

The Joys of Freud and Joyce – ,Ulysses’ as a psychoanalytic model for individual and group development.

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I am going to speak today about the parallels between James Joyce and Sigmund Freud in the creative development of their work and discuss the insights this may give us into psychosexual development within the individual and in human society. What can we learn here for our own craft, or artifice, in individual and group analysis?

In my first section I will look at this ‘parallel process’ of the two minds more closely. In the middle sections I will discuss *Ulysses* in particular as a kind of multidimensional developmental map – group analysts might call it a ‘matrix’. In closing I will try to focus more on the implications and repercussions for our clinical work.

1.

There is a Vico Road in Dublin, which is important to Joyce. Giambattista Vico, the Neapolitan author of *La Scienza Nuova* (1725) set up a historical scheme of cyclic or perhaps spiral societal development that served Joyce as a frame for his last great book, *Finnegans Wake*. In Vico’s philosophy there are three chronological stages of man and his governance. The first is the theocratic age, the rule of religious authority, the second is the aristocratic, or the rule of the élite, and the third phase is the democratic age. Another way of describing them would be as the divine, the heroic and the human stage. The third stage, the human and democratic, the last one to develop, becomes weakened by egoism and indiscipline and its collapse results in a ‘ricorso’, a return to the initial divine, or theocratic stage. Whether this is a pessimistic view of ‘eternal return’

in history, of an endless cyclical process, or is seen as a spiralling movement, in which development remains possible, is a much discussed point by commentators on the work of Vico himself as well as on Freud and Joyce. Were all three cultural pessimists, renouncing our grand narcissistic designs for human progress, or did they offer a small, but nonetheless realistic kind of hope ?

Now this development, from theocracy through oligarchy to democracy, and the clear analysis of the inherent weaknesses of democratic government, is something that we see politically today in the revival of religious fundamentalism, not only in cultures which might be on the way to democracy, if we would only let them, but also in the very heart of the greatest and strongest champion of democratic rule, the USA. The fuss and confusion over Huntington's concept of an inherent 'clash of cultures' might be seen more soberly in the light of Vico's analysis of history, and I wish to demonstrate here that the personal and creative development of both Freud and Joyce in science and in art can also be helpfully viewed in terms of Vico's system.

My thesis is as follows: in the early phases of both men's life and thought we can clearly see signs of a 'heroic' tendency, the need to grasp at intuition and hold it, to make something that is beyond the common people's grasp work for the common people. Joyce in the closing lines of the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* wrote memorably "to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race". Freud, particularly in his letters to Fliess, shows all the heroic signs of the conquistador who has discovered hitherto uncharted territory.

In the middle phases of the work of both men, the mundane, the humdrum, the need for systematisation and the complexities of

organisational forms take over, but also the world of personal emotional relationships becomes a vast field of study - the grandiosity of the earlier phase is reduced, parodied, analyzed. But the strains upon the human system appear to become too great and in the final phases of their work they both seem to reach out toward a kind of theological transcendence, toward the forces that in some divine way govern human life and death.

It is worth noting, when we think of this idea of 'eternal return', that Joyce was born on the 2nd of February, on Groundhog Day. If you have seen the film of this name (with Bill Murray) you may agree that this theme, also dear to Nietzsche's heart, has never been treated better on screen. Or as Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses* states the case: "So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home."

Joyce's formative education at Clongowes School was by Jesuits, which caused Anthony Burgess to remark: "The Jesuits' boast about conditioning a child's soul for ever is not an empty one." I can testify to this. My own experience with Jesuit education - at an establishment called Wimbledon College, in the 1950s - was mercifully brief, but formative nonetheless. To the end of my life I will feel that explosive stinging flash across my open palm of the *ferula* - a strap of whalebone coated in rubber, manufactured for the Jesuits in special factories in France - and the consequent humiliation of trying to open the round doorknob of the punishment room between my wrists while the saintly-seeming priest smiled at me with rueful sadism. And, to digress further, can I ever forget Father Egan and Father Battersby, the twin terrors of my puberty? Egan aloof, an avenging eagle-god surveying his prey from on high, Battersby more at home in the nether world. This fragment of his invocations at

Benediction at 5pm on Sunday comes back to haunt me, when he said:

- Thrust down to hell, Satan and all the wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.

