

**“Celtic twilight” or “Cultic twalette”?
Joyce’s Opposition to Yeats****Dr. Fedya Daas***

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Abstract:

This article looks at some direct references to Yeats made by James Joyce in the form of direct encounters, parodies and intertextual practices. These references reveal deep fissures and discontinuities between two great Irish writers in terms of artistic preferences, political orientations and national aspirations. First the article examines the extent to which the Irish lore and mythology are included in or excluded from the writers’ models of nationalism. Then, Joyce’s insistence on Dublin as the center of paralysis is counteracted by a revivalist strategy of subverting the Celticists’ stereotypes. Finally, the writers’ engagement in and disengagement from The Irish Revival and the Abbey theatre, their endorsement or thwarting of the myths of Cathleen Ni Houlihan as representative of Ireland and their trust or mistrust in the Irish peasant as the savior of Ireland are registered. The article ends up by affirming the radical disparity between the imaginative nationalism of Young Yeats and a Joycean nationalism that refutes all the tenets of the Celtic Twilight considering it a “cultic twalette”.

Key words: mythology, Irish theatre, failure, the Irish peasant, Cathleen Ni Houlihan

I-Introduction:

Constructing an Irish identity and imagining an Irish community took diverse paths during the 20th century with writers attempting to capture a pure Irish identity drawing upon the revival of Gaelic games, sports, language and legends forming the Celtic twilight movement named also the Irish Revivalism. Chief among them the poet and the playwright W.B Yeats. Others, most famously James Joyce, object to such mythologizing of the past and celebrate the hybridity of the national experience. Yeats’s and Joyce’s antithetical artistic and political orientations are chronicled comprehensively in the famous anecdote Richard Ellmann reports on Yeats’s account of his encounter with Joyce:

I went out into the street and there a young man came up to me and introduced himself. ... he began to explain all his objections to everything I had ever done. Why had I concerned myself with politics, with folklore, with the historical setting of events, and so on? Above all why had I written about ideas, why had I condescended to make generalizations? These things were all the sign of the cooling of the iron, of the fading out of inspiration...I had been doing some little plays for our Irish theatre...He objected to these particularly and told me

that I was deteriorating ..., as he was going out, he said, I am twenty. How old are you?' I told him, He said with a sigh, ' I thought as much. I have met you too late. You are too old.' (*James Joyce* 102-3)¹

Yeats being only thirty-seven at the time, Joyce's description "too old" refers ironically to a web of references that relates to the artistic and political practices of Yeats more than to his age. However, the prejudice "too late" that affirms the impossibility and the hopelessness of future changes in Yeats was proved wrong as Yeats's late literature witnessed a revolutionary stance that grouped him with Joyce under the same label of modernist writers. The focus of this article, however, is to look at the opposition between Joyce's nationalism and the 37-Year's nationalism or what is famously called the imaginative nationalism of Young Yeats through direct encounters, parodies and intertextual references.

II-Body:

Yeats shows an early embrace of Irish myths and legends which moves beyond pure fascination with tradition and aims at achieving a romantic notion of integrity despite diverse political, religious and social affiliations. A pagan lore, untouched by the hands of Christianity is Yeats's solution to construct a unified Ireland. Mysticism and mythology shape Yeats's revolutionary dreams and articulate his romantic or imaginative nationalism. Yoking his rewriting of Gaelic myths to his national aspirations represents his artistic creativity and craft that depart from the naïve and purposeless retelling of old stories. Joyce, nonetheless, views that as "the fading out of inspiration". Added to that, Joyce believes that Yeats has espoused a damaging kind of nationalism with tendencies towards mystifications and that the mythical function of history, i.e the use of myths as a moulding force of Irishness is nothing but a way to conceal and disguise the reality of the present. Far from believing in the revival of an old Irish culture, obliterated by the Irish famine as well as the British destruction to construct a mythic pure identity, Joyce understands that identity is seldom straightforward and frozen in a distant past, it is a matter of exchange and constant change. Joyce asserts that "it is a sinful foolishness to sigh back for the good old times, to feed the hunger of us with the cold stones they afford. Life we must accept as we see it before our eyes, men and women as we meet them in the real world, not as we apprehend them in the world of faery" ("Drama and Life" OCPW 28)²

