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The 'Death' Motif in *Dubliners* ("The Sisters" and "The Dead")

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The era when James Joyce (1882—1941) started his literary activities was, in the literary history, the important transit time from naturalism to symbolism,[1] which overlaps with the essential qualities of his literature. What Joyce aimed at was the amalgamation of naturalism and symbolism, that of the affluent imagination and the strict fact. *Dubliners* (1914) which is a collection of fifteen short stories was no doubt its starting point.

The period of producing *Dubliners* was from 1903 to 1914, and the various difficulties of publishing it proves Joyce's conscience as an artist.

The political situation that Ireland belonged to the United Kingdom in those days and Catholicism, which had deeply penetrated the civil life and from which Joyce was to alienate, made him perceive 'the special odour of corruption'[2] that had overspread the whole Ireland. His intention of writing *Dubliners* was 'to write a chapter of the moral history of my country.'[3] He chose Dublin as 'the centre of paralysis,'[4] and in composing it he believed that he would take 'the first step toward the spiritual liberation of my country.'[5]

In *Dubliners* which is a book of accusation, various kinds of 'death' are presented, and it might be possible to say that the pattern of 'life-death' is the fundamental one through the book. Especially in both the first story "The Sisters" and the last one "The Dead", 'death' is the nucleus. It causes the hero's self-awareness, while it reveals the spiritual paralysis that restrains the bourgeosie. As C.H. Peake says, 'the character of the whole book is a drawing near to and a close examination of the disease at "its deadly work".'[6]

In this thesis I would confirm the problematic situation and define Joyce's artistic method in both "The Sisters" and "The Dead" through the relations between the objective circumstances and the subject projected into a protagonist.

"The Sisters"

In "The Sisters" (1903), written under the aspect of 'childhood' like two other stories, a boy narrator stares at the circumstances around the death of Father Flynn.

The overlapped imagery in the opening of the story not only ordains the whole story but also seems to be the statement of the major theme in *Dubliners*. 'Paralysis' is what the author intended in it. By making the word 'paralysis' conspicuous and by emphasizing the priest's sickness in the first story, Joyce projects into readers' minds the metaphors suitable for the moral and spiritual state in Ireland :

> ···I said softly to myself the word *paralysis*. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word *gnomon in* the Euclid and the word *simony* in the Catholicism. But now it sounded to

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me like the name of some maleficient and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work. (p. 19, underlines mine)

'Paralysis', 'simony', and 'gnomon' are associated with one another only by strangeness of those words. However, we have vague anxiety about a casual link between the sin and the disease. 'Gnomon' is something incomplete or wry, and 'simony' suggests the spiritual corruption or sinfulness. Both words are connected with not only this story but also the fundamental theme of the whole book.

Fathe Flynn= 'paralysis' = 'something maleficient and sinful being'is the objective state revealed in this story. Joyce makes the priest's actual paralysis 'a symptom of the "general paralysis of the insane" with which Ireland was afflicted.'[7] In other words, his paralysis is 'a symbol of metaphorical paralysis in the Church, in Dublin, in Ireland.'[8]

The boy's attitude toward the 'paralysis' is the ambivalent one that sways between fear and curiosity, attraction and repulsion. The author builds up priest's character through the testimony of different witnesses, and brings the soul of hemiplegia to light with a steady gaze.

It is interesting that the theme of 'Father' and 'Son' which recurs throughout Joyce's works has already come out in "The Sisters". Fathe Flynn is a possible father to a boy who has no parents, staying with his uncle's, while the boy is the Father's favorite and is taught a lot of things by him:

···he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest··· (p. 23)

Therefore the boy is hostile against old Cotter who says, '···but there was something queer ···there was something uncanny about him', and has an idea to 'let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age.' (pp. 19-20) The boy also feels repulsive against his uncle who advises to take exercise and to have a cold bath. The boy's aversion to exercise and bathing in cold water, his studiousness, and his isolation from boys of his own age are common to Stephen Dedalus as a young boy. His self-defense and antagonism against adult's common sense or ideas of the bourgeoisie lead him to sympathize with the old Father.

The boy's dream in the night after he knew Father Flynn's death uncannily suggests the communion of the souls between the boy and the Father:

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin. (p. 21, underlines mine)

In this paragraph, the relationship between Father Flynn and the boy is converted into that between a confessant and a priest. It is an exchange of holy orders, 'a kind of simony', and it 'reinforces the motif of spiritual corruption.'[9] The boy tries to think of Christmas though it is July, to escape the grey face, and yet the strange compromise and sympathy occur between them in some pleasant and vicious region.

