

# RIDDLES, SILENCE, AND WONDER: JOYCE AND WITTGENSTEIN ENCOUNTERING THE LIMITS OF LANGUAGE

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## I. WORDS AND WORLDS

From August of 1914 through the end of 1916 a Viennese serving as a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian army kept a notebook in which he recorded his reflections on language, thought, and the world. An entry for May 23, 1915 reads, "*Die Grenzen meiner Sprache bedeuten die Grenzen meiner Welt*": *The limits of my language means the limits of my world.*<sup>1</sup> During these same years, an Irish expatriate living in the Austro-Hungarian port city of Trieste was reworking a novel for serialization in the English literary journal, *The Egotist*. In the issue for May 1, 1914 the young hero of the novel listens to his elders speaking of politics, their native land, and the stories of their families: "Words which he did not understand he said over and over to himself till he had learned them by heart: and through them he had glimpses of the real world about him."<sup>2</sup> In the December 15, 1914 issue of *The Egotist*, this young man becomes aware that he is breaking with the religious traditions of his family and country and he "feel[s] a regret and pity as though he were slowly passing out of an accustomed world and were hearing its language for the last time" (PA, 156). James Joyce and Ludwig Wittgenstein were hearing the language of pre-war Europe for the last time. But in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* we can hear something quite different: for the first time we can hear the language of our age and our world.

It is one of history's unexpected gestures that the Austro-Hungarian Empire should have provided the scene for the early writings of an Irishman and a Viennese who would become, respectively, the most acclaimed and influential prose writer and philosopher of the Anglo-Saxon world for the middle and late twentieth century. Ludwig Wittgenstein would finish out the war as a prisoner in Italy before his eventual move to England. In order to

avoid imprisonment as an unfriendly alien—as happened to his brother Stanislaus—James Joyce would flee Trieste for neutral Zurich in July of 1915, only two months before the appearance of the final installment of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Although Joyce briefly returned to Trieste after the war, he finished *Ulysses* in Paris in 1921, the same year in which Wittgenstein finally found a publisher for the work he had begun in his notebooks, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

In elaborating his theory of art the hero of the *Portrait*, Stephen Dedalus, announces: "For my purpose I can work on at present by the light of one or two ideas of Aristotle and Aquinas" (187). In this essay, I propose to work by a somewhat analogous method, and will bring forth some of Wittgenstein's ideas on the assumption that they may serve as a lamp to throw light on Joyce's *Portrait*. As my brief historical introduction suggests, Joyce and Wittgenstein were both contemporaries in time and citizens, for a while, of the declining Austro-Hungarian Empire. But it is the intellectual affinities, rather than historical, political, or sociological ones, that I wish to explore here. Common to both of these writers is a fascination with the relation between our language and our world, with the way in which the one both creates and is created by the other.

So interrelated are word and world that the one for the other can be easily confused. The editorial history of *Ulysses* proves just how. When thinking of "hell," Martha Clifford writes in her letter to Leopold Bloom, "I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other world" (63). The old Modern Library edition of 1934 changed "world" to "word" and the new Modern Library edition of 1961 changed it back again. This is just the kind of confusion upon which Joyce built the towers of his major works. Moreover, as the *Portrait* shows, this very confusion can be the beginning of clarity if it poses to us the riddle of our existence. This is not a riddle that is resolved by our possession of any answer. Rather, the riddle is itself its own answer insofar as it is a sign that points silently to the miraculousness of existence, of wonder before the world that calls forth from us an affirmation of the spirit of life.

Wittgenstein and Joyce are strikingly similar in the methods they employ to reawaken in us this feeling of wonder before the world. In the first place, they are united in thinking of themselves as both poets and philosophers. Joyce's literary hero was Dante, "the first poet of the Europeans" (SH, 41) and the great synthesizer of medieval thought in verse. Indeed, at times Joyce conceived of him-

self as doing for the early twentieth century what Dante had done for the early fourteenth. Stephen Dedalus is redolent with "the true scholastic stink" (PA, 214), disliking only the premises of medieval philosophy, and he freely admits that his aesthetic is "applied Aquinas" (PA, 209), as is obvious in the final chapter of the *Portrait*. His creator Joyce wrote poetic prose with a feeling for design and symmetry that recalls a medieval builder constructing a cathedral in stone or a *Summa philosophica* in words.

Wittgenstein, for his part, has affinities with the ascetic Catholicism of the seventeenth-century master of French prose style, Blaise Pascal. But more directly, he conceived of his philosophy as being a kind of poetry: "I think I summed up my attitude to philosophy when I said: philosophy ought really to be written only as a *poetic composition*" (CV, 24). The conclusion of the *Tractatus*, as well as the many parts of his other writings where he relies on metaphor to convey his meaning, do approach poetry, much to the dismay of more traditional academic philosophers. Wittgenstein believed that philosophy ought to be written as a poetic composition if only that, as for Pascal, the style of presentation was of supreme importance. Two years before his death Wittgenstein wrote, "Le style c'est l'homme même" . . . [A] man's style is a *picture* of him" (CV, 78).

Joyce's and Wittgenstein's philosophical poetics begins by exposing a state of paralysis. For Wittgenstein, this paralysis comes from our bewilderment by notions of the ideal in language and in thought: "The ideal, as we think of it, is unshakable. . . . It is like a pair of glasses on our nose through which we see whatever we look at. It never occurs to us to take them off" (PI, #103). The problem with the ideal is that one can do nothing with it—it is a wheel that turns but does no work, that does not connect with anything else. "We have got on to slippery ice where there is no friction and so in a certain sense the conditions are ideal, but also, just because of that, we are unable to walk. We want to walk: so we need *friction*. Back to the rough ground!" (PI, #107). Wittgenstein wants to unmask the ideal, to point the way back to the rough ground. When Stephen's mother says to him that she "would like to read some great writer, to see what ideal of life he has," Stephen replies in exasperation, "But that is wrong: that is the great mistake everyone makes. Art is not an escape from life! . . . [It] is the central expression of life" (SH, 85–86). Here, Stephen is only repeating what his young creator already had made clear to the mystical poet A.E.

