

## “Life [...] is a Wake [...] Everintermutuomergent” (FW 55)

Vivien Igoe

*The Real People of Joyce's Ulysses:  
A Biographical Guide.*

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Reviewed by  
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VIVIEN IGOE'S *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses": A Biographical Guide* is an important book in Joyce studies, important in its providing vitae, sometimes with “fadographs,” of the multitude of individuals named in *Ulysses*, important in its presenting basic details and comments that are relevant to their moments in *Ulysses*, important in its stimulating questions of Joyce's actual processes to individualize characters in the society by drawing upon his memory, printed sources, and his brother's help with Dublin details, and important as a sign of changes in the study of Joyce and literary culture in this decade. I begin with a biographical note for the author, then underscore this change in Joyce studies, and conclude with speculations fostered by *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses."*

“All me life I have been lived among  
them mememormee!” (FW 627-28)

she was the “curator of the Joyce Museum in the Martello Tower” and like so many others who have met her am still in contact.

“This the way to the museyroom.  
Mind your hats goan in!” (FW 8)

*The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* participates in the changes in the current cultural moment. John Gordon's excellent *Joyce and Reality*, published in 2004, marks a transition from cultural studies to studying Joyce's words in relation to “real” life. His jokey subtitle “the empirical strikes back” was designed, he said, “to lure the cultural studies crowd” (xvi). Declan Kiberd, who wrote the Foreword to *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses,"* published *Ulysses and Us* in 2009: His subtitle is *The Art of Everyday Life in Joyce's Masterpiece*. (Vivien Igoe is listed in Acknowledgements as one of his doctoral students.) His first essay “How *Ulysses* Didn't Change Our Lives” is a polemic castigating half a century of Joyce studies, literary criticism, abstract theorizing about media and messages, and cultural studies: for him, most “Joyceans” missed the point. Emphasizing “everyday life” in “*Ulysses*,” he claims Joyce “loved” the Dublin middle class, its social and entrepreneurial values (11); Joyce wrote a “wisdom book,” from which can

Seemingly as far as possible from the “real” life in Dublin, deep into hundreds of pages of words and their relationship to create fictional characters, he historicizes his study as can be seen in his title “Joyce's Creative Process.” Intelligent or imaginative design does not eliminate the real creator who intended his Ulyssean Dublin, whose words, revised or not, refer to the real Dublin where he used to live.

*The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses": A Biographical Guide* is a major addition to a change in Joyce studies these books illustrate. It collects in an alphabetized compendium a recognizable component of *Ulysses*, hundreds of names of people of Dublin: it is not chiseling with jargon at cultural mountains. For most of the readers outside of Ireland, including myself, ignorant of what the local names signify beyond the obvious, the names appear mainly material. On the surface of the page they are material tokens in a performance miming the content, the idiom, and rhetorical figures of the speech of Dubliners as Joyce heard it; the names appear verbal clicks in the rhythms of the utterance: e.g., “Dick Adams, the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in” (U 113). There is some pleasure in auditing the voices of the Irish. Visiting this Dublin, I/we need a guide.

With Vivien Igoe's biographies—

The compendium of *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses": A Biographical Guide* is a new Joyce instrument. As with new technology this book is a stimulus, a provocation, for thinking *Ulysses* anew. The first responders to *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* will be Dubliners or Irish who will search in this book for a reference to someone of interest, perhaps a member of their family. In the newspaper, *The Guardian*, a headline leads to an article about the celebration of the “the racing great” Lester Piggot. It is accompanied by another headline, “Jockey Lester Piggott's great uncle appeared as a character in James Joyce's 'Ulysses.'” It states, “As readers celebrate the day on which Joyce's novel takes place, a study of real-life people in the book reveals Morny Cannon to be Piggott's relative” (Henry McDonald, *The Guardian*, June 16, 2016). This item could be folded into the newspaper chapter of *Ulysses*!