I felt myself to be one of such undoubtedly wicked spirits and, wanting to be my own boss, I had to choose a profession – the papacy itself presumably being denied to me – such as psychoanalysis, at least in its own little way hell-bent on doing all it can to prevent the ‘ruin of souls’ - but which Wilfred Bion in his laconic manner called “making the best of a bad job”.

James Joyce, who often had to bear the slur of being a corrupter and perverter of souls, had the preacher in him too as well as the converted, the striker as well as the stricken, the embodiment of something Divine and its scattered sparks. Through the progress of his self-invention and his heroic struggles with the Symptom in all its forms, through the two figures of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses*, he came finally to what Lacan called the “*sinthome*”, the ability to confront the Real in such a way as to dislodge the whole symbolic order and finally to free his language by freeing himself of it. But of this I will speak some more at the end of this lecture.

Joyce’s earliest preoccupations are laid out in the stories in *Dubliners* and in the *Portrait*. The first theme is that of the ‘epiphanies’, those wondrous moments, or apparitions, of reality, of the Transcendental, illuminating and illuminated by the banal, diurnal incident. They shine through in the stories and are described and defined in the text *Stephen Hero*, the first draft or ‘Entwurf’ for the *Portrait*, as follows:

“By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity or of speech or of gesture or *in a memorable phase of the mind itself*. He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments.”

But Joyce would not have considered Proust’s famous *madeleine* experience an epiphany – he was not concerned with the conjuring up of memories and associations around the experience, but with getting to the heart of its essential quality. Compare Proust’s ‘madeleine episode’, where the cake is dipped into the verbena tea, with its counterpart in *Ulysses*, Bloom recalling a day with Molly on the hill of Howth:

“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.’

Joy, joyousness - ‘Joyce-ness’, *Freude, jouissance* – that’s what we are after here. Meanwhile back in Vienna Freud is working simultaneously on the vicissitudes of the libido from the earliest secret sexual enjoyments of the young child to its adult ramifications. But Freud - like Proust - is more interested in Memory, whereas Joyce lets Stephen say:

‘Hold on to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past.’

In the *Portrait* itself Joyce moves on to further themes, that of his own self-invention or self-begetting through the three prerequisite attributes of the artist “Silence, Exile and Cunning” and to the three prerequisites for Beauty in art laid down by Aquinas (the first saintly Thomas, or ‘sinthome’) – *Integritas, Consonantia, Claritas* or

wholeness, harmony and radiance, as Stephen translates them. Joyce's artifice is to be the Narrative (his poems and his play have hardly survived) in the same way as Freud, who in his own quest for an integrated, and beautiful, scientific method and system, thought that his lectures might be dismissed as 'scientific fairy-tales' or considered his seminal case-studies to be more like fictional novellas rather than classical scientific research.

Let us now see how these properties of Beauty are defined by Stephen (using the author Anthony Burgess as a guide):

"A butcher's boy has a basket on his head. Stephen asks Lynch to look at it; to do this he must separate the basket from the rest of the visible universe. 'You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is *integritas*.' Immediate perception is synthetic (many parts bound up in the sense of the whole); after this first phase comes analysis: 'Having first felt that it is *one* thing you feel now that it is a *thing*. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is *consonantia*.' Lynch says that if he will tell him what *claritas* is he wins the cigar. Stephen tells him, eloquently. We have heard about *claritas* or 'radiance' before, in *Stephen Hero* – it is the *quidditas*, the 'whatness', shining out of the perceived object. Then we heard much of epiphanies, now the word is not mentioned: Stephen prefers terms like 'the luminous silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani... called *the enchantment of the heart*'".

I think this helps to explain the beauty of the psychoanalytic method and that there may be a lot more of this going on in our

analyses with individuals and with groups than we are often inclined, or able, to talk about. Many so-called 'scientific' papers in our disciplines, which are often merely a further re-hashing of received ideas, tend to miss this epiphanic, joyous point, which is central to appreciating what can delight or enchant us in our craft.

As Joyce works through the theme of the 'epiphanies', let us look at Freud's preoccupations, chief of which was the interpretation of dreams, which he considered his greatest single achievement – 'a discovery such as this only comes once in a man's lifetime', he wrote. But what an output! From the *Entwurf einer Psychologie* or Draft of a Psychology (corresponding to Joyce's *Stephen Hero* as a 'draft' for *Portrait of the Artist*), to the *Studies in Hysteria*, to his dream book, the *Three Treatises on Sexuality* and the establishment of the central Oedipus-Complex there are sprinkled in there two themes very dear also to Joyce's heart – the analysis of Jokes and the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* – which 'Jeems Jokes', as he once called himself, will finally bring to flower in *Ulysses*.