This acceptance of life is not as simple as it looks, it is still an invention of Ireland and of the Irish self. Joyce objects to Yeats's restorative nostalgia that "stresses nostos (home) and attempts a transhistorical reconstruction of the lost home" (Boym 13)³ and which "ends up reconstructing emblems and rituals of home and homeland in an attempt to conquer and spatialize time" (Boym 15). It is "reflective nostalgia" that Joyce opts for, a nostalgia that "cherishes fragments of memory and temporalizes space" (Boym 15). While Joyce looks at the future, Yeats digs up the past for serviceable narratives. First and foremost, references to mythological figures such as king Fergus, Conchubar, Diarmuid, Oisín and others create the cultural difference between Irish and British. Yeats strives through recourse to folklore and

¹ Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (USA: Oxford University Press, 1982).

² James Joyce, "Drama and Life", *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry (New York: Oxford University Press, 2000).

³ Svetlana Boym, "Nostalgia and its Discontents", adapted essay from Svetlana Boym's book *The Future of Nostalgia* (New York: Basic, 2001)

heritage to cultivate a unique artistic tradition that belongs only to Ireland thus formulating a text committed to cultural resistance. Furthermore, drawing upon native mythology allows him to escape a confusing, heart-breaking and above all the dividing politics of the time; hence providing a solid basis for his long-sought unity of culture.

Keen on relating Yeats to all what is gone and dead, Stephen Joyce's protagonist of the first three episodes of *Ulysses*, sang "Who Goes with Fergus" Yeats's poem on his mother's death bed. Unaware of this fact, Buck Mulligan Stephen's towermate sings: And no more turn aside and brood/ Upon love's bitter mystery / For Fergus rules the brazen cars (*Ulysses* 9). Stephen broods: "Fergus 'song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery" (*Ulysses* 9). Interestingly, the intertextual reference to Yeats's song functions on various levels. First the craving of the mother to be prayed for is subverted by singing. Stephen and by extension Joyce refuses to serve. His "non serviam" (Joyce, *Portrait* 90)⁴ of the Catholic church and religion in general is decisive. Singing also in such painful circumstances is a celebration of the passion of life which opposes the coldness of death. That the song is a Yeatsian one including mythology in a scene of dying is an allusion to the futility as well as the impending end of the Irish revivalism for which Yeats is a great exponent. The Irish Literary Revival:

— also known as the 'Irish Literary Renaissance' or 'The Celtic Twilight' — describes a movement of increased literary and intellectual engagement in Ireland starting in the 1890s and occurring into the early twentieth century. As a literary movement, the Irish Literary Revival was deeply engaged in a renewed interest in Ireland's Gaelic heritage as well as the growth of Irish nationalism during the nineteenth century. Indeed, the Irish Literary Revival was only a part — though a significant one — of a more general national movement called the 'Gaelic Revival', which engaged in Irish heritage on the intellectual, athletic, linguistic, and political levels. (*Routledge Encyclopedia of Modernism*)⁵

For Joyce, the old lore is irretrievably lost and there is no hope for resurrection. And to be an exponent of Irish Revivalism is to be a victim of it. Therefore, the Celtic Twilight of Yeats is a "*cultic twalette*" (Joyce, FW 344)⁶ for James Joyce; a parody that acknowledges that to be a revivalist is not at all the same thing as to be Irish or nationalist.

Yeats, however, believes in the revival movement and celebrates its symbols, leaders and convictions. Insisting on marrying fairies and Druids to nationalism, Yeats boasts in "To Ireland in the Coming Times":

Know, that I would accounted be
True brother of a company
That sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong
Ballad and story, rann and song ...

⁴ James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (GB: Wordsworth Classics, 1992).

