himself to kneel down and pray for her—the act would have exacted his death as an artist. But, as we shall see, Stephen's repudiations of his social responsibilities drown him in his guilty memories as exemplified by the bowl of green bile. The physical contact that he fears is the very stuff of life the artist must experience and assimilate to recreate life out of life. Stephen must immerse himself in the physical world to make his writings viable.

Beebe discerns the fall of Stephen the artist-God to Stephen the dead dogsbody. The process in A Portrait of Stephen passing from the "grave of boyhood" to Godhood is reversed in Ulysses as "God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain."55 As Stephen falls, he cries "Pater, ait," for a spiritual father to help him. Stephen rejects Simon Dedalus as only his physical father and spurns additional aid from Buck Mulligan (even though Buck is a life-saver). The spiritual father must be Leopold Bloom as only he hears Stephen's cry in Ulysses and temporarily rescues him. Bloom brings the inebriated dogsbody under his aegis and exposes him to his attitude of benign acceptance towards
life. Yet, Stephen does not assimilate this mature attitude, he still cannot accept contact with the physical world (at least not in the waning hours of Bloomsday). He refuses to wash in the washbasin that Bloom offers him, he declines to stay and meet Molly, and he walks away from 7 Eccles St. hearing again the prayer for the dying. As a result, Beebe does not view June 16, 1904 as a time of rebirth and an affirmation of life, except in a most general way:

Affirmation of life—not the life of Dublin, 16 June 1904, but that transcendent life which includes the life of Dublin, 16 June 1904—must be found on the symbolic rather than the narrative level; and even then, it is not affirmation in the customary life-is-good sense so much as it is simply a restatement and an acceptance of the fact that life is.

If we extend the symbolism of *Ulysses* beyond the narrative level, we can view Stephen as possibly resurrected as the artist-God on Bloomsday (although we must still see his outcome as ambiguous in view of the Ithaca episode). Beebe explores Stephen's possible metamorphosis in the passage previously quoted from *Ulysses*:


The artist-God has been reduced to man, drowned in the sea, reduced to a fish which rises from the sea in the gullet of a bird of prey (barnacle goose), and as goose turned into featherbed mountain. But, Stephen describes
the birdlike artificer and his seabedabbled self as "weltering lapwings." A lapwing is a bird that feigns injury, which explains its weltering flight, its rising and falling in the air. Stephen may be feigning his fall and death in the sea as a lapwing, a form once assumed by the god Zeus. Disguised as a lapwing, Stephen possibly rises as the artist-God on Bloomsday. Hence, the process of Stephen's metamorphosis is one of: God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain becomes lapwing becomes god. The creator-artist, as both man and God, partakes of both the physical and creative worlds. Experiencing life, he recreates life out of that life. He makes imperishable the perishable.

_Ulysses_ begins with Buck Mulligan standing on the roof of the Martello Tower at Sandycove and conducting a mock mass over the multitude of waves. As he toys with his bowl of lather and gurgles above the frothing sea, Buck calls Stephen Dedalus up to the mock altar of the Omphalos parapet and sacrifices him with his caustic verbal onslaughts. Stephen reacts silently and wearily, as a martyr being sacrificed on the altar of Ireland for social and religious sins. Stephen does not love the father country or the mother Church, and so—as Dante Riordan and the priest have stipulated in _A Portrait_—he must be cast into the depths of the sea.
Mulligan as the "gay betrayer" acts as executioner. He forces Stephen out of the tower and into the sea of his sins. Buck attempts to lure him literally into the sea, but failing there, he casts Stephen metaphorically into the depths of his "agenbite of inwit," the guilty memories of his dead mother. Stephen drowns in the image of the bowl of green bile vomit, inundated like the drowned man five fathoms under, who becomes a realistic symbol for Stephen's plight. Stephen's conscience lies like the character Lycidas beneath the watery floor, waiting to be rescued through the might of Him that walks the waves—Christ (the savior associated with Bloom). Stephen is the fallen artist, the drowned dogsbody awaiting resurrection as the Godsbody, the creator-artist.

Stephen's metaphorical immersion beneath a sea of guilty memories is stressed throughout the Telemachus episode, and it is a central motif that extends throughout Ulysses. Joyce uses the sea imagery to bind Stephen metaphorically and emotionally to his mother's death. Mulligan pulls a noserag from Stephen's pocket and describes it as snotgreen. Buck then turns to the sea and associates Stephen with it, as he states:

"Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. Epi oinopa ponton. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. Thalatta! Thalatta! She is our great sweet mother. Come and look."
Buck's description of the sea as snotgreen, wine-dark, and the grey sweet mother turns into a query of Stephen's stubbornness as a possible cause of his mother's death.
The imagery of the green sea, Buck's shaving bowl, and the references to May Dedalus' death prod Stephen into memories of similar images by her deathbed:

Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuff edge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rottng liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck has cut into Stephen's painful and guilty memories of his mother, and flung him into the sea of green bile. The executioner wipes his razorblade and pities the "poor dogsbody," though now he chides Stephen for killing his (grey sweet) mother while he is not willing to borrow a pair of grey pants. Stephen is annoyed and upset and sees their friendship as Buck's attempt to emasculate him. He looks towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lies on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Although the narrator coins this description, Stephen must associate himself with the whale image because he immediately frees his arm from Buck's grip. Perhaps Stephen is attracted to the whale image because the whale is intelligent, independent, solitary, and capable of rising above
the dark waves into the glistening sun like the great
artificer of his vision in *A Portrait*. The whale must
fall back into the snotgreen sea, but like the artist--
it surges to rise again.