What must be regarded is, as Marvin Magalaner points out, that 'by trying to confess to the lad, Father Flynn shows that he considers the boy's role a priestly one.' [10]

This assumption of a priestlike role is confirmed in a later addition. The boy and his aunt visit the house of mourning the next evening, and there the sherry and cream-crackers are served by the sisters. They are meant 'to remind us of wine and wafer of Communion.' [11] The boy rejects wafer (cream-cracker), one of the elements given to the laity in Communion, and takes up wine(sherry) kept for the priest, as if he noticed 'great wish' the old priest had had for him. That he finally sips the sherry indicates 'the hold which Ireland and its religious apparatus still have upon him.' [12]

It is true, however, that the boy has in his subconsciousness something that prevents him and the Father from unifying. The next morning after the boy knew Father Flynn's death, he goes down to look at Father's little house. The boy's monologue is represented as follows :

> I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death··· The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them. (pp. 22—23)

When the boy should pray in Father's room, he just pretends to pray, and he cannot gather his thoughts because he notices 'the old woman's skirt is clumsily hooked at the back and the heels of her cloth boots are trodden down all to one side.' (p. 24) By comparing it with a romantic sentence : 'The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames', which precedes that ironical one, the boy's disillusion is effectively conveyed. This is the effect of romantic irony told by Harry levin, Joyce's unique technique of revelation. That is to say, the confrontation between the emotional and the intellectual 'allows him to dwell upon the contrast between the rich connotations and the disillusoning denotations of words.'[13] In another example, Father Flynn's education to boy, when he could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one, 'he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice.' (p. 23) The sentences which follow such a gentle, thoughtful smile are :

> When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip — a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.
>
> As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swinging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strage—in Persia, I thought··· But I could not remember the end of the dream. (pp. 23—24)

In the contrast between illusion and reality, the boy's disillusion and a yearning toward the East as the escape from that disillusion, which is a pattern common to the whole book, are found out here, too. It might be possible to say that these quotations suggest the direction the boy aims at, namely, the estrangement from paralysis of the religious state.

Father Flynn as a spiritually crippled man, who got mental disorder because he broke an empty chalice, is an embodiment of a religious image in Ireland observed by the author, as seen in such descriptions as 'his stupefied doze', 'the lips were so moist with spittle,' etc. The emptiness of the chalice symbolizes 'a ritual from which all spiritual content has been emptied', [14] while the failed priest is 'the first of Joyce's trial self-projections in*Dubliners* — what he

might have become had he remained in Dublin.'[15] That is to say, Father Flynn might be a figure of the boy's future according to his choice.

The corpse in the coffin, from the boy's point of view, 'lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavenous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur.' (pp. 24—25) This skillful delineation of an animallike man is nothing but a symbolic description of man's degeneration, sin, and vice. However, according to one of his sisters :

> ···she said he just looked as if he was asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned No one would think he'd make such a beautiful corpse.' (pp. 25—26)

The figures of the sisters who are ignorant, incompetent and getting spiritual paralysis are brought to light. Talking about the late Father Flynn, Eliza mistakes 'pneumatic wheels' for 'rheumatic wheels.' This could be an irony to her own paralysis. As we have seen in the Communion scene, it might be possible to say that 'the sisters are priests who help the Father.'[16] Nannie is deaf, as 'in Joyce's opinion the average priest was deaf to the words and needs of docile parishioners.'[17] Talkative Eliza repeats the phrases about her brother's corpse in the last sentences :

> —Wide-awake and laughing-like to himself···So then, of course, when they saw that, that made them think that there was something gone wrong with him··· (p. 29)

The paralysis of Father Flynn whose smile is always referred is installed here as an epiphany, and the paralysis of the religious state in Ireland is brought to light And it is also the paralysis the insensible sisters share with.

The subject of this story seems to be an imaginative boy's encounter with death from the point of action only, whereas, regarded as a symbolic sketch, it is obviously controlled by the dead priest who represents Irish Church. S. L. Goldberg says :

> ···they (symbols) are all too "suggestive" and therefore vague, too undefined dramatically. We could say that by choosing to work through the limited consciousness of his character, Joyce found the best way to make their limitations imaginatively real, and thus avoided the need to define his position, to give meaning to his own stance in or behind the narrative, except by oblique "symbols" of the relevant values···[18]

The boy is often ambivalent against the Father-paralysis situation, and his self-recognition is not clear. It is natural that the boy in his early teens should be difficult to have a definite judgment of value. As Stanislaus Joyce says, 'judgment is always suspended.'[19]

Criticism against the situation and its recognition could not help depending on such indirect methods as symbol, irony, parody, image, and epiphany. In this background will be involved Joyce's own consciousness of art, the influence of Catholicism on Joyce's mentality, and the reflection of political and religious situation in Ireland in those days, when the direct criticism was not allowed. In this story it must be pointed out that the direction to life is locked up.

