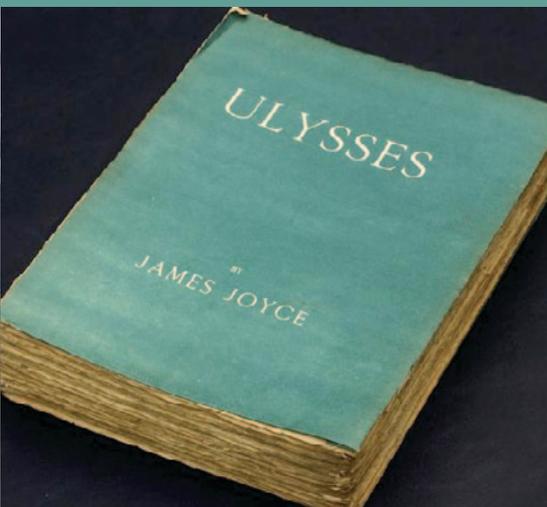


...that's no way for him has he no manners nor no r...
...nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on a...
...cause I didnt call him Hugh the ignoramus that doesnt know...
...from a cabbage thats what you get for not keeping them in their...
...er place pulling off his shoes and trousers there on the chair beh...
...so barefaced without even asking permission and standing out...
...vulgar way in the half of a shirt they wear to be admired like a...
...a butcher or those old hypocrites in the time of Julius Caesar of...
...hes right enough in his way to pass the time as a joke sure you...
...well be in bed with what with a lion God Im sure hed have some...
...better to say for himself an old Lion would O well I suppose its...
...they were so plump and tempting in my short petticoat he...
...resist they excite myself sometimes its well for men all the...
...pleasure they get off a woma...
...always I wished I was one my...
...they have swelling up on you...
...you touch it my uncle John...
...saying passing the comer o...
...thing hairy because it was...
...didnt make me blush why sl...
...his thing long into my aunt...
...you put the handle in a sweet

Commemorating James Joyce's *Ulysses* @ 90

On February 2, 2012, James Joyce's *Ulysses* celebrates the 90th anniversary of its publication, the very same day that the author turns 130. To commemorate this double milestone in modernist and literary history, we asked *Ulysses* fans to submit quotations and reflections for a collage.

A brilliant tour de force, structured in the episodic form of Homer's *Odyssey*, *Ulysses* traces one day in the life of Leopold Bloom in Dublin in 1904. Within little more than one day within our call for responses, we received Joycean quotations and reflections in poetic, peripatetic, academic, personal, satirical and witty forms that tell us something about how *Ulysses* speaks to you today. Here is *Ulysses* for the twenty-first century, sounding a polyphonic chorus of voices from Nova Scotia through England to Brazil, and from New York City through Buffalo to Toronto.



I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall.

(Episode 18 – Penelope)

Rambling the cobbled streets of Seville, Spain, during my winter break last December, I found myself standing under a thick Moorish wall. Shadowed from the hot desert sun, my companion began to recite Molly Bloom's soliloquy. "I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall." Her meter echoed the distant strumming of a flamenco guitar, and beer glasses tinkled at a nearby cafe. We let our hair down, feeling like Andalusian muses.

Jenny LeRoy,
City University of New York, New York City, NY.



Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, oos. 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 foam pool, flower unfurling. (Episode 3 – Proteus)

Bronze by wagging limp tympanum.
Wavespeech blooming.
Yes, that lulling language of flowers.
Planting ash sends the bed springs singing.

Dr. Suzanne Zelazo,
Toronto, Ont.



The heavtree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit. (Episode 17 – Ithaca)

This juicy, humid, tropical response to the dry and ironic question of what confronts Bloom and Stephen as they exit 7 Eccles that Bloomsday night, bathed in starlight, shocks one's glands and taste-buds. We savour the rich soil of this apparently dessicated vision of home.

Dr. Laurence Shine,
Buffalo State College, Buffalo, NY.



Mi trema un poco il. (Episode 6 – Hades)

The lilting descant melody of *Don Giovanni* reverberates through *Ulysses*. Bloom thinks longingly, listlessly, wistfully of Molly, she of "home and beauty," of the "sleepy soft . . . warm heavy" and wordless morning answer "—Mn" (Episode 4 – Calypso), of the "loose brass quoits of the bedstead" (Episode 4 – Calypso) that tintinnabulate to announce what Bloom knows and yet refuses to know—*vorrei e non vorrei* (Episode 6 – Hades). It is the strain of a lover acutely attuned to the melody of an affair, carefully relishing his singsong tender ache.

