

As everyone knows, paralysis reigns supreme in Joyce's *Dubliners*. Or does it? Even Joyce himself was concerned to suggest a way out of the paralysis that blocks all exits in the first fourteen stories: "The Dead," by celebrating Irish hospitality, as Joyce put it, was supposed to redress the balance by offering some glimpses of light. Criticism has then divided, conventionally, over whether the snow symbolism connotes purification and rebirth or rather a massive reassertion of paralysis. I want to argue in this essay that, from a marxist-feminist viewpoint, "The Dead" does indeed offer ways out of paralysis that have nothing to do with that final symbolism. And not just in "The Dead"; other stories also occasionally flicker with small signs of resistance to the deadening paralysis. But (a question not often enough asked) where does the paralysis come from? Perhaps the answer—Catholicism and colonialism—is too obvious to be stressed, yet it does no harm, I think, to politicize the obvious and recuperate it from the dark realm of patriarchal "common sense" into the light of a feminist analysis. Besides paralysis, two of the key effects of catholic/colonialist oppression are, first, what Georg Lukács calls "the contemplative stance" (further defined below) and, second, a loss of linguistic ownership. Adapting this term from Ferruccio Rossi-Landi, I [End Page 437] mean the tendency (frequent in Joyce) for characters not to be in control of language, indeed for language sometimes to *speak* the characters, as in the hell-fire sermons of *A Portrait*, and, above all, for characters simply not to *possess* a language, to be, like Eveline, voiceless. What I want to stress here is that, although most females, like most males, in *Dubliners* are (and no moral judgment is implied, it being merely a historical fact) complicit in their own oppression, it is females alone who, in "The Dead," resist the mystification and reification of the male world. But in the first half of the essay I want to look at the question of linguistic ownership, for it is on the terrain of language that many feminists in the last twenty years have chosen to do battle.

I

Joyce's artistic apprehension of the "problem" of Dublin under colonialism parallels the theoretical insights of Georg Lukács into the capitalist mode of production generally. In particular, Joyce's key term "paralysis," the moment of stasis to which each narrative in *Dubliners* is brought, strongly resembles (seems almost a metaphor for) Lukács' view that capitalism (specifically) induces a "contemplative" relationship between man and the world. Lukács, speaking of man's relationship to his own labor, puts it thus in a passage that no reader of *Dubliners* should have difficulty in applying to the individual narratives:

As labour is progressively rationalised and mechanised his lack of will is reinforced by the way in which his activity becomes less and less active and more and more *contemplative*. The contemplative stance adopted towards a process mechanically conforming to fixed laws and enacted independently of man's consciousness and impervious to human intervention, i.e. a perfectly closed system, must likewise transform the basic categories of man's immediate attitude to the world: it reduces space and time to a common denominator and degrades time to the dimension of space.

(89)

What Lukács is describing essentially is the process whereby the individual loses control over the production and reproduction of his or her world. Joyce's characters are precisely in this position of loss of control, and consequently as human subjects they are deactivated. However, they are not inactive; they continue to function as human beings, their activity merely being displaced into certain kinds of false consciousness. Or else into dreams of escape, the only form in which a future is available—and even dreams, in *Dubliners*, are rare: Eveline off to "Buenos Ayres" (the quotation marks signify the unreality of the destination); Farrington's attraction to the woman with the London accent (*D* 95); Mr. Duffy's immersion in Nietzsche; Lenahan's dream of bourgeois comfort (*D* 57-58); Ignatius Gallaher's embodiment of the outside world for Little Chandler; the game that will "decide" whether Maria will enter marriage or a convent (*D* 105). A connecting thread in all these examples is the notion **[End Page 438]** (always subverted) that marriage, or some form of interpersonal relationship, will provide a new beginning denied to the characters by the extra-social reality. And the one story ("The Boarding House") where marriage itself is under scrutiny is also the one to cast the most devastatingly ironic light upon that institution: "Once you are married you are done for" (*D* 66). The statement applies to both sexes, for after only three weeks Mrs. Kernan found a wife's life "irksome" (*D* 156), and Martin Cunningham, a respectable Catholic, remains married to an "incurable drunkard" (*D* 157). Cumulatively, Joyce's pessimism about human relationships may seem excessive until one recalls that this vision emerges from specific historical circumstances and that his own relationship with Nora almost certainly would not, for class reasons, have been possible had he remained with her in Ireland. None of Joyce's characters in *Dubliners* (Eveline being the most prominent example) resolve the contradictions of their social reality by taking Joyce's own route. A seemingly endless queue of characters demonstrates the thesis that there is in interpersonal relationships neither refuge from nor locus of resistance to the effects of religious and political repression. Some characters have less hope than others: the "queer old jossler" in "An Encounter" can conceive of relationship only as "whipping" or as degraded masturbation; marriage apparently drove Eveline's mother insane; at the end of "The Boarding House" both Bob Doran and Polly descend the stairs into the "hell" of marriage.

The characters' relation to the past is equally contemplative. The literary articulation of life under capitalism frequently (as in *The Great Gatsby*) represents the past as a green paradisaic time that (the present being unbearable) will be retrieved in a near future made possible by some kind of economic advancement. Under colonialism, however, economic fulfillment must be deferred until the political future has been settled. In *Dubliners*, no one, not even in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," grapples with that problem. The past, far from being a rich source of inspiration for action in the present and future, remains inert, the object of contemplation, mystified into the "good old days" ("there was no time like the long ago" [*D* 106]; "the old system was the best" [*D* 167]; "God be with them times" [*D* 122]). No dream of a future, only the nightmare of a past. For most, and Eveline is representative, the nightmare of history is imposed from without, a dead weight upon the brain of the living (her father's violence when they were children; her mother's insanity; the yellowing photograph of the priest; and even her denied future will quickly become part of the nightmare). For a few (Mr. Duffy is the prime example), the past is repressed, a nightmare of their own making.