⁵ Jane, Hu, "Irish Literary Revival" *Routledge Encyclopedia of Modernism*, Published 02/05/2017 Article DOI 10.4324/9781135000356-REM1480-1

⁶ James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (USA: Penguin Books, 1976).

Nor may I less be counted one
 With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
 Because, to him who ponders well,
 My rhymes more than their rhyming tell
 Of things discovered in the deep,
 Where only body's laid asleep ...
 Ah, fairies, dancing under the moon,
 A Druid land, a Druid tune!
 While still I may, I write for you
 The love I lived, the dream I knew. (*Poems* 70)

The poem denounces the claim that Yeats's symbolism and romanticism are far away from being political; instead politics is the outcome of arts and arts are the stirring drive to political actions not a mere response to them. In a guilty tone in his "Man and the Echo", he wonders: "Did that play of mine send out/ Certain men the English shot?" (*Poems* 392). The poem equates the artist with the patriot and the politician. His reference to some of the greatest Irish poets who write on Irish mythological themes and form part of "Young Ireland" movement calling for a distinctive Irish national literature is a reminder of his own position in the Irish artistic and political scene. The cultural revival in Ireland particularly theorized for and in many ways traced the trajectory of the political revolution.

Joyce's refusal to take part in a romantic tradition to which Yeats is keen on belonging is directly stated in his parody of "To Ireland in the Coming Times":

But I must not accounted be
 One of that mumming company-
 With him who hies him to appease
 His giddy dames' frivolities
 While they console him when he whinges
 With gold-embroidered Celtic fringes —⁷,

Joyce ironizes Celticism and its "dreamy dreams" in "The Holy Office" excluding himself from such a movement that is according to him synonymous with timidity, mythological revivals and romanticism. The "gold-embroidered Celtic fringes" refers to the Irish lore as Yeats himself explains in a later poem "A Coat": "I made my song a coat/ Covered with embroideries/Out of old mythologies/From heel to throat" (*Poems* 178).

Marjorie Howes adds that[t]he poem characterizes the Celtic movement as a group of feminine prudes,

"sister mummers one and all" and "maiden[s], shy and nervous." Joyce invoked sisterhood to indicate a form of collectivity that parodied true nationalist

⁷ James Joyce, "The Holy Office", Web, 16 Oct. 2017, Blueridgejournal.com.

community, and equated nationalist vigor with virility. Joyce was not the only contemporary critic to accuse Yeats, and Celticism in general, of two related failings which were in fact equivalent in most contemporary political discourses: effeminacy and the lack of a genuine national and cultural identity. (*Yeats's Nations* 30-1)⁸

Joyce blatantly equates the Irish history and culture with failure. His *Dubliners* famously reports the failure of the Irish subjects and his depiction of Dublin as “the centre of paralysis” is more famous than his collection of stories itself.

Yeats, on the other hand, embarks on a nationalistic project that debunks and subverts the stereotypical myths woven by the British and famous Celticists chief among them Matthew Arnold. Part of Yeats's early decolonizing project becomes the reversal of imperial misrepresentation. Such a technique is elucidated by Declan Kiberd in his book *Inventing Ireland: the Literature of the Modern Nation* as follows: “The modern English, seeing themselves as secular, progressive and rational, had deemed the neighbouring islanders to be superstitious, backward and irrational. The strategy of the revivalists thus became clear: for bad words substitute good, for superstitious use religious, for backward say traditional, for irrational suggest emotional” (32).⁹

Therefore, tethered to the Yeatsian project of cultural nationalism is the idealization of the rural space and the Irish peasant which carries cartographic impulses. Since the colonial space is usurped and re-charted in an imperialist fashion, Yeats finds it necessary to seek out an alternative place that is undistorted, unspoiled in Ireland. The Irish countryside becomes synonymous with spirituality, innocence and inspiration in his poetics of space. The rural space maps and is mapped by Yeats's imagination of a utopian ideal. Sligo and the west Irish landscape where Yeats spent most of his childhood summers serve as the background to Yeats's poetry and rurality takes on magically ideal meanings and implications in his literature.