"The Dead"

Since 1904 when Joyce left his home, he continued to write in exile. From Rome he wrote to his brother in September 25, 1906 :

> Sometimes thinking of Ireland it seems to me that I have been unnecessarily harsh. I have reproduced (in *Dubliners* at least) none of the attraction of the city (for I have never felt at my ease in any city since I left it except Paris.) I have not reproduced its ingenuous insularity

> and its hospitality. The latter 'virtue' so far as I can see does not exist elsewhere in Europe. I have not been just to its beauty··· And yet I know how useless these reflections are. For were I to rewrite the book··· I am sure I should find again what you call the Holy Ghost sitting in the ink-bottle and the perverse devil of my literary conscience sitting on the hump of my pen.[20]

This is Joyce's motive of writing "The Dead" (1907) which was added later to the book as its epilogue. The story does emphasize those qualities to which Joyce felt he had not been just. The reason this story starts with a party is partly his feeling that the rest of *Dubliners* has not completed his picture of the city. Then does the motive of writing "The Dead" contradict that of writing *Dubliners*, whose intention is 'to write a moral history of my country'? I would confirm the state and define the method in "The Dead" in connection with Joyce's reconsideration.

In "The Dead", which Goldberg admires as 'a minor masterpiece,'[21] Dublin hospitality is presented as an annual Christmas party given by Misses Morkan. While it is praised in Gabriel Conroy's after-dinner speech, the deadness of the city and its inhabitants is perceived largely through the relationship between Gabriel and his wife Gretta. The dominant image is a moribund city rather than 'paralysis.'

One of the differences between "The Dead" and other stories is hero's characterization. He is a university teacher, a sort of a man of letters, critical of Irish provincialism, and sensitive to its frustration. Characterization of an intelligent and complex man indicates maturity of Joyce's art.

The protagonists in other stories are closely related to actuality of Dublin, whereas Gabriel Conroy, hero of "The Dead", feels sick against the real of Dublin, feels alienation to circumstances, has the direction to the Continent, and keeps distance between realities and himself. The author who has kept staring at the very Irish gazes at such a man now, so here appears the conversion of his view of point. Joyce's reconsideration of his country that 'he has been unnecessarily harsh,' which depends on his exile and his deepened consciousness of it, makes hero's characterization more elaborate and more complicated. Reconsideration of fourteen stories of *Dubliners* is that of having attached to the object too closely. It is natural that such consideration should necessarily bring about maturity of art.

Another notable trait is the emergence of irony, that is to say, there is no simple judgment. The hero's complex process of self-recognition that appears through a delicate balancing of insights is the central theme in "The Dead."

The world of this story is managed by two old sisters just like in the first story. The hero, their nephew, who is too self-conscious and is afflicted with the kind of complex of Continental taste and culture, is presented through dialogues and actions. His first encounter is with Lily, custodian's daughter. He colours as if he felt he had made a mistake when she says to him : 'the men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you.' He makes the self-conscious, 'generous' gesture by giving her a coin instead of sympathizing with her. Here are revealed his self-centeredness and lack of communion with others. That happening disturbs his pose of self-assurance. His thought is always controlled by his ego. He feels that his speech at the party will fail on account of his superior education and taste :

> He was undecided about the lines from Robert Browning for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers··· The indelicate clacking of the men's heels and the shuffling of their soles reminded him that their grade of culture differed from his. He would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they could not understand. They would think that he was airing his superior education. (pp. 194—195)

While Gabriel, his wife and Misses Morkan are joking one another about Gretta's goloshes, he gives

us an impression that he overprotects himself and his wife from snow with an excess of outer clothing, mufflers, the ever-intruding goloshes, namely, an impression of a man of self-centeredness.