In his movement from *Stephen Hero* and the *Portrait* onward to *Ulysses*, Joyce takes on the Oedipal theme of the Father-Son-relationship by recourse to a strategy – later to be examined closely by Lacan – of self-invention, self-begetting. Since, at least before the discovery of DNA, *pater semper incertus*, fatherhood is always uncertain and only the mother can be known for certain. Which is why later, in *Ulysses*, we find the thought: '*Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life.'

In the early works Joyce treats the Father-Son theme more by elision or exclusion. Stephen Hero appears as a quasi self-created person, who has absorbed a heterogeneity of influences, Aristotle, Aquinas, Ben Jonson, but (in Burgess' phrase) 'defers to no-one'. Only

in the final sentences of the *Portrait* does he appear to sense how free flight may turn into free fall and calls, Icarus-like, on his 'old father, old artificer' Daedalus, invoking him to 'stand me now and ever in good stead'.

In *Ulysses* we see Stephen continuously protesting the uncertainties and confusions of fatherhood – for instance in the arguments about Shakespeare in the Library, in the Scylla and Charybdis episode which we shall discuss shortly – but at the same time making his progress through Dublin in an unconscious quest for the generative and generous father, which seems to be resolved when he finally meets up with Bloom at the cabman's shelter in the *Eumaeus* chapter, but is then finally unresolved, when he rejects the invitation to stay at Ithaca (Bloom's house on Eccles Street) and disappears, solitary, into the night. Stephen's link, and his identification, is with the 'absent father'. But Leopold Bloom too is looking for his lost son, although this is perhaps a side-effect of his chief preoccupation – returning to his wife at the end of the day.

We are now ready to move on to our second section, which will entail a more detailed discussion of the structure and the themes in *Ulysses* and their relation to our own psychoanalytic and group analytic interests.

2.

In Homer's epic poem *Odysseus* is a cheat, a trickster and a womanizer, but nevertheless a hero. In Joyce's *Ulysses* he is an ordinary man, "l'homme moyen sensuel", but also, importantly, a Jew. In his re-telling of Homer's *Odyssey* Joyce gives each chapter of the journeys recorded therein certain specific references – a scene, an hour, a body organ, an art, a symbol and a technic. The basic

structure of the myth – the son searching for the father – is found in many cultures, the parable of the Prodigal Son a variation well known to us from the New Testament. Joyce even refers to it in the Circe, or brothel, episode, when Stephen exclaims: “Filling my belly with the husks of swine. Too much of this. I will arise and go to my.”

Note how he omits the word father, the *nom-du-père* here – which is what Lacan later termed a *père-version*, or a turning toward the absent father.

But Joyce compounds this basic mythic structure with geography – the localities of Dublin, as familiar to its citizens as the navigations of Odysseus were to the sailors of Homeric antiquity, but also the first, or ‘primal’ geography, that of the human body and its organs – along with a host of questions involving symbolism, fantasy and technique.

We start from the Martello Tower in Dublin, where Stephen/Telemachus is with his companions Buck Mulligan and Haines, the somewhat *gauche* Englishman. The round tower is a navel from which the umbilical thread of the narrative extends. Ernst Curtius writing of the persistence of the ‘Omphalos-Complex’ in *Ulysses* indicates that nativity is one of the main themes of the work, particularly of course in the chapter on the Oxen of the Sun. On page 6 of the book Stephen is already saying, in his disjointed monologue “new paganism....omphalos.” Stuart Gilbert points out that Leopold Bloom too will start out from an Omphalos. His first appearance in the 4th chapter, Calypso, is at his home in No.7, Eccles Street. This is here a transposition of the island of Ogygia where Calypso dwelt, a ‘navel of the sea’, as Homer calls it.

(Vienna too has its Omphalos, the ‘Narrenturm’ or Fools’ Tower, erected by the ‘enlightened’ or benevolently despotic Hapsburg Emperor Joseph II in the 18th century to house the insane in the most

modern fashion, that is to say with maximum surveillance. Now a pathological-anatomical museum, this building sits on a plot of wasteland behind the university campus and is in my opinion the true navel, or spiritual belly-button, of the city of Vienna.) In Vilnius too, as I have learned, there is a tower, the Gediminas Tower, a symbol of the city.

