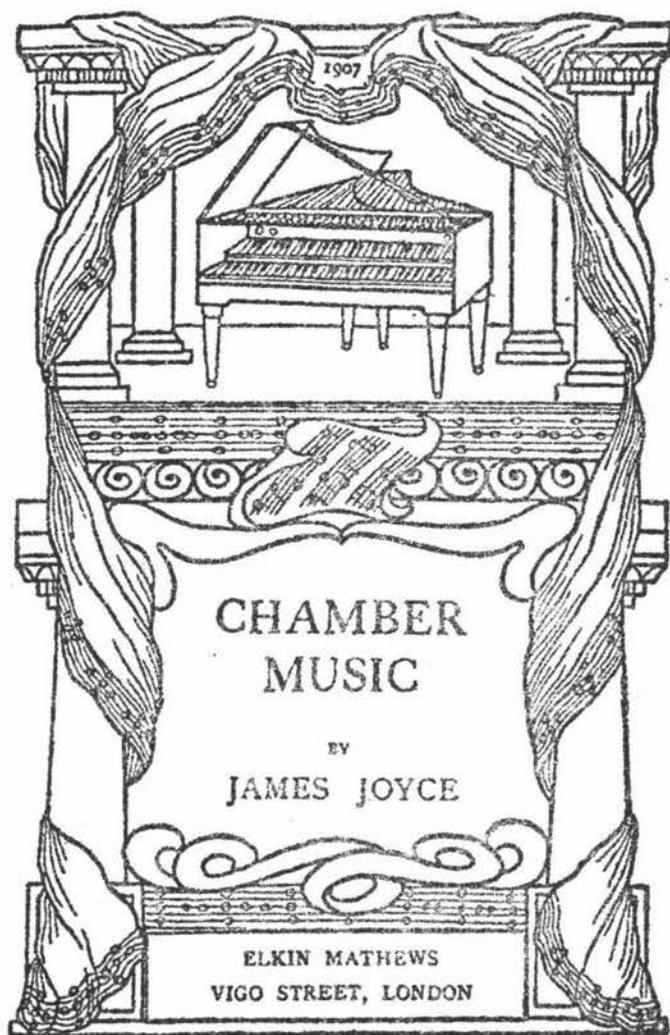


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Title-page of the first edition of Chamber Music, Elkin Mathews, May 1907.

JAMES JOYCE : CHAMBER MUSIC

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in English at
Massey University.

Robert John Ward

1971

to
my Mother and Father

PREFACE

This thesis originated in dissatisfaction with William York Tindall's treatment of Chamber Music, in his 1954 edition of the poems. When I began my research on the topic, I found that, not only in interpretation, but in technical matters of dating, arrangement and textual data, and in biographical matters such as Joyce's attitude to the poems, there was ample scope for a new edition. Hence the structure of this thesis. The Introductory Essay is divided into ten numbered sections, but they group themselves into four broad categories: composition and publishing history; the criticism; the evidence of biography; and my own interpretation. I decided to include the individual analyses of each poem (the Notes on the Poems) because Chamber Music criticism has been characterised by glib generalisations and lack of close, specific investigation of all of the thirty-six poems. Tindall's "Notes to the Poems" did not fill this gap.

Throughout this thesis, I have made much use of a few books, frequent references to which have necessitated some form of abbreviation, in the text and in the Notes to the Text. References to "Tindall" signify Tindall's edition of Chamber Music (New York, 1954). Where other books or articles by Tindall are noted, full titles are given. The Letters of James Joyce, one volume edited by Gilbert in 1957, the other two edited by Ellmann in 1966, are referred to by volume number (Letters, I; Letters, II; Letters, III). Ellmann's biography James Joyce (New York, 1959) is described as "Ellmann"; Gorman's James Joyce (New York, 1948) as "Gorman." "Dublin Diary" refers to George Harris Healey (ed.), The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce (London, 1962). The other

two works written by Stanislaus Joyce and quoted herein are noted by their titles, Recollections (New York, 1950), and My Brother's Keeper (London, 1958). "Slocum and Cahoon" refers to John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, A Bibliography of James Joyce 1882-1941 (London, 1953).

Editions of Joyce's works to which frequent page references are made are listed in section A. of the Bibliography, p.260.

I am deeply grateful to Professor R.G. Freen of the English Department, Massey University, for his help with this thesis. From its conception, Professor Freen has generously given of his scholarship and time.

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I

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

(1)

Chamber Music is the first published work of James Joyce, and it is also the first of his works to have been fully edited. William York Tindall undertook this task in 1954, producing a work which in many respects displays impressive scholarship. The editorial apparatus, of both a textual and an interpretative nature, with which he glossed the text, was the most exhaustive and most perceptive criticism of Chamber Music which had appeared.

A handful of other critics had detected substance and significance beneath the superficial rhythmic felicities of the poems before Tindall, but their findings had either not been published, or appeared in small articles at varying intervals, in isolated publications. Certainly the dim perceptions of these earlier critics were in each case restricted in scope, largely unsupported save by subjective assertion, and made no use of primary source material. Tindall centralised Chamber Music scholarship and fashioned the field in his own image. He traced manuscripts and transcribed textual variants, consulted what letters of Joyce he could come upon, conducted an extensive correspondence with Stanislaus Joyce, Herbert Gorman, Constantine Curran, Gogarty, and many other acquaintances of or authorities on Joyce; he gathered material on Chamber Music from other critics, and scoured Joyce's other works for commentary or clue - continually mustering support for his particular interpretation.

Nevertheless, Tindall's edition is not definitive. Many new details of Joyce's biography relating to Chamber Music, and of

Chamber Music bibliography have come to light since 1954. The appearance of this material leaves Tindall's edition incomplete - and where, as in some cases of dating and in most cases of Joyce's critical relationship to Chamber Music, Tindall has assumed what he did not know, he is rendered incorrect. Moreover, some of the information (for instance, on the re-arrangement of Chamber Music) which Tindall had even from as reputable a source as Stanislaus Joyce is erroneous.

Stanislaus Joyce's autobiography My Brother's Keeper was published in 1958, incomplete but covering the Chamber Music period of Joyce's biography up to about 1903. The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce (which, Tindall had it from Stanislaus, had been lost) appeared in 1962, a more immediate journal beginning where My Brother's Keeper left off, and taking the biography up to 1905. These two sources afford a much clearer glimpse of Joyce and Joyce's pursuits and attitudes in the specific period of the poems - and supplemented by Ellmann's definitive biography, James Joyce (New York, 1959), they give new datings of poems, more information on title and order, biographical incidents from which poems arose, and suggest new interpretation.

But the 3 volume Letters of James Joyce edited by Gilbert in 1957 (one volume) and by Ellmann in 1966 (the other two), are especially significant contributions to Chamber Music as to all Joycean scholarship. They have published a great deal of information not previously known or easily accessible. Joyce's attitude to Chamber Music was formerly gleaned from a few carefully-culled statements in available letters, but more especially from quotations (equally well-culled and occasionally erroneously attributed) from Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. These quotations are generally cryptic,

to say the least, and are given precedence over Stephen Hero or Portrait of the Artist glosses on Joyce's lyrics, because they are assumed to be the final word of the more mature Joyce. The published Letters, however, catalogue Joyce's opinions of Chamber Music far less equivocally. They record the meaning his first lyrics had for the artist as a young man, and continued to have for Joyce throughout his life; and they also provide information on more technical matters, for example that Joyce had a lot more to do with the arrangement of Chamber Music than Stanislaus Joyce and most other commentators, including Tindall, have been willing to concede. The Letters are thus an important counter-balance to Stanislaus' occasionally overenthusiastic desire to impose his own significance on the Joyce work.

New bibliographical material has followed Tindall's noting of the texts of Chamber Music. The Cornell manuscripts (as described in II, 'The Poems') have provided new dates and textual variants, and perhaps novel biographical significance. That Tindall was incomplete in his survey of the criticism before his own (omitting mention of important articles such as Zabel's "The Lyrics of James Joyce"),¹ is revealed by Doming's useful compendium James Joyce: The Critical Heritage, (London 1970), which publishes a great deal of the early criticism which is not easily obtainable. There are also a few studies of Chamber Music published after Tindall that are noted later, although, as with most of the criticism before Tindall, they are generally minor, with little new.

However, the need for a reappraisal of Chamber Music is not entirely dependent on new material. The nature of Tindall's interpretation is sufficient reason itself for reassessment. He does much reputable work on the poems, using Stephen Hero as a gloss on

their composition, tracing important sources, and regarding them as a first trial in matter and method for Stephen Hero and A Portrait of the Artist. And when keeping close to the poems, he is often capable of sound perceptive analyses. However, when his first principles are that "it cannot be denied that in Chamber Music and Finnegans Wake Joyce seems devoted to urination,"² and that "if water is life, making it is creation,"³ Tindall ought not remain unchallenged. And when to comments such as "the elegant and impenetrable exterior of the poems, giving almost no sign of ulterior presence, defeats its purpose," he retorts, "as for the 'intentional fallacy' in this section: I intend it,"⁴ his whole critical approach to Chamber Music should be carefully scrutinised.

Tindall still holds the field of Chamber Music criticism. There have been a few snipes, such as this by Levin: "Tindall has jeopardized his efforts by appending a naively Freudian commentary."⁵ But there has as yet been nothing substantial enough to remove the stain of Tindall's commentary from the 'immaculate conception' of the lyrics engendered by the Dedalean "priest of the eternal imagination."

(2)

Although the Joyce opus officially begins with Chamber Music, the young artist already had a number of literary efforts, some printed, some unpublished, to his credit before he started in 1901 or 1902 to compile the lyrics which were to become Chamber Music. In 1891 the nine-year old Joyce wrote a broadside denouncing Parnell's betrayers, "Et tu, Healy," which delighted his father so much that he had it printed and distributed to his friends. Five years later, he began composing poems which were

written into a school exercise-book and entitled "Moods." In 1900 he wrote the article "Ibsen's New Drama" which was published in the Fortnightly Review and so secured the deference of his fellow students. Joyce was not slow to capitalise on literary acquaintanceships, and that same year submitted a play called "A Brilliant Career," dedicated to his own soul, to William Archer, Ibsen's translator and English agent, who had passed on a letter of thanks from the master to the young artist. Archer was critical, but not discouraging, and, in 1901, having written meanwhile a verse play "Dream Stuff" and another volume of poems "Shine and Dark," Joyce put together a collection of poems and submitted them to Archer for comment. Archer's comment was, "there is as yet more temperament than anything else in your work," though he conceded that Joyce 'felt and imagined poetically.'^{6.}

One of the poems sent to Archer (and one which he liked) was poem II of Chamber Music, which had been entitled 'Commonplace.' Of the two early volumes of poems by Joyce, only this poem and four others remain in complete form, according to Stanislaus.^{7.} (The four are 'The Villanelle of the Temptress' - ascribed to a later year in A Portrait of the Artist; two translations published in German - including Verlaine's 'Chanson d'Automne'; and the poem 'O, it is cold and still - alas! - ' quoted by Byrne, which has been printed herein.) Ellmann^{8.} quotes some of the scraps from "Dream Stuff" and "Shine and Dark" which are extant - and some of these bear interesting hints of Chamber Music:

And I have sat amid the turbulent crowd,
And have assisted at their boisterous play;
I have unbent myself and shouted loud
And been as blatant and as coarse as they.

I have consorted with vulgarity...

Although the hero in Chamber Music does not 'unbend' himself or 'consort with vulgarity,' the terminology is similar:

He who hath glory lost, nor hath
 Found any soul to fellow his,
 Among his foes in scorn and wrath
 Holding to ancient nobleness,
 That high unconsortable one -
 His love is his companion. (Chamber Music XXI).

And the title of his first collection of poems, "Moods," suggests the influence of Yeats, who regarded 'moods' as metaphysical realities to be transfixed by the artist.

However, although there are echoes of Chamber Music in the early poems, they are far looser in structure, and do not bear the smooth and slightly opaque surface of the later volume. Archer's polite but unfavourable criticism could not have helped his own estimation of his poetry, and moreover with the criterion of Yeats' volume Wind Among the Reeds (1899) which Joyce greatly admired, to measure his own production against, Joyce became dissatisfied with his early poems. From 1900 to 1903, he began to write his series of 'prose poems' called "Epiphanies," and in 1901 he decided to burn all of the first two collections of poems, save one or two, and a few recent ones. Stanislaus describes the immolation: "Beyond announcing his intention to burn them, he gave no reasons. He just read them over again critically and then tore them up one by one and burnt them without comment." 9.

Nevertheless, Joyce's heart was still in his poetry - the poems he rejected were rejected largely for technical or aesthetic reasons. Stanislaus describes his interest in "the indefinable suggestion of word, phrase and rhythm. The poems that he liked sought to capture moods and impressions, often tenuous moods and elusive impressions, by means of a verbal witchery that magnetizes

the mind like a spell, and imparts a wonder and grace, which Marlowe thought no virtue could digest into words." ^{10.} Joyce was seeking, in other words, the achievement of Chamber Music.

Joyce's attraction to Elizabethan lyrics (his favourites were Dowland's "Weep you no more, sad fountains!" and Jonson's "Still to be Neat" - both remembered by Colum and Gogarty ^{11.}) led him to seek out Elizabethan song-books in the National Library, where he copied out lyrics from Dowland and Henry VIII and Jonson. He began to recapture their mood in the love lyrics he started writing in 1901 and 1902. Byrne ^{12.} recalls:

After the publication of the Ibsen article, Joyce began occasionally, and when in the mood, to seek expression in writing short poems. In the production of these he was not prolific; and even as he sat beside me in the [National] library he would write and rewrite and retouch, it might almost seem interminably, a bit of verse containing perhaps a dozen or a score of lines. When he had at last polished his gem to a satisfying degree of curvature and smoothness, he would write out the finished poem with slow and stylish penmanship and hand the copy to me. ... Joyce gave me copies of all the poems he wrote prior to October 1902 [invariably done on National Library slips].

In a letter to Tindall, ^{13.} Stanislaus said Joyce wrote these poems in a variety of locations, in streets, the private bar of some public hotel, a post office, as well as the National Library, when the mood struck him. Stanislaus describes the composition of Chamber Music poem XII from its conception, originating in a conversation with Mary Sheehy on 12 April 1904, to its inscription, on the inside of a torn cigarette-box, while Joyce was standing under a Dublin street-lamp. ^{14.} This incident, unknown to Tindall, will be described more fully later.

Tindall ^{15.} noted three possible periods for the composition of most of the Chamber Music lyrics. Stanislaus Joyce in Recollections suggested 1900 to 1901; in a letter to Tindall, Stanislaus

proffered 1901 to 1902; while Gorman claimed 1903 to 1904.

Tindall's own guess was that "most of the poems from which the thirty-six of Chamber Music were selected were written in 1901 and 1902."

But the only dates he could be sure about were for poems XXXV (1902), poem XX (1903), poem XXI (30 September 1904), poems VII and XXIV (1901-1902), and poem II (before 1901).

However, Tindall was evidently wrong about poem XXIV - Ellmann¹⁶ claims this was written on 8 April 1904. Dates of eight other poems have been ascertained since Tindall. According to Stanislaus' Dublin Diary (pp. 28, 62, 63), poems XII and XXV were written on 12 April 1904, and poems XV and XXVII on or about 31 July 1904. The Letters II (p.27) reveal that poems IV and XXXVI were written on or about 8 February 1904. (Tindall, p.67, estimated incorrectly that poem XXXVI was written in 1902 "during the first exile."). Ellmann (p. 180) and Letters II (p. 126) date poem XVII with poem XXI in the Martello Tower period, 9-19 September 1904. And Scholes¹⁷ dates poem XVIII in 1902.

Therefore, the dates of composition of fourteen poems in Chamber Music are known, and of these, nine were written in 1903 and 1904. This does not invalidate Tindall's assumption that "most" were written in 1901 and 1902 - but it is well to remember that Joyce was still writing Chamber Music well into 1904, while, and after, he was formulating his theory of aesthetic, and well after the period of juvenilia. The fact that 27 poems were probably written in 1901 and 1902 also helps support Sylvia Beach's claim, when advertising the Beach-Gilvarry MS. of Chamber Music in 1935, that this was the "original manuscript," for the first 27 poems were inscribed in Joyce's neat handwriting on large (and expensive) vellum sheets. (The manuscript is described in a later section.)

From about 1901 or 1902 to 1904 or later, Joyce was accustomed to carry with him around Dublin a manuscript roll of his poems, probably transcribed from the National Library slips which Byrne mentioned, or the rough sheets torn from exercise-books upon which, when Joyce had finished using them for his poems and other compositions, Stanislaus wrote his diary, "My Crucible" (published as The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce.) A few palimpsests of this nature are noted in Scholes, The Cornell Joyce Collection. From the expensive parchment sheets, dwarfing the tiny lyrics situated in the very centre of each page, Joyce read his poems to acquaintances such as 'John Eglinton' (W.K. Magee), who remembers poem VII,^{18.} and Padraic Colum, who remembers Joyce reading poem XII^{19.}

Joyce also read his poems to more illustrious personages. He decided to make his debut in the Dublin literary milieu in the summer of 1902, when he buttonholed George Russell for a number of hours one night, haranguing him on the dangers of the Irish Literary Movement going over to 'The Rabblement,' discussing Theosophy, and reading his poems, before which he gave his host a warning that he did not care what Russell thought of them. Joyce need not have worried (if indeed he did): AE liked his lyrics, and passed them on, with an astonished description of the imposing personality of their young author, to George Moore. Moore, who had read Joyce's 'The Day of the Rabblement' and thought it "preposterously clever,"^{20.} was not so taken with the poems, handing them back with one derisive and facile comment, "Symons!" However, Russell wrote to Lady Gregory about Joyce, and she, delighted with Joyce's reading of his own poems, invited him, with Yeats and Yeats' father, to dine with her on 4 November 1902.^{21.}

It was Russell also who had signalled Joyce's advent to Yeats, who met the young poet in early October 1902. Yeats was impressed, and kept the poems and epiphanies which were read out to him. In a letter to Joyce, 18 December 1902,²² in which he criticises poem XXXV, Yeats said: "It has distinction and delicacy but I can remember that several of the other poems had more subject, more magical phrases, more passion." Yeats remained an appreciative critic and a helpful advocate.

The first major benefit accruing to Joyce from acquaintance with Yeats was an introduction to Arthur Symons on 2 December 1902. Ellmann writes, "Symons was to play as central a part in the publication of Joyce's early work as Ezra Pound [also introduced to Joyce by Yeats] was to play later."²³ Joyce's meeting with Symons was part of a one-day stopover in London on his way to Paris and his first exile. Yeats entertained him, and paid for him, during the day, and took him to the editors of the Academy and the Speaker, who, Yeats thought, could help Joyce make his way by accepting articles, reviews and poems. When Yeats and Joyce called on Symons during the evening, he was, said Stanislaus, "hospitable and sympathetic. He offered to submit some of my brother's poems to various editors, and said that as soon as my brother had a volume of poems ready, he would try to find a publisher for it."²⁴

Joyce eventually solicited Symons' aid for his poems in November 1903. After reading the poetry, Symons wrote to Joyce on 4 May 1904: "The poems seem to me remarkably good. They certainly ought to be published."²⁵ On the following day, he wrote to tell Joyce that he had persuaded the Editor of the Saturday Review to accept poem XXIV of Chamber Music. Soon after, he had persuaded John Baillie of the Venture to accept poems XII and XXVI.

Symons then sent the manuscript of all the poems to Duckworth, the publisher, who unfortunately could "not see his way to bring it out." ²⁶. He had another minor success with a magazine - the Speaker accepted poems XVIII and VI. Joyce meanwhile had poem VII published in John Emlinton's Dana. But on 13 July 1904, Symons approached Grant Richards about full publication.

Richards at first expressed interest in the poems, although he could not be sure of selling them because hardly any verse paid - and, getting deeper into financial difficulties, he refused to commit himself. In September 1905 Richards began emerging from bankruptcy, and once again expressed admiration for the poems (called Chamber Music by now), but could not take more than part of the risk. ²⁷. Joyce replied that he could not share expenses as he had no money, and that: "My music must therefore justify its name strictly."²⁸ Richards had meanwhile lost his manuscript of Chamber Music, and Joyce had had to replace this.

Chamber Music continued to suffer reverses in 1905. John Lane rejected it in June, Heinemann in July, and Constable, Symons' own publisher, in October. ²⁹. Gorman (p. 145) also mentions T. Fisher Unwin. But Symons still did not slacken his efforts on Joyce's behalf (even though Joyce had been in Europe for over a year now). A year later, on 2 October 1906, Symons ³⁰. wrote:

Now as to your poems. I feel almost sure that I could get Elkin Mathews to print them in his shilling 'Garland' series. ... If it comes out I will give it the best review I can in the 'Saturday' or 'Athenaeum' & will get one or two other people to give it proper notice.

He met both promises. He wrote to Mathews ³¹. on 9 October 1906:

Would you care to have, for your Vigo Cabinet, a book of verse which is of the most genuine lyric quality of any new work I have read for many years? It is called 'A Book of Thirty Songs for Lovers,' and the

lyrics are almost Elizabethan in their freshness, but quite personal. They are by a young Irishman called J.A. Joyce. ... I have only met him once, and am acting entirely out of admiration of his work.

Mathews promptly agreed to publish. With his brother's advice, Joyce rearranged Chamber Music in October 1906 before sending on the manuscript to his publisher. In a letter to Stanislaus, 15 January 1907, Joyce wrote: "Mathews has sent me a contract to sign: no royalty on 1st 300 copies then 15%. Price 1s./6d. Golden Treasury size, published this spring." ³².

Chamber Music finally appeared in May 1907, four years after Joyce had asked Symons' help in finding a publisher. "As he had promised, Symons reviewed the volume with considerable acclaim in The Nation - a tribute Joyce never forgot." ³³. Unfortunately, Joyce was as hapless with Mathews as he had been with Richards. In a letter to his agent on 8 July 1917, Joyce records the fact that "On Chamber Music I received no royalties in ten years." ³⁴. A few months later, in January 1918, Mathews published a new edition: Joyce's comment, 13 March 1920: "Chamber Music. A second edition of this came out, as I hear incidentally, two years ago. I never received from Mr. Mathews any \pounds /s." ³⁵.

Gorman ³⁶. writes on the publication of Chamber Music, waxing slightly lyrical:

the mere fact of the publication of Chamber Music was of a greater value at this period than, perhaps, he suspected. ... Joyce had joined the great company of professional authors and joined it at a moment when he most needed the strengthening reassurance of that fact. It was not a fortification of his faith in himself as a creator that he needed (for that faith had never faltered) but it was rather an indication that the public (represented by publishers, at least) would accept him and, consequently, that in the near or far future he would be released from the routine drudgeries having nothing in common with his art. Chamber Music did that for him.

A good example of the "intentionalist fallacy," this statement is a little misleading. Joyce never courted 'the Rabblement' (and publishers were in its top echelons, as Joyce's broadsides "The Holy Office" and "Gas from a Burner" indicate) nor depended on 'the Rabblement' for succour. It was a very long time after Chamber Music was published that he could look forward to release from drudgeries.

But the practical effects of the publication of Chamber Music were perhaps not as important to Joyce as the practical benefits of the mere achievement of the poems. For while he brought himself to the notice of major literary figures like George Russell and Yeats by sheer force of personality, it was his poetry which prolonged their attention and engaged their aesthetic sympathies. Twenty years after the publication of Chamber Music, AE, reviewing Pomes Penyeach,³⁷ was still voicing his strong appreciation of the earlier work:

There is nothing in the new book quite so exquisite as the best lyrics in Chamber Music. The poet seems to have been aware that in his youth he had created something which perhaps became more beautiful in retrospect in his imagination because the full strength of his intellect had since been devoted to writing the most realistic novels of our generation.

Another influential acquaintance whose advocacy of Joyce was secured by the poems, Yeats introduced the neophyte to Symons, who "had been for about ten years ... the principal [literary] middleman between Paris and London."³⁸ Symons in turn was impressed by the poetry, to the extent that he expended a considerable effort over four years of ill luck, overriding many obstacles and setbacks, in order to see them published. Having finally succeeded, Symons aided their critical reception with favourable reviews, and continued giving Joyce the poet favourable reviews until his

'Epilogue' to The Joyce Book in 1933. 39.

Yeats also maintained contact with and interest in Joyce, and he continued to appreciate Chamber Music, especially poem XXXVI. On 8 July 1915, Yeats wrote to Edmund Gosse of the Royal Literary Fund, 40.

Joyce has written a book of verse Chamber Music and a most remarkable book of stories called Dubliners which I thought of for our Academic Committee [of the Royal Society of Literature] prize. I would be inclined however to base his claim on a most lovely poem [Chamber Music poem XXXVI] in Katharine Tynan Hinkson's Irish Anthology The Wild Harp.

And when trying to obtain a pension on the Civil List for Joyce in 1916, Yeats wrote to Edward Marsh (secretary in charge of Civil List pensions): 41.

His work has a curious brooding intensity. I think one of his poems [Chamber Music poem XXXVI] at any rate a thing of great beauty and great technical accomplishment. If I compiled an anthology of English or Irish Poetry I would include it.

When Ezra Pound was compiling an Imagist anthology, Des Imagistes, in late 1913, he asked Yeats if there were any significant omissions, and Yeats suggested Chamber Music poem XXXVI. Pound was impressed by the poem too, and wrote to Joyce for permission to republish. This readily given, he asked Joyce in January 1914: "Have you anything more that stands up objective [sic] as your 'I hear an Army'?" 42. Pound published this poem again in his An Anthology Collected in MCMXXXI.

The aesthetic value of one of the Chamber Music poems, therefore, began one of the most significant and singularly useful literary friendships which Joyce struck. For introduction to Pound meant introduction also to a number of English and American publishers and magazine editors - and Pound continued to help Joyce with publications. When Pound finally met Joyce in 1920,

he described his impressions to John Quinn: ^{43.}

Joyce-pleasing; after the first shell of cantankerous Irishman, I got the impression that the real man is the author of Chamber Music, the sensitive.

Chamber Music cannot simply be dismissed as 'juvenilia' any more than it could be dismissed as "Symons!" As Valéry Larbaud wrote in 1922: "The success obtained among the lettered was great, this thin pamphlet [Chamber Music] sufficed to place Joyce among the best Irish poets of the ... generation." ^{44.}

Joyce did not at the time, as Gorman asserts, regard his poems as being "much in the light of an idle tuning-up of the rare instrument of his creative instinct preliminary to the more serious performance of Dubliners." ^{45.} Joyce was never idle in his art - certainly not in Chamber Music (as will be discussed later) - and he in fact retained the "cadenced precision of a poet." ^{46.} He wrote a few poems for Chamber Music while the "more serious performance of Dubliners" was being staged, and neither disavowed them nor wished them destroyed, and he continued to regard himself as a poet. ^{47.} Chamber Music did more for Joyce than Gorman's statement is prepared to concede, and meant more to him for a long time after their publication.

(3)

Criticism of Chamber Music has always been full of contradiction and conflicting claims, uncertainties accompanied by summary judgement. This is partly the 'fault' of the beguiling rhythmic facility of the poems, for although Joyce deliberately and studiously engineered this deceptively smooth surface in order to distance the lyric emotion, readers are frequently borne above the substance of the poems on the mesmeric ebb and flow of their

easy rhythm and conventional prosody. Joyce perhaps concealed too well in Chamber Music what also should have been revealed.

Finding only a surface, with no original thought, many critics rush to the source-books to find what Chamber Music imitates. Mirsky ^{48.} said Chamber Music shows the strong influence of the Irish Renaissance on Joyce; Reynolds ^{49.} says the lyrics are "more Elizabethan English than Irish Renaissance;" Levin in one book ^{50.} says Joyce had more in common with the imagists than with the poets of the Celtic Twilight, and in another ^{51.} "his plaintive and cloying little stanzas could only have satisfied George Moore's canons of pure poetry." And Moore's comment on Chamber Music was "Symons!" There has not been enough concentration on the poems themselves.

Three broad lines of criticism of Chamber Music may be discerned. The first, as in the early reviews, was a slightly wistful appreciation of the purity of the lyrics, and of their musical, melodic nature - but they were generally thought to be, "though crystalline in sound, opaque to the mind's eye." ^{52.} The second critical approach was a harsh judgement of Chamber Music because it failed to meet the more imposing criteria established by Joyce's realistic novels. Critics characterised by this approach betray considerable annoyance at the fact that Joyce could write something as 'slight' as the poems. The next step, and the third main approach, was to make full use of critical hindsight, the whole Joyce canon having been produced, and impute to his early work his later super-subtleties. The critic from this standpoint divines that Joyce always seems to be writing his autobiography, and is convinced that Chamber Music is too slight for Joyce to be true, so it must be fraught with

recondite significances and above all, with ironies; it must be as complex an enigma as Finnegans Wake. No critic likes to be caught out by Joyce, but he protected himself so well in his later works by dividing himself, his chief subject-matter, into infinite regressions of ironic masks - "O! the lowness of him was beneath all up to that sunk to!"⁵³ - that the critic is forced to follow suit, and cover himself in all possible directions. Unfortunately, however, this last line of criticism allows a freer play to the persona of the critic, leading one well into the hinterland of the intentionalist fallacy. Chamber Music has suffered a great deal from such fallacies.

The initial critical reception of Chamber Music is effectively characterised by the early press notices. In 1914 Joyce, despite poverty, had a Triestine printer print up some personally-culled excerpts from the more favourable reviews of Chamber Music. (These were designed as advertisements, some to be inserted in press copies of Dubliners and sent round to publishers and critics.) Tindall wrote that he had not seen a copy of these press notices, and that Herbert Cahoon who had, provided him only with a list of the names of periodicals from which Joyce quoted.⁵⁴

The full text is quoted in Letters, II, 332, n.3:

Press Notices
of
CHAMBER MUSIC
by
JAMES JOYCE
(Elkin Mathews, London: 1907)

Mr. Arthur Symons in 'The Nation' They are all so singularly good, so firm and delicate and yet so full of music and suggestion that I can hardly choose among them.... No one who has not tried can realize how difficult it is to do such tiny evanescent things as that; for it is to evoke, not only roses in mid-winter, but the very dew on the roses. Sometimes we are reminded of Elizabethan, more often of Jacobean, lyrics;

there is more than sweetness, there is now and then the sharp prose touch, as in Rochester, which gives a kind of malice to sentiment.... They are like a whispering clavichord that someone plays in the evening when it is getting dark. They are fall [sic] of ghostly old tunes that were never young and will never be old, played on an old instrument.... They are so slight, as a drawing of Whistler is slight, that their entire beauty will not be discovered by those who go to poetry for anything but its perfume.

[Arthur Symons 'A Book of Songs,' Nation, I, xvii (22 June 1907), 639.]

Chanel in the 'Leader': Mr. Joyce has a wonderful mastery over the technique of poetry. It is not without supreme skill that he produces lines of such apparent ease and simplicity, every word in its right place, the whole beautiful in its unadorned charm with a faint subtle fragrance of earthly loveliness.... Mr. Joyce flows in a clear delicious stream that ripples.... Mr. Joyce complies with [sic] none of my critical principles: he is, in truth, entirely earthly, unthinking of the greater and the further, though let me say in justice that the casual reader will see nothing in his verses to object to, nothing incapable of an innocent explanation. But earthly as he is, he is so simple, so pretty, so alluring, I cannot bring myself to chide him.

[Arthur E. Clery, The Leader (22 June 1907).]

Mr. T.M. Kettle, M.P. in the Freeman's Journal. A rare and exquisite accent lyrics which, although at first reading so slight and frail, still hold one curiously by their integrity of form. Chamber Music is a collection of the best of these delicate verses which have, each of them, the bright beauty of a crystal. The title of the book evokes that atmosphere of remoteness, restraint, accomplished execution characteristic of its whole contents ... a love gracious, and in its way, strangely intense.... It is clear, delicate, distinguished playing, of the same kindred with harps, with wood-birds and with Paul Verlaine.

[Thomas Kettle, 'Review,' Freeman's Journal (1 June 1907).]

Daily News: Light and evanescent, pretty and fragile.... His poems are attempts at music: he has tried to express one art in terms of another. His aim has been to catch in his rhythms something of the music of pipe or lute as distinct from the verbal music of the great lyrical masters.... His poems have at once the music and the want of music of a harpstring played on by the winds in some forest of Broceliande.

Evening Standard: Pretty lyrics with a delusive title.

Manchester Guardian: A welcome contribution to contemporary poetry. Here are thirty-six lyrics of quite notable beauty.... Something of the spirit of Waller and Herrick ... grace and simplicity ... an elegance and delicacy that are as uncommon as they are perilous. At their best they reveal a rare musical quality. His muse is a gentle tender spirit that knows smiles and tears, the rain, the dew and the morning sun.

Nottingham Guardian: Lovers of verse will delight in many of the pieces for their simple unaffected merit. 'Chamber Music' has a tuneful ring befitting the title and both the rhythm and the smoothness of his lines are excellent.

Glasgow Herald: In verse which has an old-fashioned sweetness and flavour, Mr. Joyce sings of the coming and, apparently, inexplicable going of love. The most are but snatches of song and one has to be penetrated by the subtle music of them before their poetic value is perceived. Once that is felt their merit is beyond dispute though only lovers of poetry will be likely to see or acknowledge it. Verse such as this has its own charm but where will it find its audience.

Irish Daily Independent.... Music in verse, poems, sweet, reposeful and sublime; poems that lying in the shade amid the scent of new-mown hay one would read and dream on, forgetful of the workaday world.

Bookman: A little book of poetry which charms, provokes criticism and charms again. Mr. Joyce has a touch reminiscent of the sixteenth century poets, with here and there a break in his lines' smoothness which can only be smoothed by an oldtime stress on the syllable, such as Vaughan and Herbert demanded.... At times there are bold liberties taken with rhyme and rhythm but there is much of music and quaintness in this little volume.

[Unsigned Notice, Bookman, XXXII (June 1907), p.113.]

Scotsman: A volume of graceful verse: it contains some little gems of real beauty.

Country Life: A very promising little volume.

Joyce was particularly interested in the reaction of Dubliners to his book of verse. The homage of a Dubliner was even more significant to him than Symons' kudos. He made a point of thanking 'Chanel' (Arthur Clery) for his "friendly and sympathetic appreciation of my verses" in a letter 9 August 1909. ^{55.} And

that Kettle's review was of special significance to Joyce is seen in his reworking it as Robert Hand's review in Exiles. He also alluded to his appreciation of Kettle's review in his presentation of a copy of Chamber Music to Kettle and his bride Mary Sheehy, on their wedding-day in 1909. ^{56.}

However, the type of criticism exemplified in the press notices - what Tindall describes as "the 'clarichord' school of Arthur Symons" ^{57.} - has continued to recent times, especially in treatments of Chamber Music in general Joyce texts. The chief difference, in later treatments by specifically Joycean critics, is a rather sour tone caused by the great contrasts between the poems and the realistic novels. The technical achievement of the latter being so remarkable, the form of the poems was now either ignored or grudgingly conceded in faint praise. Levin wrote: "Lyrics in the strictest sense, all of Joyce's poems have the practical virtue that they can be set to music and sung," ^{58.} but he is indignant with such "studied frailties." Levin claimed that the poetry was "too concrete, with an opaque kind of concreteness that may be only another form of abstraction" - while Magalaner and Kain assert that "its flaccid nature constitutes one of the best arguments in support of our current demand for irony, tension, and ambiguity." ^{59.}

After Tindall's edition, the "clarichord school" gained accretions from his interpretation, which multiplied the uncertainty and contradiction in criticism of Chamber Music in general Joyce texts. (Two significant exceptions are noted later.) A certain number of received opinions were regurgitated: it is musical, Elizabethan, evidence of Joyce's auditory imagination (enhanced by near-blindness), ^{60.} its title was a scurrilous

double-entendre, and it's a minor work, yet autobiographical and part of "the book of Joyce, the last word of which the author felt he had not said even in Finnegans Wake." ⁶¹ Chester G. Anderson imitated Tindall in stating that Joyce was "no doubt aware that many of the poems were susceptible of interpretations relating not only to their musical quality, but also to their imagery of micturition, chambering and the false wantonness of onanism." ⁶² (Anderson describes Tindall's edition as the "definitive edition of Chamber Music" in an article on Joyce's poem "Tilly" which reveals the same type of frenetic symbol-hunting as Tindall indulges in. ⁶³.) Anthony Burgess, in a chapter on Joyce's poems entitled " 'You Poor Poet, You!' " says they "are not to be read in a Stephen Dedalus context," and recognises the "coarse undertones" - yet "Chamber Music is not a mere collection of verses;... it is autobiographical, like everything Joyce wrote, but the autobiography is heightened, turned into myth." ⁶⁴ And in another recent study, Herbert Howarth wears his heart on his sleeve when criticising "a juvenile failure to match sound and sense; we hear only a slight distant music and miss the satirical clowning and undercutting of precious passions found in the mature Joyce." ⁶⁵ This type of judgement is too tempting when one looks at Chamber Music from the superior vantage of Joyce's later works, and does not make for fair assessment.

Criticism of Chamber Music in general critical material, then, has been an inconsistent body of heterogeneous received opinions from other sources, especially Tindall. Yet though some of these critics follow Tindall in part, they generally regard the poems as a regrettable lapse in taste by Joyce. Although their own final judgement on Chamber Music conforms to this view, Magalaner

and Kain give a very good analysis of the criticism, from Symons and Kettle (including some early studies which Tindall did not note), to Tindall.

In 1918, an unsigned review of the second edition of Chamber Music appeared in The Egoist, which Harriet Shaw Weaver attributes to T.S. Eliot. (In a letter to Patricia Hutchins, 22 September 1953, Eliot wrote "I have no recollection myself of whether I wrote it or not." 66.)

This is a second edition; first published in 1907. This verse is good, very good; though it never would have excited much attention but for Joyce's prose, still it would in any case have worn well. We infer from it that Mr. Joyce is probably something of a musician; it is lyric verse, and good lyric verse is very rare. It will be called 'fragile,' but is substantial, with a great deal of thought beneath fine workmanship. 67.

This was the first (though very brief) critical acknowledgement that there was substance beneath the musical surface of Chamber Music. This line was pursued in the 1930's and later in the 1950's culminating in Tindall's 1954 edition.

In 1930, Morton D. Zabel 68. foreshadowed later critical uncertainty about the poems in an article in which he quotes 21 possible sources (including important references to Verlaine and Meredith), and is baffled by the form of the lyrics, attacking their diffuseness yet acknowledging "a sharp lyric refinement" and a "lyric motive and discipline." Zabel criticised the "formal decorum" and "artificial elegance," but said they did not lack Jonson's "lucid sensibility"- he praised Joyce for following the sharper elements of the conventions he deliberately chose, yet blames him for the forms which embody them. On the one hand the form "disguises the absence of profounder elements," on the other, the form hinders the "sharp lyric refinement" and "lucid

sensibility" from becoming more obvious or significant. As mentioned before, it is the form, the surface of the poems, which confounds the critics.

Zabel's relative confusion was followed in 1933 by Louis Golding's tortured doubts,⁶⁹ (in an article not noted by Tindall). Golding was worried that Joyce did not disavow Chamber Music - "on the contrary, he avows it very explicitly."⁷⁰ Because of this fact, Golding, with rather cryptic despair, has a vague apprehension of something significant in Chamber Music - as significant as "the key to Joyce, or to Stephen Dedalus, ... which is looked in it, more truly than the key to Shakespeare is locked up in the sonnets."⁷¹ In trying to come to terms with Chamber Music, poem V, he considers Rebecca West's discovery that Joyce was a great man devoid of taste, and then the possibility that the poems are a saturnine joke, because they are an enigma comparable to Finnegans Wake. " 'Another joke!' one said. 'He's testing them again! They'll write books to explain it - its language, its form, its philosophy. And it's just a palimpsest of puns. It's a joke!'"⁷² But unlike Tindall, Golding realises the "futility and insolence" of this, and discounts it:

Joyce has far too sappy a sense of humour to permit himself so arid a joke.... No. There is not a syllable he has penned, in a career of incomparably arduous devotion to his art, which is not utterly, even flagrantly, sincere - even the jejune quavers of Goldenhair, even the multilingual portmanteau puzzles of Work in Progress.

Nevertheless, Golding's uncertainty about Chamber Music continues to the very last sentence of his study. He says that Work in Progress is extremely difficult, "but it is not so difficult, I assure you, as the thirty-first poem in Chamber Music [of which he quotes the second stanza]. There is a sense in which the

most tortuous poem of Robert Browning is a nursery rhyme compared with that." (As a measure of Golding's uncertainty on this score, it is worth noting that, for his book on James Joyce, he revised this last sentence to read: "There is a sense in which the most emancipated poem of E.E. Cummings is a nursery rhyme compared with that.")

In the same year John Kaestlin, in an important but relatively unknown article for the Cambridge University undergraduate magazine Contemporaries ⁷³. (not noted by Tindall),

warned against a facile surface reading of the poems as typically fin de siècle. Joyce's art, rather than reflecting the thin and popular emotionalism of the nineteenth century, is related to the painstaking workmanship of the medieval Scholastic mind. Even the Elizabethan song, which demands music, is less complete in itself than this verse. . . . The poems achieve a rare union of "harmonic purity and rhythmic freedom." The author, even in this earliest work, manifests his characteristic preoccupation with words and with linguistic discipline. ⁷⁴.

Besides Golding's vague apprehensions, and then Kaestlin's modest assertions of deliberateness and strength in the construction of Chamber Music, a few critics began to perceive a narrative or dramatic structure, and more substance and significance in the poems, than had hitherto been conceded.

In 1932, in a short article, "James Joyce as Poet," in The Joyce Book, Padraic Colum says that the poems in Chamber Music form a dramatic sequence which anticipates Joyce's autobiographical novel. ⁷⁵. And in the same year in Australia, John Anderson came to the same conclusion. ⁷⁶. In 1950 Tindall claims that he "ignorantly repeated their discovery, ⁷⁷. and in May 1952 he embodied his findings in an article in Poetry, which is a synopsis of the interpretation he was to proffer in his 1954 edition of the poems.

Also in May 1952, Martin T. Williams had a short article on Chamber Music published in The Explicator. The article was basically a plea for an understanding of the poems before evaluation - fully justified by the confused or negligent nature of Chamber Music criticism. Williams gave the first analysis of the dramatic sequence by groups of poems. But his claims⁷⁸ about the theme may be misleading or exaggerated:

Again Joyce's theme is the inability of modern man to communicate with his fellows, to find homogeneity, and the paradoxical necessity for some kind of communication and some kind of unity: the impossibility of retreat.

Williams is looking at Chamber Music too much in terms of Ulysses. For the hero-poet's desire in the first work is not to "participate in [common] reality" - he seeks participation in aesthetic reality (the lady he is courting is in one aspect his Muse), and affirms the reality of poetic experience in opposition to Williams' "reality." Joyce affirms the reality of poetic experience in the very technique of his poems, by fashioning such a perfect embodiment of conventional prosody as the surface structure of Chamber Music, which so often confuses critics, while at the same time maintaining a "modern note," a "suggestion of relativity" in his expressions of love (as it is described in Stephen Hero, p.179). The chief value in Williams' article, however, was his exhortation to critics of Chamber Music to study it seriously, to explicate and reevaluate, "to integrate the stepchild with the rest of Joyce's works as to characters, theme, meaning, and the state of his ability, at a very early age, to dramatize the myth of contemporary man."

This work - essential to a balanced interpretation of the poems - was first undertaken, but not completed, by Tindall. But

the exhortation at least articulated a pressing need for intensive rather than superficial discursive study of Chamber Music. All the previously-noted critics who perceived substance and significance in the sequence, came to their conclusions independently of each other. Tindall notes one critic, Captain Richard H. Johnson of West Point, "who had been working on the poems for several years, [and] presented his discovery [of dramatic sequence] in an unpublished essay (1953), which he kindly allowed me to read." ⁷⁹. As stated earlier, Tindall centralised the field of Chamber Music criticism in his own edition. Nor was he spare in his scorn of his precursors: ⁸⁰.