As Buck and Stephen argue over the death of May
Dedalus, the sea is contrasted to Stephen's heated dis-
position:

Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm
sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now
grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes,
veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his
cheeks.59

Buck seizes on the contrast to allay Stephen's anger
with him. He points to the sea and asks him: "'What
does it care about offences?'"60 Buck then attempts
to lighten the air by reciting Yeats's poem "Who Goes
With Fergus?" as he descends the tower stairs. As
Stephen's thoughts phrase the remaining imagery of the
poem, the sea assumes Yeats's imagery. The poem reads:

Who will go drive with Fergus now,
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade
And dance upon the level shore?
Young man, lift up your russet brow,
And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
And brood on hopes and fear no more.

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery;
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
And rules the shadows of the wood
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars.61

Stephen's thoughts read:
Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wayewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.62

Then a cloud covers the "merrying" bay and Stephen's thoughts change into his own words. The narrative juxtapositioning of the two passages offers an interesting and profound contrast between Yeats's and Stephen's visions of the sea:

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.63

The poem evokes again the sea-vomit-mother-death associations in Stephen's mind since "Who Goes With Fergus?" is a poem Stephen set to music and sang to his mother on her deathbed. As Stephen wrestles with his mother's specter which bears down on his "agenbite of inwit," Mulligan calls him out of the sea of green vomit with, "'Kinch ahoy!'"64

As Stephen prepares to descend into the Martello Tower for breakfast, his last thoughts on the roof confirm the sea-bowl associations. The warm sunshine "merries" over the sea, but it shines on the shaving bowl before him and once again is partly responsible for his painful
stream of conscience. "He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck." The foam in the bowl is like the cloud that covers the sun and shadows the bay in a deeper green. The mother-cloud blocks out the father-sun and darkens the once merry sea. These metaphoric associations are confirmed when Leopold Bloom sees the same cloud blocking out the sun: "Fading gold sky. A mother watches from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language." As the cloud covers the sun and darkens the sea, Stephen's mother watches from the doorway of death and calls her wayward son home in her dark language that drowns him in the sea of green vomit.

Stephen, Buck, and Haines leave the tower and walk to the "fortyfoot hole" where only Buck swims. Buck has chided Stephen for refusing to swim in the snotgreen sea while he never washes his dogsbody and carries a snotgreen noserag. Buck previously helped to save a man from drowning in the sea near the tower; he saved Stephen from the elements by giving him a place to stay in the tower. But now, Buck chooses to force Stephen out of the tower to drown in his poverty, sins, and guilt. Buck takes the tower key from Stephen, and he eludes him later in the Oxen of the Sun episode. Buck races toward the swimming area fluttering winglike hands
and uttering birdlike calls, mocking (perhaps unconsciously) Stephen's pretense (in *A Portrait*) that human flesh and bone can fly above the sea. As we learn in the *Telemachia*, the fledgling artist fell; Stephen drowned like Icarus as he soared too close to the fires of his imagination.

Stephen associates his fall with the drowned man in Dublin Bay: "The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, salt white. Here I am." Although Stephen leaves the swimmers and walks away along the upwardcurving path, he cannot rise out of the bile green sea of his memories. He notices a grey-haired priest dressing from his swim in the sea, and he hears in his mind the Catholic prayer for the death agony. Stephen realizes that he cannot return to the tower or go home to his family, so he is cast adrift from social ties, lost as he drowns in poverty and remorse of conscience. He is enticed back to the sea by "a voice, sweettoned and sustained," but he moves onward toward his Bloomsday destiny to be rescued temporarily by Leopold. "Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round." Stephen bids adieu with the thought, "Usurper."

Throughout the *Nestor* episode, Stephen ruminates on his fall as an artist; he compares his personal history
to the subject of the hour—man's history. The class of preparatory students discusses the hollow victories of Pyrrhus and his eventual fall. Their discussion leads to the description of the drowned Lycidas. An inattentive student confuses Pyrrhus with the word "pier," which evokes the subject of Kingstown pier (from which Stephen embarked for his aborted exile in Europe and to which he returned). Stephen describes the pier as "a disappointed bridge;" it is a reminder of his failure to fly from Ireland. The students ask for a ghoststory, but instead, Stephen has them open their textbooks and recite the poem about the drowned Lycidas (a ghoststory in that Lycidas will arise from the dead):

   --Weep no more, woful shepherd, weep no more
     For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
     Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ... .

   Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
   Through the dear might ... .

of Christ, the Savior, Lycidas arises from the sea.69 Thus, the rambling school lessons, as they actually occur, symbolize Stephen's plight and prelude his walk from the sea and his encounter with Leopold Bloom, advertising canvasser, who walks the streets of Dublin.