We have not as yet entered the Odyssey proper. The first two books of the Greek epic describe the plight of Telemachus, wasting his time at the palace in Ithaca where Penelope's suitors are in control, mocking his helplessness. In Joyce's first chapter, Telemachus, the art is theology, in the second, Nestor, it is history. Here we find Stephen at Mr. Deasy's school where he is a teacher, discussing with his Headmaster, among other things, the Jews. It is Mr. Deasy speaking:

- Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the Jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?
- Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.
- Because she never let them in, Mr. Deasy said solemnly.

Later this theme is picked up in this famous passage:

- They sinned against the light, Mr. Deasy said gravely. And you can see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth till this day.
- Who has not? Stephen said.
- What do you mean? Mr. Deasy asked.

He came forward a pace and stood by the table. His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly. Is this old wisdom? He waits to hear from me.

- History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

The agonies of psychoanalytic therapy could not be better described than in this sentence.

The third chapter, Proteus, shows us Stephen on the Strand, walking by the seaside and given up to contemplations such as this:

- Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years.... When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once...

In the 4th chapter, Calypso, where Bloom cooks his famous breakfast of kidneys, his wife Molly appears to him as a veiled nymph, like Calypso, and it is here also, with Calypso, that Homer's Odysseus starts out on his journeys. In chapter 5, the Lotus-Eaters, Leopold Bloom proceeds to the baths via the chemists. The genitals are the body-organ here, here too are the secret love-letters Bloom sends to Martha Clifford, the perfumes he buys for Molly – what one of my psychoanalytic teachers, Donald Meltzer, termed the 'genital claustrum', where all is bathed in narcissism, which is the technic of this chapter.

In the 7th chapter we are in Hades, at the graveyard for Paddy Dignam's funeral together with the mourners. The organ here is the Heart. The question of the Great Beyond is raised, but Bloom remains firmly of this earth.

- *I am the resurrection and the life.* That touches a man's inmost heart.
- It does, Mr. Bloom said.
- Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the

affections. Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning.

It is in the 7th chapter, Aeolus, the God of Winds, at 12 noon at the newspaper office, that Bloom's and Stephen's paths cross briefly, though they do not meet. We are in the world of the media here, and the art of the journalist is rhetoric, which Joyce exploits stylistically to the full. But then we are out to lunch in the 8th chapter, the Lestrygonians, in which food is at the centre, but also the philosophies of each epoch are minced, chewed up – “you never know whose thoughts you're chewing”. (Wilfred Bion would gladly have written that sentence. Indeed the long rambling esoteric psychoanalytic novel of Bion's last years, *A Memoir of the Future*, was largely inspired and influenced by Joyce's *Ulysses*).

In the 9th chapter, Scylla and Charybdis, we are at the library, the organ is the Brain, the technic is dialectic, the symbol is Stratford and London. Here the Father-Son motif is finally expanded via Stephen's theories on Shakespeare and Hamlet, echoing Freud's similar preoccupations, which led him to doubt Shakespeare's authorship and support the theory that the Earl of Essex wrote his works.

Even as the schoolboy of the *Portrait* Stephen recognized his spiritual independence of his 'consubstantial father'. We find passages showing how Stephen renounces the 'fiction of fatherhood'. “Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten.” And we also find Stephen musing

on “...Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father....and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son.”

In the Scylla and Charybdis episode at the library this theme is worked through in relation to Shakespeare, but that too is already stated in the first Telemachus chapter, when Haines asks Stephen what his idea of “Hamlet” is. Buck Mulligan interpolates here:

- It’s quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet’s grandson is Shakespeare’s grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

Here Mulligan seems to be parodying not only Stephen but also, with hindsight, Freud and Lacan. Haines the Englishman murmurs:

- I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere. The Father and Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father which is however a simplified misunderstanding, though the word ‘atoned’ – “at-one’d” – might seem to catch the drift.

In this library scene, as previously at the newspaper office, Bloom and Stephen come very close to a meeting without it happening. Stephen takes no notice of Bloom, who however observes him with marked interest. While discussing Hamlet and the nature of Fatherhood with his cronies, Stephen says:

- A father is a necessary evil. He wrote the play in the months that followed his father’s death.