The few critics who, detecting an arrangement, devoted intelligence to the relationship of part and part were working in the dark. Unaware that an act of scholarship (such as visiting a library or writing a letter) might help, these critics, thinking they had to do with the beauties of Joyce, seem to have been commending the structural triumphs of his brother Stanislaus.

(This point of the arrangement of Chamber Music will be pursued in a later section.)

Only a few intensive studies of Chamber Music have appeared since Tindall. In 1959, James R. Baker had an article, "Joyce's Chamber Music: The Exile of the Heart," published in the Arizona Quarterly, ⁸¹. which described the theme as the initiation of the lovers into the limitations of the passional experience. In a review of an essay by Herbert Howarth, Baker further explicates his view: ⁸².

We have to go on to read the lyrics as a sequence to discover what narrative or argument emerges out of the thirty-six lyric moments so carefully arranged in order. If Joyce is indebted to the troubadours, and to vague Yeatsian lyricism, he is also consciously exploiting the Renaissance artifice of structured lyric sequences. Mr. Howarth makes no examination of the soul's progress in passional experience recorded in

Chamber Music. Yet, in a way, this theme, the sense of the poems, is recapitulated in everything Joyce wrote, and the love lyrics offer a first articulation of the great dialectic - Art vs. Life, or, more broadly, Spirit vs. Nature - which moves through Joyce's life and career.

Baker's concept of the theme as "the soul's progress in passionate experience" is supported by the original title Joyce gave to poem XXXV: "Second Part: Opening which tells of the journeyings of the soul."

Robert Ryf's chapter on "The 'Portrait' and 'Chamber Music'" in his work A New Approach to Joyce: The 'Portrait of the Artist' as a Guidebook, is an important reference in which Ryf easily defends his case for seeing Chamber Music as, "in broad outline and with variations, ... a shadowy early version of the Portrait."⁸³ Ryf's quietly persuasive manner, and honest study of all the poems contrast pleasantly with the grandiose revelations (by reference to a few poems) of 'The True Story of Chamber Music' as told by Tindall or Virginia Moseley (to be discussed). Ryf even tells his reader the limitations of his study, and of any comparison of Portrait and Chamber Music:⁸⁴

On one hand, I have not attempted to trace in detail the numerous subsidiary analogies of theme, image, symbol, and rhythm between the poems and the novel. On the other hand, I have not pressed for an exact part to part correspondence - in many instances it simply does not exist. At the time, this basic pattern was slowly emerging out of the young Joyce's life and into his art, and the poems were not written to fill in a preconceived outline.

Tindall and Virginia Moseley thought otherwise with their respective theories of interpretation. However, Ryf is also incomplete because he neglects a valid comparison between Stephen's aspirations and those of the poems' hero. Because his interest is restricted to seeing Stephen Dedalus in the 'unconfortable'

lover of Chamber Music, Ryf mentions only Love, not the feminine object of his aspiration, who has in both novel and poems a three-fold nature as virgin, mother, and Muse/Temptress.

Hugh Kenner makes an extensive study of Chamber Music in another general Joyce text, Dublin's Joyce. He sees the young poet going to Verlaine and Jonson:

the models that vibrated in consonance with his emotions. But his emotions had more to do than he realized with the pianos and parlour-tenors of Dublin, or the street harpists and come-all-yous. ... The city, undifferentiated, thoughts and feelings, was contained in its love-songs. There, uniquely, the sensitive temperament could register Dublin entire in miniature compass. It wasn't necessary for the young Joyce to condense his twenty years' impressions; they presented themselves, in song, already condensed: sentiment, gallantry, sprawl, tarnish, elegance, paralysis. These songs were in his ears as he wrote. ... So phase after phase of the Dublin he imagined he was evading went down on these pages with an exactness to be cherished.

Kenner may make a little too much of his theme of Dublin forcing its identity on the artist. Colum in The Road Round Ireland wrote:

"In a city that is not very musical, Joyce was a musician," and "Joyce was pleased that musical expression which Dublin had not permitted to flower in himself was coming to his son freely." ^{86.}

However, song - and distinctly Dublin song - pervades Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, and Joyce's perceptions cannot be defined by Colum's. Kenner's theme is relevant to Chamber Music - and a quotation from Joyce's Letters ^{87.} serves as an interesting gloss on the last comment of the extract above:

I will keep a copy of Chamber Music myself, and (so far as I can remember) at the top of each page I will put an address, or a street so that when I open the book I can revisit the places where I wrote the different songs.

It is reasonable to conclude, then, that Chamber Music is an imaginative reworking or transmutation of Joyce's experience.

Virginia Moseley's article "The 'Perilous Theme' of Chamber Music," published in the James Joyce Quarterly in 1964, is one of the most recent studies. Hers is a very dense, tightly-argued hypothesis which is built on exceedingly flimsy foundations. She claims that the key to Chamber Music - its fundamental struggle and its structural unity - is the Book of Ezekiel. The only solid brick she has is a reference to Ezekiel 43:2 ("the noise of many waters") in poem XXXV. Significantly, she starts with this reference (and an insupportable assertion that poem XXXVI "is almost a paraphrase of Ezekiel 38" ⁸⁸.) and then works back, hunting out symbolic correspondences, coercing both Ezekiel and Chamber Music in the process. Two of many errors of interpretation of Joyce's work made by Moseley are: claiming 'Goldenhair,' the lady of the poems, is reprehensible like Israel in Ezekiel; and asserting that the "wind of spices" in poem XIII implies burial, for the "wind of spices" and indeed the whole poem implies not Ezekiel but the Song of Solomon, which Moseley significantly never mentions as a possible source.

However, one of Virginia Moseley's most reprehensible indulgences in this essay is a practice often found among Joyce critics: manipulation of references from Joyce's other works, especially Finnegans Wake, which is regarded as the serious last word of the mature Joyce, his definitive opinion. Not satisfied with what Chamber Music says for itself, she rummages round in Finnegans Wake until she has come upon a few serviceable counters with which she can play semantic chequers with impunity. (This also broadens the field for the pursuit of biblical references.) However, the very quotation from Finnegans Wake which gave her the title of her article on Chamber Music, "The 'Perilous Theme'," is

incorrectly attributed. She writes:

One "portrait of the artist" in Finnegans Wake characterizes him as "a sensible ham," who having "with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen the touchy nature of its perilous theme ... spat in careful convertedness a mosaic dispensation about his hearthstone" (37).

The description referred to is not a "portrait of the artist", but one of "The Cad" (Gilly), who is not associated with Shem or other personae of the artist. The whole article, therefore, rests on false authority, for this reference was a first principle.

Virginia Moseley perhaps takes Chamber Music exegesis to its ultimate extreme of serious and super-subtle intent, at the opposite end of the critical spectrum from Tindall. Both critics regard the work as substantial and significant - but one as if it were a morality play, the other as if it were a fabliau. That both interpretations can be proffered is a measure of the Chamber Music enigma. It is also a measure of the absurdity of each of these critics.

Chamber Music is too easy a prey for the critic who has his own preoccupations, his own obsessions, to hunt out.

(4)

Tindall first put forward his interpretation of Chamber Music as something in the nature of a collection of refined graffitti in 1950 in his James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World:⁸⁹.

It cannot be denied that in Chamber Music and Finnegans Wake, Joyce seems devoted to urination. Most men retain something infantile; and all men, the analysts assure us, are either anal or oral in character. But those of the anal type are better stylists. If Joyce, like Rabelais and Swift, is of the anal type, we must make the best of it - as Joyce did.

Tindall certainly does. The few pages devoted to Chamber Music in his book provide the basic pattern for his later extended criticism.

He constructs a well-supported case for the symbolist method and the deliberate and well-studied composition of the poems. He quotes Stephen Hero (p.37) on the young poet following Rimbaud in ~~permuting~~ and combining the five vowels and putting his lines together "not word by word but letter by letter" in order "to fix the most elusive of his moods"; he cites Joyce's admiration of Verlaine and his knowledge of Symons' work, The Symbolist Movement in Literature, to prove Joyce was using a symbolist technique in the poems. Having reached this point, he claims Chamber Music to be:

an example of symbolist indirection. ... Some of the poems are what they seem to be, but in most of them, tone and matter quarrel with their manner. ... His view of love is not what his metrical tradition implies ... In Stephen Hero he says that although he retains 'feudal terminology' for his love poems, he is 'compelled to express his love a little ironically.' ... Kept to the surface of these poems by their smooth perfection, we may miss what Joyce is saying. 90.

These are sound preliminary comments, and may lead to equally sound exegesis of the poems. Tindall, however, having caught Joyce well in the great mind-trap of duality, has simply opened up the field wide enough to contain his own extravagant readings of symbol. He then homes in on random phrases from a few of the 36 poems, subjects them to a withering blast of critical fire, then withdraws leaving a scurrilous snigger where an innocent gesture or an elegant irony may have stood. Tindall gives an exhaustive explication of the 'bat' reference in poem XXXI on a serious level, then sums up: 91.

That Joyce with indirection however elegant should call his girl a vampire while she kisses him is bad enough, but his reference to her other natural functions are worse.

This leads Tindall directly into his most favoured reading of the poems: 92.

What on one level means formal elegance means reality at its most fundamental on another. ... Mrs. Bloom on her pot, the "bright cascade" of Poulaphouca, and the two girls making water in the bushes were anticipated by the girls of Chamber Music. When in poem VII Joyce's love in gay attire goes lightly among the apple-trees, it is not for nothing that she holds up her dress with dainty hand. Poem XXVI is more domestic:

Thou leanest to the shell of night,
 Dear lady, a divining ear.
 In that soft choiring of delight
 What sound hath made thy heart to fear?
 Seemed it of rivers rushing forth
 From the grey deserts of the north?

For Joyce, the lutanist of love, as for Yeats, love had pitched his mansion in the place of excrement. The mad humor of Joyce's poems may seem indecorous or perverse, but it is probably no more than play with incompatibilities of form and matter and his first experiment with symbolism.

This same pattern is followed in Tindall's interpretation of the poems in his edition: the initial well-supported proof of deliberate intention and symbolist double-think; next an exhaustive analysis of a few lines selected from one or two of the 36 poems, which eventually yield under duress to betray Joyce's depravities and obsessions, chiefly micturition; and finally, having proved "O! the lowness of him!", and thereby asserted his critical superiority over Joyce (he understands the joke, too), Tindall retires from the fray of close criticism, leaving Joyce and his defiled lyrics wallowing in the cesspool of his obsessions, and patronisingly forgives the sick mind of the young poet with the comforting understanding of the psycho-analyst: "The mad humor of Joyce's poems may seem indecorous or perverse, but it is probably

no more than play with incompatibilities of form and matter."

Tindall discussed his discovery of dramatic sequence in Chamber Music (which did not alter his micturition interpretation) with his class in Joyce at Northwestern University in the summer of 1950, and at Columbia University in the fall of 1950,⁹³ and embodied the results of their discussions in his article "Joyce's Chambermade Music" in May 1952.⁹⁴ As noted before, this is virtually a synopsis of Tindall's interpretation of the poems in his 1954 edition - even particular phrasing is repeated in the later study.

Tindall begins his interpretation in the edition with some perceptive comments on the nature of Chamber Music's composition. He traces the influence of Yeats, Verlaine and the Elizabethan lyricists, and claims at the end of his chapter (II) on "Origins and Resemblances" that: "by composing Chamber Music somewhat after the fashion of the Elizabethans, Joyce satisfied his desire for poetry, for all that seemed alien to Ireland, and for music."⁹⁵ But, he adds, "It is a structure of references as well"⁹⁶ - and so proceeds to probe for these "references."

At the beginning of his discussion of symbolism in Chamber Music, he refers his readers to earlier statements in his James Joyce and "Joyce's Chambermade Music" - he had not revised his opinions between the earlier criticisms and the edition. He states "the innocuous melody of the poems" - the "disarming surface" - "almost successfully conceals the meanings it is designed to embody." Setting out to reveal these meanings, Tindall makes brief mention of "attendant images" such as colours, seasons, wind and garden. But these do not satisfy the critic: "Not attendant images, however, but major symbols are what we are

after." 97. But his targets are restricted in number: only poems I, XXXVI, VII, XXVI are chosen for extended analyses to support his claim that Chamber Music is an embodiment of Joyce's obsessions.

In his analysis of poem I, Tindall sees the last stanza as employing masturbation as a symbol of sterility:

All softly playing,
With head to the music bent,
And fingers straying
Upon an instrument.

Tindall glosses this with: "Onanism is a symbol suggesting that the innocent hero, centred upon himself, is incapable of reproducing the music he hears in earth and air and of uniting by art the regions of reality." 98. However, the poem itself says that there is sweet music along the river because Love is there:

"There's music along the river For Love wanders there " - he is the reason for the harmony of "all is softly playing." Tindall is not merely unaware that he has disfigured the poem in order to coerce his reading of onanism from it, he adopts a tone of omniscient complacency: "Under the solemnity and guilt of this strange organisation of tones there is a kind of outrageousness, typical of Joyce, that is inescapably comic. [It is difficult to find humour in Tindall's analysis of poem I.] But poem XXXVI ... is no laughing matter."

Tindall initially makes some valid points about the form of poem XXXVI: 99.

Different in character from the rest of the suite, it breaks through the deceptive elegance that he had maintained. For this poem instead of bland quatrains, melodious meters, and rhyme he used assonance and free verse of the most troubled sort. This rupture of surface is dramatic, but in the directness of his cry he approached for the first time what Stephen called lyric art.

But "major symbols are what we are after," and soon Tindall is linking the "fluttering whips" of the charioteers and the "anvil" to Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, and begins referring to them not as 'symbols' but "symptoms": 100.

The charioteers are the masculine hammer and the hero's heart the feminine anvil. Placed at the end of a line, acquiring horror from position, this word, lacking the grace of rhyme or even of assonance, is the second and the more important of the two feminine endings of the poem. To a rhetorician like Joyce, the placing of words was not casual. Transformed by place from metaphor to symptom, this awful word shows why Joyce found Venus in Furs [by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch] congenial. Although whip and anvil may point to him, his troubles, however attractive, are not our real concern. Functioning in a work of art, his symptoms become elements of a form that would be different without them.

Tindall's comment "his troubles, however attractive, are not our real concern" may hint at reasons for his occasionally scurrilous interpretation of Chamber Music.

Having detected masturbation in poem I, and sado-masochism in poem XXXVI, Tindall suggests that "two of the poems appear to deal with micturition." 101. He had earlier stated: 102.

On a spring morning when winds are gay, the girl of Poem VII goes lightly through a blossoming orchard, "holding up her dress with dainty hand." Elsewhere in his James Joyce, in discussing the pervasive symbolism of water in Joyce's work, I suggested that this girl holds her dress in order to relieve herself - like those girls in the bushes in Finnegans Wake. This suggestion is confirmed by the verses on Mary Ann (Marion?) who is "hising up her petticoats" for that purpose in the first chapter of Ulysses. If water is life, making it is creation.

Tindall maintains this same view in the edition - he repeats the last statement of the quotation above, and adds to his exegesis of the last stanza of poem VII: 103.

And where the sky's a pale blue cup
Over the laughing land,
My love goes lightly, holding up
Her dress with dainty hand.

Maybe the land laughs because it receives her shadow -
and something of her substance as well.

Even treating such comments on a serious level, this is surely no reason for the land to be laughing. Tindall steadily becomes more absurd towards the end of his interpretation. He moves on to poem XXVI:

Poem XXVI is more explicit. Leaning not to the grass but to "the shell of night," the dear lady, listening to "that soft choiring of delight," is suddenly terrified by the thought of "rivers rushing forth/ From the grey deserts of the north." There are no two ways of taking that.

Tindall does not explain this last statement in relation to the poem, but invites his readers instead: "Let us look more steadily at Joyce's concern with urine and see, if we can, the reason for it." This leads to a tortuous journey through the latrines of Ulysses, in which Tindall finds an association between Mrs. Bloom's chamber-pot and Mother Grogan's teapot (because the botanical name for tea is thea or 'goddess' - clearly a reference to "potted Mrs. Bloom, the goddess of earth" ^{104.}). This associates urine with tea, and Tindall traces this further: ^{105.}

Mr. Bloom whose "high grade ha" lacks "t" or tea, spends his day in quest of it. Both tea and urine are forms of water, and water is a natural symbol of life. If water is life, making it is creation.

Yet Tindall, by what he describes as "commodious recirculation," returns to poem XXVI, and says that it "is plainly a 'jocoserious' symbol of creation." ^{106.} Poem XXVI is about inspiration (the "fearful sound" and "strange name" impinging on the ordinary) and the transforming power of the imagination (the poet-troubadour is exhorting his lady, his muse as well as mistress, to render less fearful the discordant sound which disrupts "that soft choiring of delight," by 'scanning it well' or interpreting it, giving form to its chaos, and hence re-

establishing general harmony - which is what Shakespeare and Coleridge did when they came upon an extraordinary sound or name in Holinshed or Purchas). Tindall comes to the same conclusion, that the lady is a muse-figure: 107.

We may now conclude that in one of her aspects the creative girl of Chamber Music is the first sketch of Mrs. Bloom and Anna. The hero's affair with her is the story of a frustrated attempt to woo his Muse or to open the gates of his creative imagination - in short, to become an artist.

The hero in fact woos his Muse successfully, but as with all moments of creative ecstasy, it cannot last, as the rhythmic pattern of elation and depression in A Portrait of the Artist shows. But Tindall unfortunately bases his claim that the girl of Chamber Music is the hero's Muse on the creativity of urination. And he imputes this micturition concept even to the artistic epiphany of A Portrait of the Artist: 108.

"In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber." "A Portrait of the Artist, p.217." The poet is the word and chambered woman the imagination and the Muse.

Tindall's gloss here is quite misleading - "the virgin's chamber" is the womb, not the bladder; there is no penetration of poet/word into "chambered woman"/Muse in the act of chambering.

The poems themselves do not, therefore, give Tindall much support for his micturition reading, and he could only claim: "two of the poems appear to deal with micturition." Searching for external support, he came upon five main props. The first was the title itself, the "notorious double-entendre." 109.

Tindall recounts the various stories told about the naming of Chamber Music. Gorman's account was that "a hot-blooded widow" interrupted Joyce reciting his poems in order to relieve herself on a chamberpot behind a screen - and the audible tinkle gave

Joyce the title. Tindall says Gorman assured him that he had the story from Joyce himself. But Byrne's comment on Gorman's inaccuracies and complacent claims of Joyce's total sanction for his biography is of interest here: 110.

Joyce had a fine sense of humour, but his definitely favourite mirth rouser was when anyone pulled a boner. Always he sat in an elfin crouch waiting and hoping for a blunder. ... I know that if he ever read the biography I am talking about, it afforded him ample scope for many such howls. And this, mind you, would not be wholly the author's fault. I say deliberately that it would have been at any time quite within Joyce's sense of propriety to refrain from pointing out an error not merely in "deductions and assumptions," but in actual matters of fact.

Tindall gave one version of the story by Gogarty: that Joyce took "Maunsel's manager's travelling-bag" full of ladies' drawers from the Hermetic Society's rooms, and gave it to Jenny, mistress of Sweeney the greengrocer; but as he went to hand over the drawers to Jenny, his foot struck "a night jar, which rang sonorously like a gong," 111. and Joyce told Gogarty "at last I've got a title for my collection of lyrics" in the last tram for Sandycove. However, in another book, published in the same year as Tindall's edition, Gogarty retails the story with a slightly better punch-line: Gogarty, drunk after a wake for their publican's wife, woke up in a potato patch and saw Joyce in the ridge next to him: "He was wide awake and staring up through the potato leaves. 'I have the title for my book of poems - Chamber Music!' " 112. Tindall, however, had thought Gogarty a consistent and reputable source: 113.

This version of the story [Gogarty's 1948 version] is partly confirmed, as Dr. Gogarty points out, by Joyce's allusions in Gas from a Burner to "a one-handed urn" and to "Maunsel's manager's travelling-bag." ... Gorman's version, says Dr. Gogarty (in a letter to me, February 1, 1953) "may be discounted."

Gogarty (Buck Mulligan in Ulysses) was a compulsive anecdotalist, and naturally wanted to protect his own tale.

Nevertheless, Stanislaus Joyce claimed that he had given the poems their title, and that the 'true story' involving a prostitute (actually called Nellie, who once offered to accompany Joyce on a chamberpot, holding it like a guitar, when he started to sing) came after the title, and that he had said the incident was "an omen." Tindall quotes letters from Stanislaus to Gorman and to himself, in giving Stanislaus' account. This account is also borne out by the Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce (published after Tindall's edition): "I suggested to Jim to call his verses 'Chamber Music.' The incident with the whore is surely an omen [date: 20 April 1904]." ^{114.} And in My Brother's Keeper, Stanislaus writes: ^{115.}

As for Jim, he had not yet found a title for his little collection of verses, and as usual, he asked me for suggestions. One of these, Chamber Music, he adopted. It had seemed to me suitable to the passionless love theme and studious grace of the songs.

That the title, Chamber Music, was not a scurrilous double-entendre in its original application to the poems, is further suggested by three of Joyce's own comments in the Letters: ^{116.}

[Joyce to Grant Richards, 23 September 1905.] I should like to be able to co-operate with you [in sharing expenses for publication of the poems] ... but I cannot as I have no money. My music must therefore justify its name strictly.

(and therefore ^{be} read only in Joyce's parlour).

[Joyce to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 22 November 1929.] Nineteen of this book alone were set [to music] this year so the title appears to have been justified. [Joyce to Stanislaus, 18 October 1906.] I suppose everyone is disillusioned about me now - myself included. The reason I dislike Chamber Music as a title is that it is too complacent. I should prefer a title which to a certain extent repudiated the book, without altogether disparaging it.

It is a reasonable supposition that Joyce would not have had that problem if he had realised the title was a "notorious double-entendre," as Winston Weathers describes it. ^{117.}

Tindall concedes that the evidence that the title was a pun was contradictory, and accepts Stanislaus' claim that he had chosen the title, and before any incident with a whore. But the critic is in no way disconcerted by this: 118.

It is likely that [Stanislaus] did [choose the title], but it is no less likely that this "raffish incident of student life," whether one account or another is more nearly factual, gave another meaning to the title. It was Joyce's habit to read additional meanings into what he already had. Fascinated with chamberpots, as with drawers, he must have welcomed this disclosure as he welcomed all epiphanies.

Joyce's own statement in the last letter quoted above contradicts this, as well as the rest of Tindall's comment:

With this new dimension of his title in mind, did Joyce proceed to justify it by adding suitable poems to his suite? Two of the poems appear to deal with micturition. Poem VII ... is one of his earliest pieces. ... Poem XXVI ... may have been written after the incident of the pot. It is not necessary, however, to insist upon this; for Joyce's interest in the subject was so fundamental that we may suppose him to have written verses on it before he had the title in mind or had thought of its possible meanings. It is likely, moreover, that the incident of the pot, far from being the first time the meaning had occurred to him, was only his chance to make it known.

Tindall recognised that the evidence of the title and of the poems do not support his reading, yet he is so far from recognising this as prejudice that he proceeds to fabricate his own biographical evidence. To say the least, this is not persuasive.

Nor does he persuade with his second external support. This is a quotation from A Portrait of the Artist (p.233) which is supposed to condemn Chamber Music and its pretensions to delicacy by the conjunction in Stephen's mind of "the dainty songs of the Elizabethans" and images of chambering:

What was their languid grace but the softness of chambering? And what was their shimmer but the shimmer of the scum that mantled the cesspool of the court of a slobbering Stuart. And he tasted in the language of

memory ambered wines, dying fallings of sweet airs, the proud pavan: and saw with the eyes of memory kind gentlewomen in Covent Garden wooing from their balconies with sucking mouths and the poxfouled wenches of the taverns and young wives that, gaily yielding to their ravishers, clipped and clipped again.

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure....

Tindall uses this quotation to support the following statements:^{119.}

As Stephen walks the streets of Dublin or loiters on the steps of the library, he calls to mind "the age of Dowland and Byrd and Nashe," but not without some critical distance. ... He sees in the "old phrases" of these poets only "a disinterred sweetness," which, it may be, he also found at such times in his pious imitations of their "chambering."

Surprisingly, Tindall omits to quote at length another (the only other) conjunction of Elizabethan lutanists and chambering in 4 Portrait of the Artist (p.176):

His mind when wearied of its search for the essence of beauty amid the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas turned often for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans. His mind, in the vesture of a doubting monk, stood often in shadow under the windows of that age, to hear the grave and mocking music of the lutenists or the frank laughter of waist-coateers until a laugh too low, a phrase, tarnished by time, of chambering and false honour stung his monkish pride and drove him on from his lurking-place.

This quotation would seem to support Tindall's gloss on the first excerpt. However, he fails to realise that the first excerpt, and the second one above, are downward phases of a rhythmic pattern, pervading 4 Portrait of the Artist, of alternate exaltation and depression. After his sexual initiation at the end of Chapter 2, Stephen declines to the most dejected religious penance and humility. He then makes an Icarean ascent to his conversion to mortal beauty on the seashore at the end of Chapter 4, but then the opening lines of Chapter 5 (p.173) betray his descent: "He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. The yellow dripping had been

scooped out like a boghole..." - and the first occurrence of the 'Elizabethan song' / 'chambering' conjunction (printed above) follows immediately after this as a further example of his depression. Stephen's next exaltation is the climax of the novel: when, having formulated his aesthetic, he experiences artistic epiphany, and celebrates it in his "Temptress of the Villanelle" (an Elizabethan prosodic form). And his depression after this is described by the second occurrence of an 'Elizabethan song'/'chambering' conjunction, the one quoted by Tindall.

However, Joyce's explication of this latter excerpt is carefully trimmed by Tindall from what he quoted. Joyce continues from where the critic left off:

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure. They were secret and inflaming but her image was not entangled by them. That was not the way to think of her. It was not even the way in which he thought of her.

The "she" referred to is an indefinite feminine figure including Emma Clery and the Muse/Temptress of his Villanelle. The imaginary lady to whom the Chamber Music poems are addressed may be regarded as identical with the lady to whom Stephen's "Temptress of the Villanelle" is addressed, from the evidence of the poem itself, and from the fact that Stephen at this stage of A Portrait of the Artist, is at an age similar to that of the young Joyce when he was starting to write Chamber Music. Therefore, the above quotation may be used in defence of Chamber Music as much as of the "Temptress of the Villanelle" and the "dainty songs of the Elizabethans" which gave Stephen his inspiration and his model. Contradicting Tindall's conviction that Chamber Music is almost a versified treatise on micturition, the extract above is an assurance that the images of chambering which afflicted the young poet's thoughts in the moments of depression between each creative epiphany, between each kiss of

his Muse, do not 'entangle' her or the product of her inspiration: "That was not the way to think of her. It was not even the way in which he thought of her." Tindall's comments on the "creative girl" of poems VII and XXVI (quoted above) show that 'that was the way' in which Tindall thought of her, however. One may conclude that the "obsessions" of which Tindall accuses Joyce are not those of the artist but those of the critic.

The third main support which Tindall sought for his argument beyond the poems was a paragraph in Ulysses (p.281):

Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that. It is a kind of music I often thought when she. Acoustics that is. Tinkling. Empty vessels make most noise. Because the acoustics, the resonance changes according as the weight of the water is equal to the law of falling water. ... Drops. Rain. Diddle iddle addle addle oodle oodle. Hiss.

Again Tindall trims the quotation: this time the section he omits (immediately before "Drops. Rain") is "Like those rhapsodies of Liszt's, Hungarian, gipsyeyed. Pearls." This is not, as Tindall claims, "Mr. Bloom's interpretation of the title"; it is rather his childlike, distracted musing on the relations of sound, which is the theme of 'The Sirens' episode from which the extract is taken. Bloom or Joyce no more suggest "then Chamber Music becomes chamberpot music" any more than either thinks that all sound and all music, such as the example of Liszt's rhapsodies (which Tindall omits), is chamberpot music. Bloom immediately before this extract thinks of other noise-producing agencies: 120.

Sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waters, cows lowing, the cattle market, cocks, hens don't crow, snakes hiss's. There's music everywhere. Rutledge's door: ee creaking. No, that's noise. Minuet of Don Giovanni he's playing now.

This suggests no more that the minuet from Don Giovanni sounds like Rutledge's creaking door than that Liszt's rhapsodies or Joyce's own Chamber Music is chamberpot music. Joyce is constructing a

world of sound in which all noise is related, by the "organ" of the episode (in Stuart Gilbert's schema): the Ear - not the Bladder.

But Tindall's commentary on the excerpt is: 121.

Chambering music or amorous music, however wanton, is serious enough. But if we accept Mr. Bloom's interpretation of the title in Ulysses, then Chamber Music becomes chamberpot music, at once indecorous and gay, but not without serious implications. ... This extraordinary passage looks forward to Mrs. Bloom on her pot in the last chapter. ... We may take it, I think, as a clue to one of the meanings of his title. This inference finds more or less support in the stories told about the naming of Chamber Music.

It has been indicated above that Tindall can find no support in these stories. And his conviction that "Chamber Music becomes chamberpot music, at once indecorous and gay, but not without serious implications" is a little too lackadaisical to convince.

The fourth external support which Tindall invokes is Finnegans Wake. He writes of Finnegans Wake (pp.184-185): 122.

Chamber Music is the basic pattern from which his apparently solipsistic works proceed. "If one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals, distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands ... a fair chance of actually seeing [Shem] ... self-exiled in upon his ego ... writing the mystery of himself in furniture." It is plain that the personal furniture of Chamber Music, however inverted or distorted, is that of the later works.

(In a note to this, the critic says: "'Chambermade music' is a polysemous phrase to which I will recur." 123. He had earlier used this phrase as the title of his article preceding the 1954 edition - so he obviously finds it a useful tag for his interpretation.)

However, Tindall overemphasises in his analysis of the expression.

For the "personal furniture" mentioned by Shem is not that of Chamber Music, but of Shem's chamber generally. Immediately before the quoted extract, Joyce gives a long catalogue of the furniture of Shem's chamber, all the multifarious low materials of life which Shem has used in his works. And the only item in the inventory of this

"stinksome inkenstink" which could possibly have any reference to Chamber Music is "burst loveletters." But the point of the catalogue is its generality - and all of these particulars which Shem has used in his writing ("all this chambermade music" - not just one piece) together with their diverse upheavals, distortions and inversions, contain scrawled upon them "the mystery of himself." It is "chambermade music" because it was made in Shem's chamber, of its very furniture, and also perhaps because Shem wrote it on himself with ink of his own excrement. But although there does appear to be a hint of Chamber Music in the phrase "chambermade music," the statement does not say that his first work was "the basic pattern from which his apparently solipsistic works proceed." Rather it states that Chamber Music follows the basic pattern of all the others, that it is part of his general "personal furniture," that it may be as much "chamberpot music" (if this is part of the statement at all) as all the other works - but certainly no more. The quoted extract from Finnegans Wake (p.184), then, is not an adequate support for a particular interpretation of Chamber Music specifically as "chamberpot music."

The last main external support Tindall uses to confirm his own suspicions of Chamber Music is that:

Even in A Portrait of the Artist and Ulysses, Joyce seems to accept, as he records, the comments of his friends. MacCann calls him a "minor poet" and Cranly, rather ambiguously, a poor one. And Lynch looks forward to a time "when something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father."

This is a particularly naive view, for Joyce 'records' a great deal without 'accepting' it all, in the sense (which Tindall suggests) of agreeing wholeheartedly with everything that registered itself on his perceptions. Joyce's 'recording' was to a large extent amoral, without judgement (as described in A Portrait of the Artist, p.215:

The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.)

And in the examples quoted above, Joyce's friends' comments are more a reflection on them than on the poems. They show the young poet misunderstood and not appreciated by even those representatives of his country who were closest to him.

Tindall, therefore, has little or no support from the poems themselves, or from external sources which he and other critics have claimed were unequivocal comments on Chamber Music. But Tindall, at least, does not rest there. Because the poems do not give him adequate support for his interpretation, he claims they fail to communicate: 124.

If communication is a virtue of art, then Chamber Music is a failure. If, on the other hand, art is an enigma as Mallarmé thought it and independent of references, then Chamber Music may be a success - though a small one.

Tindall presumably considers the poems, if they are an enigma, a small success because it was "independent of references," and because his initial claim ^{125.} was that "It is a structure of references," and "Not attendant images, however, but major symbols are what we are after." ^{126.} He blamed the poems for not allowing him to find in them his preconceived notions of what they should embody.

In the final chapter of his editorial introduction, Tindall's convictions of omniscience reach their zenith, in proportion to his intimations of critical mortality. ^{127.}

The trouble with symbolic forms like Dubliners and Chamber Music is that they conceal too well what they are supposed to reveal. ...

The trouble with Chamber Music is that the form is inadequate for the burden it seems meant to carry....

The elegant and impenetrable exterior of the poems, giving almost no sign of ulterior presence, defeats its purpose.

The last statement at least has the appearance of an admission of guilt. But Tindall goes further to confess at the beginning of the chapter: "As for the 'intentional fallacy' in this section: I intend it." 128. This statement aptly characterises much of his exegesis of Chamber Music: intentionally fallacious in content, flippant in manner. But Tindall at least does not conceal what he intends to reveal: he is open in his admissions of critical malpractice, as above, and as follows: 129.

Stephen notes in A Portrait that the symbols of the Holy Spirit are "a dove and a mighty wind," two of the important images of the poems. A little confused by this possibility, I prefer not to pursue it.

This opens the question of how many other alternative lines of interpretation to his own one, did Tindall "prefer not to pursue" out of confusion at their possibilities.

Towards the end of his last, "intentional fallacy" chapter, Tindall belatedly, and apparently defensively, finally decided to take a close look at an actual poem: 130.

Chamber Music remains the dense yet somewhat meagre monument of the first way he found for ["embodying what obsessed him"]. To talk of monuments or their parts, however, is to pursue metaphors, not poems. Let us face a poem **as poem** to see what it is like - and to please critics.

Coming near the end of his Introduction, this is the first time that Tindall has 'faced a poem as poem to see what it is like.' And when he does so, in an analysis of poem XXI, he gives a very penetrating commentary.

He who hath glory lost, nor hath
 Found any soul to fellow his,
 Among his foes in scorn and wrath
 Holding to ancient nobleness,
 That high, unconsortable one -
 His love is his companion.

He notes precisely the rhythmic, phonetic, and semantic triumphs of the last discordant complet: "That high uncomfortable one - / His love is his companion." With counterpointing in the rhythm, the

dissonance of "high," and the paradox of the conjunction of "uncon-
 sortable" and "companion," the critic concludes: "the poem seems a
 form for presenting insufferable pride and its difficulties. The
 intensity of that pride may be a little frightening." ¹³¹. This
 complete exegesis, of form, sound and sense, is a very valuable
 contribution to Chamber Music criticism. But Tindall regrettably
 does not remain within the bounds of the poems, save in his section
 "Notes to the Poems." In the "Introduction," he prefers his extrava-
 gant reading based on little (if any) internal or external evidence.
 Predictably, Tindall returns to this in his closing lines. He claims
 Joyce "a great poet in prose" by reference to Finnegans Wake, and
 then quotes a verse from the 'Circe' episode of Ulysses: ¹³².

You may touch my ...
 May I touch your?
 O, but lightly!
 O, so lightly!

This poem of a chamber perhaps is better than any of the
 poems of Chamber Music. But those poems in their degree
 do create feelings, if not ideas, or maybe order feelings
 we already have, by rhythm, sound, and the ghost of ideas.

Tindall betrays at the last his predilections. The scurrilous com-
 parison followed by perfunctory concessions is faint praise which shows
 he is not the enlightened critic of Chamber Music which he claimed to
 be. Tindall remains one of a number of Chamber Music critics who
 cannot regard the poems but through Ulysses, and in an unfavourable
 and obviously rankling contrast to the epic. He obviously found that
 the weapons he uses in his symbol-hunts through Joyce's other works
 cannot be effectively wielded in Chamber Music. Ulysses is a vast
 field and will contain Tindall and his critical method - but Chamber
Music gives him no scope; his method becomes indelicate. A des-
 cription of Chamber Music by Kenner aptly polarises the difference in
 scope which made for Tindall's incongruity: ¹³³.

A faded rose-petal through the microscope assaults the eye with cellular corrugations, abstractly organized, pigmented with kaleidoscopic spatters, asworn with inert bacteria of corruption arrested in lunar pockmarks. Hence the bizarre slow-motion strangeness of Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, where the 36 small glass slides of the Chamber Music collection are enlarged over hundreds of pages at successively higher magnifications.

This is a slightly exaggerated view, though excusable for its metaphorical felicity. Tindall trained a microscope on Chamber Music, sure that he would find the "inert bacteria of corruption arrested in lunar pockmarks" as he had found them in Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. Unfortunately, what he was examining was not the corruptive bacteria which swarmed on the surface of the epics, but the glass slide itself, the poetic technique of distancing lyric emotion. In the vaster works, the subject matter dictates the technique of its own expression; in Chamber Music, style is the first principle, and it dictates itself over matter. Tindall was looking at the crystalline lyric surface which Joyce had deliberately fashioned to mantle the corruptions of his Dublin existence, while giving odd hints (e.g., through the slightly decadent conventional prosody of parlour-tenor-type songs) of their underlying presence.

Yet Tindall cannot easily be exonerated of the charge of insensitivity. Disposing of Tindall's "messy symbolism," Adams says of poem XXVI: 134.

The "shell of night" was not a chamberpot, but the arch of Heaven, as in the Lady's song in Comus. It is all very well to say it should be both, but to impose this kind of litter on the fragile structures of Chamber Music is obviously to smother them.

Magalaner and Kain comment more directly on Tindall: 135.

There is no external evidence to support Tindall's scatological reading, which may mar for many readers his otherwise excellent and thorough edition. No one has devoted more time and care than the editor to the history of the poems and their relationships to Yeats, Verlaine, the romantics, and the Elizabethan and Jacobean song writers with whom the poet Joyce is always linked. Yet to Tindall no gesture can be

innocent, no attitude uncompromising; he sees chamber pots everywhere. ... One suspects some insensitivity in the descriptions of these poems as an "amorous sandwich," but eyebrows are lifted still higher by this "water, water, everywhere" reading that always comes back to the archetypal squatting figure.

In My Brother's Keeper (1958) Stanislaus gives his version of the naming of Chamber Music, and adds: 136.

Another version of the origin of the title is given in Herbert Gorman's biography of my brother, but the story there told, which seems to have tickled the fancy of some American critics and been the occasion of at least one book, is false, whatever its source. [Italics mine.]

It is likely that the book to which Stanislaus refers is Tindall's edition (for no other book had come out before 1958 specifically on Chamber Music and specifically following a line of argument suggested by reading the title as a seedy pun).

Ezra Pound once commented on Chamber Music: 137.

The book is an excellent antidote for those who find Mr. Joyce's prose 'disagreeable' and who at once fly to conclusions about Mr. Joyce's "cloacal obsessions."

Tindall's reply to Pound was: 138.

That is a queer idea. ... An obsession with urine may be regarded as an infantile fixation at the urethral stage, between the anal and the genital during the adventures of the libido in search of an object. As with masochism, so with fixation: Joyce accepted his symptoms and converted them to symbols.

This Freudian jargon lies at the base of his peculiar interpretation.

Finally, to recapitulate on Tindall's appreciation of the Chamber Music joke: 139.

If we accept Mr. Bloom's interpretation of the title in Ulysses, then Chamber Music becomes chamberpot music, at once indecorous and gay. ...

The mad humour of Joyce's poems may seem indecorous or perverse, but it is probably no more than play with incompatibilities of form and matter....

Under the solemnity and guilt of this strange organisation of tones [in poem I] there is a kind of outrageousness, typical of Joyce, that is inescapably comic. ...

Joyce's own comments, as narrated by Frank Budgen, provide an interesting gloss on Tindall's statements: 140.

"You remember that H.G. Wells, in writing about A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, says you have a cloacal obsession. ...

"Cloacal obsession!" said Joyce. "Why, it's Wells's countrymen who build water-closets wherever they go. But that's all right. H.G. Wells is a very appreciative critic of my writings. There's only one kind of critic I do resent."

"And that is?"

"The kind that affects to believe that I am writing with my tongue in my cheek."

(5)

It is salutary to turn to the evidence of biography after the slighting treatment meted out to Chamber Music by many critics. Joyce's opinions of his first published work have never been adequately catalogued and analysed. Critics have commonly discounted or neglected the possibility that Chamber Music meant something more to Joyce than simply a first publication. When Joyce's opinions have been quoted, they have frequently been wrenched out of context, or lifted legitimately out of a peculiar context which gives an uncharacteristic response. Neither practice can produce Joyce's official condemnation of Chamber Music. As Golding noted, "Joyce himself has made no effort to disavow it. On the contrary he avows it very explicitly." 141. Golding based this statement on the mere mention of Chamber Music, "in bold type heading the brief list of works 'by the same writer'" facing the title-page of Ulysses. However, the Letters of James Joyce, occasionally supplemented by the published testimony of his brother and associates, at last provide evidence substantial enough to prove Joyce's 'explicit avowal' of Chamber Music.

Shortly after the publication of Chamber Music, Joyce received a letter from Geoffrey Molyneux Palmer, an English organist

and composer, who had emigrated to Ireland, and who wished to set to music and publish his settings of some of the poems. This was a partial justification of their title and Joyce's intention in writing them, and it began a correspondence between poet and musical arranger which was maintained for a number of years well after the publication of Chamber Music. Joyce was a tenor, and music to be sung was an important facet of his collection of poems. He took this aspect seriously, and continued his efforts to have Palmer's settings published or sung. In his letters to Palmer, Joyce gave close analyses of the music and how it related to the verse, gave him advice on how he could have his settings published and what Joyce could do to help him, and even gave him rare explanations of his work, telling Palmer what he had tried to do with the words, the poems.

On 13 February 1909, Joyce wrote: 142.

I am much honoured by your setting of my five songs and thank you for sending me a copy of the music. ... It seems to me a pity you did not do the song 'Bid adieu' which I tried to music myself and hope you may turn to it some day. Should the songs be sung I should be glad if you would kindly let me know of their success.

On 26 April 1909, Joyce replied to another letter from Palmer: 143.

I thank you very much for kindly sending me a copy of your cantata. I have shown it as well as your settings of my verses to my singing-master who admires them very much. ... I am very glad you are doing more of those songs and much flattered by your liking for them. Perhaps the extracts of press notices on the book which I enclose will interest you. [cf. pp. 17-19 above for some of these press notices.]

After seeing three more settings by Palmer, Joyce wrote, 19 July 1909: 144.

The second three songs please me better than the first five. ... I am going to Ireland this week and shall try to bring your songs under the notice of someone in Dublin who may bring them out. I hope you may set all of Chamber Music in time. This was indeed partly my

idea in writing it. The book is in fact a suite of songs and if I were a musician I suppose I should have set them to music myself. The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards until XXXIV which is vitally the end of the book. XXXV and XXXVI are tailpieces just as I and III are preludes.

In a letter to Elkin Mathews, 4 April 1910, ¹⁴⁵. Joyce claimed that "no fewer than five composers seem to have been at work on the book" (including W. Reynolds, music critic of the Belfast Evening Telegraph, O'Brien Butler, Irish composer, Herbert Hughes, and "a young Italian musician here" in Trieste). Joyce complimented another composer, Adolph Mann, on his setting of poem XXXI, in June 1910, and added: "If it is sung perhaps you would let me know as I live rather far away and cannot follow the fate of my songs." ¹⁴⁶. He apologised to Palmer the same month that Mann had secured publishing rights to poem XXXI, but encouraged him, ¹⁴⁷. and in July 1919, Joyce asked Palmer to send him his version of poem XXXI for a vocal concert which he was arranging in Zurich. ¹⁴⁸.