The Nestor episode initiates an example of how sea-related objects are transformed from the literal to the symbolical. As Stephen waits in the school office to be paid for teaching, he toys with some sea shells on
Mr. Deasy's desk. The shells are an old pilgrim's hoard, dead and hollow treasures of history. Stuart Gilbert elaborates on this connection between sea shells and history:

The "facts" of history, its dates, battles, marches and counter-marches, alarums and excursions, are shells, hollow shells into which the historian vainly seeks to pour the life of his own quick imagination. Such life as they may seem to gain is fictive; their own has passed on and cannot be recalled. The mêlée of history, "joust of life," is ever pushing forward to new fronts, leaving on the abandoned field a débris of discarded vehicles, empty shells.70

The sea shells are symbols for history that are literally crushed, and thus symbolically sundered, as Stephen treads down the strand in the Proteus episode. Stephen can also sunder the shells of his personal history; he can step over and beyond the fallen dogsbody. If Stephen passes beyond his fixation with his dismal past and refuses to let it dominate the present, then he will be free to become the Godsboby, the creator-artist.

In the Proteus episode, the sea and the seashore are sounding boards for Stephen's interior monologue on his personal and philosophical problems, an inner flow that reflects the outer flow of the tides. The Sandy-mount seashore with its many objects, movements, colors, and textures encourages Stephen's discursive thoughts, which initially sound out Aristotle's speculations on space and substance:
Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, maestro di color che sanno. Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.\(^7\)

To test the philosophic speculations, Stephen closes his eyes and walks down the strand. He discovers the ineluctable modality of the audible as he hears his boots crushing the seawrack and sea shells. He traverses "a very short space of time through very short times of space."\(^7\) He finally opens his eyes to discover that the world exists outside his egocentric thoughts, that it is "there all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end."\(^7\)

Proteus is the Egyptian god of the sea who saw into the future and spoke the truth, but he spoke the oracular truths only if he was caught hold of and forced to speak. He avoided being seized by changing his shape at will. If one was not intimidated by Proteus' changing form, he would reveal the truth (as he did to Menelaus). In this Protean episode, scenes and objects are constantly changing; they are subject to a flux that denies reliability and forces changes in Stephen's thoughts and perceptions. Stephen also is "almosting it," unable to
seize his own identity, which changes from Jesus to Lucifer, Hamlet, Shakespeare, and Swift. Stephen pursues Proteus in an attempt to change flux into stasis, to freeze the flow of life in philosophy and art. This is difficult because Stephen's own nature is Protean; his thoughts are an example of the discursive and mutable form of the world. S.L. Goldberg views Stephen's fear of the sea as part of his dread of flux, of the kinetic world, and as part of his desire to fix the mutable in a stasis. Goldberg states:

Throughout *Ulysses* the sea appears as a symbol of the chaotic flux of experience, the element; drowning is defeat, submergence, the death of the spirit in the overwhelming flood of kinetic appetencies. Stephen fears death by water. The drowned man objectifies his fear of suffocation, his need to rise above the waves, to swim in the element—in other words, to achieve a free stasis of spirit by understanding and accepting himself, his predicament, and his necessities. He must, as he clearly realizes, launch out. When the chapter ends, he is literally homeless. We do not know where he is going, nor does he.
god of the sea, the equivalent of the god Proteus. As Frank Budgen notes, this Irish seaside is the logical place for Joyce to depict the Protean nature:

The natural abode of change is that area between low water and high water mark. It is easier to believe that life began here than that it began in a garden. Tides ebb and flow, cheating the clock everyday, lagging behind. The volume of water changes, spring to neap and neap to spring again. Cold water flows over hot sand. Sea breeze and land-wind alternate. The colour of sea and sky changes like shot-silk. The sea makes and unmakes the land. Steel-hard rocks are broken up, firm contours of land are dissolved and remade. A sea-town drifts inland and the houses of an inland town topple into the sea. Yellow sand, lying neatly round rocks, is taken away by an overnight storm and a floor of black boulders appears. Then with the smooth lapping of the next calm the yellow carpet is laid again. There is a whole population of plants and animals here and of living things that are neither plant nor animal. Carcasses of man, beast, bird, fish, washed ashore, decomposed. Sea and sand bury them. Wreckage rots and rusts and is pounded to pieces and every tide brings new flotsam and jetsam, lays it on other ribbed sand, other stones. The seashore is never twelve hours the same.

This Protean sea partly changes Stephen's immature conception of it. In the Telemachus episode, Stephen looks at the immediate Irish Sea and imagines the bowl of green bile and his dead mother. Now, the kinetic sea flow partly washes out his emotional myopia, freeing him to recognize a mightier sea. Stephen is not afraid to encounter and wrestle with "Old Father Ocean" who, as Stephen captures the sea's changing forms, reminds him of the oracular dream of "you will see who." "Who" is the father who might rescue Stephen from drowning in his
remorse of conscience by reconciling him with the mother. The poor dogsbody drowns in the mother sea, but Stephen might change into the Godsbody as he is rescued temporarily from beneath the watery floor by the spiritual father. Stephen sees both the "grey mother" and the "Old Father" in the sea. He is beginning to understand the dual pattern of life as he discerns an androgynous sea, both female and male, both negative and positive.

