



PROJECT MUSE®

Irish Haptoglyphics: The Manual and the Tactile in Joyce's
Fiction

Mark Osteen

Joyce Studies Annual, 2017, pp. 3-39 (Article)

Published by Fordham University Press

JOYCE STUDIES
ANNUAL 00 2017
EDITORS
MOSHE GOLD & PHILIP SICKER

➔ For additional information about this article

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/682765>

Irish Haptoglyphics

The Manual and the Tactile in Joyce's Fiction

MARK OSTEEN

My hand is alive, it flickers with a life of its own. It meets all the strange universe in touch, and learns a vast number of things, and knows a vast number of things.

—D. H. Lawrence¹

Although he never read Lawrence's essay, James Joyce would have agreed with its sentiments, for his works are filled with hands that seem to know, and to represent, a "vast number of things." Hands, manual behavior, and the "haptic"—that is, actions pertaining to the tactile—constitute an important but largely unacknowledged presence in Joyce's oeuvre. In what follows, I examine one element of what Abbie Garrington calls "haptic modernism": the enormous significance of hands and manual tropes for the characters and themes in Joyce's fiction through *Ulysses*.² However, hands signify more than tactility, and the valences of manual tropes shift from text to text. In *Dubliners*, characters' trembling, violent, or frozen hands embody their inability to take productive action, achieve meaningful intimacy, or sustain effective agency. The role of hands in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is narrower, suiting the novel's concentration on the development of Stephen Dedalus. Young Stephen's primal trauma—the pandying of his palms by Fr. Dolan and the incident's association with masturbation and sexuality—imprints itself on his psyche. Metonyms from the event—water, poor vision, the swish of a soutane, stinging palms—reappear in virtually every significant episode, and ultimately are translated into Stephen's famous aesthetic theory. His unsuccessful efforts to dispel these fearsome memories suggest that he may be suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome, a possibility that becomes

more salient in *Ulysses*, where almost every touch of a hand sends him back to Clongowes and to the traumatic incident. Leopold Bloom's trauma, on the other hand, occurs as the novel unfolds and is signaled by the sight of Blazes Boylan's "[b]old hand" on a letter to Molly (*U* 4.244), which indicates her impending adultery and deepens Bloom's chronic sense of impotence and resignation. His own resourcefulness and the touch of others' hands, however, gradually console Bloom, and his final encounter with Stephen—solidified through a handshake—restores his equanimity. For both male characters, hands evolve from symptoms of helplessness to embodiments of restored agency. Molly Bloom, although depicted for much of the novel as a set of discrete body parts, possesses a canny haptic intelligence, and her hands, unlike those of the disabled or constrained female characters elsewhere in Joyce's work, stand for her ability to sustain agency and to create and confirm emotional attachments. Although these explorations do not exhaust what can be said about Joyce's use of hands, they nonetheless show that he wrote his works in what we might call Irish haptoglyphics.³

CAITIFF HANDS

In the "The Death of Parnell," the "very fine piece of writing" (*D* 135) that Joe Hynes recites to his cohorts in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," Hynes heaps "*Shame on the coward caitiff hands*" of those who betrayed their Uncrowned King (*D* 134). The synecdochic phrase accurately, if ironically, illustrates the sentimentality and ineffectuality of characters so lethargic that they use the fire, not their own hands, to open beer bottles. These men's hands are incapacitated by their attachment to a mythic past. More broadly, however, the phrase captures a previously unremarked motif in the volume, where characters' hands are depicted as caitiff—as wretched or despicable marks of citizens' moral, economic, social and physical dysfunctions. Deriving from *captivus*, or captive, the word "caitiff" aptly describes characters in thrall to religion and empire, as well as to alcohol and apathy. Their hands betray their poverty of purse and spirit; indeed, as the locus of betrayal, hands are paralysis incarnate.

I propose, however, that the role of hands in *Dubliners* is best understood not through the conventional trope of paralysis, but rather via the concept of disability. Disability Studies focuses on the ways that physical and cognitive differences are comprehended and constructed in their relations to social and physical environments. Viewed in this light, the hands

in *Dubliners* aren't actually paralyzed, but rather embody and enact the myriad relationships between the characters' impairments and their surroundings. *Dubliners'* caitiff hands thus bear out David T. Mitchell's argument that literary disability frequently functions as a "master metaphor for social ills," such as the shackles of religion, addiction, sexism, poverty, and British colonial rule.⁴ These forces are incarnated partly as haptic handicaps.

Within disability theorist Ato Quayson's typology of disabled characters' textual functions, three are particularly pertinent to my discussion of *Dubliners* (others will emerge later). The first is "*disability as the interface with otherness (race, class, sexuality, and social identity)*" (italics his in each example).⁵ Here one thinks of the debilitated Fr. Flynn's fearsome truculence, of Eveline's terrified clutching of her lover Frank's hand, of James Duffy's numbed shock at the touch of Mrs. Sinico's hand. A second type is "*disability as epiphany*" (Quayson 45). In *Dubliners*, this function appears, for example, when we grasp the connection between "An Encounter"'s queer old jossler's walking stick and his penchant for whipping, or when the blindfolded Maria, in "Clay," touches the title substance that symbolizes her living death. Joyce's bodies also epitomize a third category—"disability as moral deficit," a role quite clear in Flynn and the jossler, as well as in Hoppy Holohan ("A Mother"), whose "game" leg reveals his ethical deviousness (Quayson 42).

Shaking a Stick

Mitchell finds that disability often triggers narrative, inasmuch as "the arrival of a narrative must be attended by the unsightly eruption of the anomalous (often physical in nature), in the social field of vision" (22). But while "[d]isability inaugurates narrative, . . . narrative inevitably punishes its own prurient interests by overseeing the extermination of the object of its fascination" (24). This is exactly what happens in "The Sisters," where the first hands to appear in the volume are those of Fr. Flynn, trembling as he tries to take snuff (*D* 12). His quaking hands, a symptom of incipient paralysis, give way to the hands of the boy narrator who serves as the priest's surrogate. Like a confessional secret, Flynn's spiritual disability passes to his acolyte, who later gazes in wonder at the dead priest's hands "loosely retaining a chalice." But they no longer tremble: His disability has become complete (*D* 14). These scenes of trembling, then stilled, hands sound the keynote for the volume's manual motifs and haptic thematics.⁶

The next hands seen are, not surprisingly, those of the queer old jossler (*D* 24), first glimpsed as he stands with one hand on a hip and another on his, um, stick, tapping the ground rhythmically, as if to give aural expression to the priest's rhythmic quiver.⁷ Presumably, this man would use one of his hands to box an ear, slap a child's hand (as happens repeatedly in *Portrait*), seize an ankle, or whip a backside. We don't see his hand masturbating, but we don't need to: The implication is clear enough, as is the suggestion that such sexual movements may be displaced onto whipping and boxing. Indeed, his masturbation and menacing words elaborate upon Flynn's traits: Here are two older men with shaky hands who threaten young boys.⁸ For the jossler, hands are tools of both sexual gratification and violence—functions reenacted throughout the text.

While the jossler is a self-proclaimed avid reader, Farrington, the scrivener of "Counterparts," is a writer, so he needs his hands to earn his livelihood. For him, however, handwriting is no more than tiresome manual labor—a kind of manufacturing. As Margot Norris observes, in Farrington's workplace the human body is "instrumentalized as a mere mechanical tool, with its needs, feelings, and urges" made "extraneous" (124); the emotional elements of the haptic senses are squashed here. Yet Farrington's body is "the antithesis of a machine: a massive, unregulated, dynamic, and highly sensate organism . . . on the verge of eruption or implosion" (Norris 125). Farrington's hands are the specific site of both his enforced disability and of his desired emancipation. Because his hands are so tightly regulated on the job, he feels rewarded appropriately after he pawns his watch and "joyfully" makes "a little cylinder of the coins between his thumb and fingers" (*D* 93). Equally appropriate is that his comeuppance occurs by way of arm wrestling, a contest in which a competitor tries to force his rival's hand to touch the table. After a couple of bouts, Farrington's hands tremble like Fr. Flynn's (*D* 96).

As the writing hand becomes the wrestling hand becomes the whipping hand, fingers close into a fist, and the fist is indeed the chief manual figure in this story. For example, Farrington longs to "bring his fist down" on the office table (*D* 90) and clear the premises "single-handed" (*D* 90), and Mr. Alleyne shakes his fist at Farrington over his witticism at Alleyne's expense (*D* 91). At home, as Farrington's anger boils over, he bangs his fist on the table, then seizes a stick and begins thrashing his son (*D* 98)—as if carrying out the jossler's fantasy—heedless of the child's own ineffectually clasped, supplicating hands. Clearly, this story's counterpart (as their titles indicate) is "An Encounter," a kinship that Norris develops by noting

that both “end with the image of a boy being beaten,” adding that, in Joyce’s Dublin, children “are in greater danger of violence and injury from their fathers at home” than from roving pedophiles (42). “I’ll teach you to let the fire out!” he shouts at his son: Like Flynn and the jossler, Farrington practices what Michael Groden and Vicki Mahaffey call a “punitive pedagogy.”⁹ Young Farrington will likely inherit both his father’s tremor and his explosive anger, the former being the corporal counterpart and instrument of the latter.

Eveline Hill, too, has a violent father, one who snatches her hard-earned money and uses his blackthorn rod as enforcer. She recalls how tightly she must clutch her leather purse on payday (*D* 38), and, in fact, Eveline’s hands are clenched in every reference, as she strives to hold herself and her family together, hang on to her money, and resist all incursions and excursions. Hence, at the story’s conclusion, Frank grasps her hand tightly at the pier as he urges her to come with him to Buenos Aires (*D* 41). While he pleads, she slips from his grasp and with both hands clutches the iron railings “in frenzy” (*D* 41). Hers are surely “caitiff” hands: miserable captives of fear and poverty, fettered by years of abuse and religious indoctrination. Hands represent her disability, both her failure to act at the climactic moment (our epiphany, if not hers) and the conditions that have made her decision impossible—the importunate but unreliable lover, and the brutal father who, like the jossler and Farrington, beats children with a stick. It’s no accident, then, that Eveline manifests the volume’s telltale sign of haptic disability: As she recalls her mother’s insistent complaints, not just her hands but her entire body trembles (*D* 40).