(Compare here Freud’s work on the interpretation of his dreams and the discovery of the Oedipus Complex, following the death of his own father.) Stephen then continues:

- Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the

Madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world, macro- and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. *Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction.

In the 10th chapter, the Wandering Rocks; we are out on the streets of Dublin for eighteen short scenes whose various characters are observed on their wanderings. The body organ is the blood, the technic is the labyrinth, the art is mechanics. This chapter is central for group analysis, but for reasons of space and time we cannot here go into detail how the various figures and their meetings mirror the preoccupations of our dual heroes. (A closer analysis of this chapter, which I have not yet achieved, will reveal much that is of interest to the group analyst.)

Instead we will proceed to the 11th chapter, the Sirens, in the concert room, where the body organ is the ear, the art music, the technic a canon and fugue and the symbol is two barmaids, Miss Lydia Douce and Miss Mina Kennedy. The first two pages of Stephen's disjointed monologue here appear to be almost meaningless and were even held up when Joyce sent it from Switzerland to England during the First World War by the official Censor, who suspected that it was written in code.

The structure of the whole chapter is intricately musical, grafting the forms and idioms of music on to the verbal, to give rise to the Sirens' "song of enthrallment". Bloom, musing on Molly, thinks:

- With look to look: songs without words.... understand animals too that way. Solomon did. Gift of nature.

In the 12th chapter, the Cyclops, we are in the realm of politics, the scene is the tavern, the body organ the muscle, the symbol the Fenian, or Irish revolutionary. This patriotic Citizen, picking up the theme of Anti-

Semitism from Mr. Deasy the Headmaster in the Nestor chapter, casts slurs on Bloom's nationality, at which Bloom retaliates:

- Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.
- He had no father, says Martin, That'll do now. Drive ahead.
- Whose God? Says the citizen
- Well, his uncle was a jew, says he, Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

- By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuitbox here.
- Stop! Stop! says Joe.
-

The Citizen hurls the biscuit-tin at the form of the departing Bloom, one of the only two acts of violence portrayed in *Ulysses*, both of which are entirely gratuitous. Bloom however quits the scene in a kind of apotheosis:

"And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!* And he answered with a main cry: *Abba! Adonai!* And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel."

Evening has come and we are with Bloom out on The Rocks in the 13th chapter, Nausicaa, where the organ is the eye, the symbol the virgin and the technic is tumescence and detumescence. Lame young Gertie McDowell is the lone virgin of the rocks who exhibits herself lustfully to the elderly wayfarer, causing him to masturbate ecstatically – a Father-

Daughter incest conducted at a distance, by way of the gaze. In the 14th chapter, the Oxen of the Sun, we are at the Maternity Hospital, the organ is the womb, the art medicine, the symbol mothers and the technic is embryonic development, also in literary style, which here moves through a historical succession of parodies of English stylists – Thomas Malory, John Bunyan, Pepys, Evelyn, Addison, Lamb, Landor, Macaulay, Newman, Pater, Ruskin. By the end of the chapter, when the action has moved to Burke's public-house, and Bloom and Stephen are reunited, language has devolved into a pandemonium of ejaculations in every form of ancient and modern slang or jargon. The gift of tongues has descended upon the company of students, ending in the tirade of a hot-gospelling American bible-thumper.

Bloom is now determined to watch over Stephen and in the 15th Circe chapter he accompanies him to Bella Cohen's brothel for a Walpurgisnacht of awesome dimensions. The art is magic, the symbol the whore, the technic is hallucination. The locomotor apparatus is the body organ, with all the clumsiness and violence it engenders. Thus Bloom, on entering the brothel, trips awkwardly:

ZOE. (*Her lucky hand immediately saving him.*) Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs.

BLOOM. The just man falls seven times. (*he stands aside at the threshold.*) After you is good manners.

And it is these qualities of the locomotor apparatus which bring Stephen and Bloom together. At the climax of his ecstasy Stephen smashes the chandelier with his ashplant walking-stick and rushes out into the darkness. Bloom stays behind to settle the damage for the lamp, then hurrying out he finds Stephen involved in a brawl with two soldiers.

PRIVATE CARR. (*Breaks loose.*) I'll insult him.

(He rushes towards Stephen, fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face, Stephen totters, collapses, falls stunned. He lies prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up.)