Next he is wobbled by patriotic Miss Ivors who has on her collar a large brooch bearing on it an Irish device. He is jeered at his writing book reviews for the English consevative journal, and is asked the reason of his bicycle trip on the Continent in summer :

> —And haven't you your own land to visit, continued Miss Ivors, that you know nothing of, your own people, and your own country ?
>
> —O, to tell you the truth, retorted Gabriel suddenly, I'm sick of my own country, sick of it !
>
> —Why ? repeated Miss Ivors.
>
> Gabriel did not answer for his retort heated him.
>
> —Of course, you've no answer. (p. 206)

As Richard Ellman says, the west of Ireland ' is connected in Gabriel's mind with a dark and rather painful primitivism, an aspect of his country which he has steadily abjured by going off to the continent. '[22] The author, who once kept gazing at the very Irish represented by Miss Ivors, now changes his standpoint and makes her say ' West Briton ! ' to Gabriel. Here is another Joyce who criticizes a lack of national feeling.

Gabriel, who is upset and unsure of himself, is nervous about his dinner speech. Not joining conversation with others, he longs to escape into the snow outside :

> Gabriel's warm trembling figures tapped the cold pane of the window. How cool it must be outside ! How pleasant it would be to walk out alone, first along by the river and then through the park ! The snow would be lying on the branches of the trees and forming a bright cap on the top of the Wellington Monument. How much more pleasant it would be there than at the supper-table ! (p. 208)

In the opening of the story ' snow ' seemes to represent ' coldness ', ' isolation, ' ' inhumanity. ' However, here in the middle, it is converted in Gabriel's mind into ' a symbol of release, of escape and soothing anonymity. '[23]

Although Gabriel asks himself if he is the cause of Miss Ivor's abrupt departure and feels melancholy for a little while, taking his seat ' boldly ' at the head of the dinner table as the host, he carves and serves the goose. He feels quite at ease now for ' he was an expert carver and liked nothing better than to find himself at the head of a well-laden table. ' (p. 214) When everyone has been well served Gabriel says, smiling :

> —Now, if anyone wants a little more of what vulgar people call stuffing let him or her speak.
>
> A chorus of voices invited him to begin his own supper and Lily came forward with three potatoes which she had reserved for him.
>
> —Very well, said Gabriel amiably, as he took another preparatory draught, kindly forget my existence, ladies and gentlemen, for a few minutes. (p. 215, underline mine)

Gabriel sets to his supper and takes no part in the conversation. He builds an armour of isolation around him like Mr. Duffy in " A Painful Case. " Here the author tells us Gabriel's impossibility of communion with others, his self-centeredness, his self-love. The word ' forget ' is to become a leitmotif in the later conversation and is to be related to ' past ' and ' death ' or ' the dead. '

The subject of talk at the table is ' the opera company which was then at the Theatre Royal '. Mary Jane has been to see it, and says that ' it made her think of poor Georgina Burns. ' Next the topic goes back to ' the old Italian companies that used to come to Dublin, ' and the emphasis of the story shifts from the present to the past, to those who are now

gone, to the world of the dead. And then the topic becomes the monks who sleeps in the coffins 'to remind them of their last end.' (p. 218) As Harry Levin says that Joyce 'was always ready to take full advantage of the common speech of his fellow townsmen,'[24] the richness of Irish conversation promotes the party in "The Dead".

It is time for Gabriel to make his speech. Leaning with trembling fingers on the table cloth and smiling nervously at the company, he makes a gracious, rather conventional speech about change and the inexorable movements of time. He wobbles uncertainly between sentimental affection and contempt :

> —I feel more strongly with every recurring year that our country has no tradition which does it so much honour and which it should guard so jelously as that of its hospitality. It is a tradition that is unique as far as my experience goes (and I have visited not a few places abroad) among the modern nations···
> Listening to-night to the names of all those great singers of the past··· Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days : and if they are gone beyond recall···still cherish in our hearts the memory of those dead and gone great ones whose fame the world will not willingly let die.
> ···there are always in gatherings such as this sadder thoughts that will recur to our minds : thoughts of the past, of youth, of changes, of absent faces that we miss here to-night··· (pp. 220—221)

The superiority of the past to the present is a recurring topic, from Lily's bitter coment to the rhetorical flourish Gabriel uses in his speech, which is a parody of Joyce's letter. Also in this speech, the 'death' motif is enlarged, deepened, and is closely associated with 'tradition', 'past', and 'the dead'. J. I. M. Steward explains Gabriel's speech as 'an example of Joyce's deftest double-talk.' It is full of trite and exaggerated sentiment, and Gabriel is himself aware of its insincerity or his falseness as he speaks. But we are aware that 'it represents a kindly attempt to perform a duty and give innocent pleasure ; and our attitude to Gabriel remains sympathetic even while we are being afforded a searching view of him.'[25] As Goldberg also says, 'beneath all this lies an uncertainty, a genuine goodwill, and at bottom a saving humility.'[26] Thus the private and public worlds of *Dubliners* here unite and interact, so that hospitality eventually appears to Gabriel as a spectral survival from a livelier past, while the emptiness of Conroy marriage is revealed. His self-love, self-ignorance, self-centeredness, his own paralysis are epiphanized at the end of the party. The emphasis on the process is set in motion by the music of the party :