Four punitive father figures, four sets of trembling or disabled hands, four victimized children. Although fathers’ hands become increasingly active as the collection proceeds, their agency is directed almost entirely toward violence. With these characters, hands devolve from a symptom of physical disability to an emblem of moral dysfunction to an overdetermined synecdoche that reveals how imprisonment—the restrictions on Farrington’s labor, Eveline’s captivity—prompts abuse that, in turn, fosters failure, helplessness, and rage in generations to come. Disability breeds disability.¹⁰

Dirty Paper

Do maternal hands do better? In “The Boarding House,” Mrs. Mooney disdains mothers who can’t get their daughters “off their hands” (*D* 65),

but she has no such trouble, partly because her daughter, Polly, has employed her own hands more effectively as instruments of seduction than as typewriting tools. The hapless Bob Doran recalls the delirium he felt at the scent and touch of Polly's hands and wrists (*D* 67), sensual qualities that ultimately induce him to ask for her hand in marriage—or, more accurately, to take her hand or be forced to deal with brother Jack, known to be “handy with the mits” (*D* 62). Doran's own hands, however, are “unsteady” (*D* 65), another quaking pair that point to a failure of courage and, perhaps, of morality—a disability of the spirit that links him to Flynn, and to James Duffy and Gabriel Conroy. Although the violent Mr. Mooney's past actions involving a meat cleaver spurred Mrs. M. to open her establishment, in her house hands are chiefly instruments of sexual sin that require financial reparations, manifest in dirty pieces of paper, to be passed from hand to hand. The most coveted reparation, however, is the wedding ring with which Doran will adorn Polly's hand.

Less competent than Mrs. Mooney is “Clay”'s Maria—allegedly Joe Donnelly's “proper mother” (*D* 100). Her hands betray her as she mislays her carefully purchased plumcakes and, when blindfolded, fingers the “soft wet substance” that symbolizes her stunted prospects. Although she denies it, what Maria really wishes for, like most of Joyce's female characters, is “the ring” (*D* 101)—a wedding ring that would (supposedly) testify to her attainment of financial and emotional security and hence represent agency by proxy. Instead, like Eveline's, Maria's hands signify disabilities—in this case, blunted perceptions, blind trust, and deafness to unpleasant thoughts—that are inseparable from the story's epiphany. There will be no ring for her.

A much more forceful presence, Mrs. Kearney, of “A Mother,” goes *mano a mano* with Hopsy Holohan, whose hands are described in the story's opening sentences as holding “dirty pieces of paper” (*D* 136). His phony tickets and hidden hands foreshadow his duplicitous machinations. Nor is it a coincidence that he has a “game” leg: this disability stands for his unreliability. In other words, Holohan's “limping and devious courses” (*D* 144) describe more than his gait.

More important, in this story hands signify the blurry line between contract and friendly bargain—between legally binding signature and handshake agreement. During the story's exposition, the narrator describes a gathering of nationalists, the Kearneys among them, speaking Irish and laughing “at the crossing of so many hands” (*D* 138). These multiple handshakes signify solidarity and community—the collegial

spirit seemingly violated by Mrs. K's contretemps with the other concert organizers. That is, a handshake betokens an agreement that is not merely contractual but also congenial; hence, the fact that Mrs. Kearney's partnership-sealing handshake with Holohan is never shown indicates ambiguities in the agreement.¹¹ Their conflict involves a confusion or conflation of socioeconomic registers. The other organizers conveniently determine that, because this is not really a professional concert, financial obligations may remain flexible—in the realm of the gift rather than the domain of mercantile exchanges, where balanced reciprocity prevails.¹² Mrs. Kearney, on the other hand, insists that the agreement is a business deal, and thus that her daughter Kathleen should be paid according to the letter of the contract.

After Mrs. K sticks to her guns, Mr. Fitzpatrick counts out four pounds into her hand (*D* 146–47)—four shillings short of the agreed-upon fee for half of the concerts. Mrs. Kearney then demands that Kathleen get “four pounds eight into her hand or a foot she won't put on that platform” (*D* 148). More important than Kathleen's foot, however, are her hands, because she employs them to play the piano. In effect, then, Mrs. Kearney disables her daughter's hands, even as she is ready to “attack someone [most likely the hapless Holohan] with her hands” (*D* 148). And where are Hoppy's hands? In his pockets, concealing things. In “A Mother,” the body parts that represent solidarity and friendship in a handshake become clenched and stingy when money and gender enter the equation.¹³ Mrs. Kearney's abrasive manner notwithstanding, she is correct to defend her daughter's right to be paid for her labor. Nevertheless, she and Mrs. Mooney—the two most active mothers in *Dubliners*—resemble puppeteers, manipulating their daughters' romantic and professional prospects (figured by Polly's scented, seductive hands and Kathleen's dexterous digits) with their own overactive hands. In using their children as tools, captives of their own grasping ambition, these mothers tie their daughters' hands.

Prestidigitation

Polly Mooney seems to have been conjured from the old josses' fantasy of girls' soft hands (*D* 26), and a similar pair appears in the story that immediately follows his mesmerized description. They are those of Mangan's sister, whose “hand upon the railing” so entices “Araby”'s young narrator (*D* 32). Though the boy apparently deflects his impulse to

indulge in the josser's brand of manual manipulation, his hands nonetheless betray the male Dubliners' typical disability: They tremble (*D* 31). It may be worth noting that, according to John Robertson, the author of a popular nineteenth-century manual on sexual diseases, "trembling hands" and "dim eyes" are two signs of a chronic masturbator, so perhaps the "Araby" boy is the josser's younger counterpart.¹⁴ In any case, the boy further handicaps himself by envisioning Mangan's sister as a harpist whose fingers run "upon the wires" of his nerves (*D* 31), as if she possesses hands and he doesn't. When she finally speaks to him, she plays with the bracelet on her wrist as though magically beckoning him to Araby, where he might purchase a suitable adornment for those alluring entities. That hand and that pose reappear, transferred from the boy's outward to his inner vision, when he calls up Mangan's sister during ensuing morose delectations (*D* 33). On the way to the bazaar, however, the boy grips not his love but a florin, and upon entering, tenders a shilling to the gatekeeper (*D* 34). No longer clasped in prayerful love, his hands render to the moneychangers their lucre.¹⁵ In "Araby," hands thus evolve from expressive emotional instruments to tools of economic exchange and emblems of loss. They are again associated with disabilities produced by a confluence of factors, including the boy's youthful myopia and his uncle's drunkenness. Most of all, however, the narrator's caitiff hands signify the disability—blindness—that he finally grasps at story's end.

"Araby" 's harp-harpist relationship is reversed in "Two Gallants," where the harp is said to be weary of the master's hands (*D* 54). Here the harp is female—like the "slavey" whose hand appears on the following page, swinging a sunshade as she makes her rendezvous with Corley. Dismissed, Lenehan runs his hand along an iron fence, perhaps bored or tense like Mangan's sister, himself a harpist whose fingers strum a "scale of variations idly along the railings" (*D* 56). The trope illustrates the vapidity of a man who, like a bored musician, spends his time in aimless noodling.

In "The Metropolis and Mental Life," Georg Simmel remarks that money, because of its lack of character, "hollows out the core of things, their peculiarities, their specific values and their uniqueness."¹⁶ This is nowhere more true than in "Two Gallants," at the conclusion of which Corley opens his fist to reveal a gold sovereign he has acquired from the female servant (*D* 60). As in "Araby," a hand holds a coin that signifies captivity and betrayal—both those of the female "slavey" and those of the

titular males. The coin, which Bernard Benstock calls the “major obscenity of the book,”¹⁷ betokens exploitation and unequal exchange in both the personal and political registers, for Corley’s ill-gotten sovereign bears upon its obverse face the image of the English monarch, thus alluding (as does the harp image, formerly found on Irish coinage) to Ireland’s colonial oppression. But on the reverse face St. George is shown slaying a dragon, his fist grasping the hilt of a sword. Thus the coin has, like Corley, “something of the conqueror” in it (*D* 55). Moreover, the image implies that Dublin’s violent men are, unwittingly, emulating Britain’s patron saint. Whereas in “Araby” a money-holding hand represents a failure of romance, this coin-carrying palm exposes Corley’s crass exploitative power. Indeed, according to Marilyn Reizbaum and Maud Ellmann, in revealing the sovereign, Corley is “momentarily transformed into a magician or an alchemist, conjuring gold out of empty air.”¹⁸ His is a sorcerer’s sleight of hand. But the magic is an illusion, for this purveyor of legerdemain is lazy, impoverished and dependent on poor women for his fleeting and fake sovereignty. Both Lenehan’s idle hands and Corley’s grasping ones, then, bespeak their wretched lives.

If Corley’s hand embodies a limited power, the converse is true of James Duffy, who, eschewing young Miss Sinico’s hand, instead courts her mother. This is a man who lives “at a little distance from his body” (*D* 108) and recoils in horror when the emotionally starved Emily Sinico grasps his hand and presses it to her cheek (*D* 111). After he rebuffs her, she displays a now-familiar trait, “trembl[ing] so violently” that he fears she will collapse (*D* 112). His fear of touch is the key symptom of a profound emotional dysfunction and may point to closeted homosexuality.¹⁹ In any case, his emotional impairment physically disables her. Four years later, his own hand stops halfway to his mouth as he reads of her death (*D* 112). That evening, “as the light fail[s] and his memory beg[ins] to wander he th[inks] her hand touche[s] his” (*D* 116); later pondering her death, he seems “to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his” (*D* 117). If Duffy’s possession of a walking stick links him to the jossler, Farrington, and Eveline’s father, his violence, unlike theirs, is mainly emotional and directed at himself. But Mrs. Sinico’s death first lacerates then cauterizes his heart, so that at the end he can neither hear nor feel her (*D* 117). Duffy’s arrested hand thus serves as a synecdoche for a deeper disability, as self-accusation gives way to traumatized numbness.²⁰

Like so much else in *Dubliners*, these themes and motifs recur and culminate in “The Dead.” At first Gabriel Conroy displays some of Corley’s clumsy prestidigitation when he tips Lily by handing her a coin.

More importantly, Gabriel completes our gallery of quivering men: His fingers tremble (*D* 192) as he taps the Morkans' window during the party and again just before he gives his speech (*D* 202), reminding the attentive reader of Fr. Flynn, Bob Doran, and Farrington. By the time he and Gretta have entered their room at the Gresham Hotel, Gabriel, possessed by sexual desire but unable to convey his feelings to his wife, is "trembling . . . with annoyance" (*D* 217). If his shaking hands indicate his inability to comfort or satisfy Gretta, his comforting hands on her hair betoken the emotional distance between them. Thus, as she tells of Michael Furey's devotion and death, Gabriel can only ineffectually caress her "warm and moist" hand, just as he had "caressed her first letter to him" (*D* 220). And in the famous final paragraph, his earlier tremulous tapping of the window is transferred, as if by miraculous sleight of hand, to the snow outside. Yes, disability is general all over Ireland.