In the extended orgy, or Midsummer Night's Dream, of the Circe episode, the dead come to life - Paddy Dignam, Bloom's dead parents and his Yiddish-speaking grandfather, a hangman, Stephen's mother and many others. Bloom is hailed as the world's greatest reformer and anointed King of Ireland. But a priest denounces him and the mob, as it did with Parnell, turns against him. Medical experts are called to examine him, Dr. Mulligan declaring the accused to be *virgo intacta*, while Dr. Dixon pronounces: "He is about to have a baby." Finally Bloom is burned alive by the Dublin Fire Brigade. When these apparitions cease, Bloom confronts Bella Cohen, the monstrous madame of the brothel. Bloom is then tortured, turned into a woman, becomes a prostitute and is sold by auction. Bella, now changed into a man, bestrides him and treats him as a sexual slave, while all the sins of his past are exposed.

But it is the ghastly apparition of Stephen's dead mother, admonishing him to repent, which causes him to shatter the lamp with his ashplant stick. Dublin burns, a chasm opens, it rains dragons' teeth, armed men spring out everywhere, the Irish clans fight together, a Black Mass is celebrated, Stephen is knocked down by the soldier and at the end Bloom has a vision of his young son Rudy, who died in infancy, as he might have been at the age of eleven. But Rudy, as Anthony Burgess points out, is a fairy boy, a 'changeling kidnapped', he reads Hebrew, kissing the page, and smiling. If we recall Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, it is the 'changeling', the little Indian child, over whom Oberon and Titania quarrel, that gives cause to all the subsequent magic, testifying to the omnipotent chaos inside a child who is loved and warred

over by both parents, so that in the end it may feel, like a changeling, that it belongs to neither.

We are now ready for the Homecoming, the Nostos. The 16th chapter, Eumaeus, finds us at the cabman's shelter which Bloom and Stephen share with a motley crew of types, the nerves are the body organ, the art is navigation. It is the last bout of social company the two will share before repairing to Ithaca, 7 Eccles St., for a series of abstract intellectual dialogues in the manner of an impersonal catechism.

Bloom invites Stephen to spend the night at his home, which Stephen declines and wanders off into the night, while Bloom considers for himself:

- What play of forces, inducing inertia, rendered departure undesirable?
- The lateness of the hour, rendering procrastinatory: the obscurity of the night, rendering invisible: the uncertainty of thoroughfares, rendering perilous: the necessity for repose, obviating movement: the proximity of an occupied bed, obviating research: the anticipation of warmth (human) tempered with coolness (linen), obviating desire and rendering desirable: the statue of Narcissus, sound without echo, desired desire."

In the final Penelope chapter the body organ is the flesh, the symbol the earth and the technic is female monologue. Molly Bloom in her bed weaves a web of words, a '*lalangue*' of feminine speech that spins out the signifiers ad infinitum in a network of 'jouissance', ending in:

"...and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

Joyce has finally found the freedom of speech that he will exploit to the full later in his final work. But before turning to this, let us look at

some of the implications of the above for our study of psycho-sexual development in individual and group analysis. I stress the word development here, since in the Kleinian tradition I hold the aim of analysis to be not so much the cure of neurotic symptoms or conflicts, but rather the freeing of arrested development.

3.

I have come back repeatedly to the assertion that the Father-Son theme is at the centre of the book and its treatment richly deserves comparison with Freud's simultaneous elaboration of the oedipal conflict. According to Freud, at the culmination of the infantile psychosexual development of the male child there is always rivalry, the wish to supplant and kill the father, or even to eat him, as in *Totem and Taboo*. The solution to this conflict for Freud is a kind of sublimated submission to the father via the establishment of the Super-Ego, an internalized structure of value systems, rewards and punishments, in exchange for abandoning an open submission to the external father. Masculine identification with the father takes place for Freud in a much earlier and more primitive phase, purely on the basis of the discovery of gender difference and in taking the father as a first model for male behaviour.

But what James Joyce is suggesting here is something quite different, something that an Israeli colleague, Herzel Yogev, has described as a final stage of paternal function in the Oedipus complex. The first phase of paternity, as Yogev sees it, is to triangulate the mother-child union, to give a third point of reference to the child, through which it can separate from the mother and individuate. After this, the classical oedipal conflicts can take place, but in a final phase it is the function of the father to *bring the child back to the mother*, to reunite what he had first separated, to

restore the love of woman and of maternity in the child, qualities which may have become damaged in the separation process.