(George Russell) when he went calling on him in the middle of the night in 1902 and proclaimed to him that he "abhorred the Absolute above everything else."<sup>3</sup> However it is that art illuminates our lives, it is not by the light of the ideal, it is not "a light from another world" (PA, 212). Explaining his intention in writing the early collection of stories, *Dubliners*, Joyce wrote to his friend C. P. Curran that he wished "to betray the soul of that . . . paralysis which many consider a city" (LT, 1:55). Like "the late lamented Patrick Morkan" and his "never-to-be-forgotten Johnny" in "The Dead" (DB, 207), his characters circle around and around the center of an empty ideal, persuaded only that they are not paralyzed because they move about in place.

What ties these two writers together above all else is their belief that the ordinary is the extraordinary, that the wonder of this world is not hidden behind any veils but is open to our view, and that language is both a revelation of this wonder and its riddle. Wittgenstein writes: "And I will now describe the experience of wondering at the existence of the world by saying: it is the experience of seeing the world as a miracle. Now I am tempted to say that the right expression in language for the miracle of the existence of the world, though it is not any proposition *in* language, is the existence of language itself" (LE, 11). Wittgenstein adds that "we cannot express what we want to express": which is to say that we cannot *say* the wonder, the miracle—but we can *show* it. Indeed, "the existence of language itself" is one way in which "the world as a miracle" shows itself.

## II. DUBLIN'S BALLAST OFFICE CLOCK AND WITTGENSTEIN'S STOVE

Stephen tells his friend Cranly during one of their peripatetic walks through the city of Dublin "that the clock of the Ballast Office was capable of an epiphany," by which he means "a sudden spiritual manifestation" (SH, 211). Stephen intends to shock Cranly by locating the wonderful in the trivial, in an object that they pass by daily on their walks so that through constant familiarity it has become almost invisible to them. In the section of the *Portrait* that appeared in the June 1, 1915 issue of *The Egotist*, Stephen identifies the three "necessary phases of artistic apprehension." Following his reading of Aquinas, they are *integritas*, *consonantia*, and *claritas*. "When you have apprehended that [thing] as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and es-

thetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he [Aquinas] speaks is the scholastic *quidditas*, the *whatness* of a thing" (211–13). That is, first you separate the object from the world, *integritas*, then you see it as a world in and of itself, *consonantia*, and then its radiance, its *claritas*, its *whatness*, will shine forth.

In a notebook entry for October 8, 1916, Wittgenstein presents a similar "epiphany": "If I have been contemplating the stove, and then am told: but now all you know is the stove, my result does indeed seem trivial. For this represents the matter as if I had studied the stove as one among the many things in the world. But if I was contemplating the stove *it was then my world*, and everything else colourless by contrast with it" (83). Like Joyce with the Ballast Office clock, Wittgenstein first isolates his stove from the world that surrounds it, then sees it as a world in itself, and finally apprehends it in its radiant color, in its miraculous existence. This seeing of the stove as a world is the miracle of aesthetic perception. Twelve days later he writes in his notebook: "Aesthetically, the miracle is that the world exists. That what exists does exist" (86).

This insistence on the aesthetic properties of common, mass-produced objects like stoves and clocks, on the apprehension of their existence as pure objects, is one of the most characteristic gestures of the new sensibility of early twentieth-century culture. It appears during these years not just in literature and philosophy but in the visual arts as well. In 1914, Marcel Duchamp purchased his first readymade, the "Bottlerack," and he remarked that its "functionalism was . . . obliterated by that fact that I took it out of the earth and onto the planet of aesthetics."<sup>4</sup> The placing of the object by the mind and its perception as pure object become the fundamental elements of aesthetic vision.

Stephen uses the language of Catholic sacramental ritual for his aesthetic, showing, as Cranly tells him in the *Portrait*, "how your mind is supersaturated with the religion in which you say you disbelieve" (240). Cranly is observant, though it perhaps would be more correct to say it is not so much religion itself that fascinates Stephen as it is its language. Nevertheless, apart from terminology, Stephen has as much, if not more, in common with the aesthetic of Wittgenstein and the art of Duchamp as he shares with the theology of the Fathers of the Church. Duchamp, Joyce, and Wittgenstein all insist upon the extraordinary nature of the ordinary, and they do so in a way characteristic of early twentieth-century thought. The

world is miraculous, not because it is a reflection of some ideal or transcendental realm, but simply because it *is*. And this holds equally for everything in the world. As Wittgenstein writes in his notebook on October 8, 1916, "As a thing among things, each thing is equally insignificant; as a world each one is equally significant" (83).

Wittgenstein's aesthetic is perhaps less well known than his critique of linguistic meaning in logic and in ordinary language. However, the two are very much related, so much so that I believe the one cannot be fully appreciated without some consideration of the other. Moreover, this play between the theory of aesthetics and the theory of linguistic meaning is as important in understanding Stephen Dedalus in Joyce's *Portrait* as it is in comprehending Wittgenstein's writings. Stephen's constant questioning of the meaning of words both leads to and influences his attempt to propound a theory of the nature of the beautiful and of the place of art in our lives. I want first briefly to show the place of Wittgenstein's aesthetics in the context of his better known logical and philosophical investigations. Here, I will examine Wittgenstein's collapsing of aesthetics and ethics, his distinction between showing and saying, and his conception of the place of silence and nonsense in philosophical thought. In the sections to follow, I will use these ideas to throw light on Joyce's *Portrait*.

In a letter to Ludwig von Ficker, a friend and prospective publisher of the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, Wittgenstein emphasized that the point of his book was "an ethical one." He tells von Ficker that he meant to include an additional sentence in his preface which would "perhaps be a key to the work." The sentence would have read: "My work consists of two parts: the one presented here plus all that I have not written." Given that the title of the book announces it to be a treatise on philosophical logic, Wittgenstein's statement of his purpose and his missing sentence are extremely enigmatic. The next sentence of his letter to von Ficker is equally puzzling: "it is precisely this second part that is the important one" (*LF*, 56–57). The second part of the *Tractatus*, the unwritten part, is the important part. How are we to understand him?

The rest of this paragraph in Wittgenstein's letter offers only a partial clue as to what he might mean: "My book draws limits to the sphere of the ethical from the inside as it were, and I am convinced that this is the *ONLY rigorous* way of drawing those limits. In short, I believe that where *many* others today are just *gassing*, I have

managed in my book to put everything firmly into place by being silent about it." Wittgenstein's concern is to "draw limits to the sphere of the ethical," and this must be done "from the inside." The "everything" that he has put "firmly into place" is the ethical rather than the logical; moreover, he has put it into place "by being silent about it." First in need of explanation here is what Wittgenstein understands by "the ethical."