These motifs resume, with variations, in *Portrait*, where the trembling hands belong to young Stephen Dedalus during and after his pandying by another father figure. In *Dubliners*, however, characters' trembling, violent, or frozen hands embody their dysfunctions, as Joyce's handiwork exposes his characters' moral and emotional deficits, their belated or blunted self-knowledge, and the cultural and socio-economic conditions that confine them. *Dubliners'* loud hands declare their disabilities.²¹

THE HANDIWORK OF A PORTRAIT

Few passages in Joyce's oeuvre have been more heavily analyzed than the conclusion of Stephen Dedalus's aesthetic disquisition in Chapter V of *A Portrait*. We may forget, however, that the culminating image is, as Garington reminds us, one of "manicure" (8). Here Stephen describes the ultimate stage of artistic apprehension and creation, the "dramatic," which culminates when "the artist, 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" (*P* 215). Many years ago Kenneth Burke showed how this sentence radiates back to young Stephen's thoughts about the pared fingernails of Mr. Gleeson and of the student called "Lady" Boyle, as well as to the touch of Eileen's hands and to Fr. Dolan's pandying of Stephen's own hands.²² These early scenes, and particularly their concentration on hands, initiate a skein of connections that incorporates Stephen's relations with women, male friends, and priests, and culminates in the passage cited previously. Moreover, Stephen

incorporates the pandying episode and its attendant sensations and images (swish of soutane, hand on weapon, sexual sin) into his core identity and aspirations. Although to some critics Stephen's destiny is fated to remain constrained by solipsism (in what Vike Plock calls a "sterile form of autoeroticism") I propose that the famous passage instead portrays a paradoxical means of making such autoeroticism—as metonymized in his hands—fruitful, of turning this trauma and the psychic disability it causes into a form of power.²³

Swish

Hands are much on young Stephen's mind early in the novel; "bluish with cold" in the initial pages, they will soon be turned "scalding" hot by his unmerited punishment (*P* 9). When his fingers "tremble" as he dresses a few pages later (*P* 19), thereby proving Stephen a Dubliner, he "tells them to hurry up," as if his hands possess a separate agency. This condition presages the detachment he later celebrates and is carried through into *Ulysses*, where hands are frequently awarded agency. Stephen also remarks on Nasty Roche's "big hands" (associated with male power), the prefect's "cold damp hand" when laid upon Stephen's feverish forehead, and Mr. Casey's three cramped fingers, the product of prison labor (punishment for his revolutionary activities: *P* 8, 22, 28). This handful of images recurs in the pandying scene. However, the first major manual nexus emerges when Stephen realizes that Eileen's "long thin cool white" hands explain the meaning of *Tower of Ivory* (*P* 42).²⁴ Her hands thrust themselves back into his mind when he hears of the "smuggling" of Moonan and Boyle and recalls when Eileen put her hand into his pocket (*P* 43), no doubt giving him a fleeting sexual thrill.²⁵

Critical consensus holds that smuggling refers to homosexual contact probably involving mutual masturbation (see Mullin, 93). Curious but confused about the word's meaning, Stephen seems unconsciously to grasp its homoerotic overtones, and recognizes the effeminacy attributed to "Lady" Boyle for his self-administered manicures. Stephen feels a "queer quiet pleasure" from comparing Boyle's fingers to the "fattish white hands" of Mr. Gleeson, yet is chilled and mystified by Gleeson's long-nailed hands' oxymoronic juxtaposition of the "gentle" and the "cruel" (*P* 45).²⁶ As he considers the cane and pandybat, the boy wonders if there are "different kinds of pains for all the different kinds of sounds" (*P* 45), and indeed, he comes to associate the bat with a particular aural effect.

Among the most significant episodes in the novel, the pandying scene is the seed out of which arises Stephen's sexuality, sense of shame, and theory of art. Though Fr. Dolan urges the boys to be at their handiwork, the pandying, allegedly a punishment for idleness, is probably retaliation for the other students' sexual activities. It makes sense, then, that Dolan would focus his attentions on the boys' hands—the locus of their alleged sins. Though Stephen has lost his glasses, he does notice the “steel rims” of Dolan's spectacles and his “nocoloured eyes” looking through them (*P* 50). Katherine Mullin has pointed out the “insistent connection between eyes and hands” here, which, she suggests, represents the “dense cultural connections between institutional surveillance and schoolboy masturbation” during this period, when the so-called “great masturbation panic” swept English and Irish private boys' schools (95).

Yet Stephen's sensations are primarily aural and tactile, both because he is myopic and because his eyes are closed. Hence, he hears “the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning stinging tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes” (*P* 50). Notice that it is the *sound*, as much as the pain, that makes his hand crumple and his eyes weep. After both hands have been soundly beaten, Stephen feels “sorry for them as if they were not his own but someone else's” (*P* 51)—as though his hands have indeed become Lady Boyle's, or, now that they are paralyzed, Mr. Casey's (also punished, he believes, unjustly). As traumatic as the pain is Stephen's sense of injustice and betrayal (which Joseph Valente describes as “perhaps the most galling aspect of the whole episode”: “Thrilled” 429). Stephen at first thinks the priest is “going to shake hands with him because the fingers were soft and firm,” but the swish of the soutane—the very sound of betrayal—corrects his misapprehension (*P* 52). The boy's righting of this injustice is completed when he shakes the “cool moist palm” (*P* 58) of another priest, the rector, no doubt a man of “inflexible honour to his fingertips” (*U* 13.694), after which his classmates carry the “[*m*]anly little chap” (*P* 72) in a “cradle of their locked hands” (*P* 58). Hands thus signify Stephen's sin but also his redemption.

They are also signs of lingering trauma, which remains in his mind throughout *Ulysses* as well. He may even be suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, for like war veterans he is plagued by “persistent, intrusive . . . flashbacks and recurrent dreams with persistent avoidance of stimuli associated with the trauma.”²⁷ In other words, although Stephen is

haunted by the incident and wishes to avoid restaging it, he is driven to reenact the traumatic scene: Like a soldier suffering from shell shock, his mind is supersaturated with the event he wishes to forget. Those identifying tropes—water, poor vision, swishing sound, hands crying for attention—figure at least indirectly in most of the pivotal events that follow. Stephen is haptically disabled, and Joyce's careful attention to manual activities exposes the damage.

Stephen keeps his hands out of sight for much of the novel's middle section (as young Joyce does in most extant photos). And when the pandying scene is reenacted by Heron (twice), Stephen is whipped not on the hands but on the calves. In the first iteration, he is caned for preferring Byron to Tennyson and afterward stumbles away, "half blinded with tears" and "clenching his fists madly," as if the pain has magically migrated from leg to palm (*P* 82). The second, milder instance prompts Stephen's recollection of the touch of a girl's fingers, which traverses his "brain and body like an invisible warm wave" (*P* 83) and causes him to press his fingers into his palms. Byron's works, he realizes, have "set up a ferment in his brain before they passed out of it into his crude writings" (*P* 78): The hands he writes with, though invisible, nevertheless function as ejaculatory instruments, thereby making his painful experience legible.²⁸ These quasi-masturbatory instances prepare us for the moment when, seeking Simon's initials, the teenaged Stephen encounters the word "*Foetus*" carved into a desk in the Cork anatomy theater.²⁹ Like many of *Portrait's* events, the Cork visit is secondhand, having been borrowed and reshaped from Joyce's life (though the carving is a Joycean invention).³⁰ Still, Stephen's response is peculiar. The word conjures up a detailed vignette of longago lives, as he envisions a "broadshouldered student with a moustache . . . cutting in the letters with a jackknife," while other students "sat near him laughing at his handiwork" (*P* 90). This, the only other appearance of the word "handiwork" in the novel, presages Stephen's aesthetic dissertation. Yet it also echoes the smuggling scene, as Valente and Backus have suggested, for Stephen reacts to the word as if it were not "foetus" but "masturbation," finding in it a "trace" of "monstrous reveries," which "he had deemed until then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind" (*P* 90; Valente and Backus 538).

The associations in the "foetus" scene, then, not only involve Stephen's rejection of his father and the embryonic sense of his artistic destiny, but also invoke his guilt over "self-abuse," which harks back to his original sin and the pandying that resulted from it. Indeed, masturbation, we

might say, is the Tusker (Boyle) in the room, the unspoken motive for much of the middle chapters' action. Though ubiquitous, it remains invisible, either euphemized (as in the word "handiwork" and in references to "secret riots" and such: *P* 99) or alluded to through metonymy and synecdoche. Why? Because, as Mullin and Plock have shown, Stephen (like Joyce himself) would have been exposed to the wave of late-nineteenth-century anti-masturbation literature (not to mention the injunctions of Catholic priests) urging educators to exercise vigilance over adolescent boys to curb their masturbation.³¹ There was, apparently, an epidemic: A physician named Clement Dukes won an award from the London Statistical Society for an 1883 essay claiming that between 90 and 95 percent of public school boys masturbated (Mullin 93). I would be fascinated to learn how he compiled his data. In any case, the thrust of this literature is pithily summed up in Stanislaus's version of the ballad "Dooleysprudence," as presented in his *Dublin Diary*: "it's masturbation / That kills a nation' / Said Mr. Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo."³² Doubtless this fusillade of warnings did little to stop the practice, and only forced boys to cloak it in secrecy and invisibility, its forbidden nature rendering it all the more enticing. Masturbation, as much as homosexuality, became, as David Cotter remarks, the love that "dared not speak its name" (106).

Had he been exposed to these warnings, Stephen would have found in them a portrait of the artist as a young man. His romantic "weariness" (*P* 96), as well as his near-sightedness and intellectual precocity, might have been drawn directly from the anti-masturbation literature, whose writers describe the consequences as "general lassitude, with a weariness, often approaching to pain," as well as in "trembling hands" (recall Stephen's pandered fingers, as well as those of the queer jossler and other Dublin males), "dim eyes, confused, indistinct hearing."³³ Anti-masturbation zealot William Acton warns particularly of "your puny exotic, whose intellectual education has been cared for at the expense of his physical development"—a boy who, for instance, prefers Byron to Tennyson, quotes St. Thomas Aquinas at the drop of a basket, and seeks solitude rather than the company of his peers.³⁴ These authorities also sought to prohibit boys from putting their hands into their pockets (Mullin 101). The aim of this campaign, however, according to Michel Foucault, was less to forbid masturbation than to create a "network of power over children": to regulate desire and foster an image of chaste masculinity and

thus counteract the alleged weakness of the colonial “races.”³⁵ Institutional regulation, then, was designed to inculcate self-regulation. Hence, it is no surprise that Stephen’s autoerotic handiwork is constantly on his mind but always out of sight—like Joyce’s own hands in virtually every photo of him as a youth. Thus, at the end of Chapter II, beset by a flood of desire that causes his hands to “clench[] convulsively,” Stephen seeks relief with a prostitute (*P* 100).³⁶ Hands are now tools of regulation, and eventually Stephen aims to transfer this regulatory regime from the sexual to the aesthetic realm.

The self-coruscating guilt he feels during the retreat in Chapter III is primarily about masturbation: He shamefully considers the “sootcoated packet”—literally dirty pictures—hidden in the flue, and knows that lust is the seed of all other sins (*P* 115, 106). When he thinks of Emma, his “brutelike lust” befouls her image; to combat that vision, he imagines the Blessed Virgin urging the couple to “take hands” together (*P* 116). Stephen’s vision of hell also recalls his childish purgatory of burning hands and swishing soutanes: Those goatish creatures, their “long swishing tails besmeared with stale shite” (*P* 138), at once embody his lust and evoke the sound he will forever associate with the sleeves of Fr. Dolan, the sinister “swish” signaling the bat’s imminent blow. His guilt over masturbation is, in short, inextricably linked to the smuggling that he may never have engaged in but that nonetheless earned him punishment; it is as if the priests *already knew* of his manual transgressions before he even committed them. Priestly fathers thus seem to lie within or behind or above Stephen’s autoerotic handiwork, forever paring their cruel nails. It makes sense, then, that Stephen’s confessor seems more concerned with his masturbation than with his visits to prostitutes (see *P* 144). Yet that priest also transforms the hand from a tool of wickedness to a “token of forgiveness” by raising his hand above Stephen (*P* 145), and at chapter’s end Stephen’s hands tremble in anticipation of another priest’s hand, which holds not a pandybat but the host.