In a postcard, 20 December 1920, Joyce wrote to Palmer: ¹⁴⁹.

I have spoken of your settings of my verses to my friend Mr. John MacCormack, the tenor. ... If they have not been printed could you manage to send him ... At that hour when all things have repose, Gentle Lady do not sing and It was out by Donnycarney [poems III, XXVIII, XXXI.]

Palmer was prompt to take advantage of this rare opportunity to have the famous MacCormack sing his music, and sent Joyce some more settings in January 1921, including poems XXXIV and XXXVI, which Joyce duly passed on to MacCormack, commenting on poem XXXVI with some pride: "Your preference for this song is shared, I may add, by Yeats." He added further: "If I can get my affairs in order by June we must try to have your settings of these songs published."¹⁵⁰.

And in 1927, Joyce was still concerning himself with Palmer and his musical settings of Chamber Music - even when A Portrait of the Artist and Ulysses had long since been published, even when

the culminating work of the mature genius, Finnegans Wake, had been in progress for five years. On 29 November 1927, Joyce wrote to Palmer from Paris: 151.

Will you please send six of your settings of Chamber Music for middle voice, say, up to A flat or G natural to M. Slivinsky, Au Sacre du Printemps, 3 rue Cherche-Midi, Paris, VII. I think I can arrange with him to bring them out for you in a satisfactory way and they would have a good sale here, I am sure.

It was with some pride and an air of fulfilment, then, that Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 22 November 1929: 152.

Eugene Goossens also wrote for leave to set eight more of Chamber Music. Nineteen of this book alone were set this year so the title appears to have been justified.

And to his son George in December 1934, Joyce again evinced this tone: 153.

30 or 40 musicians at least have set my little poems [Pomes Penyeach as well as Chamber Music] to music. The best is Molyneux Palmer, after him are Moeran and Bliss. Bright Cap [Chamber Music poem X] by the former would serve you well for an encore.

Thus Joyce certainly avowed Chamber Music as music, as songs, and continued to do so for the rest of his life, eventually encouraging his son to include one in his concert repertoire.

Padraic Colum noted that "the poems in Chamber Music seem to come out of a young musician's rather than a young poet's world." Love is a musician, and "Chamber Music has all that a musician looks for in a poet's arrangement of words - syllables that can be articulated, range of expression within little compass, situation, and, above all, the charm that is in the spontaneous rendering of a mood." 154. Colum also remembered Joyce reciting his poems: "with deliberateness and precision, but in a naturally beautiful voice cultivated for singing." 155. It was this quality which attracted Lady Gregory to Joyce's reading of his poems (as noted above, p.9). 'John Eglinton' (W.K. Magee) also remembered Joyce's reading: "As

he recited some of his verses, 'My love is in a light attire' [poem VII], I remember noticing the apple in his throat, the throat of a singer." 156.

Joyce had a variety of musical interests at the same time as he was composing Chamber Music. Colum recalls his setting of Mangin's 'Veil not thy mirror, sweet Amine' and many Yeats lyrics.¹⁵⁷ And J.F. Byrne narrates an interesting account of Joyce's musical pursuits at the time: 158.

Once in a while during [1901-1902] ..., Joyce developed an urge to set something to music. Usually it was one of his own pieces of verse, but at one time in 1902 he laboured lovingly over composing an accompaniment for James Clarence Mangin's [sic] beautiful poem 'Dark Rosaleen.' Toward the south end of the Aula Maxima in University College, and on its west side, there was a door leading to a small room in which was a pianoforte. Joyce and I went there on many a night so that I could hear him sing the airs he had in mind and then play them for him. And sometimes on these nights, in order not to attract attention, we stayed in that room in pitch darkness - Joyce singing almost sotto voce and I playing the piano pianissimo.

Joyce was accustomed to musical expression by his early family background. Stanislaus tells of musical evenings at home: "In the course of these evenings at home we became acquainted through my mother with a good deal of romantic piano music: Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schumann, Schubert." 159. Joyce also attended soirees at the Sheehy's, family friends, and sang Irish songs like 'The Croppy Boy', English ballads like 'Turpin Hero', songs of Henry VIII ('Pastime and good company') and later Dowland ('Weep ye no more, sad fountains!') 160. His use of the Elizabethan songbooks for inspiration in the composition of Chamber Music, therefore, was an emotional preference rooted firmly in biography, not the random choice of a versifier looking for a technique, as Tindall implies when he says that "in the absence of a more suitable form he made

use of the Elizabethan lyric." 161. Joyce had sung, played and even composed his own settings for the Elizabethan lyrics, and those of Yeats, whose tones are evoked in Chamber Music, long before - and while - he was composing its poems. When he did, Joyce was obviously writing the biography of his musical experience.

In March 1904 while some of Chamber Music was still being written, Joyce suddenly reconsidered the possibility of a singing career. He took lessons from Benedetto Palmieri and Vincent O'Brien, reputedly the best singing-teachers in Dublin at the time. But he needed a piano to practise with, and his father had pawned the family one. So he left home, rented a room and paid the deposit and no more on a piano. The instrument was eventually repossessed, but it helped Joyce train to an adequate standard for the Feis Ceoil, an Irish song festival, held on 17 May 1904. Joyce had all but won the festival prize for tenor solo, when he refused to sing an unprepared piece, and this cut him back to third place. But because of the judge's praise, Palmieri offered Joyce three years free tuition, in return for a share of his concert earnings for ten years. However, Joyce threw the bronze medal (according to Gogarty) into the Liffey, and became a schoolteacher. 162.

Joyce's next musical venture was described in a letter to Gogarty, 3 June 1904: 163.

My idea for July and August is this - to get Dolmetsch to make me a lute and to coast the south of England from Falmouth to Margate singing old English songs.

Arnold Dolmetsch had made a psaltery free for W.B. Yeats, to give him delicate quarter-tone accompaniment on his poetry recital tours. Unfortunately he was not as obliging for Joyce, and when Dolmetsch gave him an estimation of the cost of a lute instead of the instrument free, Joyce promptly dropped the idea. But reckless as the

scheme was, it is further evidence that these "old English songs" meant a great deal to the young Joyce. Their biographical significance was expressed in their inspirational influence on Chamber Music and on the 'Temptr~~e~~ss of the Villanelle' of A Portrait of the Artist.

Joyce did not abandon singing, and on 27 August 1904, he shared the bill at the Antient Concert Rooms with J.F. MacCormack, the highly-reputed Irish tenor, and J.C. Doyle.¹⁶⁴ MacCormack later (1934) praised Joyce's son George for his "magnificent bass"¹⁶⁵ and gave him some support in his singing career. Writing in 1930, Padraic Colum noted:¹⁶⁶

His boy went to the operas in ... Trieste ..., delighted in the airs, and was already singing them. It seemed to me that Joyce was pleased that musical expression which Dublin had not permitted to flower in himself was coming to his son freely.

Colum also wrote:¹⁶⁷

In his early youth he had a way of escape from that concentrating influence [Dublin]. It was through the lyrics he then wrote, lyrics that had nothing of Dublin or of Ireland in them, that were purely Elizabethan.

This is a slightly exaggerated view, comparable with Stanislaus Joyce's statements:¹⁶⁸

He couldn't endure the melancholy of Irish poetry and music. He said that Ireland had contributed nothing but a whine to the literature of Europe. He loved to sing traditional English music and preferred the lyric songs of the Elizabethan age, when England was "a garden filled with singing birds." ...

Thus [Joyce's final departure from Dublin with Nora] ended his first attempt to live in Dublin in the merry Elizabethan manner, and Chamber Music can be considered the poetic expression of that attempt.

Joyce's Elizabethan-influenced lyrics, however, were only part of an escape from Dublin, and "a protest against myself," as he told Gorman.¹⁶⁹ For Joyce's musical interests were fostered in the Dublin setting, as shown above. Moreover, he knew and sang many

traditional Irish songs, such as 'The Croppy Boy', and he composed settings for at least two of Mangan's lyrics, and many of Yeats' - and said 'Who goes with Fergus?' was the best lyric in the world. 170.

Chamber Music, therefore, was also partly an expression of this setting, as Kenner notes: 171.

He picked the models that vibrated in consonance with his emotions. But his emotions had more to do than he realized with the pianos and parlour-tenors of Dublin, or the street harpists and come-all-yous. ... The city, undifferentiated, thoughts and feelings, was contained in its love-songs. There, uniquely, the sensitive temperament could register Dublin entire in miniature compass. It wasn't necessary for the young Joyce to condense his twenty years' impressions; they presented themselves, in song, already condensed: sentiment, gallantry, sprawl, tarnish, elegance, paralysis. These songs were in his ears as he wrote. ...

So phase after phase of the Dublin he imagined he was evading went down on these pages with an exactness later to be cherished.

An interesting gloss on this occurs in Joyce's letter to Stanislaus, 1 March 1907: 172.

I will keep a copy myself and (so far as I can remember) at the top of each page I will put an address, or a street so that when I open the book I can revisit the places where I wrote the different songs.

Joyce had a strong musical background, then, and Chamber Music, which he always regarded seriously as his "songs", was in a sense his musical autobiography. Colum's reminiscence is an apt summary: 173.

Now what comes to me most vividly when I think of James Joyce is some melody - some strain of song. [He quotes the song from 'The Dead', Jonson's 'Still to be Neat,' Chamber Music poem XII, and Mangan's 'Veil not thy mirror, sweet Amine.'] These lyrics come to me, not merely because I have heard him sing and heard him repeat verses beautifully, but because I know how much his mind dwells upon melody, and because I know that his ideal in literature is that which is simple and free - the liberation of a rhythm. Under the measureless grossness and slag of "Ulysses" one can find the lyric.

(6)

Further evidence of Joyce's attitudes to Chamber Music is given by his continual particular care of the manuscript of his poems. He did not take such care for nothing, or for something he disregarded. J.F. Byrne describes the meticulous production of the poems: 174.

he was not prolific; and even as he sat beside me in the library he would write and rewrite and retouch, it might almost seem interminably, a bit of verse containing perhaps a dozen or a score of lines. When he had at last polished his gem to a satisfying degree of curvature and smoothness, he would write out the finished poem with slow and stylish penmanship and hand the copy to me.

Joyce inscribed the poems during 1902 very carefully in his firm neat handwriting in the very centre of large sheets of expensive vellum. Stanislaus says this was Gogarty's idea. 175. But Gogarty himself gives no indication of this, when describing the manuscript, 176. and he would not have been slow to tell the world of Joyce's imitating him. Gogarty wrote: "His manuscript ['tied with a piece of string'] consisted of twenty large pages. In the middle of each page was a little lyric that looked all the more dainty from the beautiful handwriting in which it was written; Tennysonian, exquisite things." 177.

Joyce carried "the scrolls on which he had transcribed his poems ... in their shiny black wrapper of limp glaze leather," 178. and bore them through the streets of Dublin as if "carrying his chalice among a crowd of foes" like the boy in 'Araby.' And naturally with such a cherished possession, he was always very careful with the disposition of the manuscript. When he left Dublin for his first exile, Joyce entrusted the manuscripts of his poems and epiphanies to George Russell, and gave Stanislaus complementary instructions to send copies to all the major libraries of

the world, including Alexandria, should he come to an untimely end. 179.

Gogarty says that Joyce left his "roll of manuscripts which contained a score or so of poems written in his clear handwriting" as a symbol of possession in the Martello Tower just before they moved in, in September 1904: "When we ascended to the living room, very formally Joyce 'took possession' by laying his roll of poems on the shelf." 180. Joyce shifted out after a very short tenancy, claiming his virtual eviction by Gogarty, who gives a probably-embellished account of the incident precipitating Joyce's departure in his book It Isn't This Time of Year at All (pp.67-76). And when he asked James Starkey ('Seumas O'Sullivan') to collect his belongings from the tower in a letter 15 September 1904, Joyce was particular about his manuscript: "the MS of my verses ... are in a roll on the shelf to the right as you enter." 181.

Writing from Dublin to Trieste, 20 August 1912, Joyce gave Stanislaus precise instructions about the removal of the Chamber Music manuscript which he had laboriously copied out for his wife in 1909 (described later), should he be evicted from his Trieste house: 182.

my MS book of Chamber Music and my crest are to be rolled in a sheet and let Anna carry them untouched to Mrs. Francini till I arrive. For the rest let the two swindling squinting hell's bitches propose whatever they please. ... Pay great attention to my directions as to my table, desk, MSS, verse-book and crest. All the rest can go be damned.

And in Paris, 10 July 1935, Joyce wrote to his son George: 183.

I cannot find anywhere the manuscript book of Chamber Music. If I intrusted it to Miss Beach it has certainly disappeared. Being the first edition of my book it must be worth a good deal to whoever stole it. ...

Questions

- (1) Are you sure that Chamber Music is not in a drawer of some cabinet of yours?
It isn't among your books.

It is no wonder that Joyce should have been so solicitous about Chamber Music even in 1935, when most critics claim he disavowed it from 1906 onwards. For as Colum describes the meaning it had for Joyce: ^{184.}

He gave me his poems to read in a beautiful manuscript. He used to speak arrogantly about these poems of his, but I remember his saying something that made me know how precious these beautifully-wrought lyrics were to him - he spoke about walking through the streets of Paris, poor and tormented, and about the peace the repetition of his poems had brought him.

In a line from Mallarmé which he liked, ^{185.} Il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même.

(7)

One of the major critical problems of Chamber Music is the arrangement of the poems. That they are ordered as a dramatic sequence is now well-known. But it is commonly claimed that Joyce lost interest in the poems before they were published and accepted his brother's arrangement with disinterest. Tindall wrote: ^{186.}

The few critics who, detecting an arrangement, devoted intelligence to the relationship of part and part were working in the dark. Unaware that an act of scholarship ... might help, these critics, thinking they had to do with the beauties of Joyce, seem to have been commending the structural triumphs of his brother Stanislaus, who says:

"My brother accepted my arrangement of his poems without question and without comment. ... In making my arrangement, I had, of course, in mind the last fateful year or so before he went into voluntary exile. I wished the poems to be read as a connected sequence, representing the closed chapter of that intensely lived life in Dublin, or more broadly, representing the withering of the Adonis garden of youth and pleasure. ..."

Some students of Joyce are inclined to question the claims of Stanislaus Joyce, but I am not one of those. I find his claim acceptable.

It is possible now, with the testimony of the great bulk of Joyce's letters easily accessible in published form, to question Stanislaus

Joyce's claims with some confidence. The letters prove that, although the final arrangement of the poems was suggested by Stanislaus, Joyce did not accept it "without question and without comment." They also prove that Joyce had his own ideas of an arrangement similar to that by Stanislaus described above, before Stanislaus' suggestion; and that he did not regard Stanislaus' arrangement as a total bouleversement of his own scheme. Chamber Music is not entirely the "structural triumph" of Joyce's brother.

On 9 October 1906, Joyce wrote to Stanislaus: ^{187.}

Tell me what arrangement you propose for the verses. I will follow it perfunctorily as I take very little interest in the publication of the verses. I see no reason however why I should refuse to publish them - do you? And I would be glad if they antedated Dubliners. I suppose they have some merit! and perhaps, if they sold, I might make ten or twenty pounds out of them next year. Is my attitude on the point the sign of a blunted or a more developed mind? Tell me ought I retain the name? I don't like it much.

Initially, this appears to condemn the poems, but even in this letter there is uncertainty, and after the first unequivocal statement he becomes far less assured. But this attitude to Chamber Music was a pose. In a postcard to Stanislaus, 15 January 1907, Joyce told him of Mathews' contract for the poems: "I suppose I had better accept - and you can correct the proofs." ^{188.} Yet in March, Joyce was sending back the first proofs with his own corrections, asking Mathews about inserting a note about the publication of some of the poems in journals ^{189.}, and later in the month corrected the second proofs himself. ^{190.} He even rewrote some parts of the poems: ^{191.}

I have changed a few verses in Chamber Music and have, that is, allowed my later self to interrupt the music, perhaps improving the poem as in the case of the Mithridates one [XXVII].

It is obvious that Joyce did not "take very little interest in the publication of the verses"; he in fact involved himself in all the minor details of publication, including even both proofings, and

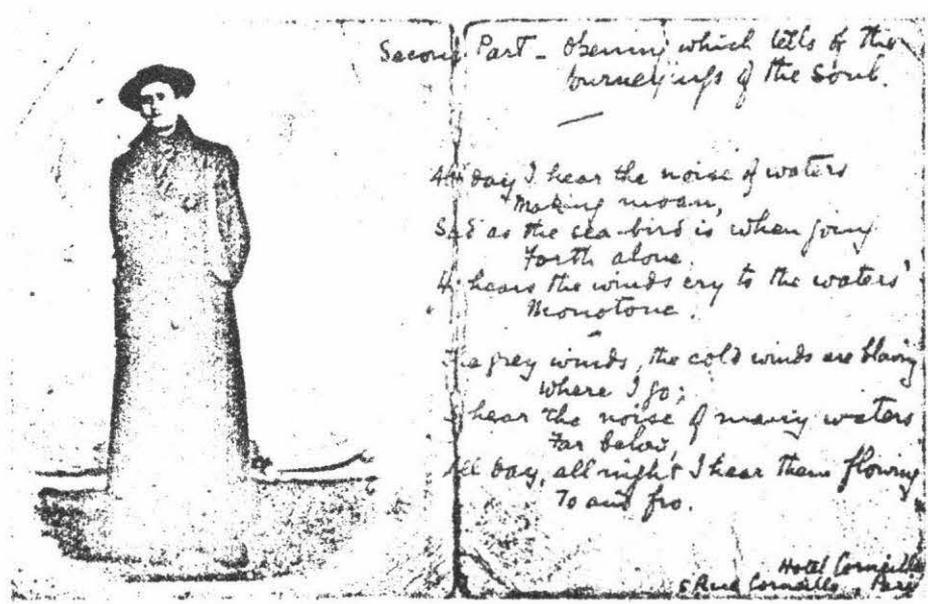
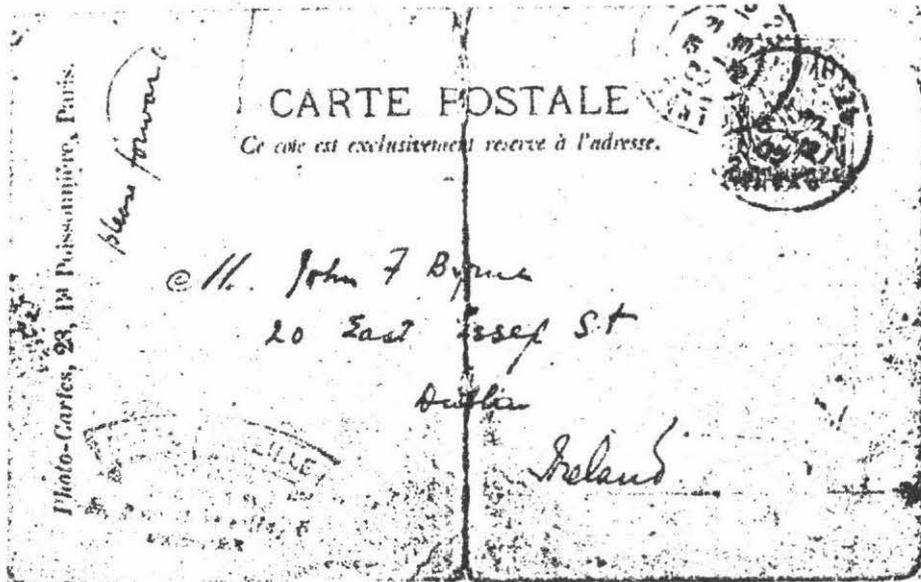
cared enough for them to want to improve them at the second proof stage, and, on these alterations, told his publisher a slight untruth: "I have also made one or two corrections of errors which escaped me on the first reading." 192.

Nor did Joyce in the event follow Stanislaus' arrangement "perfunctorily." Joyce contradicted his own promise, and Stanislaus' claim that "my brother accepted my arrangement of his poems without question and without comment," in a letter written only nine days after the one quoted at length above: 193.

I do not understand your arrangement: write it out clearly again. Why do you allude to hexameter in 'Sleep now' [XXXIV]? U - U (U) is the foot used. Do you mean 'All day' [XXXV] and 'I hear' [XXXVI] to precede 'Sleep now'? That arrangement would be rather jolty, I think. Or do you mean me to end on 'I hear'? I understand that arrangement better: namely: 'Sleep now,' 'All day' and 'I hear' [the order of the final arrangement].

This is very important evidence of Joyce's participation in the final arranging of the poems. Tindall said that adding poems XXXV and XXXVI, "with Joyce's life and his Portrait of the Artist in mind," was Stanislaus' principal achievement in his suggestion for the arrangement of Chamber Music. However, Joyce's letter above shows he had at least a hand in this achievement. And a comment by Joyce in the letter accompanying the original version of poem XXXVI shows that he had originally had ideas of his own about how Chamber Music, including poem XXXVI, should be arranged.

In a letter to Stanislaus, 8 February 1903, Joyce sent Chamber Music poems XXXVI and IV, with the accompanying note on the ~~former~~: "I send you two poems. The first one is for the second part." 194. Earlier, 15 December 1902, Joyce had sent a postcard to J.F. Byrne from Paris (see accompanying illustration) with the first version of Chamber Music poem XXXV inscribed on the verso, with the accompanying title: "Second Part - Opening which tells of the



Second Part - Hearing which tells of the
 journeyings of the soul.

All day I hear the noise of waters
 Making moan,
 As the sea-bird is when flying
 forth alone.
 I hear the winds cry to the waters'
 Monotone.
 The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
 where I go;
 I hear the noise of many waters
 far below,
 All day, all night I hear them flowing
 To and fro.

Hotel Cornicille
 5 Rue Cornicille, Paris

Joyce's postcard to J.F. Byrne from Paris,

15 December 1902.

(Original version of Chamber Music poem XXXV on verso.)

journeyings of the soul." 195. These two pieces of evidence indicate that Joyce had already planned to divide his poems into two parts, as Ellmann describes them: "the first being relatively simple and innocent, the second more complicated and experienced. The second group would commemorate his departure from Dublin." 196. The evidence, then, contradicts Tindall's assertion: "plainly Joyce had no idea of supplementing its layers [the layers of the "amorous sandwich" of Chamber Music] with the garnish of exile." It also renders Stanislaus' claims less than accurate in their exclusion of Joyce. 197.

In making my arrangement, I had, of course, in mind the last fateful year or so before he went into voluntary exile. I wished the poems to be read as a connected sequence, representing the closed chapter of that intensely lived life in Dublin, or more broadly, representing the withering of the adonis garden of youth and pleasure. ...

This was anticipated by Joyce's original title for poem XXXV and his instructions to Stanislaus about the placement of poem XXXVI.

Tindall said that he found "satisfactory support" for Stanislaus' claims that Joyce had nothing to do with the arrangement of the poems, "not only in the text itself but in a letter Joyce wrote to Geoffrey Palmer. It seems difficult if not impossible to explain Joyce's remarks about the arrangement on any other grounds." 198. Joyce's remarks in the letter to Palmer were: 199.

The book is in fact a suite of songs. ... The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards until XXXIV which is vitally the end of the book. XXXV and XXXVI are tailpieces just as I and III are preludes.

Tindall could not understand why the last two poems are tailpieces: "Going off into exile, their theme seems the logical end of the narrative." 200. But he did not see another letter to Palmer, 23 February 1921, in which Joyce explained the arrangement of the last two poems: 201.

'Sleep now' [XXXIV] is in its place at the end of the diminuendo movement, and the two last songs are intended to represent the awakening of the mind. 'O sleep for the winter etc.' means 'you had better sleep if you can because the winter will try to prevent you if it can.'

This explanation interlocks convincingly with his earlier letter to Palmer, and with the original title for poem XXXV and Joyce's instructions about the placement of poem XXXVI, which suggest Joyce originally had a plan for the arrangement of Chamber Music similar to that of the final version. Tindall errs in stating that "it seems difficult if not impossible to explain Joyce's remarks about the arrangement on any other grounds [but that of Joyce's non-participation in the final arranging]." This new evidence suggests that Joyce's original ideas for the arrangement of Chamber Music were not drastically altered in the final order: poem XXXIV was still "vitally the end of the book" as in his own first arrangement, and poems XXV and XXXVI represent "the awakening of the mind" and the "opening which tells of the journeyings of the soul." The theme of exile was a tailpiece as far as the structure of the poems is concerned, and, although Joyce had not actually included poems XXXV and XXXVI in his 1905 arrangement of the poems (as in the Yale MS.), he had previously dictated their theme, their relationship to the other poems, should they be included, and Stanislaus thus followed his brother's lead.

Joyce obviously did not, as he wrote in his letter to Stanislaus, 9 October 1906 (above), follow Stanislaus' arrangement "perfunctorily," nor did he "take very little interest in the publication of the verses." He devoted a great deal of care to them at all stages of their composition and publication, and at no stage - not even in the proofing - did Joyce surrender his poetic achievement into the hands of his brother Stanislaus.

The reasons for Joyce's early pose of merely perfunctory concern are hardly related to the poems. For the 1906 letter quoted at length above was written by Joyce in Rome, where he dwelt for some months from 1906 to 1907, and suffered a total psychological stalemate. Two months after the letter above, he wrote: "I am damnably sick of Italy, Italian and Italians, outrageously, illogically sick." ²⁰². Part of his depression may have been the result of his failure to get satisfaction from his publisher Grant Richards, who had had the earlier manuscript over two years. It was in this frame of mind that he wrote the statement on the poems which is most frequently quoted by critics as Joyce's official spurning of them: "A page of A Little Cloud gives me more pleasure than all my verses." The full context, however, gives a different impression of Joyce's attitude, and shows that Joyce was not "showing maturity" by vaunting Dubliners above Chamber Music, for the later work is not exempt from Joyce's generally unfavourable response to his work at this time: ²⁰³.

I suppose everyone is disillusioned about me now - myself included. The reason I dislike Chamber Music as a title is that it is too complacent. I should prefer a title which to a certain extent repudiated the book, without altogether disparaging it. It is impossible for me to write anything in my present circumstances. I wrote some notes for A Painful Case but I hardly think the subject is worth treating at much length. The fact is, my imagination is starved at present. I went through my entire book of verses mentally on receipt of Symons' letter and they nearly all seemed to me poor and trivial: some phrases and lines pleased me and no more. A page of A Little Cloud gives me more pleasure than all my verses. I am glad the verses are to be published because they are a record of my past but I regret that years are going over and that I cannot follow the road of speculation which often opens before me.

And as a corollary to this, Joyce wrote four months later, on 1 March 1907: ²⁰⁴.

I have gradually slid down until I have ceased to take any interest in any subject. ... Nothing of my former mind seems to have remained except a heightened emotiveness which satisfies itself in the sixty-miles-an-hour pathos of some cinematograph ... yet I have certain ideas I would like to give form to: not as a doctrine but as the continuation of the expression of myself which I now see I began in Chamber Music.

Joyce valued Chamber Music as a valid first expression of himself. He never dismissed it, even despite generally depressed circumstances in the final stages of its production. He did balk momentarily at the eleventh hour, however, and, according to Stanislaus, Chamber Music went to press only after his own intervention. But Stanislaus suggests reasons for Joyce's final hesitation: 205.

he now seemed to gaze with ironic skepticism at the ideals which had dominated him so tyrannically and to consider his deluded youth with pitiful compassion....

In Joyce, the lyric poet was made to die young. He tried to resume his poetry in Trieste but did not succeed. ... In Dublin they had little reason to congratulate each other, however, because from the ashes of the lyric poet, ... a satiric poet was born His subsequent mockery is in direct proportion to the bitterness of his disillusion; his disconcerting realism is the blasphemy of the idealist.

As Joyce cherished his poems as an accurate expression of his own emotions when a young man, so he valued them as the memorial of his youthful feelings in later life. The first intimation of his later attitude to Chamber Music may be seen in the impulsive uncertainties of this letter to Stanislaus, 1 March 1907: 206.

I don't like the book but wish it were published and be damned to it. However, it is a young man's book. I felt like that. It is not a book of love-verses at all, I perceive. But some of them are pretty enough to be put to music. I hope some-one will do so, someone that knows old English music such as I like. Besides they are not pretentious and have a certain grace. I will keep a copy myself and (so far as I can remember) at the top of each page I will put an address, or a street so that when I open the book I can revisit the places where I wrote the different songs.

In June 1910, Joyce complimented Adolph Mann the composer on his setting of poem XXXI, and added wistfully: ^{207.}

I suppose if you set Lean out of the window V it will be in the same vein. This vein is a little strange to me now as I wrote the verses six or seven years ago but I had it brought back to me very clearly when I heard your music.

Chamber Music was Joyce's only autobiography written on the spot. Although "he was compelled to express his love a little ironically," the poems were accurate expressions of his lyrical instinct, without the same critical distancing which the mature mind of the "disillusioned realist" applied to the same youthful experience. As his correspondence with his wife Nora in 1909 and 1912, and his curious relationship with Martha Fleischmann in Zurich in 1918 or 1919 shows, Joyce cherished this lyrical expression of his youth - however deluded he thought the emotion in 1906 and 1907 - in later life.

(8)

Chamber Music played a significant part in a curious correspondence which Joyce in Dublin had with his wife in Trieste in 1909. Only one result of this correspondence, the special manuscript of Chamber Music which Joyce copied out for Nora for Christmas, 1909, has previously been noted in Chamber Music criticism.

Nora was first associated with Chamber Music in 1904, when Joyce wrote poems XXI and XVII apparently with her inspiration. Both poems date from the Martello Tower period, September 1904. The earliest known version of XXI (a fragment of three lines in the Cornell Joyce Collection ^{208.}) was written on stationery of "THE TOWER, SANDYCOVE," and Constantine Curran's manuscript version of the poem is dated 30 September 1904, with a dedication "To Nora."

Joyce retained this dedication on **XXI** when he placed the poem first in his 1905 arrangement of the poems, until 11 June 1905, when he sent Stanislaus a postcard saying, "I have omitted the words 'To Nora' from the first poem." ²⁰⁹. The evidence of the dedication and the dating, then, seems to suggest Joyce's break with Gogarty and his encountering Nora, as the inspiration of the poem:

He who hath glory lost, nor hath
 Found any soul to fellow his,
 Among his foes in scorn and wrath
 Holding to ancient nobleness,
 That high unconsortable one -
 His love is his companion.

The evidence noted above seems confirmed by an aside on this poem by Ellmann, who says that when Vincent Cosgrave ('Lynch' in A Portrait of the Artist) saw the last line, he "took to calling Nora Barnacle Joyce's 'companion.'" ²¹⁰.

Cosgrave again is the source of a suggestion that the break with Gogarty may have also been the inspiration of poem **XVII**:

Because your voice was at my side
 I gave him pain,
 Because within my hand I held
 Your hand again.

There is no word nor any sign
 Can make amend -
 He is a stranger to me now
 Who was my friend.

In a letter to Joyce, about 29 October 1905, Cosgrave wrote: "At Christmas 'a stranger to you now' gave me the following 'little carol' ... [quotes] ... The appended Song of J. is of course Gogarty's." ²¹¹. This identification of the "stranger to me now" of the poem and Gogarty is important because, in his letter, Cosgrave was attempting a reconciliation of Joyce and Gogarty, and the reference to the poem was also a reference to the time of the incident which caused the rift in their friendship: Joyce's "eviction" (as he regarded his departure) from the Tower. The poem

suggests that the reason for the break was Joyce's preoccupation with Nora and his consequent neglect of Gogarty. This was probably wishful thinking on Joyce's part.

The fact that it is Cosgrave who provides the scraps of evidence suggesting poems XVII and XXI are related to Joyce's associations with Nora and Gogarty is curious. For the letters which Joyce sent Nora in 1909 and which have a close relation to Chamber Music were in part prompted by a scenario in which Cosgrave played the villain. In 1904 Joyce was not the only young man interested in Nora Barnacle; Cosgrave vied with him for Nora's affections. Joyce knew Cosgrave to be a rival, but was flattered by Nora's indifference to the rival and continued fidelity to himself. However, in 1909, during Joyce's first trip back to Dublin after the 1904 exile, it was intimated to him by Cosgrave that Nora had been unfaithful in the sacred early months of their love. Joyce, distraught, paid a visit to his friend J.F. Byrne, who recalls: 212.

I had always known that Joyce was highly emotional, but I had never before this afternoon seen anything to approach the frightening condition that convulsed him. He wept and groaned and gesticulated in futile impotence as he sobbed out to me the thing that had occurred. Never in my life have I seen a human being more shattered, and the sorrow I felt for him then and my sympathy were enough to obliterate forever some unpleasant memories. I spoke to him and succeeded in quieting him, and gradually he emerged de profundis.

Byrne had been able to persuade him that Cosgrave's revelation was a malicious deception. Joyce stayed the night with Byrne, and went out the following morning:

In the lateafternoon of that same day he returned, and with almost childlike pleasure he opened a little jewel box to show me a trinket he had bought for Nora. It consisted of five matched pieces of ivory, each about half an inch in diameter; they were strung on a gold chain and made a beautiful and uncommon token.

The necklace which Joyce had bought to assuage his guilt at having

so misjudged Nora as to have been convinced of her complicity with Cosgrave bore an inscription on one of the ivory tablets. The sentiment he expressed on this love-token was plucked from the record of the feeling of his youth: he inscribed the necklace with "Love is unhappy when love is away," the last line of poem IX from Chamber Music. His first work remained relevant to Joyce, becoming once more a soothing voice to his "unquiet heart" in this acute emotional crisis of later life.

Joyce had written about Nora to Stanislaus in 1905: 213.

With one entire side of my nature ["my natural cheerfulness and irresponsibility"] she has no sympathy and will never have any and yet once, when we were both passing through an evening of horrible melancholy, she quoted (or rather misquoted) a poem of mine which begins 'O, sweetheart, hear you your lover's tale' [poem XVIII]. That made me think for the first time in nine months that I was a genuine poet.

Nora continued to encourage the lyricist in Joyce. On 19 August 1909, he wrote the first of his penitential epistles to Nora, apologising for suspecting her of infidelity with Cosgrave. 214.

I have spoken of this affair to an old friend of mine, Byrne, and he took your part splendidly and says it is all a 'blasted lie.'

What a worthless fellow I am! But after this I will be worthy of your love, dearest.

A whole life is opening for us now. It has been a bitter experience and our love will now be sweeter.

Give me your lips, my love.

'My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart.
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart.'

Joyce ends this letter with the last verse of Chamber Music poem XXXIV, which was "vitally the end" of the love sequence. Once again the emotion of the poems had become particularly relevant to him - with the principal difference now that it was the emotion of a real, not an imaginary, love. Two days later Joyce wrote to Nora again,

this time spelling out his relationship to Nora in terms of Chamber Music: 215.

I think you are in love with me, are you not? I like to think of you reading my verses (though it took you five years to find them out). When I wrote them I was a strange, lonely boy, walking about by myself at night and thinking that some day a girl would love me. But I never could speak to the girls I used to meet at houses. Their false manners checked me at once. Then you came to me. You were not in a sense the girl for whom I had dreamed and written the verses you find now so enchanting. She was perhaps (as I saw her in my imagination) a girl fashioned into a curious grave beauty by the culture of generations before her, the woman for whom I wrote poems like 'Gentle lady' [poem XXVIII] or 'Thou leanest to the shell of night' [poem XXVI]. But then I saw that the beauty of your soul outshone that of my verses. There was something in you higher than anything I had put into them. And so for this reason the book of verses is for you. It holds the desire of my youth and you, darling, were the fulfilment of that desire. [Italics mine].

Nora did not meet the criteria which the young poet had set for his ideal, but her reality carries her beyond the dream of the youthful idealist; so she is a worthy recipient of his poetic expression of ~~the~~ ideal. Nora thus became the lady to whom he would address Chamber Music, though she could fulfil more aspects of his nature than the lyrical. Yet while he was using Chamber Music as a still-valid form of self-expression, Joyce also wrote to Stanislaus:

"Had the S's [Sheehys] asked me to their house I would have presented them with a specially bound copy of C.M. that work of works." 216.

The faint sardonic tone, however, with which he protected his lyrical inner self from Stanislaus (this pose not being necessary with Nora) still does not disguise the fact that he thought a "specially bound copy of Chamber Music" a worthy gift. And three days after this letter to Stanislaus, Joyce wrote to Nora ²¹⁷. that an old friend Thomas Kettle was marrying Mary Sheehy and that he would send them a copy of Chamber Music as a wedding present. This had a twofold appropriateness for Joyce: Mary Sheehy had inspired

poems XII and XXV of Chamber Music; and Kettle had been the first Dubliner to review the poems. (See p.17 for Kettle's review.)

Joyce instructed Nora to "tell Stannie to take it to my binder and have it done exactly like the one for Schott [a music patron who was then living in Trieste and who, Joyce probably thought, might have some of Chamber Music set to music and sung ^{218.}]."

On 3 September 1909, Joyce gave Nora a meticulous description of every facet of the necklace which he had specially designed for her. He described the case, the accompanying card, and the composition of the actual trinket including the arcane significance of each component: there were five small cubes of 100-year-old ivory ("one for each of the five years we have been away") strung on a thin gold fetter chain. He continued: ^{219.}

In the centre of the chain in the front and forming part of the chain itself (not hanging from it like a pendant) there is a small tablet also of yellowish ivory which is drilled through like the dice and is about the size of a small domino piece. This tablet has on both sides an inscription and the letters are engraved into it. The letters themselves were selected from an old book of types and are in the fourteenth century style and very beautiful and ornamental. There are three words engraved on the face of the tablet, two above and one underneath, and on the reverse of the tablet there are four words engraved, two above and two below. The inscription (when both sides are read) is the last line of one of the early songs in my book of verses [poem IX], one which has also been set to music: and the line is therefore engraved - three words on the face and four on the back. On the face the words are Love is unhappy and the words on the back are When Love is away. ...

That is my present, Nora. I thought over it a long time and saw every part of it done to my liking.

The choice of a line from Chamber Music was not random or perfunctory; the poems had retained their emotional significance for the mature Joyce. He left Dublin six days later, and on his return to Trieste, Ellmann records: ^{220.}

To the secret disgust of Stanislaus, Nora and Joyce encountered each other like bride and bridegroom. James gave her the "little gift" of the necklace, and when Stanislaus read the inscription on the pendant, "Love is unhappy when love is away," he drily commented, "So is love's brother."

It is no wonder, then, that Joyce adopted a protective ironic tone when talking of Chamber Music to his brother.

Joyce was soon quoting Chamber Music again to Nora: 221.

My body soon will penetrate into yours, O that my soul
could too! O that I could nestle in your womb like a
child born of your flesh and blood, be fed by your blood,
sleep in the warm secret gloom of your body!

This is not a direct quotation, but it is a distillation of a number of poems from Chamber Music: poem VI "I would in that sweet bosom be/ ... Where no rude wind might visit me"; poem XX "In the dark pinewood/I would we lay,/In deep cool shadow; poem XXII "Of that so sweet imprisonment/My soul, dearest, is fain - /Soft arms that woo me to relent/and woo me to detain"; and poem XXIII "This heart that flutters near my heart/My hope and all my riches is/ ... For there, as in some mossy nest/ ... I laid those treasures I possessed." These womb-image poems are again recalled in a letter to Nora, 7 September 1909, and this time he makes a direct quotation, ending the letter with poem VI: 222.

I am tired tonight, my dearest, and I would like to
sleep in your arms, not to do anything to you but just
to sleep, sleep, sleep in your arms... you love me,
do you not? You will take me now into your bosom and
shelter me and perhaps pity me for my sins and follies
and lead me like a child.

I would in that sweet bosom be
(O sweet it is and fair it is!)
Where no rude wind might visit me.
Because of sad austerities
I would in that sweet bosom be.

I would be ever in that heart
(O soft I knock and soft entreat her!)
Where only peace might be my part.
Austerities were all the sweeter
So I were ever in that heart.

Joyce was soon suffering "sad austerities" quite literally in his attempt to attain to rest in "that sweet bosom"; he wrote to Nora, 1 November 1909: 223.

I am also getting ready a special Xmas present for you. I have bought specially cut sheets of parchment and am copying out on them all my book of verses in indelible Indian ink. Then I will get them bound in a curious way I like myself and this book will last hundreds of years. I will burn all the other MSS of my verses and you will then have the only one in existence. It is very hard to copy on parchment but I work at it hoping it will give pleasure to the woman I love. It is two o'clock at night. I have been copying here alone in the kitchen since they all went to bed and now I am writing to you.

However maudlin it may appear now, the sentiment was genuine - just as the sentiment of Chamber Music was genuine. And it was appropriate that a special manuscript of Chamber Music should be his supreme love-token to Nora. Ulysses, set on the day he met Nora, a climactic reawakening, has been described as Joyce's most eloquent if indirect tribute to Nora; his tribute of Chamber Music partook of the same eloquence.

Joyce worked hard to enhance his tribute. On 10 November 1909, he told Stanislaus: 224. "I want you on receipt of these presents to take my crest [the Joyce family crest] out of its frame at once and send it to me at once by registered post as the binder is waiting for it." He had the crest worked into an elaborate design on the cover, which also featured the initials of Joyce and Nora intertwined: a true "poet's present for the woman he loves." 225. That Joyce took seriously the promises he had made to Nora about the manuscript is proved by a postcard to Stanislaus, 2 December 1909, 226. in which he said, "Burn all copies in MS of my Chamber Music [Joyce's underlining]." Joyce really meant Nora to "have the only one in existence." Stanislaus, however, did not follow his brother's wishes: he kept his own manuscript (now in the Slocum

collection at Yale) and another is at Cornell.

The manuscript was finished on 11 November, and on 22 December, Joyce wrote: 227.

I send you by this post registered, express and insured a Christmas present. It is the best thing (but very poor after all) that I am able to offer you in return for your sincere and true and faithful love. I have thought every detail of it when lying awake at night or racing on cars around Dublin and I think it has come out nice in the end. But even if it brought only one quick flush of pleasure to your cheek when you first see it or made your true tender loving heart give one quick bound of joy I would feel well, well, well, repaid for my pains.

Perhaps this book I send you now will outlive both you and me. Perhaps the fingers of some young man or young girl (our children's children) may turn over its parchment leaves reverently when the two lovers whose initials are interlaced on the cover have long vanished from the earth.

The following day, he wrote to Stanislaus: "Book cost me occhio della testa ['an eye', literally 'the eye of the head'] " 228. -

and shortly afterwards, Joyce suffered an attack of iritis. He had gone to considerable pains to prepare this manuscript as the perfect tribute. Joyce told Gorman he originally wrote Chamber Music "as a protest against myself"; Ellmann explicates this by saying, "On the straggling, discoloured thread of his jobless days and dissipated nights, he strung his verses." 229. In 1909, Joyce laboriously copied out his lyrics again in a special manuscript to atone for his defiling thoughts of Nora - another "protest against myself." It seemed as if lyric purity cleansed him, redeemed his essential innocence, in the same way that Stephen was redeemed in A Portrait of the Artist as eternal priest of the creative imagination.

In the letters to Nora of 1909, Joyce (in Ellmann's words 230.)

gradually tried to turn the incident to advantage by ushering her into a greater intimacy. His letters became a turbulent mixture of erotic imagery and apologies for it, the apologies being accompanied by equally extreme flights of adoration. His relationship with her had to counterbalance all his rifts with other people. Having become partners in spiritual love. they must now share

an onanistic complicity, agitating each other to sexual climax by means of their letters. In this way Joyce renewed the conspiratorial and passionate understanding that they had had when they first left Ireland together.