Before Stephen is capable of this vital understanding, he must walk the length of Sandymount strand. As he begins his walk, the sea still maintains its predominant maternal association. Stephen notices some midwives descending towards the "mighty mother." One of their profession lugged him squealing into life, a thought which prods Stephen into wondering about whom he ultimately springs from. Stephen speculates that the bag the midwives carry might contain a baby that, as he suggests later on, they tuck "safe among the bulrushes." Perhaps, through a loose process of association, we can assume that Stephen is a Moses who is carried away by the flowing tide to be rescued by the Oriental man, Leopold Bloom the Jew, who could help Stephen become the Godsbody (as the Pharaoh made Moses a king).

As Stephen continues to walk down the strand, the many objects strewn about, the flotsam and jetsam, remind
him of previous history. Some of it was consequential in its own time and some not—but now all that is left are hollow human shells:

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razor-shells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porter-bottle stood up, stopped to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.77

And the seashore also reminds Stephen of his personal history with its high and low moments. The gold light on the sea, sand, and boulders reminds him of "Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets."78

Stephen becomes so lost in his reverie about Paris and Irish history that he is almost oblivious to the sea and the direction of his walk. He stops suddenly and his feet begin to sink in the quaking sand. He turns and scans the south shore as his feet sink in deeper, and he remembers "the cold domed room of the tower." He vows again not to sleep in the "darkness of the dome," in the "silent tower entombing their blind bodies" by the sea. Stephen imagines that the tower is Elsinore and that he is being tempted to "the dreadful summit of the cliff/ That beetles o'er his base into the sea."79
He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all, keep all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

Stephen will not return to Buck Mulligan who draws him to the ghost of his mother and to the dreadful summit over the sea of his guilt, to drown him in its flooding tides.

As Stephen repeats his vow not to return to the place of the mocker who calls him the "dogsbody," he spots the bloated carcass of a dog lying on the strand. It lies along with the other shells of past history, "the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats." Just as Stephen has crushed the hollow shells of man's history and sundered the facade of his hollow friendship with Buck, he can pass over and beyond the poor dogsbody and change into the Godsbody. The live Protean dog that races down the strand, up to and beyond the dead dogsbody, shows Stephen that a metamorphosis into another higher form is possible.

Stephen denies that vital metamorphosis as he attempts to associate his blood with the blood of the past Irishmen who have forged history on the Dublin seashore. He attempts to commingle his form with their hollow shells. He spots the gunwale of a boat sunk in the sand, a hollow shell of the past, and attempts to draw his form into the past:
Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Danevikings, torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me. 61

Failing to place himself in the past, Stephen tries to associate his blood with a form of the present, the life-saver Buck Mulligan (who is also a death-bringer in trying to drown Stephen in his remorse of conscience). Stephen speculates on whether or not he too could save a man from drowning in the sea. He would want to save the man, but being a strong swimmer is not his form. Besides, the water is cold and soft and opaque like the water in the basin at Clongowes. His response to entering the water on any occasion is expressed when, discovering the tide quickly flowing in, he races to put dry land under his feet. In this seaside scene, Stephen lacks the moment of transcendent dedication of A Portrait, the vision that united life into a single wholeness and assuaged his fear of physical contact. Also, Stephen continues to associate the sea with the negative images of his dead mother until the end of the Proteus episode when he envisions "Old Father Ocean."
For now, Stephen wants his artist's life to be his with its hydrophobia, Buck's worldly life to be his own. The image of the drowned man continues to haunt him: "A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With him together down . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost." He could not save his mother from drowning in the bitter waters of death, and he cannot save himself from drowning with her in the "agenbite of inwit," the memory of the green bile vomit.

Despite his efforts to avoid contact with the sea, Stephen does not hesitate to urinate into a tidepool, the closest he comes to physical contact in Proteus. The noises of his water and the seawater commingle, the sea draws his waste matter into its vital flow, uniting them if only in an eddy of waste:

In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seceso, hrss, rsseeiss, ooos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.

As Stephen adds his physical signature of urine to his mental signatures on the seascape, the sound verbalizes in "wavespeech," the "sea's voice." He stands regarding
his human signature flowing with the tide of the sea, and he begins to discern the web of mutuality in life, even though he decides that neither flow appears to come to any avail:

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall. Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fullness of their times . . . . To no end gathered: vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her courts, she draws a toil of waters.84

The sea and man toil endlessly to no avail. All in all, they are one and the same. And if Stephen in understanding this can accept the mutuality of his life and the sea, both voices of a common process of life and death, then he will mature as an artist. As Stephen states later on in *Ulysses*, "the sea's voice" is "a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father."85 If Stephen can accept the physical world and the flesh that casts his shadow, if he can become consubstantial with his spiritual father, Bloom, and assume Leopold's benign acceptance of the world, he will become the creator-artist. He will be able to recreate life out of life, to make imperishable the perishable.