The first name in *Ulysses* I checked is in the first chapter: “Haines.” It is well known that the real-life origin of the character “Haines” was Richard Chenevix-Trench, an Englishman with an interest in Celtic Ireland. He is a clear presence, his cooking causing a lot of smoke in the Martello Tower; yet he receives little description or few associations in this chapter—except for what Stephen says to Mulligan, “Out here in the dark with a

What is the authority for *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* as a "biographical guide?" Vivien Igoe worked as tourist guide in Dublin and published *A Literary Guide to Dublin, James Joyce's Dublin Houses and Nora Barnacle's Galway, and Dublin Burial Grounds and Graveyards*. For a doctoral dissertation at University College Dublin she researched Joyce's mention in *Ulysses* of nearly a thousand names of "real people" of Dublin. The *Biographical Guide* has six hundred entries, the publisher being responsible for subtracting four hundred from the dissertation. Such scholarship and research for a "Doctor of Philosophy" demanded a detective's drive, fulfilling what Daedalus said, "The philosophic college should spare a detective for me" (*SH* 186). Vivien Igoe's labors utilized what the computer facilitated, but also a pre-computer intelligence that knew where to go for information, not only to the eye-wearing 1904 "Thom's Directory," but to over eight pages of histories, biographies, newspaper archives, and many other civic and trade lists, like "The Irish Civil Registration Indexes, 1845-1958." Dublin itself was a source: "So during my walks along the Dodder and through the Dublin streets, I encountered the ghosts of numerous people in *Ulysses*, in place but not in time" (5). Vivien Igoe's authority for guiding us to the biographies is firm. The sheer abundance of the compendium indicates that vast reservoir of generosity that I have witnessed expressed in her welcoming visitors to Dublin and guiding them to the sites. In 1967 I met Vivien Veale when

be extracted "the Art" that makes *Ulysses* a useful guide to young people (29). I must add Kiberd's "*Ulysses moralisé*" is in precise opposition to Stephen's arguments against the artist producing a "useful art" or "kinetic art," which are didactic, not contemplative, static art. Shaun's reference in *Finnegans Wake* to Shem's "usylesly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles" (179) indicts his brother for his useless book. Like Shaun, Kiberd sees a "useful" book that was "Written [out of love] to celebrate the reality of ordinary people's daily rounds" (10). Despite his idealization of the mainly male (of the 600, about sixty refer by name to women), civic petite-bourgeoisie, despite his removing the explosives from the *Ulysses* torpedo of "Ibscenest nansence" (*FW* 535), despite his ignoring the elite neoplatonist construction of *A Portrait* and the esoteric obscurity of the *Wake*, I agree whole-heartedly with attending closely to the real everyday life in Dublin as referred to in the words that Joyce wrote. Even Luca Crispi's *Joyce's Creative Process and the Construction of Characters in "Ulysses,"* which focuses intensely on the chronological sequencing of the manuscript texts, documents, archives, words, embraces history. In an application, as I see it, of the principle of Vico's "*verum factum*," Crispi does not examine the person, the mind and intentions in the creative process, but what that person made. Nevertheless, he assumes that the textual changes are a product of Joyce's purpose, or "telos," to create the "character" of characters; his subtitle *Becoming the Blooms* connects words to the mimetic of their lives.