And so these Dubliners, dominated by colonialism like Frantz Fanon's "wretched of the earth," yield to the decay—moral, political, and physical—induced, ultimately, by this unequal economic relationship. From [End Page 439] the dead priest in "The Sisters" to the "spiritual accountant" in "Grace," *Dubliners* is a gallery of human wrecks. As in a Breughel painting, the characters roll by, a throng in the background, the also-rans of history, displaying their various infirmities: Lenahan, aged thirty, whose figure "fell into rotundity at the waist" and whose face "had a ravaged look" (D 50); the "colonel-looking gentleman" who "has a drop taken" (D 102-103); the seventeen-year-old delivery-boy who downs a bottle of stout in one move (D 129). Or, in the foreground, there are the Mrs. Sinicos, the Farringtons, and the queer old jossers. Are there any glimmers of light amid this gloom, any impulses to push back the boundaries of false consciousness, any points of resistance? I believe that Joyce does indicate (on the terrain of language *as such*) a way of resistance, a way forward out of this morass (although the resistance must also be the readers' own toward the forms of domination which cause the kind of paralysis seen in *Dubliners*).

II

Ferruccio Rossi-Landi has written persuasively on linguistic "ownership," a notion he sums up in the following passage:

The ruling class arrogates to itself the control of programs "from a higher social level." It becomes plausible to define "ruling class" as *the class which possesses control over the emission and circulation of the verbal and non-verbal messages which are constitutive of a given community*. . . . Ideology is a social design; the dominant design is precisely that of the class in power. All behavioral programs are submitted, on the part of those who hold power in a given historical moment, to a vaster and more fundamental programming which consists in preserving society just as it is, or in reducing change and absorbing it into the existing system as much as possible. *This is the foundation program beyond which one can go no further*. We call it a social design because it is the whole of society which is programmed in a unitary manner. To suppose an anterior or external program would only mean attributing an even deeper control to some other social group, that is, shifting the localization of the ruling class. The deepest control is by definition identified with ultimate possession of power. This is one of the senses in which the foundation of things is political. It thus happens that, in each sign—and communicative—market, the ruling class enjoys a private possession of the various sign systems in the following three dimensions: (i) control (or domination) of the code or codes and of the modalities of codification; (ii) control of the channels through which the transmitted messages run, *i.e.* of the modalities of the circulation of messages; (iii) control of the modalities of decodification and interpretation of the messages received. That here we are dealing with a form of "possession" phenomenologically different from material possession is only too obvious; but it doesn't follow at all that its substance is any different, or any less real.

Situations which merit the description of linguistic exploitation, linguistic private property, and so forth, are under the eyes of all. The press, radio and television belong to the dominant classes or groups. Whole cultural and artistic movements arise, develop, and die in function of the controls to which they are subjected. The "common people's" way of thinking is an aggregate of ever-repeated stereotypes. On a more radical level, ownership of communication begins with education and formation in all their gradations, right down to primary schools and above all to the determining,

irreparable influence exercised on *speakers* [End Page 440] *still being formed* long before they learn to read and write. As we have observed a number of times, right from birth the infant finds himself immersed in the sign systems governing the community to which he belongs. It is impossible not to notice in all this the dimensions of linguistic and communicative exploitation as an integral and indispensable part of exploitation in general.

(191)

It is not simply language that is "possessed," but the *use* to which language is put, the subjects that are publicly discussible (what Rossi-Landi calls "models and programs"), so that there is an "implicit order" that certain topics must be suppressed, which the "competent" speaker, in an act of self-censorship to comply with the dominant code, will proceed to obey. In *Dubliners* the characters, where the text does not actually prevent them from speaking at all, are never allowed in conversation to penetrate to any kind of insight into their political condition. In two of the most "verbal" stories, "Grace" and "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," religion in the one is reduced, farcically, to papal personalities, whereas politics in the other is a means to the end of individual gratification. The characters swim in ideology, happily under the illusion of exercising power in their limited sphere, but totally unaware of the extent to which they are prisoners of a greater power exercised elsewhere.

In "Eveline" linguistic ownership is the crucial issue. The subject of the story (whose title—the only title in *Dubliners* to use the central character's name—mocks the expectation of a "story") is denied a voice and therefore subjectivity. The voices actually heard, representative of a public and a private oppression, explain partially Eveline's own voicelessness: her boss at the store, Miss Gavan, is peremptory, imperative. Her father's three fragments of conversation are all "paralyzed" statements—that is, the information they convey is either dully repetitive or clichéd or racist, all forms of frozen thought. And her mother's voice is recalled only as a lunatic rambling, a pointer to Eveline's own destiny.¹ Here is hardly fertile ground for the development of personality. More than most of the stories in *Dubliners*, "Eveline" plays out the nightmare of history and the oppression of the present. For Eveline the nightmare and the oppression derive, immediately, from her subordination to Miss Gavan and her parents, but the latter themselves, as *Dubliners*, are subordinate, as this paradigmatic story makes clear, to those larger determining forces of Catholicism and colonialism.

The emphasis in the short opening paragraph is on Eveline's passivity before an external force, in this case "the evening": "She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue" (D 36). In one sense the verb "invade" is a precise description of what the evening actually does, especially in spring or autumn. Yet it also signals the "invasion" [End Page 441] of Eveline's mind by all the hobgoblins that the story proceeds to reveal. More to the political point, this first "active" word encapsulates the gloomy tale of Irish history, as if the Irish people are helpless to prevent this repeated act of invasion. However, it is literary *criticism* that singles out words thus; most people (even literary critics!) reading that first sentence would, I surmise, pass over "invade" without registering undue alarm.² If so, the ideological point has been nicely made: "invade" and all its military connotations have indeed been accepted, naturalized, by this young Irish girl, obscuring from her the true source of her discontent. No one expects Eveline to resist physically, but neither can she

resist those influences in her immediate social life that stifle her growth, influences that she sees as "natural" as the coming of the evening. The grammar reinforces this passive acceptance. Furthermore, as early as the second paragraph the text sanctions this political reading, for it is a "man from Belfast," a land developer, who invades her childhood happiness by building houses on the neighborhood playing-field. (This reminder of economic "invasion" is of course complemented by the presence of the soldiers at the end of the story.) In its context "invade" describes a peaceful process, yet the verb is contaminated, in normal usage, by connotations of violence. This duality of apparent peace and threatened violence pervades the story, the violence occasionally emerging into full view: "Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick" (D 36), and, as the text clearly implies, he appears to have beaten the mother: "Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence" (D 37-38).

