

# *James Joyce and the Life Cycle: The Unfolded Picture*

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*“To discuss the problems connected with the stages of human development is an exacting task, for it means nothing less than unfolding a picture of psychic life in its entirety from the cradle to the grave.”*

Karl Jung (3)

*“We are faced all the time with the indelible reality of the past.”*

Jennifer Johnston (4)

**Abstract:** *Joyce in his fiction ambitiously attempted to capture the whole of the human life cycle “from infancy through maturity to decay,” as he graphically phrases it in Ulysses (697). Beginning with the child’s earliest memories in A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man and progressing through the vicissitudes of childhood, recorded in that novel along with the early stories in Dubliners, Joyce went on to analyze adolescence and early adulthood in the middle stories in Dubliners, as well as in the bulk of A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man. He then memorably depicted the middle mature years in his portrait of Leopold and Molly Bloom in Ulysses. Finally, he pictured the evening of life in “The Dead” and its end and re-beginning in Finnegans Wake. Joyce’s works taken as a whole from A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and Dubliners through Ulysses and Exiles to Finnegans Wake – embody Erik Erickson’s “meaningful interplay between beginning and end as well as some finite sense of summary and, possibly, a more active anticipation of dying.”*

Most writers work by exclusion rather than inclusion. Almost alone among prominent authors writing in English, William Shakespeare and James Joyce practiced inclusion; that is, they “put it all in,” as Joyce proclaimed in *Ulysses* as well as “Jakes

McCarthy, too.” Encountering either Shakespeare or Joyce a reader cannot then retreat to a smaller, more comfortable, and much more manageable plane of thought, emotion, or experience for both Shakespeare and Joyce aim at giving readers nothing less than all of human life.<sup>1</sup> John Middleton Murry in reviewing *Ulysses* in 1922 became one of the first readers to object to this very quality that I am defending. He wrote: “The curse of nimiety, of too-muchness hangs over it as a whole,” he observed (qtd. in Dettmar 49n58). Joyce, like Shakespeare, wrote works of “excess” – to borrow Tom LeClair’s useful term – or “what Thoreau in *Walden* called ‘extravagance’” (LeClair 4). His is the art of mastery. Le Clair enunciates “three essential criteria of mastery, mastery of the world in which they were written, mastery of narrative methods, and mastery of the reader” (5). With Joyce, as with Shakespeare, his mastery enables him to explore in depth the human life cycle. Where Shakespeare dramatized the “seven ages of man” throughout his plays, Joyce explored the various stages of life in his fictions.

The American developmental psychologist Erik Erikson following in Karl Jung’s footsteps spent a productive lifetime studying and reflecting upon the human life cycle. Each step on life’s way, he concluded, involves its own challenge to be faced, its own task to be done. For example, the task faced by adolescents, such as Stephen Daedalus faces in chapters two to four of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, is to achieve identity. Part of that task must take place socially or as Erikson defines the problem: “To be oneself (or not to be) [and] to share being oneself” (Erikson, *Identity*, “Worksheet” 178). Stephen struggles with being himself and with sharing himself throughout the last section of the novel and into the first chapters of *Ulysses*. Offered several different role models from which to choose, he declines to choose any. Nor has he friends that might by any stretch of the definition be grouped under Erikson’s rubric “Partners in Friendship” (178). Buck Mulligan, for instance, is no friend of his but one who will use him for his own ends. He takes the key to the tower, for example, and will dispose of him when he is no longer of use. Having drunk Stephen’s money, Mulligan deliberately loses Stephen on the way to Nighttown. Worse, according to Bloom, Mulligan may have put a narcotic in Stephen’s drink in the Lying-In Hospital.

Joyce in his fiction ambitiously attempted to capture the whole of the human life cycle “from infancy through maturity to decay,” as he graphically phrases it in *Ulysses* (697). Beginning with the child’s earliest memories in *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* and progressing through the vicissitudes of childhood recorded in that novel along with the early stories in *Dubliners*, Joyce went on to analyze adolescence and early adulthood in the middle stories in *Dubliners* as well as in the bulk of *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*. He then memorably depicted the middle mature years in his portrait of Leopold and Molly Bloom in *Ulysses*. Finally, he pictured the evening of life in “The Dead” and its end and re-beginning in *Finnegans Wake*.