Joyce wonders about the logic of making rural Ireland with its flat simplicity and backwardness the representative of Irish culture. His creativity, exiled from rurality that limits Ireland's access to progress and modernity, takes up its lodging inside the city. Joyce's fiction is rooted in the complexities of Dublin yielding with every new artistic creation non-traditional definitions of the city. Ireland's hope of survival becomes proportional to its adherence to urbanity. Joyce's Dublin, although abundantly portrayed in his fiction, is not his utopian place and is the object of his constant criticism and the locus of his fatal pessimism. To fit in a utopian paradigm, Dublin has to be like London or Paris. Joyce affirms: “One thing alone seems clear to me. It is high time Ireland finished once and for all with failures. If it is truly capable of resurgence, then let it do so or else let it cover its head and decently descend into the grave forever” (“Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages” OCPW 125)¹⁰.

⁸ Marjorie Howes, *Yeats's Nations: Gender, Class, and Irishness* (UK, Cambridge University Press, 1996).

⁹ Declan, Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland: The Literature of the Modern Nation*. London: Vintage Books, 1996.

To the idealized pastoral space, the figure of the peasant is intimately linked. The peasant is depicted by Yeats in a saint-like fashion conjuring up an imaginable being, a new race not only capable of agency but also already free and radically different from the Englishman. The colonizer's urban and industrialized civilization is transformed into an English utilitarian materialism against which any expression of authentic Irishness must necessarily struggle. The Irish peasant thanks to his affinity with nature, his interest in spiritual matters rather than material worries and his wide repertoire of folktales and native legends is entitled to be the ideal and the idealized savior of the Irish race. Such an aestheticization of the peasant that counters the imperialist caricaturing of the Irish character is mocked by Joyce in *Stephen Hero*. Stephen argues with Madden on the peasant as a symbol of "romantic-pastoral authenticity" (251)¹¹ to use Vincent J. Cheng's words:

—But you despise him_ he's not clever enough for you.

—Now, you know, Madden, that's nonsense. To begin with he's cute as a fox—try to pass a false coin on him and you'll see. But his cleverness is all of a low order. I really don't think that the Irish peasant represents a very admirable type of culture.

—That's you all out! Of course you sneer at him because he's not up-to-date and lives a simple life.

—Yes, a life of dull routine — the calculation of coppers, the weekly debauch and the weekly piety — a life lived in cunning and fear between the shadows of the parish chapel and the asylum (59).¹²

The opposition between Yeats's and Joyce's national models and national identities is indisputably conspicuous. They represent two polar opposites. Watson explains the difference between Joyce and Yeats: "Yeats ... was free of the native's disabling and self-lacerating sense of Irish cultural inferiority which possessed the young Joyce"; and concludes: "Hence the literary movement which he and his own work did so much to inspire could celebrate, without embarrassment or a sense of incongruity, an Anglo-Irish version of the heroic past, and of the 'spirituality' of the Irish peasantry". He finally affirms: "Joyce could never have been a member of the Yeatsian school" (158)¹³.

Equally impossible is Joyce's silence on the nationalistic project of Yeats and other Irish revivalists like Synge, A.E. and Lady Gregory. His scathing attacks in *Ulysses* and particularly in "Scylla and Charybdis" first allude ironically to Yeats's mysticism: "Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shinning seven W.B. calls them" (U 165),¹⁴ Cathleen Ni Houlihan, the traditional symbol of Ireland, is "Gaptoothed", "her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house" are "Folly. Persist" (U 165), "Oisín with Patrick" is "in words of words for words, palabras" (U 169), and from the Abbey Theatre, which by then was only a

¹⁰ James Joyce, "Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages", Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing, ed. Kevin Barry (New York: Oxford University Press, 2000).

¹¹ Vincent J. Cheng, "Authenticity and Identity: Catching the Irish Spirit", *Semicolonial Joyce* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000).

¹² James Joyce, *Stephen Hero* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1956).