What does the father's violence represent? The problem of domestic violence (or, to call a spade a spade, the problem of men beating women) pre- and post-dates Joyce's Dublin, so that generalizations from the case of "Eveline" must be circumspect. One is always surprised to learn, through gossip, that old so-and-so, apparently so peaceable and easy-going, has committed private violence, yet the surprise is occasioned only because we commit the error (ideologically induced) of supposing that old so-and-so lives a purely private life in private, whereas the truth always is that the social determinants of conduct do not evaporate miraculously the moment one steps over the threshold of the matrimonial home. Thus the violence of Eveline's father must at a minimum be related to the *implied* violence done to Dublin by the presence of Belfast financial capital and the British military invasion (to say nothing of the ills caused by the [End Page 442] Catholic bourgeoisie). The roots of any violence are complex, but on a symbolic level Eveline's relationship to her father appears to represent the internalization and reproduction of a patriarchal and militarized culture. Patriarchal thinking dominates the story: it freezes Eveline in the present and has driven her mother crazy in the past, yet, against heavy odds, Eveline *could* resist; she *could* take charge of her own life, even if only through the traditional escape-hatch of marriage, for her relationship to Frank promises at least to be "different" simply by being enacted away from Dublin. Whether their relationship had evolved along the lines either of Joyce and Nora or (more likely) of Captain and Mrs. Sinico, the simple fact of elopement with Frank would have been a gesture of resistance. It is immaterial whether (as some critics have debated) Frank's intentions are honorable or not: even if he were to dump her in Liverpool, Eveline could scarcely suffer a worse fate than cooperating in her own enslavement in Dublin as her mother had. Instead Eveline chooses to join that line of Joycean female figures (it includes Eveline's mother, the milkwoman in "Telemachus," the personified harp in "Two Gallants") who have, symbolically, either been deprived of language or else produce only an aborted language.

Eveline's cooperation in her own enslavement is precisely illustrated in the hand-over of "her entire wages" (D 38) to the father, who then has the gall to call it *his*: "he wasn't going to give her *his* hard-earned money to throw about the streets" (D 38, my italics). Like the "slavey" in "Two Gallants," an oppressed character is shown paying for the privilege of her own oppression. Moreover, even her dream of escape is

mocked in the long central paragraph describing Frank and their visit to the theatre. As Eveline contemplates exploring "another life with Frank" (D 38), the tone of the language changes; yet even as the language appears to open up, to offer possibilities beyond paralysis, it is noticeable, crucially, that this language is not hers. The description of Frank (he was "very kind, manly, open-hearted"; "his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze") is "hers" only as filtered through a Gerty MacDowell-like, cheap-romance perception of reality. Frank's story may be false, but that is beside the point: the point is, she actively helps to construct the story ("tumbled," "bronze"). Perhaps he feeds her a line (falling on his feet in Buenos Aires), but she is shown re-presenting that line. Who can blame her? She has no obvious line of resistance, other than collapse into the past. Eveline has even been betrayed by her mother, who had extracted from her the promise "to keep the home together as long as she could" (D 40).

Thus "Eveline" seems to interweave the political and the personal, to question the individual's role in history. She is unable to act in the present *because* the nightmare of history lies on her brain. She cannot construct her own history—it is taken away from her in the crowd—she is **[End Page 443]** not even allowed to speak, to form the beginnings of an individuality that will help her to break away from this paralysis. No matter where she turns, she is denied any emergence into consciousness and thus into a healthy individuality (the Stephen of *A Portrait* will face the same problem): from the mother's "betrayal" she flies, in fantasy, to the arms of Frank (he would "fold her in his arms" [D 40]). At the moment of "escape," which is also a moment of coming to consciousness, she is forced to take refuge in the false consciousness of romance. Not surprisingly, in a story that so insistently denies individuality and the coming to consciousness, the ending emphasizes her dehumanized state—she is "like a helpless animal" (D 41).

Another story that foregrounds linguistic ownership is "A Mother," sandwiched and often unregarded between the two other so-called "public" stories, "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" and "Grace." All three stories, in turn, reduce Irish politics, culture, and religion to a shambles and a farce, suggesting, in their composite picture, that this is the Ireland that would emerge if the Irish were left to organize their own lives. But in "Ivy Day" the Dubliners must still define their lives *in response to* the fact of the British connection (whether it be through the life of Parnell or a possible visit by Edward VII), whereas in "Grace" the power of the church, notwithstanding the devastating satire directed at its communicants, is never in doubt. In "A Mother," however, although the very existence of an Irish Revival event strongly bespeaks a lost culture (and therefore a British presence), the ideological power of church and state is muted. This ought to suggest that the Irish "problem" will not be solved simply by eradicating church power and overthrowing British imperialism: if, as the story suggests, these forces are superseded by the question of "ownership" as such, then the possibility opens up that the paralysis of contradiction can only be overcome by a fundamental economic reorganization of society.

"Two Gallants," "The Boarding House," and "A Mother" all demonstrate the process of commodification of people and relationships so well that extended comment is hardly necessary. Interestingly, however, the instruments of this process are women, and, in two cases, mothers: Mrs. Mooney regards marriage as "reparation" or payment for Bob Doran's "consumption" of her daughter; and Mrs. Kearney's obsession with

the contract to pay her daughter converts Kathleen into a "service" (and thus a form of commodity). Even the girl in "Two Gallants" allows herself to be commodified by Corley and thus helps to reproduce the whole process.³ Joyce frequently indicates in his texts the complicity of females [End Page 444] (like Mrs. Mooney and Mrs. Kearney) in reproducing in personal life the forms of what is commonly and correctly described as "male" oppression operative in that culture. The more pressing question in "A Mother," however, is linguistic ownership, complicated, in this instance, by its *appearing* to be posed as a male/female confrontation.