Brooding

Stephen’s ensuing pieties and bodily mortifications, however, merely transpose his solo performances into another key, as he gains erotic gratification from his zealous strategies of self-regulation (see Mullin 105–6). Trying, unlike James Joyce, to keep his hands out of his pockets, when Stephen cannot do so he occupies them by telling his rosary (*P* 151, 148).

His sense of self-control expands into a feeling of godlike power, as he feels his soul “pressing like fingers the keyboard of a great cash register,” tallying the number of persons saved (*P* 148). The valence of his hands now shifts from sinister to dexter, for “no touch of sin would linger upon the hands with which he would elevate and break the host” (*P* 159); instead they will confer forgiveness for sins committed by *others’* hands. “Punish me, please. Great weapon in their hands,” as Leopold Bloom might say (*U* 5.426). But despite (or because of) Stephen’s sedulous self-flagellation, the pandying scene lingers. Hence, when he prepares to meet the director of studies who will encourage his priestly vocation, Stephen hears the “swish of a soutane” as the door handle turns (*P* 154), as if this apparently cordial conference is, beneath it all, a punishment. Of course, Stephen can’t regulate his desire completely, as even the discussion of priestly garments prompts a memory of feeling “beneath his tremulous fingers the brittle texture of a woman’s stocking” (*P* 155). The journey from soutane to stocking is traversed by a haptic link between sound and touch, and Stephen’s trembling hands remind us (as they do him) of the quivering hands of the unjustly punished boy. The masochistic pleasure of being pandied underlies his self-mortifications: He cannot help but reenact this primal scene.

Yet Stephen still needs a confessor, and so, in addition to the final lines in Stephen’s aesthetic theory, the other major manifestation of the hands motif in Chapter V involves his relationship with Cranly. In their first discussion, Cranly compulsively squeezes a handball (see *P* 196) and encourages Stephen to play handball with him. Later, during his vague incestuous fantasy, Stephen imagines Davin’s “plump clean hand” and wonders why it is not Cranly’s (*P* 228). But he scarcely need imagine Cranly’s hands during their final discussions, for those hands are all over him, directing, reassuring, encouraging, admonishing. Cranly first snatches Stephen’s signature ashplant, meaning to brain Temple with it (*P* 237), then returns it, grips Stephen’s arm as they depart (*P* 238), and presses it as Stephen vows *non serviam* (*P* 239). He takes Stephen’s arm again while warning him about refusing his Easter duty. He tightens his grasp, then “seizes” Stephen’s arm, steers him, and finally squeezes it with an “elder’s affection” (*P* 247) just before they part. These gestures—those of a confessor, mentor, and intimate—may also indicate, even more than Cranly’s words, that he wishes to be “more than a friend” to Stephen (*P* 247). Cranly’s hands have supplanted those of Dolan, Conmee, and the

others. Like them, Cranly aims to control Stephen—not merely his sexuality, but also his thoughts. Is it any wonder that Dedalus wishes to escape from him along with everyone and everything else that would control him, including his own conscience?

Let us now re-examine Stephen's words during the peripatetic lecture he delivers to Lynch. Stephen arranges the three forms of art in a hierarchy, the most advanced being the "dramatic," because it is the most impersonal. Its apotheosis is attained when the artist becomes not merely priestly but god-like, at once within and outside of his "handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails" (*P* 215). We may note that in the earliest version of this sentence, in the 1904 essay, "A Portrait of the Artist," Joyce renders the artist instead as an "alchemist . . . bent upon his handiwork" (*P* 261). Far from an indifferent god, this artist is engrossed in his manual labor; perhaps as a result, that labor is fruitless (the philosopher's stone being impossible to find).³⁷ We have already unearthed the intratextual seeds of the definition in young Stephen's odd detachment from his hands, in the invisibility that envelops masturbation, and in the fingernail paring attributed to Boyle and Gleeson. And so we might ask: If the Dedalian artist would assume the godly role, what kind of father would he be? Surely not merely a masturbator, for his creation must mirror "material creation" (*P* 215). Perhaps a gay or "lady" father with "fattish white hands"? This option has been developed by Tim Dean, who declares that the pared fingernails wear the "tint of homosexuality as surely as the green rose [in toddler Stephen's song] . . . conjures Oscar Wilde's green carnation."³⁸ But because to many readers (myself among them), Stephen's "geen wothe" (*P* 7) evokes neither a carnation nor an Oscar, it is not to deny the homosexual elements of Stephen's artist persona to suggest that it is more onanistic than queer.

Instead, let us return to the first Joycean masturbator, "An Encounter"'s old josser. We find that he resembles Stephen in many respects: like Stephen with his ashplant, he holds a stick (*D* 24) and, like Dedalus and the story's narrator, he is a "bookworm" (*D* 25). He, too, recalls boyhood whippings—albeit with fondness—and his masturbation is, though viewed by Mahony, invisible to the narrator (and to us). The boy narrator's problem here, however, is that *he* is neither invisible nor indifferent to this older man who has first alluded to the boy's sexual feelings and then made him ashamed of them. The josser is, as many have noted, a crypto-priest, an educator who aims to exercise sexual regulation upon boys (he whips them because they have sweethearts), but who cannot

regulate himself. If the detached artist is the creative masturbator, the josser is the sterile, involuted one, a portrait of the artist as a queer old man. Unlike him, Dedalus's artist remains out of sight (except, apparently, for his fingernails), and thus is able to reverse the relationship between seeing and being seen that so tyrannizes Stephen and other masturbators. *His* handiwork, however, is not invisible, and is somehow also procreative, or at least creative.

Does the text, through this association with other forms of "handiwork," undermine Stephen's formulation even as he proudly propounds it? Or does Joyce knowingly draw upon earlier images of sterility, masochism, and masturbation to carve something deeper, to replace the handiwork of the josser and the "foetus" author with a paradoxically generative autoeroticism? One answer seems to be supplied by the only artistic progeny visible in the text, Stephen's "Villanelle of the Temptress." The poem, rich with haptic and manual imagery, certainly confirms the masturbatory elements of his theory, while casting doubt on their efficacy. Few readers have missed its origin in a wet dream, or its insistent references to priestly offices. Certain lines stem from less singular sources. Among them is a memory of a woman's hand having "lain in his an instant, a soft merchandise" (*P* 219), after which she danced away along a "chain of hands," like the elusive female figure in the poem. This memory may lie within or behind the lines "While sacrificing hands upraise/The chalice flowing to the brim" (*P* 221), except that these seem to be the celebrant's hands, not the woman's. Curiously, Stephen's own hands remain out of sight during the section, aside from one brief mention of his fingers finding a pencil and cigarette pack (*P* 218).³⁹ In any case, the poem has been treated harshly by critics, many of whom find it incoherent and masturbatory in the most derogatory sense. Plock, for example, sees the poem as proving that Stephen "remains confined in the clinical picture" painted by anti-masturbation campaigners and that, therefore, the "medical debate" is somehow responsible for his artistic stasis (Plock, *Joyce* 67).

But the villanelle is not meant to be a paragon of artistic achievement. Most obviously, of course, it is lyric rather than dramatic. Hence, it cannot be the handiwork of a detached artist paring his fingernails, but must rather reflect something akin to the labor of "a man who pulled at the oar or dragged stones up a slope" (*P* 214). That is, the villanelle is to the dramatic artist's handiwork as dragging stones is to sculpture. Even so, upon its completion Stephen for the first time wields his ashplant. The stick now seems less a mere affectation than a mark of maturity and

confidence: arming him aesthetically, it suggests restored confidence and agency. Moreover, with his hands out of his pockets he imitates a priest, his ashplant a secondhand pandybat.

But to grasp fully the difference between lyric and dramatic, we must consider a line that comes earlier in Stephen's disquisition, in which he describes the epic form as "emerging out of lyrical literature when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event" (*P* 214). To "brood" means to think deeply, but also—and this is essential—to incubate. For the Dedalian artist, to brood upon oneself as both subject and object, both mother and child, is a requisite step between the lyric and dramatic. This activity permits him to be at once involuted and detached—not emptily masturbatory, but gestative. This brooding helps explain the relation between Stephen and Joyce, in that it generates detachment, which not only saves the artist from the sin implied in mental labor (intellectuality being a sign of masturbation), but enables him at once to "work" with the hand and to remain outside of that work—to be at once regulator and liberator, hen and cock, masturbator and observer.⁴⁰ In this respect, Joyce uses anti-masturbation discourse against itself, employing it as yet another garment among the "new secondhand clothes" that he cleans, presses, mends, and lends to Stephen (*P* 252). Perhaps, then, the Dedalian artist is an oxymoronic onanist of the imagination, a laborer who turns aside and broods, and thereby supplants sexual intercourse with the "handiwork" of artistic generation. Through such ministrations, the artist, like the "Foetus" carver, somehow makes a baby.

"HURT MY HAND SOMEWHERE": TRAUMA AND MANUAL CONDUCT IN *ULYSSES*

Ulysses is a mammoth atlas of manual behavior. In it, hands shave, shiver and search pockets, borrow and tender coins; they hold throwaways, grasp and brandish sticks and canes, raise drinking glasses, and brush off crumbs. Hands poke, point, give pats, play and tune a piano, pick a nose; they lift a sandwich, pop in plums, and describe the contours of a woman's body. A hand guides a blind person across a street, doffs or dons a hat, salutes the viceroy, turns a page, twiddles with a strand of hair, picks chips off a rocky thumbnail, snaps a garter, winds an elastic band, caresses a beer pull. A hand grabs a dog's paw, lights a cigar, tosses a biscuit tin, waves a hankie, winds a watch, masturbates, lights a fire, applies ointment and, in the form of a fist, violates an (imaginary) vulva. A hand helps a

friend to his feet, holds a cup, hides a penis, unlaces and removes shoes, scratches an old bee sting, and slaps someone on the behind.

Among other things. Perhaps most importantly, a hand shakes another's hand.

In *Ulysses*, as in Joyce's previous fiction, the operations of hands display his fascination for what Plock describes as "fragmented, disabled, uncontrollable, and endlessly malleable" bodies.⁴¹ Even more than in *Dubliners*, manual activities serve as vital social vehicles and as indices of character. In Joycean haptoglyphics, hands represent agency, which may explain why they are so often given volition in *Ulysses*. For example, early in "Calypso," Bloom's "hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a sidepocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and laid them on the rubber prickles" (*U* 4.181): The hand seems to act on its own, without guidance from the character's brain. In separating execution from intention, Joyce may be indicating again his *Dubliners*' lack of control over their lives, their oppression by Church and State, as well as by their individual dysfunctions and disabilities.