placed conatorily beside *Ulysses*—my imagining the characters began to move closer or deeper into the book. *Ulysses* is an invitation, a feast, with guests; *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* whispers the backstory for the names used in the dinner conversation. "This compendium of biographies," writes Vivien Igoe, "reinforces the perception of Joyce as a historian and faithful chronicler of his native city. I hope it will contribute to the advancement of knowledge in *Ulysses* and provide a comprehensive record of these people" (5). Indeed, it does. I add that for me, Joyce refracts the history and chronicles of this Dublin completed in an image of Ulysses Dublin; my calling it an "image" shows I remain an outsider, a visitor to the city. The four mentioned Joyce scholars and critics are not shy of regarding *Ulysses* as a vital presence in geography and history. The cultural change in their books is precisely that they look into the shadows of *Ulysses*, the "Blue Book of Eccles, 'édition de ténèbres,'" for the details of real life. They perceive *Ulysses* as the *raison d'être* of their own work, not as a subordinate *raison d'operandi* exploiting *Ulysses* as a document to support arguments in another field, such as history, political economy, or cultural studies. The theme of a Joyce Conference to be held in Krakow, Poland, in 2017 is the "Empirical Joyce." The recent recall of essays from the period of New Criticism is part of the return to the words.

"an actuality of the possible as possible"  
(U 21)

man I don't know having any intention—himself about shooting a black panther." "Where is his guncase?" (U 4). Does "Trench" lead to war, to raving, to guns, and to the name "Haines," which is French for "hate"? That is, my outsider's reading leads into textual associations and dictionaries. John Gordon's *Joyce and Reality* gathers the references to the character in an essay "Haines's Hallucination," and, in scholarly speculations about the empirical, i.e., the historical, environs, he builds this character with a wide-ranging analysis of possibilities. *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* brings me by "commodius vicus" (*FW* 3) from the book to the city and the empirical individual. For "Haines" it has, in addition to his schooling details, that he was the son of Major General Frederick Trench. At age 27 (therefore, age 22 in 1904) on June 1, 1909, it was reported Chenevix-Trench "Shot himself in the ear and forehead, while temporarily insane." Joyce could have known of Chenevix-Trench's suicide when he wrote this chapter; between Stephen's "You saved men from drowning." and "I am not a hero." may be the unwritten thought "I can't save the life of a suicidal person with a gun." Joyce saw Chenevix-Trench's suicide in the future of "Haines." John Gordon ended his essay with the correct "prediction" "that Haines is going to have a nightmare that will make last night's seem like nothing" (211). The father of Chenevix-Trench, when ill, committed suicide with poison, and "Haines" is associated with a vial of poison (U 336). He has several similarities with Stephen: Mulligan reports Steph-

en has been described as ill with "g. p. i.," "general paralysis of the insane" (U 6). Stephen repeats his intellectual's "nightmare" regarding "history"; "Haines" has hallucinations. The fathers of Bloom and Chenevix-Trench committed suicide. In a remarkable photograph of Chenevix-Trench, we can almost see in black-and-white that he has, as described in *Ulysses*, "Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened" (U16). I can only imagine the stubborn determination to locate this photograph. It succeeds in attaching the lives to the world.

The basic form of entries may be illustrated by a name, picked at random, from Chapter Seven, in the newspaper office. Under headline "CLEVER, VERY":

—Clever, Lenehan said. Very.

—Gave it to them on a hot plate. Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody history.

Nightmare, from which you will never awake.

—I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present. Dick Adams, the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in, and myself.

Lenehan bowed to a shape of air, announcing:

—Madam, I'm Adam. And Able was I ere I saw Elba. (U 113)

Who was Dick Adams? The "Real People of Joyce's *Ulysses*" entry has:

phen's "Nightmare from which you will never awake." That is understandable: it emphasizes Stephen's presence in the scene. Where is Joyce going with Lenehan's repetition of two well-known palindromes (one reminding of Napoleon, whose "Lipoleumhat" (FW 8) is exhibited in the "museyroom" and who, by the way, was born on Joyce's birthday)?