As the surging tide islands the rocks in on the
strand, driving before it rubble and "silly shells,"

Stephen thinks again of the drowned man:

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising saltwhite from the undertow, bobbing landward, a pace a pace a porpoise. There he is. Hook it quick. Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpse-gas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.66

In the Circe episode, "Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars," and Bloom looms down over him. Bloom physically resurrects the inebriated Stephen; the drowned man is changed, brought to life, by "Old Father Ocean:" "A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue. Seadeath mildest of all deaths known to man."87 The seachange is similar to that spoken by Ariel in Shakespeare's The Tempest: "Nothing of him that doth fade/ But doth suffer a seachange/ Into something rich and strange."88 Like Alonso who was believed drowned, Stephen might be changed into something rich and strange--the Godsbody. If Godsbody can metamorphose down to the featherbed mountain, then dogsbody Stephen can metamorphose into the Godsbody. The Protean sea is the taker and giver of life. It drowns Stephen the dogsbody so that Stephen the Godsbody, the
creator-artist, might be born.

The seaside Telemachia ends with Stephen picking a dry snot from his nose and laying it on a rock. The snotgreen sea will claim the dead matter, but Stephen walks from the seawrack and sea shells to the city to encounter Bloom, the old father, who will attempt to reconcile the son with the mother (Molly). Stephen-Moses comes in from the bulrushes and moves under the aegis of the Oriental man. He leaves his subjective world of self-isolation by the sea and moves among the Dubliners. There, hopefully, he will recognize other existences as well as his own and affirm life as he discards most of his thoughts of death and decay by the seaside. He turns his face over his shoulder, "rere regardant." "Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship."

Joyce's modern Odysseus, Leopold Bloom, voyages only once (and then only briefly) to the seaside, but he is never very far from the sea in mind or body, literally or metaphorically. Each episode produces the sea and sea-related imagery partly because Bloom lives on an island and in a seaport, and partly because Joyce cannot neglect the sea to round out the mind and world of his "complete man." Also, Joyce's choice to follow Homeric parallels, however loosely, demands that the narrative
pay some attention to the sea—for how can Joyce describe the Sirens episode without mentioning the waves that break at their feet? In the deflated modern world of Dublin, Bloom sails through a sea of trials and tribulations; he voyages down treacherous routes and past perilous islands of experience.

When Bloom voyages up Dorset Street in the Calypso episode, he notices the same cloud that covers the sun and darkens the sea for Stephen in the Telemachus scene. Actually, there are two instances in Calypso that refer to a cloud obscuring the sun, either of which can coincide with the scene Stephen perceives. Both instances evoke maternal associations in Bloom's mind. I have already mentioned the first instance in reference to the Telemachus episode. In the second instance, Bloom views the far off cloud and thinks of the sea which he associates with the bent hag that Joyce strategically places in front of him on Dorset Street:

A cloud began to cover the sun wholly slowly wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a noggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it
could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.

Desolation.89

As with Stephen, Bloom initially associates the sea with death and death with the mother, and "grey horror" sears his flesh. Bloom fears the old grey mother and death, and his quaking imagination immerses him vicariously into the dead sea: "Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak."90 He races homeward from the cold grey mother to be saved by the warm live mother, Molly, with "her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes." In addition to Epps's cocoa, Bloom attempts to revive Stephen with the warm live mother, to drive away Stephen's fears and memories of the dead mother and the sea of green bile with the vision of the creamfruit melon. To pass beyond the fatal vision of the grey sea and death, Bloom and Stephen must look away from "the grey sunken cunt of the world" to "those lovely seaside girls." Despite their shortcomings and weaknesses, the seaside girls (Milly, Martha, Gerty, and Molly) enable Ulysses to flower and bear fruit.

All dimpled cheeks and curls,
Your head it simply swirls.
Those girls, those girls,
Those lovely seaside girls.91

They lure Bloom and Stephen from the dead sea to the shore where "quick warm sunlight" comes "running . . . swiftly . . . along the brightening footpath,"92 driving
away the grey cloud that obscures the sun. The loveliest seaside girl, Molly, lures Bloom and Stephen from the treacherous routes and perilous islands of experience to home and the domestic fruit.

In the *Lestrygonians* episode, Bloom remembers the taste of the fruit with Molly by the sea, high on Howth Head near a nannygoat dropping currants:

Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still."

The bay rested beneath the sleeping sky and the prone lovers: "The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen toward Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities." Amid the images of buried cities, Bloom buries the thoughts of dead love, but not until after he accepts the pleasure of his memories of the past by the sea.

Stephen's thoughts are not as kind to him as Bloom's discursive memories. In the *Scylla and Charybdis* episode, Stephen is still the prisoner rather than the master of his thoughts of the past, and he continues to drown in his memories of the sea of vomit and his mother's death. Mulligan turns Stephen's thoughts toward his dismal past
with its "'mulberry-coloured, multicoloured, multitudinous vomit,'" deposited in drunkiness at Camden Hall, and the recollection commingles with his memory of his dead mother's green vomit. In desperation to escape his past with its social and physical bonds, Stephen contemplates putting "seas between" himself and Ireland once again by soaring beyond the island. As he ruminates on his previous flight, his thoughts are suddenly arrested by the premonition of his rescue by Bloom who will place before Stephen "from wide earth an altar," his wife Molly:

Here I watched the birds for augury. Ængus of the birds. They go, they come. Last night I flew. Easily flew. Men wondered. Street of harlots after. A creamfruit melon he held to me. In. You will see. He will see whom? "'The wandering Jew,'" Buck answers.