Mrs. Kearney pays due respect to male authority in "A Mother," but no one should be deceived by her cliché about not being treated "like that if she had been a man" (D 148)—(at least one Dublin woman, Mrs. Mooney, certainly knows how to enforce a "contract"). On the contrary, she is simply out of her depth in the male world of organizing and exercising power. The principal contrast in the story is between her use of language, direct and unequivocal (although not necessarily "female"), and the evasive (although not necessarily "male") language of the men. Thus "A Mother" is neither a male/female confrontation, nor does it impose one kind of discourse upon another. Rather, there are two conflicting approaches to ownership of the language that "works" within this particular social subgroup. The winner in this contest is Mr. O'Madden Burke, whom we hear speak directly only twice, but both times authoritatively. Clearly O'Madden Burke is important, because not only does the story fade out on his second and last utterance (or, more precisely, on his *umbrella*, which supports his "imposing body" [D 145]), but the narrative strangely draws attention to itself at the moment of his introduction: "His magniloquent western name was the moral umbrella upon which he balanced the fine problem of his finances" (D 145). The metaphor here is as precariously balanced as O'Madden Burke himself. Just as significant is the sentence that immediately follows: "He was widely respected." Why is O'Madden Burke respected? Because he has control over the language that is "understood" in Dublin. Over the language that conceals, the art of fine rhetoric. He has nothing to offer the story other than this "reputation" for rhetoric, but it suffices to authenticate all his utterances.

Mrs. Kearney, on the other hand, who is herself so conscious of language and pronunciation, has not the slightest idea that her own "naked" use of language will automatically guarantee her rejection in the circles that matter. Her unconsciousness of her linguistic incompetence is close to the Citizen's in "Cyclops" (although in the latter the narrative is itself much more remorseless in its mock-heroic exposure of the hollow linguistic performance). Mrs. Kearney's is not a female discourse: on the contrary, its fetishizing of the contract and the money is utterly phallogentric, concerned to impose a single, fixed vision of reality upon those who already control, within their narrow social confines, the available "ways of seeing." Consequently, unlike Mrs. Sinico, there is nothing humanizing about this woman, for she "consumes" marriages (in the sense of [End Page 445] knowing the exact economic point at which to enter that state),⁴ and she regards her daughter as an object of consumption. The old marxist view of Joyce's Dublin as a city of mere consumption is confirmed in Mrs. Kearney, whose consumption of Turkish delight reproduces privately that displacement of energy (here sexual) that is the hallmark of the dominated in a colonial society.

Consumption leads to paralysis, economic and linguistic. The language does not progress: Mrs. Kearney is saturated with cliché. But in turn she is debunked by a cliché all the more telling in that it comes from a male and represents a fixed position: "I thought you were a lady" and "That's a nice lady! he said. O, she's a nice lady!" (D 149). In the game of cliché Mr. Holohan wins and is confirmed in the last paragraph ("You did the proper thing") by O'Madden Burke, the keeper here of the keys to the "correct" discourse within this particular social group. So, ironically, Mrs. Kearney loses because, linguistically, she tries to play the males at their own game. For Mrs. Kearney to become a linguistic "co-owner" with O'Madden Burke, she would have to learn not only to "fix" language (a problem she has mastered), but to know when to mold and fashion language for others to consume pleasurably (this would mean knowing that in Dublin musical circles not everyone asks for cash on the nail beforehand). No amount of social prestige based purely on economics can overcome this deficiency in linguistic expertise. Mrs. Kearney, O'Madden Burke, and company can be left to squabble over their narrow strip of territory. For us in our moment of history it may be well to return to that carefully constructed but very fragile sentence describing O'Madden Burke, the contradictory structure of which enacts Burke's own precarious financial position. "His magniloquent western name was the moral umbrella upon which he balanced the fine problem of his finances." This curious sentence, which interrupts our consumption of the narrative, is a reminder, I want to assert, that change has to be effected, in the first instance, on the terrain of language itself. So long as the likes of O'Madden Burke are "respected," the task of uncovering false consciousness will be delayed.

III

So—where are the signs of resistance to the general paralysis induced by a political economy "geared," as Florence Walzl puts it, "to English profit" (173) and a simoniacal church? "A Mother" indicates two preliminary answers: first, the "contract" fixing the meanings of certain [End Page 446] kinds of words, entered into even before speech is actually acquired, can be revoked, especially if the acquired "meaning" becomes the instrument of ideological repression; second, insofar as the revocation of this contract is a "feminizing" process (one that, in undermining ways of seeing fixed over centuries and reinforced through successive economic systems, is opposed to a "male" worldview), it ought to be possible to look to the female for leadership in the "revolution of the word." That Mrs. Kearney and most of the *Dubliners'* women fail utterly either to effect any change in their personal lives or even to perceive the necessity for change might suggest that here too one is faced with paralysis. I want to return to this question in a moment.

The first paragraph of *Dubliners*, with its three italicized words, announces typographically that a major concern of the volume will be language *as such*, its ability to mystify, but also to confer power and mastery upon its owner. The stories imply that the correct interpretation of certain "texts" is the key to social competence in Dublin, whether they be nonverbal texts, as Mrs. Kearney found, or written, as the boy in "The Sisters" realizes when only the writing on the card "persuaded" him that the priest was indeed dead (12). Had *Dubliners* ended, as Joyce originally intended, with "Grace," we would have been left with Father Purdon's ideological interpretation of the scriptural text, although of course the reader's final act would be to interpret his interpretation. Readers of *Ulysses* quickly come to accept (sophisticatedly or

resignedly as the case may be) that there is frequently a gap in that text between what is said and what is meant, although not everyone may agree with Jacques Derrida that indeterminacy and instability are qualities to celebrate. Many would probably by now agree, however, that this gap between utterance and meaning is one of the sources of the "realism" in *Ulysses*. Critics long approached *Dubliners* either as a realistic reflection of the city and its inhabitants or as fertile soil for the elaboration of symbolic patterns, and thus, especially in the latter case, managed to evade the text's historical determinants. But it is now possible to see that even in *Dubliners* characters struggle to impose meaning upon their experience, only to be defeated by the slipperiness of language and grammar—meaning always appears to be elsewhere. As Hugh Kenner observes, quoting the first sentence of *Dubliners* as proof: "Joyce published hardly a sentence that does not offer some word to be aware of (18). It is worth noting that when Joyce's characters are given dialogue (or even monologue) they generally speak grammatically, at least to the extent of making subject and predicate agree in simple sentences, so that when we hear, in "The Sisters," sentences like, "There's poor Nannie . . . she's wore out" (D 16) or "The duties of the priesthood was too much for him" (D 17), and malapropisms combined with grammatical errors (like "them with the rheumatic wheels" [D 17]), the text demonstrates not only the difficulty of "owning" language [End Page 447] but also the very instability of language. That incorrect grammar is not simply a linguistic problem is seen in "The Boarding House," where Bob Doran fleetingly considers Polly's "vulgar" grammar—"sometimes she said *I seen* and *If I had've known*" (D 66)—sufficient ground for extricating himself from the marriage yawning ahead of him. "But what [he rationalizes] would grammar matter if he really loved her?" (D 66). The answer is: a lot. A more labyrinthine answer to this question is *Ulysses* itself, but particularly the "Cyclops" episode where the question is addressed directly (and, appropriately, Bob Doran is on deck in this episode, although too drunk to hear the momentous answer to his question). Under pressure from anti-Semitism and cuckoldry, Bloom asserts himself with unaccustomed vigour:

—But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

—What? says Alf.

—Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred.

(U 12.1481-1485)

We all know what Bloom *means* (even when we reread the nonsense of "history" not being "life for men and women"), but the parody that follows ("Love loves to love love") farcically undermines the notion of love as political philosophy. Bob Doran and Bloom, in other words, stand reality on its head by making the social or public domain dependent upon the private. On the contrary, as Joyce's texts seem to argue consistently, grammar, itself a means of "owning" language, the most public of commodities, is important, its opposition of correct/incorrect a continual reminder of a terrain of struggle prior to all other struggles.

Dubliners, then, frequently shows characters who, when they are allowed to speak at all, have difficulty controlling, and are themselves controlled by, the language they speak. For example, the characters in "Grace" all experience difficulty in defining the Catholicism they nominally profess, but the vacuous Mr. M'Coy is particularly inept

in the business of producing the right words at the right time, as when Mr. Kernan complains:

There's something keeps coming into my throat, phlegm or—

—Mucus, said Mr M'Coy.

—It keeps coming like from down in my throat; sickening thing.

—Yes, yes, said Mr M'Coy, that's the thorax.

(D 158-159)

"Mucus" and "thorax": the words symbolize the incredible distance between language and lived experience. (M'Coy's linguistic poverty also emerges in farcical statements like: "It's better to have nothing to say to them. . . . That's my opinion!" [D 161].) The issue of control over language is seen very clearly in "Counterparts," where an accidental witticism forms the turning-point of the story's meager plot. Steeped in false **[End Page 448]** consciousness as he is, Farrington is unable to see that his witticism, far from being the triumph he celebrates so profligately, merely underscores his subjugation to a language he does not own. With the exception perhaps of Mr. Duffy in "A Painful Case," most of the characters are unaware of their entrapment in a language not their own. It is precisely this unawareness that makes the reader the most important character in *Dubliners*: each story seems to turn disdainfully away from its puny actors and address itself to the reader: what about you? The reader of *Dubliners*, as a consumer of the text, is involved in a process of entrapment, except that, more privileged, she is forced to interrupt that consumption by a "wandering rock" of narrative phrasing to be reminded that language is not always what it seems. It is at this point of interruption that Joyce's texts "speak" politically, for the reader who is forced to stop and consider the function and positioning (or quite simply the meaning) of a word or phrase is potentially also being forced away from the text and (ideally) to a consideration of the function of language in the latest historical moment. This involves more than responding creatively to the etymology of words;⁵ as Rossi-Landi demonstrates, a political reading involves asking not so much where words *come* from, as where they come from *today* ?

Each reader of *Dubliners* will have a list of favorite "interruptions." For me one of the most striking examples is the "moral umbrella" metaphor describing O'Madden Burke in "A Mother." That story contains another estranging sentence: "His conversation, which was serious, took place at intervals in his great brown beard" (D 137). Are the "intervals" in Mr. Kearney's conversation or in his beard? Is it time or space that is being interrupted? In "Clay" the narrator, in a particularly mocking paragraph (D 102-103), uses Maria's own presumed language to emphasize her willful evasion of reality. It occurs when the "gentleman" (the word appears five times in this paragraph) gives up his seat on the tram for Maria. This "colonel-looking gentleman" (D 103) is clearly drunk, but he is a "gentleman" only because Maria insists (like Gerty MacDowell with Bloom) on seeing him like that, as the epitome of petty bourgeois respectability. But the phrase in this paragraph that truly "interrupts" is the last: "she thought how easy it was to know a gentleman even when he has a drop taken" (D 103). *Know*? Whatever is meant by "know" here, Maria's general confusion arises from the ideological notion that a woman's life is complete, her definition established, only if there is a man in it. But the real force of this narrative interruption resides in the inversion of "a drop taken," a subtle reflection of the evasion of reality which the veiling clichés of "Clay" insist upon. "Taken a drop" **[End Page 449]** would be too straightforward, involving too painful a recognition of the truth, whereas "a drop

taken" poeticizes and mystifies the reality. Perhaps Maria should meet Eveline's father or Farrington after they have "a drop taken."

Other examples of these interruptions, Joyce's putative address to the reader, include the description in "Eveline" of Frank, with "his hair tumbled forwards over a face of bronze" (D 38-39), the "Derevaun Seraun!" (D 40) of the mother, and Frank's imagined "folding" of Eveline in his arms; or Mr. Duffy composing sentences about himself "containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense" (D 108). One might also want to examine the function of Hynes's poem in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" because its radical separation in tone from the rest of the story, and the pause it imposes upon the narrative, constitute a double interruption. One more example must suffice. It occurs in the middle of a paragraph in "Two Gallants" describing the slavey, who does Corley's bidding as well as her employers': "The ends of her tulle collarette had been carefully disordered and a big bunch of red flowers was pinned in her bosom, stems upwards" (D 55). Don Gifford properly considers this worthy of annotation: "**stems upwards** I.e., in a manner that shows want of sophistication; 'properly,' the stems should be down" (60). Yes, Gifford is right: pinned as they are, the flowers are "upside down." Everyone knows that. And yet . . . the inverted commas around "properly" show Gifford's own unease about such assertions. Who determines what is "proper" in dress or language or anything else? The point is, Joyce's text has forced one reader, Gifford, to make a value judgment and simultaneously (making Gifford an "ideal reader") to call that judgment into question, if only fleetingly (because he ends up after all reasserting the "normal" view of this sartorial matter). More important, the image of the upturned flowers can stand for the political effect of Joyce's texts: they stand on their head fixed ways of seeing.