On July 24, 1916, Wittgenstein writes in his notebook: "Ethics and aesthetics are one" (NB, 77). If ethics and aesthetics are one, then Wittgenstein is surely not using the word as philosophers traditionally do. On October 7 of that same year he explains how he understands the connection between what is more often considered to be two separate realms of thought and experience: "The work of art is the object seen *sub specie aeternitatis*; and the good life is the world seen *sub specie aeternitatis*. This is the connexion between art and ethics" (NB, 83). He adds: "The usual way of looking at things sees objects as it were from the midst of them, the view *sub specie aeternitatis* from outside. In such a way that they have the whole world as background." Wittgenstein's cryptic comments about the *Tractatus* in the letter to von Ficker become clearer if one remembers the reflections in the notebooks about his aesthetic contemplation of his stove. The stove has "the whole world as background" when it is isolated as a world. This is what it would mean to see the stove *sub specie aeternitatis*. And this makes his contemplation of the ordinary object an aesthetic experience.

During a conversation among the Vienna Circle in 1929 about Heidegger's *Being and Time*, Wittgenstein comments on the ethical, the limits of language, and nonsense: "This running-up against the limits of language is *Ethics*. . . . Yet the tendency represented by the running-up against *points to something*. St. Augustine already knew this when he said: What you wretch, so you want to avoid talking nonsense? Talk some nonsense, it makes no difference!" (HD, 80–81). When confronted with the ethical, the alternatives are silence or nonsense. Both have their place. In his published philosophical writings Wittgenstein leaned towards silence. In his writings, Joyce preferred nonsense. But Wittgenstein never disparaged the nonsense of others—so long as they recognized it as such. As late as 1947 he reminded himself: "Don't for heaven's sake, be afraid of talking nonsense! But you must pay attention to your nonsense" (CV, 56).

Wittgenstein was only disturbed by those who wrote nonsense

but did not recognize it as such—they are the ones, in the letter to von Ficker, who "are just *gassing*." In the "Lecture on Ethics" prepared for a society at Cambridge the year after his remarks on Heidegger, Wittgenstein again collapses the ethical and the aesthetic: "I am going to use the term Ethics," he announces, "in a sense which includes what I believe to be the most essential part of what is generally called Aesthetics" (4). This opens a discussion on the limits of language: "I see now that these nonsensical expressions [e.g., those about "the miracle of the existence of the world"] were not nonsensical because I had not yet found the correct expressions, but that their nonsensicality was their very essence. For all I wanted to do with them was just *to go beyond* the world and that is to say beyond significant language. My whole tendency and I believe the tendency of all men who ever tried to write or talk about Ethics or Religion was to run against the boundaries of language. This running against the walls of our cage is perfectly, absolutely hopeless" (11–12). "Absolutely hopeless" it may be, but the tendency is still significant; it still points to something; and that something is "the most important part."

When in the *Tractatus* Wittgenstein refers to the limits of his world he means the limits of the world of facts that can be represented by significant language. When in the "Lecture on Ethics" he refers to "running against the boundaries of language," he means the boundaries of significant language. Significant language forms "the walls of our cage," and it is absolutely hopeless to try to say something significant about the ethical, which lies outside. Outside is the world of art, of religious experience, of the mystical. About the outside we can only speak nonsense or be silent.

Wittgenstein writes in the *Philosophical Investigations*, "My aim is: to teach you to pass from a piece of disguised nonsense to something that is patent nonsense" (#464). "Disguised nonsense" is only bad philosophy or bad criticism, while "patent nonsense" can be the stuff of art. He makes this clearer by a later remark: "Don't take it as a matter of course, but as a remarkable fact, that pictures and fictitious narratives give us pleasure, occupy our mind. . . . ([F]ind it surprising, as something that disturbs you. . . .") And then, in a doubly parenthetical addition: "((The transition from patent nonsense to something which is disguised nonsense))" (#524). Here, Wittgenstein considers the nature of bad art or bad philosophy, and so he reverses the terms of his earlier statement.

But art ought to be surprising and wonderful: "One might say: art *shows* us the miracles of nature. It is based on the *concept* of the miracles of nature. (The blossom, just opening out. What is *marvelous* about it?) We say: 'Just look at it opening out!' " (CV, 56). But how do we distinguish art, "patent nonsense," from "disguised nonsense"?

The important difference is that art says: "just look!" Patent nonsense—*offenkundigen Unsinn*—is open to our view. It hides behind no veils. It lies right before us. It does not try to say, to explain, what is miraculous and marvelous about the blossom. On November 29, 1914, Wittgenstein writes in his notebook: "What *can* be shown cannot be said" (34). And towards the end of the *Tractatus* he writes: "There are, indeed, things that cannot be put into words. They *make themselves manifest*. They are what is mystical" (#6.522).

What Wittgenstein is silent about—"All that I have not written"—is the ethical, the aesthetic, or the mystical. This is the important part because therein the existence of the world appears as a wonder. In the *Tractatus*, Wittgenstein attempts to show the limits of philosophical thought and logical language: "It [philosophy] must set limits to what can be thought; and, in doing so, to what cannot be thought. It must set limits to what cannot be thought by working outwards through what can be thought" (#4.114). Setting limits to logical thought from the inside is a double gesture, for thereby Wittgenstein also shows what is outside. About the outside he remains silent. By attempting to draw the limits of language from the inside, he avoids writing nonsense, at least until the conclusion of his treatise where "patent nonsense" does appear. Joyce's method, which is the method of the artificer, is different. He is not afraid of writing nonsense. But he is a great artist precisely because he pays attention to it.

Before moving to the *Portrait*, I should say a word on my method here. I am using Wittgenstein as a lamp to elucidate Joyce. This method is justified, I believe, precisely because the direction of illumination could easily be reversed: that is, it also would be possible to use Joyce as a lamp to elucidate Wittgenstein. In this paper there simply is not the space to do both. However, two brief examples, the one on pain sensation, the other on language acquisition during infancy, will serve to point the direction in which such an analysis might proceed. I have chosen these specific examples be-

cause I think they touch on essential parts of Wittgenstein's arguments in the *Philosophical Investigations* and because they will be useful later in my analysis of the *Portrait*.