It seems, at least in *Ulysses*, that this process must be assisted by all the vicissitudes of romantic and sexual attraction. Bloom's secret letters to Martha Clifford, the barmaids at the Ormond Hotel, Gertie McDowell/Nausicaa on the beach in her shift, Zoe and Bella Cohen at the brothel, all testify that the father may not need to be slavishly faithful in his affections for his wife, the child's mother, just as Molly Bloom, with Blazes Boylan and her other lovers, is herself no model of matrimonial fidelity. What shines through in Leopold's and Molly's relationship – scarred as it is by the death of their child – is their genuine affection and respect for one another, and that they can hold their sensual passion for each other in their memory, in an inner space, even when it has outwardly ceased to be acted out.

Now this process of psychic development which allows fathers to find sons to replace their own when these leave home, and which allows sons to meet up with and find fathers whom they were not expecting, or were even denying, is essentially one that operates through the feminization of the male – when the man, without giving up his penetrating curiosity or even his 'pride of place', can nonetheless also internally take the place of the woman in all her own triumphs and humiliations, who can begin to think and feel like a woman. It is this maternal-generative factor – Dr. Dixon pronouncing Bloom as "about to give birth" – which lets Oedipus finally appreciate the mysterious songs of the Sphinx whom he had dethroned and then become a wanderer and at last a demi-god, but which also enables Odysseus to leave Calypso's entrancements at the onset of the tale and free Penelope from her suitors at the end.

We must distinguish this feminization of the male from the negative Oedipus Complex as a homosexual submission to the father. Such an

apparent passive feminization is caused by inhibition or unresolved anxiety in the conflict between son and father. Here, with Joyce, we are dealing with a feminization caused by the *engagement with the mother* and with femininity in all its aspects, mediated through the father, but also with the female as mediator, even as a kind of cosmic emotional medium between father and son.

For this reason it may be that group analysis can be of particular value in furthering such development. In my observation at least, many individual analyses of male patients – regardless of whether the analyst is male or female – seem to end in an unresolved ambivalence toward parental authority. Often the mixture of rebellion and submission is richer, more differentiated and more subtle than at the beginning of treatment – the analysand now knows better what he is prepared to accept and what to reject from a father-figure. This may stabilize him and bring him closer to reality, but it tends to lack any positive *jouissance*, it remains overcast by the depressive position.

In group analysis, the more so if an individual analysis precedes it, the group itself can act as such a feminizing and maternal medium. Through the matrix itself, through the progressions of its male and female members, the common fantasies and the mirroring processes, the group can help to generate a Ulysses-like journey through and beyond the classical oedipal conflict. We might even think of this as a central civilizing process, parallel to Norbert Elias' ideas about shame, embarrassment and the compulsion toward self-control as 'civilization mechanisms'. Perhaps our greatest civilizing achievement as a human group has been – beyond Freud's *Totem and Taboo* and the filial establishment of common law after the murder of the father – to generate this process of trans-gendering, masculinizing the female and feminizing the male, of discovering through this process art as a medium of

expression for the appreciation of beauty and for the limitless experience of enjoyment, joyousness, it can contain for us, in our psyche and in our soma.

Joyce claimed that a man who had not lived daily with a woman was in his opinion incomplete. He cited Jesus, Faust and Hamlet as being lacking, for this very reason. The emergence of the feminine through the stages of the Myth in *Ulysses* is at first uncertain. In the three early chapters motherhood is reviled – Buck Mulligan says that Stephen’s mother is ‘beastly dead’, Ireland is ‘the old sow that eats her farrow’. Young Stephen’s progress is from the peer group (the Tower, also a symbol of adolescence, as I have demonstrated elsewhere with regard to the Myth of Babel) to the authority figure (Mr. Deasy at the School) to the protean solitude of the Strand. It is Bloom who introduces not only Molly as the nymph Calypso, but also Martha, his clandestine pen-pal, and his own interest in erotic novels.

But these figures fall into the shadows in the subsequent chapters – the Graveyard, the Newspaper Office, Lunch, the Library. Molly and her amorous tryst with Blazes Boylan are never far from the back of Bloom’s mind, but he and Stephen are at present more involved with the social world, its news, views and taboos. The barmaids and the sublimation of sexual ardour through music make an appearance in the Sirens chapter, only to be blotted out by crude politics and male brutality in the Cyclops section. But then Gertie/Nausicaa, the virgin seductress, offering all the joys of self-gratifying voyeurism, follows on, after which we are linked to the mysteries of maternity in the Oxen of the Sun chapter, only then to be plunged straight into Circe’s crazy brothel.