More narrowly, hands betoken trauma for both male protagonists. At the beginning of *Ulysses*, much of the confidence and potency Stephen displays at the end of *A Portrait* has deserted him. Still troubled by flashbacks to the pandying incident, he is also haunted by guilt over his mother's death, which is also represented through manual and haptic tropes. Moreover, his vaunted pledge to "fly by" the nets of nation, religion, and family has ended in a belly flop (*P* 203). Thus, virtually every hand Stephen sees recalls the pandied palms of *Portrait* and signifies oppression and artistic paralysis. For Bloom, the sight of Boylan's "[b]old hand" on a letter to Molly propels his peregrinations, throughout the day conjuring up the adulterous assignation and the usurper's presumed virility, along with Bloom's feelings of impotence and resignation. More deeply, Bloom's sense of helplessness stems from an old trauma: the death of his infant son Rudy, who was conceived after Molly said, "give us a touch, Poldy" (*U* 6.81). Haptically disabled ever since, he and his touches have been relatively sterile and ineffectual. In contrast, Molly manipulates her lovers through her shrewd haptic intelligence. If the two male protagonists' arcs move from impotence to agency, Molly mostly reasserts her agency, as represented by the adorning item that so many of Joyce's female characters desire but fail to procure: a ring.

Secondhand

Early in *Ulysses*, Buck Mulligan “thrusts a hand into Stephen’s upper pocket” to borrow his noserag (*U* 1.67), a presumptuous gesture implying that Stephen’s person is his to paw. Stephen grasps this fact, and after Mulligan links his arm for a stroll around the Martello Tower, he compares Mulligan’s arm to “Cranly’s arm” (*U* 1.159). Why? Just as Cranly’s hands grip and seize, direct, reassure, encourage, and admonish Stephen in Chapter V of *Portrait*, so in “Telemachus” Mulligan’s less friendly fingers guide, probe, poke, and borrow from his roommate. Mulligan’s shavingbowl also triggers Stephen’s recollection of the incense boat at Clongowes—the site of his early trauma—and well it might, because Mulligan begins the novel by impersonating a priest. Memories of Stephen’s mother also “beset his brooding brain,” particularly a recollection of her “shapely fingernails” squashing lice (*U* 1.265, 268). The gestative brooding necessary to the artist’s potency has devolved into a mood of depressive gloom, Stephen’s loving mother becoming a “ghoul” who paralyzes his creativity with guilt. Witnessing Stephen’s brooding, Mulligan places a “hand on Stephen’s arm” in fake commiseration and, after rummaging in his trunk, flings “a limp black missile . . . out of his talking hands” (*U* 1.518–19)—Stephen’s hat. Then he borrows money from Dedalus—a quid pro quo, since Stephen is wearing Mulligan’s shoes. Indeed, most of the young poet’s attire, like his verses, is “secondhand” (*U* 1.113).

Stephen feels secondhand in other ways, too. Other males, especially older ones, handle him—prodding, pushing, and patting him as they offer secondhand advice, which, if followed, would make his actions thirdhand. While such haptic contact might seem to foster collegiality, in fact, most of these would-be mentors are seeking to manipulate him for their own ends. Hence, Stephen is frequently depicted as “freeing” his hand from their grip (see also *U* 10.361). For example, in “Aeolus,” Myles Crawford lays a “nervous hand” on Stephen’s shoulder and gives him advice and what seems to be encouragement: “I want you to write something for me,” he urges. “Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face” (*U* 7. 615).⁴² His words, however, drive Stephen back to the primal trauma: “See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer” (*U* 7.617–18; cf. *P* 50). Crawford’s words and hand prompt a memory, as if Stephen were a wounded warrior plagued by “persistent, intrusive . . .

flashbacks” even as he avoids “stimuli associated with the trauma.” Such traumatic memories are “indigestible”: That is, they can neither be forgotten nor integrated (Nadelson 90).⁴³ Roger Luckhurst comments that such intrusive moments disrupt narrative while at the same time compulsively producing narratives.⁴⁴ And so Stephen constantly retells himself the story of the incident that he wants to forget. What triggers such reliving? Hands, which condense the smuggling and broken glasses into a metonym that spurs analepses. Belated, unoriginal, and chained to painful memories, Stephen feels secondhand and therefore, like Anne Hathaway’s bed, second-best. At best.

His association of manual activities with the scalding, trembling palms of his six-year-old self may partly explain his attachment to his “ash sword” (*U* 3.16). Perhaps he needs a weapon, for he is engaged in (and losing) a *mano a mano* battle with Mulligan and with the older men who want to use him. As his “familiar” (*U* 1.628), the ashplant is an extension of his hand and, as we’ve seen in *A Portrait*, of another body part as well.⁴⁵ But the ashplant also recalls those fearsome sticks in *Dubliners*, with their associations of familial violence and inverted sexuality. The ashplant thus designates not power but disability, not creativity but sterility. While Stephen resists unwelcome handling by men, he longs for a woman, “her hand gentle,” who will trust him (*U* 3.424). “Touch me,” he thinks. “Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now” (3.334–35). Like Bloom, Stephen suffers from “thigmophilia,” a hunger for intimate touch (Garrington 35).

Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

If Stephen remains mostly in a self-involved bubble, Leopold Bloom closely observes others’ hands, noticing the “Chapped” hands of the neighbor girl buying meat (*U* 4.147), the gloved hands of the rich woman in “Lotus-eaters” (*U* 5.109, 5.138), Bantam Lyons’s “yellow blacknailed fingers” (*U* 5.523), and the hand of Lydia Douce suggestively fondling a beerpull (*U* 11.1112–16, 11.1183), among many other instances. The most significant hand for him, however, is Blazes Boylan’s “[b]old hand” on his letter to “Mrs. Marion” (not Mrs. Leopold) Bloom (*U* 4.244). The hand (i.e., handwriting) immediately becomes a metonym of Molly’s infidelity and Boylan’s potency. It’s even in the song she plans to sing on her tour: “*Là ci darem la mano*,” or “we’ll go hand in hand.” Henceforth, any mention of the impending tour prompts Bloom’s nervous manual

ticcing. For example, in “Hades,” when Dignam’s mourners spot Boylan, Bloom begins to “review[] the nails of his left hand” (*U* 6.200), and when Mr. Power refers to the tour, Bloom claps and unclaps his own hands (*U* 6.225). Likewise, whenever Bloom feels threatened or glimpses Boylan, he manipulates his comfort objects, the soap and potato (see *U* 6.494; 8.1192).

Bloom can’t stop thinking of the trauma he refuses to think about. So as he prepares for lunch, he recalls an incident two weeks earlier when he and Boylan escorted Molly by the Tolka. “Elbow. Arm. . . . Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.” (*U* 8.590–91): Two bold hands (neither one his) spoke to each other (Molly also remembers this moment: see *U* 18.78). But another manual memory offers an antidote, when soon afterward he recalls the golden moment on Howth where “Coolsoft with ointments [Molly’s] hand touched [him], caressed” (*U* 8.904–5), just before the famous seedcake kiss. Here and elsewhere Bloom displays a haptic resilience whereby the touch of a hand, or even the thought of such a touch, soothes his anxiety and depression—this despite the fact that, as Ethan King reminds us, he “harbors anxieties” about touching because of past traumas.⁴⁶ Thus in the Ormond bar, he notes that Ben Dollard and Simon Dedalus display the male Dubliners’ disease of trembling hands, in their case due to alcoholism (another example of Quayson’s fifth category, disability as moral deficit).⁴⁷ Yet when their lugubrious singing threatens to cast him down, he counteracts it by “ungyv[ing]” with “his crisscrossed hands and with slack finger pluck[ing] the slender catgut thong” (*U* 11.795). Then he handwrites his reply to Martha.

Another such instance occurs in “Lestrygonians,” when Bloom helps the blind stripling cross the street. Touching “the thin elbow gently,” he takes the “limp seeing hand to guide it forward,” and thinks, “Like a child’s hand, his hand. Like Milly’s was. Sensitive” (*U* 8.1090–98). The stripling’s cane is said to be “trembling”: another disempowered Dubliner’s hand shakes (*U* 8.1082). It is difficult *not* to recall the queer old josser (he of the strange eyes and quivering stick) or not to detect elements of Stephen in this boy. As numerous critics have observed, this scene presages the helping hand Bloom extends to Stephen, who also wields a stick, suffers from impaired vision, and displays a “bloodless pious face like a fellow going in to be a priest” (*U* 8.1112); indeed, Stephen himself associates these metonyms with his childhood trauma.⁴⁸ But Bloom doesn’t merely touch the blind boy; he seeks to enter his mind: “Must have felt it,” he thinks. “See things in their forehead perhaps: kind of sense of

volume. . . . Wonder would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap" (*U* 8.1107–10). Bloom not only engages with the stripling's blindness but attempts to understand how the youth's body feels in space and in motion, deploying the kinesthetic and proprioceptive senses associated with the haptic. This manual encounter helps both characters: The stripling gets to cross the street uninjured, and his touch restores to Bloom a modicum of belief in his own agency and nudges him out of his gloomy funk. If the death of Rudy has stripped him of faith in touch, this young man, not much older than Rudy would be, helps to bring some of it back. Here is disability represented as what Quayson describes as "moral test" (37), but not merely that, as the stripling's presence moves us toward a phenomenon that Quayson does not mention: disability as empathy.

Bloom's rehabilitation continues in "Nausicaa" via the display of Gerty MacDowell, she of the "finely veined alabaster" hands and fingers "as white as lemonjuice and queen of ointments could make them"; indeed, her "queenly *hauteur*" is said to be largely a product of those "delicate hands" (*U* 13.89; 97–98). Her hands stand in, as it were, for her disabled legs, which escape the narrator's mention until she has already enticed Bloom (and perhaps allowed herself) to masturbate. Gerty's disability represents female sexual desire, an otherness so profound that the narrator cannot even put it into words (Quayson's first category again). What also eludes mention is the object that would adorn those alabaster hands: an engagement or wedding ring to affirm her security and success on the marriage market. As with those disabled legs, what is *not* mentioned is most on Gerty's mind. Nevertheless, she is haptically alert and, though aware of "the gentleman winding his watch" (*U* 13.556), tells herself that he is a "man of inflexible honour to his fingertips" (*U* 13.694), and in parting acknowledges that awareness by slipping "a hand into her . . . pocket" and waving her handkerchief (*U* 13.757).⁴⁹ Reflecting on this encounter, Bloom is briefly empathetic before hardening sets in ("Poor girl!" becomes "little limping devil" [*U* 13.772, 13.852]), perhaps a result of being again assailed by the memory of Boylan's "Bold hand" (*U* 13.843). Suddenly Bloom notices that his watch has stopped at 4:30. "Was that just when he, she? O, he did. Into her. She did. Done" (*U* 13.847–49). Then with "careful hand" he recomposes his shirt (*U* 13.851), just as his hand has, in effect, composed a consoling letter to Gerty that reads, "for this relief much thanks": an in-kind retort to Boylan (*U* 13.939–40).⁵⁰ His encounters with disability paradoxically affirm his ability and renew his haptic energy.