In the *Philosophical Investigations*, Wittgenstein asks "How do words *refer* to sensations? . . . [H]ow is the connexion between the name and the thing named set up? This question is the same as: how does a human being learn the meaning of the names of sensations?—of the word 'pain' for example" (#244). Wittgenstein's argument on pain sensation is as controversial as it is central to his critique of the presuppositions of modern philosophy. The argument is meant to support his ideas about the impossibility of a private language, which in turn is the cornerstone of his attack on the notion that has ruled philosophy since Descartes, that what we can be most sure of, and hence, what we can ground our epistemology on, is the clearness and certainty of our own subjective ideas and sensations. But notice how Stephen learns the meaning of "heartburn" during his infancy: "When Dante made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth: that was heartburn" (PA, 11). Here, Stephen shows that he has learned the meaning of "heartburn," and by extension of the rest of his vocabulary of pain sensation, not by the appearance of an inner sensation to which he afterwards applies a name by a kind of private ostensive gesture, but in the public realm where it is subject to publicly verifiable criteria. That is, Stephen already has learned the grammar of pain before he has given names to individual occurrences of it. As Wittgenstein insists: "When one says 'He [an inventor of a private language] gave a name to his sensation' one forgets that a great deal of stagesetting in the language is presupposed if the mere act of naming is to make sense. And when we speak of someone's having given a name to pain, what is presupposed is the existence of the grammar of the word 'pain'; it shews the post where this new word is stationed" (PI, #257).

Related to the problem of pain sensation is the larger question of how infants learn language. The *Philosophical Investigations* opens with Wittgenstein's discussion of and eventual rejection of the model of language acquisition presented in Augustine's *Confessions*. Augustine argues that language is built up out of separate instances of ostensive meaning. That is, first we learn the meaning of words by having someone point out individual objects to us. For example, "This is a chair"; "This is a house." Then we learn how to piece these atomic units of meaning into sentences. "The chair is in

the house." Wittgenstein concludes his discussion of Augustine: "And now, I think, we can say: Augustine describes the learning of human language as if the child came into a strange country and did not understand the language of the country; that is, as if it already had a language, only not this one. Or again, as if the child could already *think*, only not yet speak. And 'think' would here mean something like 'talk to itself'" (*PI*, #32). Wittgenstein's point is that the child must learn the grammar or language of ostensive definition before any learning by ostensive definition can take place. But what language can teach this grammar? Surely not the language of ostensive definition itself. Rather, Wittgenstein will argue in what is perhaps the central thesis of the *Philosophical Investigations* that the child learns language as a form of life.

Compare how Stephen Dedalus learns language:

Once upon a time a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. . . .

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. (*PA*, 7)

Stephen's words come into the world not paired up with things, as in Augustine's model, but "in a fiction, in a dream of passion." His words first come in the language of fables. And language does not enter alone into the child's consciousness: it brings the child's sense of his own identity with it: "He was baby tuckoo." Joyce changes the Cartesian motto from *Cogito, ergo sum* to *Fabulo, ergo sum*. When Stephen first finds himself, he finds himself inscribed in a story, named by the language of his father's story. In the *Portrait*, Stephen will try to transform, through thought and art, the language and the identity that the world imposed upon him during childhood. The creature will strive to become creator; the child to become a father.

### III. THE GREEN WOTHE BOTHETH

Perhaps the most remarkable difference between the representation of Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and in what remains of *Stephen Hero* is the introduction into the *Portrait* of numerous passages that show Stephen grappling with the meanings of particular words and with the nature of lan-

guage in general. So insistent is Joyce that the story of Stephen growing up is transformed into the story of his struggle with language—on the one hand with the language into which he was born, the language that identifies him as a turn-of-the-century Irish Catholic, *and* on the other hand with the language that he must create if he is to become an artist. The limits of Stephen's language mean the limits of his world. In rewriting *Stephen Hero*, Joyce has designed his novel so that Stephen's language changes in pace with his world, and in so doing Joyce made the *Portrait* into the first characteristically twentieth-century story of a young man's education.

As an infant and a schoolchild, the story of Stephen's changing words and worlds can be seen in miniature through his changing thoughts about a "green rose." This motif appears first in the opening section of the novel following the "baby tuckoo" tale:

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

*O, the wild rose blossoms*

*On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

*O, the green wotthe botheth.* (*PA*, 7)

"He was baby tuckoo": language has formed Stephen. The tale of baby tuckoo presents him with a mirror in which he can see himself placed in a world. But immediately thereafter Stephen forms language, and by that act he creates a song that is his own: "That was his song." He makes the song his by putting his mark upon it, and through that metaformation comes creation: "the wild rose" becomes "the green wotthe."

To the child first coming into language, there is no problem with a green rose. It is not that a green rose is more or less likely than any other kind of rose; rather, the question of its likeliness just does not arise as a problem. To the infant, the real and the unreal, words and things, are all equally new and therefore equally strange and wonderful and frightening. Nor is there any distinct problem with the meaning of words. Words have not yet collided with the world, so that nonsense and significant language are not recognizably antagonistic opposites.

However, linguistic meaning is a problem for the young schoolboy subject to the often brutal society of early education. When Stephen's schoolmate Wells asks him, "Tell us Dedalus, do you

kiss your mother before you go to bed," Stephen does not know what to reply. When he answers "yes," his schoolmates mock him; when he answers "no," they mock him even more. Stephen is sure that there must be a right answer to the question, and he suspects that the answer can be located in the meaning of "to kiss": "What did that mean, to kiss? You put your face up like that to say good-night and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss" (*PA*, 14–15). It is also at Clongowes that Stephen thinks again of "the green wothe": "White roses and red roses: those were beautiful colours to think of. . . . Perhaps a wild rose might be like those colours and he remembered the song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place. But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could" (*PA*, 12). Stephen has discovered what Alice already knows when she meets Humpty Dumpty in *Through the Looking Glass*: you cannot do just anything with language—not unless you want to be subject to the ridicule of your classmates or to the polite disapproval of young girls. For the schoolboy, a green rose is just nonsense. Stephen no longer knows what the words might mean. But because he remembers that once the words did make sense to him, he is left wondering whether "somewhere in the world you could have" one, whether there might be a world for those words after all.