> He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. *Distant Music* he would call the picture if he were a painter. (pp. 227—228)

Gabriel thinks of the scene only as a subject for art. He never perceives that he is himself distant from the music, from his wife's mind. It turns out that the scene is indeed a symbol of Gabriel's separation from Gretta's secret life.

When Gabriel and Gretta drive back to their hotel, his eyes shines with happiness, inflamed by keen pangs of lust. His overflowing mind is described in monologue. The imagery of his memory is obviously sexual :

> Gabriel saw that there was colour on her cheeks and that her eyes were shining. A sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart. (p. 230)

> She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. (p. 231)

> ···now, after the kindling again of so many memories, the first touch of her body, musical and strange and perfumed, sent through him a keen pang of lust···he felt that they had escaped from their lives and duties, escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure. (p. 233)

It is a memory of a young man , Michael Furey, who used to sing for Gretta the song *The Lass of Aughrim* that made her exceedingly beautiful. After her confession he is left alone to confront himself. He must undertake the process of self-recognition :

> While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealizing his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. (p. 238)

Gabriel, who is full of humiliated self-consciousness, has not yet extricated himself from self-centeredness. The last shattering blow against his complacence comes :

> —I think he died for me, she answered.
>
> A vague terror seized Gabriel at this answer as if, at that hour when he had hoped to triumph, some impalpable and vindictive being was coming against him, gathering forces against him in its vague world. But he shook himself free of it with an effort of reason and continued to caress her hand. (pp. 238—239)

Gabriel who knew that a seventeen-year-old boy had died in the rain for the love of Gretta feels the pang of isolation. He finds out he can never enter her mind. He realizes that the secret life which he has continued to imagine between Gretta and himself is illusory, and that his passion is only self-love. Suddenly he notices he and Gretta are strangers each other. Here, at the end of " The Dead ", at the end of *Dubliners*, Gabriel is given self-knowledge which is denied to all the other characters except the young boy in " Araby ", although Gabriel's is the full experience of a sensitive and intelligent man.

C. H. Peake says : ' The irony, that the mood in Gretta which stirs and inflames Gabriel's love for her is a rejection of the whole of true life together, is not merely a local effect but an image of the general irony that in Ireland the shadowy dead are more vital than the living. '[27] Compared with the dead boy, Gabriel is a shadow, and even Gretta's face, now she has aged is ' no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death. ' (p. 240) Love and sympathy for others are to be related to the death of Aunt Julia in near future, to the boy's death who died for the love of Gretta, and to universal ' death ' :

> One by one they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age···
>
> Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman but he knew that such a feeling must be love. ···in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree··· His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead···

> ···It had begun to snow again··· The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward··· snow was general all over Ireland··· His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead. (pp. 241—242, underlines mine)

In this closing paragraph, Gabriel's consciousness is melting into sleep. 'Journey to wesward' must be a metaphorical one, namely, a journey in his mind. It is true in Irish mythology, as Richard Ellman says, that 'journeys westward are towards death.'[28] However, he seems wrong to say that 'Gretta Conroy's west is the place where life had been lived simply and passionately in this story. Gabriel half-consciously accepts what he has hitherto scorned, the possibility of an actual trip to Connaught.'[29] For, as C. H. Peake explains, Miss Ivor's trip is for her 'a symbolic journey, expressing the backward-looking nationalism and language revivalism which Gabriel has rejected. For Gabriel's mind, losing consciousness, the journey to westward is an acquiescent drift towards "that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead".'[30]

'Snow' is not 'mutuality, a sense of their connection with each other, a sense that none has his being alone.'[31] On the contrary, it 'influences and reinforces the image of Dublin as a moribund city, where warmth and romance belong only to the memory of the dead who are buried, and the potentiality of life is avoided by the living-dead who still inhabit a ghost world.'[32] Therefore this closing paragraph presents in Gabriel's mind 'not a vision of reconciliation but swooning surrender,'[33] and it is 'a precise, sympathetic but critical evocation of resignation to spiritual death.'[34]