The paragraph introducing the slavey (D 55) strongly emphasizes her commodity status (Joyce's realistic estimate of the position of many women in Dublin) and in so doing provides an early example of Joyce's ability to unveil the distortion of relations that can exist between people in a capitalist society. Unfortunately the slavey remains merely a commodity; she shows no sign of resisting the status accorded to her as woman, nor by and large (that brings me to the final topic of this essay) do *any* of Joyce's female characters in *Dubliners* (with three exceptions) show much resistance. If *Dubliners* is a "nicely polished lookingglass," it is in any case useless to seek, in a narrative purporting to reflect the intensity of Catholic domination, many examples of women who dispute the subordinate position assigned to them. And the exceptions (in "The Dead") simply prove the rule.

Why should this topic be raised at all (especially because *Dubliners* [End Page 450] seems to close off all avenues of resistance)? It should be raised because the role of the female in both reproducing and resisting male values is crucial to an understanding of our century; because, although males, like all other ruling classes, will not cede power without "persuasion," it becomes necessary to focus attention on the female as "liberator" from those male values that are repressive. Because the latter are nowhere more explicit than in the military, one might want, to narrow the focus, to ask: how have women accommodated themselves (or not) to militarism? The twentieth century is preeminently the century of war, in which, much photographed in distress, women emerge most often as victims, innocent bystanders mourning the loss of their loved ones, or else propaganda will emphasize their vital contribution as mothers and workers. Neither of these images-as victim or as vital contributor—

addresses the question of women's complicity (or not) in the fact of militarism. Two different images will illustrate what is at issue. In World War One women in the early stages of the war would sometimes distribute white feathers on London streets to young men not wearing military uniforms; in the 1980s the women of Greenham Common in England have chained themselves to the perimeter fence of an American Air Force base housing cruise missiles. The two images could not be more distinct, but they illustrate clearly to those who would confront (in this example) militarism, but, beyond that, all relations of domination and oppression, the two options available: complicity or resistance.

In *Dubliners* both females and males have accepted the British military presence, and the socioeconomic system it guarantees, as "natural," to the extent that the narrative describing their consciousness can employ certain military metaphors without any sense of the contradictions locked within them. In the male-dominated world of *Dubliners*, the main female characters reproduce male values without much struggle. However, their complicity may be either active or passive. Examples of the latter would be the aunt and the sisters in the first story, Mrs. Kernan in "Grace," and (the offstage) Mrs. Farrington in "Counterparts," all of whom tolerate the male world, letting it get on with its own business, and of course their tolerance is also a mode of survival. Active complicity may be seen in the slavey of "Two Gallants," in Mrs. Mooney of "The Boarding House" (although her daughter, despite her seduction of Bob Doran, is as yet a passive instrument), and in Mrs. Kearney of "A Mother." Eveline of course is the acme of passivity, but she has not yet acquired the "tolerance" of the male world of some of the older women (although her willingness to excuse her father's latent violence shows that tolerance is taking root). Maria in "Clay" complies both passively (she elevates to "gentleman" status any man who so much as notices her, thus silently confirming the power of the male world) and actively (the narrative insists on her ideological veiling of reality so as to render it "nice"). Of **[End Page 451]** all the female characters in the original collection of stories only Mrs. Sinico seems to resist the internalization of male values. The case of Mrs. Sinico is indeed painful, for her remarkable attempt, first, to flout convention by initiating a relation with Mr. Duffy, and, second, to "emotionalize" the male world represented by Duffy, leads to defeat and an early death. But hers is the only example in *Dubliners*, other than Gretta Conroy's, of something that one might conventionally call "love" pushing back the suffocating boundaries of the male world, not the vague love philosophy that Bloom blurts out in "Cyclops," but the love that allows the other person's individuality to be respected while at the same time nurturing a desire for blending and cooperation. It is possible to imagine another man than Mr. Duffy (say Gabriel Conroy) acknowledging that his life had been improved through contact with this woman, the closest perhaps that many men can come to an act of true intimacy with a woman. Significantly, the relationship fails at the precise moment Mrs. Sinico crossed a male-erected boundary, when, in sexual excitation or frustration, she seized Mr. Duffy's hand and "pressed it to her cheek" (111). This second attempt to flout sexual etiquette failed, but the fact that it occurred at all is utterly remarkable. That Joyce also found her "resistance" remarkable may be inferred from his "inconsequential" weaving of her name into the "Ithaca" chapter of *Ulysses* (U 17.947). However, in "A Painful Case" realism demands that such heroic gestures be quickly suppressed, and so the text goes to great length (taking page numbers alone as a yardstick) to reassert the male worldview, aptly symbolized by Nietzsche's Zarathustra. Only in "The Dead" does *Dubliners* offer any further signs of resistance by the female.

IV

Joyce's stated intention that he wished to "redress the balance" with "The Dead," to show that Dubliners have, in addition to the parade of vices in the first fourteen stories, a great gift for hospitality and generosity, guaranteed that "The Dead" would receive some critical attention. For what it is worth, I believe that there are enough symptoms of paralysis in "The Dead" (starting with the title) to warrant my siding with those critics who see no great thematic divergence here. But "The Dead" offers no fewer than three female characters (Lily, Miss Ivors, and Gretta) who push back the boundaries of the male world as it is represented by Gabriel. The first, Lily—her name opens the story—is carefully introduced to set up a contrast between the lives of those who own and those who do not. Slim and pale, and twice referred to as "the caretaker's daughter" in the first two pages, Lily is one of the latter, whereas the "stout" and "plump" (D 178) Gabriel clearly belongs to the owning class. The text underlines this by withholding his wife's name [End Page 452] for five pages, so that she appears at first only as "Gabriel's wife," thus establishing at least a grammatical equivalence with Lily. The bourgeois Gabriel complacently assumes that now Lily has left school she will soon graduate from being the caretaker's daughter to being someone's wife, a much more elevated state of ownership. The bitterness of the response with which she rejects the idea that she can be "defined" only through a man constitutes a major interruption to the narrative flow: "—The men that is now is only palaver and what they can get out of you" (D 178). It is easy to suppose that Lily has been let down by some man or that she cynically perceives the consubstantiality of love and lust in the young male mind. If it were simply the case that she had been "unlucky in love," her response would not be that remarkable. However, I believe her bitterness is directed not to Gabriel *as a man*, but as a representative of the bourgeoisie whose servant she is, to the point where she is "literally run off her feet" (D 175). The text is at some pains to establish her servant status and also to imply that Lily is insubordinate to her employers, the Misses Morkan ("But the only thing they would not stand was back answers" [D 176]; "There's that Lily, I'm sure I don't know what has come over her lately. She's not the girl she was at all" [D 181]). Unlike Eveline and the slavey of "Two Gallants," to whom she is related by class position, she does have "a voice," and she uses it very cogently to strip away the veils of mystification that normally conceal the power and control (of male over female) embedded in the word love. If she were not a character in fiction, she would be one of Joyce's ideal Dublin readers, able to look in the mirror and to describe precisely what is there. Why is Gabriel so "discomposed" (D 179) by her retort? It is because in his smug, secure world of ownership he is rarely confronted so directly and personally with the voice of that other world, a voice that reminds him chillingly how insecure his present prosperity may be. Lily's demystifying voice is important, too, not only because it discomposes Gabriel but also because its interruptive nature is startling enough to undermine the complacent exercise of spiritual power by Father Purdon in the *previous* story. The last sentence, indeed the whole of the last section, of "Grace" is, quite simply, "all palaver."