Anonymous (could I only sent mine there a few times the name model laundry sending me back and over some old ones odd stockings blackguardlooking fellow with the peeling a switch attack me in the dark and me un against the wall without a word)

Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. On the brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen out of Prince's stores. (Episode 7 – Aeolus)

Someone has to work for someone to have fun. Having fun is better. Someone has to learn to make beer, boots, cars and warehouses before this art disappears. Learning something new is funny. The same thing can be said in different ways. Journalism is an art form. As long as homo sapiens sapiens know how to communicate with each other there will be some peace in the world.

Dr. Aguinaldo Medici Severino,
Universidade Federal de Santa Maria, Santa Maria (Rio Grande do Sul), Brazil.



Where's what's his name? (Episode 7 – Aeolus)

One of many laugh-out-loud, irascible interjections from the God of the Winds himself, Myles Crawford, the newspaper editor, this line – so apparently disposable as to defy glossing – is laughably memorable for getting right Crawford's character, the gassy confusion of the noisy, overcrowded newspaper office, and above all the struggle to communicate individual need in the midst of some very Irish social comedy. *Ulysses* is a novel we so often think of in terms of soliloquies and solitaries—from Molly's nocturnal meditations to those more public scenes (Bloom and Simon Dedalus' carriage ride to Glasnevin Cemetery) which begin publically but quickly narrow to the individual. But the book is also a great perambulation across Dublin and through all of its talk. Joyce indulges in some exuberant fun in the newspaper office, with walk-on characters (Lenehan, Professor MacHugh) and Bloom and Stephen – brought together for the first time. The episode prefigures their later encounter in another public scrum in the library and, most movingly, in their late night endeavor to once again find the necessary words to communicate (in Bloom's kitchen) while struggling against the tide of language that keeps upstaging their efforts to put a name to that which they cannot find, yet so urgently need: "Where's" [indeed] "what's his name?"

Dr. David Copeland
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. (Episode 1 – Telemachus)

This description of the sea may be odd but it is apt. As a Maritimer I can really appreciate Joyce's description of the manner in which light and weather can change the ocean from scenic to snotty – or "scrotumtightening."

Amy Smith,
A proud Nova Scotia native.



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A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.
(Episode 9 – Scylla and Charybdis)

Here, Joyce references more than himself, more than Shakespeare; he writes about the artist's journey or progress, one that is both public and private, a connection rather than catharsis.

Valeriya Kotsyuba,
York University, Toronto, Ont.



So that gesture, not music, not odours would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm.
(Episode 7 – Circe)

This passage has formed the groundwork of my aesthetic theory. It appears in the work's climatic section, when Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus first meet face to face, in Bella Cohen's whore house. The idea that structural rhythm is a form-giving energy has served as foundation for me for my reflections on the body. And Joyce's example in *Ulysses* of using structural rhythm as a form-giving principle served me when I was making *The Book of All the Dead* – and still does, as I work on *The Book of Praise*. He showed himself there to be a master at connecting formal rhythms to bodily dynamics.

Prof. R. Bruce Elder,
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



Never know whose thoughts you're chewing... (Episode 5 – Lotus Eaters).

My peak experience of James Joyce: listening, decades ago, to John Cage chewing his thoughts. Somehow, making sense. Somehow, illuminating language. The randomness of his remix resonating still.

Dr. Shelley Rice,
New York University, New York City, NY.



What's in a name? That is what we ask ourselves in childhood when we write the name that we are told is ours. (Episode 9 – Scylla and Charybdis)

There is and never could be any law or conceivable order to compel a man or woman to be a name. Notwithstanding but by authority jurisdiction, the statist's twist those that claim the nomie is not them theirs separate from the body. Born to trust your name indentured to cert if I cat eyes. They are not. You are. I am.

August Desroches,
York University, Toronto, Ont.



— Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard. Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crook crack, hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too... (Episode 1 – Telamachus).

I once wrote an undergraduate essay on Joyce's *Ulysses*. I took this masterpiece terribly seriously, studying it in light of the epistemological theory I was just discovering at that time. Of course, it's a very funny book too and all the better if you happen to know Dublin in the early twentieth century. All the same the opening scene has stayed with me ever since. Here's an extract from that undergraduate essay: "It is Joyce's careful use of language here - vivid and harrowing, articulate, concise – the alliterative, 'cleft by a crook crack, hair on end', cutting deeper than the literal meaning itself. The mirror personified, the reflected image of Stephen, demands his identity, 'Who chose this face for me?', and Stephen's own image of himself is revealed, broken, dirty and useless, as a 'dogsbody to rid of vermin.'"

Dr. John Wrighton,
University of Brighton, Brighton, UK.