More troubling, I believe, for our understanding of Stephen in both the *Portrait* and in *Ulysses* is the meaning of "love." As was the case with the green rose, it is a word that made sense to Stephen at one time. Love was something that anyone could see: it was when, for example, his mother leaned over to kiss him, just as heartburn was "when Dante made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth." But in the course of the *Portrait* Stephen loses his sense of the obvious, the patent, meaning of love. At the conclusion of his walk with Cranly in the last chapter, his friend inquires:

- . . . Let me ask you a question. Do you love your mother?  
 Stephen shook his head slowly.  
 —I don't know what your words mean, he said simply. (*PA*, 240)

Is love then nonsense? And what kind? Furthermore, is love, as Hans Gabler asserts in his controversial addition to the "Scylla and Charybdis" chapter of *Ulysses: The Corrected Text*, the "word known to all men" (*UL*, 161)?

The last proposition of the *Tractatus* reads: "What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence" (#7). This is not merely some kind of negative injunction. For Wittgenstein, silence is a way of speaking, or rather, a way of showing what cannot be said. As Wittgenstein insists in his letter to von Ficker, "I have managed in my book to put everything firmly into place by being silent about it." The second part of the *Tractatus*, all that Wittgenstein has not written, is the important part. This sounds like a riddle, like nonsense, and that is precisely what it is; but Wittgenstein, like Joyce, pays attention to his nonsense.

Joyce too is a master of silence. He was impatient with those modern artists who were merely obscure, and he claimed that he could justify every word in *Ulysses*. I believe that he might have made a similar assertion for the *Portrait*. Of course, this rejection of obscurity does not make Joyce easy reading in the sense that the common reader might find Dickens or Thackeray to be easy to get through. Like Wittgenstein, Joyce chose a technique of elliptical exposition that allowed him to show what he cannot say. And because of this, Joyce's readers are themselves left to make connections that other novelists would have made for them. The readers must fill the spaces of silence with words that are their own.

Two instances from the *Portrait* of Joyce's elliptical construction, both of which bear on the subject of love, will serve as examples. During Stephen's short-lived translation into terrestrial sainthood, he thinks about the theological mysteries of the church: "The imagery through which the nature and kinship of the Three Persons of the Trinity were darkly shadowed forth in the books of devotion which he read—the Father contemplating from all eternity as in a mirror His Divine Perfections and thereby eternally begetting the Eternal Son . . .—were easier of acceptance by his mind by reason of their august incomprehensibility than was the simple fact that God had loved his soul from all eternity" (149). Stephen, "the Eternal Son," is very serious about the "august incomprehensibility" of "the Father contemplating from all eternity as in a mirror His Divine Perfections." Joyce's method is not to tell us explicitly what he wants us to think. Instead, he gives us the earthly correlate to this theological mystery.

Stephen's father first appears in the novel at the beginning of the Christmas dinner scene at Bray: "Mr. Dedalus looked at himself in

the pierglass above the mantelpiece, waxed out his moustache-ends and then, parting his coattails, stood with his back to the glowing fire: and still, from time to time, he withdrew a hand from his coattail to wax out one of his moustache-ends" (27). Staring into the pierglass, the father admires his earthly perfections, his moustache-ends. The reader either makes the connection between these two passages or does not, and is left to draw his own conclusions from it. Stephen *says* what he feels about the theological mystery of Catholicism at this point in his life; Joyce *shows* us what he thinks. And as he shows us throughout his writings, it is the mystery of human love rather than the "simple fact" of God's eternal love that fascinates him.

After his family has moved into the city of Dublin in chapter 2, Stephen tries to capture a moment of young romantic love in poetry, the goodnight farewell to Emma on the tram after he rides home with her following a party. Joyce had used a similar incident for one of his early epiphanies. However, Stephen is not so fortunate as his creator. His Byronic poem to "E \_\_C \_\_" never takes form in the novel, and while struggling with it he remembers another moment of poetic impasse: "He saw himself sitting at his table in Bray the morning after the discussion at the Christmas dinnertable, trying to write a poem about Parnell on the back of one of his father's second moiety notices" (70). Stephen's attempt to write this poem about Parnell would have occurred, then, after the third section of chapter 1, the Christmas dinner scene, and before the fourth section, when Stephen seeks justice from the rector for his unfair pandying by Father Dolan. In the fourth section, Stephen and his classmates find historical models for themselves in their search for justice in "the senate and the Roman people" (53). Joyce is a master of transitions, even when they come many pages later, but what has Parnell to do with Roman history?

The reader does not know if Stephen Dedalus ever completes the poem about Parnell after this initial impasse. But Joyce did: the poem was "Et tu, Healy," and John Joyce was so pleased with it he paid for its printing so that it might be circulated through Dublin, and later claimed that he had even sent a copy to the Pope.<sup>5</sup> As the poem's title suggests, the betrayal of Parnell by his lieutenant Healy is likened to the betrayal of Julius Caesar by Brutus. Healy was a member of the so-called "Bantry gang" (PA, 228), and Stephen will recall his father's hatred of them years later when he is jealous of Emma and fears that his friends are betraying him. Why

does Joyce not signal this transition to us in the *Portrait* itself? Surely no reader can make the connection between Stephen, Parnell, and Caesar with only the novel before him. Is it because Stephen himself cannot make the connection, cannot know why, at the pinnacle of his triumph among his cheering schoolmates, "he was alone" (59), yet another Irish hero awaiting his betrayal by the very people for whom he has risked himself?

However, this explanation is not entirely convincing, for Joyce often signals information or themes to the reader that lie beyond the immediate knowledge of his characters. Was it because Joyce had already used a poem about the death of Parnell to end the *Dubliners* story, "Ivy Day in the Committee Room"? Was the poem one of the many episodes contained in the lost parts of *Stephen Hero* that did not find an appropriate place in the *Portrait*? Both of these suggestions might help to explain why he left "Et tu, Healy" out of the *Portrait*, but they do not explain why he then left in the motif of "the senate and the Roman people," which is precisely the phrase that "Et tu, Healy" puts in context. In any case, the key to the Roman motif lies outside of the *Portrait* itself. In his later works, Joyce often asks those readers who seek to unravel minor riddles, and sometimes even major ones, to look for their solution outside of the text in question. What is the exception in the *Portrait* becomes the rule in *Finnegans Wake*.