The form of the palindrome embodies the essence of the chiasmus (A:B:(C):B:A), a rhetorical device Joyce used frequently. After reading the biographical entry in "The Real People of Joyce's *Ulysses*," I suggest the reference to Dick Adams is a disguised repetition of Stephen's "nightmare" and, as an echo of Haines's hallucinatory nightmares, it is as though Stephen's "history" is analogous to a threatening "black panther," an "idée fixe." Perhaps these dozen lines are to be taken as a kind of subject-palindrome. Dick Adams, an item in "Myles Crawford's" memory—possibly in Stephen's—contains and carries in his identity major events in Dublin and Irish history: "Bloody history" (A:B) anticipates a history of the blood (B:A) in the murders in Phoenix Park. Was Dick Adams's "notoriety" such that Stephen knew of him? Does the mention of his origin in "Cork" relate him to stories told by Stephen's father, who might have grieved a Corkman's possible betrayal in the Parnell prosecution? "Madam, I'm Adam" pulls up from the third chapter Stephen's umbilicus-telephone line going back to Eden. Dick Adams was not mentioned

invention, the "becoming," of Stephen, Leopold, and Molly. The multitude of events and locations radiating from the names of these "real people" in Joyce's Dublin emphasizes the possibility that Joyce made certain his book was a correction to Milton's theodicy in "Paradise Lost" as a secular anthropodicy—he sought to justify what people in a city do with people in that city. Joyce is the master-chronicler of this still countrified city that appears to retain in not yet hardened amber centuries of its culture that he could see in the years he was writing *Ulysses*; his Dublin was on the threshold of major political and economic changes.

"I thought you the great in all things, the guilt and the glory" (FW 627)

Vivien Igoe's naming of "real people" of the past, all of whom, as the final rhythms of "The Dead" consoles, the snow has covered, participates in an international movement. In the past, major historical figures and events were celebrated with heroic statues like Dublin's Nelson elevated above the citizens. These statues consolidated the "great man" histories of nations and armies. This motive is repeated in the statue of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Washington, D.C., for him to stand along with the other portrait statues. *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* links to a different form of memorial. The single heroic figure has been displaced in Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C.,

Entertaining, indeed, stimulating is the balancing during the reading of the demotic "real people" and the many social and cultural references. The expansion of the demotic "real people" and the aristocratic cultural monuments prompts an endless intensification of possible associations for the people named or, more exactly, the people naming names. It becomes clear that a central dynamic of *Ulysses* is a dialectic of the ordinary people constantly projecting heroic associations for themselves. (Stephen's clear response, "I am not a hero," may be enlarged to his seeking to separate himself from this self-mythicizing.) *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* makes it even clearer than does Gifford and Seidman's *"Ulysses" Annotated* that Joyce is representing the imaginations of the people of Dublin as he saw them: they "exaggerated themselves [...] while [...] doublin their mumper" (FW 3). When readers turn from *The Real People* to *Ulysses*, they may read the novel as his history and chronicle of the most personal, intimate demotic events. He has internalized and objectified the realistic novel. For a visitor, the names moved individuals from an insignificant background to an insignificant foreground; with a guide, the visitor wonders if Joyce, writing during the First World War, used Homer, Virgil, and Milton to give his localization of "the real people" of Dublin a radically new world-significance, anticipating the Vietnam Memorial and the other memorials, and a statue of himself, for Joyce himself worked in the cusp

Richard Adams was born on 10 January 1843 in Cork. He was the eldest son of Bryan Adams and Frances (née Donovan). He started work as a journalist with the "Cork Examiner." After a time in London working for the "Morning Star," he subsequently moved to the 'Freeman's Journal' in Dublin.

He became a member of the Irish Bar in 1873. His first engagement in the Four Courts came in connection with the state trials of 1881, for the prosecution of Parnell and others for conspiracy. He gained notoriety for his defense of James FitzHarris, who was charred with collusion in the Phoenix Park murders. He became crown prosecutor for Cork.

On 9 March 1894, Adams became county Cork judge for Limerick and held this post until his death. Noted for his wit and humour, Adams died on 4 April 1908 in London and was buried at St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green.