In the Wandering Rocks episode, Stephen continues to drown in his "agenbite of inwit," but Christ-Elijah-Bloom is coming to physically rescue Stephen as they both wind their ways through the treacherous labyrinth of Dublin. Bloom's throwaway, thrown away into the Liffey, announces his coming as the savior of Bloomsday with the arrival of the schooner, the Rosevean:

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of ships and trawlers, amid an archipelago of corks, beyond new Wapping street past Benson's ferry, and by the threemasted schooner Rosevean from Bridgwater with bricks. Odysseus-Bloom arrives to help the artist (who tried to
bridge the water) make his life concrete, to accept his physical limitations. One of the episode's vignettes demonstrates that an Elijah that moves across the water is needed to rescue Stephen who drowns in his remorse of conscience (although this does not mean that he is actually saved). Stephen encounters his sister who tells him that his family has sold some of his books. She then drowns in her remorse which drags Stephen into his remorse:

She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.
Agenbite of invit. Inwit's agenbite.
Misery! Misery!

The wandering rocks of family, state, and Church seek to crush Telemachus-Stephen as he searches for the spiritual father Odysseus-Bloom. Bloom will temporarily rescue Stephen physically as he drowns his remorse in drink and the flesh of harlots, but first the modern Odysseus himself must venture safely beyond the enticements of the Sirens.

In the Sirens episode, the Homeric parallels demand that the sea appear in some capacity, and that part is both literal and metaphorical. The Siren barmaids stand near their "reef of counter" and mid images of shells. Miss Douce exposes her bronze whiteness she attained recently by lying out on the strand all day. Bloom, who
is not "the only pebble on the beach," eyes a poster on
the bar door of a "swaying mermaid smoking mid nice waves."
Also in the bar, there hangs a dusty seascape titled A
Last Farewell: "A headland, a ship, a sail upon the
billows. Farewell. A lovely girl, her veil awave upon
the wind upon the headland, wind around her." Joyce
describes the bar with seascape images. Miss Douce lowers
a blind and produces a "slow cool dim seagreen sliding
depth of shadow, eau de Nil." The bar's patrons pine
for the Sirens in depths of ocean shadows. Bloom is
lured to the rocks by the Siren song and the murmur of
the waves beating on the shore:

Douce now. Douce Lydia. Bronze and rose.
She had a gorgeous, simply gorgeous, time.
And look at the lovely shell she brought.
To the end of the bar to him she bore lightly
the spiked and winding seahorn that he, George
Lidwell, solicitor, might hear.
--Listen! she bade him. . . .
Ah, now he heard, she holding it to his ear.
Hear! He heard. Wonderful. She held it to her own
and through the sifted light pale gold in contrast
glided. To hear. . . .
Bloom through the bardoor saw a shell held at
their ears. He heard more faintly that that they
heard, each for herself alone, then each for other,
hearing the plash of waves, loudly, a silent roar.
Bronze by a weary gold, anear, afar, they
listened.
Her ear too is a shell, the peeping lobe there.
Been to the seaside. Lovely seaside girls. Skin
tanned raw. Should have put on coldcream first
make it brown. Buttered toast. 0 and that lotion
mustn't forget. Fever near her mouth. Your head
it simply. Hair braided over: shell with seaweed.
Why do they hide their ears with seaweed hair? . . .

--What are the wild waves saying? he asked her, smiled.

Charming, seasmiling and unanswering Lydia on Lidwell smiled.99

The sea, et al., are music: "Sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waters, cows lowing, the cattle market, cocks, hens don't crow, snakes hisssss. There's music everywhere."100 The "sea's voice" is life's voice; both are part of a common process of life and death. Bloom experiences and accepts this web of mutuality— the seaweed hair, the corpuscle islands, the seasmiling. Bloom acknowledges the beauty of the Sirens and the "sea's voice," even though he counterpoints both with "pprrpffrrppfff." But, bonds of life draw him away and he sails beyond this episode.

The "oceansong" eventually lures Odysseus-Bloom down to the sea to those lovely seaside girls, Gerty MacDowell and friends, where Bloom's head simply swirls. In that the Nausicaa episode is a parody of the tumid romantic writing of the Victorian era, the descriptions of the sea are tumescent and unrealistic:

Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on the quiet church whence there
streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the storm-tossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea. Bloom arrives on the Sandymount strand with storm-tossed heart from the treacherous archipelago of experiences that fill Bloomsday, and he rests near the "sparkling waves" and the "seaweedy rocks." Budgen describes the Nausicaa episode as "the one pictorial episode in Ulysses." But this statement should not imply that the pictorial objects at hand (such as the sea and strand) are described and should be perceived by the reader as strictly actual or literal. While in this sole scene Bloom is actually by the sea, the style and language of Nausicaa inflate the episode beyond the literal to tumescent levels that are metaphorical, symbolical, or (like the Cyclops episode) simply preposterous. Richard Ellmann shows that in this tumescent episode, Howth Head as a promontory has a male identity; the bay and the shore are female; and the Church of Mary with its male worshippers is androgynous. Also, Ellmann points out that as the Caffrey twins literally build and demolish castles in the sand, Bloom, Gerty, and the worshippers build and demolish castles in the air. In the dreamy and pensive thoughts of Gerty MacDowell, the sea assumes her dreamy and metaphoric associations; the sea is seemingly inspired by an artist's pastels rather than itself an agent of artistic inspiration:
She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like the paintings that man used to do on the pavement with all the coloured chalks and such a pity too leaving them there to be all blotted out, the evening and the clouds coming out and the Bailey light on Howth and to hear the music like that and the perfume of those incense they burned in the church like a kind of waft.\textsuperscript{104}