## The Growth of Consciousness and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

“Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road” (*Portrait* 176). This is Stephen’s earliest memory. “His father told him that story [...]” “The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt” (176). This first recollection of Stephen’s obviously partakes in its innocence of what Karl Jung describes as “the paradise of unconscious childhood” (5). Yet even this early, the problem of self-identity begins to surface at first simply: “*He* was baby tuckoo [emphasis added].” Then more complexly as Stephen’s barely acknowledged identity comes up against the question of his father’s identity: “his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.” And the identity of Betty Byrne: “she sold lemon platt” (176). Separating himself from his father and then his father in turn from other humans – represented concretely by Betty Byrne – begins for Stephen what will become a life-long process of comparing like or similar people and things and contrasting unlike people and things. Making distinctions between like or similar things – two adults in this instance – so basic to the acquisition of human language, the growth of knowledge, and the stimulation of learning leads Stephen to greater consciousness.

Joyce records a second process by which Stephen takes his first steps towards increasing consciousness in Stephen’s song.

*O, the wild rose blossoms [...].*  
He sang that song. That was his song.  
*O, the green wrothe botheth.* (176).

When Stephen speaks of himself “objectively, in the third person” (Jung 7) – “that was *his* song” (emphasis added) – we, as readers, share in his dawning sense of himself as a discrete individual that derives from his recognition of self to song. “*He* sang *that* song.” The opening of *A Portrait* records what Jung calls an “initial series of contents [...]” (7) in Stephen’s seemingly unconnected discrete memories. (Only later as memories become continuous will Stephen develop strong feelings of subjectivity.)

In the next stage of growth, Stephen will begin to make connections between memories. This process of perceiving connections and drawing distinctions through comparison and contrast will continue throughout the *Portrait*. A similar progress occurs with the various characters in *Dubliners* from the young boy confronting death in “The Sisters” to the schoolboy learning of evil in “An Encounter,” from the young woman paralyzed unable to act in “Eveline,” and the young men acting without thinking of the consequences in “After the Race,” through those in middle years such as Little Chandler in “A Little Cloud” until we reach the old sisters in “The Dead.”

Because all life is a process of growth – and when growth ceases, the process stops, death occurs – we can meaningfully speak of the ages of life (Shakespeare) or the stages of life (Jung) or a life cycle (Erikson). Stephen’s growth from boyhood to adolescence remains the compelling human story of the coming of age of a young man

in a highly repressive society. Within the whole oeuvre of Joyce's fiction, however, it forms the early part of Joyce's depiction of the human life cycle where each stage becomes recapitulated, examined, probed, illuminated.

### **The Mid-Life Crisis and *Ulysses***

Joyce's great achievement remains the complex fictional portrait of Leopold and Molly Bloom in mid-life. When Bloom was born, male life expectancy was under fifty.<sup>2</sup> (Joyce himself would die before reaching sixty.) Leopold Bloom, therefore, although relatively young by twenty-first century standards, is a model of a person in mid-life at the turn of the nineteenth century. Without exaggeration he muses "Soon I am old" (285). Much has been written of the Blooms as fictional characters, as "humors," as symbols, such as The Wandering Jew and the Earth Mother, as classical motifs, such as Ulysses and Penelope, and so on and so forth, but the true power of Joyce's portraits rests on their humanity. "It is the sound of humanity that reverberates throughout [...] *Ulysses*," as Morton Levitt contends (5-6).

Characteristically of those in mid-life, both Molly and Bloom recall their dead parents who can no longer shield them against the knowledge of the end that will now become more and more present. With their parents' death, each has become the exposed link in the family chain. A second characteristic of mid-life adults shared by Molly and, more especially, by Bloom lies in the sense of pervasive loss. Loss rather than opportunity will come more and more to dominate the remainder of their lives. Third, the Blooms experience what Americans call "the empty nest syndrome" that occurs when children leave home. Rudy died several years before the novel begins and Milly has recently gone to live and work in Mullingar. Yet both children are present to both Bloom and Molly in thought and memory. The memory of Rudy shadows Bloom's day as the dead son proves never far from the father's thoughts and feelings. Moreover, Rudy, the dead son may well be the reason for the present day of crisis during which Molly will commit adultery for the first and only time since they were married.<sup>3</sup> Her mixed motives range from physical, sexual desire – "Thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me" (758) – to the possibility of shocking Poldy into returning as sexually active partner in the marriage. She wants him back. Not least she wants him back as her sexual partner – "Poldy has more spunk in him" (742), she observes using a low Dublin idiom as she compares him most favorably to Blazes Boylan. But Bloom cannot return. The "years dream return" but for him the reality of his dead son and the responsibility he assumes for Rudy's non-survival if not for his death overwhelms all else: "Could never like it [sexual intercourse] again after Rudy [died]" (168) he reflects honestly. Thus the necessity to procreate conflicts with the impossibility of procreating within Bloom. As father he is responsible for the health of his newborn son and that son died – "my fault perhaps. No son" (285). In effect, Bloom assents to the ancient Jewish belief that "if it's [the child is] healthy it's from the mother.