Thus when the personal predicament of the Conroys is connected with the public sociability and nostalgia of Dublin, Dublin as a city of the spiritually dead, as a city living only in the past, emerges. The impartial and objective acceptance of life is for Joyce the ideal aesthetic attitude. As David Daiches says, '"The Dead" is, in some sense, a fable illustrating Joyce's view of the nature of the artist's attitude. It reflects his preoccupation with the problem of defining the aesthetic point of view at this period.'[35]

As is found in his letter to Stanislaus, Joyce seemes to be conscious of his ambivalent attitude: his desire to do justice to attractions and virtues of Dublin, and his literary conscience. In "The Dead" he allowed the former to operate, but only under the severe control of the latter. Thus new aspects of Dublin life are introduced in "The Dead" without disrupting the original vision.

Notes

Text : James Joyce : *The Portable James Joyce*, The Viking Press, New York, 1968.

1) Harry Levin : *Jams Joyce, A Critical Introducti on*, Faber and Faber, London, 1944, 1960, pp. 19—20.
2) Richard Ellman, ed. : *Letters of James Joyce*, vol. II, The Viking Press, New York, 1966, 1967, p. 123.
3) 4) Ibid., p. 134.
5) Stuart Gilbert, ed. : *Letters of James Joyce*, vol. I. The Viking Press, New York, 1957, 1966, p. 63.
6) C. H. Peake : *James Joyce, The Citizen and the Artist*, Edward Arnold, London, 1977, p. 16.
7) Richard Ellman : *James Joyce*, Oxford University Press, New York, 1959, p. 169.
8) Marvin Magalaner : *Time of Apprenticeship, The Fiction of Young James Joyce*, Books For Libraries, A Division of Arno Press. Inc., New York, 1959, 1970, p. 75.
9) A. Walton Litz : *James Joyce*, Twayne Publishers, Boston, 1966, 1972, p. 72.
10) Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain : *Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation*, New York University Press, New York, 1956, 1969, p. 72.
11) Litz : op. cit., p. 54.
12) Magalaner : op. cit., p. 81.
13) Levin : op. cit., p. 41.
14) Peake : op. cit., p. 13.
15) Arnold Goldman : *The Joyce Paradox*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1966, p. 74.
16) Magalaner : op. cit., p. 80.

17) Magananer and Kain : op. cit., p. 74.
18) S. L. Goldberg : *Joyce*, Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1962, 1969, p. 41.
19) Stanislaus Joyce : *Recollection of James Joyce by His Brother*, The James Joyce Society, New York, 1950, from Magalaner and Kain : op. cit., p. 59.
20) Ellman, ed. : *Letters of James Joyce*, vol. II, op. cit., p. 116.
21) Goldberg : op. cit., p. 41.
22) Ellman : op. cit., p. 257.
23) Litz : op. cit., p. 56.
24) Levin : op. cit., p. 40.
25) J. I. M. Stewart : *James Joyce*, Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd., London, 1957, 1964, p. 14.
26) Goldberg : op. cit., p. 42.
27) Peake : op. cit., p. 49.
28) 29) Ellman : op, cit., p. 258.
30) Peake : op. cit., p. 51.
31) Ellman : op. cit., p. 260.
32) 33) 34) Peake : op. cit., p. 53.
35) David Daiches : *The Novel and the Modern World*, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London, 1960, 1973, p. 82.

『ダブリン市民』における「死」のモチーフ（「姉妹」と「死者たち」）

阿 部 洋 子

（昭和54年9月29日受理）

ジェイムズ・ジョイス（1882—1941）が文学活動を開始した時代は，文学史的には自然主義から象徴主義への転換期に当り，それは彼の文学の本質に大きな関わり合いをもつ．一方，当時の母国アイルランドの政治的，宗教的状況はジョイスに「我が国の道徳史の一章」を書かせる動機となり，「麻痺」の中心として彼はダブリンを選ぶ．その所産としての短編集『ダブリン市民』（1914）においては様々な「死」が描かれており，特に最初の「姉妹」と最後の「死者たち」においては，『ダブリン市民』を包み込む形で「死」が物語の中核となっている．それは両者において主人公の自己覚醒を促すと同時に，ブルジョアジーを束縛している精神の「麻痺」を露呈する．両物語において状況の確認を行い，その方法を明らかにする．また「死者たち」においては，母国に対する作者の「見直し」が気負いに満ちた当初の意図とどう関わるか，をも併せて考察する．