After the swollen illusion of romance bursts with Bloom's autoerotic orgasm and we slip into his detumescent thoughts, the sea creeps back to its actual nature: "Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey."\textsuperscript{105} The sea's literal force breaks in upon and washes away Nausicaa's tumid romantic illusions, along with Bloom's attempt to be known by writing on the sand. Bloom realizes that the sea is ruled by an inexorable law of ebb and flow, of birth and death, that will render mute his gesture to be known with its tide. So, he effaces the words "I AM A..." with his slow boot.

Bloom joins up with Stephen Dedalus in the \textit{Oxen of the Sun} episode. The close of that episode announces the advent of Bloom as savior: "Elijah is coming washed in the Blood of the Lamb."\textsuperscript{106} In the \textit{Circe} episode, Bloom physically resurrects Stephen whose dogsbody drowns in his absinthe and "agenbite of inwit;" he attempts to set Stephen on the right foot towards maturity. As Bloom follows Stephen's trail to Nighttown and contemplates protecting him, Leopold encounters and feeds a hungry dog. When Zoe asks Stephen which day was he
born, the drowned dogsbody predicts his rebirth when he answers Zoe with: "Thursday. Today." Bloomsday. But, the only conclusive rebirth we witness is Stephen being raised from unconsciousness and the gutter by Bloom. Stephen's resurrection from the dogsbody to the Godsbody, to the mature creator-artist, remains inconclusive and ambiguous—it is set forth in the narrative primarily as a possibility.

As Stephen drowns in his remorse, he imagines his mother who appears to him wasted by the grave. Buck also appears in Stephen's imagination and describes May Dedalus as "our great sweet mother! Epi eino to nonton." Stephen chokes with fright, remorse, and horror as "a green rill of bile" trickles down a side of her mouth. She speaks and reminds him of the song he sang to her on her deathbed about Fergus, the sea, and love's bitter mystery. Stephen drowns in his guilt and turns white, indicating that he is dying (at least metaphorically), "his features grown drawn and grey and old."

The drowning Stephen smashes the chandelier and symbolically destroys space and time, an act that shows that he can destroy his guilty memories and the influence of his dead mother. If this destructive act of smashing the chandelier can free him from his painful past, then it is also a creative gesture—for once Stephen is free of his fixation with the past, he will be able to create
his own world as an artist. Thus, we witness the possibility of Stephen's rebirth in his "intellectual imagination." He rushes out of the brothel and onto the street to be physically laid low by Carr and raised up from unconsciousness by Bloom. Bloom snatches up the discarded ashplant stick and rushes out after Stephen to hand back to him the material of life.

The terms and action of the remainder of the Circe episode suggest that Stephen undergoes the metamorphosis from dogsbody to Godsbody. But again, the resurrection of the "intellectual imagination" remains only a possibility as the Ithaca episode suggests the opposite. Stephen confronts the soldiers and shows us that he has gained a new sense of life different from his previous thoughts of death and decay framed on the Sandymount strand. Just before he is laid low by Private Carr, Stephen makes a mature plea for life in the face of a violent and destructive world—"Damn death. Long live life!" He physically places his life in defense of life, and then—he is knocked unconscious. Adonai predicts Stephen's metamorphosis from "Doooooooollll" to "Gooooooood." A man indicates that Stephen has "gone off," but that "he'll come to all right." Bloom comes forth with the staff of life and says, "Leave him to me. I can easily . . ." resurrect him. The undertaker, Corney Kelleher, indicates (as he approaches with
a death wreath in his hand) that the old Stephen is being buried.

Stephen lies in the gutter, breathing upward the stench of his inebriation; "Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars." Bloom bends over him and becomes the first person to call Stephen by his first name on Bloomsday. Christ calls to Lazarus to rise from the dead. Stephen awakens enough to recognize the dark Leo-pard man as his father and savior. He curls up into a foetal position and murmurs some phrases from Yeats's poem "Who Goes With Fergus?" Perhaps, Stephen is ready to "dance upon the level shore" and to accept the "white breast of the dim sea," to no longer "turn aside and brood/ Upon love's bitter mystery." Bloom adjusts Stephen's waistcoat so he can breathe and, although he misconstrues the allusion to Fergus, Bloom also thinks of the sea and perhaps of the finding of the drowned man:

Face reminds me of his poor mother. In the shady wood. The deep white breast. Ferguson, I think I caught. A girl. Some girl. Best thing could happen him . . . (He murmurs.) . . . swear that I will always hail, ever conceal, never reveal, any part or parts, art or arts . . . (He murmurs.) in the rough sands of the sea . . . a cabletow's length from the shore . . . where the tide ebbs . . .

and flows . . . 107

The "secret master" Bloom beholds the resurrection of his son Rudy over the prone and awakening form of Stephen.