The relationship Joyce sought to renew between himself and Nora in these letters was that of Love and his mistress in Chamber Music. The "onanistic complicity" of the Chamber Music relationship is revealed in poems XVII, XVIII, XIX and XXI where the lovers are explicitly cut off from others, from "the dying clamour" of "all men"; it is revealed in poems V, X, XIII, XVI and XX with their calls to 'come away' from realities; and in poems VI, XXII and XXIII with their celebration of a womb-like protection from the "sad austerities" of a communal reality. Nor are these apparent links between the letters and the lyrics coincidental. Joyce had written some of Chamber Music during the early months of his love for Nora; so to recall their earlier "conspiratorial and passionate understanding," he referred to the poems. He had expressed his ideal of love in Chamber Music: so to "usher in a greater intimacy," he talked in the spirit of the poems. In the language of this spirit, Joyce entwined his art with his love; as Ellmann says: 231.

He reminds her constantly of his art, often combining it with love tokens: the first present he brings her from Dublin is a necklace inscribed with a line from one of his poems, and the next is a manuscript of Chamber Music laboriously copied out on parchment. His art is the lofty counterpart of that deeper nature which he will divulge otherwise only to her.

The letters, then, help explain Chamber Music and their significance for Joyce, and both letters and poems help explain Joyce. Ellmann says: "These letters of 1909 and 1912 present Joyce with more intensity than any others." 232. And Pound said of his first meeting with Joyce: 233.

Joyce-pleasing; after the first shell of cantankerous Irishman, I got the impression that the real man is the author of Chamber Music, the sensitive.

That Chamber Music was a genuine expression of Joyce's lyric feeling is attested by the letters. It is incorrect to suggest, as Zabel suggested, and other irritated Joycean critics have felt, that Joyce showed no "direct and unequivocal poetic compulsion" in the poems, but instead a "deliberate archaism and a kind of fawning studiousness which attempt to disguise the absence of profounder elements." ²³⁴ This view is proved false by the letters and by the artistic epiphany of A Portrait of the Artist, which, while yielding a lyric similar in nature to those of Chamber Music, is an intricate and splendid celebration of the instant of inspiration. The "poetic compulsion" of Chamber Music is just as "direct and unequivocal" as that of the 'Temptress of the Villanelle.'

The poems are an expression of "the real man ... the sensitive," the whole man. They were meaningful to Joyce as a young artist, and their relevance to the older Joyce remained, for he quoted and alluded to them in the drama of his real life. When he apparently spurned his lyrics in 1906-1907, the guiding emotion of his statements was not the mature derogation of their literary value which critics claim, but rather the bitter disillusion of the idealist. Chamber Music is, like Ulysses, a combination of Bloom and Stephen: both flowery sentimentality and Daedalean pride, aloneness and technical precision are its characteristics. The letters and the other testaments of biography, then, provide the evidence which Golding lacked when he claimed ²³⁵ that "the key to Joyce, or to Stephen Dedalus, ... is locked in Chamber Music, more truly than the key to Shakespeare is locked up in the sonnets."

Another intense self-portrait of the artist in which the idealist of Chamber Music was resurrected instantly, occurred in 1918, in a strange relationship Joyce struck up with Martha

Fleischmann. When he was in Zurich in the latter part of 1918, Joyce spied Miss Fleischmann from the street just as she was about to enter her apartment. In an instant of epiphany, she recalled to Joyce the girl whom he had watched wading on the Dublin shore about twenty years before, and who, in A Portrait of the Artist, had converted the young Dedalus to mortal beauty. The relationship lasted only a few months, and in that time, Joyce wrote her four letters and a postcard, and, as his only gift, a copy of Chamber Music. Joyce wrote on 9 December 1918: ^{236.} "J'ai vu mon livre de poésies dans votre main. Est-ce que vous avez compris?" From a vantage-point on the street, he had watched her take the book from her letter-box and sit down with it in her front room. ^{237.} Joyce had inscribed the book, and "the inscription uses Greek 'e's' in Martha Fleischmann's name, but normal ones in Joyce's own signature, as if he recognized the futility of disguising his name in his own book." ^{238.} Bloom uses Greek 'e's' in his letters to another Martha, surnamed Clifford, in Ulysses. Professor Heinrich Straumann, who purchased the letters and inscribed copy of Chamber Music from Martha Fleischmann's sister in 1948, said: ^{239.}

There is no doubt that the sincerity of his emotion and his almost incredible command of tones of feeling in two foreign languages have resulted in an extraordinarily impressive and powerful self-portrait of the artist in a critical phase of his life.

Chamber Music was not a subtle joke. It serves as a reminder that Joyce was Bloom as well as Stephen. Joyce was perhaps essentially the idealist, the romantic, and this occasionally comes to the surface in his later works. At the very end of Joyce's most "realistic" novel, Ulysses, Molly's monologue approaches its culmination in the simplest lyrical phrase: "he said I was a flower of the mountain." ^{240.} Herbert Howarth says of this: ^{241.}

If we turn to that and look at it in a ruthless mood, we may feel not unfamiliar qualms about the suspension of Joyce's literary censorship. Has he relaxed the control when he should have exerted it so sternly? He does not think so. He is working at full stretch here, and if he employs the lyrical method it is because he believes in it. He expects us not to turn and look at the phrase but to come to it on the tide of continuous reading: to understand the style by going all the way with him through the vicissitudes in which it inheres; and thus to feel it and hear it as he does.

It seems as if the extreme realism of the subject-matter of Ulysses must be taken into consideration before, and almost as a justification for, the brief, pure lyric moment. For even amid the detritus of Ulysses there is always flowing an imminent lyric strain murmuring an antiphon against the prevalent current of "reality." This is how Chamber Music stands in relation to Joyce's other works. Stanislaus said "his disconcerting realism is the blasphemy of the idealist."²⁴² To approach a balanced understanding of Joyce, one must recognise the idealist, the lyricist. And to understand the idealist, one must examine Chamber Music.

(9)

Chamber Music, as has long been recognised, is a dramatic sequence of love-songs. It has also been indicated above that the arrangement of the poems was not entirely the "structural triumph" of Stanislaus Joyce, as critics have claimed. But whether they are read as a sequence or as individual poems modulating on the same theme, the love-songs of Chamber Music are the celebration of an uncommon love-affair.

The lovers seem to share a common identity. The mistress to whom the hero (as he will be referred to) addresses his songs is a somewhat amorphous being. She has an influence on the hero, but she also has her whole existence in him, remaining undifferen-

tiated. In many poems she seems merely part of a state of mind of the hero. She is never described in terms of particulars which would characterise and distinguish her, for whenever the hero attempts a vague depiction of her, she seems to be a reflection of himself. The most detailed description of her (and that quite non-descript) occurs in poem II, when she "bends upon the yellow keys,/ Her head inclines this way./ Shy thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands/ That wander as they list." But this is merely an echo of the description of the hero (as the allegorical figure of "Love") in I, when he has his "head to the music bent,/and fingers straying/ Upon an instrument." In IV the hero is compared to the "shy star... All maidenly, disconsolate" (because he, as "Love," also went forth alone in heaven in III); while his mistress is described as "my shyly sweet" in XII, and has a "mien so virginal" in VIII. When he bids her, in X, to "Leave dreams to the dreamers ... the time of dreaming dreams is over", his exhortation applies to himself as much as to her, for in the early poems (such as I and II) each of them indulged in revery and dreaming. And when he tells her in XXV and XXVI to use the transcendent and transmuting powers of the imagination in her song to rescue her from misery and fear, he also seems to be trying to comfort himself, for he is in the same situation as his mistress, and he is exercising his imaginative powers in his songs to her. Moreover, her song is never heard, save by the hero, and their only existence is in his songs, in which they act as inspiration or as an excuse for him to talk about the sort of poetic activity in which he himself is engaging. If she is as accomplished a singer and poet as himself (which is suggested, for example, in poems V, XXV and XXVI) there should be no reason why she cannot sing her own songs, separate from his; but Chamber Music is not a duet,

and her imaginative activity, which is the most characteristic aspect of her existence, is inseparable from his.

It is perhaps not unusual for the characters in a love-suite to share the same experience. But in Chamber Music, the lovers not only have a similar experience, but also have interchangeable characteristics, pursuits and accomplishments. In poem XIX, he comforts her with eloquent pride against the "lying clamour" of "all men", and in XXI, she comforts him in his equally eloquent and equally proud stand against the "scorn and wrath" of his ubiquitous "foes." Such unanimity gives the impression that the poet is batting on both sides of the net. The apparently common identity of hero and mistress is not severed by a sexual distinction of a real 'he' and a real 'she.' And finally in poem XXXIV, which Joyce described as "vitally the end of the book", ²⁴³ the single identity of the lovers is confessed. For the poet cries "Sleep now, O Sleep now, / O you unquiet heart!", and because he has addressed his mistress before in similar terms (XIX: "Sweetheart, be at peace again"; XXV: "Though thy heart presage thee woe ... When the heart is heaviest"; XXVI: "Dear lady, ... What sound hath made thy heart to fear?") the logical assumption is that "you unquiet heart" is his mistress again. But the poet continues to explain "A voice crying 'sleep now' / Is heard in my heart." He is apparently listening to his own voice, and the "unquiet heart" he addresses is not that of a woman, a sexual partner, but an aspect of himself.

The identity of this aspect or extension of himself which is celebrated in the poem is probably to be found in terms of their dominant motif, music, and its creation. There is very little visual imagery in Chamber Music, certainly none of any vividness until the exceptional final poem. Aural imagery, appeals to the

auditory imagination, predominate. The progress of love is traced in harmony, and after the climax of poem XIV, the wane of love is effected by discordant sounds and antiphonies, which disrupt the "soft choiring of delight", the "Soft sweet music in the air above/ And in the earth below." These discords which disturb love, and its alter ego, harmony, are represented frequently as wailing winds: the "antiphon" of the "night wind" (III), a "rude wind" (VI), "wild winds" and "desolate winds" which "assail with cries/ The shadowy garden where love is" (XXIX), a wind "whistling merrily" "all around our loneliness" (XXXIII), "the voice of the winter" (XXXIV), and "The grey winds, the cold winds" which "cry to the waters'/monotone" (XXXV). But the winds are accompanied in their assault on love and its harmony by correlative discords which suggest that they are all images of the world, of harsh realities: there impinges the "lying clamour" of "all men" (XIX), "scorn and wrath" of "foes" (XXI), "alarms" which "trouble us" (XXII), "woe,/ Vales and many a wasted sun" (XXV), a strange sound which "hath made thy heart to fear" amid "that soft choiring of delight" (XXVI), and "a rogue" who "Is knocking, knocking at the tree" which symbolises love (XXXIII). The hero has escaped these discords and their chaos by pursuing his art, his music. But his pursuance of his art, of harmony, is identical with his pursuit of his mistress, for his only means of wooing her is his song. Love and artistic harmony are correlatives.

Throughout the suite, the relationship of the lovers has been expressed as the hero's desire to enter the womb-like sanctuary of his mistress:

I would in that sweet bosom be
 (O sweet it is and fair it is!)
 Where no rude wind might visit me,
 Because of sad austerities
 I would in that sweet bosom be.

I would be ever in that heart
 (O soft I knock and soft entreat her)
 Where only peace might be my part.
 Austerities were all the sweeter
 So I were ever in that heart (VI).

Of that so sweet imprisonment
 My soul, dearest, is fain -
 Soft arms that woo me to relent
 And woo me to detain.
 Ah, could they ever hold me there,
 Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms
 By love made tremulous,
 That night allures me where alarms
 Nowise may trouble us;
 But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed
 Where soul with soul lies prisoned (XXII).

She will give him protection from the discords of the world and its "sad austerities." Apart from being a "sweet bosom" and a "sweet imprisonment", she is also described as a heart like a "mossy nest" (XXIII), her image is reflected by a sheltered woodland (VIII), she is encased by the "shell of might" (XXVI) and the sky's "pale blue cup" (VII), and she is imagined in other enclosed, sheltered situations like the hollow (X), a valley (XVI), an "enaisled" pineforest (XX). She is not a sexual partner; she receives, nourishes and protects him with an almost amniotic balm. Their love is not a rape; he seeks to enter her chamber, her womb, not momentarily as in a sexual encounter, but to reside there permanently for continual protection from harsh realities. She represents a way of life, a life choice. Her chamber is the sanctuary of his art, in which he can transcend the world in harmony.

The lady to whom the poems are addressed is in part a Muse-figure, and she inspires the poet by her own exercise of the lyric art. In poem IV the hero introduces himself to his mistress as the singer "Whose song about {her} heart is falling", as if it were a spell. But in V he reveals that she had charmed and captivated

him first with her song:

I have left my book:
 I have left my room:
 For I heard you singing
 Through the gloom.

She is Circe, a siren luring him to her chamber with melody. He comes singing at her gate (IV) beneath her window (V), seeking access to her chamber of harmonies, because he has been lured there by her song - her inspiration is prerequisite to his own song.

The enchantment of her inspiration is further described in poem XXIV. This poem is a subtle variation on the theme of Ben Jonson's "Still to be Neat", which Joyce is known to have admired and sung.²⁴⁴ Jonson became impatient at his (real) mistress' extended toilette, her excessive preparations of her appearance, and declared a "sweet neglect more taketh me/ Than all th'adulteries of art." In the first half of Joyce's poem, the poet seems to share Jonson's predicament, as

The sun is in the willow leaves
 And on the dappled grass,
 And still she's combing her long hair
 Before the lookingglass.

But Joyce gives the theme a deft twist in the second half of the poem, as he reveals that his hero's impatience to be gone is confounded by his becoming entranced by "th'adulteries of art" of his (imaginary) mistress. The Chamber Music poet tells his mistress "I pray you, cease to comb out,/ Comb out your long hair", not because he has become, like Jonson, impatient, but because "th'adulteries of her art" have bewitched him ("For I have heard of witchery/ Under a pretty air"), and have therefore deprived him of the choice of going away ("That makes as one thing to the lover/ Staying and going hence,/ All fair, with many a pretty air"). The poet of XXIV is a slave to his Circe-like mistress, and the very process of his

bewitching is embodied in the verse, with the repetition of her activity ("Silently she's combing,/ Combing her long hair") and the slow chant of the metre, which have a mesmerising effect. The Chamber Music poet's imaginary mistress, his Muse, is more powerful than Jonson's real mistress, for "th'adulteries of [her] art" enchant him, avert his attentions from the world of external reality (the sun and the willow leaves outside), and harmonise all (her "witchery ... makes ... All fair").

In poems XXV and XXVI the poet exhorts his mistress to exercise the transcendent powers of the poetic imagination to rescue herself, and himself through her inspiration, from the misery and fear which have started to impinge on their chamber of harmony and art. He bids her in XXV,

Though thy heart presage thee woe,
Vales and many a wasted sun,
Oread, let thy laughter run
Till the irreverent mountain air
Ripple all thy flying hair....
Love and laughter songconfessed
When the heart is heaviest.

From the vales of mortality where "the heart is heaviest" ("Clouds... wrap the vales below"), she is wafted up to the exhilarating atmosphere of a higher reality by "love and laughter" confessed or celebrated in song. And this song which enables her to transcend harsh realities inspires his poem. Her art is the poet's art.

This common identity of the imaginative powers of the poet and his mistress is revealed again in poem XXVI, in which he encourages her to "scan" her mood of fear, engendered by a strange sound which disturbed the general harmony ("that soft choiring of delight") so that, by giving (metrical) form to the chaos of the discord, she will restore harmony. If she scans her fear and the discord well, she will, he says, be following in the great poetic tradition of

a Coleridge or a Shakespeare,

Who a mad tale bequeaths to us
 At ghosting hour conjurable -
 And all for some strange name he read
 In Purchas or in Holinshed.

The great poets transmute the extraordinary, the unknown and the fearful, into the comprehensible and less fearsome, by giving it form (as ritual sublimates fear of the unknown). As Shakespeare said of the poetic imagination in A Midsummer Night's Dream (V:1 14-17):

as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

The poet in Chamber Music XXVI is encouraging his mistress to use the poetic imagination to scan, or 'body forth' and 'turn to shapes' the unknown "sound [which] hath made [her] heart to fear", and give to its "airy nothing/ A local habitation and a name." (A fuller discussion of this poem's allusions to the process of imaginative creation and transformation may be seen in "Notes on the Poems", XXVI.)

There are, then, a number of specific indications that the mistress has close connections with the hero's poetic imagination, certainly enough to suggest that she is not primarily a sexual partner but an imaginary inspiration. This is further supported by the fact that she kisses him:

Thy kiss descending
 Sweeter were
 With a soft tumult
 Of thy hair (XX).
 But softer than the breath of summer
 Was the kiss she gave to me (XXXI).

Were this a celebration of a real, sexual love, it would perhaps be slightly unusual for him to be receiving her kisses, supine. But she is in part his Muse, and a visitation from the Muse is a traditional concept of inspiration. Chamber Music celebrates the kiss

of the Muse, the transient instant of creative inspiration which fades, and the harmony of the lyric Muse is finally destroyed in the nightmare-vision of the last poem.

However, one of the most singular characteristics of the love-affair celebrated in Chamber Music is that there is no consummation, in any but poetic terms. The hero's wooing of his mistress largely comprises wishes and calls to come away: "I would in that sweet bosom be" (VI), "O cool is the valley now/And there, love, will we go" (XVI), "In the dark pinewood/I would we lay" (XX), "Of that so sweet imprisonment/My soul, dearest, is fain" (XXII), "Shall we not be as wise as they/Though love live but a day?" (XXIII). But there is never any retrospective indication of actual success; only the desire is expressed. Furthermore, the climax of the suite, poem XIV, is a call to his mistress to arise. He does not get even to touch the rosebud, let alone pluck it.

Joyce himself said, "The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards."²⁴⁵ But there is no indication that it is the climax of a real, sexual love. As in other poems in the sequence, he awaits her in her sheltered garden ("I wait by the cedar tree"), in order, supine as elsewhere, to receive her kiss, ("My breast shall be your bed"). He also invokes the great biblical celebration of sensual love, "The Song of Solomon", but the only connection which XIV has with an actual sensual love is through this poetic allusion to its archetypal celebration, a distanced connection, one that has been refined through the purifying gossamer of the poetic imagination.

The chorus of XIV, "Arise, arise,/My dove, my beautiful one", recalls Song of Solomon 2:13, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away" (and Solomon frequently calls his beloved a dove).

And the verses of XIV recall almost explicitly the dream of Solomon's beloved which is the climax of his Song:

The nightdew lies
Upon my lips and eyes....

I wait by the cedar tree,
My sister, my love

The pale dew lies
Like a veil on my head.

1. I am come into my garden,
my sister, my spouse ...

2. [Solomon's beloved speaks:]
I sleep, but my heart waketh:
it is the voice of my beloved
that knocketh, saying, Open
to me, my sister, my love, my
dove, my undefiled: for my
head is filled with dew, and
my locks with the drops of
the night.

In the Song of Solomon, the beloved's dream ends with her lover withdrawing himself at the very moment that she surrenders to him (5:6) - which withdrawal emphasises the fact that this climax was a dream, and preserves the imaginative purity of the dream, and hence of Solomon's Song. The immaculate conception of the imagination is maintained. And this is how XIV works as a climax. The poet's calls to his mistress to arise become triumphant in their repetition towards the end of the poem, even though there is no physical contact. But he has triumphed and brought his love to climax because he has come into her garden, her inner sanctum, access to which has been his object throughout the love, and he awakens her to inspire him with the ideal, the dream, which she embodies. The mistress he calls to arise synthesises all love - sensual love, religious love, and love of art and of the imagination - because he calls up the dream of Solomon's beloved in Song of Solomon. The poet's awakening of his mistress is his awakening of Solomon's mistress, who is, variously, virgin, Church and Muse. She, archetypal woman and object of all love, has inspired his song, and his song has therefore become a triumph of the imagination. He has called up ideal love in all its aspects, and has celebrated it unwhemmed by baser realities sp. because purified by the imagination; for the original vision of

ideal love attained was a dream which originally inspired the song of King Solomon, and now, at a further remove from reality, inspires the climactic song of the Chamber Music poet.

Chamber Music, however, also traces the wane of love, the dissolution of the pure inspiration of the ideal. When he attends her in her garden, when he is imprisoned in her "soft arms", her "sweet bosom", he is bathed in a lyrical harmony which protects him from the discordant chaos of the world. But when the transient instant of lyrical creation is over and inspiration fades, harsher realities are waiting ("Clouds that wrap the vales below ... Lowliest attendants are" - XXV) and seek to retrieve the renegade artist for the vales of mortality:

A rogue ...
 Is knocking, knocking at the tree
 And all around our loneliness
 The wind is whistling merrily (XXIII).

Desolate winds assail with cries
 The shadowy garden where love is
 And soon shall love dissolved be
 When over us the wild winds below (XXIX).

And finally in poem XXXVI, the horsemen of chaos, discord, an unknown apocalypse, sweep over him and ravish his dulcet Muse in the climactic and irrevocable irruption of a harsher and more relentless reality into the inner lyric sanctum of his art.

Joyce tried but never managed to recover the lyric note in poetry after Chamber Music. Although, when he had first written poem XXXVI, he told Stanislaus that it was "for the second part",²⁴⁶ he did not include it in his original arrangement of Chamber Music, presumably because its tone was simply too harsh for even the end of the suite, which would have been ended more characteristically by the troubled but **muffled** fade-out of poem XXXIV, which offered the welcome oblivion of sleep, until the horsemen of XXXVI, "cleave

the gloom of dreams" and awaken his imagination to their dread reality. The exquisite lyric note could not remain embalmed in the dream of his youth; it had to be overridden eventually by a grosser but stronger and more vital reality. Yet despite the exigencies of absolute realism which dictated the very form or style of Joyce's art in his later works, Dubliners, Portrait, and Ulysses, the brief, pure lyric moment still occasionally asserts itself, to stem momentarily the overwhelming tide of common grey life, and, as mentioned above (p.80), the extreme realism of the subject-matter of Ulysses, for instance, seems almost to serve as a justification for the brief lyric phrase. But this justification could not be comprehended within the tiny poem and still allow the quality of the lyric to remain unadulterated. In a letter written just before the publication of Chamber Music, 1 March 1907, Joyce told his brother that he had changed a few verses, including poem XXVII, to the gentle irony of which he had given a more stringent quality. ^{247.} - but he realised that he had disrupted the lyric note: "I have changed a few verses in Chamber Music and have, that is, allowed my later self to interrupt the music." ^{248.} Joyce also asked Stanislaus' advice on whether to include the poem which was to become "Tilly" in Pomes Penycach, and which had a realistic and bitter tone quite foreign to any of the Chamber Music suite, in the rhetorical question, "Can I use it here or must I publish it in a book by itself as, of course, my dancing days are over." ^{249.} Stanislaus wrote of Joyce's final departure from Dublin with Nora (the exile theme was of course appended to Chamber Music with the inclusion of poems XXXV and XXXVI, written during his second and third exiles respectively): ^{250.}

Thus ended his attempt to live in Dublin in the merry Elizabethan manner, and Chamber Music can be considered the poetic expression of that attempt. He was perhaps

destined to fail in any case, but the poet would have been able to survive the ruin of his dreams, In Joyce, the lyric poet was made to die young. He tried to resume his poetry in Trieste but did not succeed. ... In Dublin they had little reason to congratulate each other, however, because from the ashes of the lyric poet, ... a satiric poet was born, well armed with beaks and claws. His subsequent attitude of mockery is in direct proportion to the bitterness of his disillusion; his disconcerting realism is the blasphemy of the idealist.

Poem XXXVI of Chamber Music records "the ruin of his dreams", and the death of the lyric poet. The twelve small poems (plus the earlier "Tilly") which made up Pomes Penyeach are the record of Joyce's painful attempt, prolonged over twenty years, to recover his lyric Muse.

However, the ideal for which the soul of the young Joyce yearned, and which he could achieve only in poetic terms, in his imagination, appears in the other early works Stephen Hero and A Portrait of the Artist. In Stephen Hero (p.41), the young poet's celebration of the ideal is at odds with reality:

Stephen, after certain hesitations, showed Maurice the first fruits of his verse and Maurice asked who the woman was. Stephen looked a little vaguely before him before answering and in the end had to answer that he didn't know who she was.

To this unknown verses were now regularly inscribed There were moments for him ... when such a process [to life through corruption] would have seemed intolerable, life on any common terms an intolerable offence, and at such moments he prayed for nothing and lamented for nothing, but he felt with a sweet sinking of consciousness that if the end came to him it was in the arms of the unknown that it would come to him:

The dawn awakes with tremulous alarms,
How grey, how cold, how bare!
O, hold me still white arms, encircling arms!
And hide me, heavy hair!

Life is a dream, a dream. The hour is done
And antiphon is said.
We go from the light and falsehood of the sun
To bleak wastes of the dead.

This poem to "the unknown" contains many echoes of Chamber Music, especially poems XV (with its awakening, trembling dawn) and XXII

("Of that so sweet imprisonment/ My soul, dearest, is fain - / Soft arms that woo me to relent/ And woo me to detain"). "The unknown" to whom he wrote his verses was a symbol of the ideal which he exalted above "life on any common terms." She existed only in the works of his imagination; he could commune with her only through his art.

Later in Stephen Hero (p.163), "He knew that it was not for such an image [as Emma, with the "vulgarity of her manners"] that he had constructed a theory of art and life and a garland of verse." The woman he celebrated in his verses had no distinct identity. He further confessed the unsubstantial nature of her, and of his art in a conversation with Cranly (p.181):

- I feel emotions and I express them in rhyming lines.
Song is the simple rhythmic liberation of an emotion.
Love can express itself in part through song.

- You idealise everything ... You imagine that people are capable of all these ... all this beautiful imaginary business. They're not. Look at the girls you see every day. Do you think they would understand what you say about love?

- I don't know really, said Stephen. I do not idealise the girls I see every day. I regard them as marsupials.... But still I must express my nature.

The expression of love in his song was the expression of no common reality but rather of a desire in his own nature for the ideal, a desire which could only be expressed and fulfilled in song - real girls ~~were~~ simply marsupials, having little to do with his ideal.

Early in A Portrait (pp.63-65), young Stephen Dedalus had conjured up a vision of an ideal woman, whom he called Mercedes (after the beloved of The Count of Monte Cristo), and who would transform him in a "magic moment," in some secluded spot. He perceived a different reality from that of his fellows: "He did not want to play. He wanted to meet in the real world the ~~un~~substantial image which his soul so constantly beheld" (p.65). His soul, itself described as feminine, also saw the Virgin Mary as its ideal when he still bore a

religious conscience; she was his refuge from worldly sin (p.105):

If ever his soul, re-entering her dwelling shyly after the frenzy of his body's lust had spent itself, was turned towards her whose emblem is the morning star, bright and musical, telling of heaven and infusing peace, it was when her names were murmured softly by lips whereon there still lingered foul and shameful words, the savour itself of a lowd kiss.

Later (p.116), Emma Clery is linked to his ideal as he imagines the Virgin Mary absolving his sin and leading himself and Emma back to a pristine purity, an image which acts as a premonition to the Belvedere preacher's harangue on Adam and Eve and the Fall. His encounter with the ideal will lead him beyond mortality. However, he is destined to encounter "the unknown", his mysteriously feminine ideal, through art, not through religion, although the Virgin Mary and the church's ritual of divine transformation, the eucharist, are retained as imagery in his description of the "holy encounter" of art. Already during his penance, the "imagery of the canticles", which was "interwoven with the communicant's prayers", began to entice his soul (p.152):

An inaudible voice seemed to caress the soul, telling her names and glories, bidding her arise as for espousal and come away, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from Amana and from the mountains of the leopards; and the soul seemed to answer with the same inaudible voice, surrendering herself: Inter ubera mea commorabitur.

This bears a striking similarity to Chamber Music poem XIV, with its awakening of the imagination in the imagery of the Canticles. The allusion in the Portrait quotation is to Song of Solomon 4:8,

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

The allusions in poem XIV are to Song of Solomon 5:1-2, the beginning of the climax of the Song, only a few verses after the epithalamial call in the Portrait quotation. And Inter ubera mea com-

morabitur (Song of Solomon 1:13) is echoed in poem XIV, "My breast shall be your bed" (also poem XX). The evidence of poem XIV itself (as discussed above) suggests that it is a triumphal call to the imagination, an awakening of inspiration, and the above quotation from A Portrait betrays an equivalent process. For "an inaudible voice seemed to caress the soul", yet "the soul seemed to answer with the same inaudible voice" - a unanimity of wooer and wooed which parallels that found between hero and mistress in Chamber Music.

The call to the young poet's soul to awake and experience union with the ideal was brought a step closer to fulfilment in A Portrait with his conversion to mortal beauty, his acceptance of the vocation of art. Again, as in Chamber Music, emotional ecstasy is experienced in terms of calls to the soul which are an awakening of inspiration and the exalting, purifying powers of the imagination. Stephen felt (p.169),

His soul was soaring in an air beyond the world and the body he knew was purified in a breath and delivered of incertitude and made radiant and commingled with the element of the spirit.

He felt in his throat "the cry of a hawk or eagle on high This was the call of life to his soul not the dull gross voice of the world of duties and despair" (p.170). The call of art to the soul as against the voice of the world is found similarly in Chamber Music. And then the neophyte artificer met the image of his new ideal, the girl wading on the Dublin strand, "the angel of mortal youth and beauty." She is imaged as a dove, as is the mistress in Chamber Music poem XIV, and as in this climactic poem, the "instant of ecstasy" is unsullied by any physical contact; it is an imaginative ecstasy, an inspiration of the ideal. It is a call, but a spiritual one, for the silence remains unbroken (p.172):

Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called to him and his soul had leaped at the call.

The nature of this ecstasy corresponds to, and is perhaps explained by the definition of, the "supreme quality of beauty" in Stephen's aesthetic, "the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition ... called the enchantment of the heart" (A Portrait, p.213). The love celebrated in Chamber Music is also, similarly, an "esthetic pleasure", "a spiritual state", an "enchantment of the heart" by the creative imagination, and is similarly characterised, especially in the climax of poem XIV, by "silent stasis."

However, the climax of A Portrait, the artistic epiphany which resulted in "The Villanelle of the Temptress", where the young man is seen in the process of his artistry, is an extraordinarily precise description of the conception, gestation and composition of the type of poetry that Chamber Music comprises. "The Villanelle of the Temptress" was actually written before the supposed date of the chapter (1902, about the time of the first exile) in A Portrait, probably in 1900 or 1901.²⁵¹ But in 1900/1901, Chamber Music poem II was also written, and in 1902, in which the creative epiphany of A Portrait supposedly takes place, the majority of the Chamber Music poems were written. These facts, together with the evidence of the passage in A Portrait itself, make it difficult not to regard the artistic epiphany therein as a gloss on the composition of Joyce's early poetry, the poetry which became Chamber Music.

The epiphany in A Portrait begins at dawn (p.216):

O what sweet music! His soul was all dewy wet ... He lay still, as if his soul lay amid cool waters, conscious of faint sweet music. His mind was waking slowly to a tremulous morning knowledge, a morning inspiration. A spirit filled him, pure as the purest water, sweet as dew, moving as music. But how faintly it was inbreathed, how

passionlessly, as if the seraphim themselves were breathing upon him! His soul was waking slowly, fearing to awake wholly.

 An enchantment of the heart! ... In a dream or vision he had known the ecstasy of seraphic life.

This is so reminiscent of Chamber Music that it can hardly but be an expression of the same experience which inspired the suite. There is the same harmonic balm ("Soft sweet music in the air above/ And in the earth below" - III; "that soft choiring of delight" - XXVI) and the same awakening of the mind or soul (as in the numerous calls to arise and come away in Chamber Music). But the poems at the climax of Chamber Music, XIV and XV, are especially recalled by the extract above.

Both poems are set at dawn, each "a morning inspiration." The "faint sweet music", a spiritual inspiration, which bathed Stephen's soul "all dewy wet", and awakened it gradually with its faint in-breathing, is reflected in XIV by:

My dove, my beautiful one,
 Arise, arise!
 The nightdew lies
Upon my lips and eyes.
The odorous winds are weaving
 A music of sighs
The pale dew lies
 Like a veil on my head,

and in XV by:

From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,
 From love's deep slumber and from death ...
Eastward the gradual dawn prevails
 Where softly burning fires appear,
Making to tremble all those veils
 Of grey and golden gossamer.
While sweetly, gently, secretly,
 The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
 Begin (innumerable!) to be heard.

The "tremulous morning knowledge, a morning inspiration" to which Stephen's mind was slowly waking is mirrored in XV by 'gradually prevailing' dawn's "Making to tremble all those veils of grey and

golden gossamer." (These veils are partly the veils of "pale dew" which lie on the poet's head in XIV, just as Stephen's "soul was all dewy wet.") The 'faint, passionless inbreathing' of the spirit which filled Stephen seemed "as if the seraphim themselves were breathing upon him!" - and this is reflected in poem XV, where "the wise choirs of faery/ Begin (innumerable!) to be heard" (c.f. "the bugles of the cherubim" which sounded his annunciation in poem XI.) In the paragraph following the quoted extract from A Portrait (p.217), "the choirs of the seraphim" appear - an even closer parallel to "the wise choirs of faery" in XV. And the "Wind of spices" which whispered the poet's annunciation to his mistress, his soul, his Muse, in poem XIII, as well as "the odorous winds" of XIV which weave "a music of sighs" also suggest an inspiration of an almost Holy Spirit, similar to that of the Portrait extract.

The "enchantment of the heart" at "the instant of inspiration" in A Portrait brings an alchemical transmutation of soft lights: "an afterglow deepened within his spirit, whence the white flame had passed, deepening to a rose and ardent light" (p.217). This occurs in Chamber Music, in poem II when seemingly by the playing of the poet's mistress "The twilight turns to darker blue/ With lights of amethyst", in poem III when Love's "way in heaven is aglow/ At that hour when soft lights come and go", in poem VIII when upon the very touch of the poet's mistress "The ways of all the woodland/ Glean with a soft and golden fire", and in poem XV "the gradual dawn prevails/ Where softly burning fires appear."

However, the climactic expression of "the instant of inspiration" in the artistic epiphany of A Portrait (p.217) is perhaps the most significant external explication of the climax and general nature of the suite of love-songs which is Chamber Music.

O! in the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber.

As has been illustrated, the object of the Chamber Music hero's love was to achieve access to the chamber, "sweet bosom", "sweet imprisonment", "mossy nest" and garden of his mistress. But this access meant not the momentary penetration of the sexual encounter but a permanent refuge from the world and harsh realities. She symbolised a state of mind, if not a way of life. Her chamber was seen as a "soft choiring of delight", a harmony, as opposed to the discord and antiphony of the world, and the only means of access was through harmonious song. The mistress, therefore, herself identified with the art of song (the poet's art), also inspires the poet's exercise of the art. (She in fact, like Circe, had enchanted him and attracted him to his art originally, as described in poem V.) And finally the suite of love-songs is brought to its climax in a call to arise, a poised luminous stasis, with no obvious contact between the lovers. This is explained by the poem (XIV) itself as a triumph of imagination only, and by its companion poems it is seen as the fitting climax of the love-affair which they all celebrate, because it calls up the richest image of the ideal for which he yearns and can attain in imagination, through its recalling of the climax of Song of Solomon, perhaps the greatest celebration of love, the creative ideal for which man strives, comprehending sensual love, religious love and love of another ideal, the hardly less holy inspiration of the creative imagination. The quotation from Portrait above, obviously describing a similar consummation of the imagination, provides a useful formula for describing the "instant of inspiration" which Chamber Music also celebrates in terms of a love-affair.

It is the "virgin womb of the imagination" that the hero of

Chamber Music seeks. He is a poet, addressing and seeking to awaken his imagination, his Muse. And it is significant that, just as "Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber" in A Portrait, so in Chamber Music, near the climax, in poem XI, the poet prepares for his entry to "the virgin's chamber" by telling of his annunciation on "the bugles of the cherubim":

When thou has heard his name upon
 The bugles of the cherubim
 Begin thou softly to unzone
 Thy girlish bosom unto him
 And softly to undo the snood
 That is the sign of maidenhood.

His annunciation is further bruited in poem XIII by the "wind of spices whose song is ever/Epithalamium", and who the poet bids "come into her little garden/and sing at her window" of his advent. However in the climax, poem XIV, the poet has himself "come into her little garden" ("I wait by the cedar tree,/My sister, my love"), and like Stephen Dedalus in A Portrait (p.216), he is bathed in dew and "a music of sighs", symbols of his "morning inspiration." Assuredly in Chamber Music as in A Portrait, "Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber."

When three stanzas of "The Villanelle of the Temptress" had come to Stephen, and inspiration began to fade, he looked for paper and pencil to write them down, but managed to find only a pencil and a cigarette packet: "He lay back and, tearing open the packet, ... began to write out the stanzas of the villanelle in small neat letters on the rough cardboard surface" (p.218). This incident links the artistic epiphany section of A Portrait even more closely to Chamber Music, for it in fact tells of the original inscription of Chamber Music poem XII. Stanislaus narrates the original incident, which occurred after a trip to the Dublin hills which Joyce made with the Sheehys and some fellow-students: 252.

When they were returning late in the evening, ... there was some talk about a pale rose-coloured moon that had risen with a halo, a sign that rain was near, some weather prophet predicted. The pretty Sheehy girl [Mary], who was walking with my brother, thought it looked tearful.

- It looks to me like the chubby hooded face of some jolly fat Capuchin, said Jim.

The girl, in too happy a mood to be shocked, gave him a sidelong glance out of her large, dark eyes and said

- I think you are very wicked.

- Not very, said Jim, but I do my best.

After they had separated and she had gone off home, ... Jim strolled on, in no hurry, because he had the idea for a song in his head. Having no other writing materials, he tore open a cigarette-box and standing under a street lamp wrote the two verses of the song on the inside of the box in his firm neat handwriting.

What counsel has the hooded moon
Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,
Of love in ancient plenilune,
Glory and stars beneath his feet -
A sage that is but kith and kin
With the comedian Capuchin?

Believe me rather that am wise
In disregard of the divine,
A glory kindles in those eyes,
Trembles to starlight. Mine, O Mine!
No more be tears in moon or mist
For thee, sweet sentimentalist.

In the fifth and last chapter of A Portrait of the Artist in which my brother shows the artist (the young poet) in the throes of creation, he uses the cigarette-box incident for the 'Villanelle of the Temptress,' which was written a few years before the supposed date of the chapter, his first departure from Dublin He also blends the figure of Mary Sheehy in the novel with an imaginary girl-child whom Dedalus is supposed to have had a fleeting affection for as a boy.

Just as Emma Clery in A Portrait was blended with the Virgin Mary, Mercedes, and the later imaginary woman, the Muse/Temptress of his "Villanelle", so in Chamber Music the real Mary Sheehy (with whom, according to Stanislaus, ²⁵³. Joyce's relations were "always rather diffident and conventional" - never ematory) who inspired poems XII and XIV, became depersonalised and synthesised into the amorphous imaginary feminine figure with her various aspects of virgin, mother and Muse/Temptress, representing a spiritual ideal for which

his mind yearned and which could be attained only in imagination.

The fading of "the instant of inspiration" in Chapter 5 of A Portrait parallels the same process in the latter part of Chamber Music. The young poet tries to remain within the balm of his art and its harmony: "He spoke the verses aloud from the first lines till the music and rhythm suffused his mind, turning it to quiet indulgence." But the antiphon of the world was imminent: "he knew that all around him life was about to awaken in common noises, hoarse voices, sleepy prayers. Shrinking from that life he ... tried to warm his perishing joy" by trying to arouse his imagination (p.221). A little later, for the last time, "A glow of desire kindled again his soul. ... Conscious of his desire she was waking from odorous sleep, the temptress of his Villanelle", and she "enfolded him like a shining cloud, enfolded him like water with a liquid life" (p.223), as does the poet's mistress in Chamber Music XXVII:

Yet must thou fold me unaware
 To know the rapture of thy heart
 And I but render and confess
 The malice of thy tenderness.

As inspiration ends, Dedalus spies a flight of birds (p.224), and he saw them as a call to exile: "Then he was to go away for they were birds ever going and coming, building ever an unlasting home under the eaves of men's houses and ever leaving the homes they had built to wander" (p.225). This recalls Chamber Music poem XXIV (actually written during Joyce's first exile in Paris) where the poet is likened to a seabird about to depart alone:

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

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

This parallel of the poem and the above quotation from the novel is enforced in the very next sentence of the novel when an actual phrase ("the noise of many waters") from poem XXXV is repeated. First Dedalus recalls a ~~stanza~~ by Yeats which is very similar to poem XXXV:

Bend down your faces, Oona and Mleel.
 I gaze upon them as the swallow gazes
 Upon the nest under the eave before
 He wander the loud waters.

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters flowed over his memory and he felt in his heart the soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows flying through the sea-dusk over the flowing waters.

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

The same "soft long vowels" ebbed and flowed through the words of poem XXXV, the same experience was expressed in poem XXXV, which was originally entitled "Second Part - Opening which tells of the journeyings of the soul" (see Illustration, between pp.63 and 64). A similar call to the soul is repeated later in A Portrait (p.245):

Away then: it is time to go. A voice
 spoke softly to Stephen's lonely heart,
 bidding him go ...

This recalls the voice speaking to the poet's lonely heart telling her of "The ways that we shall go upon" (XXX) in poems XXXII-XXXV of Chamber Music. And when Dedalus talks to himself in his Diary (p.252) advising "O, give it up, old chap! Sleep it off!", he is repeating the advice of the Chamber Music poet to his "unquiet heart":

Sleep now, O sleep now,
 O you unquiet heart!
 A voice crying 'Sleep now'
 Is heard in my heart.

Finally, as at the end of Chamber Music the conventional rhythms are suddenly broken by the nightmare vision of the thundering horsemen of poem XXXVI who ravish his lyrical Muse, so at the end of A Portrait the narrative prose is shattered into the fragments of a diary, the relations between which are not unlike those of dream. And one of the diary entries seems to recall Chamber Music poem XXXVI (p.251):

Faintly, under the heavy night, through the silence of the city which has turned from dreams to dreamless sleep as a weary lover whom no caresses move, the sound of hoofs upon the road. Not so faintly now as they come near the bridge; and in a moment, as they pass the darkened windows, the silence is cloven by alarm as by an arrow. They are heard now far away, hoofs that shine amid the heavy night as gems, hurrying beyond the sleeping fields to what journey's end - what heart? - bearing what tidings?

Although the vision of XXXVI is sharper and more exigent, its horsemen are also heard "afar", they also "cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,/Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil", and they also bear unknown tidings.

A similar experience, then, motivated both the poet of Chamber Music and Stephen Dedalus. Both yearned for an ideal, whose image was that of all women and no particular one, which would exalt them above the coarseness of the world and purify them of its taint, and which they could only achieve in the imagination. Their ideal therefore became an image of "the virgin womb of the imagination", a Muse/Temptress. The triumphal penetration of "the virgin's chamber" in both Chamber Music and the artistic epiphany of A Portrait is a triumph of imagination, an instant of inspiration.

It was possibly because the love celebrated in Chamber Music

was fulfilled only in imagination that Joyce said in 1907 that "It is not a book of love-verses at all, I perceive", ^{254.} and in 1909 to Nora, "the book of verses is for you. It holds the desire of my youth and you, darling, were the fulfilment of that desire!". ^{255.}

For Joyce had come to appreciate that the real woman had a "beauty of soul" which "outshone" that of the imaginary woman whom he celebrated in his verses. It was necessary eventually for reality to fulfil the ideal, the dream of his youth. But this does not deny the validity of the ideal and its lyrical celebration. As Stanislaus Joyce wrote, ^{256.}

In the midst of the confused and lying clamour of national life, Joyce wished to assert the reality of poetic experience in these poems. They sing of his unreserved happiness in his newly-found liberty and vitality. Pervaded by a restless sensitivity to the pleasure of things, these poems are distinguished by delicacy and musicality, and an ability to catch in words the fleeting eucharistic moments of poetic inspiration.