Gabriel's confrontation with the three females who discompose him reflects symmetrically, although coincidentally, what is for the marxist the correct order of priorities in analyzing the function of society and the individuals within it. With Lily, the general and ultimately determining question of economic ownership is broached; with Miss Ivors, the more superstructural questions of linguistic, political, and cultural

forms are raised; and with Gretta the contradictions inherent in these "public" questions are reproduced in the private or personal domain. Miss Ivors' calling Gabriel a "West Briton" (D 188) is a particularly wounding insult, more so than her taunt that he writes for the pro-British *Daily Express*. [End Page 453] "West Briton" places Gabriel in a deracinated no-man's-land: the phrase makes him "English" for the Irish person, whereas for an English person Gabriel would be unalterably Irish. No wonder Gabriel has a "look of perplexity" (D 188) on his face: he is forced by Miss Ivors to confront his responsibility as an Irishman, something that he has simply not theorized before. It is not necessary to sympathize with Miss Ivors' political views in order to concede that she highlights the vulnerability of an intellectual like Gabriel to questions like: what do you stand for, for whom do you write, who do you think you are? For the intellectual who is content to suppose that politics is divorced from literature, such questions are extremely discomposing. It is noteworthy that Joyce allows Gabriel to toy with the standard retort in these cases: "He wanted to say that literature was above politics" (D 188), but, with a glance at his own practice as a writer that ought to have been a warning to all future critics, Joyce denies Gabriel the use of such a "grandiose phrase" (D 188). Thus Miss Ivors performs the valuable function of challenging the status quo; only by making choices, she implies, can there be release from paralysis. An attractive person, who treats Gabriel generously despite their political differences, she demonstrates to all the other women in *Dubliners* that a first step toward liberation is to refuse to be absorbed into the male world. In "The Dead" absorption is resisted, at least symbolically, when Miss Ivors declines to stay for the meal. The sumptuous hospitality is kindly provided by the two elderly ladies and thus might be claimed as an example of a feminizing influence in *Dubliners*. However, the opening pages of "The Dead" reveal quite clearly that the Misses Morkan's world is not complete until Gabriel arrives,⁶ so that, once again, we see women reinforcing male values. Miss Ivors' leaving early was apparently unconnected with the political argument, but had she stayed she would have had to consent during the course of the evening to Gabriel's gradual reassertion of his composure. As it is, he is left to nurse his anger over his speechlessness, an anger that he immediately attempts to displace onto his wife, whom he publicly humiliates (D 191), and at the same time he evades the political issue by ridiculing Miss Ivors' appearance and (a low blow) questioning her gender: "Of course the girl or woman, or whatever she was . . ." (D 190). It is particularly galling for this man who thinks that he has his and others' existence more or less under control to be forced by a "mere" woman to confront what he most takes for granted. Thus Miss Ivors' mockery undermines the ideology that sustains Gabriel's intellectual life.

Just as Gabriel fails to see any connection between literature and politics, so he fails to see that there are connections between ownership in the economic sphere and the reproduction of ownership patterns within [End Page 454] must be, about directions. However, the three "de-ideologizing" women negotiate his lust into Gretta's consciousness, emphasize his sense of ownership and power over her:

He had felt proud and happy then, happy that she was his. . . .

(D 215)

He longed to be master of her strange mood.

(D 217)

He longed to . . . crush her body against his, to overmaster her.

(D 217)

Now that she had fallen to him so easily. . . .

Sentences like these are not exactly rare in the history of world literature. The view of woman expressed here is depressingly familiar, especially in its reassertion of a power in the private sphere that has had to be surrendered in the public. What makes these sentiments interesting in the case of "The Dead" is their basis in a patriarchal ideology that blandly takes for granted its totalizing power over all the available avenues of discourse. They come soon after Gabriel has made his after-dinner speech praising his aunts and their niece. This speech, vapid but perfectly proper for the occasion, is one of those items of discourse (like Joe Hynes' poem in "Ivy Day") that seems to need "interpreting." Why should a speech that says so little occupy so much narrative time? Because in its appeal to a unity of past, present, and future, of living and dead, it represents Gabriel's (temporarily successful) attempt to recuperate his ideological vision of an integrated world in which there are no contradictions, nothing to disturb the complacent exercise of power, a vision that has been threatened by the intrusions of both Lily and Miss Ivors. Alone in the hotel with Gretta he is still full of the power he has recuperated via the speech; hence the frankness with which the narrative expresses the will to dominate. For me the value of "The Dead" lies in this realistic presentation of the dialectical weaving of the public and the private and for its portrayal, through Gabriel's speech, a triumph of common sense, of the way a consciousness can resume its false perceptions after being "discomposed" by opposing ideas.

All three women refuse in different ways to be incorporated into the power structures standing opposed to them. Lily is fully conscious of her opposition to the kind of unequal economic relationship taken as "natural" by most of the other characters in the story, and thus her presence raises very clearly the whole question of "incorporation," the tendency in the bourgeois democracies to embrace and to neutralize oppositional elements. The opposition then has great "freedom" to complain, but, so long as the rules of debate (linguistic ownership again) are accepted as being set elsewhere, no revolutionary progress is possible. In the 1980s it is normal to hear expressed in the media and elsewhere the sentiment that people should be "grateful" they have jobs. It is equally normal to hear the "incorporated" version of this sentiment expressed by employed people: "Well, at least I'm lucky enough to have a job." Lily, as an individual **[End Page 455]** and as a member of her class, is a potent threat to Gabriel and the Misses Morkan because in her refusal to be won over, to be "grateful," she dimly sees that employment is a human right, not a privilege to be handed down by the bourgeoisie. The struggle to demythologize the notion that work is a privilege will continue into the next century.