If not the man” (96). Or, more specifically: “the health of the child is a reflection on the virility of the male” (Gifford and Seidman 111). As husband, Bloom does not wish to participate in procreation. Molly’s later miscarriage only confirms him in this feeling. And yet he recalls with pleasure and affection making love with Molly. “The most moving event in the book, for both Molly and Bloom, is their love-making at Howth, which took place sixteen years previously, but which ends the book with its resounding affirmation,” as Joseph Ronsley maintains (118). Anxiously anticipating Molly’s adultery, Bloom reconciles himself to this “inevitable” event by returning in his mind to those past events on the hill of Howth where he and Molly first made love. By recreating that moment in the present, by bringing it into the present through memory he acquires “a sense of continuity, a sense of being, with a past, a present, and a future” (Rosenfield 76) that leads to his equanimity.<sup>4</sup>

Life must be lived forward but can only be understood backward, as Søren Kierkegaard once wisely observed and, therefore, great epics, such as *Ulysses*, begin traditionally *in media res* or at that moment when there is enough of a life to begin to be understood. Yet since the unity of narrative embodied in a single life becomes fully apparent only after that life is over, Bloom and Molly continue to look forward while also remembering backwards. “I remember that I was happy when I am not happy now, and I recall my past sadness when I am not sad now; [...] I can recall a desire I had once, when I have it no longer,” was St. Augustine’s classic formulation of the problem. During his long and difficult day, Bloom pauses several times to observe: “Me. And me now” (176). “I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I?” (168). The Heracleitian River flows in one direction only yet “the way up and the way down are the same” as both Heracleitus and St. Augustine knew full well.<sup>5</sup> Both living and memory can be experienced only in the present tense of the present moment. Both Bloom and Molly attempt to understand their lives by calling up memories of one another from their earlier, perhaps less complicated and certainly less troubled life together. When Bloom and Molly recall past events, thoughts, and emotions now in this moment, their recollection colors this moment.

Through memory Bloom proves exceptional – even heroic – in being able to integrate the suffering, pain, and loss he has experienced in the past (generativity in Erikson’s terms, *Identity*, “Figure III” 129), while at the same time avoiding the emotional pitfall of becoming self-absorbed (“Figure III” 129). “The past is not to be repeated but *redeemed*, because it has the power yet to redeem the future,” Declan Kiberd contends (475). The key to such redemption lies in generativity without self-absorption, according to Erikson. Carrying with him his memories of all his days and ways, Bloom proceeds energetically from the known to the unknown or as Joyce more wittily wrote “from the unknown [that is, the mystery of birth] to the known [the certainty of death]” (*U* 572).<sup>6</sup> Like most people in mid-life, he does a day’s work under difficult circumstances. At the end of the day, his accounts balance. He has done works of charity and mercy – in fact, he has performed all seven of the works of corporal and spiritual mercy. Don Gifford contends that

In retrospect the significance of trivial things and of things understated, omitted, or neglected [in *Ulysses*] suggest that Bloom, the heterodox Jew-Protestant-Catholic-Freemason, is the only reasonably fallible, unself-consciously devout, practicing Christian (or, rather, “anonymous Christian” in Karl Rahner’s phrase) in Dublin. [...] Devout Catholics were instructed by the Maynooth Catechism that each morning they should pray to be able to perform one or more of the seven corporal and seven spiritual works of mercy during the day. [...] Bloom [has] performed [...] all fourteen. (“Memory” 45)

Rather than the transient futile sensation of triumph, Bloom ends his day with equanimity. He accepts himself, Molly, his children both living, and dead, his lot in life for which he blames no one and for which he offers no excuses. Bloom neither despairs nor appears resigned. Nor is he disgusted with himself, his lot in life, or with life itself. Instead he remains a picture of integrity. Unlike his fellow Dubliners, he spends his energy not in “reinforcing their narrow range of consciousness [but...] in shattering it in the tension of opposites and building up a state of wider and higher consciousness” (Jung 10). And, in that “higher consciousness” lies, I believe the key to Bloom’s attractiveness not merely as a fictional character but also as an example of “right conduct.”