(10)

The poems of Chamber Music embody aesthetic experience, and this perhaps provides the reason for their lack of appeal: they are too purely aesthetic. They are the result of a disposition of aesthetic materials in the imagination, but the actual process of disposition, when the human artist is struck by the quasi-divine inspiration, is not conveyed. The poems embody the instant when divine inspiration infused "the virgin womb of the imagination" and "the word was made flesh", but the word was only very barely (and perhaps not sufficiently for wide approval) made "flesh", because the humanity of the word and its maker is refined out of any contact with the verse. The divine inspiration of the verse is too purely embodied; it is too pure a poetry. Chamber Music tends to be too idealised and opaque to readers. And this is because it adheres strictly to Dedalus' description of "the lyrical form" in A Portrait (p.213), "the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to him-

self." To present his image in a mediate and sympathetic relation to others, he would have to intrude himself experiencing impressions, as a human being and recipient of sense impressions like his readers. Only then would there be a strong communication of the experience to others. But Dedalus also said of the "rhythmical cry" of the lyric (A Portrait, p.214) that "He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion." Joyce was more concerned to give a direct 'presentation of his image', to "catch in words the fleeting eucharistic moments of poetic inspiration" directly, than to place himself between the image and his poetic presentation or embodiment of it, to serve as an intermediary to interpret the aesthetic image into human terms and so to communicate it adequately to readers.

In A Portrait, however, Joyce finally did interpret the aesthetic image of a poem directly comparable with those of Chamber Music, into human terms - by adding a narrative to illustrate step by step the effect of inspiration on the young poet, and the process whereby the experience becomes distilled and refined into the aesthetic form of the final poem. If "The Villanelle of the Temptress" is deprived of the narrative, the pure ecstasy of poetic creation of which the villanelle is the result is not nearly as powerful and impressive on the reader. For "The Villanelle of the Temptress" and Chamber Music are an aesthetic form, not a living experience renewable by the reader.

However, Joyce achieved this by design. The poems follow strictly the design of Dedalus' Aesthetic. As befitted "the lyrical form", the artist in Chamber Music "is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of himself as feeling emotion" and he "presents his image in immediate relation to himself." He also presents his image in "silent

stasis" appropriate to an embodiment of "that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image" (A Portrait, p.213). If Joyce's poetical achievement is limited, it is because of the conscious limitation of his aesthetic, his conception of the form of the lyric. He achieved the aesthetic purity he sought in the lyric, but the form did not allow him the fuller expression of himself for which he turned to the "epical" form in the novels. Chamber Music is as much an enigma as Finnegans Wake; the personality of the artist is obscured.

As has been mentioned earlier, Chamber Music has a somewhat opaque form, a glossy surface of conventional metrical patterns and facile rhythms beneath which substance is further concealed by seemingly infinite repetitions of bland epithets like "soft" and "sweet". Corresponding to this pattern, words are sounds and rhythms; the vocabulary of Chamber Music has little visual impact. This was a deliberate achievement. Dedalus described the blanching effect of his composition:

by dint of brooding on the incident, he thought himself into confidence. During this process all those elements which he deemed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. There remained no trace of the train itself nor of the train-men nor of the horses: nor did he and she appear vividly. The verses told only of the night and the balmy breeze and the maiden lustre of the moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the protagonists as they stood in silence beneath the leafless trees. (A Portrait, p.71).

He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:

- A day of dappled seaborne clouds.

The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the grey-fringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? (A Portrait, p.167).

And in the artistic epiphany of A Portrait (p.216), inspiration was a "faint sweet music"; naturally, therefore, if the poems are to "catch in words the fleeting eucharistic moments of poetic inspiration", the words must not only tell of song and "soft sweet music" but in fact be harmony and rhythm.

The conventional metrical patterns of Chamber Music, then, and some of its bland and gently archaic vocabulary, are personal poetic requirements and not examples of the "fawning studiousness" ²⁵⁷ which some critics claim characterises the verse. Chamber Music is not an imitation of the Elizabethan song-books. Joyce's verse is spare, and has a more poised (or static) and less open and abandoned quality than have many of the Elizabethan airs. Chamber Music may contain a little of their spirit and distil their musicality, but although echoes of the Elizabethans and Jacobeans have been noted by critics (especially by Zabel, whose list of sources is incredibly extensive), specific charges have not been successfully laid against Joyce.

Chamber Music contains a number of allusions (to Song of Solomon in XIV and XXXIV, Ben Jonson in XXIV, Verlaine and Ezekiel in XXXV) but these are all worked competently and naturally into the verse so that the allusion becomes Joyce's achievement. Yeats' influence has also been noted, but there is again no question of slavish imitation by Joyce. The vision of poem XXXVI, for example, bears comparison with that of Yeats in "He Bids His Beloved Be at Peace", "The Valley of the Black Pig" and "The Hosting of the Sidhe" - and each of these poems is found in the collection The Wind Among the Reeds for which Joyce is said to have had an intense admiration. ²⁵⁸ Yet poem XXXVI is quite distinctly Joyce's achievement; it arose from "an actual dream" according to Stanislaus, ²⁵⁹ it is far more impressive than Yeats' similar poems (it is more archetypal, more ominous,

its imagery is sharper, and its broken rhythm more relentless) and fully deserves the tribute that "It is a technical and emotional masterpiece," paid Joyce by Yeats himself. 260.

However, in the second part of Chamber Music, when the lyric note is being increasingly assailed by the antiphon of the world with its "sad austerities" and harsh realities, the poetry tends to become a little more complex and in a number of cases has considerable subtlety. Poem XIX proceeds in its statement of pride by measured tread until a climactic double negative in the last line brings the verse to an appropriate triumphal stand of proud affirmation. Another proud stance, poem XXI, is, as Tindall described it, 261. a "rhythmic and phonetic" and "also semantic" triumph. Poems XXV and XXVI as described above and more fully in "Notes on the Poems", treat of the transcendent and transmuting and harmonising powers of the imagination. Again as described above, poem XXIV evinces a rather elegant irony hinging on the subtle twist of an allusion to Ben Jonson, and a similar ironical distortion is made in poem XXXIV of a line from Song of Solomon. And in XXVII, the irony is even directed at the verse itself,

For elegant and antique phrase,
Dearest, my lips wax all too wise,
Nor have I known a love whose praise
Our piping poets solemnize,
Neither a love where may not be
Ever so little falsity.

This note corresponds with the manifesto which Dedalus delivered to Cranly in Stephen Hero (p.179):

The Vita Nuova of Dante suggested to him that he should make his scattered love-verses into a perfect wreath.... His love-verses gave him pleasure: he wrote them at long intervals and when he wrote it was always a mature and reasoned emotion which urged him. But in his expressions of love he found himself compelled to use what he called the feudal terminology and as he could not use it with the same faith and purpose as animated the

feudal poets themselves he was compelled to express his love a little ironically.

Nevertheless, apart from poem XII in which the poet's wisdom triumphs "In disregard of the divine", the note of irony and some subtlety and complexity occurs only in the latter half of the sequence.

Increasingly throughout the second part of Chamber Music the world, common life with its "sad austerities", its "lying clamour" and its "woe/Vales and many a wasted sun", has begun to impinge on the poet in his chamber of harmony:

Desolate winds assail with cries
The shadowy garden where love is.

And soon shall love dissolved be
When over us the wild winds blow (XXIX).

A rogue ...
Is knocking, knocking at the tree
And all around our loneliness
The wind is whistling merrily (XXXIII).

Finally, heralded by the ponderous tolling of the waves and the winds' cry in poem XXXV, the horsemen of the poet's apocalypse make a triumphant irruption into the poet's chamber in XXXVI and ravish his lyric Muse. Poem XXXVI is a total breakthrough of the euphony, smooth conventional rhythm patterns and bland imagery of Chamber Music. The "desolate winds" assailing with cries and "whistling merrily" and the rogue "knocking, knocking at the tree" become a "thunder of horses plunging", an army of arrogant charioteers who, with "their whirling laughter",

They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

And the longer irregular line completes the relentless thunder of their ride. Poem XXXVI is quite distinct from its companion poems in Chamber Music, although it completes their theme naturally in the last two lines, and to devastating effect. When Joyce returned to

poetry, with the small offering of Pomes Penyeach, the tone he recaptures is not the lyricism of the majority of the Chamber Music poems, but that of poem XXXVI. The final poem of Chamber Music documents the end of his enchantered celebrations of the "fleeting ... moments of poetic inspiration" in the eucharist of his lyric art; **it records the advent of a new reality.** In a letter quoted above, Ezra Pound wrote, ^{262.}

Joyce - pleasing; after the first shell of cantankerous Irishman, I got the impression that the real man is the author of Chamber Music, the sensitive.

Pound added:

The rest is the genius; the registration of realities on the temperament, the delicate temperament of the early poems.

Realities began to be registered on "the delicate temperament" of Chamber Music in the final poem of the sequence. Poem XXXVI certainly partakes of the genius of the later works.

Just as certain biographical details of significance to Chamber Music have come to light since Tindall published his edition of the poems in 1954, so new material of a bibliographical nature has appeared. The four manuscripts of Chamber Music in the Cornell Joyce Collection have not been noted in either Slocum & Cahoon's Bibliography or Tindall's edition. They include at least two important textual variants of poems not recorded in Tindall, and four poems included among Chamber Music poems but not published in the final text. And in 1953, J.F. Byrne published his copy of an apocryphal poem written by Joyce concurrently with poems published later as Chamber Music.

A. MANUSCRIPTS.

Tindall's description of the manuscripts largely summarises the appropriate section of the Slocum & Cahoon Bibliography. He notes the three principal manuscripts, and four manuscripts of one or more poems.

(i) The Beach-Gilvary MS: the earliest of the sequences, contains the first 34 poems of Chamber Music, with the exception of poem XXI. It comprises two groups of poems. Twenty-seven were copied out on large sheets numbered 1 to 27, but in Joyce's original order: I, III, II, IV, V, VIII, VII, IX, XVII, XVIII, VI, X, XIII, XIV, XV, XIX, XXIII, XXII, XXIV, XVI, XXI, XXVIII, XXIX, XXXII, XXX, XXXIII, XXXIV. Tindall suggested that these 27 poems "seem to have been copied out in 1902 or 1903."¹ However, at least three poems, XV, XVII, and XXIV, were written in 1904.² The remaining six poems were copied out later (1903 or 1904) on smaller sheets of inferior quality, separately numbered and added perhaps by Miss Sylvia Beach, in the following order: XI, XII, XX, XXV, XXVI, XXVII. (James Gilvarry Collection).

(ii) The Yale MS.: contains the first 34 poems of Chamber Music, written on inferior paper and entitled "Chamber Music (a suite of thirty-four songs for lovers) by James Joyce," dated at Trieste, Austria, 1905. Joyce's arrangement again differs from that of the first edition: II, IV, III, V, VI, XII, VIII, VII, IX, XIII, XVI, XXVI, XV, XVII, XIX, XXII, X, XI, XVIII, XIV, I, XXIV, XX, XXI, XXIX, XXV, XXVII, XXVIII, XXX, XXXII, XXIII, XXXI, XXXIII, XXXIV. There were at least two, and possibly three, copies of this version. Arthur Symons sent one to Grant Richards in September 1904, which Richards mislaid and Joyce replaced on 17 August 1905. Richards returned one of these manuscripts on 27 November 1904.³ On 15 October 1905, Joyce made another copy to send to Constable.

(Slocum Library, Yale).

(iii) The Slocum MS. : The final arrangement, from which the first edition was printed. It consists of 36 sheets, with a title-page reading "Chamber Music by James Joyce MS 24 October 1906: Rome." (Slocum Library, Yale).

One of the most interesting of the Chamber Music manuscripts, the one copied by Joyce on vellum and presented to his wife, Christmas 1909, is described by Slocum & Cahoon. This manuscript was listed in the La Hune Catalogue 1949, No. 65; it featured an ornate design on the cover incorporating the entwined initials of Joyce and his wife, and the Joyce family arms. It is dedicated "To my darling Nora Christmas 1909," and on a subsequent page Joyce also wrote "This copy of my poems was made by me in Dublin and finished on the eleventh of November of the year 1909." However, although Slocum & Cahoon state that this manuscript is in the Lockwood Memorial Library of the University of Buffalo,⁴ Tindall denies this, affirming instead that "It was in Mrs.

Joyce's possession until her death 10 April, 1951 . I do not know its present whereabouts." 5.

There are five miscellaneous manuscripts of Chamber Music mentioned by Slocum & Cahoon and Tindall:

(i) The Thompson MSS. : consists of poems I, V, XXIV, XXVIII, XXXIV. They were written by Joyce on scraps of ruled paper torn from notebooks, each signed "J.A.J." Slocum & Cahoon note that as the text follows the printed edition, "they may have been considered final drafts." 6. This manuscript also contains a sixth poem not published in the final version of Chamber Music, "Come out to where the youth is met" (described in B. CHAMBER MUSIC 'APOCRYPHA', below). (John Hinsdale Thompson Collection).

(ii) The Byrne MS. : a postcard addressed to J.F. Byrne, 15 December 1902, from the Hotel Corneille, Paris, on the verso of which Joyce has inscribed poem XXXV, entitled "Second Part - Opening which tells of the journeyings of the soul." This manuscript is of particular interest because of the title, which suggests that Joyce had a definite concept of his own for the arrangement of Chamber Music before Stanislaus Joyce proposed his new arrangement in 1906. (Slocum Library, Yale).

(iii) The Stanislaus Joyce MS. : an early version of poem XX, signed "J.A.J.", and dated 1903 - on half of the torn-off second sheet of a letter.

(Last recorded in possession of Stanislaus Joyce).

(iv) The Curran MSS. : copies of poems XXI (dated 30 September 1904, with "Dedication / To Nora") and XXVII, both presented by Joyce to Constantine Curran in 1904.

(Constantine Curran Collection).

(v) A MS. noted by Slocum & Cahoon as "a portion of a single poem [unspecified] copied by Joyce into the autograph album of a woman now living in Brooklyn, New York." 7.

However, neither Slocum & Cahoon nor Tindall mentions the four Chamber Music manuscripts in the Cornell Joyce Collection. 8.
The three minor manuscripts comprise:

(i) A proof copy (from which poems XXXI-XXXIV have been lost), dated 1907, the title page being that of the first edition, with its elaborate design of columns, drapery, scrolls, and what Joyce described as "an open planner." 9. Two poems are corrected in ink.

(ii) A fragment of a draft of poem XXI (date: c.1904), only three lines of which are preserved. This autograph manuscript is of particular interest because it has been written on stationery of "THE TOWER, SANDYCOVE." Joyce inhabited the Martello Tower from 9 September to 19 September 1904; and since Constantine Curran's MS., dated later, on 30 September 1904 (with "Dedication / To Nora"), is identical to the final text (save for three commas), whereas one of the lines on the Cornell MS. differs from all of the variants recorded in Tindall, this is probably an earlier manuscript of poem XXI than Curran's. This fragment has some significance for an interpretation of the poem because, dating from the Martello Tower period, it is one of three indications that poem XXI has a biographical reference, to Joyce, his relationship with Nora, and his break with Gogarty. (The other indications are discussed in the **Introductory Essay**.)

(iii) Poem IV and an early version of poem XXXVI, which are dated 8 February 1903, signed by Joyce, and included in a letter from James to Stanislaus Joyce, on stationery of the Grand Hotel

Corneille, Paris. It is significant for the substantial differences in stanzas two and three of poem XXXVI, which are not among the textual variants recorded in Tindall. Ellman reprints this version of poem XXXVI as follows:

I hear an army charging upon the land
 And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees,
 Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
 Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry amid the night their battle-name;
 I moan in sleep, hearing afar their whirling laughter.
 They ride through the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
 With hoofs clanging upon the heart, as upon an anvil.

They come triumphantly shaking their long green hair,
 They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore -
 My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
 Little white breast, O why have you left me alone? 10.

However, the most important of these manuscripts consists of poems II-XXXVIII in final or near-final form, arranged in final order, preceded by four poems not included in the final text (described below, B. CHAMBER MUSIC 'APOCRYPHA'). On the verso of the sheet used for poem XVIII is the date 1902, and most of the poems may be dated 1902-1903, though a few were probably added in 1904. Seven poems were written in Joyce's hand, his brother apparently inscribing the remaining 29, mostly on poor-quality paper torn from notebooks.

The particular interest in this Cornell MS., apart from the inclusion of the four apocryphal poems, lies in its dual numbering system, which probably post-dates the bulk of the manuscript by two or three years. The first four unpublished poems bear no numbers, but the remainder are numbered at the tops of the pages in an order corresponding to that of the Yale MS., and at the bottom of the pages in their final order, which is the order of this arrangement. The poems are also secured by a brass tack in the upper left corner

except for the first four poems, which have been removed, and attached to the tack at the end of the manuscript are the corners of three missing pages (probably poems XXXIV-XXXVI).

This manuscript documents, therefore, the rearranging of the order of Chamber Music. Since the two systems of numbering are in pencil, and several of the poems have been revised by James Joyce in pencil, it is likely that this was the manuscript with which Joyce was considering his brother's new arrangement, and also apparently considering other early poems, during October 1906 at Rome. The poor quality of the paper, and the fact that 29 of the poems were copied out not by James Joyce but apparently by Stanislaus, suggest that this manuscript was compiled by Stanislaus and sent on to James Joyce as the first example of what was to become the final arrangement of Chamber Music. If in fact the numbering was by James Joyce, this helps the evidence of the letters in confuting Tindall's claim that Stanislaus Joyce's arrangement was accepted with disinterest, without question or consideration by Joyce. 11.

Of the four major manuscripts of Chamber Music which have been located, only the first group of 27 poems of the Beach-Gilvarry MS. (written by Joyce on large sheets of good-quality paper) bears any resemblance to the manuscript, described in the Introductory Essay above, which Joyce carried about Dublin with him in 1901 or 1902. But Tindall suggests the Beach-Gilvarry MS. was written over a long period, 1901-1904. And both Tindall and Slocum & Cahoon deny Sylvia Beach's claim (when advertising the manuscript in 1935) that it was "the original manuscript of 33 of the 36 poems that compose this work.... It was from this

manuscript, specially prepared for the occasion, that in 1902 the youthful James Joyce read aloud his poems to W.B. Yeats." ^{12.}

The latter part of this statement, that the manuscript was "specially prepared for the occasion," itself disputes the first claim that the manuscript was "the original," besides suggesting there was more than one version. Joyce's treasured manuscript roll certainly pre-dated his first meeting with Yeats. Moreover, if one takes into account Byrne's evidence, described below, that "the finished poems were invariably done on slips ... provided ... to the readers of the National Library," ^{13.} and the further fact that Chamber Music came into existence in its final selection of poems and its final arrangement no earlier than 1905, an "original manuscript" for Chamber Music is a mythical document.

B. CHAMBER MUSIC 'APOCRYPHAL'

When Joyce began in 1901 or 1902 to compile his new collection of poems which was to become Chamber Music, he was able to choose from about 40 poems from his two earlier volumes of poems ^{14.} and others which he composed later. Some of the poems not included in Chamber Music were printed later in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and Stephen Hero. Tindall does not concern himself with those poems which were not published in the final text. However, manuscripts of six of these poems (including two manuscripts of one) have been found - and they are of interest because five of them were in manuscripts of Chamber Music collections, and their omission from Chamber Music gives some idea of the intended nature of the final text. And although Stanislaus suggested the final arrangement, it was James Joyce himself who selected what poems would be included in Chamber Music.

The Cornell MS. of Chamber Music contains four of these poems, placed at the beginning of the sequence, arranged as follows:

- a) "Though we are leaving youth behind...."
- b) "She is at peace where she is sleeping...."
- c) "I said: I will go down to where...."
- d) "Alas, how sad the lover's lot...." ^{15.}

Poem c) "I said I will go down to where...." also appears as another Cornell MS. ^{16.} - on the verso of fol. 135 of MS. no. 4, "My Crucible," which was Stanislaus' journal. ^{17.}

The Thompson MS. contains another unpublished poem, "Come out to where the youth is met," along with poems I, V, XXIV, XXVIII, XXXIV of Chamber Music. Ellmann ^{18.} prints this poem as follows:

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

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

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

This poem was written in 1903, about the same time as poems XII and XXV of Chamber Music. Ellmann's gloss on both poem XXV and "Come out to where the youth is met" is: "He would revive the gaiety, as he had revived the song, of the Elizabethans." ^{19.} But whereas poem XXV embodies, in subtly-operative and slightly-distanced imagery, a theme of the transience of love on one level, and of song and aesthetic illumination and exaltation above the clouds of mortality on another, "Come out to where the youth is met" is too specific, breaking the opaque, symbolic surface rippling with

lightly-concealed suggestion, which is characteristic of Chamber Music.

The final poem of the extant Chamber Music apocrypha was presented to J.F. Byrne in late March 1902. Tindall was unable to persuade Byrne to transcribe this poem for him, and he indulges in some petulance at Byrne's expense in recording this fact: "Besides these thirty-six and those printed in Stephen Hero and A Portrait of the Artist at least two others survive: one in the collection of John Hinsdale Thompson, who kindly transcribed it for me, and the other in the hands of J.F. Byrne, who does not open them. Mr. Byrne, the Cranly of Joyce's works, is suitably described in Stephen Hero." ²⁰.

Byrne finally printed his poem in his autobiography Silent Years ²¹. in 1953:

I

O, it is cold and still - alas! -
 The soft white bosom of my love,
 Wherein no mood of guile or fear
 But only gentleness did move.
 She heard as standing on the shore,
 A bell above the water's toll,
 She heard the call of, "come away"
 Which is the calling of the soul.

II

They covered her with linen white
 And set white candles at her head
 And loosened out her glorious hair
 And laid her on a snow-white bed.
 I saw her passing like a cloud,
 Discreet and silent and apart.
 O, little joy and great sorrow
 Is all the music of the heart

III

The fiddle has a mournful sound
 That's playing in the street below.
 I would I lay with her I love -
 And who is there to say me no?
 We lie upon the bed of love
 And lie together in the ground:
 To live, to love and to forget
 Is all the wisdom lovers have.

Byrne wrote this out on two National Library slips from Joyce's rough copy, "verbatim et literatim." He states that "Joyce gave me copies of all the poems he wrote prior to October 1902," and that "the finished poems were invariably done on slips of good quality white paper provided free and in abundance to the readers of the National Library."²² He kept them for more than 20 years, then sold the few originals he had left to John Quinn. The present location of these manuscripts, however, is not known.

C. EDITIONS.

The list of editions printed below follows Tindall. Numbers of copies printed have been added, where known.

Chamber Music.

First Edition: Elkin Mathews, London, 1907. (509 copies).

Second Edition: Elkin Mathews, London, 1918.

First American Edition (Unofficial - pirated): The Cornhill Company, Boston, 1918. (About 1,000 copies).

First American Edition (Official - on Joyce's instructions, a Publisher's Note was added: "This is the only American Edition of Chamber Music that is authorized by Mr. Joyce.")²³.

B.W. Huebsch, New York, 1918.

Second Official American Edition: B.W. Hurbach, New York, 1923.

Third English Edition: Egoist Press, London, 1923. (500 copies).

Fourth English Edition: Jonathan Cape, London, 1927.

(Reprinted 1934, 1943, 1945, 1949, 1950.)

Collected Poems:

Black Sun Press, New York, 1936. (800 copies).

Viking Press, New York, 1937. (1,000 copies). Reprinted 1937
(1,000 copies), 1944 (1,000 copies), and 1946 (2,500 copies).

There has been no separate English edition of Collected Poems.

The Portable James Joyce: Viking Press, New York, 1947 (25,000
copies).

The Essential James Joyce:

Jonathan Cape, London, 1948. (25,000 copies.)

Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, 1963. Reprinted 1965.

D. CONTRIBUTIONS OF CHAMBER MUSIC POEMS TO PERIODICALS AND
ANTHOLOGIES.

Tindall follows Slocum & Cahoon's listing of poems published in magazines, but with two exceptions (Globe & Querschmitt). Both authorities omit the publication of poem I, unsigned under the title "Verses by a Past Belvederian" in "The Belvederian," Joyce's old college magazine. Tindall does not mention contributions to anthologies, and Slocum & Cahoon omit two. ^{24.}

(i) MAGAZINES

Poem XXIV: The Saturday Review, London, XCVII.2533 (May 14, 1904),
619.

Poem XVIII: The Speaker, London N.S.X.252 (July 30, 1904), 408.

Poem VII: Dana, Dublin, 4 (August 1904), 124.

Poem VI: The Speaker, London, N.S.XI.262 (October 8, 1904), 36.

- Poems XII and XXVI: The Venture, An Annual of Art and Literature,
London (1905), 92.
- Poem I: The Belvederian, Dublin (Summer, 1907), 71.
- Poem I: Irish Homestead, Dublin, XVII.38 (September 17, 1910), 785.
- Poem XXXVI: Globe, New York, I.5 (February, 1914), 40.
- Poems XII, XV, XXVI, XXIX, XXXVI: Querschnitt, Frankfurt a.M.,
III.3/4 (Fall, 1923), 157-9.

(ii) ANTHOLOGIES

- Poems I, XI, XII: COOKE, John (ed.). The Dublin Book of Irish
Verse 1729-1909 (Dublin and London, 1909), pp. 642-643.
- Poems I, III, XXXVI: TYMAN, Katharine (ed.). The Wild Harp,
A Selection of Irish Poetry (London, 1913).
- Poem XXIX: GREGORY, Padric (ed.). Modern Anglo-Irish Verse
(London, 1914).
- Poem XXXVI: POUND, Ezra (ed.). Des Imagistes: An Anthology
(New York, 1914), p. 40.
- Poem XXXVI: POUND, Ezra (ed.). An Anthology Collected in
MCMXXI (Milan, 1932), p. 19.

E. TRANSLATIONS AND MUSICAL SETTINGS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.

Translations into French, Italian, Polish and Japanese, of
Chamber Music, or of separate poems from it, are listed in Slocum &
Cahoon, Bibliography of James Joyce, pp. 109-128 (D12, D26, D28,
D40, D59, D75, D77, D81, D90, F31).

Musical settings of poems from Chamber Music are listed in
Slocum & Cahoon, Bibliography of James Joyce, pp. 163-169 (F1-4,
F6-13, F16, F19-22, F28, F30-31, F33-36). Published musical
settings include:

Poem I (3 settings);	Poem XXI (1 setting);
Poem IV (1 setting);	Poem XXVIII (4 settings);
Poem V (3 settings);	Poem XXIX (1 setting);
Poem VII (1 setting);	Poem XXXI (3 settings);
Poem VIII (1 setting);	Poem XXXII (4 settings);
Poem X (1 setting);	Poem XXXIII (2 settings);
Poem XI (3 settings);	Poem XXXIV (4 settings);
Poem XIV (1 setting);	Poem XXXV (4 settings);
Poem XV (1 setting);	Poem XXXVI (3 settings);
Poem XVI (3 settings);	

Composers of published musical settings of Chamber Music poems include: Adolph Mann, Louis Koennenich, Elliot Griffis, Eugene Bonner, Frank Bridge, Lee Pattison, J. Bertram Fox, Sidney Harrison, Creighton Allen, Eugene Goossens, Israel Citkowitz, E.J. Moeran, David Diamond, Samuel Barber, Wm. R. Smith, Edmund Pendleton, Karol Szymanowski, Sergius Kagen, Gardner Read, Robert Ward.

T H E P O E M S

The following text of Chamber Music is that of the first edition, Elkin Mathews, London, 1907, as printed in Tindall.

For textual variants, see Tindall, but note variants for poem XXXVI which Tindall has not recorded, but which are included in the textual notes preceding.

I

Strings in the earth and air

Make music sweet;

Strings by the river where

The willows meet.

There's music along the river

For Love wanders there,

Pale flowers on his mantle,

Dark leaves on his hair.

All softly playing,

With head to the music bent,

And fingers straying

Upon an instrument.

II

The twilight turns from amethyst
To deep and deeper blue,
The lamp fills with a pale green glow
The trees of the avenue.

The old piano plays an air,
Sedate and slow and gay;
She bends upon the yellow keys,
Her head inclines this way.

Shy thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands
That wander as they list -
The twilight turns to darker blue
With lights of amethyst.

III

At that hour when all things have repose,
O lonely watcher of the skies,
Do you hear the night wind and the sighs
Of harps playing unto Love to uncloset
The pale gates of sunrise?

When all things repose do you alone
Awake to hear the sweet harps play
To Love before him on his way,
And the night wind answering in antiphon
Till night is overgone?

Play on, invisible harps, unto Love,
Whose way in heaven is aglow
At that hour when soft lights come and go,
Soft sweet music in the air above
And in the earth below.

IV

When the shy star goes forth in heaven

All maidenly, disconsolate,

Hear you amid the drowsy even

One who is singing by your gate.

His song is softer than the dew

And he is come to visit you.

O bend no more in revery

When he at eventide is calling,

Nor muse: Who may this singer be

Whose song about my heart is falling?

Know you by this, the lover's chant,

'Tis I that am your visitant.

V

Lean out of the window,
 Goldenhair,
I heard you singing
 A merry air.

My book was closed;
 I read no more,
Watching the fire dance
 On the floor.

I have left my book,
 I have left my room,
For I heard you singing
 Through the gloom.

Singing and singing
 A merry air,
Lean out of the window,
 Goldenhair.

VI

I would in that sweet bosom be
 (O sweet it is and fair it is!)
Where no rude wind might visit me.
 Because of sad austerities
I would in that sweet bosom be.

I would be ever in that heart
 (O soft I knock and soft entreat her!)
Where only peace might be my part.
 Austerities were all the sweeter
So I were ever in that heart.

My love is in a light attire
Among the apple-trees,
Where the gay winds do most desire
To run in companies.

There, where the gay winds stay to woo
The young leaves as they pass,
My love goes slowly, bending to
Her shadow on the grass;

And where the sky's a pale blue cup
Over the laughing land,
My love goes lightly, holding up
Her dress with dainty hand.

VIII

Who goes amid the green wood

With springtide all adorning her?

Who goes amid the merry green wood

To make it merrier?

Who passes in the sunlight

By ways that know the light footfall?

Who passes in the sweet sunlight

With mien so virginal?

The ways of all the woodland

Gleam with a soft and golden fire -

For whom does all the sunny woodland

Carry so brave attire?

O, it is for my true love

The woods their rich apparel wear -

O, it is for my own true love,

That is so young and fair.

IX

Winds of May, that dance on the sea,
Dancing a ring-around in glee
From furrow to furrow, while overhead
The foam flies up to be garlanded,
In silvery arches spanning the air,
Saw you my true love anywhere?

Welladay! Welladay!

For the winds of May!

Love is unhappy when love is away!

X

Bright cap and streamers,

He sings in the hollow:

Come follow, come follow,

All you that love.

Leave dreams to the dreamers

That will not after,

That song and laughter

Do nothing move.

With ribbons streaming

He sings the bolder;

In troop at his shoulder

The wild bees hum.

And the time of dreaming

Dreams is over -

As lover to lover,

Sweetheart, I come.

XI

Bid adieu, adieu, adieu,
 Bid adieu to girlish days,
Happy Love is come to woo
 Thee and woo thy girlish ways -
The zone that doth become thee fair,
The snood upon thy yellow hair.

When thou hast heard his name upon
 The bugles of the cherubim
Begin thou softly to unzone
 Thy girlish bosom unto him
And softly to undo the snood
That is the sign of maidenhood.

XII

What counsel has the hooded moon

Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,

Of Love in ancient plenilune,

Glory and stars beneath his feet -

A sage that is but kith and kin

With the comedian Capuchin?

Believe me rather that am wise

In disregard of the divine,

A glory kindles in those eyes

Trembles to starlight. Mine, O Mine!

No more be tears in moon or mist

For thee, sweet sentimentalist.

XIII

Go seek her out all courteously,

And say I come,

Wind of spices whose song is ever

Epithalamium.

O, hurry over the dark lands

And run upon the sea

For seas and lands shall not divide us,

My love and me.

Now, wind, of your good courtesy

I pray you go,

And come into her little garden

And sing at her window;

Singing: The bridal wind is blowing

For Love is at his noon;

And soon will your true love be with you,

Soon, O soon.

XIV

My dove, my beautiful one,

Arise, arise!

The night-dew lies

Upon my lips and eyes.

The odorous winds are weaving

A music of sighs:

Arise, arise,

My dove, my beautiful one!

I wait by the cedar tree,

My sister, my love.

White breast of the dove,

My breast shall be your bed.

The pale dew lies

Like a veil on my head.

My fair one, my fair dove,

Arise, arise!

XV

From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,
From love's deep slumber and from death,
For lo! the trees are full of sighs
Whose leaves the morn admonisheth.

Eastward the gradual dawn prevails
Where softly-burning fires appear,
Making to tremble all those veils
Of grey and golden gossamer.

While sweetly, gently, secretly,
The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
Begin (innumerable!) to be heard.

XVI

O cool is the valley now
And there, love, will we go
For many a choir is singing now
Where Love did sometime go.
And hear you not the thrushes calling,
Calling us away?
O cool and pleasant is the valley
And there, love, will we stay.

XVII

Because your voice was at my side
I gave him pain,
Because within my hand I held
Your hand again.

There is no word nor any sign
Can make amend -
He is a stranger to me now
Who was my friend.

XVIII

O Sweetheart, hear you
Your lover's tale;
A man shall have sorrow
When friends him fail.

For he shall know then
Friends be untrue
And a little ashes
Their words come to.

But one unto him
Will softly move
And softly woo him
In ways of love.

His hand is under
Her smooth round breast;
So he who has sorrow
Shall have rest.

XIX

Be not sad because all men

Prefer a lying clamour before you:

Sweetheart, be at peace again -

Can they dishonour you?

They are sadder than all tears;

Their lives ascend as a continual sigh.

Proudly answer to their tears:

As they deny, deny.

XX

In the dark pine-wood

I would we lay,

In deep cool shadow

At noon of day.

How sweet to lie there,

Sweet to kiss,

Where the great pine-forest

Enaisled is!

Thy kiss descending

Sweeter were

With a soft tumult

Of thy hair.

O, unto the pine-wood

At noon of day

Come with me now,

Sweet love, away.

XXI

He who hath glory lost, nor hath
 Found any soul to fellow his,
Among his foes in scorn and wrath
 Holding to ancient nobleness,
That high unconsortable one -
His love is his companion.

XXII

Of that so sweet imprisonment

My soul, dearest, is fain -

Soft arms that woo me to relent

And woo me to detain.

Ah, could they ever hold me there

Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms

By love made tremulous,

That night allures me where alarms

Nowise may trouble us;

But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed

Where soul with soul lies prisoned.

XXIII

This heart that flutters near my heart
My hope and all my riches is,
Unhappy when we draw apart
And happy between kiss and kiss;
My hope and all my riches - yes! -
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest
The wrens will divers treasures keep,
I laid those treasures I possessed
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.
Shall we not be as wise as they
Though love live but a day?

XXIV

Silently she's combing,
 Combing her long hair,
Silently and graciously,
 With many a pretty air.

The sun is in the willow leaves
 And on the dappled grass,
And still she's combing her long hair
 Before the looking-glass.

I pray you, cease to comb out,
 Comb out your long hair,
For I have heard of witchery
 Under a pretty air,

That makes as one thing to the lover
 Staying and going hence,
All fair, with many a pretty air
 And many a negligence.

XXV

Lightly come or lightly go:

 Though thy heart presage thee woe,
Vales and many a wasted sun,
 Oread let thy laughter run
Till the irreverent mountain air
Ripple all thy flying hair.

Lightly, lightly - ever so:

 Clouds that wrap the vales below
At the hour of evenstar
 Lowliest attendants are;
Love and laughter song-confessed
When the heart is heaviest.

XXVI

Thou leanest to the shell of night,
Dear lady, a divining ear.
In that soft choiring of delight
What sound hath made thy heart to fear?
Seemed it of rivers rushing forth
From the grey deserts of the north?

That mood of thine, O timorous,
Is his, if thou but scan it well,
Who a mad tale bequeaths to us
At ghosting hour conjurable -
And all for some strange name he read
In Purchas or in Holinshed.

XXVII

Though I thy Mithridates were,
 Framed to defy the poison-dart,
Yet must thou fold me unaware
 To know the rapture of thy heart,
And I but render and confess
The malice of thy tenderness.

For elegant and antique phrase,
 Dearest, my lips wax all too wise;
Nor have I known a love whose praise
 Our piping poets solemnize,
Neither a love where may not be
Ever so little falsity.

XXVIII

Gentle lady, do not sing
Sad songs about the end of love;
Lay aside sadness and sing
How love that passes is enough.

Sing about the long deep sleep
Of lovers that are dead, and how
In the grave all love shall sleep:
Love is weary now.

XXIX

Dear heart, why will you use me so?

Dear eyes that gently me upbraid,
Still are you beautiful - but O,
How is your beauty raimented!

Through the clear mirror of your eyes,
Through the soft sigh of kiss to kiss,
Desolate winds assail with cries
The shadowy garden where love is.

And soon shall love dissolved be
When over us the wild winds blow -
But you, dear love, too dear to me,
Alas! why will you use me so?

XXX

Love came to us in time gone by

When one at twilight shyly played

And one in fear was standing nigh -

For Love at first is all afraid.

We were grave lovers. Love is past

That had his sweet hours many a one;

Welcome to us now at the last

The ways that we shall go upon.

XXXI

O, it was out by Donnycarney
 When the bat flew from tree to tree
My love and I did walk together;
 And sweet were the words she said to me.

Along with us the summer wind
 Went murmuring - O, happily! -
But softer than the breath of summer
 Was the kiss she gave to me.

XXXII

Rain has fallen all the day.

O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

XXXIII

Now, O now, in this brown land
Where Love did so sweet music make
We two shall wander, hand in hand,
Forbearing for old friendship' sake,
Nor grieve because our love was gay
Which now is ended in this way.

A rogue in red and yellow dress
Is knocking, knocking at the tree;
And all around our loneliness
The wind is whistling merrily.
The leaves - they do not sigh at all
When the year takes them in the fall.

Now, O now, we hear no more
The vilanelle and roundelay!
Yet will we kiss, sweetheart, before
We take sad leave at close of day.
Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything -
The year, the year is gathering.

XXXIV

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!

A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.

O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -

Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

XXXV

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

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

XXXVI

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about
their knees:
Arrogant in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the
charioteers.
They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling
laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an
anvil.
They come shaking in triumph their long, green
hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by
the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me
alone?

III

NOTES ON THE POEMS

It has been indicated above that the arrangement of Chamber Music was not entirely the "structural triumph" of Stanislaus Joyce. Furthermore, exegeses of individual poems in their final order are not rendered invalid by a different ordering. However the parts are arranged, their individual nature inheres.

Most Chamber Music critics have declined discussions of the particular, instead pursuing general questions of structure, sources and overall rhythm and tone. But as John Anderson said of those who belonged to what he described as the "that reminds me" school of "unaesthetic" criticism: ^{1.}

Joyce may quite well have been influenced by the Elizabethans, but a consideration of the poet's education still leaves the poetry to be considered.

Because of its rhythmic facility and its apparent superficialities, the poetry may beguile the reader from a consideration of particular meaning. And again its enigmatical nature encourages critics to come to Chamber Music with preconceived hypotheses (which commonly can be applied to only a few of the 36 poems), as Virginia Moseley did with Ezekiel, as Tindall did with the "mad humour" of micturition. But the superficialities are only superficial, and obviously the first principle of Chamber Music is the poems themselves. Each poem speaks its own significance and demands recognition in general interpretation; each poem requires investigation.

I

An allegorical figure of Love is introduced. He and his natural surroundings are at one, and the general harmony is expressed in musical terms: "Strings in the earth and air/Make

music sweet," "All softly playing." He is the prime mover of this harmony: "There's music along the river/For Love wanders there." However, it appears to be a somewhat lugubrious harmony, reflected in nature's mantle of sorrow and death (the willow and "Pale flowers" and "dark leaves"). He is aimless (he is wandering by the river, his fingers are "straying upon an instrument"), preoccupied with and mesmerised by his own music (his head is "to the music bent", to the music he creates), and sad in his solitariness (he walks by willows, and wears "Pale flowers on his mantle,/Dark leaves on his hair"). His name "Love", merely signifies desire. The development of the sequence of poems gives him an aim, an object for his desire, and a new and more enchanting harmony, inspired by a feminine figure.

This poem is echoed in a letter from Joyce to Nora, 21 August 1909: 2.

When I wrote [Chamber Music] I was a strange, lonely boy, walking about by myself at night and thinking that some day a girl would love me.

Tindall said that 3.

Love's instrument, whether musical or phallic, is creative or, at least, should be. Ineffectual as yet, it represents on the obvious or musical level an attempt to reconcile above and ~~below~~ by art.

However, the poem itself says that Love is the cause of the harmony, that his playing of his instrument, far from "ineffectual", leads the harmony of "All softly playing", and is accompanied by "Strings in the earth and air."

The "Strings in the earth and air/... Strings by the river where/The willows meet" of the first stanza reflect Love's instrument in the last stanza. The image seems to be of willows arcing gracefully over the river and trailing their long leafy branches to meet the water, possibly, like Love's fingers, playing upon the

water, or more probably like the strings of a harp, an Aeolian harp. being played upon by the wind ("Strings in the earth and air"). The harp, moreover, which was the national instrument of the Hebrews and the Irish, was hung upon the willows in Psalms 137:2, to symbolise sorrow when

1. By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
2. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

Love's mantle of sorrow in the second stanza, "Pale flowers on his mantle,/Dark leaves on his hair," seems to recall Milton's Lycidas (l.103):

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

The line "With head to the music bent" may be an echo of a poem from the First Book of Ayres of Thomas Campion, Jacobean lutanist: ⁴

To music bent is my retired mind,
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing.

Love, in poem I of Chamber Music, has the same desire; and like Campion awaits a spiritual inspiration. Love, having received his inspiration (as described in V), begins to sing his song in IV.

Kenner wrote of the tightly-controlled, spare quality of Joyce's achievement in poem I, ⁵

There is not a superfluous word, nor a violation of spoken order ("Music sweet," the apparent exception, happens to be sound rhetoric as well as compliant rhyme); the images ~~con~~through with quiet exactness; the rhythm, without violation of the tone of unearthly luting, shifts gently twice to mark out three allotropic moods. It follows, in the words of the Imagist Manifesto, the sequence of the musical phrase, not that of the metronome. Syntactic phrases are rhythmic blocks. The syntax is exact but unobtrusive; it is neither the plush vehicle of the images nor their Procrustean frame. If Joyce had not learnt to write with this economy, he could not have written Dubliners.

Joyce described poem I as a "prelude",⁶ and it justifies this description by introducing a number of the recurrent motifs of Chamber Music. The most obvious are the instruments and occupation of music and the pervading harmony, however morbid at this stage of the suite. There is also the blanching presence of the words "soft" ("all softly playing") and "sweet" ("Make music sweet"). "Soft" and variants is employed seventeen times in Chamber Music; "sweet" and variants twenty-one times. As Tindall notes, "The abundance of those two words helps give Chamber Music its reputation for triviality, emptiness and sentiment."⁷ However, Joyce's use of these words was quite deliberate, for he was meticulous in the composition of the verses, and one could certainly not impugn his vocabulary. In Stephen Hero (p.32) the young poet is seen plundering words for his "treasure-house":

He read [Freeman and William Morris] as one would read a thesaurus and made a garner of words. He read Skeat's Etymological Dictionary by the hour and his mind, which had from the first been only too submissive to the infant sense of wonder, was often hypnotised by the most commonplace conversation. People seemed to him strangely ignorant of the value of the words they used so glibly.