In Rudy's hand is a cane, and a white lambkin peeps out
of his waistcoat pocket. Elijah has come washed in the Blood of the Lamb to reconcile fathers to sons and sons to fathers. The son is rescued (if only temporarily and physically) from the dark depths of death by the father who walks the ways of Dublin. The potential creator-artist arises.

Despite the ambiguity in the death and resurrection motif up to this point, we might accept the Circe episode metamorphosis of Stephen from dogsbody to Godsbody but for the Ithaca episode that increases the ambiguity. In their last scene together or apart, Stephen does not assimilate Bloom's mature attitude, and he still cannot accept contact with the physical world. Stephen refuses to wash in the washbasin Bloom offers him because he still hates "partial contact by immersion or total by submersion in cold water." He refuses to stay and meet Molly, and we have no reason to believe that he will return later. Stephen walks away from 7 Eccles Street hearing the prayer for the dying, which suggests that he is still the dogsbody drowning in his "agenbite of inwit." Perhaps, Bloom perceives Stephen's situation and outcome best: "He saw in a quick young male familiar form the predestination of a future." We learn no more than this suggestion of a future event. Stephen's outcome in the death and resurrection motif remains ambiguous and inconclusive.
So, Odysseus-Bloom returns home from having navigated through the perilous ways of Dublin. He rests with thoughts of Sinbad the Sailor and other navigators who have voyaged across the vastness of the seas. Finally, wombweary Bloom enters the bed of his icon of womanhood whom he associates with the moon with its "potency over effluent and refluent waters" and with its "omens of tempest and of calm." Leopold has struggled home through his sea of adventures to lie next to the ebb and flow of Molly's thoughts, "tides, myriadislanded within her . . . a winedark sea." As Molly's ruminating thoughts drift from Howth to Gibraltar and through her ventures on the sea, she begins to menstruate and thinks: "0 patience above its pouring out of me like the sea anyhow." Her menstrual flow is like the waters at Gibraltar: "0 that awful deepdown torrent 0 and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and glorious sunsets." The natural forces of the earth and woman are the same; both are ruled by unrelenting tides and part of a mutual process of life.

Molly's thoughts flow into the memory of gazing down on the sea from Howth Head and saying "yes" to Leopold. Ulysses ends with this word "yes" as Molly accepts Poldy just as Leopold accepts Molly in kissing her "yellow smellow mellons." The tides of the human character from storm to calm are forgiven with Molly's "its only nature."
In Bloomsday's last episode, Molly muses on writing about Leopold: "I declare somebody ought to put him in the budget if I only could remember the one half of the things and write a book out of it the works of Master Poldy yes."\textsuperscript{114} Obviously, someone else took up the task to illuminate the world of Leopold Bloom, alias Henry Flower, son of Rudolph Virag, father to Stephen Dedalus. And that person filled his Bloomsday book with numerous and diverse aspects, not the least of which is—*Ulysses* and the sea.
Footnotes:


7Ellmann, *Joyce*, p. 192.

8Ellmann, *Joyce*, p. 203.


10Joyce, *Critical Writings*, p. 234.

11Joyce, *Critical Writings*, pp. 234-35.


15Joyce, *Portrait*, p. 98.


17Joyce, *Portrait*, p. 27.

18Joyce, *Portrait*, p. 32.


21 Joyce, Portrait, p. 167.

22 Joyce, Portrait, p. 168.

23 Joyce, Portrait, p. 169.

24 Joyce, Portrait, p. 169.

25 Joyce, Portrait, p. 162.


27 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 572.

28 Joyce, Portrait, p. 170.


30 Joyce, Portrait, p. 172.

31 Joyce, Portrait, p. 170.

32 Joyce, Portrait, p. 170.

33 Joyce, Portrait, p. 171.


35 Beebe, p. 307.

36 Joyce, Portrait, p. 172.

37 Joyce, Portrait, p. 171.

38 Joyce, Portrait, p. 172.

39 Joyce, Portrait, p. 172.

40 Joyce, Portrait, p. 173.

41 Joyce, Portrait, p. 215.


43 Joyce, Portrait, p. 252.

45 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 51.

46 Garrett, p. 4.


49 Garrett, p. 8.

50 Goldberg, p. 191.


52 Tindall, pp. 221-25.

53 Beebe, pp. 302-20.

54 Beebe, p. 305.

55 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 50.

56 Beebe, p. 311.

57 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 5.

58 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 5.

59 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 9.

60 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 9.


62 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 9.

63 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 9.

64 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 10.

65 Joyce, Ulysses, p. 11.
66 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 57.
68 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 23.
70 Gilbert, p. 115.
71 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 37.
72 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 37.
73 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 37.
74 Goldberg, p. 156.
75 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 38.
76 Budgen, p. 49.
78 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 42.
80 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 44.
81 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 45.
82 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 46.
83 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 49.
85 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 197.
86 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 50.
87 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 50.
88 Shakespeare, p. 1481.
89 Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 61.
Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 61.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 67.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 61.


Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 249.


Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 271.


Rudgen, pp. 211-15.


Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 357.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 379.


Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 609.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 673.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 689.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 702.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 47.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 769.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 783.

Joyce, *Ulysses*, p. 754.
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