A devoted husband and father, Bloom opposes evil, stands up and speaks out, however haltingly, for justice and love, mourns his dead son, attends to his daughter’s needs, and returns to his wife at the conclusion of a long and difficult day. Throughout he displays a marvelous ability to function as a whole, healthy, and productive adult – Joyce’s “competent keyless citizen” (*U* 697). Bloom recognizes, however intuitively, the truth in Jung’s assertion that “the meaning and purpose of a problem seem to lie not in its solution but in our working at it incessantly. This alone preserves us from stultification and petrification” (11-12). The serious problems life presents can never be solved fully or resolved once and for all. The gifted American psychotherapist Sheldon Kopp remarked ruefully that given his talent and worth he expected as a young adult to be invited to sample the cream of life but instead was given a bucket of sour milk with some sketchy instructions on how to make yogurt. Bloom similarly works at his problems “incessantly.” Yet he realizes there can be no solution to his greatest “problem” – the death of his son in infancy. Rudy’s death rather than Blazes Boylan’s sexual activity becomes the event that shadows the Blooms’ marriage. Blazes Boylan is, after all, merely a distraction from or at most a symptom of that shadow whereas the death of Rudy inevitably and substantially altered Leopold and Molly’s relationship with one another (*U* 168). And that alteration became their first step into what Jung aptly calls “the afternoon of life” (17).

“[W]e cannot live the afternoon of life according to the program of life’s morning; for what was great in the morning will be little at evening, and what in the morning was true will at evening have become a lie,” as Jung astutely observed (17). It becomes self-defeating for adult development to continue into the afternoon of life “with the false



assumption that our truths and ideals will serve us as hitherto” (Jung 17). Leslie Fiedler eloquently acknowledges that “[I]n the middle of life, as the day wears on, we who began as sons and lovers look around to discover that we have become fathers and husbands; that somehow we have learned that exile is not what must be sought but what must be endured, and what therefore joins every man to every other man” (207-208). New conditions call for new actions and reactions. Bloom “as a competent keyless citizen [...] had proceeded energetically from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void” (*Ulysses* 697). Acting in existential knowledge of the “parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity” that becomes more and more apparent the longer a person lives in “irreversible time” (728), Bloom in the afternoon of life as father and as husband successfully devises different strategies and affirms different values from those of his youth. His equanimity (433), for example, arises from his intimate knowledge acquired at some cost in the afternoon of life of “the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter: the apathy of the stars” (734).

Bloom also illustrates Erickson’s contention that, for adults, the temptation to social or individual isolation must be resisted in favor of “solidarity” with others and intimacy within relationships (*Identity*, “Worksheet” 178). The deepening crisis in Bloom’s marriage centers on the nature of his and Molly’s solidarity with one another as well as on their failure to communicate with one another over the past nine months. Both the solidarity and communication figure hugely in what Erikson would describe as the intimacy or lack of it – “isolation” – within their relationship (*Identity*, Figure III 129).

In discussing works of mastery, Le Clair insists that “I am ultimately concerned with survival value [...] books that know and show what we as a people and a species need to understand in order to have a future” (viii). Joyce’s *Ulysses* has, I believe, enormous survival value, although located in a, perhaps, surprising area – that of ordinary, everyday life.<sup>7</sup> In his deeply etched portrait of personal heroism in an ordinary life, Joyce demonstrates that “the ordinary is the extraordinary” (Ellmann 3). “The ordinary is the proper domain of the artist,” Joyce once asserted, “the extraordinary can safely be left to journalists” (Ellmann qtd. in Kiberd 470).