To this visitor, clearly Joyce wanted Myles Crawford's naming of "Dick Adams" to evince the editor's memory of legendary journalism and reveal his character. At the very least, mentioning Dick Adams is an indication of the community in the newspaper office, in Dublin, and in Ireland. My immediate pleasure in reading this obscure reference in this sentence is in Joyce's capture of the content and the rhythms of Myles Crawford's speech manners. Myles Crawford's mention of "history" triggers Ste-

again—the individual does not gain importance, but, due to *The Real People of Joyce's Ulysses*," now he has a more complicated "reality" in this moment of the Blue Book of Dublin.

The basic form of each entry of *Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* reminds me of Vico's reductive triplet of religion, marriage, and burial. When information was available, Vivien Igoe added to this triplet where the individuals were schooled and where they worked. Louis Mink's *Gazetteer* for the *Wake* states that the *Wake* "violates the geographical postulate of identification by fixed coordinates" as "the very dimensions of space itself become uncertainly elastic" (xi). *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* gives the real addresses where he was when was at home. An Appendix for the "Horses in *Ulysses*," with photographs of some of the race horses—some photographs must have been extremely difficult to find—may puzzle at first. They, the "real horses of Joyce's *Ulysses*," belong here, as figuring in the conversations and thoughts and some of the drama in the lives of the characters, especially, how Bloom is regarded.

The range of entries is an implicit study in itself; Appendix I is an essay grouping individuals: "The biographical entries include an eclectic mixture of people from the world of entertainment, the clergy, the legal and medical professions, members of the press and sporting figures" (315). The precise geography and history of Dublin is the grounding, the space and time, for the

on which are inscribed in its stone the names of the individual 58,307 American dead. As a new democratic understanding of the suffering of war, naming all the names inspires or compels the visitors to identify the memories of the killed, to remember their lives, and to imagine them as having real lives, as it were, to bring them back to mind in highly emotional, imaginary life. Maya Lin's wall was not the first to list names (small towns in America constructed memorials with the names of the local soldiers killed), just the most famous memorial; its power has inspired the design of other marble namings; Holocaust victims are named in Berlin and Prague as are the victims of the World Trade Center attack in the New York. Vivien Igoe's biographies of all "the real people of Joyce's *Ulysses*" is itself a memorial of Dublin, circa 1904. This difference between the 19<sup>th</sup> century's monumental sculptures and our time's conceptual art of ascetic naming recalls in *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* the Dublin lives lived and the lives imagined. It contrasts with mythic and heroic associations. It prompts me to hypothesize structurally that the mythic identifications are comparable to the "great man" history: entitling *Ulysses* for the daily life of ordinary people is a form of monumentalizing. His naming, with the bright light shining on the names and lives of "The real people" of Dublin, casts a large shadow across the book of mythic, heroic, and idealized figures from *The Odyssey* and a multitude of allusions to the famous figures of European culture.

between the great man  
the demotic listing.

A thousand different names in the six hundred pages of *Ulysses* tempts speculation about the possible functions of naming for Joyce: Was naming necessary to this author for composing his novel (Beckett reduced names)? Were names felt by the sentimental, nostalgic, re-builder of a community in which his imagination can dwell (Proust prodded memory to do this work)? In the diaspora, Joyce enjoyed testing his memory in his fiction as he tested it with visitors from Dublin. Were the names the rooms of a theater of memory that was in the shape of the city? Was naming used by a performer miming with pleasure the speech habits of a people he knew and his father knew? Was naming the work of a Rimbaudian magus engaged in some form of word- and naming-magic with, of course, mythic reverberations that would attract Jung or Eliade? Were names particles of an unwritten "Ecce Pater," a dozen-year anticipation of his "Ecce Puer": "O, father forsaken/ Forgive your son." (Ezra Pound began the *Cantos* with a quotation of a translation of Homer, of Odysseus's appealing to the shades of the dead; Pound's father's name was Homer.) Are the names molecules of emotional suffering being studied by his contemporary Freud?