A concave mirror at the side presents to him lovelorn longlost lugubru Boolooohoom. Grave Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the stare of truculent Wellington but in the convex mirror grin unstruck the bonham eyes and fatchuck checkchops of Jollypoldy the ridix doldy... (Episode 7 – Circe).

Exiled Leopold ("-poldy") Bloom ("longlost lugubru Boolooohoom") – the "ridix doldy" – wanders the streets of Nighttown. The concave mirror refracts and refocuses the maddash intensity of *Ulysses*, that epic 732 page behemoth, with Bloom set squarely amidst the convergent perspectives of self-abnegation, self-possession, and self-ridicule. We follow the meandering Bloom, alternately presented in "dalmatic and purple mantle," and dressed in his wife's undergarments. Such promiscuous mixing enables a consideration of the individual, typified in and by Bloom. *Ulysses* is, then, an eternal book perpetually in dialogue with itself.

Cathy Waszczuk,
Modern Literature and Culture Research Centre, Toronto, Ont.

History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake. (Episode 2 – Nestor)

This line is quoted again, I see, in Margaret Atwood's *In Other Worlds*, and is so resonant, not only for Stephen's Irish situation but for contemporary reinterpretations of history. Not that history should be obliterated, but an awakening would mean that its gaps and hauntings might be confronted imaginatively – all of which opens the way for more memoirs and historical novels to tell the stories that “free the mind from the mind's bondage” (Episode 9 – Scylla and Charybdis).

Prof. Coral Ann Howells,
 University of Reading, London, UK.



To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity. (Episode 17 – Ithaca)

This passage creates a rhythm that evokes the cyclicity of lived experience, like an incantation.

Cait Macintosh,
 Modern Literature and Culture Research Centre, Toronto, Ont.



Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past. (Episode 9 – Scylla and Charybdis)

Especially now, on the anniversary of Joyce's birth in the dead of winter, this quotation is a reminder to appreciate the pleasures of the moment. It's easy to get lost in daydreams of a time or season to come, but without participating in the now our lives may quickly pass us by.

Amy Smith,
 Modern Literature and Culture Research Centre, Toronto, Ont.



Ulysses — Quotes, Quips, and Aphorisms

A highly controversial work, *Ulysses* had its defenders and detractors. When it was first serialized in *The Little Review*, the novel generated some memorable quotes, quips, and aphorisms from artists, poets, and others.

Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, 1920: “Who wants us to hide our joys (Joyce?)”

[From “The Modest Woman” (a prose poem defending *Ulysses*), in *Body Sweats: The Uncensored Writings of Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven*, eds. Irene Gammel and Suzanne Zelazo]

Dr. Irene Gammel,
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



Sylvia Beach, 23 May 1921: “*Ulysses* is a masterpiece and one day it will be ranked among the classics in English literature. Joyce is in Paris and I told him I would publish his book, after the publisher in New York threw up the job in a fright.”

[From *The Letters of Sylvia Beach*, ed. Keri Walsh et al.]

Anonymous (Name withheld upon request)



Ernest Hemingway, 9 March [1922]: “Joyce has a most god-damn wonderful book.”

[From *The Letters to Ernest Hemingway, 1907-1922*, ed Sandra Spanier et al.]

Dr. Irene Gammel,
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



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Virginia Woolf, 16 August 1922: "I . . . have been amused, stimulated, charmed interested by the first 2 or 3 chapters [of Joyce's *Ulysses*]--to the end of the Cemetery scene; & then puzzled, bored, irritated, & disillusioned as by a queasy undergraduate scratching his pimples. And Tom, great Tom, thinks this on a par with War & Peace! An illiterate, underbred book it seems to me: the book of a self-taught working man, & we all know how distressing they are, how egotistic, insistent, raw, striking, & ultimately nauseating."

[From *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, Vol. 2]

Dr. Suzanne Zelazo,
Toronto, Ont.



Gertrude Stein, 1924:

February second this second.

February *Ulysses*. Who *Ulysses*. Who *Ulysses*. Who *Ulysses*.

February third. February third heard word purred shirred heard. Heard word. Who.

[Gertrude Stein, "A Birthday Book," 1924]

Dr. Irene Gammel
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



Emily Holmes Coleman, August 25 1932: "Want to read *Ulysses* again, and get this settled for myself--how much is Joyce a virtuoso? . . . But don't know why I feel this, or if it is a residue from my former adoration. What I adored then was not *Ulysses* but the feeling of freedom it gave me."