In a coda of return, the problems of masculine identification – with navigation and with problems of abstract classification – are reviewed in the Eumaeus and Ithaca chapters, before Molly’s long final monologue

carries us into a world of the Feminine perhaps unequalled by any other male author in the history of literature. But it could never have been realized in this way without the prior journey, through Joyce's inner Dublin, through history, geography, religion, philosophy, sexuality and society at large, in the progress – and Joyce intended a kind of 'Pilgrim's Progress' – through the social world of groups.

4.

I am going to close this long discussion with some brief comments on *Finnegans Wake*, the 'night book' or book of dreams, and the contributions of the Lacanian school in grasping the final phase of Joyce's work.

It is noteworthy here that Freud in his final phase – though much the older man, he died only two years before Joyce – was preoccupied with Moses and Monotheism, with the return to his origins in the face of gathering anti-semitic hatred. Where Freud picks up on, or "recoups", Joyce's Leopold Bloom – who is himself perhaps a kind of Moses figure – Joyce himself goes back to the world of dreams, for *Finnegans Wake* is the book of H.C. Earwicker's night, just as *Ulysses* is the book of Leopold Bloom's day.

Lacan in his own final phase was obsessed with knots, especially the trefoil Borromean knot interlinking the Symbolic with the Imaginary and the Real, where the loosening of one element disengages all three. In his 23rd Seminar, *le sinthome*, Lacan is grappling with the question of bringing about a fourfold Borromean knot, which he thought might correspond exactly to the end of analysis: when the three rings have to be dismantled and put together again with the help of a fourth.

In Joyce's absorption with the epiphany, with the essence and evanescence of the moment, he is after the Real, beyond the symbolic or

the imagined. In this quest for the Real he begins to dislodge the symbolic order, resulting in a 'failure of metaphor', the metaphorical that the Symbolic register employs in order to link the Imaginary with the Real. No symbols, no metaphors. As the Tibetan Buddhist teacher Chögyam Trungpa said, "things are symbols of themselves". Robert Hariri in his excellent book *How James Joyce Made His Name* puts it thus: "The splendour of the *Wake* has to do, not with metaphor, but with *jouissance*."

Joyce frees himself from the fetters of received language and creates a new one for his own enjoyment, which we can share. Without becoming himself psychotic (though there may have been a jump to the next generation in his daughter Lucia, as C.G. Jung thought) Joyce created himself in his own name, in the manner of the *sinthome* – which contains St. Thomas (Aquinas), the symptom, and the 'sainted' or holy man, among other ingredients – and got beyond the symptom and the cure to a form of *Realization through language*. In this sense Lacan considers that the end of analysis must not reside in the accumulation of ever more and more meaning in the symbolic order – "Ah, now I understand the world and myself so much better!" – but in the joyous dissolution of received meanings and of the neurotic's permanent search for meaning. The Neurotic, according to Lacan, is the person who always thinks there is some meaning "behind", that needs to be discovered.

Instead there is now a renewed contact with the Real, even in its most dreamlike states, a freedom to invent oneself on the spur of the moment, perhaps even a mode of installing the psychotic dimension into a fuller appreciation of the mysteries of Creation.

Finnegans Wake is a book about the Resurrection, which is a form of self-begotten rebirth. If we end our psychoanalytic therapy with a vaguely depressing or irritatingly compulsive feeling that we can now make better sense of ourselves, of our history and our relationships, we

may also have lost something in the process, not least a real sense of Wonder. Joyce, and Lacan with him in his notions of *jouissance* and the *sinthome* as its producer and consumer, suggest that we may better come back to one of the original goals that Freud had once delineated for psychoanalytic therapy.

It is often misquoted even in the original German, mostly by unconscious revisionists, as to become “*liebes- und arbeitsfähig*”, capable of loving and working. But what Freud really wrote was “*genuß- und leistungsfähig*”, which means to be capable of pleasure, enjoyment, and also of performance, or achievement. After all, we can love without enjoyment, and we can also work without achieving anything, so these clearer goals of being able to enjoy and to achieve seem more satisfying and more realistic. Freud and Joyce were good role models for both. We can't all be geniuses, but some sparks of the *sinthome* may be in each of us.