Properly Handled

In “Oxen of the Sun,” Stephen and Bloom are both vilified via manual tropes. The Bunyan narrator scolds Stephen for being beguiled by “Bird-in-the-Hand,” a “certain whore of an eye pleasing exterior” (*U* 14.449–50). A bit later, the “Junius” narrator heaps scorn upon Bloom for his manual conduct, asserting that “a habit reprehensible at puberty is second nature and an opprobrium in middle life,” masturbation, like a hand, being hidden here in what we might call a textual pocket (*U* 14.930–31). Each is condemned for sterility, represented by hands. But it is in “Circe” where, as John Rickard observes, “Stephen and Bloom confront representations of the[ir] traumas” and help each other’s hands and psyches to heal.⁵¹

Still bewitched by “Bird-in-the-Hand” and accompanied by another disloyal friend, Lynch, Stephen enters Nighttown flourishing his ashplant in his left-hand and “*shattering light over the world*” (*U* 15.73, 15.99). Later, he fumbles in his pocket and hands his money to Bella, saying “Permit, *brevi manu*, my sight is somewhat troubled” (*U* 15.3545). Stephen’s apology for poor vision again recalls his encounter with Fr. Dolan, in which broken glasses triggered the priest’s fury. Upon Bloom’s prompting, Stephen “hand[s] over that cash” to him (*U* 15.3601), but the young man’s traumatic reenactments aren’t finished. When Zoe takes up his palm to read, she comments, “I see it in your face”; Lynch slaps her rear end and says, “Pandybat,” at which “*the bald little round jack-in-the-box head of Father Dolan springs up*,” repeating the prefect’s menacing words (*U* 15.3663–69). As Zoe continues reading, Stephen wincingly notes, “Hurt my hand somewhere” (*U* 15.3720). Although the pandying incident has damaged his hand and head, Stephen must restage it because, as Luckhurst observes, “the compulsion to repeat, to dream or relive the traumatic event over and over, is an attempt to bind this energy, to assimilate it, and return the psyche to a state of quiescence” (83). Yet this reenactment seems to produce little or no relief.

Stephen’s other trauma, also presented as a manual menace, must still be played out. And so Stephen’s dead mother rises through the floor (*U* 15.4157) and “(*raises her blackened withered right arm slowly towards Stephen’s breast with outstretched finger*). Beware God’s hand!” she cries, upon which a “*green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen’s heart*” (*U* 15.4218–21). The once beautiful May Goulding, former possessor of “shapely fingernails,” has decomposed into arm, finger, and

claw—synecdoches of sin and accusation. Rudolph Binion observes that the most widely shared features of traumatic reliving are guilt and “a sense of acting under a higher constraint, as if on binding orders received unconsciously,” perhaps from “God’s hand.” Such reliving, Binion continues, may punish “the self as arch culprit” (127, 133–34). In other words, despite his denials, Stephen feels guilty for refusing his mother’s dying wishes and for the “sin” that got him pandied. To deflect the claws of his conscience, he lifts both hands and with the ashplant smashes the chandelier. That action gets him tossed from Cohen’s, but doesn’t dispel his ghosts. Soon he is accosted by Privates Carr and Compton, to whom he acknowledges that his hand “hurts [him] slightly” (*U* 15.4413): The demons linger. Although he understands that the priest and his mother represent the larger forces he must “kill” (*U* 15.4436), when he acknowledges that goal, Carr punches him in the face, knocking him cold. Yet Stephen needs this blow, perhaps wants it, for only by reliving the original trauma—indeed, exacerbating it—can he hope to remove its claws from his heart and mind.

Of course, this isn’t merely a personal trauma; as I suggested earlier, Dubliners’ hands represent not only their own failures, but also the larger social and political traumas and oppressions that have shackled them. Stephen’s need to “kill” the priest and king thus acknowledges the Catholic Church and British imperial power as forces fettering Irish hands and rendering them caitiff. The repeated salutes to the viceregal cavalcade in “Wandering Rocks,” for example, indicate both this oppression and Irish compliance with it (see *U* 10.1180–1282), as do the numerous references to the statues of Lord Nelson (the “onehanded adulterer”: *U* 7.1018) and other colonial heroes. What Stephen receives from Carr is the opposite of a salute, however, and instead stages a scene in which one of his two masters whips a recalcitrant servant.

But Bloom? He enters Nighttown patting with “*parcelled hands watchfob, pocketbookpocket, pursepoke, sweets of sin, potatosoap*” (*U* 15.242). Soon he is met by an imaginary Gerty, who “*paws his sleeve*” and says, “I love you for doing that to me” (*U* 15.384–85). His encounter with Josie Breen’s “moist meaty” palms, and his recitation of *Là ci darem la mano* while slipping a ruby ring on her finger, at once invoke his cuckolding and partly assuage his pain (*U* 15.466–69). The imaginary Mrs. Breen, though already married, also receives what neither Maria nor Gerty is able to win.⁵² However, Bloom’s renewed power is soon siphoned off by the prostitutes. Holding Bloom’s hand, Zoe pats him with “*velvet paws*” (*U*

15.1990) and gives “to his palm the passtouch of secret monitor, luring him to doom” (U 15.2012). Then Bello places a ruby ring on Bloom’s finger and plunges an “arm . . . elbowdeep in Bloom’s vulva” (U 15.3089): Now Bloom is the one with “wellcreamed braceletted hands” (U 15.3078), as Bello’s bold fist forcefully enacts Bloom’s emasculation, the coveted sign of marital unity becoming a sign of enslavement, as it actually was for many Irish women. Zoe then correctly reads his palm as that of a “Henpecked husband” (U 15.3706); to confirm the diagnosis, the figure of Boylan holds up “four thick bluntungulated fingers” and winks to indicate that they have penetrated Molly (U 15.3750). Bloom’s role in this psychodrama is to watch through a keyhole and “play with [him]self” (U 15.3788), thereby restaging his current trauma.

His performance changes, however, once he witnesses Stephen’s plight: He placates the soldiers, puts in a good word with Corny Kelleher and the nightwatch (he shakes their hands), and retrieves Stephen’s hat and ashplant. Stephen’s disability (he is now unconscious) enables Bloom’s empathy. Though “stand[ing] irresolute” (U 15.4922), Bloom holds Stephen’s “identity objects,” thereby not only putting himself in the young man’s place, but opening himself to confront his own past trauma (White 517). On cue appears a “fairy boy of eleven” in an Eton suit and helmet, carrying a “book in his hand,” and in his “free left hand . . . hold[ing] a slim ivory cane with a violet bowknot” (U 15.4958; 15.4966–67). Rudy thus appears as Stephen, the Latin Quarter hat and stick transmogrified by metempsychosis or psychic prestidigitation into helmet and cane. Yet it is Bloom who holds the hat and stick, which means that Rudy is also an avatar of *Leopold*, here reborn as a spectral blend of father and son. Bloom’s manual ministrations have freed him to bear Stephen’s burdens and to encounter the source of his own haptic trauma.

Brushing off the “shavings,” and handing Stephen his accessories, Bloom “buck[s] him up generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion” (U 16.02–03), the words “buck” and “shavings” invoking the usurping handler whose place Bloom assumes. Oddly, however, considering that the two talk for some time, that Bloom displays Molly’s photo (her “fleshy charms on evidence”: U 16.1428), stirs coffee, shares a bun, and recalls returning Parnell’s hat, hands are barely mentioned in “Eumaeus.” They are occluded by the hyper-busy, maladroit prose, just as Bloom’s somewhat highhanded plans for the young poet are shrouded in circumlocution. As those plans blossom, however, hands return, with Bloom envisioning a “shakedown for the night” and Stephen “in safe hands” (U

16.1621–22). But how safe? Some critics argue that the moment when the two men link arms and walk toward Eccles St. (*U* 16.1721) is the consummate incident in the novel, an instance of rejuvenating “reciprocity” for both characters whereby each is able to “feel a different man” (*U* 16.1719).⁵³ But Poldy’s “utopian plans” are not entirely altruistic, and we may now recognize that his touches and advice fit the pattern established earlier. Bloom imagines that Stephen’s voice, “if properly handled,” might “command its own price” (*U*.16.1822–23) with the “pecuniary emolument, by no means to be sneezed at, going hand in hand with his tuition fees” (*U* 16.1840–41). While most would agree that it is “handy to be handed a cheque at a muchneeded moment” (*U* 16.1846), it is not clear which “he” will be receiving the emolument, though the “tuition fees” will clearly move from Stephen’s hand to Bloom’s. In short, Leopold aims to “handle” Stephen in more ways than one. At once selfless and sly, Bloom’s scheme would let him replace Boylan’s bold hand with that of another—he who wields a mighty ashplant.

Wisely wary, and not free of the hydrophobia derived from his early trauma, Stephen declines to wash his hands once they arrive at chez Bloom. His host, however, washes his own, and we learn that his haptic anxiety has dissipated and that his “firm full masculine feminine passive active hand” possesses a “surgical quality” tempered by a compassionate reluctance to shed blood (*U* 17.289–94). Encompassing genders, neither violent nor submissive, exacting yet empathetic, Bloom’s hand embodies his refurbished character, epitomizing a new openness to reciprocal touch and eschewing the selfish dominance of bold-handed Boylan or the cyclopean hurler of biscuit tins. It represents balance, a term that encompasses traits as diverse as financial husbanding and emotional equanimity, as well as physical balance, an element of the haptic. Bloom’s hand does not quiver, nor does it close into a fist. He is thus free of the manual symptoms Joyce associates with disabled male Dubliners. This “masculine feminine” hand may indeed be that of Stephen’s ideal artist who gives birth to original works from his/her own mind and body, all while indifferently paring fingernails.

But a hand may also signify betrayal, as it does in the “Ballad of Little Harry Hughes,” which Stephen inexplicably sings, an anti-Semitic story of a Jew’s daughter taking a schoolboy by his “*lilywhite hand*” and cutting off his head (*U* 17.821–22). The lyrics, written in Joyce’s own hand in the text, express Stephen’s unwillingness to be manipulated and “sabotages the climax” for readers wishing for a sentimental frisson.⁵⁴ As Norris

remarks, however, if the ballad was “intended to force Bloom to retreat from a threatened intimacy . . . it fails and produces, inexplicably, the opposite effect”: That is, even after Bloom listens to this offensive song, he invites Stephen to stay the night (“Ballad” 72). Dedalus declines. Bloom hands him back his money (with interest), and then the pair repair outdoors to urinate, “their organs of micturition reciprocally rendered invisible by manual circumposition” (*U* 17.1187). Though side by side, they’re not really together. And now comes the moment to which the entire novel has led us: The two shake hands, “the lines of their valedictory arms, meeting at any point and forming an angle less than the sum of two right angles.” Their “centrifugal” (moving outward: Stephen’s) and “centripetal” (moving inward: Bloom’s) hands seem to affirm their friendship, yet the clasp is “valedictory”; thus, at the very moment when their palms finally touch, they also come apart (*U* 17.122–25). The meeting of the hands, like that of the minds, is fleeting and incomplete.