"Death, a leopard" (FW 28)

At the end of *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses*," which completes the

vitae of "real people," is the third Appendix, "The Cemeteries"; it lists the cemeteries with maps and those buried there. (I went to a cemetery with Zack Bowen and our wives as though he and I were making a solemn pilgrimage to the grave of Michael Bodkin, the figure of Gretta's Michael Furey.) Vivien Igoe's compendium of cemeteries suggests still another theme of interest. This information, harvested from the alphabetical entries, reminds us that Joyce cast a skipping stone from the death of Father Flynn in "The Sisters" to "The Dead" to the "Hades" chapter in *Ulysses* and on to the *Wake* of Finnegan. The Ricorso section ending the *Wake* has "Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection" (593). ALP may dissolve into the fathering

Ocean —but the book begins arriving along the "riverrun" to start another cycle. Joyce's sense is that the past was actually present in one form in 1904, another form in 1915 in his memory. *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* helps us to reenact Faulkner's "The past is never dead. It's not even past." Future biographers with *Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* available will wonder again about Joyce, memory, nostalgia, personal vision, social history. Was the writing of *Ulysses* an act of Joyce's knight of the imagination battling Death? And the cyclic *Wake* the imagined victory?

"the" (FW 628)

Before receiving the book, I saw its

dust jacket on-line; I found it remarkable. It depicts an eccentric Endymion, Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, with Nelson Pillar in the background. It was painted by John Behan, RHA, a Dublin sculptor. (Information answering my inquiry from Vivien Igoe) The publisher should be congratulated for a well-designed book.

I conclude by underscoring my point that *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses": A Biographical Guide* is a major addition to Joyce studies. I have suggested how it is important by showing how in just a couple of entries it has already worked to shatter some old attitudes and build new interests in Joyce. The point is that whatever the readers' interests, *The Real People of Joyce's*

*"Ulysses"* will stimulate in ways that are useful and delightful and will help us Joyceans to stand on the solid ground under the characters that Joyce imagined in his grand mimesis. *The Real People of Joyce's "Ulysses"* is a new instrument with new possibilities for Joyce studies. Its abundance and generosity in doing scholarly research illuminates the given like "Haines" and the obscure like "Dick Adams" to remind us of the abundance and generosity of the epiphany of the human, the anthropany that is *Ulysses*. "This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out" (FW 10). ■

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## Mosaic Revivals

reconfiguring identity. And questions of identity germane to these processes are being asked again, by individuals in transit or detention, by nations in transition or dissolution.

The diversity of political voices and range of critical angles that come together in the volume lead to enriched readings of Exodus and highly nuanced understanding of the Irish Revival. By considering how late nineteenth and early-twentieth-century Irish nationalism adopted the Jewish narrative, *Israelites in Erin* illuminates complexities of the biblical text

nation. In other words, do not treat the opening chapters as a (crumpled) throw-away; rather, look to them as solid bedrock for Joyce's own re-working of Exodus in *Ulysses*, and illuminating in their own right about a range of Revival figures and texts.

The introductory chapter situates the project in a broad historical landscape, as Bender establishes the Irish-Jewish analogy as "a common strain of Irish lament" dating back to the seventeenth century (1). The theoretical terrain is similarly expansive, but also quite navigable, with

straight out of an *Indiana Jones* movie but actually unfolded at the Hill of Tara in the summer of 1902. A sect of British Israelites, convinced of their connection to ancient Israel, planned to excavate the burial place of Ireland's high kings, believing they would locate the Ark of the Covenant there. They were met by a formidable quartet of Irish revivalists and self-proclaimed defenders of the legendary hill: none other than W.B. Yeats, Douglas Hyde, George Moore, and Arthur Griffith. (One of them was toting a shotgun, though Bender does not reveal who.) Ultimately, ironically, the Irish

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**I**N JUNE 2016, the United Nations High Commissioner on Refugees' *Global Trends 2015* report counted 65.3 million