In a letter written to Harriet Weaver, the editor of *The Egotist*, on November 8, 1916, Joyce included an "account of my books" that was to be forwarded to B. W. Huebsch, the American publisher of the *Portrait*. Among his early publications he includes: "'Parnell' a pamphlet written when I was nine years old (in 1891) on Parnell's death. It was printed and circulated in Dublin. I do not know if any copy is to be found today" (LT, 1:99). In fact, no copy has been located. A solution to the riddle of "the senate and the Roman people" that appeals to me would have Joyce leave the title of his poem out of the *Portrait* precisely because it had been lost among his early works. The hole in the *Portrait* mirrors the hole in the corpus of his published works. An accidental loss is thereby incorporated into the novel much as Duchamp incorporated into his art work the accidental cracks that appeared in his *Large Glass* following its transportation from an exhibition in 1926.

Duchamp's art provides another analogue to Joyce's writings. He began work on *The Large Glass* in 1915, and by 1923 he felt that he had brought it to a suitable state of incompleteness. In 1934 Du-



champ issued *The Green Box*, an edition of cardboard boxes in which he assembled facsimiles of drawings, manuscript notes, and photographs that are meant to guide the viewer through the labyrinth of *The Large Glass*. *The Green Box* stands to *The Large Glass* as Joyce's manuscript notes, his preliminary drafts, and even his missing early pieces stand to his published works. Following the *Portrait*, Joyce was scrupulous in saving all of these materials that are now appearing in *The James Joyce Archives*.

Both *The Large Glass* and *The Green Box* are descriptive titles for objects that have the same official title precisely because they are parts of the same work: *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*. The work of art is neither *The Large Glass* nor *The Green Box* but the relation between the two, the thinking that produced them both, a thinking that the spectator or reader recreates as he moves back and forth between them. Duchamp's art shines in the space between his objects. Similarly, Wittgenstein said that the point of the *Tractatus* was not that someone would read his book and understand what he had to say, but that someone already would have had the same thoughts and would discover in the book a mirror of his own mind.

#### V. WHAT KIND OF A NAME IS THAT?

A name, a proper name, is no mere word among words, least of all to its bearer. From his early school days at Clongowes, Stephen "frets in the shadow" (*PA*, 189) of his surname, "Dedalus":

And one day he [Nasty Roche] had asked:

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered:

—Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked:

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate? (8–9)

Stephen's self-consciousness of his surname is a burden and a challenge to him from this exchange with Nasty Roche at the beginning of the *Portrait* to Davin's reproach at the end—"What with your name and your ideas . . . Are you Irish at all?" (202).

The upper-class schoolboys at Clongowes have inherited their fathers' proud consciousness of their privileged social rank. Nasty suspects that the strangeness of Stephen's name has something to do with the equivocal position of his father. The conversation breaks off when Nasty asks, "Is he a magistrate?" Joyce does not tell us what Stephen replies or if he has any response to make. Nevertheless, according to Nasty's schoolboy-logic the implied answer to this question is certainly "no." Stephen does not have a name like Nasty's own surname; therefore, Stephen's father cannot have a job like Nasty's father. The name is a signpost that places the bearer in the social hierarchy. Or, as Stephen later will want to believe with respect to his own name, it tells you that the bearer does not belong anywhere in the social hierarchy—he is alone and aloof from others, "a being apart in every order" (161).

In spite of his strange name, or perhaps even because of it, Stephen is drawn into Nasty's kind of snobbery both at Clongowes and afterwards. He does not understand why Father Dolan has to ask him twice for his name before he pandies him and suspects that the prefect is making fun of him: "The great men in the history had names like that and nobody made fun of them. It was his own name that he could have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. Dolan: it was like the name of a woman that washed clothes" (55). Stephen has heard from Athy, the riddler he meets in the infirmary, that Dedalus is "like Latin" (25). Surely "a woman that washed clothes" would not be numbered among the august body of "the senate and the Roman people" (53), and it is upon this historical stage that Stephen and his schoolmates imagine that the drama of their search for justice—Stephen's visit to the rector—is being played. Stephen shows pride in his name precisely because in going to see the rector he will make a name for himself among his schoolmates; he will show that "Dedalus" is a heroic appellation and that he is like one of those "great men in the history."

As a student at the university, he is made painfully aware of the heights from which his family's fortunes have fallen when he sees pawn tickets on the kitchen table bearing the common, non-descript names "Daly and MacEvoy" (174), base aliases to disguise his family's shameful poverty. And passing a troop of Christian Brothers as he crosses over the Tolka Bridge on his way to North Bull Island he is sure that "their piety would be like their names" (166). Stephen is well aware of the mean snobbishness of this thought, but he cannot help himself. Joyce is careful to let us know

from whom Stephen inherited his scorn for these commoners working among the lower classes: "Christian brothers be damned! said Mr Dedalus. Is it with Paddy Stink and Mickey Mud? No, let him stick to the jesuits in God's name since he began with them" (71). Christian Brothers with names like Brother Hickey and Brother Quaid and Brother MacArdle and Brother Keogh would be just the class of men to teach Paddy Stink and Mickey Mud.

The riddle of Stephen's last name is remarked upon by Athy, the boy he meets in the infirmary at Clongowes in chapter 1: "You have a queer name, Dedalus, and I have a queer name too, Athy. My name is the name of a town." Athy then proposes a riddle: "Why is the county Kildare like the leg of a fellow's breeches?" Stephen, who admits that he is not very good at riddles, has no answer. Athy tells him: "Because there is a thigh in it. Do you see the joke? Athy is the town in the county Kildare and a thigh is the other thigh." Athy then says that the riddle can be asked another way, and when Stephen cannot figure out what that other way might be, he ends the conversation: "There is another way but I won't tell you what it is" (25-26).

There are other riddles in the *Portrait*, some explicitly posed to Stephen as such, like Cranly's riddle of the crocodile and the child (250), others more subtly presented, like the nature of the "champagne"—the explosives—that Mr. Casey's friend manufactures (28). However, Athy's riddle is the first explicitly posed as such and it therefore becomes a model both for Stephen's understanding of the nature and the place of riddles in life and for the reader's understanding of their place in Joyce's art. At times, Joyce's riddles can be infuriating to those readers who want to know everything, for they are not always open to view in the sense of having an answer that makes sense. Rather, the riddle is itself its own answer.