Joyce did not use any words in Chamber Music glibly; he fully understood their value. He said of Dedalus in Stephen Hero (p.37),

He sought in his verses to fix the most elusive of his moods and he put his lines together not word by word but letter by letter. He read Blake and Rimbaud on the values of letters and even permuted and combined the five vowels to construct cries for primitive emotions. ... He persuaded himself that it is necessary for an artist to labour incessantly at his art if he wishes to express completely even the simplest conception and he believed that every moment of inspiration must be paid for in advance. ... The burgher notion of the poet Byron in undress pouring out verses just as a city fountain pours out water seemed to him characteristic of most popular judgements on esthetic matters and he combated the notion at its root by saying solemnly to Maurice - Isolation is the first principle of artistic economy.

The Chamber Music poems were too spare to allow superfluity. The words "soft" and "sweet," therefore, used so frequently throughout

the suite, obviously had a specific purpose. Their value seems to be in their sound and the lambent, somewhat dewy atmosphere they evoke (as in the artistic epiphany section of A Portrait, p.216, when the poet is bathed in the "faint sweet music" of inspiration).

"Soft" and "sweet" in their recurrence in Chamber Music may have been subjected to the same sort of process as described in Stephen Hero (p.36):

He kept repeating words to himself till they lost all instantaneous meaning for him and became wonderful vocables.

Another recurrent motif which first appears in poem I is 'bending.' In I, Love has his "head to the music bent"; in II "She bends upon the yellow keys"; in IV the poet tells her "O bend no more in revery"; in VII "My love goes slowly, bending to/Her shadow on the grass; in V the poet bids his mistress "Lean out of the window"; in XXVI "Thou leanest to the shell of night,/Dear lady, a divining ear"; and in XXVII "Yet must thou fold me." The image does seem to imply a solitary or intimate preoccupation, but Tindall errs in his comment "That she is as narcissistic as he may help to account for the failure of their affair."⁸ It is precisely because he pursues the image of his soul's ideal that the "affair" is a success, a poetic success, as described in section (9) of the Introductory Essay. In an early poem (from Shine and Dark, one of Joyce's two unpublished volumes of poetry) the attitude of bending is identified with a proud aloofness:⁹

And I have sat amid the turbulent crowd,
And have assisted at their boisterous play;
I have unbent myself and shouted loud
And been as blatant and as coarse as they.

The posture of bending also seems part of a recurrent image of vaulting and enclosure, such as the "silvery arches spanning the air" in IX, the sky as "a pale blue cup" in VII, "the shell of

night" in XXVI, the chamber in which the mistress is enclosed in II-V, XIII-XV and XXIV, her "sweet bosom" in VI, sheltered woodland in VII and VIII, "her little garden" in XIII and XIV, the valley in XVI, the dark "enaisled" pineforest in XX, the "sweet imprisonment" of her "soft arms" in XXII, her heart like "some mossy nest" in XXIII, the "shadowy garden where love is" in XXIX, and the chamber of his heart in XXXIV. These images of enclosure delineate the chamber of his art, "the virgin womb of the imagination", so it is appropriate that his posture and that of his mistress parallels its vaulted structure.

A further motif which occurs at the beginning and end of Chamber Music is 'wandering.' In I, "Love wanders" by the river with "fingers straying/Upon an instrument"; in II his mistress' hands "wander as they list"; in IV, like Love, "the shy star goes forth in heaven/all maidenly, disconsolate." Towards the middle of the suite, the climax, the movement is more decisive (in X "As lover to lover,/Sweetheart, I come"; in XI "Happy Love is come"; in XIII "Go seek her out ... And say I come"; in XIV "I wait by the cedar tree"). But with the loss of inspiration, the poet is wandering again, aimless or perhaps searching: in XXXII, "Staying a little by the way/Of memories shall we depart"; in XXXIII, "Where Love did so sweet music make/We two shall wander".

II

"She" is introduced in II. This poem resembles I with its movement from a general setting in the first verse to, in the last verse, the particular individual whom the setting reflects. The woman in II is preoccupied in the same way that Love was in I; she "bends upon the yellow keys" of an old piano, and her fingers "wander as they list" (cf. I where Love has his "head to the music

bent,/~~And fingers straying/~~Upon an instrument"). Furthermore, the music she plays has an enchanting effect on her urban setting and there is a vaguely alchemical atmosphere as "The twilight turns to darker blue/~~With lights of amethyst."~~

Just as in I "Strings in the earth and air/~~Make music sweet;/~~ Strings by the river where/~~The willows meet,"~~ so the crepuscular glow in II creates a harmony. Twilight is a reconciliation of day and night, and like the sky as a "pale blue cup" during the day, "The twilight turns from amethyst/~~To deep and deeper blue";~~ and "The lamp fills with a pale green glow/~~The trees of the avenue,"~~ as they appear during the day. The last stanza suggests that "she," her playing, is the cause of this harmonising glow (as in I, Love's playing created a harmony). The glow, and her music, also has a dynamic nature, and perhaps a transmuting effect, for in the first stanza "The twilight turns from amethyst/~~To deep and deeper blue,"~~ and in the last stanza "The twilight turns to darker blue/~~With lights of amethyst."~~

Chamber Music contains little visual imagery, and hence colours are rare. In poem II, four colours are mentioned: amethyst, blue, green and yellow. However, "amethyst" is a somewhat indistinct colour, hovering between blue, purple and violet, and in the poem has important qualities of sound; and of the three primary colours mentioned, "green" is muted by "pale" preceding it and "glow" following, "yellow" has no vividness when applied to the keys of an old piano, and "blue," like "amethyst," is applied to no distinct, tangible object, but to an indefinite state ("The twilight turns... To deep and deeper blue," "The twilight turns to darker blue"). Three colours are mentioned in poem XXXIII: brown, red and yellow; but the effect of "brown" as a visual image of decay in the line

"Now, O now, in this brown land" is muted into a mere sound by the assonance; and the vividness of "red" and "yellow" seems restricted by the fact that they are conjoined and by the rhythm of the line "A rogue in red and yellow dress/Is knocking, knocking at the tree." Elsewhere in Chamber Music, colours are either words with rhythmical and other tonal qualities perhaps more important than their visual quality, like "amethyst," "golden" (V, VIII and XV) and "silvery" (IX); or they barely exist as "dark" and "pale" which occur frequently throughout the poems, or indistinct shades like "grey" (XV and XXVI), "dappled" (XXIV) and "shadowy" (XXIX). This absence of vivid colour, then, and the prevalence of pale shades and tones, is comparable to the use of bland vocabulary like "soft" and "sweet" as described in the "Notes" on I. Chamber Music is sound and rhythm, not spectacle; an aural, not a visual image.

Tindall suggests ¹⁰ that II seems an echo of Verlaine's Romances sans paroles:

La piano que baise une main frêle
 Luit dans le soir rose et gris vaguement,
 Tandis qu'avec un très léger bruit d'aile
 Un air bien vieux, bien faible et bien charmant
 Rôde....
 Qu'as-tu voulu, fin refrain incertain
 Qui vas tantôt mourir vers la fenêtre
 Ouverte un peu sur le petit jardin.

In Stephen Hero Dedalus is shown in situations similar to that of the girl in poem II:

There was an old piano in the room and ... one of the daughters [of Mr. Daniels] used to come over smilingly to Stephen and ask him to sing them some of his beautiful songs. The keys of the piano were worn away and sometimes the notes would not sound but the tone was soft and mellow. [Stephen Hero, p.47 .]

One evening he sat silent at his piano while the dusk enfolded him. The dismal sunset lingered still upon the window-panes in a smoulder of rusty fires. Above him and about him hung the shadow of decay, the decay of leaves and flowers, the decay of hope. He desisted from his chords and waited, bending upon the keyboard in silence: and his soul commingled itself with the assailing, inarticulate dusk. [Stephen Hero, p.181.]

Poem II was one of Joyce's early collections and was originally entitled "Commonplace." 11.

III

This poem harmonises I and II. It takes place in the eery atmosphere of II ("At that hour when soft lights come and go"), and there is the same universal melody as in I ("Soft sweet music in the air above/And in the earth below" - almost a direct echo of I's "Strings in the earth and air/Make music sweet"). In III, the woman is apparently being addressed: she alone is listening "at that hour when all things have repose" (cf. II "She bends upon the yellow keys,/Her head inclines this way"). She alone is awake to hear "invisible harps" heralding Love's advent, when he will "unclose the pale gates of sunrise" and overcome the "antiphon" of the night wind. Already there is a strong emphasis, then, on aural imagery and the auditory imagination. There is a subtle play on this in III: the woman is described as "lonely watcher of the skies," yet is asked "Do you hear the night wind and the sighs of harps." (The only perception of the spectacle of Love's progress through the heavens is not visual but aural.) And in the last stanza, a visual image of Love's path in heaven "aglow" with soft lights, is overshadowed on one side by an exhortation to "invisible harps" to "play on" (music is the food of this love), and on the other a description of the harmony which indicates Love's progress more effectively than any visual image ("Soft sweet music in the air above/And in the earth below"). Love, then, is abroad at night, being played to by invisible harps which are encouraging him to experience his dawn, his reawakening from the gloom of solitary night. And the woman who in II was playing an air on her piano in the changing twilight is the only one

to hear Love's melodious approach; perhaps she has attracted him with her playing. (This suspicion is confirmed in V.)

The "night wind" seems to be antagonistic to harmony; it answers "in antiphon" the "invisible harps" and their melody, "Till night is overgone" (which has implications of "overcome"). This discordant wind recurs with increasing force in the latter part of the suite, when inspiration is fading, and the "Desolate winds assail with cries/The shadowy garden where love is." (XXIX).

The exhortation of Love by the harps, "to unclose/The pale gates of sunrise," is explained and followed up in IV when the hero appears "singing by your gate" by the gate of his mistress. And in VI, when he expresses his wish to enter the "sweet bosom" of his mistress, the sanctuary of harmony, his art, he pursues the motif with "O soft I knock and soft entreat her." At the climax he enters his mistress' chamber, "the virgin womb of the imagination," and when inspiration fades towards the end of the suite, another figure, a diabolic representative of the world, knocks at the chamber:

 A rogue in red and yellow dress
 Is knocking, knocking at the tree
 And all around our loneliness
 The wind is whistling merrily (XXXVIII).

IV

The poet-troubadour introduces himself to his prospective mistress and declares he was the figure of Love whose melodious progress across the heavens she had heard from her window in II and III. Poem IV takes place "amid the drowsy even" as did II and III, and "the shy star" which "goes forth in heaven/all maidenly, disconsolate" and seems to parallel the poet's progress in IV, recalls Love's "way in heaven" and his coaxing by the "sweet harps" in III, and so links Love to the poet. The poet is becoming bolder, no

longer addressing himself to his mistress in abstracted allegorical figures, but instead declaring himself directly: "Know you by this, the lover's chant,/'Tis I that am your visitant."

He says "he is come to visit you," and he "visits" her by means of song. Hence he is "singing by your gate," beneath her window, seeking entry (cf. "the sighs/Of harps playing unto Love to unclose/ The pale gates of sunrise" in III). He bids her "O bend no more in revery ... Nor muse," the abstracted preoccupation of II, when she "bends upon the yellow keys" with "Shy thoughts, and grave wide eyes," playing an air. And he begins to enmesh her in the spell of his song as it "about [her] heart is falling."

The description of the mistress as 'bending in revery' and 'musing' is identical with that of the poet himself in I and V. The emphasis on "visit" ("And he is come to visit you" at the end of the first stanza, and "'Tis I that am your visitant" at the end of the second) gives the love-affair which the poet seeks to conduct a rather peculiar quality. But he "visits" her by song; it is "by this, the lover's chant" that he is her "visitant," and in V it is revealed that his song is a response to hers, and that she had "visited" him first (with inspiration). "Visit" is here used in the Biblical sense, as in 'to visit someone with salvation,' 'to visit his sins upon him.' And this emphasis, together with the use of such an uncommon word as "visitant" (few words stand out in a similar manner in Chamber Music) may be hints of a possible irony centred on the religious office of visitant, who is a member of an order of nuns concerned with the education of young girls. Joyce's Roman Catholic background would probably have made him sware of the office, and if there is a conscious irony turning on this specialist meaning of "visitant," it would fit very well with the

irony of poem XII, in which the poet encourages his shy mistress not to listen to the counsel of "the hooded moon" who is depicted as a "comedian Capuchin," but instead "Believe me rather that am wise/ In disregard of the divine." He has the same message in IV: "O bend no more in revery ... Nor muse, but rather know him to be her only "visitant."

Poem IV was written by Joyce during his second visit to Paris, and was enclosed with XXXVI in a letter to Stanislaus, 8 February 1903.¹² It was composed while Joyce was formulating his aesthetic and studying Ben Jonson to improve his own technique. Ellmann says that IV is based on the lyrics of Ben Jonson, although he is not specific.¹³

The poem has a canzona form, which "was a favourite with Campion",¹⁴ which was used by Dowland (another of the lutanists whom Joyce admired), and which Ben Jonson used in songs like "Queen and huntress chaste and fair," which Gogarty claims was a "favourite and model" of Joyce's.¹⁵ This canzona form (similar to that described by Dante in De vulgari eloquentia) is a six-line strophe rhyming ababcc, which Walter R. Davis characterised in his article "Melodic and Poetic Structure: The Examples of Campion and Dowland"¹⁶ :

Generally speaking, the third and fourth lines should balance the first two by repetition or contrast, while the last two should differ markedly from the rest and offer explanations.

Poem IV follows this pattern closely. In the first stanza, the first two lines telling of "the shy star" abroad in heaven are contrasted by the third and fourth lines which focus attention back down on an unknown earthly figure "who is singing by your gate," and in the last two lines the purpose of this strange figure is explained: "His song is softer than the dew/And he is come to

visit you." And in the last stanza, the third and fourth lines, where she is encouraged not to "muse," repeat the first two, where she is exhorted not to "bend ... in revery," and the last two lines "differ markedly from the rest" because they are a bold forthright declaration of love which 'explains' not only the last stanza but the whole poem. Joyce had obviously studied his Elizabethan and Jacobean models very carefully and used their occasionally very demanding forms such as the villanelle (in "The Villanelle of the Temptress") to suit his own poetic purposes. This canzona form is found frequently in Chamber Music (poems, XI, XII, XXI, XXII, XXIII, with a slight variation in rhyme in XXV, XXVI, XXVII, XXXIII). It is generally used as a canzona, with a musical easiness, but in XXI there is no music and the canzona mould in which it is cast is merely an archaic form expressing the poet's "Holding to ancient nobleness" and yielding it dignity.

V

The poet describes how he came to be singing at her window ("singing at your gate" in IV). He had been reading in his room, until he heard her singing "a merry air" (cf. II when she was playing a "gay" air on the piano), which came to him "through the gloom" (cf. I when he bore the trappings of death and sorrow, "Pale flowers" and "dark leaves" amid the willows; and in IV was compared to the "shy star ... All maidenly, disconsolate"). Thus her singing had enchanted him originally

I have left my book:
I have left my room;
For I heard you singing
Through the gloom,

His song is a response to hers. She is Circe, a Siren; she has

lured him away from the world to her harmonious chamber of art. She is his Muse.

"Goldenhair" is not merely reported to have entranced the poet; she is seen to entrance him in the verse itself, in the chanting tone, and in the mesmerising repetition of her occupation:

I heard you singing
 A merry air. ...
 I have left my book:
 I have left my room:
 For I heard you singing
 Through the gloom,
 Singing and singing
 A merry air.

By this means, her song, indirectly reported, becomes recreated and embodied in the very structure of the poem. The same effect is gained in poem XXIV in which, significantly, the poet describes the enchantment, the "witchery," of his mistress again:

For I have heard of witchery
 Under a pretty air.
 That makes ~~as~~ one thing to the lover
 Staying and going hence,
 All fair, with many a pretty air.

Just as in V, the lover in XXIV has no choice of staying or going because he has been bewitched by his mistress and her incessant and enticing practice of her art:

Silently she's combing,
 Combing her long hair,
 Silently and graciously,
 With many a pretty air.

In a letter to Nora, 25 October 1909, Joyce placed her in the position of Muse using an image similar to that of poem V: ¹⁷.

I know and feel that if I am to write anything fine or noble in the future I shall do so only by listening at the doors of your heart.

Tindall notes that

In the margin of the Beach-Gilvary manuscript, alongside "I have left my book,/I have left my room," someone

inscribed the following lines from Tennyson's "Lady of Shallott":

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room.

These lines may indicate either an accidental echo or a functional allusion.

Tindall suggests they are "a functional allusion" and that Joyce's poem may be "a parody of Tennyson's" because

As his Lady in her room, separated from reality by wall and mirror, is called into the dangerous world by the knight's song, so Joyce's lover, remote from reality among his books, is called into the world by the lady's song.

Tindall apparently does not grasp the true inversion. If there is a "functional allusion" to Tennyson in poem V, Joyce uses it to emphasise the special quality of his love affair. Tennyson's Lady is called from her spellbound chamber of art into reality by the knight's song; Joyce's lover is called from reality into his lady's entrancing chamber of art by her song. Joyce uses the same device with Ben Jonson's poem "Still to be Neat" in poem XXIV.

VI

This poem is an aside by the poet (not directly addressed to his mistress), describing his intense desire for peace and protection from the "sad austerities" and "rude wind" (cf. the "night wind" answering Love's harmony with an antiphon in III) of the world outside his mistress' chamber. After the "sad austerities" of his life among the willows and the death-pale flowers in I, he seeks access to the "sweet bosom" of his love ("O soft I knock and soft entreat her") as he promised in IV when, "singing at your gate," he told her he had "come to visit you." And he 'softly knocks and soft entreats her' with song, as in IV ("His song is softer than the dew," his "song about her heart is falling").

The paradox of "sad austerities" becoming "all the sweeter/So I were ever in that heart" suggests that "austerities" are the disciplines of life, and that if he gained access to her "sweet bosom," the disciplines of a life of art would make it "all the sweeter" because rewarded by inspiration.

The repetition of "sweet" (including "sweeter") four times, and of "soft" twice, actually creates the bland, harmonic balm which the poet seeks in the chamber of his mistress. Thus, even though the poem is merely a desire, "I would in that sweet bosom be," the desire is fulfilled by having its object expressed and created by the poem itself.

Tindall describes VI as "This maternal fantasy" and says that "The theme is regression to the mother's bosom after disappointment in the world of adults." ¹⁸. This is a somewhat insensitive view. In A Portrait (as in Joyce's other works) art unites all aspects of women, and this feminine principle, representing Emma, the Virgin Mary, Mercedes, Davin's bat-like peasant-woman, Stephen's mother, church and country, was captured and celebrated in the artistic epiphany, and especially in the succinct concept of "the virgin womb of the imagination" (p.217). The ideal figure to whom "The Temptress of the Villanelle" is addressed, and who inspired the poem, is all women, but with three main aspects: virgin, mother and Muse. The Muse is a temptress besides having a nourishing womb in which "the word" may be "made flesh"; she unites all feminine qualities in their ideal, symbolic form. The woman who inspires poem VI, like the temptress of Stephen's villanelle, is not simply a mother; she is a Muse who combines maternal qualities of succour and creation with sexual qualities of seduction and penetration, the grosser realities of both mother and sexual partner of course being refined from her

by her imaginative, symbolic conception.

Zabel wrote "Little more than elegance is present in VI." ^{19.} Joyce demonstrated the poem's continued relevance for himself at least by using its images in letters to Nora, 5 September 1909 ("My body soon will penetrate into yours, O that my soul could too! O that I could nestle in your womb"), ^{20.} and 7 September 1909 ("You will take me now into your bosom"), ^{21.} even quoting the whole of poem VI to end the latter epistle.

Tindall makes a full appreciation of the poem's form: ^{22.}

This poem is distinguished from others in a neat and economical suite by neatness and economy. Composed of few elements, it re-employs for the second stanza the elements of the first. Neatness and felicity seem a form embodying the finality and peace the poet desires. The two exclamatory parentheses improve the impression of tightness by temporary interference with formal progress. The two feminine rhymes of the second stanza, softening the rhythm of the first, support the feminine implications.

VII

Poem VII places the coy mistress in a traditional spring woodland setting. There are hints of maying ceremony when "My love is in a light attire" and trips daintily through "the apple trees" with "the gay winds" running "in companies." She is no longer listening "amid drowsy even" for Love's melodious progress; it is morning, Love has responded to the call of the "sweet harps" in III to "unclose the pale gates of sunrise," the sky is now "a pale blue cup," and the land is "laughing" (unlike the lugubrious landscape of I). She has brought harmony; she accompanies the "gay winds" who "most desire/To run in companies," and her presence seems the cause of the harmony of the "laughing land" with its "gay winds" and its reflection in the "pale blue cup" of the sky (cf. the earlier universal harmony of "Soft sweet music in the air above/And in the

earth below").

Her presence "Among the appletrees" suggests she is a temptress like Eve (one of the aspects of Stephen's "Temptress of the Villanelle"). However, there is a subtle distinction in the second stanza when the accompanying "gay winds Stay to woo/The young leaves as they pass," while "My love goes slowly, bending to/Her shadow on the grass." Unlike the "gay winds" (cf. the "wild winds" of the world in the later poems), she woos her own image. Chamber Music in fact is addressed to the ideal image of the poet's own soul, a record of his attempt to woo his Muse, a symbol of his imagination.

Yeats, in "The Poet Pleads with the Elemental Powers" (from The Wind Among the Reeds), uses the image "the pale cup of the sea," which bears obvious similarities to "the sky's a pale blue cup" in poem VII. The image is unusual enough to suggest that Joyce is alluding to it in VII, and his inverted use of it supports this suggestion. For in Yeats' poem, "the pale cup of the sea" is an image of his ideal mistress disturbed, and he pleads with the "Elemental Powers" that they "let her no longer be" like this image of disturbance, "But let a gentle silence wrought with music flow/ Whither her footsteps go." But Joyce seems to be ironically claiming that his music is stronger than Yeats' and has gained the assistance of the Elemental Powers, for he inverts the image, turning Yeats' cup upside down and making a "pale blue cup" of the sky from "the pale cup of the sea," an image of harmony from an image of discord, and he achieves in his song the "gentle silence wrought with music" which flows "Whither her footsteps go."

Poem VII was published in Dana, August 1904, and John Eglinton, the editor, says that Joyce received a half-sovereign for the poem - "the only one to receive remuneration," despite contributions from a number of eminent writers such as George Moore. ²³.

VIII

Poem VIII is a natural extension of VII and its May setting. "Springtide" is specifically noted in VIII. Time and season are important indications of the progress of love in the sequence - they are concentric to the cycle of love. Accordingly night at the beginning has now broken into bright sunlight and "springtide" after Love's approach to his mistress in IV, and his expression of his desire for her in VI.

She has the same effect on her environment in VIII as he did in earlier poems. As she passes through the woodland it "gleams with a soft and golden fire" (while in III, Love's way in heaven "is aglow/ At that hour when soft lights come and go"); and the woods are said to wear their "rich apparel" for her (while in I, the foliage, willows, "Pale flowers" and "dark leaves," reflects his morbid state). Just as in VII she woos her own image ("bending to/Her shadow on the grass"), so in VIII the woodland setting which is her reflection woos her; it dresses just for her ("it is for my true love/The woods their rich apparel wear" and "carry so brave attire") and it gleams at her touch, "with a soft and golden fire."

The question-and-answer structure of VIII, with a series of questions answered in the final stanza, is similar to that of IV.

Many archaic effects give VIII a pseudo-Elizabethan air: words like "springtide", "mien", "brave" in "Carry so brave attire," "merry", "rich apparel", the use of "that" as a relative pronoun in the last line, and the song structure.

IX

Poem IX is linked to VII and VIII by its first phrase, "Winds of May." But unlike "the gay winds" which "run in companies" in

the sheltered woodland of VII, the winds of IX, while equally gay, "Dancing a ringaround in glee", are dancing on the exposed sea. And the hero's mistress is not with them, he has lost her, and "Love is unhappy when love is away." It is extremely significant that the setting shifts to the seashore when his mistress is away from him, for this happens again at the end of the sequence. And like the final poem when aural harmony is destroyed and the lyrical Muse ravished, IX features an impressive visual image (with the difference that here it is a beautiful natural structure, but later a destructive irruption of the supernatural):

Winds of May, that dance on the sea,
Dancing a ringaround in glee
From furrow to furrow, while overhead
The foam flies up to be garlanded,
In silvery arches spanning the air...

It is significant also that the absence of the mistress means an absence of protection: in VII and VIII there is sheltered woodland which is moulded in her image; in IX the exposed sea without her.

The lover inquires after his mistress from the "Winds of May" because they are creative like her; their dance on the sea creates a garland of foam "In silvery arches spanning the air." But he has lost her image.

Poem IX, "Winds of May, that dance on the sea,/Dancing a ring-around in glee," may be an echo of A Midsummer Night's Dream (II i 82-86):

[Titania:] And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,...
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind.

Tindall's interpretation of IX has his familiar Freudian taint as he claims that "His 'true love' ... has strayed, but only for a moment perhaps to find relief in a bush or in something draftier at any rate than a pot." 24.

Joyce inscribed the last line of IX, "Love is unhappy when love is away," on a necklace which he specially designed himself as a love-token for Nora in 1909. ~~26~~.

X

After the temporary absence of love in IX, the sequence rapidly draws to its climax. Love strikes a bolder note in X. His dress, "Bright cap and streamers," is markedly gayer than his morbid garb in I. The setting of "the hollow," the wild bees humming "in troops at his shoulder," and his costume, "Bright cap and streamers," "With ribbons streaming," continue the maying atmosphere of VI, VIII and IX. And "With ribbons streaming/He sings the bolder" - he still woos his mistress only with song. He sings "in the hollow," the chamber of art, "the virgin womb of the imagination," probably with a sexual innuendo. He had responded to his mistress' enticing melody in V, and after her brief absence in IX, he is back "in the hollow" in X. He calls "all you that love" to follow him to his hollow, and leave behind those "That song and laughter/Do nothing move." This is echoed in XXV when he urges his mistress to exercise the transcendent powers of the imagination, which he describes as "Love and laughter song/confessed/~~When~~ the heart is heaviest." He seeks a "confession" of "love and laughter" in song in X. His general exhortation to "Leave dreams to the dreamers" becomes specifically addressed to his mistress in the second stanza, when

The time of dreaming
 Dreams is over -
 As lover to lover,
 Sweetheart, I come.

However, the exhortation is equally applicable to either poet or mistress, since at the beginning of the suite she bent "in revery"

and mused (IV) and bent distractedly over the piano (II), and he wandered aimlessly, like "the shy star ... All maidenly, disconsolate" (III) and had his "head to the music bent" too. He is awakening his imagination to receive inspiration. His address of the Muse, "As lover to lover,/Sweetheart, I come," reiterates IV, "Know you by this, the lover's chant,/'Tis I that am your visitant."

Tindall ^{26.} compares Mangan's "Noon-Day Dreaming" (Poems, Dublin, 1903):

There danceth adown the mountain
The child of a lofty race. ...
Some Fairy hath whispered "Follow!"
And I have obeyed her well:
I thread the Blossomy Hollow.

Poem X discusses "dreaming," but says that imaginative activity is not a dream but reality, and other realities are "dreaming." And X is situated at "noon-day" too, for shortly after in XIII it is stated that "Love is at his noon." Joyce "introduced" the Irish poet Mangan to the Literary and Historical Society of University College in an address in 1902.

Yeats' "The Cap and Bells" (from The Wind Among the Reeds) may have had some influence on X. In Yeats' poem a "jester" seeks to woo a lady, who is enchambered like that of the hero in Chamber Music. The jester is also in her garden, below her window, and he sends her his soul "grown wise-tongued by thinking" and his heart "grown sweet-tongued by dreaming," but neither gains him access to his lady's chamber. His soul and heart are only admitted after he sends her his "cap and bells" and to these does she sing "a love-song." In X, his costume, "Bright cap and streamers," emboldens him and brings him nearer success also, as "With ribbons streaming/
He sings the bolder...As lover to lover,/Sweetheart, I come."

Levity and laughter are important motifs in Chamber Music;

"merry" occurs frequently, and laughter is linked with song in X and XXV. And one of the reasons for Joyce's captivation and inspiration by Elizabethan song was its gaiety, as Stanislaus noted: 27.

He couldn't endure the melancholy of Irish poetry and music. He said that Ireland had contributed nothing but a whine to the literature of Europe. He...preferred the lyric songs of the Elizabethan age.

Stanislaus also says that "Chamber Music can be considered the poetic expression" of Joyce's "attempt to live in Dublin in the merry Elizabethan manner." 28.

Tindall makes a forced distinction between the dreamer Love, and "Bright cap and streamers" ("definitely phallic," says Tindall 29.) whom he regards as a jester whose costume suggests he is a "fool." However, the single personality of the poet has simply been transformed by his love, by the inspiration of his mistress (as described in V), from a dreamer in I to a more audacious lover. In X, when he renounces his earlier uninspired aimlessness: "the time of dreaming/ Dreams is over-/As lover to lover,/Sweetheart, I come." And as mentioned above, his costume merely continues the merry maying atmosphere of the three preceding poems. There is nothing more raucous in "Bright Cap and Streamers" than there is in Yeats' "The Cap and Bells."

Zabel slates X for being "archaism...at its extreme level," 30. failing to credit the poet's deliberate intent, and impugning Joyce for lack of "direct and unequivocal poetic compulsion" when Joyce's very subject is poetic inspiration.

Joyce suggested in a letter to his son George, 27 December 1934, that X set to music by Palmer would serve him well for an encore for his first concert. 31.

XI

Poem XI shows that distinctions of Love and "Jester" are untenable, for the character described here is "Happy Love," the dreamer of I transformed. This poem, which Joyce described as "my obscene song,"³² is an elegant seduction scene. The hero tells his coy mistress to "bid adieu to girlish days" because he has come to "woothy girlish ways." In the second stanza he encourages her to "unzone/ Thy girlish bosom unto him/and softly to undo the snood/That is the sign of maidenhood." Her 'undoing' is to begin when she hears his annunciation: "When thou has heard his name upon/The bugles of the cherubim." This recalls the archangel Gabriel's Annunciation of the birth of Christ to Mary. In "The Temptress of the Villanelle" in A Portrait of the Artist, the temptress is partly Mary and partly Muse, luring Gabriel or divine inspiration to her chamber, until "In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber" (p.217). This is the object of the poet of Chamber Music; in X he asks his lady to "unzone her girlish bosom" and 'undo her snood' in preparation for his seraphic entry, announced "upon the bugles of the cherubim," to her chamber of harmony, song, art and imagination.

Tindall describes the diction of XI:³³

This is the first poem marked by conventional poetic diction: thee, thy, thou, doth, hath, and the like. Is this sort of speech suitable to the annunciation and the exalted condition of Love? Joyce uses similar diction in XII, XV, XXV, XXVI, and XXVII. Sometimes the subject seems to demand it as in XII or XXVI, but sometimes, as in XV, it seems to be demanded by the rhyme.

Frank O'Connor, introducing a discussion of Joyce on record,³⁴ compared "The Holy Office" and Chamber Music XI and concluded "The one is lit up with good honest hate, the other by an adolescent preoccupation with literary mannerisms." Joyce would have appreci-

ated the irony of this, for in the rough, bitter broadside he had adopted the style of his insensitive Irish persecutors to tell them what he thought of them in a manner they could understand - unlike Joyce's own manner, the style of Chamber Music and Dubliners, which they had not understood. Poem XI was Joyce's other, characteristic answer, to the crassness and insensitivity of Dublin; it was consecrated and purified in the womb of the young artist's imagination.

Poem XI was one of Joyce's favourites. He wrote to Palmer, 13 February 1909, "It seems to me a pity you did not do the song 'Bid adieu' which I tried to music myself and hope you may turn to it some day." ³⁵. Maria Jolas wrote that "Joyce frequently sang this song to his own piano accompaniment. Shortly before the war [Second World War], he asked the Paris composer and critic, Edmund Pendleton, to undertake a 'musical setting.'" ³⁶. Tindall said of XI: "Taken as an organisation of sounds, it is admirable. That is why perhaps he set it to music himself." ³⁷. Patricia Hutchins reports one of Joyce's cousins as saying: "'I remember the time Jim wrote that poem 'Bid Adieu' in my mother's kitchen, on a white Becker's teabag.'" ³⁸. (This manuscript has not been located.)

XII

This is a complex poem, and one of central significance to Chamber Music. It exhibits a perfect balance of poetic argument, with the poet's lady as the pivotal point of contention. In the first stanza, the lady is shown to have been influenced by a curious figure described as "the hooded moon ... A sage that is but kith and kin/With the comedian capuchin." The "comedian capuchin" is related to the "hooded moon" because "capuchin" derives from cappuccio meaning cowl or hood. A Capuchin, besides being a Franciscan friar, may

also be a woman's cloak or hood, which reinforces the feminine appeal of his counsel. He is a "comedian capuchin" because, like all regular representatives of the church, he can only counsel a divine love ("Love in ancient plenilune,/Glory and stars beneath his feet"), a virginal love which cannot be consummated in full light of mortal life, but which instead leaves him still solitary like the moon and clad in his virginal hood, a rather sorry figure in the garb of a mortal feminine beauty which he cannot achieve. The advice of the "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin" is accordingly regarded as "sentimentalist," and according to Meredith's definition quoted by Stephen in Ulysses (p.199), "The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done." The lady, influenced by the counsel of the "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin," is accustomed to "tears in moon or mist," a sorrow caused by the barrenness of unfulfilled desire.

The "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin" may be identified with the hero of Chamber Music at the beginning of the sequence. He was described in I as "Love," which signified only desire; he wore a mantle with "Dark leaves on his hair," which signified his sorrow; and his head is "hooded" in the sense of "bent," like his lady, "in revery" and musing. In III the hero is seen allegorically as "Love" in progress "in heaven" and at midnight ("At that hour when all things have repose,/Do you hear the night wind ... playing unto Love to unclose/The pale gates of sunrise," "At that hour when soft lights come and go"), which all recalls the "divine" counsel which the "hooded moon"/"comedian Capuchin" gives "Of Love in ancient plenilune." And in IV the hero is compared to "the shy star" which, like himself as "Love" in III, "goes forth in heaven/All maidenly, disconsolate," which recalls the "tears in moon or mist" which the counsel of the

"comedian capuchin" brings the lady in XII. In A Portrait of the Artist (p.96), Stephen likens himself to "the barren shell of the moon":

He had known neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigour of rude male health. ... He was drifting amid life like the barren shell of the moon.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless ... ?

He repeated to himself the lines of Shelley's fragment.

Thus Dedalus sees himself like the "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin," and moreover, this was when he was still under the influence of the jesuits, the capuchins, the Church generally, before he had received "the call of life to his soul," the counsel of art and its wisdom.

In the second stanza of XII, the hero finally wins his lady, and himself, from a "divine" counsel, with the wisdom of art. He bids her "Believe me rather that am wise/In disregard of the divine." This implies a conscious disavowal of "the divine" in his espousal of the wisdom of his art - like that of Dedalus and Joyce himself. However, by a precise maintenance of balance, the "Glory and stars" which are seen "beneath [the] feet" of "Love in ancient plenilune" in the middle two lines of the first stanza, are actually achieved by the heretical poet in the middle two lines of the second stanza, when "A glory kindles in those eyes,/Trembles to starlight. Mine, O Mine!" The "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin" propounds an ideal, "divine" love but cannot consummate it; the heretical poet espouses a mortal beauty, but in its imaginative consummation, its refinement into an aesthetic image in "the virgin womb of the imagination," he achieves a divinity alternative to that of his antagonist. But the divinity of the poet, far from being an abstracted concept like "Love in ancient plenilune,/Glory and stars beneath his feet," is immediately

apprehended in his image of mortal beauty; one can actually see "glory" kindling and trembling to "starlight" in his aesthetic image.

There is no fuller account of the composition of any poem in Chamber Music than there is of XII. The poem originated from a conversation which Joyce had with Mary Sheehy while returning from an excursion to the Dublin hills. Stanislaus gives the account: ^{39.}

When they were returning late in the evening, all a little tired, there was some talk about a pale rose-coloured moon that had risen with a halo. The pretty Sheehy girl, who was walking with my brother, thought it looked tearful.

- It looks to me like the chabby hooded face of some jolly fat Capuchin, said Jim.

The girl ... gave him a sidelong glance out of her large, dark eyes and said, ...

- I think you are very wicked.

- Not very, said Jim, but I do my best.

After they had separated and she had gone off home, ... Jim strolled on, in no hurry, because he had the idea for a song in his head. Having no other writing materials, he tore open a cigarette-box and standing under a street lamp wrote the two verses of the song [XII] on the inside of the box in his firm neat handwriting.

The conversation, with Mary Sheehy's mild shock at Joyce's blasphemy, explains a great deal of XII: the "hooded moon" like a "comedian capuchin," the lady as "my shyly sweet" and "sweet sentimentalist," her "tears in moon or mist," and her alarm at Joyce's "disregard of the divine" betraying the counsel which "the hooded moon/Put in [her] heart." It is significant that Joyce could not achieve Mary Sheehy's love in reality (Stanislaus said "their relations were ... always rather diffident and conventional" ^{40.}) but could win her aesthetic image in the world of his art, in poem XII. For in A Portrait of the Artist, Stephen Dedalus can win Emma Clery (the original of whom was Mary Sheehy again) only in his art, when she becomes one aspect of the temptress of his villanelle. And Emma Clery, like the girl in poem XII, had "[flirted] with her priest, [toyed] with a church which was the scullery-maid of christendom."

Mary Sheehy, Emma Clery, and the girl at the beginning of XII - all closely interrelated - are all representatives of the church which is in direct opposition to Joyce's, Stephen's, and the Chamber Music hero's espousal of the wisdom of art.

Poem XII bears an interesting relation to Yeats' "Who Goes with Fergus?" (from The Rose), which greatly moved Joyce, and as Ellmann says, ⁴¹.

Its feverish discontent and promise of carefree exile were to enter his own thought, and not long afterwards he set the poem to music, and praised it as the best lyric in the world.

Joyce also sang "Who Goes With Fergus?" for both his brother George and his mother at death ⁴². - so the deep significances which the song had for him make it highly likely that he would have had it in mind when writing his own songs.

... And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
 And brood on hopes and fears no more.
 And no more turn aside and brood
 Upon love's bitter mystery;
 For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
 And rules the shadows of the wood,
 And the white breast of the dim sea
 And all dishevelled wandering stars

This recalls XII, "No more be tears in moon or mist/For thee, sweet sentimentalist," and her brooding upon "Love in ancient plenilune,/ Glory and stars beneath his feet." And the poet of XII is like Fergus, a hero of art, as against the "bitter mystery," the sterile counsel, of "the divine."

The main error of Tindall's interpretation of XII is his claim that "the girl is too conventional to yield to his demands." ⁴³. The poem itself is quite unequivocal on this point; the second stanza could not be any more explicit about her surrender.

Kenner ⁴⁴. suggests that the irony of XII illustrates Stephen's comment (Stephen Hero, p.179) that he was compelled not only to use "the feudal terminology" in "his expressions of love," but "to

express his love a little ironically." Kenner therefore sees XII as a distinction between "the feudal terminology" of ideal love, "Love in ancient plenilune," as in Dante and Cavalcanti, and a modern "possessable beauty and a practicable love." However, it seems unlikely that Joyce would have regarded Dante as a "sage that is but kith and kin/With the comedian capuchin," or seen his counsel as "sentimentalist," or regarded himself "wise/In disregard" of Dante's ideal.

XIII

This poem prepares the annunciation of the poet to his mistress, as in XI, although the tone is sublimated into high courteousness in XIII. She will hear his name not only "upon the bugles of the cherubim" as a signal of his approach to her chamber, but also on the sweet breath of the "Wind of spices whose song is ever/Epithalamium." The "wind of spices" and its conjunction with "Epithalamium" seems to recall the Song of Solomon, the biblical celebration of sensual love in song, which is more specifically alluded to in poem XIV. In XIII, the poet prays the wind to go "And come into her little garden/ And sing at her window"; in Song of Solomon 4:12 "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse," and in 4:16, Solomon's beloved exhorts the wind "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." Throughout Chamber Music, the poet's beloved is represented as an enclave - bosom, heart, chamber, sheltered forest, as well as "a garden inclosed" - protected from "sad austerities" and rude winds outside. It is the peace promised by such protection that the hero seeks. And in poem XIII, he is on the point of attaining to her chamber: "The bridal wind is

blowing/For Love is at his noon." The cycle of love is at its highest point, diametrically opposed to the "Love in ancient pleni-lune" which the "hooded moon"/"comedian capuchin" had counselled in XII.

The "Wind of spices whose song is ever/Epithalamium" is a symbol for inspiration, and it unites "land" and "sea." This is directly paralleled in III when the "sweet harps" also preceded Love and inspired him "To unclosethe pale gates of sunrise" (as the "Wind of spices" opens her garden and her window), and caused a similar harmony of "earth" and "air."

Tindall⁴⁵ notes that

A trick of rhythm and rhyme ... helps to elevate the poetic organization. Joyce daringly rhymes accented "go" in the second stanza with unaccented "window," an offbeat which anticipates some of the technical experiments of the 1930's. The rhythmic subtlety of the next to last line of the second stanza is also notable.

XIV

This is the climax of Chamber Music. Joyce himself said "The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards."⁴⁶ There is no actual contact between the two lovers, and no consummation or climax save in poetic terms. Poem XIV is a climax of inspiration. His arrival having been announced on "the bugles of the cherubim" (XI) and the "Wind of spices" (XIII), the poet has come into his lady's garden ("I wait by the cedar tree"), and he calls to her to arise; this is her, and his own, awakening. As in A Portrait of the Artist (p.217),

In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber.

See Introductory Essay, pp.88-90, for full commentary on XIV.

The moment of creative inspiration, the kiss of the Muse, lasts only an instant, however, and when the moment is gone, sharper realities gradually impinge and once more assert their hold over the soul of the sensitive.

XV

Poem XV seems to continue the sense of XIV, but it is not quite as triumphant a call to arise as the preceding poem. Again there appears to be a close relationship with Song of Solomon, (2:9-13):

9. My beloved is like a rose or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.
10. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
11. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
12. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
13. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell, Arise, my fair love, my fair one, and come away.

This closely parallels XV, in which the lover stands on the threshold of his mistress' chamber. The call to come away from dreams to a new dawn was made before in X: "The time for dreaming/Dreams is over -/As lover to lover,/Sweetheart, I come". This is repeated in XV: "From dewy dreams, my soul, arise,/From love's deep slumber and from death." In both X and XV the call applies equally to his mistress and himself, for in I, as Love he was a dreamer, wandering abstractedly, and he also wore the trappings of death, "Pale flowers on his mantle,/Dark leaves on his hair." By awakening his mistress/Muse, he will be awakened to a new life. Poem XV is also pervaded by an atmosphere of enchantment, with the ritual progress of dawn ("Eastward the gradual dawn prevails/Where softly burning fires

appear"); the faint trembling of "all those veils of grey and golden gossamer",

While sweetly, gently, secretly,
The flowery bells of morn are stirred
And the wise choirs of faery
Begin (innumerable!) to be heard.

This is not simply a natural dawn - it is the awakening of imagination. The "choirs of faery" begin to be heard, "wise" in their song, like the poet, "in disregard of the divine" (the world of imagination is a pagan world). The "wise choirs of faery" also evince their "faery" quality in their adjective "innumerable", for this word suggests both "not numerous" and "numerous", a suitably vague 'definition' for such an imaginary troop. He was to have been announced on "the bugles of the cherubim" - the "wise choirs of faery" reveal it to be the chorus of a decidedly pagan cherubim.