Nevertheless, putting forth Stephen as a possible partner for Molly gives Bloom a sense, however illusory, of agency. In addition, his rude handling in Nighttown, along with his encounters with the two young men and Gerty, has burned off much of his pain. For Stephen, if Bloom’s hand briefly replaces those of Cranly and Mulligan—and perhaps of Dolan—it also emancipates him; he can now play his own hand. The Bloom-Stephen handshake is neither painful, nor masturbatory, nor traumatic, and with it the male Dubliners’ typical symptom—a shaking hand signifying disability and fear—is transmuted into a mutual, if brief, confirmation of solidarity and support. For both characters, the traumatic memories represented by hands are for the moment waved away, as dependence gives way to interdependence, warfare to wary respect, cuckolding to congeniality.

Ring

Where is Molly Bloom? Throughout this essay, as in *Ulysses* itself, she has been practically invisible. Or rather, partly visible, for she is present in “Calypso” mostly as a voice and as discrete body parts—an elbow (*U* 4.303), “bubs” (*U* 4.305), “full lips” (*U* 4.314), a finger (*U* 4.321), “mocking eyes” (*U* 4.344), and “arched nostrils” (*U* 4.379). Similarly, she—or more precisely, her “generous white arm”—briefly appears, tossing a coin to a mendicant in “Wandering Rocks” (*U* 10.222). In other characters’ allusions she is there, yet not there, as when Lenehan’s hands mold “ample

curves of air” to represent her figure (*U* 10.564), or when Bloom entices Stephen with her photo, paying particular attention to her breasts, lips, and teeth (*U* 16.1431). We have already noted how she makes occasional star turns in Bloom’s memory, as in “Lestrygonians,” where he remembers her haptic flirtation with Boylan. At center stage in “Penelope,” she fleshes out that tactile encounter, recollecting how Boylan “gave my hand a great squeeze going along by the Tolka in my hand there steals another I just pressed the back of his like that with my thumb to squeeze back” (*U* 18.78–80). She also remembers with delight how during their rendezvous today Boylan tickled her behind “with his finger” (*U* 18.586). Yet her evaluation of his haptic sensitivity has waned in the aftermath, largely because of his slapping her rump “so familiarly . . . Im not a horse or an ass am I” (*U* 18.123). Hands and fingers are sexual instruments for Molly, but not merely that.

Indeed, she perceives hands as tools that, especially when adorned, permit her to manage generosity and confirm emotional attachments. Whether it is by touching her old lover Gardner’s trousers “with [her] ring hand” to prevent him from doing something else (*U* 18.313), by “pulling [Mulvey] off into [her] handkerchief” (*U* 18.809), or by searching Poldy’s pockets (*U* 18.1235), her hands help her control her lovers. She also does so by eliciting gifts of gloves and, especially, rings. In former times, her manipulations won from Mulvey the “clumsy Claddagh ring” that she passed on to Gardner (*U* 18.866). This seems particularly pertinent because the traditional Claddagh ring is engraved with an image of hands, usually holding a heart, and sometimes clasping.⁵⁵ And although she fondly remembers Bloom’s present of “three pairs of gloves,” she now plans to “stick” Boylan for an aquamarine ring and a gold bracelet, while noting, “I don’t like my foot so much” (*U* 18.186, 18.262–63). These signifiers of success seem almost superfluous, however, for she already owns what Maria, Polly Mooney, Eveline Hill, and Gerty MacDowell conspicuously lack but desperately desire: a wedding ring (*U* 18.408).

Molly’s wily hands want more and will brook no interference. Thus, she perceives Bloom’s male associates as Mulliganesque grabbers who might get him “into their clutches” (with trembling fingers, no doubt: *U* 18.1276) and threaten her well-being. At the same time, however, she wouldn’t be averse to entertaining a different lover, perhaps a “handsome young poet” of the sort she imagines Stephen Dedalus might be (*U* 18.1359). Above all, however, hands signify her tenacious grip on her own agency, a capacity that she, rare among Joyce’s Dubliners, possesses. Thus

she concludes that she wouldn't "give a snap of my two fingers" for males' learning (*U* 18.1564) because she doesn't need it. Her haptic shrewdness has given her a power they strive for but seldom attain. Whereas Stephen and Bloom struggle throughout their fictional existences to handle their emotions and manipulate their social circumstances, Molly seizes and sustains agency with the most powerful assets she has at her disposal: her body, represented by her hands.

We return, as in a ring, to haptoglyphics, and to what our attention to manual motifs has disclosed about Joyce's writing that we wouldn't otherwise comprehend. These revelations are numerous and palpable: his empathetic grasp of disability and his skill at representing emotional and spiritual dysfunction through synecdoche; the immeasurable importance of hands as indices of character and social relationships; the lingering effects of trauma, and how hands betray its durable mental and emotional damage. Finally, we again perceive Joyce's penetrating awareness of the significance and power of haptic intelligence. Joyce's handiwork, we now understand, reveals the crucial importance of others'.

NOTES

1. "Why the Novel Matters," in *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers, 1936*, ed. Edward D. McDonald (New York: Penguin, 1978), 533. This essay was not published in Joyce's lifetime.

2. Abbie Garrington, *Haptic Modernism: Touch and the Tactile in Modernist Writing* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2013). The haptic also encompasses kinesthesia (the body's sense of its movement in space), proprioception (bodily orientation in space), and the vestibular (balance, relating to the inner ear: Garrington 16). I concentrate primarily on tactility in this essay. Hereafter, references to Garrington's book are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

3. Garrington coins this term, from *haptesthai* (of the grasp) to refer to writing about the haptic or tactile (2).

4. David T. Mitchell, "Narrative Prosthesis and the Materiality of Metaphor." In *Disability Studies: Enabling the Humanities*, ed. Sharon L. Snyder, Brenda Jo Brueggemann, and Rosemarie Garland-Thomson (New York: MLA, 2002), 24. Hereafter, references to Mitchell's essay are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

5. Ato Quayson, *Aesthetic Nervousness: Disability and the Crisis of Representation* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2007), 39. Further references to Quayson's book are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

6. Margot Norris suggests that a hidden narrative of sexual molestation lies here, but her evidence seems largely speculative. See *Suspicious Readings of Joyce's "Dubliners"* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2003), 21. Just as important, the boy seems to have learned contempt for others and a sense of superiority from Flynn, according to Michael Groden and Vicki Mahaffey's "Silence and Fractals in 'The Sisters,'" in Vicki Mahaffey, ed. *Collaborative Dubliners: Joyce in Dialogue* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 2012), 40. These traits imply that he may well end up like James Duffy. Further references to Norris's book are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

7. Groden and Mahaffey outline some of the similarities between the two men: Both wear similar garments and love books, and their discolored teeth indicate that "their interiors are rotten" (37).

8. As Katherine Mullin observes, in warning the narrator about books that "boys shouldn't read," the jossler "masquerades as that familiar figure, an overseer of children's reading, as another Father Butler, or as a comstockian vice crusader": *James Joyce, Sexuality, and Social Purity* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), 47. Further references to Mullin's study are made parenthetically in the body of the essay.

9. Groden and Mahaffey, 81. The threat of violence lurks in seemingly harmless fathers: Even Little Chandler, whose small hands and perfect nails embody his weakness (*D* 70), impotently releases his rage upon his infant son.

10. Old Jack in "Ivy Day" also belongs in the volume's gallery of violent men: Like Farrington and the jossler, he favors whipping boys (*D* 120).

11. A handshake between singers Bell and Duggan indicates that same spirit of community (*D* 143).

12. For a more detailed development of this idea, see Mark Osteen, "'A Regular Swindle': The Failure of Gifts in *Dubliners*," in *Twenty-First Joyce*, ed. Ellen Carol Jones and Morris Beja (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2004), 26–27.

13. Don Gifford's gloss on the story gets at the heart of the conflict, while also exposing the shifting boundaries between friendship and business and the vexed economic condition of artistic labor: "Theatrical and musical contracts of this *quasi-amateur* sort were regarded . . . as more promising than binding, provided the person was not an established star. The promise was that the contracted fee would be paid if the concert was a financial success; if not, the performers would share whatever proceeds there were after expenses had been paid. Mrs. Kearney's attitude is in violation of this *unstated* assumption about the improvisatory nature of economic agreements in the theatrical and concert worlds" (*Joyce Annotated: Notes for "Dubliners" and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"* [Berkeley: University of California Press], 99; emphasis added). Clearly, Gifford has never been a working musician. As someone who has been performing in public for many years, I would point out that it is not the musicians' fault if organizers fail to do their job. Performers who strive to entertain the public are not "quasi-amateur" if they are hired and promised a fee; they should be paid just as scrupulously for their labors as, say, scribes or newspaper reviewers.

14. Quoted in Alan Hunt, "The Great Masturbation Panic and the Discourses of Moral Regulation in Nineteenth- and Early Twentieth-Century Britain," *Journal of the History of Sexuality* 8, no. 4 (1998), 597–98.

15. Jeff Wallace remarks on how the stories "continually revisit the sensuality and physical manipulation of money, held tight like the florin in the hand" of the "Araby" narrator ("The stern task of living": *Dubliners*, Clerks, Money and Modernism," in *Gothic Modernisms*, ed. Andrew Smith and Jeff Wallace [Houndmills and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2001], 117). See also Osteen, "Regular," 19, and Bernard Benstock, *Narrative Con/Texts in "Dubliners"* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1994), 84–108.

16. Quoted in Wallace, 118. See also Georg Simmel, *The Philosophy of Money*, ed. David Frisby, trans. Tom Bottomore and David Frisby (London and New York: Routledge, 1990), 392–94.

17. Benstock, 105.

18. Marilyn Reizbaum and Maud Ellmann, "En Garde: 'Two Gallants,'" in Mahaffey, ed., *Collaborative Dubliners*, 133. But where did she get the money? Norris outlines the possibilities: Either she is giving Corley two months' salary or she has stolen the money from her employer, and, either way, the possibility of being on "the turf" looms closer for her at the end of the story than it did at the beginning" (84). She argues that Lenehan is far too anxious for the goal of the con to merely be an evening of drinking and speculates that Corley owes Lenehan a gambling debt (86–87). In that sense, she concludes, Corley is "gallant," in that he's obeying the male code of honor (90).