## **The Cycle of *Finnegans Wake***

Joyce having himself set foot on the “sill of shade” in the afternoon of life would spend the next seventeen years after the publication of *Ulysses* enduring considerable emotional and physical pain and suffering. Facing the known end with neither disgust nor despair, he energetically – some would say, possessively – wrote his great comic epic *Finnegans Wake*. A work more discussed than read but one that faces squarely and unflinchingly the ultimate end of human life without despair but with great equanimity.

The challenge of *Finnegans Wake* lies, I believe, in its vision of the totality of all life seen from the perspective of a most creative life. Going beyond the intellect, Joyce employs “primordial images [...] symbols which are older than historical man, which [...] still make up the groundwork of the human psyche” (Jung 21) to give us the whole of the human life cycle. Joyce’s single story in the *Wake* is in fact that very cycle of life: birth, growth, maturation, fertility, decline, and death and then the cycle repeats like Vico’s road “to end where it began.” “There extend by now one thousand and one stories, all told, of the same” (5). “Hush! Caution! Echoland!” (13). Hence the heart-wrenching sadness of the ending mixed with joy of the re-beginning of *Finnegans Wake*. “Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing” (619). “There’ll be others but non so for me” (626).

Yes, you’re changing, sonhusband, and you’re turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills again. [...] And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist. Divetaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank sprint of a thing theresomere, sultering. Saltarella come to her own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger’s there. Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong. For she’ll be sweet to you as I was sweet when I came down out of me mother. [...] End here. Us then. Finn again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps.the keys to. Give! A way a lone a last a long the (627-28)

In undermining and even doing away with traditional notions of character and time in *Finnegans Wake*, in attempting to get at the essence of action, rather than the more traditional novelist’s goal of reproducing or creating a single action, Joyce chose to concentrate on the life cycle, “the movement from birth through maturity to death, with the renewal of movement resulting from the seed planted in each completed cycle” (Peake 354). Charles Peake rightly contends that

The terms, “birth,” “maturity,” “death” and “seed” are metaphors; the same cycle is followed by inorganic as by organic existence; it applies equally to the atom and the physical universe, to all objects, plants and animals, and to man, his groupings, his institutions, and to all he creates or experiences. [...] It depends on the interplay of opposites and illustrates their underlying identity, since the first moment of birth is the first moment of dying and the same cyclic movement produces simultaneously ascent and descent. (354)

Similarly, at the end of *Finnegans Wake*, A.L.P., Anna Livia Plurabelle leaving life – the river Liffey flowing out to the sea – returns in the life-giving rain that fructifies the earth allowing seed to grow and the cycle of birth, life, death, regeneration to begin again: “Us then. Finn again! [...] A way a lone a last a loved a long the (628) riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs” (3). Phoenix-like the cycle begins again but with different players – “there’ll be others but non so for me” (626).



“It’s Phoenix, dear. And the flame is, hear! Let’s our joornee saintmichael make it” (621). The life cycle is now complete.

## Wisdom and the Life Cycle

“Where is the wisdom of our old people, where are their precious secrets and visions?” Jung asked at the beginning of the last century (18). Not surprisingly, it is this wisdom maturing from what Erikson describes as “the dominant antithesis in old age [of] *integrity vs. despair*” (*Identity* 112) that Joyce reflects – however obliquely – in his last work, *Finnegans Wake* as well as throughout his work taken as a whole. Erikson insists that

The dominant antithesis in old age [...] we termed *integrity vs. despair*. [...] Integrity, however, seems to convey a peculiar demand – as does the specific strength that we postulate as maturing from this last antithesis – namely, *wisdom*. This we have described as a kind of “informed and detached concern with life itself in the face of death itself” [...]. [...] wisdom rests in the capacity to see, look, and remember, as well as to listen, hear, and remember. (61, 112)

Remembering is, therefore, crucial. “Our eyes register the light of dead stars,” André Schwartz-Bart so memorably wrote in *Le Dernier des Justes* (*The Last of the Just* 1960), as our days and nights are lived by the light of all our previous days and nights. The person we are today is, in part, made up of the memory of all previous days: “In a man’s single day are all the days of time” as Borges wrote in “James Joyce.”<sup>8</sup> Or, as he vividly pictures in “Cambridge”:

Those odds and ends of memory are the only wealth  
That the rush of time leaves to us.  
We are our memory,  
We are this chimerical museum of shifting forms,  
this heap of broken mirrors.