Athy is a fascinating minor character who seems strangely out of place in the *Portrait* in much the same way that the mysterious man in the macintosh is out of place in *Ulysses*. Both of these characters are enigmas who serve to pose insoluble riddles. In the *Tractatus*, Wittgenstein writes: "When the answer cannot be put into words, neither can the question be put into words. The riddle does not exist" (#6.5). Once again, Wittgenstein is returning to the limits of significant language in representing the facts of the world. The riddle does not exist as it can be posed in significant language. In the thinking of the *Philosophical Investigations*, Wittgenstein

would say that the meaning of a riddle is not necessarily found in its answer any more than the meaning of a name is necessarily found by pointing to its bearer. Naturally enough, there are instances when the meaning of a riddle is found in the answer or the meaning of a name in its bearer, but more generally the meaning of both riddles and names are found in the uses we make of them.

The meaning of Athy's unposed riddle is precisely the use to which it is put in helping us to understand Stephen's character. Stephen is frustrated that Athy will not tell him the other way of asking the riddle, and he imagines that Athy's father, unlike his own, must be a magistrate. In withholding the riddle, Athy demonstrates a power over language that makes Stephen feel inadequate and jealous. Unlike Stephen, Athy seems to recognize that he can master his strange name by weaving a riddle around it. The mystery of his name thereby becomes *his* mystery in the same way that Stephen's deformation of the song about roses blossoming makes it into his song. In this sense, the meaning of Athy's riddle is to show us that Stephen is himself the riddle.

#### VI. THE WORD KNOWN TO ALL MEN

"I fear those big words . . . which make us so unhappy," Stephen says to Mr. Deasy in *Ulysses* (26). While Stephen probably would not be any happier if all the "big words" were to disappear from the face of the earth, they do serve as centers of gravity around which his unhappiness clusters and through which it is revealed to the reader. "Love" is one such big word. In *Stephen Hero*, Stephen tells Emma that "there is no such thing as love in the world" (198). In the *Portrait*, Stephen tells Cranly that he does not know what the word means (240). In *Ulysses*, Stephen stands over the slow learner, Cyril Sargent, and ponders a mother's love for her child, "*amor matris*: subjective and objective genitive. . . . Was that then real? The only true thing in life?" (23).

When meditating on the mysteries of the Trinity, Stephen supposes that God's eternal love is a "simple fact." But love is only a simple fact in the same way that heartburn is a simple fact. On the one hand, love is as patently open to our view as is any other human emotion or sensation—we can see it on people's faces and in their actions. On the other hand, love is sometimes used as a name for the wonder we feel in the presence of other human beings, and as such it is an unanswerable riddle precisely because it reaches down to touch the bottomless miracle of human existence. And so love may

be "the only true thing in life." But its truth, then, will be the truth of nonsense rather than the truth of fact, though it is no less central to our lives for that.

Stephen is wary of the ideal, of "those big words" like God and his eternal love. In *Ulysses*, Stephen seems to have discovered an open or patent meaning for God that does not make him an ideal or absolute concept of philosophy or theology. He listens to the cries of the boys in the playfield and tells Mr. Deasy that God is a shout in the street (28). It is more problematic whether Stephen is ever able to disentangle love from the realm of the ideal—where it is by turns either a great mystery or a great hoax. In the course of the *Portrait* Stephen seems to unmask the ideal in religion, nationalism, and the family not to banish it from the world, but only to relocate it in his own self.

The twentieth-century man tends to be skeptical of everything but himself: the holy fane of skepticism. In *Ulysses*, Haines gives perfect expression to his inflated sense of his own person when he pompously announces, "Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God" (17). For Stephen in the *Portrait*, as one should expect, the problem of the self finds expression in his ideas about language and style. Contemplating "a phrase from his treasure"—"a day of dappled seaborne clouds"—Stephen ponders its appeal and concludes that "he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycoloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose" (166–67). Stephen's ideal of "an inner world of individual emotions" suggests that there is a discrepancy between his impersonal aesthetic theory and his very personal poetic taste.

On the one hand, he tells Lynch that he now understands that Aquinas's conception of *claritas* has nothing to do with "symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow, the reality of which it is but the symbol" (213). On the other hand, he defines art as the "image of the beauty we have come to understand" after having tried "slowly and humbly and constantly to express [ourselves], to press out again, from the gross earth or what it brings forth, from sound and shape and colour which are the prison gates of our soul" (207). About the first passage, Joyce remarked to his Spanish translator, "Plato's theory of ideas, or more strictly . . . Neo-Platonism, [are] two philosophical tendencies with

which the speaker at that moment is not in sympathy" (*LT*, 3:130). Stephen's dismissal of beauty as a "light from another world," and of the dichotomies of idea and matter, reality and symbol, show his lack of sympathy for Plato. But in the second passage this rejection is not so clear cut, for what is the reference to "the prison gates of our soul" but a variation on a Platonic commonplace? It is as though the ideal has been shown out the front door only to reappear through the cellar.

Platonic idealism has come back through Stephen's idealization of himself, of his "inner world of individual emotions"—which is, of course, a notion that Plato would have found abhorrent. In a sense, Stephen is for himself his own ideal. His emotions are the reality; the world is the mere data of sense perception, of sound, shape, and color. By locating beauty in himself, Stephen makes himself both the subject and object of aesthetic wonder, and that is a recipe for catastrophic personal disappointment. Cranly will ask him: "Alone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means?" (247). Stephen's answer ought to be "no," but he seems to think that his idea of himself is more of a "simple fact" than is either the faith in God's eternal love for him or the certainty of his mother's love. But the certainty of his mother's love is found in the "sound and shape and colour" that he can sense when she kisses him. These sensations are not "the prison gates of our soul" that separate us from the ideal; rather, they are, as Wittgenstein would say, the "rough ground" that we need if we are to walk, or, to use Stephen's preferred image, the air that our wings must push off of if we are to fly.

In idealizing his own inner emotions, Stephen is committing a *felix culpa* rather than merely making an error in philosophical judgement. In *Ulysses*, when Eglinton suggests in the National Library that Shakespeare's marriage to Anne Hathaway was a mistake and that he "got out of it as quickly and as best he could," Stephen rudely replies, "A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery" (156). Joyce is presenting us with the portrait of a youthful mind as it develops in time, and Stephen's "errors" show us the path of his wanderings, for they are, or can be, "the portals of discovery." His mistakes are necessary ones both in the sense of being appropriate to his youth and to the intellectual culture that formed him. Stephen's own poetic taste in the *Portrait* shows that he is not yet the kind of artist that "like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or

beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (215). And it is precisely Stephen's intuition that art and the artist are anything but "indifferent" that keeps him away from the Scylla of artistic effacement, though in his lyric phase he does run aground against the Charybdis of emotional idealism. If the artist were really to refine himself "out of existence," he would be incapable of expressing the wonder that is human love, for that wonder is found only in existence and is expressed only in our human handiwork.