19. Roberta Jackson has argued that Duffy is a closeted homosexual, in which case his hands (and Mrs. Sinico's) would represent the moment when he understands his own forbidden desires. See "The Open Closet in *Dubliners*: James Duffy's Painful Case," in *Dubliners*, ed. Margot Norris (New York: Norton, 2006), 335. Jackson concludes that he "moves from an isolated loneliness to a conscious awareness of homoerotic desire under the influence of Mrs. Sinico's friendship" (340). Norris also considers the evidence for this reading, noting that Duffy's world punishes homosexuality even more harshly than adultery (*Suspicious*, 166–67). Norris's interpretation of the story as "closeted" is compelling: In this story, the love that "dare not speak its name" dare not speak its name. But it is essential to note that for Duffy, both love between man and man *and* friendship between man and woman are impossible: He's frozen in a loveless limbo. Hence, an emphasis on his purported homosexuality misses half of the point. See also Paul K. Saint-Amour and Karen R. Lawrence, "Re-opening 'A Painful Case,'" in Mahaffey, *Collaborative Dubliners*, 258–59, and Colleen Lamos, "Duffy's Subjectivation: The Psychic Life of 'A Painful Case,'" in *European Joyce Studies 10: Masculinities in Joyce/Postcolonial Constructions*, ed. Christine Van Boheemen-Saaf and Colleen Lamos (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2001), 66.

20. "Perhaps nowhere in Joyce's work," writes Norris, "is paralysis invoked more poignantly than in this subject's inability . . . to be anything other than static, silent and still" (*Suspicious* 171).

21. Whereas hands represent social as well as individual dysfunction in *Dubliners*, in *Exiles* their reach is shorter, though they still represent major themes. For example, one of the four main characters is named “Hand,” and in the play hands embody the passage from friendship to combat, while also serving as a concrete metonym for the play’s dissection of possession, of giving and taking. See, for example, Act II, when Robert Hand and Richard Rowan discuss their competition over Bertha and Richard urges his friend to feel his hands (*E* 79).

22. Kenneth Burke, “Fact, Inference, and Proof in the Analysis of Literary Symbolism,” in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. John Paul Riquelme (New York: Norton, 2007), 315–16. See also James F. Carens, “The Motif of Hands in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*,” *Irish Renaissance Annual II*, ed. Zack Bowen (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1981), 39–57; and Joseph Valente, “Thrilled by His Touch: Homosexual Panic and the Will to Artistry in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*,” in Riquelme, ed. *A Portrait*, 422–39. Further references to Valente’s essay are cited parenthetically by author, title, and page number in the body of the essay.

23. Vike Martina Plock, *Joyce, Medicine, and Modernity* (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2010), 64. Further references to Plock’s book are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

24. Marguerite Harkness finds here an allusion to Ernest Dowson’s poem, “Ad Manus Puellae,” which begins, “I was always a lover of ladies’ hands!,” and goes on to describe them as “pale with the pallor of ivories,” among other images. See *The Aesthetics of Dedalus and Bloom* (Cranbury: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1984), 65–66. For the full text of Dowson’s poem, see ELcore.net, “Catholic Poets”: <http://poetry.elcore.net/CatholicPoets/Dowson/Dowson14.html>.

25. David Cotter probably goes too far in declaring that Stephen here assumes the “passive female role”: *James Joyce and the Perverse Ideal* (New York and London: Routledge, 2003), 137. Further references to Cotter’s book are cited by author and page number in the body of the text.

26. Valente’s article remains the best analysis of the homoeroticism at play in Chapter I (426–28). Carens aptly notes that Boyle is identified both with “effeminacy and phallic capacity” (146).

27. Theodore Nadelson, *Trained to Kill: Soldiers at War* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2005), 90. Further references to Nadelson’s book are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the text.

28. I owe thanks to Garry Leonard for formulating the idea that hands make experience legible. Valente and Margot Backus write that Byron’s work is figured as “violently inseminating material that having, in a crude, vegetative manner, gestated within Stephen’s brain, finds release in a form of literary ejaculation/birth”: “‘An Iridescence Difficult to Account For’: Sexual Initiation in Joyce’s Fiction of Development,” *ELH* 76, no. 2 (Summer 2009), 536. They also recognize that this scene sets up the sequence in the anatomy theatre. Further references to Valente and Backus’s article are cited by authors’ names and page number in the body of the text.

29. Valente and Backus note the link to the pandying scene, but don't develop it through the pattern of hands: 538. See also Mullin 97.

30. For the source, see Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper* (New York: Viking, 1958), 60.

31. As Richard Brown points out, Joyce also owned two manuals that discussed the subject, *Onanisme*, by Dr. Paul Garnier, and Matharan's treatise on marriage, the latter of which defines non-legitimate sexuality as whatever "leads to the ejaculation of semen outside of natural coupling" (*James Joyce and Sexuality* [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985], 56); see also Richard Ellmann, *The Consciousness of Joyce* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977), 109.

32. *The Complete Dublin Diary of Stanislaus Joyce* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1962), 58.

33. John Robertson again, quoted in Hunt, 597–98.

34. Quoted in Plock, *Joyce, Medicine and Modernity*, 57. Plock (46–54) and Mullin (99–100) have pointed out that Stephen bears signs of chronic masturbation.

35. Michel Foucault, "The End of the Monarchy of Sex," in *Foucault Live: Interviews 1961–1984*, ed. Sylvère Lotinger; trans. Lysa Hochroth and John Johnston (New York: Semiotext(e), 1996), 216.

36. Of course, sexuality is far from the sole area where Stephen fails in self-regulation. After he receives his essay prize, for example, all the money quickly runs "through Stephen's fingers" (*P* 97). Whether they be sexual or economic, he fails to stem the "tides" the flow through him.

37. The version in *Stephen Hero* does not contain the lines about the god-like artist paring his fingernails: see *SH* 77–78.

38. Tim Dean, "Paring His Fingernails: Homosexuality and Joyce's Impersonalist Aesthetic," in *Quare Joyce*, ed. Joseph Valente (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1998), 249. Dean also contends that homosexuality is implied in this image because, like Stephen, gay men in turn-of-the-century discourse allegedly experienced "hyperesthesia" (255).

39. Stanislaus Joyce traces this gesture to an incident in which his brother scrawled the lyrics of a song on a cigarette pack: *My Brother's Keeper*, 150–51.

40. Plock's argument would accept the causal relationship between masturbation and intellectual sterility or degeneration rather than comprehending that Joyce uses anti-masturbation discourse against itself.

41. Vike Martina Plock, "Bodies," in *The Cambridge Companion to "Ulysses"*, ed. Sean Latham (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2014), 187.

42. A similar instance occurs in "Wandering Rocks," when Almidano Artifoni proffers advice while his "heavy hand" takes Stephen's "firmly" (*U* 10.356). As many critics have noted, this encounter presages Stephen's meeting with Bloom and the latter's "utopian plans" to manage Stephen's nascent singing career.

43. Rudolph Binion points out that after an initial impulse to cancel such an experience and to avoid thinking of it, the painful experience will "be recalled incessantly, waking or sleeping, with the original affect reviving along with it" (*Traumatic*

Reliving in History, Film and Literature [London: Karnac, 2011], 2–3. Such spontaneous reliving may be either “chronic or episodic,” either a steady symptom or a “discrete performance recapitulating it”: Such a discrete performance takes place near the end of “Circe” (Binion 3). Further references to Binion are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

44. Roger Luckhurst, *The Trauma Question* (London and New York: Routledge, 2008), 79. Further references to Luckhurst’s book are cited in the body of the essay by author and page number.

45. Siân E. White observes that Stephen gestures with his stick almost every time he makes a pointed comment or takes some action; she writes that “the interdependence of subject and object makes the ash and cane not mere metaphors for but extensions of the body and the identities it inhabits.” See “‘O, Despise Not My Youth!': Senses, Sympathy, and an Intimate Aesthetics in *Ulysses*,” *Texas Studies in Literature and Language* 51, no. 4 (Winter 2009): 516, 515. Further references to White’s essay are cited parenthetically by author and page number in the body of the essay.

46. Ethan King, “‘All that the hand says when you touch’: Intercorporeal Ethics in Joyce’s *Ulysses*,” *Joyce Studies Annual 2015*, 61.

47. Bloom notes that Simon’s “hands and feet sing too” (*U* 11.698). Dollard’s “gouty fingers nakker[] castagnettes in the air” (*U* 11.1152); these same fingers were earlier described as “joyful” (*U* 10.932) because of their shaking.

48. King comments that “as Bloom ‘guides’ the stripling physically across the street, the stripling ‘guides’ Bloom psychically” toward empathy and understanding (62). Both Stephen and the stripling, White points out, “work at day jobs that are service-oriented manifestations of their true artistic talents”; both are also ungrateful (510, 513). Andre Cormier has also noted their shared sticks and their “blindness.” Stephen anticipates the scene in “Proteus” as he taps with his ashplant and thinks of blind people (*U* 3.15–16): see Cormier, “‘Our eyes demand their turn. Let them be seen!': The Transcendental Blind Stripling,” *Joyce Studies Annual 2008*, 210. Cormier also comments that the stripling stands as an “embodiment of the novelist who meta-fictionally finds a place in *Ulysses*” (205), in that Joyce too was fond of using walking sticks and plagued by vision impairment. White concludes that “Touching and vision work in tandem to bring the experience of the other into view, which in turns creates intimacy between the self and the other” (508–9). She notes that the word “stripling” connects the scene to “Counterparts,” where Farrington uses the word to describe Weathers (509). In that story, as I noted earlier, handshakes devolve into mock-combat, and Farrington uses his hand to grab a stick and hit his son.

49. See also Peter Sims, “A Pocket Guide to *Ulysses*,” *James Joyce Quarterly* 26, no. 2 (Winter 1989), 44.

50. King is probably correct that this moment “reinvigorates his desire to consummate fully with Molly” in the long term, although in the short term it is simply a physiological relief. I think King overreaches, however, in arguing that Bloom and Gerty in effect touch, and thus that Bloom’s “gazing and self-touching . . . rewrites

what has come before and marks his entrance into the universe of touch and into the realm of sexual reciprocity" (66). One would have to erase all of "Circe" to credit that assertion.

51. John S. Rickard, *Joyce's Book of Memory: The Mnemotechnic of "Ulysses"* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1999), 123.

52. Curiously, like Stephen's hands during the pandying, Bloom's are here "scalding!" (*U* 15.474).

53. See King, 67–68.

54. Margot Norris, "Stephen Dedalus's Anti-Semitic Ballad: A Sabotaged Climax in Joyce's *Ulysses*," in *Defamiliarizing Readings: Essays from the Austin Joyce Conference*, ed. Alan W. Friedman and Charles Rossman (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2009), 65. Norris's essay thoroughly examines the ballad and its contexts, offering helpful insights about the motives for what seems an extremely rude way for Stephen to thank the man who has rescued him. Further references to Norris's essay are cited by author, title, and page number in the body of the essay.

55. According to Marion Cumpiano, if Molly's Claddagh ring was a "gimmal" Fede ring, its two ends could also be "joined, the hands clasping and interlocking": see "Joyce's *Finnegan's* [sic] *Wake*," *The Explicator* 48, no. 1 (1989), 50. For further discussion of the ring and its use as a symbol of the gift economy, see Mark Osteen, *The Economy of "Ulysses": Making Both Ends Meet* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1995), 437–39.