Miss Ivors' early exit is *her* way of refusing incorporation. It takes a peculiar kind of courage and clear-sightedness to leave a party at the stage she does. Her decision prefigures that of Stephen Dedalus in *A Portrait*, for whom staying (in Ireland) would be the easier, more comfortable, but ultimately more deadening, option. Gretta, too, manages to hold herself apart, even though as "Gabriel's wife" she is enmeshed in the values he represents. But she has not reneged on her social origins in Galway; she remains faithful to, although not obsessed by, her past.

—He is dead, she said at length. He died when he was only seventeen. Isn't it a terrible thing to die so young as that?

—What was he? asked Gabriel, still ironically.

—He was in the gasworks, she said.

(D 219)

As she invokes the self-sacrificing spirit of Michael Furey, Gabriel remains "ironic" and class-conscious (the "what-was-he?" question will reappear very early in *A Portrait*). Gretta's unself-conscious reply is totally devoid of class-consciousness, almost to a fault. Gretta is, finally, the most important of these three female characters because, where Lily and Miss Ivors merely "discompose" Gabriel, she confronts him with the limitation of his power. For years she has withheld this "secret" from him; now he must realize how fragile is the "mastery" he has over her. Where Lily and Miss Ivors bring glimpses of a world other than Gabriel's without forcing him to cross any boundaries, Gretta brings that "other world" right to him. No wonder "a vague terror" (D 220) seizes him. To Gabriel's credit he is prepared finally to look at himself in the mirror (to which there are several references at this point in the story). "He saw himself as . . . the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror" (D 220). The moment is one when false consciousness gives way to a potentially revolutionary insight, when the masks of ideology are lowered. In resisting Gabriel's attempts to incorporate them, all three women have in effect demonstrated with their own lives that it is better to "pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age" (D 223). Perhaps Gabriel does die away to his old self, thus allowing the chronic optimists to have their day at the end of *Dubliners*. But to focus on Gabriel the individual is to stand reality on its head: Dublin cannot be released from its paralysis by one man's insight. The private vision has to be translated into public action. The conclusion of "The Dead" does seem to assert the possibility of change, a "fading out" (D 223) of old identities, but is vague, as it realistically [End Page 456] must be, about directions. However, the three "de-ideologising" women indicate what are the necessary preliminaries for change: they include the ability to penetrate through the haze of veiling rhetoric to the actual state of relations between women and men, between Ireland and England, and between those who own and those who do not. In addition to insight, their examples demonstrate that resistance to oppression is no passive thing but requires "passion" and militancy. In resisting Gabriel, the three women do not actually defeat *him*, as a male or as a person, for this would indeed be a pyrrhic victory. But together they defeat a paralyzed way of seeing. Because new ways of seeing today become the conventional wisdom of tomorrow, Joyce's art would never cease to wage this particular battle.

Trevor L. Williams

Trevor L. Williams, Associate Professor of English at the University of Victoria, has published a book on Caradoc Evans and articles on Anglo-Welsh literature. He is writing a book on Joyce and ideology and editing a collection of essays on Marxist approaches to Joyce.

Footnotes

[1.](#) For discussion of "Derevaun Seraun," see W. J. McCormack, *Ascendancy* (259-260); and for a fine discussion of "Eveline" as a whole, see his essay in *James Joyce and Modern Literature*.

[2.](#) Terence Brown offers a long list of military metaphors from *Dubliners* but does not mention the "invade" of "Eveline" (15-16).

[3.](#) Note also how Corley's "consumption" of the female is emphasized as he talks about a former conquest: "Corley ran his tongue swiftly along his upper lip" (D 50), and "He moistened his upper lip by running his tongue along it" (D 53).

4. The text says: "when she drew near the limit," she chose to marry Mr. Kearney (D 137). This suggests to me that she calculated exactly how long she could delay her choice before being permanently excluded from the marriage market.
5. Fritz Senn does this particularly well. See his *Joyce's Dislocutions*. Robert Scholes refers to the "conscience-creating labor" that the reader of *Dubliners* must expend (99).
6. Marilyn French makes a similar point in "Missing Pieces" (466).

Works Cited

- Brown, Terence. "The Dublin of *Dubliners*." *James Joyce: An International Perspective*. Ed. Suheil Bushrui and Bernard Benstock. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe, 1982. 11-18.
- French, Marilyn. "Missing Pieces in Joyce's *Dubliners*." *Journal of Modern Literature* 24 (1978): 443-472.
- Gifford, Don. *Joyce Annotated: Notes for "Dubliners" and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"*. Berkeley: U of California P, 1982.
- Kenner, Hugh. "Notes toward an Anatomy of 'Modernism.'" *A Starchamber Quiry*. Ed. E. L. Epstein. London: Methuen, 1982. 3-42.
- Lukács, Georg. *History and Class Consciousness*. 1923. London: Merlin, 1971.
- McCormack, W. J. *Ascendancy and Tradition in Anglo-Irish Literary History from 1789 to 1939*. Oxford: Clarendon, 1985.
- . "Nightmares of History." *James Joyce and Modern Literature*. Ed. W. J. McCormack and Alistair Stead. London: Routledge, 1982. 77-107.
- Rossi-Landi, Ferruccio. *Linguistics and Economics*. The Hague: Mouton, 1977.
- Scholes, Robert. "Counterparts." *James Joyce's "Dubliners": Critical Essays*. Ed. Clive Hart. London: Faber, 1969. 93-99.
- Senn, Fritz. *Joyce's Dislocutions: Essays on Reading as Translation*. Ed. John Paul Riquelme. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1984.
- Walzl, Florence L. "Dubliners." *A Companion to Joyce Studies*. Ed. Zack Bowen and James F. Carens. Westport: Greenwood, 1984. 157-228 [End Page 457] .
- Copyright © 1989 Purdue Research Foundation