[From *Rough Draft: The Modernist Diaries of Emily Holmes Coleman, 1929-1937*, edited by Elizabeth Podnieks]

Dr. Elizabeth Podnieks,
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



conscience ah yes I know them well who is
the first person in the universe before there
was anybody that made it all who ah that
I dont know neither do I so there you are
might as well try to stop the sun from
tomorrow the sun shines for you he said
day we were lying on the rhododendron
on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and
straw hat the day I got him to propose to
me first I gave him a bit of seedcake and
my mouth and it was a year like now
years ago my God after that long kiss I
lost my breath yes he said I was a flower
the mountain yes there are flowers all over
mans body yes that was the true thing he
said in his life and the sun shines for you
yes that was why I liked him because
he understood or felt what a woman was
I knew I could always get round him and
I gave him all the pleasure I could leading
on till he asked me to marry him and I would
answer first only looked out over the sea
the sky I was thinking of so many things
I didnt know of Mr. Lynd and Mr Stanhope
Hester and father and old captain Groves
the sailors playing cards and fly and I saw
and washing up dishes and called it on the
and the sentry in front of the governors
with the thing round his white helmet
devil half roasted and the Spanish girls
laughing in their shawls and their tall combs
and the auctions in the Museum the Greeks
and the Jews and the Arabs and the devil
knowing else from all the ends of Europe
and the street and the fowl market all
clucking out Larby Sharons and the
floor donkeys sleeping half asleep and
the vagabond fellows in the shade on the
steps and the wheels of the carts of the
bulls and the castle thousands of years
old yes and the handsome Moors all in
white and turbans and things asking you
to sit down and drink tea

NINETEENTH
@
ULYSSES

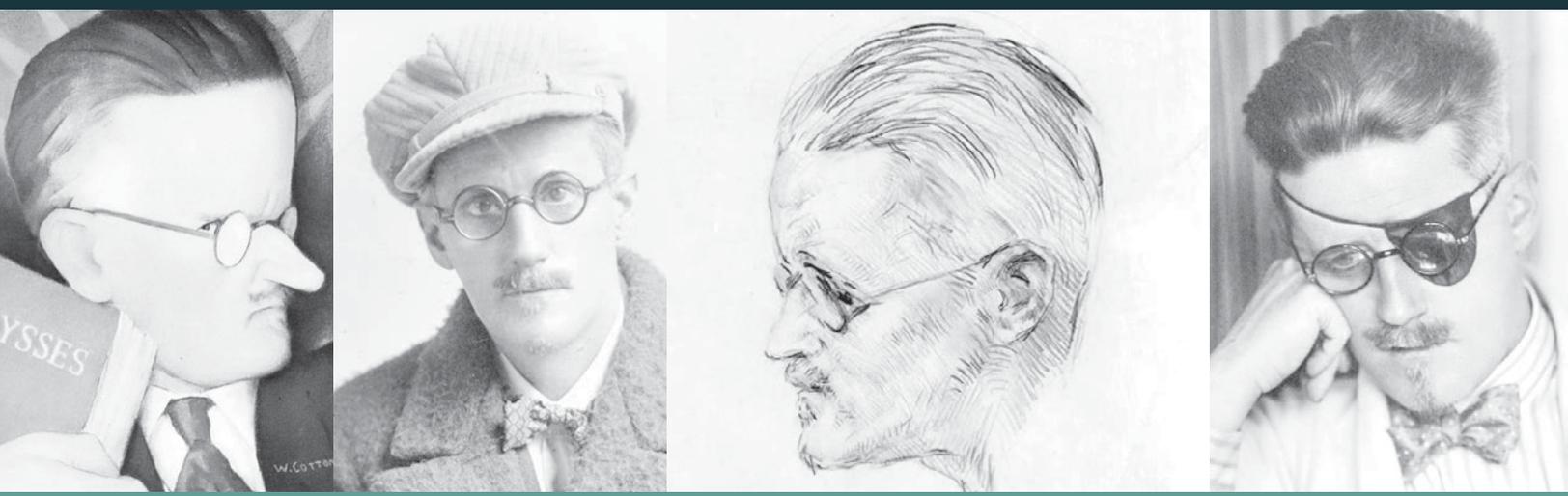
Emily Holmes Coleman, January 18, 1930: “[Edwin] Muir says Joyce is unbalanced, he says in *Ulysses* even one traces the early symptoms. This I believe to be nonsense, and the easy way out. I don’t get this new work [Finnegans Wake], but I have always had a conviction that it was significant in some way. I cannot believe that the author of the *Portrait of the Artist* and of *Ulysses* can be mentally unbalanced. They always say that of everyone who does something astonishing.”

[From *Rough Draft: The Modernist Diaries of Emily Holmes Coleman, 1929-1937*, edited by Elizabeth Podnieks]

Dr. Elizabeth Podnieks,
Ryerson University, Toronto, Ont.



Images: Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.



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