In the songs and poems that Stephen hears or thinks of, Joyce keeps the mention of love just beyond his hero's horizon. For example, when Stephen returns home to find the Dedalus children singing Thomas Moore's *Oft in the Stilly Night* (PA, 163), we do not hear the lyrics of the song that Stephen himself must hear: "the words of love then spoken." And when, at the conclusion of the novel, Stephen recalls William Blake's poem "William Bond," we hear of Bond's illness (PA, 249), but not the final lines:

Seek Love in the Pity of others Woe  
In the gentle relief of anothers care  
In the darkness of night & the winters snow  
In the naked & outcast Seek Love there.<sup>6</sup>

Love, I would like to say, is the important part of the *Portrait* and of *Ulysses*, and it is the part that Joyce leaves largely unspoken. He mentions it only enough so that the reader will sense that it is a riddle at once clearly open to our view and strangely wonderful. Similarly, I think that the ethical "in a sense which includes . . . the most essential part of what is generally called aesthetics" (LE, 4) is the important part of the *Tractatus*. Although Wittgenstein has quite a bit to say about aesthetics in his notebooks, he decided not to include in the *Tractatus* itself any of those passages like the one about his stove; in fact, he leaves as a clue to guide the reader only a single mention of aesthetics in which he equates the ethical with it (#6.421). The rest of the thinking about aesthetics must be done by the reader.

In the *Portrait*, Stephen is mostly silent above love. He only says that he does not know what it means. Joyce meant it to be that way and I think that he makes clear to the reader his reasons why. When Cranly and Stephen walk through Dublin they hear a woman singing:

Behind a hedge of laurel a light glimmered in the window of a kitchen and the voice of a servant was heard singing as she sharp-

ened knives. She sang, in short broken bars, *Rosie O'Grady*.

Cranly stopped to listen, saying:

—*Mulier cantat*.

The soft beauty of the Latin word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening, with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman's hand. The strife of their minds was quelled. (244)

In the wonder of this epiphany, as strife gives way to harmony with the world, to love, Stephen's mind finds a moment of peace. But this peace lasts only until Cranly destroys the moment by trying to say it. Cranly sings the end of the song's refrain: "There's real poetry for you, he said. There's real love." Cranly's remark is only partly in jest. He thinks that he knows love's real name. And so, I believe, does Hans Gabler.

Is love the "word known to all men"? I think it is a connection that a reader might make and might be able to defend. But I am sure that Joyce realized that he could not say so in the *Portrait* or in *Ulysses*. However, he could show it. Joyce left the connection between "love" and the "word known to all men" to be made in the mind of the reader and not on the pages of the text. As I have tried to show, this is a characteristic gesture in early twentieth-century aesthetics and is shared by Wittgenstein in philosophy and by Duchamp in the visual arts. And that is why I think that Gabler, in *Ulysses: The Corrected Text*, is very wrong to include the passage in the "Scylla and Charybdis" chapter identifying love as the "word known to all men" (161). Joyce realized that to say that love was the word known to all men was to say nothing. Like Wittgenstein, he chose to say everything by remaining silent. Joyce was sharing in his poetry the same feeling that Wittgenstein experienced in his work when he wrote, "So in the end when one is doing philosophy one gets to the point where one would like just to emit an inarticulate sound" (PI, 261). Just the kind of inarticulate affirmation of life that Molly Bloom emits when she says, "and yes I said yes I will yes" (UL, 644). Editors should not try to articulate what Joyce decided to leave inarticulate.

Gabler's addition to *Ulysses* would be the equivalent of an editor adding passages from the notebooks or from the *Proto-Tractatus* to Wittgenstein's published text because they help the reader by making his thought about aesthetics clearer in the sense of being more explicit. But that is not the kind of clarity that either Wittgenstein or Joyce was seeking. Even if Joyce originally left the passage on love

out of "Scylla and Charybdis" by an accidental oversight—and no one can know that—he saw that the oversight made sense and he decided to make use of that accident much as Duchamp made use of the cracks in his *Large Glass*. In any case, had he wanted to say rather than to show that love was the word known to all men, it is inconceivable that he would not have caught and corrected so important a mistake. Being human, Joyce was capable of oversights, but he was never sloppy. I want to say that Joyce makes love the "word known to all men" not by identifying that as love's "real name," but by constructing his novels in such a way that the word is left on his readers' lips rather than on the page.

Reflecting on the family resemblances between art and philosophy, Wittgenstein writes that "it seems to me too that there is a way of capturing the world sub specie aeterni other than through the work of the artist. Thought has such a way—so I believe—it is as though it flies above the world and leaves it as it is—observing it from above, in flight" (CV, 5). It is as "thought . . . flies above the world and leaves it as it is" that Wittgenstein the philosopher meets Joyce the poet. Joyce's hero, Stephen Dedalus, stands on the porch of Dublin's National Library seeking an augury in the sky above him: "What birds were they? . . . He watched their flight; bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flash again, a dart aside, a flutter of wings. . . . A sense of fear of the unknown moved in the heart of his weariness, a fear of symbols and portents, of the hawklike man whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity on osierwoven wings . . ." (PA, 224–25). The rest is silence.

### *Catholic University*

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Notebooks, 1914–1916*, ed. and tr. G. E. M. Anscombe (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1969), 49. Further references to the *Notebooks* will be cited in the text as NB. Other works by Wittgenstein will also be cited in my text and when necessary abbreviated as follows: CV: *Culture and Value*, tr. Peter Winch, ed. G. H. Von Wright (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1984); HD: "On Heidegger on Being and Dread," in *Heidegger & Modern Philosophy*, ed. Michael Murray (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1978); LE: "Lecture on Ethics," *Philosophical Review* 74 (1965): 3–26; LF: "Letter to Ludwig von Ficker," tr. in William Bartley, *Wittgenstein* (New York: 1973); PI: *Philosophical Investigations*, 3rd ed., tr. G. E. M. Anscombe (New York: Macmillan, 1958); TL: *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, tr. D. F. Pears and B. F. McGuinness (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1961). For an excellent study of Wittgenstein's concept of the mystical see Peter C. John, "Wittgenstein's 'Wonderful Life,'" *Journal of the History of Ideas* 49 (1988): 495–510.