“We are this chimerical museum of shifting forms” in the sense that today we are the sum total of all our previous experience yet that experience is held but imperfectly in memory waiting to be brought forward into today. Memory becomes more important and more treasured the longer life continues. The infant can recall little having experienced little – “there was a moocow coming down the road,” for instance, is a charming but infantile memory. Those in mid-life, such as Leopold and Molly Bloom, have, in contrast, much to recall as they wrestle with loss and the memory of what has gone before. Those at the end of life, like Anna Livia Plurabelle, have, however, the most to recall and so become almost totally preoccupied with memories of what they will shortly leave.

What has gone? How it ends?

Begin to forget. It will remember itself from every sides, with all gestures,  
in each our word. Today's truth, tomorrow's trend.

Forget, remember! (*Finnegans Wake* 614)

“To grow old is a great privilege,” wrote Erikson at the end of his very long life. “It allows feedback on a long life that can be relived in retrospect. With the years, retrospect becomes more inclusive; scene and action become more real and present. Sometimes the distant scenes and experiences are close to bewildering, and to relive them in memory is almost overwhelming” (*Completed* 128). “Forget, remember!” wrote Joyce at the end of his expressing a similar sentiment. Both suggest the wisdom to be found in old age.

Joyce's works taken as a whole from *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Dubliners* through *Ulysses* and *Exiles* to *Finnegans Wake* – embody Erickson's “meaningful interplay between beginning and end as well as some finite sense of summary and, possibly, a more active anticipation of dying” (63). If inclusion, together with mastery of the world and narrative methods, sets Joyce apart from other twentieth-century writers, so does his depiction of the totality of the human life cycle so evident throughout his work.

## Notes

An earlier version of this essay will appear in *Focus* (Hungary).

- 1 Harold Bloom maintains that Shakespeare “essentially invented human personality as we continue to know and value it.”
- 2 Tom Kirkwood describes the huge increase in life expectancy between the 1880s and 1990s: “life expectancy at birth in England and Wales has nearly doubled from some 46 years in the 1880s to around 76 years in the 1990s. [ . . . ] Life expectancy has doubled because many fewer people are dying young” (5).
- 3 José Laners summarizes Bloom's feeling of guilt over Rudy's death and its effect on his relationship with Molly: “it is evident that the event [of Rudy's death] was a crucial factor in the deterioration of the Blooms' sexual relationship and that Leopold Bloom feels he is somehow to blame for his son's demise” (530).
- 4 Molly in her monologue returns to exactly the same moment of their love making on Howth (782). “The reader in turn joins these two memories of Bloom and Molly widely separated by hundreds of pages and many hours of reading time by actively linking them – recalling them then bringing both together into the present which of necessity alters that very present, that act of reading the last words of *Ulysses*. The reading time itself for the end of *Ulysses* thus partakes of all three of Augustine's times present” (Morse, “Days of Time” 92). In *The Confessions* Augustine concludes: “It is, now, however, perfectly clear that neither the future nor the [past are in existence, and that it is incorrect to say that there are three times – past, present, and future. Though one might perhaps say: ‘There are three times – a present of things past, a present of things present, and a present of things future.’ For these three do exist in the mind, and I do not see them anywhere

- else: the present time of things past is memory; the present time of things presents is sight; the present time of things future is expectation” (273).
- 5 Heraclitus refers to the future as “the way up” the river, in that, to be experienced the future must come into the present while the past becomes “the way down” the river when brought into the present through memory.
  - 6 “Life, he himself said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not, after) is a wake [. . .] a phrase which the establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across the chestfront of all manorwombanborn” (*Finnegans Wake* 55).
  - 7 Like Fiedler “I have been living Joyce for a long time now, and especially I have been living *Ulysses*, not outside of but within the very texture of my life, as a part of a process of growing up and growing old. *Ulysses* was for my youth and has remained for my later years not a novel at all, but a conduct book, a guide to salvation through the mode of art, a kind of secular scripture” (196-97). I am not wholly convinced by that last pirouette but I certainly do agree with Fielder’s description of *Ulysses* as a “book of conduct” in large measure because I have found Joyce’s extremely detailed, intimate portrait of Bloom in mid-life a good guide.
  - 8 For a detailed discussion of Borges’ complicated relationship to James Joyce and his work, see Thomas J. Rice who discusses at length “Borges’ anxious relationship to the influential figure of James Joyce [. . .]” (56).

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