The poem also suggests that nature is the reflection of his mistress (cf. VIII): as Dawn prevails amid "softly burning fires" which make gossamer veils tremble, so should his mistress. The presence of his mistress imagination produces a vaguely alchemical atmosphere in a number of poems. In II, with her influence, "The twilight turns to darker blue/With lights of amethyst." Love's way in heaven in III, supervised by his mistress, was "aglow/At that hour when soft lights come and go." And in VIII, "The ways of all the woodland," having been touched by the "light footfall" of his mistress, "Gleam with a soft and golden fire [cf. the "softly burning fires" accompanying her awakening in XV]." Her touch is a magical one. Moreover, the "softly burning fires ... Making to tremble all those veils of grey and golden gossamer" seems to recall Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight" (ll. 13-16)

the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.

These "films" were supposed to herald the advent of a stranger in superstitious belief, in the pagan imagination. Accordingly, in XV, the advent of the poet to the "virgin womb of the imagination" is heralded. For in XIV, "The pale dew" had lain "Like a veil" on his head - possibly the "veils of grey and golden gossamer" which will be made to tremble by the "softly burning fires" accompanying his mistress' awakening. The same image occurred in V, when the poet, reading in his room, noticed, like Coleridge, "the fire dance on the floor" - this time heralding the advent of his mistress.

"Making to tremble all those veils/Of grey and golden gossamer" was repeated by Joyce in his poem 'Alone' (from Pomes Penyeach):
 "The moon's greygolden meshes make/All night a veil."

Stanislaus Joyce recorded the composition of XV in an entry, 31 July 1904, in his diary: ⁴⁷. "Jim has written ... a matutine in verse beginning 'From dewy dreams my soul arise!'"

XVI

This slight poem pursues the "come away" theme of the preceding poem. The poet is beseeching his mistress to return with him to the valley "where Love did sometime go" - in I, before he had met her. For "many a choir is singing now" in the valley, because of the awakening and inspiration of his imagination. "Many a choir" recalls the "wise choirs of faery" which began "(innumerable!) to be heard" in XV. The valley is another image of enchanterment; the poet's object throughout is to attain to perpetual peace in company with his lady, his aesthetic image of mortal beauty. He is to learn the transience of creative ecstasy, however; he cannot remain in the "sweet bosom" of his lady, the "cool and pleasant valley," longer than the instant.

XVII

The decay of love first becomes apparent in poem XVII, when external realities intrude in the form of a rival. The hero's mistress remains faithful to him, and his success causes the break with the rival, a former friend. But the hero takes the blame for the break upon himself: "I gave him pain." And there is some suggestion that the rival was vying not with the hero for the affections of the hero's mistress, but rather with the hero's mistress for the hero's attentions. For the rival is representative of external reality, the common life from which the hero's love for his mistress has cut him off. The poet sought the reality of imaginative experience, but this is an exclusive reality, and there is no room in the "virgin womb of the imagination" for anyone else.

This small poem is extremely precise, and its syntax directly reflects the theme. The first stanza consists of a main clause whose emphasis is on "him" and the division between "I" and "him," and this main clause, centrally placed, is overwhelmed on each side by an explanatory subordinate clause each emphasising "your" and the union of "my" and "your" (the use of possessive pronouns further emphasising the union of subject). Thus there is a neatly balanced structure of subject in the three clauses of "your", "my" / "I", "him" / "my", "your" - which is an exact structural embodiment of the theme of rivalry.

After the present or future tense of the preceding poems, XVII strike an unusual note with its past tense. This serves as a reminder that while the poet is enchantered with his lady in their world of song and art, the world and its miseries remain outside; as in XXXIII, "all around our loneliness/The wind is whistling merrily." It is evidence of the decline of love and inspiration

that the poet can now think of something other than his aesthetic image of mortal beauty, and allow the world to impinge.

Poem XVII probably originated in Joyce's break with Gogarty. Vincent Cosgrave wrote to Joyce, about 29 October 1905, in an attempt to heal the breach, and in his letter he quoted the penultimate line of XVII and identified the "stranger who was my friend," the rival of the poem, with Gogarty: ⁴⁸. "At Christmas 'A stranger to you now' gave me the following 'little carol' ... [quotes] ... The appended Song of J. is of course Gogarty's." Ellmann wrote of the period which Joyce spent in the Martello Tower (September 1904): ⁴⁹. "Joyce was too concerned with Nora to treat Gogarty with any ceremony. Two poems written at this time suggest the break with him: [quotes XXI] ... The other poem alludes to Gogarty more specifically: [quotes XVII]."

XVIII

Because he cares only for his lady and ignores his friend, the poet is estranged from his friend in XVII. In XVIII, because friends fail him and give him sorrow, the poet is brought closer to his lady. However the world outside their relationship affects him, the lady remains at the centre of his universe. Whether the relationship hurts the world or the world attacks the relationship, his preoccupation with his lady, which is his preoccupation with art, remains at odds with the world. His lady, a Muse, will inspire him and remove the sting from the barbs of the world:

But one unto him
Will softly move
And softly woo him
In ways of love.

This bears the same relation to XI, as V does to IV; just as in V

it is shown that the poet had been enchanted by his lady's song before he sang his "lover's chant" to her in IV, so in XVIII it is shown that his lady 'moves unto him' and 'woos him in ways of love' despite his claims in XI to have "come to woo ... thy girlish ways." His lady is a symbol of inspiration.

"A little ashes/Their words come to" resembles poem XXV of Fitzgerald's The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, a copy of which Joyce still had in his personal library in later life: ⁵⁰.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XIX

In XVII a friend is estranged, in XVIII friends fail him, and in poem XIX the forces of external reality impinge with even greater strength on the poet's relationship with his mistress. XIX is a stinging attack on his "Sweetheart's" detractors, who apparently comprise "all men", a more numerous body than "the college of rivals" as Tindall suggests. ⁵¹. "All men prefer a lying clamour before" her, in two senses: on one hand, they try to taint her with lies (which the hero answers with the rhetorical question "Can they dishonour you?") and on the other, they would choose a lying clamour before choosing to follow her. This latter suggestion has affinities with XII, when at first the coy mistress preferred the counsel of "the hooded moon", "a sage that is but kith and kin/With the comedian capuchin", who advocated a divine love, "Love in ancient plenilune", until the hero persuaded her to "Believe me rather that am wise/In disregard of the divine." The poet had won over his Muse from celebrations of divine love to celebrations of a mortal beauty.

But the counsel of the "hooded moon"/comedian capuchin," however much a "lying clamour" it may be when compared with the wisdom of a pagan imagination, retains its hold over the majority of men who surround and besiege the poet's enclave with his mistress/Muse. But the poet comforts her by saying that their assailants, the enemies of art, are "sadder than all tears" (their sorrow is greater than hers) and "Their lives ascend as a continual sigh" (their espousal of a divine love, with its fruitless prayer instead of mortal song, denies them fulfilment). And in the poem's resounding conclusion, "Proudly answer to their tears:/As they deny, deny," the poet makes an impressive affirmation of his mistress and her truth, against the negatives of "all men" and their "lying clamour." The poet is taking his stand for his art against philistinism of all kinds, including religion.

Joyce made a similar stand for the artist against the "lying clamour" of "all men" in his privately published (1901) article "The Day of the Rabblement." 52.

Yeats' "He thinks of Those Who have Spoken Evil of His Beloved" (from The Wind Among the Reeds) has a similar theme ("They have spoken against you everywhere") to XIX, but XIX is a tighter and more effective poem. Tindall says, 53. "Joyce's treatment of the theme is more economical and, I think, better."

XX

The poet has a brief respite from the world in XX. "Thy kiss descending ... With a soft tumult/Of thy hair" is his lady's answer to "all men" whose "lives ascend as a continual sigh," "a lying clamour" in XIX. Poem XX, with its refuge in the "dark pinewood" and "deep cool shadow," recalls XVI and its "cool and pleasant" valley.

There is a rather precious attention to sensuous detail in "Thy kiss descending/Sweeter were/With a soft tumult/Of thy hair." And the "ensiled" aspect of the pineforest is a darkly sensuous image and perhaps also an ecclesiastical image (cf. "Night's sindark nave" in "Nightpiece" from Pomes Penyeach).

Tindall describes XX as "This fantasy of desire" and says that "The tenses assure us that far from enjoying the favors of his girl, the lover only wants to." ⁵⁴ However, as described in section (9) of the Introductory Essay, Chamber Music is characteristically a "fantasy of desire"; the poet "would in that sweet bosom be," the climax is merely a call to arise, and even in "The Villanelle of the Temptress" of A Portrait of the Artist, the triumphant result of inspiration is a question. And the desire is fulfilled by its "fantastical" or imaginative expression; the ideal object of desire is created as an aesthetic image. The recurrence of "soft" and "sweet" in XX indicate that the harmonic balm, with which his art immunises him from the "lying clamour" of the world, is present, and functioning, in this poem. Thus he is "enjoying the favors of his girl" in XX; his aesthetic image does comfort him. However, there is a suggestion that although it is "noon of day" (cf. XIII "Love is at his noon"), it will not be so for long, and a wistful note is already present.

Tindall also claims that "The real refuge of this dream fantasy is a tent of hair," ⁵⁵ and he notes parallels in Stephen Hero (p.37), "hide me, heavy hair!"; in Yeats' "Michael Robartes Asks Forgiveness Because of His Many Moods" ("cover ... your breast/With your dim heavy hair"), "The Travail of Passion" ("We will bend down and loosen our hair over you") and "Michael Robartes Bids His Beloved Be at Peace" ("Beloved let ... your hair fall over my breast,/Drowning love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest"). He might

have added Yeats' "He Tells of a Valley Full of Lovers" ("O women, bid the young men lay/Their heads on your knees, and drown their eyes with your hair"). However, although Joyce greatly admired The Wind Among the Reeds which included all the latter poems,^{56.} and was therefore familiar with "tents of hair," these are not "the real refuge of XX. The actual line is "With a soft tumult/Of thy hair"; as is characteristic in Chamber Music what perhaps ought to be a physical, visual image, is an aural image. The sound of "a soft tumult" is what is significant. The poet does not get to feel or see the hair; but he does get to hear it in his aesthetic image and its rhythm.

XXI

A magniloquent statement of the poet's pride, this poem has close affinities with XIX and its defence of his lady against the "lying clamour" of "all men." He has lost "glory," perhaps a religious glory, for he was "wise/In disregard of the divine"; and she was threatened by the rabblement with "dishonour" in XIX. Nor has he "Found any soul to fellow his," as "all men" were against his lady in XIX; and he is "among his foes in scorn and wrath," just as she was surrounded with a "lying clamour" in XIX. Thus both he and his lady, a symbol of his art, have been assailed by the world.

The ambiguous final couplet identifies the lady with the poet. The paradox of "unconsoortable"/"companion", and the indefinite possessive pronouns in "That high unconsoortable one -/His love is his companion," suggest that the hero of Chamber Music is celebrating a form of self-love. He had not "found any soul to fellow his" - only his art. Poem XXI in fact proclaims the sufficiency of art to the artist. It is significant in this respect that XXI originally began the sequence.^{57.}

Gaining power from its brevity and economy, XXI with its proud stance of the artist against the "lying clamour" may be compared with Joyce's article "The Day of the Rabblement" (1901), and his broadside "The Holy Office" (1904), which contains a number of echoes of XXI:

Where they have crouched and crawled and prayed
 I stand, the self-doomed, unafraid,
Unfellowed, friendless and alone
 Indifferent as the herring-bone,
 Firm as the mountain ridges where
 I flash my antlers on the air. ...
 My spirit shall they never have
 Nor make my soul with theirs as one ...
 And though they spurn me from their door
 My soul shall spurn them evermore.

"The self-doomed" may be compared with "He who hath glory lost" and "That high unconsortable one" for the quasi-divinity of their depiction of the hero. Joyce's feeling of affinity with the kindred heroic spirit of Lucifer (cf. A Portrait of the Artist, p.239, "- I will not serve, answered Stephen") gains its expression in "He who hath glory lost."

In an early (unpublished) poem,⁵⁸ Joyce saw himself as an apostate from the creed of XXI:

And I have sat amid the turbulent crowd,
 And have assisted at their boisterous play;
 I have unbent myself and shouted loud
 And been as blatant and as coarse as they.
 I have consorted with vulgarity.

(cf. "That high unconsortable one").

"Among his foes in scorn and wrath/Holding to ancient nobleness" may be compared with Dubliners (p.28): "These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes." The boy's "chalice" was a symbol of the girl whom he worshipped in his romantic imagination, and to whom he was "like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires" (p.29) - a similar identification of

girl and inspiration of imagination to that of Chamber Music.

Kenner ^{59.} describes XXI as Joyce's "parallel poem" to Yeats' "To His Heart, Bidding It Have No Fear." He says that

The first four lines translate Yeats' stage properties into spare directness of presentation But it is the concluding couplet that turns the screw. ... Joyce deletes a romantic lady-love with unconsortable and turns the Lucifer into Narcissus. He evades neither the attractiveness of the role nor its penalty. He differs from Yeats in understanding exactly what he is saying. Whenever Joyce rewrites a Yeats poem ... we find a poise less assured than Yeats' ... but an articulation considerably more efficient and a sense of the contradictions of the pose considerably sharpened.

However, Kenner exaggerates the relationship of XXI to Yeats' poem, and he errs in identifying Yeats' "lonely, majestic multitude" with Joyce's "high unconsortable one."

Tindall ^{60.} gives a perceptive interpretation of the structure of XXI, despite occasional flippancy:

We find its rhythm not unlike that of Gerard Manley Hopkins. As "sprung" as Joyce could spring it, counterpointing meter with freedom, the rhythm shows forth irregularity of feeling or else trouble of some sort, probably serious.

Since sound is the substance of rhythm, we should consider that as well. ... Poem XXI is a conspiracy of back... vowels. In themselves they are solemn enough, but together with the sense they create feelings suitable for desperate baritones. The profound symphony is interrupted, however, by "high," the one word out of key with the others. This break serves to set off and give dramatic impact to "unconsortable," the central word of the poem and perhaps of the whole suite, a word which lacking that bright, sharp introduction would have been almost as dark as the rest. "Unconsortable" owes its effect less to juxtaposition, however, than to other qualities. It is a long, uncommon word among comparatively simple ones. By its place in the line it produces an emphatic ripple in the rhythm, which in turn makes it stand out. The rhythmic and phonetic triumph here is like that of Ben Jonson's "Goddess excellently bright" or Yeats' "proud, majestic multitude."

But the triumph is also semantic. By its sense this great word not only summarizes the hero and his failure, but, taken together with "companion," constitutes a paradox. ... Is the paradox of "unconsortable" and "companion" pathetic, defiant, or comic? It may involve seeing through an amateur Lucifer as Joyce in A Portrait of the Artist saw through Stephen. The dissonance of "his" and "nobleness" may symbolize comic reservation, scorn and defiance, or the misery of one who has to make the best of things.

Tindall's semantic interpretation is not quite as sound as his explication of the "rhythmic and phonetic triumph" of XXI. Joyce's attitude to Stephen in A Portrait of the Artist was not as unequivocally ironic as Tindall suggests. And although irony is inherent in the paradoxical nature of the final couplet of XXI, there is a great deal more scorn and defiance and self-sufficiency in the poem than pathos or "comic reservation." And it would have been unusual even for Joyce to have dedicated the poem to Nora if, as Tindall suggests, the poem describes his own "misery" at having had to "make the best of things" with her. ("If we know about the reference to Nora," says Tindall, "the paradox is plain"; "We who know about Nora may prefer the latter [reading, that the hero has had to swallow his pride to find a companion]." ⁶¹) The paradox of XXI is no compromise.

Constantine Curran's MS. of XXI is dated 30 September 1904 and bears the dedication "To Nora." ⁶² However, an earlier MS. of the poem (in the Cornell Joyce Collection) has one line slightly different from any of the variants recorded by Tindall, and is not headed with the dedication "To Nora." ⁶³ This disproves Tindall's claim that "the reference to Nora" explains the poem and its final paradox as "the misery of one who has to make the best of things." The Cornell MS. of XXI was also written on stationery of "THE TOWER, SANDYCOVE," and since Joyce resided in the Martello Tower only from 9-19 September 1904, the poem must have been written very soon after. This suggests that XXI, like XVII, may have some reference to Joyce's break with Gogarty. Ellmann supports this notion, suggests that the reason for the break was that "Joyce was too concerned with Nora to treat Gogarty with any ceremony," and says that Vincent Cosgrave, noting the last line of XXI, "His love is his companion," "took to

calling Nora Barnacle Joyce's 'companion.'" 64. However, it must be remembered that XXI was not originally dedicated to Nora, and that the ambiguity of "His love is his companion" remains.

XXII

Poem XXII recalls VI with its expression of an intense desire for a protective enchainment with his mistress. "Of that so sweet imprisonment/My soul, dearest, is fain" is an echo of VI, "I would in that sweet bosom be." And again the reason for this desire is to find peace from the harsh realities of the world, "sad austerities" and a "rude wind" in VI, "lying clamour" in XIX, "scorn and wrath" of foes in XXI, and in XXII, troubling "alarms":

Dearest, through interwoven arms
By love made tremulous,
That night allures me where alarms
Nowise may trouble us.

The effect of such enchainment with his mistress is described in the final couplet, "But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed/Where soul with soul lies prisoned." This seems a further indication that the poet of Chamber Music celebrates the creative union of inspiration and imagination; the aesthetic image which inspires him brings him a "dreamier sleep," and the link between dream and the imagination is traditional.

It is significant also that, as in XVIII, the poet's lady woos him; throughout Chamber Music synonymous with his art, the lady is a Muse-figure. She woos him "to relent," which, from Latin lentus, means to become soft again (not recurrence of "soft" and "sweet"), to yield to inspiration. She also woos him "to detain," which, from Latin teneo, means to hold or keep in confinement, and reinforces the sense of "that so sweet imprisonment." (See discussion of the

word "detain" in Stephen's conversation with the dean of studies in A Portrait of the Artist, pp.187-188, and Stephen Hero, p.33.)

The "interwoven arms" of the lady are "By love made tremulous," a common affect of inspiration in Chamber Music. In XII "A glory kindles in those eyes,/Trembles to starlight." And in XV the poet's "morning inspiration is seen as "softly burning fires" ... Making to tremble all those veils/Of grey and golden gossamer." In a poem published in Stephen Hero (p.42), the dawn of XV and the imprisoning arms of XXII are linked:

The dawn awakes with tremulous alarms,
How grey, how cold, how bare!
O, hold me still white arms, encircling arms!
And hide me, heavy hair!

Poem XXII has an unusually varied vocabulary, with emphasis on "relent" and "detain," "tremulous," "nowise," and "allures." "allures," more subtly enchanting than "lures," recalls the temptress of Stephen's villanelle, who was "Lure of the fallen seraphim." (The poet of Chamber Music, announced to his lady "upon the bugles of the cherubim" in XI, was also a fallen seraph, for he was "wise/In disregard of the divine" in XII, and in XXI "He ... hath glory lost.") "Nowise" in "alarms/Nowise may trouble us" suggests that the alarms of the world, the "lying clamour" of "all men," are not wise, like the poet, "In disregard of the divine," or like the "wise choirs of faery" (XV); the world and religion are contrary to the wisdom of art and imagination. The alarms are "nowise" in the same sense as the "divine" counsel of "the hooded moon" is the wisdom only of "A sage that is but kith and kin/With the comedian capuchin."

XXIII

This is third in the group of "womb-image" poems including VI and XXII, but is definitely one of the later poems because of its recognition of the transience of ecstasy in the last line, "Though love live but a day." Again the distinction between hero and lady is not a substantial, physical one.

This heart that flutters near my heart
 My hope and all my riches is, ...
 For there, as in some mossy nest
 The wrens will divers treasures keep,
 I laid those treasures I possessed
 Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.

A mistress may be the 'hope and riches' of her admirer, but it is unusual that he should lay "those treasures I possessed/Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep," "there," in his mistress, if she is a sexual being. But "those treasures" which the young poet possessed were his songs, and they were laid - "My hope and all my riches ... And all my happiness - in the "virgin womb of the imagination," where "the word was made flesh," even before he had fully experienced the "sad austerities" and "lying clamour" of the world. Dedalus similarly laid the "first fruits of his verse" on the altar of his art, in Stephen Hero (p.36), in a "house of silence" which he constructed himself just as the wrens built their "mossy nest" in which to lay their treasures:

He spent days and nights hammering noisily as he built a house of silence for himself wherein he might await his Eucharist, days and nights gathering the first fruits and every peace-offering and heaping them upon his altar whereon he prayed clamorously the burning token of satisfaction might descend.

When his eyes had learned to weep, when he experienced the "sad austerities" of the world, he realises that the ecstasy of inspiration lasts only an instant ("love lives but a day"). But because he is "Unhappy when we draw apart" (cf. IX "Love is unhappy when love is away"), and because he also realises that he can transcend

the misery and "lying clamour" of the world (cf. XXV) in the instant of inspiration, he settles for the latter, however instantaneous, for the reality of poetic experience, for the wisdom of art, and continues like the wrens (a symbol of fidelity) to lay his treasures, to hatch his songs, in his "mossy nest," the "virgin womb of the imagination": "Shall we not be as wise as they/Though love live but a day?" This is the wisdom "In disregard of the divine" (XII), the wisdom of the "wise choirs of faery" (XV), the wisdom of artistic creation.

"Leid" primarily means 'deposited,' but because of the analogy with nesting wrens, it also suggests procreation. Dedalus discusses the "conception," "gestation," and "reproduction" of works of art in A Portrait of the Artist (p.209). "Flutters" in "This heart that flutters near my heart" recalls the "tremulous" effect of inspiration in XII, XV and XXII.

Poem XXIII is damaged by the precious rhetorical effect of "My hope and all my riches - yes!-"; and the subordination of grammar to rhyme in "Shall we not be as wise as they" also jars.

"Though love live but a day" is not entirely conditional, for the love celebrated in these poems has lasted "but a day," and the decline of Love's sun is already in progress.

XXIV

Poem XXIV seems to recall Ben Jonson's "Still to be Neat," a poem which Joyce is known to have admired and sung.⁶⁵ Largely because of this fact. Tindall⁶⁶ claims that -

The theme is evident enough although it seems to have escaped the notice of critics: if the girl titivating before her mirror does not hurry up, the lover, tired of waiting, will be gone.

This is the theme of Jonson's poem, but not of Joyce's. For XXIV specifically gives a different reason than impatience for the lover

praying his mistress to "cease to comb out,/Comb out your long hair,"
and the reason is

For I have heard of witchery
Under a pretty air.
That makes as one thing to the lover
Staying and going hence,
All fair, with many a pretty air
And many a negligence.

In other words, the hero has been bewitched by the incessant pre-occupation of his mistress combing out her hair, and the impatience which Jonson felt in a similar situation has been negated in this poem by the hero's mesmerisation: his mistress' "witchery" "makes as one thing to the lover/Staying and going hence." Thus this poem was perhaps designed to contradict the meaning of Jonson's "Still to be Neat." In the first two stanzas of XXIV, the slow chanting metre, the repetition of the word "combing" denoting her action, and the sense itself suggest that the hero may become impatient:

The sun is in the willow leaves
And on the dappled grass,
And still she's combing her long hair
Before the lookingglass.

But the last two stanzas (above) state that he has not become irritated with "th'adulteries of art," as Jonson described the preening of his mistress, but is rather enchanted by them. And the hero of XXIV is not only mesmerised by "th'adulteries of art" of his mistress, but he also gains with her the "sweet neglect" of naturalness which Jonson said "more taketh me/Than all th'adulteries of art." (For her "witchery ... makes ... All fair, with many a pretty air/And many a negligence.")) The poem, then, seems to suggest that the hero's mistress is more accomplished than Jonson's, and her peculiar penchant for "witchery under a pretty air," her capacity for enchanting him and harmonising all ("makes ... all fair"), and for averting his attentions from the world of external reality (the sun outside), gives her a supernatural aspect which tends to suggest she is a

symbol of his imagination, continually exercising itself in disregard of the world outside. This suggestion is supported to some extent by the direct transplant of a phrase, "the dappled grass," from Yeats' poem "The Song of Wandering Aengus." In this poem, Aengus pursues "a glimmering girl" of imagination, and asserts that he will

walk among long dappled grass,
and pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

The hero of XXIV asserts the same thing: far from becoming impatient with his woman of imagination (unlike Jonson's real woman), he will continue to be enchanted by her 'plucking' her long hair (as if it were an instrument).

The "witchery" of his mistress affects the verse itself (besides its creator): she combs her hair "with many a pretty air," which, despite the stated silence of her action, suggests "air" as "melody" as well as "gesture." The poet prays her to "cease to comb out ... your long hair,/For I have heard of witchery/Under a pretty air," which hints further that her activity may be musical. And her "witchery" also "makes as one thing to the lover/Staying and going hence," as in V, having been equally enchanting in an equally incessant activity, she has this same effect on him:

I have left my book:
I have left my room:
For I heard you singing
Through the gloom,
Singing and singing
A merry air.

He left his external pursuits in V just as he forgot about the sun in XXIV, she is "singing and singing" in V just as she is "combing, combing" in XXIV, and her decidedly musical "merry air" in V is not distinct from her "pretty air" in XXIV. In XX, her hair gave "a soft tumult." And the action of combing her long hair perhaps gives of itself a hint of musical activity. This reinforces the

paradox of "silently" ("Silently she's combing"), which becomes a pun in the word "still" in the second stanza ("And still she's combing.") Poem XXIV is therefore a fitting tribute to the poet's Muse, for he has called up her image to the extent that her quality of enchantment is embedded in the verse itself, in the puns, and in the subtle use of sources (Jonson and Yeats). It has considerable complexity, and fully justifies Tindall's plaudit "This malign and graceful poem, one of the best of the suite." ^{67.}

In early (unpublished) poem by Joyce, ^{68.} unabashedly wearing Yeats' "coat covered with embroideries," links the bewitching combing of XXIV and the enchanting atmosphere of singing and fire dancing on the floor in V:

Magical hair, alive with glee,
Winnowing spark after spark,
Star after star, rapturously.
Toss and toss, amazing arms;
Witches, weave upon the floor
Your subtle-woven web of charms.

XXV

Poem XXV takes the love cycle further in its decline. The hero tries to encourage his mistress, as he did in XIX, to continue her activities ("Lightly come or lightly go ... Lightly, lightly - ever so") even "Though thy heart presage thee woe,/Vales and many a wasted sun." The third terror, "many a wasted sun," is explained by the association throughout the suite of love with the sun: in III Love was exhorted to "unclose the pale gates of sunrise"; in VIII his mistress "passes in the sweet sunlight" and the "sunny woodland" carries its "brave attire" for her; at the climax, in XIII, "The bridal wind is blowing/For Love is at his noon"; and in XXV itself, love has so waned that it is now "the hour of evenstar" again, "when the heart is heaviest." The first terror, "woe," may be the result

of the "lying clamour" of "all men", which saddened her in XIX, and "woe" and the second terror, "vales", are further explicated in the second stanza of XXV:

Clouds that wrap the vales below
At the hour of evenstar
Lowliest attendants are.

The image of the mistress in this poem is an Oread, a nymph flitting over mountain tops as lightly as the wood-nymph of VII tripped through her sunny groves. But below the exhilarating atmosphere of the mountain air there remain the dark vales (cf. river-valley of I) of ordinary life enwrapped with its clouds of misery. The clouds are "lowliest attendants" - they are waiting below. For the time of the poem is "the hour of evenstar ... When the heart is heaviest" - and the poet is trying to encourage his Oread to fly above, and lift him above this sadness by levity in song ("Love and laughter song-confessed"). Love and laughter were 'confessed in song' before: in VII "Over the laughing land,/My love goes lightly"; and in X "Happy Love" sings "Leave dreams to the dreamers ... That song and laughter/Do nothing move."

Poem XXV is linked to XXIV with its mention of her hair, and it perhaps helps explain XXIV. For the poet encourages his mistress to "let thy laughter run" - in song - "Till the irreverent mountain air/Ripple all thy flying hair." That is, the climax of her artistic activity, her song, occurs when the mountain air succeeds in his flirtation with her and manages to ripple, almost in sound-waves, her hair. As this rippling of her hair is the climax of her song, it is perhaps suggested that her hair has magical vibrating qualities like the strings of a musical instrument, and produces a melody, as it produced a "pretty air" in XXIV.

But the most significant aspect of XXV is the belief that the Oread can elevate her heavy heart, and that of the poet, from "the

vales below" to the free exhilarating atmosphere of an upper air, a higher reality, by song:

Though thy heart presage thee woe,
Vales and many a wasted sun,
Oread, let thy laughter run.

This is a belief in the transcendent and transmuting power of the imagination, a theme expressed with some subtlety in XXV, and taken up again in the following poem.

The "Clouds that wrap the vales below," the "Lowliest attendants" of the Oread of XXV, may be compared with one of Joyce's "Notes" to Exiles (p.150):

Throughout these experiences, she will suffuse her own reborn temperament with the wonder of her soul at its own solitude and at her beauty, formed and dissolving itself eternally amid the clouds of mortality.

Joyce wrote XXV, as well as XII, under the inspiration of Mary Sheehy, 12 April 1904 (see "Notes" on XII). "Though thy heart presage thee woe" echoes "What counsel has the hooded moon/Put in thy heart" in XII; and the superior 'wisdom,' the reality of poetic experience, which the poet counsels in XII, is propounded again in XXV. (Compare also "What sound hath made thy heart to fear?" in XXVI.) And "songconfessed" recalls the poet in XII, "wise/In disregard of the divine": he makes his confession only in song, in art.

XXVI

Poem XXVI is set, like XXV, at night with the eclipse of love's sun, and just as intimations of disaster struck the mistress' heart in XXV ("Though thy heart presage thee woe,/Vales and many a wasted sun"), so in XXVI harsh realities continue to impinge on the en-chambered happiness of the poet and his lady: "In that soft choiring of delight/What sound hath made thy heart to fear?" But just as in XXV the poet exhorts his mistress to transcend the

misery of the vales of mortality through song, so in XXVI he tells her that if she only 'scans' her fearful mood well, or interprets it or gives it a satisfactory metrical form, she will render the fearful sound less disturbing. By giving form to chaos, or, in terms of the aural imagery of the poem, by giving metrical form to the antiphony of the fearful sound, one restores the general harmony of "that soft choiring of delight." The message is apparently that art or the faculty of imagination, transmutes and, like ritual, reduces fear of the extraordinary or the supernatural by giving it comprehensible form.

The first stanza of XXVI defines the medium of his mistress' art as song (in keeping with the rest of the suite), by means of aural imagery. She is leaning "to the shell of night, ... a divining ear." The "shell of night" is a vast resonating chamber, a sound-shell - itself perhaps a divine or heavenly ear - which is pervaded by harmony, "that soft choiring of delight." And through this general harmony cuts a harsh unfamiliar note: external reality intrudes as an antiphony ("What sound hath made thy heart to fear?/Seemed it of rivers rushing forth/From the grey deserts of the north?") And she extends "a divining ear" to this chaotic sound, the act of "divining" suggesting that she is trying to guess its nature, its meaning, its origin - its form - as the Great Shaper gives form and harmony to all, and through the process of a divine-like intuition.

In the second stanza, however, the medium of her art is more specifically poetic. The poet talks about 'scanning' her fearful mood well, and says that if she can, she will be following the great poetic tradition represented by Coleridge or Shakespeare,

Who a mad tale bequeaths to us
At ghosting hour conjurable -
And all for some strange name he read
In Purchas or in Holinshed.

For Coleridge happened upon a strange name, possibly "Kubla Khan" or "Xanadu," while reading Purchas' pilgrimages in an opiate haze at night (cf. "At ghosting hour conjurable") and then, having fallen asleep, had a vision of Kubla Khan's pleasure-dome. When he awoke, he set this vision down in metrical form (cf. "if thou but scan it well"), the resultant poem, "Kubla Khan: A Vision in a Dream," surely being "a mad tale." And this same process of transmuting the "strange name", the fearful sound, the extraordinary, into art and thereby reducing its terror by formalising it, is precisely what the poet of Chamber Music X&VI suggests that his mistress follow in order to restore harmony and the peace of her heart after the irruption of the fearful sound into her perception, or primary imagination.

The allusion to "Kubla Khan" through mention of "Purchas" perhaps gives some explanation of the fearful sound and the "rivers rushing forth/From the grey deserts of the north." For, in "Kubla Khan," "Alph, the sacred river, ran/Through caverns measureless to man/Down to a sunless sea, ... And sunk in tumult to a lifeless ocean" (which parallels the progress of the Chamber Music suite), "And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far/Incestral voices prophesying war!" Kubla heard this fearful sound from his "sunny pleasure-dome", while the lady of X&VI heard a similarly fearful sound "in that soft choiring of delight" which pervaded "the shell of night" - a concomitant "pleasure-dome," for it is linked to poem VII "where the sky's a pale blue cup/Over the laughing land" (which is a "sunny pleasure-dome" like that of Kubla).

The allusion to Coleridge may have a more general bearing on the composition of Chamber Music. In the last section (**ll. 37-54**) of "Kubla Khan", Coleridge described the process of imaginative creation in poetry which was an embodiment of the process:

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

The poet of Chamber Music is enchanted by, and receives his inspiration from, a similar imaginary damsel, whose "symphony and song" he also seeks to revive. "To such a deep delight 'twould win" this poet too if he could attain to her chamber where "love and laughter" are "songconfessed." And, most important, Coleridge expresses a desire for poetic achievement - "I would build that dome in air" - but though he does not achieve this in any substantial way on earth, he does achieve his desire in the poetic expression of it. Similarly with the Chamber Music poet: he desires union with his mistress - "I would in that sweet bosom be ... (O soft I knock and soft entreat her)" - yet there is no consummation in the whole suite in any but poetic terms. His frequent calls to his mistress to "come away," or his exhortations to her to transcend the disquieting irruptions of the world, are never shown to have been successful by retrospective descriptions of achievement; they remain merely wishes. And the climax of the suite, poem XIV, is a call to the mistress to awake; not an anticipation of a sexual union, but a celebration of an imaginative creation, when "In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin's chamber." He awakens his Muse in XIV, as the poem itself

testifies, but there is no narrative description of actual success.

The reference in XXVI to a poet using Holinshed as a source suggests Shakespeare. Of his plays, it seems most likely that it was Macbeth which the Chamber Music poet had in mind. For it is well known that Shakespeare developed Macbeth from the account in Holinshed's chronicles, and a half line of poem XXXIV ("Sleep no more") is borrowed from this drama. Furthermore, there is evidence in poem XXVI itself to suggest an allusion to Macbeth: for the "mad tale" bequeathed to us by Shakespeare may be in particular the "tale/Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,/Signifying nothing" (Macbeth, V v 26). Macbeth's "mad tale" was immediately preceded (only ten lines previously) by a "night-shriek" - the death cry of Lady Macbeth - like the fearful sound which troubles the woman in poem XXVI. But Macbeth turns his fear at this sound and what it has meant (the death of his queen) into an image of life as a "tale told by an idiot ... signifying nothing." His imagination has transmuted the fearful sound of death into a common vision of life, a restoration of harmony.

Hence the poet of XXVI encourages his mistress to scan well her mood of fear at a strange sound - as Shakespeare did when he read of Macbeth in Holinshed, as Macbeth did when he heard the fatal "night-shriek" - and so produce simply another vision of life, a "mad tale," a restoration of common harmony. As a gloss on the "mad tale" which signifies nothing, and the meaning of Chamber Music poem XXVI, it is interesting to recall A Midsummer Night's Dream (V 1 14-17):

as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

This is almost a concise expression of the meaning of XXVI, a complex poem which may remain superficially facile unless one pauses

over what it actually states. That the allusions to Coleridge and Shakespeare: (through Purchas and Holinshed) are extremely significant is attested by the fact that in the whole of Chamber Music, only one other proper noun (apart from the place-name "Donneycamey" in XXXI) is mentioned ("Mithridates" in the next poem). Proper names do not fit the distanced atmosphere of Chamber Music, so the presence of two examples (out of a total of three) in one poem is evidence enough of their importance in the poem. And the fact that the three names mentioned, Purchas, Holinshed and Mithridates, are all such discordant, "strange names" themselves, intruding on the sublime harmonies of Chamber Music, gives the meaning of XXVI an added significance. Moreover, the fact that the three names each seem to allude to works concerned with the imaginative process is further evidence of the importance of the theme of imaginative activity in Chamber Music.

The suggestion of Coleridge in XXVI, and the mention of "a mad tale ... At ghosting hour conjurable," also recalls "Dejection: An Ode." Coleridge describes the Wind in this poem as "Mad Lutanist" and cries "What a scream/Of agony by torture lengthened out/That lute sent forth!" The Wind is also "Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!/Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold," and its fearful sound, like that of Kubla, tells a "mad tale," "of the rushing of an host in rout." But the Wind is also the inspiration of another tale: "all that noise ... is over -/It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud! A tale of less affright,/And tempered with delight,/As Otway's self had framed the tender lay," of a child's scream in the night. This is the kind of tale which the poet of XXVI wishes his lady to make of the strange, discordant sound in the night which made her heart fear. Moreover, "Dejection" records Coleridge's fear of declining inspiration, which is the stage XXVI has reached

in the Chamber Music sequence, his fear that "each visitation [of "afflictions"]/Suspend what nature gave me at my birth,/My shaping spirit of Imagination." This is the same shaping spirit ~~that~~ the Chamber Music poet, also assailed increasingly by the "sad austerities" and "desolate winds" of the world, seeks to revive in the lady who is his inspiration. His "shaping spirit of Imagination" was also given him by "nature ... at my birth": cf. XXIII "those treasures I possessed/Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep."

"The shell of night" recalls "the Bowl of Night" in poem I of Fitzgerald's The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, which Joyce kept in his personal library.⁶⁹ "The shell of night" is similar to "the sky's a pale blue cup" in Chamber Music VII, which also has an echo in The Rubaiyat, poem LII, "that inverted Bowl we call the Sky." R.M. Adams, peremptorily dismissing Tindall's conviction that "the shell of night" is a chamberpot, said instead that it is "the arch of Heaven, as in the Lady's song in Comus. [Milton's Comus, l.231, "thy airy shell."] It is all very well to say it should be both, but to impose this kind of litter on the fragile structures of Chamber Music is obviously to smother them."

XXVII

Poem XXVII comprises a complex first stanza and a second stanza which acts as an ironic commentary on the poetic expression of the first. In the first stanza, the poet says to his mistress that, if he were like Mithridates (who immunised himself against poison by imbibing all types of poison) and prepared, through many experiences in love, to defy the "poison-dart" of Cupid, she would still "fold" him (or imprison him in her soft arms as in poem XXII), because he could not possibly have experienced "the rapture of her heart"

elsewhere. He would then be forced to "render" (in song, in poetry) "the malice of her tenderness" - "the witchery" (cf. XXIV) of her seductive charms.

The poet's comment in the second stanza on his convoluted syntax in the first, betrays an irony rare in Chamber Music:

For elegant and antique phrase,
Dearest, my lips wax all too wise;
Nor have I known a love whose praise
Our piping poets solemnize,
Neither a love where may not be
Ever so little falsity.

The poet is confessing that he has not experienced a love such as the "piping poets solemnize" or celebrate in the conventions of romantic love-poetry **that** he has used in the first stanza. As Stephen Dedalus said in Stephen Hero (p.179),

in his expressions of love he found himself compelled to use what he called the feudal terminology and as he could not use it with the same faith and purpose as animated the feudal poets themselves he was compelled to express his love a little ironically.

The Chamber Music poet's "faith" is in, and his "purpose" is to celebrate, not a "real," romantic love (Stephen said of "real" girls, "I do not idealise the girls I see every day. I regard them as marsupials. ... But still I must express my nature," Stephen Hero, p.181), but the aesthetic image of mortal beauty. He had also to 'express his nature,' to affirm the reality of poetic experience, despite "Ever so little falsity" in his expression of his love of this reality, his love of the spiritual ideal of his aesthetic image. However, his use of "Ever so little falsity" is ironic, and it applies not only to himself but also to "our piping poets," for apotheosising a love which, unlike his own, has no intrinsically spiritual nature. Thus the last line prevents the second stanza from being an outright condemnation of the first.

The original version of the final couplet supports this reading

of XXVII as the poet's confession that his is not a real, romantic love but an imaginary one. Instead of "Neither a love where may not be/Ever so little falsity," Joyce initially wrote "But this I know - it scarce could be/Dearer than is thy falsity." ⁷⁰. The metre and expression is considerably more juvenile, but its sense parallels that of XXIV, when the poet admitted that "th'adulteries of art" of his (imaginary) mistress entranced him, rather than irritated him as Jonson was by the artifices of his (real) mistress. For the original final couplet of XXVII says that a real, romantic love could scarcely be dearer to him than the "falsity" or artificialities of his imaginary love.

The mention of "Mithridates" in the first line of XXVII is probably a reference to the last section of poem LXII of A.E. Housman's The Shropshire Boy. The sense of LXII, perhaps the only poem in that book with any subtlety, is that, even if poetry is "Moping melancholy mad," one should, like Mithridates with his poisons, sample, and thereby immunise oneself against, all the miseries of life that poetry expresses. The Chamber Music poet also says that poetic experience makes one immune, even if momentarily, from life's miseries (cf. XXV and XXVI). In XXVII he also says that a real love would not have inured him to the temptress of his songs.

Stanislaus Joyce noted the composition of XXVII in his diary, in an entry dated 31 July 1904. ⁷¹. He mistakenly assumed that the lines "For elegance and antique phrase,/Dearest, my lips wax all too wise" was a contradiction because "the song is both elegant and antique." (This is precisely what the lines in question state.) Joyce himself wrestled with the poem, for in a postcard to Stanislaus, 11 June 1905, he wrote "I changed the last couplet of 'Though I thy Mithridates were,'" ⁷². and in a letter dated about 1 March 1907,

he wrote to Stanislaus again that "I have changed a few verses in CM and have, that is, allowed my later self to interrupt the music, perhaps improving the poem as in the case of the Mithridates one."⁷³.

XXVIII

Poem XXVIII is a simple statement of the death of love. The poet tells his mistress to "lay aside sadness" and sing songs appreciative of the transient instant of love, which is embalmed in song when the "lovers that are dead" sleep in the grave. "Love is weary now," but the products of his love, his songs, remain, and are sufficient reward for his pain; only the pain dies in the "long deep sleep" of the grave. It is significant that the metaphor for the end of love is death, but the feeling is weariness, to be cured by forgetful sleep. He cannot bear the burden of his art with the death of inspiration; his Muse, his aesthetic image having faded, he must remain content with what he has already sung: "love that passes is enough."

The constant slight variations in rhythm in even such a small poem are typical of many poems in the suite. The basic rhythmic pattern of each poem generally remains within a conventional song structure, and impressions of metrical freedom are disguised by such devices as run-on lines being ended by stressed syllables, which act effectively as caesurae anyway. But the metre is kept closely in touch with the sense in each poem. In the first lines of each stanza of poem XXVIII, for example, "Gentle lady, do not sing" and "Sing about the long deep sleep," a peremptory tone is given to the poet's advice to his mistress by the use of trochees; but the third line, also in the imperative mood, "Lay aside sadness and sing," gains a far more inveigling, cajoling effect from the use

of dactyls. A very smooth effect is gained from this which occasionally has the effect of appearing too smooth and conventional, and the reader may slide over the meaning on the gloss of the poetry's surface.

The longing for the grave in XXVIII, in which "all love shall sleep," for "the long deep sleep of lovers that are dead," seems a rather ironic reversal of Marvell's theme in "To His Coy Mistress": "The grave's a fine and private place,/But none I think do there embrace."

One may compare XXVIII, with its decline of love, the inevitable return of the world to impinge on his consciousness, and its longing for the balm of sleep, with Stephen Hero, p.41, when Stephen thinks of "the unknown" to whom "verses were now regularly inscribed":

There were moments for him, ... when such a process ["to life through corruption"] would have seemed intolerable, life on any common terms an intolerable offence, and at such moments he prayed for nothing and lamented for nothing but he felt with a sweet sinking of consciousness that if the end came to him it was in the arms of the unknown that it would come to him.

In a letter to Nora, 21 August 1909, Joyce wrote that "She was perhaps (as I saw her in my imagination) a girl fashioned into a curious grave beauty by the culture of generations before her the woman for whom I wrote poems like 'Gentle Lady.'" ⁷⁴.

Tindall, ⁷⁵ noting the imperfect rhyme of "love" with "enough" in XXVIII, and "Joyce's favorite combination of kiss and is" in XX, XXIII and XXIX, and commenting that Yeats used these dissonant rhymes, suggests that, especially because of Yeats' early familiarity with, and appreciation of, Joyce's verse,

Yeats picked up this kind of rhyme, and specifically enough-love, kiss-is, from Joyce's poems. Yeats, who has been thought largely responsible for our present addiction to bad rhyme (I am aware of Hopkins and Owen), may have to yield that distinction to Joyce. Joyce may also have introduced Yeats to the beauty of demonstrative "that." Joyce used that distancing device (for example, VI, XXI) several years before Yeats perceived its value and made it his mark.

These perhaps remain interesting possibilities only.

XXIX

The poet has sought refuge in song, in the harmonious chamber of the imagination, but the world and its harsh realities which remain waiting ("Lowliest attendants" in XXV), begin to disrupt the harmony with their increasing antiphon, when the instant of creation is over and inspiration weakens. Thus in XXIX the "desolate," "wild winds" of the world "assail with cries/The shadowy garden where love is."

"The shadowy garden" recalls Gethsemane, and the poet, like Christ in his "shadowy garden," is about to be assailed with the "cries," the "lying clamour" (XIX), of the world, his persecutor. The last line of the poem, "Alas! why will you use me so?", also recalls Christ's cry from the Cross, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" This correlation is moreover appropriate because XXIX is a premonition of XXXVI, the last words of which recall Christ's lament even more explicitly: "My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?"

The poet's love, symbol of his art, is "too dear to [him]", and so he cannot bear her "Dear eyes that gently me upbraid." This is not the active reproach of a sexual being, a real woman. His imaginary woman, his Muse, has inspired, in the "clear mirror of [her] eyes," a vision of terror, in which he is made desolate by the world's ravishing of "the virgin womb of the imagination" - a rape, accompanied with cries, which carries off his Muse, causing a dissolution of inspiration. She gives him imaginative intimations of loss of inspiration and the process has already begun, as he realises, because now he cannot perceive clearly the beauty of his

mistress, his art, for it is increasingly obscured by visions of its defeat by the world's reality. The desolate vision of XXIX recurs as the nightmare of the final poem, XXXVI, the final triumphant irruption of the world into the poet's Byzantium. When the horsemen of XXXVI sweep over him, "triumphantly shouting", they are an embodiment of the "wild winds", the "desolate winds" of XXIX, which "assail with cries" the chamber of his art. And when the charioteers of XXXVI have departed in triumph, the hero is left alone, his mistress ravished from him - a fulfilment of the prophecy of XXIX:

And soon shall love dissolved be
When over us the wild winds blow.

XXX

In poem XXX, the poet is left simply to recount former joys and make a philosophic acceptance of the fact of love's death: "Love is past/That had his sweet hours many a one." He recalls the beginning of the sequence ("Love came to us in time gone by"): his mistress playing on the "old piano" during twilight with "shy thoughts" in poem II ("When one at twilight shyly played"); himself like the "shy star ... All maidenly, disconsolate" singing at her gate in poem IV ("And one in fear was standing nigh -/For Love at first is all afraid"). The first line of the second stanza, "We were grave lovers. Love is past", is given an appropriate finality by the caesura, which cuts the past tense sharply from the present, **and** gives the word "grave" (meaning sad or serious) added significance by the conjunction of the last statement of the death of love. They were not only intense lovers, but also destined for the grave. The mention of "grave" links XXX to XXVIII ("In the grave all love shall sleep"). And XXX is linked in theme to XXVIII by being a fulfilment of its wish that

sadness should be laid aside and that the instant of creativity should be welcomed gratefully, however, transient. Poem XXX begins with a recollection of the beginning of love's "sweet hours" (although these are now tainted in retrospect with visions of the impending doom), and concludes with an acceptance of their end: "Welcome to us now at the last/The ways that we shall go upon." The poet and his lady, his inspiration, are about to be parted.

XXXI

The poet is still trying in XXXI to revive his mistress' "symphony and song" by seeking her in memory. He recollects an excursion in which she had been with him, and had given him 'sweet words,' and a kiss "softer than the breath of summer." He finds inspiration for this poem, then, in the recollection of a previous actual instant of inspiration, when he received the soft kiss of his Muse, and the 'sweet words' to express it. Nevertheless, the poem emphasises the cold fact that such instants are no more, with its continual use of the past tense ("Was the kiss she gave to me"). And as in XXX, this vision of former ecstasy is not a perfect reproduction of the former state, for it is now tainted by warnings of imminent death: "the bat flew from tree to tree." "Sweet" and "soft," synonymous with the inspiration of the lyric Muse (see "Notes" on I), are in XXXI offset by the bat.

Tindall runs riot on the bat image of XXXI, but his initial premise is described: "Let us talk of bats. In this poem it is plain that the girl is not only bat but vampire." ⁷⁶. But it is not even plain that the girl is a bat, let alone a vampire. The bat flitting from tree to tree, accompanying the progress of both the poet and his mistress, is an image of imminent death, which the poet now sees

was inherent in his ecstasy. A similar bat flew round Bloom and Gerty MacDowell in Ulysses (pp.364-5):

That was their secret [Bloom's sins and lewd thoughts],
only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight and there was
none to know or tell save the little bat that flew so
softly through the evening to and fro and little bats
don't tell.

This does not suggest Gerty was a bat - the bat is a vivid image of the doom of their brief relationship (perhaps because it was characterised by blind lust). But a more relevant bat reference than any Tindall finds in Ulysses, Finnegans Wake or Dracula, may be seen in the fiftieth poem of Meredith's Modern Love sequence (a love-suite like Chamber Music):

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once; ...
But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.

This seems a direct parallel to poem XXXI: the end of love, recollection of love's "sweet hours," desire for the "buried day" (the "long deep sleep" of death in XXVIII and XXXIV), and the "flitting of the bat." Joyce is known to have read Meredith, and he wrote a review of Meredith in 1902,⁷⁷ so he may have had the Meredith poem in mind (especially because it was one of a love-suite like his own).

For reference to bats, see also A Portrait of the Artist, p.183, where Davin's peasant-woman is seen as "a type of her race and of his own, a bat-like soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness and, through the eyes and voice and gesture of a woman without guile, calling the stranger to her bed." Also on p.220, where the factory-girl is seen as "a figure of the womanhood of her country, a bat-like soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness, tarrying

awhile, loveless and sinless, with her mild lover and leaving him to whisper of innocent transgressions in the latticed ear of a priest." And again on p.238, "under the deepened dusk he felt the thoughts and desires of the race to which he belonged flitting like bats across the dark country lanes, under trees by the edges of streams and near the pool-mottled bogs." The bat flitting "from tree to tree" in poem XXXI is a symbol of imminent, impinging reality, of the world. Because of the occurrence in XXXI of an Irish place-name, Donney-carney - the only example in Chamber Music - it may be that the bat is more particularly a symbol of "the thoughts and desires of the race" to which this poet belonged, awakening him to a consciousness of itself, calling him away from his solipsistic enshrouding with his lyric Muse. This notion is certainly taken up in the exile theme of XXXV and XXXVI.

Compare also Yeats' "To Some I Have Talked With by the Fire" (from The Rose):

While I wrought out these fitful Danaan rhymes,
My heart would brim with dreams about the times
When we bent down above the fading coals
And talked of the dark folk who live in souls
Of passionate men, like bats in the dead trees;
And of the wayward twilight companies
Who sigh with mingled sorrow and content.

The summer wind which "Went murmuring - O, happily!" and accompanied the lovers, like the bat, may also be a warning. For it is a painful contrast to the "desolate winds" which are assailing them "with cries" at the present moment, and which continue to whistle merrily around their loneliness in XXXIV.

XXXII

Poem XXXII serves as a prelude to the end of the sequence. The trees are now laden with the tears of raindrops which have

"fallen all the day", for their leaves "lie thick upon the way of memories." It is now autumn, the leaves have fallen from the tree, a natural metaphor for life, to remain memories only. The poet and his mistress will dwell a little on these memories of their "sweet hours" before, as in XXX, going their separate ways, "Staying a little by the way/Of memories shall we depart." This theme of autumn and separation is taken up in poem XXXIII, and the last two lines of XXXII, "Come, my beloved, where I may/Speak to your heart," lead into XXXIII, although their theme of the poet pacifying the "unquiet heart" of his mistress is taken up effectively in XXXIV.

Tindall ⁷⁸. notes that XXXII "faintly suggests" Verlaine's lines:

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.

XXXIII

Poem XXXIII is the final statement of the end of love. It calls for the same philosophic resignation to the transience of the creative instant as in XXVIII and XXX:

Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything -
The year, the year is gathering.

It is autumn, and it is significant that the images of this poem are visual. For most of the suite has appealed to the auditory imagination; it has been pervaded by song and harmony, shut off, blind to a vision of the world. But then the world began to assail with discordant cries the poet's chamber of harmonies, and finally its discords broke through the auditory faculty to become a desolate vision in XXIX. From XXIX to the end of the suite there is no music, but only visual images of desolation. So in XXXIII, the only sound is the discord of the world's assault on the poet's chamber of art:

A rogue in red and yellow dress
 Is knocking, knocking at the tree
 And all around our loneliness
 The wind is whistling merrily.

The "rogue in red and yellow dress" is a diabolic representative of the impinging harsh realities and death of creativity, similar to the bat which "flew from tree to tree" as a harbinger of doom in XXXI. The wind is another metaphor of the world, "whistling merrily" in satanic glee like the rogue, because it is triumphant in breaking down the poet's defences and exposing his loneliness. This wind is one of the "wild winds" of XXIX, the "desolate winds" which "assail with cries" (like the rogue "knocking, knocking") the poet's sanctuary. A breach has been made, the poet is left exposed to the vision of the world in his loneliness, the harmonies of his art mocked by the clamour of the world, a rogue knocking, a wind whistling. Hence the present visual desolation is set against past aural harmony:

Now, O now, in this brown land
 Where Love did so sweet music make
 We two shall wander, ...
 Forbearing ...

The separation of poet and his musical art is emphasised by "We two," placed at the beginning of a line (the identities of the two have never been as separate before). Love used to make sweet music, but now the poet and his Muse forbear from the creative union which inspired such music. Inspiration has been dissolved, as these lines state explicitly:

Now, O now, we hear no more
 The villanelle and roundelay!

These were the forms of his songs, and the loss of inspiration for such songs is the fundamental reason for his present desolation. Yet, he says, he and his mistress, synonymous with his imagination, his art, will kiss once more "before/We take sad leave at close of

day." It is autumn and fast approaching winter ("The year, the year is gathering"), and it is also night: the end of love's cycle is paralleled by the end of the cycle of the seasons and the cycle of day. And the final kiss of the Muse results in poem XXXIV.

Poem XXXIII is a curious mixture, perhaps like the whole suite, of, on the one hand, maudlin conventional rhymes and rhythms as in

Nor grieve because our love was gay
Which now is ended in this way,

and in "Now, O now, in this brown land" (the soft repetitive rhyme of which deprives "this brown land" of any quality of desolation), and, on the other hand, a tight, more "realistic" or natural, less consciously artificial metre, to match the sense, in lines like:

A rogue in red and yellow dress
Is knocking, knocking at the tree ...
The leaves - they do not sigh at all
When the year takes them in the fall. ...
The year, the year is gathering.

But this distinction of the artificial and the more natural seems deliberate. The last few poems show Joyce does not lack ability in a less artificial expression, but, in XXIV, the poet had expressed his preference for the practised "witchery" of his mistress, "th' adulteries of art," his conventional forms. And it is only when lyric inspiration fades at the end of the sequence that the conventional melodic facility of the early poems is broken and reality impinges even on the form of the verse, making it freer and less drugged by the infinite repetitions of "soft" and "sweet" as in the early songs.

XXXIV

In poem XXXIV, which Joyce described as "vitally the end of the book," ⁷⁹ winter has finally arrived, and its voice "is heard

at the door", like the rogue "knocking at the tree" and his concomitant wind whistling "all around our loneliness" in XXXIII. The winter is crying "'Sleep no more!': harsh reality will not let the poet have permanent rest and escape in the chamber of his art. With the passing of the creative instant, the grossness, misery and mortality of the real world retrieves its renegade artist.

There are two probable allusions in XXXIV. "The voice of the winter/Is heard at the door" is a parody of "The voice of the turtle is heard in our land," from the Song of Solomon (2:12). In Solomon's song, the turtledove's voice is a harbinger of spring and the birth of love; so the contrast of Joyce's winter heralding the death of love is an extremely poignant irony. This has the effect of recalling the climax of the love sequence (poem XIV also quotes from Song of Solomon) in the midst of its death-throes.

The other allusion in XXXIV is "'Sleep no more!'", a line from Macbeth (II ii 35), in which it is a terrifying imaginary cry like that of the winter. Macbeth says:

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more;
Macbeth does murder sleep' - the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Thus "'Sleep no more'" - actually enclosed in quotation marks in XXXIV - is a reference to a fuller exposition of the healing power of sleep than could be contained within the poem save by allusion, and this, naturally, greatly enriches the poem's theme. For sleep, as the last stanza of XXXIV shows, is the only kiss which the poet can give his mistress: "My kiss will give peace ... to your heart" (whereas previously, at instants of creative contact, in poem XX and retrospectively in XXXI, she gave him kisses - the kiss of inspiration). By embalming his disturbed and exhausted

imagination, his "unquiet heart" in sleep, the "balm of hurt minds ... Chief nourisher in life's feast," which will protect it from the clamour of realities, he hopes perhaps to renew inspiration, possibly through the sublime activation of the imagination in dream.

But besides its theme of the restorative effect of sleep on imagination and inspiration, poem XXXIV is significant for its confession of the peculiar relationship of the poet and the woman to whom he addresses his verse. For the poet cries "Sleep now, O sleep now, / O you unquiet heart!" and "My kiss will give peace now and quiet to your heart" - yet he continues "A voice crying 'sleep now' is heard in my heart." He is obviously listening to his own voice, and the "unquiet heart" he addresses in the rest of the poem is not that of a woman, a sexual partner, but his own heart, his imagination and its ideal image which he described as "too dear to me" (XXIX). Poem XXXIV reveals at the 'vital end' of the love sequence, that Chamber Music celebrates not a real, sexual love, but an imaginary love, the love which a young poet expresses for his soul, his imagination, his Muse, an aesthetic image which inspired him.

Dowland's "Weep you no more, sad fountains" may be recalled by both XXVIII and XXXIV:

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ...
 Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
 Melt not in weeping
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping!

Gogarty ^{80.} says of Joyce that "From Dowland's Third and Last Book of Songs and Airs he would quote, 'Weep no more, sad fountains,' [sic] and caress the end line of the last stanza, 'Softly, now softly lies sleeping.' 'One lyric made Dowland immortal,' he would say." Stanislaus ^{81.} also says that Joyce's favourite poem in Dowland's Songs was "Weep you no more, sad fountains," and he adds

that this poem is "difficult to paraphrase in prose, despite its simplicity." (The poems of Chamber Music have a similar quality.) Thus it is quite possible that Dowland's song influenced Joyce's own.

In a letter to Palmer, 23 February 1921, Joyce gave a rare explanation of his work: 82.

'Sleep now' is in its place at the end of the diminuendo movement and the two last songs are intended to represent the awakening of the mind. 'O sleep for the winter etc' means 'you had better sleep if you can because the winter will try to prevent you if it can' [Joyce's italics].

In a letter, 18 October 1906, Joyce corrected Stanislaus on the metre of XXXIV and gave his opinion on its arrangement in Chamber Music: 83.

Why do you allude to hexameter in 'Sleep Now'? u - u (u) is the foot used. Do you mean 'All day' and 'I hear' to precede 'Sleep now'? That arrangement would be rather jolty, I think. ... I understand that arrangement better: namely: 'Sleep now' 'All day' and 'I hear.'

Joyce quoted the last stanza of XXXIV at the end of a penitential letter to Nora, 19 August 1909, ⁸⁴ written after he had proved her innocence of infidelity with Cosgrave (see section (8) of the Introductory Essay). And in a letter to Nora just three weeks later, he again shows (as is betrayed in the poem) that the "unquiet heart" which he sought to quieten in sleep and peace was his own: 85.

I am tired tonight, my dearest, and I would like to sleep in your arms, not to do anything to you but just to sleep, sleep, sleep in your arms....

XXXV

Joyce said of poems XXXV and XXXVI, last of the suite, that they were "intended to represent the awakening of the mind." ⁸⁶ And the original title of XXXV was "Second Part - Opening which tells of the journeyings of the soul" (see Illustration, between pp. 63 and 64). Poem XXXV was written on about 15 December 1902,

and XXXVI only two months later, about 8 February 1903, when Joyce said XXXVI was to be placed in the "second part,"⁸⁷ like XXXV. Linked in intention, the two poems are also linked in content. For the "I hear" of the first line of XXXV is repeated at the beginning of XXXVI, they are both set on a seashore, and XXXV seems to be a prelude to XXXVI, since it is a dream pervaded with a suspense which is inherent in the monotony of the waters' ebb and flow, and which moreover gives a hint of imminence, of impending climax.

Poem XXXV is the only poem in the suite (apart from I, when she had not yet been introduced) to have no reference to the poet's mistress. He is alone, and, because she is absent, he hears only a sad monotone, not the harmony which she inspires. For XXXV describes an awakening perception - the booming "noise of many waters" cuts through sleep, to remind the hero of his desolation by its "making moan" and its sad "monotone." And the "desolate winds" which 'assailed with cries' the poet's sanctuary of art in earlier poems recur here to add their "antiphon" (III) to the "monotone" of the waters: "He hears the winds cry to the waters' Monotone."

The poet is also described as being about to make a journey ("The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing/Where I go"), about to take off in flight, like a "seabird ... going/Forth alone." The fact that he is left deserted by his mistress "too dear to me," that he is compared to a "seabird" about to make a solitary flight elsewhere from the shore, and that this vision comes at the end of the book, all suggest the familiar Joycean theme of exile and Icarean flight. That this is significant to this poem is attested by the fact that XXXV was written during Joyce's first (1902) exile in Paris. This supports claims which have been made for Chamber Music as "a shadowy early version of the Portrait."⁸⁸

Zabel said of XXXV that it is "very nearly a tonal and metrical equivalent of the Chanson d'automne." ⁸⁹ Joyce had translated this poem by Verlaine in about 1900, and Gorman printed the translation. ⁹⁰

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone

Tout suffoquant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

A voice that sings
Like viol strings
Through the wane
Of the pale year
Lulleth me here
With its strain.

My soul is faint
At the bell's plaint
Ringing deep;
I think upon
A day bygone
And I weep.

Away! Away!
I must obey
This drear wind,
Like a dead leaf
In aimless grief
Drifting blind.

Joyce's translation is a valiant attempt to confine himself to exactly the same structure as the French original, but it has a pallid quality, unlike poem XXXV, which is a freer 'translation' of the atmosphere of the Chanson. The "sanglots longs" become "the noise of waters/Making moan"; the poet's heart is wounded by the same "monotone" in both Chanson and XXXV; the recollection of a day bygone occurred in XXX, XXXI and XXXIII, though in XXXV only through the allusion to Chanson; and in both poems the hero departs with a "drear wind" ("vent mauvais" in Verlaine, "The grey winds, the cold winds" in Joyce). But the most successful aspects of the allusion are the one-word line "Monotone", ending the first stanza of XXXV as it ended the first stanza of Chanson, and the equally simple line "To and fro" which ends the last stanza as "deçà, delà" came towards the end of Chanson's last stanza. Poem XXXV was no fawning imitation; Joyce had his own central images of "seabird" and "the noise of many waters" to express a more powerful, imminent version of Verlaine's theme of Autumnal mono-

tone. Verlaine's expression of it is slightly luxuriating, languorous; Joyce retains the sound and its dulling effects, but translates "Les sanglots longs/Des violons" into the wailing sea-winds and the pendulum of "the noise of many waters." The end-rhymes of Chanson, "longs", "violons", "l'automne", "Monotone", make a languid yawn; similar end-rhymes in XXXV, "moan", "alone", "Monotone", toll a gong. Joyce's not inconsiderable achievement in XXXV was to have assimilated so much (the essence, perhaps) of Verlaine's poem so naturally into his own, and so much for his own purposes.

The other important allusion in XXXV is to Ezekiel (43:2). In the first stanza of XXXV, the hero hears "the noise of waters", but this becomes, in the last stanza, "the noise of many waters", which is the image of the voice of God in Ezekiel 43:2, when God fulfils the prophet's vision of a new city of Israel. The "noise of many waters", especially as it comes at the end of poem XXXV, is a prophetic voice, then. But the actual rhythm of the waters, their continual ebb and flow, gives the same effect of suspense and imminent eventuality as elicited by the allusion. The reference to Ezekiel, however, may be slightly ironic, in the same way that the disguised allusion to Song of Solomon in XXXIV ("The voice of the winter/Is heard at the door") was ironic. For the voice of the waters is accompanied by the cry of "The grey winds, the cold winds" in XXXV; the prophecy is perhaps not of reconstruction but of desolation. Poem XXXV seems to be a dream prelude to the nightmare vision of XXXVI.

It was noted in the Introductory Essay (p.107) that Chamber Music was as much an enigma as Finnegans Wake. There are other correspondences: just as Finnegans Wake begins with a river and ends with the sea, so does Chamber Music. And poem XXXV bears an

interesting resemblance to the end of Finnegans Wake (pp.627-628):

Loonely in me loneness I am passing out. O bitter ending! ... And its old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. ... My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me of. ... Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormoe! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given. A way a lone a last a loved a long the

One may detect in this "the noise of waters/Making moan," "the sea-bird" and his sadness "when, going/Forth alone," "the winds cry to the waters'/Monotone," "the grey winds, the cold winds ... blowing," "the noise of many waters/Far below./All day, all night, ... flowing/To and fro" (and even la feuille morte which was not transferred with Verlaine's general atmosphere from Chanson to XXXV). It seems appropriate that Joyce's final and most consummate departure, which brought himself back to his beginnings in Finnegans Wake, bring him back to an echo of his first exile in Chamber Music poem XXXV.

XXXVI

Poem XXXVI is a magnificent evocation, the best poem of the suite, and well deserving of Yeats' plaudit, which he repeated in similar phrasing many times, that "It is a technical and emotional masterpiece."⁹¹ Its theme is the ravishment of the poet by the massed enemies of art, representatives of the world and harsh realities. His imagination was laid to rest in XXXIV in the hope that sleep, "Balm of hurt minds," would renew inspiration, perhaps through dream, or at least protect his imagination from the ravages of the world, which comes crashing in upon the artist as soon as the transcendental moment of inspiration is over. But he has been pursued

even in "the gloom of dreams" as in XXXV, by satanic images like the charioteers "Arrogant, in black armour, ... with fluttering whips" (cf. flitting bat of XXXI), and the "whirling laughter" of the whole army who "cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,/Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil" (like the "rogue in red and yellow dress ... knocking, knocking at the tree" and his concomitant wind "whistling merrily" in XXXIII). Just as in the poet's premonitory vision of XXIX "Desolate winds assail with cries/The shadowy garden where love is," so in XXXVI the army is "charging upon the land" where the poet stands, with great clamour, cleaving "the gloom" of his dreams (cf. "the shadowy garden"), "Clanging, clanging upon the heart" and "shouting by the shore."

Poem XXXVI is in fact a paroxysm of noise, occasionally bursting into searing vision, which is paralleled by a complete break in the rhythmic patterns of the suite. Both aspects, the tumult and its concomitant rhythmic irregularity, reveal that the army has shattered the musical harmonies and the smooth rhythmic surface of the poet's previous songs. Hence the gentle Muse of his delicate lyric is ravished from him in the last two lines:

My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

The "wisdom" that his "heart" is losing is the wisdom "In disregard of the divine" of XII, the **creative wisdom of the wrens in XXIII**, **the wisdom of "the wise choirs of faery"** in XV - the wisdom of art. The final line explains why he lacks this wisdom: he is abandoned by the inspiration of his art. And his cry of despair is an unmistakable echo of Christ's "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34). He repeats "my love" three times to emphasise his sense of betrayal (like Christ's threefold betrayal by Peter).

Just as Christ feels forsaken by his God and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost in his torment by mortality, so the martyr-poet of XXXVI feels forsaken by the inspiration of his goddess in his torment by a reality unfamiliar to his art. However just as Christ is in fact not forsaken but simply made to serve a different end on the Cross, and is subsequently resurrected so that his torment becomes his glory, so the poet of XXXVI is not entirely forsaken by his art but is made to serve a different reality in the vivid nightmare of XXXVI from the purely aesthetic reality of the dainty lyrics, and his torment by the cacophony of the army of a harsher reality becomes his glory when he resurrects it in the vision of XXXVI.

The poet has not been able to escape the army of tumultuous reality. It has cleft his dreams, burst in upon his eucharistic celebrations of art in "the virgin womb of the imagination." It ravishes his dulcet lyric Muse in XXXVI, as Leda is impregnated by the brutish divinity of the Swan's inspiration. And after Chamber Music poem XXXVI, this army of harsh and tumultuous reality rides triumphant with Joyce's art, carrying it to its zenith in Ulysses (where reality dictates the very form of the art, the style), and finally being overcome by art in Finnegans Wake, when art - as in Chamber Music - becomes the sole reality once more. Finnegans Wake brings Joyce's art full circle, back to Chamber Music. However, a less musical reality had to penetrate Joyce's art for it to reach its greatest consummation. And Chamber Music records its initial penetration, by the army of XXXVI which, with its tumult, its chaos, its relentlessness and its dynamism, is in a sense the mobilised dramatis personae of Ulysses. In Chamber Music XXXVI, Joyce's art is

All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Poem XXXVI was written during Joyce's second visit to Paris, and enclosed in a letter to Stanislaus, 8 February 1903. ⁹².

Joyce wrote it while he was formulating his Aesthetic. Stanislaus says XXXVI originated in "an actual dream which for some reason had troubled him." ⁹³. Stanislaus also quotes ⁹⁴. an epiphany which he claims Joyce wrote about the same time as XXXVI:

Here we are come together, wayfarers; here we are housed, amid intricate streets, by night and silence closely covered. In amity we rest together, well content, no more remembering the deviousness of the ways that we have come. What moves upon me from the darkness subtle and murmurous as a flood, passionate and fierce with an indecent movement of the loins? What leaps, crying in answer, out of me, as eagle to eagle in mid air, crying to overcome, crying for an iniquitous abandonment.

This contains obvious echoes of XXXVI, for the reality which intrudes in the poem is in part a sexual reality, brutalising the poet's imaginary love. And when the epiphany is worked into A Portrait of the Artist (p.100), it is made to follow the theme of poem XXXVI. On p.99, Stephen calls up his image of Mercedes, a lyrical imaginary love like that celebrated in Chamber Music, but then "horrible reality" begins to impinge and assert itself:

The verses passed from his lips and the inarticulate cries and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt. ... He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling beast. ... He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded him and incited him: and the cry that he had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wail of despair from a hell of sufferers and died in a wail of furious entreaty, a cry for an iniquitous abandonment.

This echoes poem XXXVI in atmosphere, narrative progress, image and even in its very diction. Stanislaus linked the epiphany with XXXVI in theme with his comment that "An epiphany which he wrote at this

time marks the end of his brief appearance in the garb of a 'piping' poet." 95. Brutal reality had asserted a hold over the lyric poet and turned him to prose.

Stanislaus also compares the above epiphany with Joyce's poem 'A Prayer.' This poem also resembles XXXVI, even to verbal similarities; and moreover, as XXXVI ends Chamber Music, so 'A Prayer' is the final poem of Joyce's second published volume of poetry,

Pomes Penyeach:

Again!

Come, give, yield all your strength to me!

From far a low word breathes on the breaking brain ...

Blind me with your dark nearness, O have mercy, beloved
enemy of my will!

I dare not withstand the cold touch that I dread.

Draw from me still

My slow life! Bend deeper on me, threatening head,

Proud by my downfall, remembering, pitying

Him who is, him who was!

Again!

Together, folded by the night, they lay on earth. I hear

From far her low word breathe on my breaking brain

Come! I yield. Bend deeper upon me! I am here.

Subduer, do not leave me!

"Horses" and "the sea" are listed in A Portrait of the Artist (p.243) as among those things which Stephen fears and behind which he sees "a malevolent reality." "They cleave the gloom of dreams" may be Joyce's modification of a clause from Yeats, "them that cleave/The waters of sleep," which Joyce had written into a notebook of Memorabilia containing solecisms by contemporaries. 96.

Compare the last poem of Meredith's love-suite Modern Love ("In tragic hints here see we what evermore/Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,/Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse"). Also Yeats' "He Bids His Beloved Be at Peace" ("I hear the Shadowy Horses, their long manes a-shake,/Their hoofs heavy with tumult, their eyes glimmering white"); "The Valley of the Black Pig" ("The dews drop slowly and dreams gather; unknown

spears/Suddenly hurtle before my dream-awakened eyes,/And then the
clash of fallen horsemen and the cries/Of unknown perishing armies
beat about my ears").

Kenner ^{97.} claims that XXXVI is Joyce's rewriting of Yeats' "He Bids His Beloved Be At Peace." Ellmann ^{98.} says that XXXVI is based on Yeats and Paul Grogan (a young Irish poet whose work Joyce recommended to William Archer in 1901), and that some phrases in the final poem, 'Recreant,' of Grogan's Sunset Town may have helped Joyce in writing XXXVI. Zabel ^{99.} claims that XXXVI's "Yeatsian tendency has yielded to the vigor of Meredithian symbolism as one finds it in Lucifer in Starlight or The Promise In Disturbance." And Virginia Moseley ^{100.} claims that "XXXVI is almost a paraphrase of Ezekiel 38." The one conclusion that one may draw from this plethora of possible sources is that XXXVI is characteristically Joyce's own poem.

Litz ^{101.} notes that "the imagery of XXXVI shows how the visual effects of Joyce's youthful work are dependent on the auditory imagination." He says that the first two stanzas each open with an appeal to the ear and then the image struggles into sight afterwards. The total impression is strongly pictorial, but the basic impulse is auditory.

Ezra Pound ^{102.} comments that

The phantom hearing in [XXXV] is coupled, in [XXXVI] to phantom vision as well, and to a robustezza of expression. ... In both these poems we have a strength and a fibrousness of sound which almost prohibits the thought of their being 'set to music,' or to any music but that which is in them when spoken; but we notice a similarity of technique with the earlier poems, in so far as the beauty of movement is produced by a very skilful, or perhaps we should say a deeply intuitive, interruption of metric mechanical regularity.

IV

NOTES ON THE TEXT

I INTRODUCTORY ESSAY:

1. Morton D. Zabel, "Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, XXXVI iv (July 1930), 206-213.
2. W.Y. Tindall, James Joyce: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World (New York, 1950), p.43.
3. W.Y. Tindall (ed.), James Joyce: Chamber Music (New York, 1954), p.77.
4. ibid., p.91.
5. Harry Levin, James Joyce: A Critical Introduction (London, 1960), p.190.
6. Quoted, Stanislaus Joyce, My Brother's Keeper (London, 1958), p.149.
7. ibid., pp.100-101.
8. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York, 1959), pp.83-86.
9. My Brother's Keeper, p.166.
10. ibid.
11. Padraic Colum, The Road Round Ireland (New York, 1930), p.311; Oliver Gogarty, It Isn't This Time of Year at All (New York, 1954), p.73.
12. J.F. Byrne, Silent Years: An Autobiography with Memoirs of James Joyce and Our Ireland (New York, 1953), p.63.
13. Tindall, p.99, n.1.
14. My Brother's Keeper, pp.156-158.
15. Tindall, p.7.
16. Ellmann, p.155.
17. Robert E. Scholes, The Cornell Joyce Collection: A Catalogue (Ithaca, New York, 1961), p.10.
18. John Eglinton, Irish Literary Portraits (New York, 1935), p.132.
19. Padraic Colum, p.311. See also p.316.
20. Quoted Ellmann, p.104.
21. ibid., p.108.
22. Richard Ellmann (ed.), Letters of James Joyce (London, 1966), II, 23-24.

23. Ellmann, p.115.
24. My Brother's Keeper, P.197.
25. Karl Beckson and John M. Monroe, "Letters from Arthur Symons to James Joyce: 1904-1932," James Joyce Quarterly, IV, ii (1967), 92.
26. ibid., p.93.
27. Letters, II, 110-111.
28. **Stuart Gilbert** (ed.), Letters of James Joyce(London, 1957), I,59.
29. Ellmann, p.227.
30. Beckson and Monroe, p.96.
31. ibid., pp.96-97.
32. Letters, II, 206.
33. Beckson and Monroe, p.97.
34. Letters, II, 399.
35. ibid., p.462.
36. Herbert Gorman, James Joyce (New York, 1948), p.193.
37. Quoted, Robert H. Deming (ed.), James Joyce: The Critical Heritage (London, 1970), p. 348.
38. Ellmann, p.115.
39. Quoted in Deming, p. 52.
40. Letters, II, 351.
41. ibid., p.381.
42. ibid., p.328.
43. D.D. Paige (ed.), The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941 (London, 1951), p.216.
44. Quoted from Deming, p.254.
45. Gorman, p.172.
46. Harry Levin (ed.), The Essential James Joyce (London, 1963), p.14.
47. Chester G. Anderson, James Joyce and his World (London, 1967), p.54.
48. Quoted in Deming, p.590.

49. Quoted in Deming, p.648.
50. Levin, The Essential James Joyce, p.327.
51. Levin, James Joyce, p.36.
52. Anthony Kerrigan, "News of Molly Bloom," Poetry, LXXXV (November 1954), 109.
53. Finnegans Wake, p.171.
54. Tindall, p.20, n.53.
55. Letters, II, 233.
56. Letters, II, 248.
57. Tindall, p.37.
58. Levin, James Joyce, p.36.
59. Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain, Joyce: The Man, The Work, The Reputation (New York, 1956), p.52.
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63. Chester G. Anderson, "James Joyce's 'Tilly,'" PMLA, LXXIII (June 1958), 285.
64. Anthony Burgess, Here Comes Everybody: An Introduction to James Joyce for the ordinary reader (London, 1965), pp.70-71.
65. Summarised in James R. Baker, "Review of Thomas F. Staley (ed.), James Joyce Today: Essays on the Major Works (Bloomington and London, 1966)," James Joyce Quarterly, IV, ii (Winter 1967), 143.
66. Patricia Hutchins, James Joyce's World (London, 1957), p.116.
67. Deming, p.43.
68. Morton D. Zabel, "Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, XXXVI, iv (July 1930), 206-213.
69. Louis Golding, "A Sidelight on James Joyce," Nineteenth Century and After, CXIII (April 1933), 491-497. [Reprinted (with slight variations) as Chapter I in Louis Golding, James Joyce (London, 1933), pp.9-21.]

70. ibid., p.491.
71. ibid., p.493.
72. ibid., p.494.
73. John Kaestlin, "Joyce by Candlelight," Contemporaries, II (Summer 1933), 47-54. (Described and quoted in Magalaner and Kain, pp.48-49.)
74. Magalaner and Kain, pp.48-49.
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76. John Anderson, Some Questions in Aesthetics (Sydney, Australia, 1932), p.21.
77. Tindall, p.42.
78. Martin T. Williams, "Joyce's Chamber Music," Explicator, X, vii (May 1952), n.p.
79. Tindall, p.42, n.16.
80. Tindall, p.43-44.
81. James R. Baker, "Joyce's Chamber Music: The Exile of the Heart," Arizona Quarterly, XV (Winter 1959), 349-356. [Unobtainable in New Zealand - a synopsis of its content is given in Robert H. Deming, A Bibliography of James Joyce Studies (Lawrence, Kansas, 1964), p.71.]
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83. Robert S. Ryf, A New Approach to Joyce: The 'Portrait of the Artist' as a Guidebook (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1962), p.41.
84. ibid.
85. Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce (London, 1955), p.105.
86. Padraic Colum, pp.313, 317.
87. Letters, II, 219.
88. Virginia Moseley, "The 'Perilous Theme' of Chamber Music," James Joyce Quarterly, I, iii (Spring 1964), 20.
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94. W.Y. Tindall, "Joyce's Chambermade Music," Poetry, LXXX (May 1952), 105-116.
95. Tindall, p.36.
96. ibid., p.37.
97. ibid., p.60.
98. ibid., p.65.
99. ibid., p.66.
100. ibid., pp.67-68.
101. ibid., p.73.
102. Tindall, "Joyce's Chambermade Music," Poetry, LXXX, 113.
103. Tindall, p.74.
104. ibid., p.76.
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111. Oliver Gogarty, Mourning Became Mrs. Spondlove (New York, 1948), pp.53-55.
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113. Tindall, p.72 (also p.72, n.30).
114. George Harris Healey (ed.), The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce (London, 1962), p.31.
115. My Brother's Keeper, pp.178-179.
116. Letters, I, 59; Letters, I, 287; Letters II, 182.
117. Weathers, p.38.
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119. ibid., pp.32-33.
120. Ulysses, p.281.
121. Tindall, pp.70-71.

122. ibid., p.50.
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128. ibid., p.91, n.1.
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131. ibid., p.95.
132. ibid., p.98.
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135. Magalaner and Kain, p.49.
136. My Brother's Keeper, p.209.
137. T.S. Eliot (ed.), Literary Essays of Ezra Pound (London, 1954), p.415.
138. Tindall, p.76, n.38.
139. ibid., p.70; Tindall, James Joyce, p.118; Tindall, pp. 65-66.
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142. Letters, II, 227-228.
143. Letters, I, 66.
144. ibid., p.67.
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146. Letters, II, 287.
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153. Letters, III, 340. (In original Italian, p.338.)
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155. ibid., p.22.
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157. Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, p.84.
158. Byrne, p.66.
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160. Ellmann, p.53.
161. Tindall, p.40.
162. Ellmann, pp.156-157; Gogarty, Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove, p.48.
163. Letters, I, 54.
164. Letters, II, 48, n.1.
165. Letters, III, 333.
166. Colum, The Road Round Ireland, p.317.
167. ibid., p.310.
168. Recollections, pp.15 and 24.
169. Quoted in Ellmann, p.154-5.
170. Ellmann, p.69.
171. Kenner, p.105.
172. Letters, II, 219.
173. Colum, The Road Round Ireland, pp.310-311.
174. Byrne, p.63.
175. My Brother's Keeper, p.179.
176. Gogarty, It Isn't This Time of Year at All, p.68; Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove, p.42.

177. Gogarty, Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove, p.42.
178. My Brother's Keeper, p.246.
179. Ellmann, p.113,
180. Gogarty, It Isn't This Time of Year at All, p.68;
Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove, p.45.
181. Letters, II, 53.
182. ibid., p.305.
183. Letters, III, 367-368. (In original Italian, pp.365-366.)
184. Colum, The Road Round Ireland, p.316.
185. Ellmann, p.143.
186. Tindall, pp.43-44.
187. Letters, II, 172.
188. ibid., p.206.
189. ibid., p.216.
190. ibid., p.221.
191. ibid., p.220.
192. ibid., p.221.
193. ibid., p.181.
194. ibid., p.27.
195. ibid., p.20.
196. ibid., p.27, n.2.
197. Quoted in Tindall, p.44.
198. Tindall, p.45.
199. Letters, I, 67.
200. Tindall, pp.42-43.
201. Letters, I, 158.
202. Letters, II, 201.
203. ibid., p.182.
204. ibid., p.217.
205. Recollections, pp.26, 24.

206. Letters, II, 219.
207. ibid., p.287.
208. Scholes, p.91.
209. Letters, II, p.92.
210. Ellmann, p.180.
211. Letters, II, p.126.
212. Byrne, p.158.
213. Letters, II, 96.
214. ibid., p.236.
215. ibid., p.237.
216. ibid., p.244.
217. ibid., p.248.
218. ibid., p.248, n.2.
219. ibid., p.245.
220. Ellmann, p.310.
221. Letters, II, 248.
222. ibid., p.249.
223. ibid., p.258.
224. ibid., p.262.
225. ibid., p.269.
226. ibid., p.270.
227. ibid., pp.277-278.
228. ibid., p.280.
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230. Ellmann, Introduction, Letters, II, xlvii.
231. ibid., p. xlviii.
232. ibid.
233. Paige, p.216.
234. Zabel, p.209.

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237. Ellmann, p.464.
238. Letters, II, 434, n.2.
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240. Ulysses, p.703.
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243. Letters, I, 67.
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245. Letters, I, 67.
246. Letters, II, 27.
247. See "Notes on the Poems", XXVII.
248. Letters, II, 220.
249. ibid., p.181.
250. Recollections, p.24.
251. My Brother's Keeper, pp.100, 158.
252. ibid., p.157.
253. ibid.
254. Letters, II, 219.
255. ibid., p.237.
256. Recollections, p.12.
257. Zabel, p.210.
258. Ellmann, p.87.
259. My Brother's Keeper, p.246.
260. Letters, II, 356.
261. Tindall, p.94.

262. Paige, p.163.

II THE POEMS:

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2. Poem XV: see George Harris Healey (ed.), The Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce (London, 1962), p.62. Poem XVII: see Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York, 1959), p.180. Poem XXIV: ibid., p.155.
3. Robert E. Scholes, The Cornell Joyce Collection: A Catalogue (Ithaca, New York, 1961), p.170. (Letter from Grant Richards to James Joyce, 27 November 1904.)
4. John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, A Bibliography of James Joyce 1882-1941 (London, 1953), p.133.
5. Tindall, p.104.
6. Slocum and Cahoon, p.133.
7. Tindall, p.103.
8. Described in Scholes, pp.13 14
9. Richard Ellmann (ed.), Letters of James Joyce (London, 1966), II, 219.
10. ibid., p.28.
11. Tindall, p.43.
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13. J.F. Byrne, Silent Years: An Autobiography with Memoirs of James Joyce and Our Ireland (New York, 1953), p.64.
14. E.g., 'Commonplace' from either Moods or Shine and Dark (Joyce's two early, unpublished volumes of poems) escaped the flames which consumed most of these two volumes, to become poem II in Chamber Music. See Dublin Diary, pp.149-151.
15. Scholes, p.13.
16. ibid., pp.6-7.
17. ibid., p.4.
18. Ellmann, p.153.
19. ibid.

20. Tindall, p.7.
21. Byrne, p.65.
22. ibid., p.64.
23. Slocum and Cahoon, p.11.
24. The appearance of poems I, III and XXXVI in Tynan, The Wild Harp, is noted in Ellmann, Letters, p.323. The appearance of poem XXIX in Gregory, Modern Anglo-Irish Verse, is noted in Scholes, p.94.

III NOTES ON THE POEMS.

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2. Richard Ellmann (ed.), Letters of James Joyce (London, 1966), II, 237.
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6. Stuart Gilbert (ed.), Letters of James Joyce (London, 1957), I, 67.
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11. Stanislaus Joyce, My Brother's Keeper (London, 1958), p.151.
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13. Ellmann, p.125.
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15. Oliver St. John Gogarty, It Isn't This Time of Year at All (New York, 1954), p.73.
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The Bibliography is arranged in seven sections:

- A. Works of Joyce.
- B. Bibliographies.
- C. Books of Biography.
- D. Books of Criticism.
- E. Journal Articles.
- F. Criticism on Record.
- G. Criticism of Chamber Music which could not be obtained for the preparation of this thesis.

Works are listed under each section alphabetically rather than by date of publication.

Names of publishers are supplied only when the information is necessary to identify the edition, for example, **of works by Joyce**, because of the variety of editions and lack of standard pagination.

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