¹³ G.J. Watson, *Irish Identity and the Literary Revival*. USA: Harper&Row Publishers, 1979.

¹⁴ James Joyce, *Ulysses* (GB: Wordsworth Classics, 2010).

project, Buck Mulligan “smell[s] the public sweat of monks” (194).¹⁵ Kathleen, Yeats’s “Oisín and Patrick”, the Abbey Theatre and the binary opposition between the Irish and the English stranger which delineate the contours of cultural nationalism of the Revivalism are obsolete and outdated because they do not acknowledge that the turn-of-the-century nationalism must represent a culture in transformation.

The Abbey theatre was later on named The Irish Literary Theatre. Yeats and his fellow co-founders Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn intended to create an Irish theatre staging Irish themes by Irish actors. Yeats’s first contribution is *Countess Cathleen*, however his ardent nationalistic play *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* co-produced by Lady Gregory in 1902 became very popular and incited nationalistic convictions and actions. *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* describes an old woman of that name wandering from one place to another asking for help because her “four beautiful green fields” were taken away from her by “strangers” (Yeats, *Plays* 23).¹⁶ She is welcomed in the house of the Gillanes who are preparing themselves for the marriage of their son Michael to the beautiful and rich Delia Cahel. The old woman praises the men who loved her and died for her sake as well as promises immortality to those who are yet-to-die. Upon her departure, Michael as if spell-bound, follows the old woman forgetting about his marriage and the dreams of his family. The old woman turns into a young girl with a walk of a queen.

The play is highly symbolic. Cathleen Ni Houlihan¹⁷ is the symbol of Ireland. The “four beautiful green fields” refer to the four provinces of Ireland and the “strangers” are obviously the colonizers. The men who will die for the sake of Cathleen are therefore the martyrs meant to free the island. Only through the death of the youth aestheticized as martyrdom can Ireland become independent and free. In *Ulysses*, nostalgically, the Citizen who is the prototype of the “narrow-gauge nationalism” (Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland* 350) accuses “the saxon[s]” of being “robbers” (Joyce, U 292) and “strangers in our house” (Joyce, U 292). By quoting Yeats, Joyce mocks the nativism espoused by the Irish cultural revivalists. While the phrase “strangers in the house” (Yeats, *Plays* 23) is pronounced verbatim by Cathleen Ni Houlihan, the idea of robbing is understood in her complaints: “My land ... was taken from me”, “my four beautiful fields” (Yeats, *Plays* 23) and in her ambitions of “putting the strangers out of [her] house” (Yeats, *Plays* 25).

¹⁵ Joyce wrote “**pubic** sweat” – which is only in the Gabler Edition.

¹⁶ W. B. Yeats. *Selected Plays* (England: Penguin Books, 1997).

¹⁷ Kathleen Ni Houlihan (Caitlín Ní Uallacháin, literally, “Kathleen, daughter of Houlihan”) is a mythical symbol and emblem of Irish nationalism found in literature and art, sometimes representing Ireland as a personified woman. The figure of Kathleen Ni Houlihan has also been invoked in nationalist Irish politics. Kathleen Ni Houlihan is sometimes spelled as Cathleen Ni Houlihan, and the figure is also sometimes referred to as the Sean-Bhean Bhocht, the Poor Old Woman, and similar appellations. Kathleen Ni Houlihan is generally depicted as an old woman who needs the help of young Irish men willing to fight and die to free Ireland from colonial rule, usually resulting in the young men becoming martyrs for this cause. In the days before the Anglo-Irish War, the “colonial” power was the United Kingdom. After the Anglo-Irish War, Kathleen Ni Houlihan was a figure more associated with the Irish Republican Army in Northern Ireland, especially during the Troubles. “Kathleen Ni Houlihan, Ireland Personified and Irish Nationalism”, *History of Ireland*, 7 May 2016, stairnaheireann.net/2016/05/07/kathleen-ni-houlihan-ireland-personified-and-irish-nationalism/. Web 02 May 2018.

The Irish theatre is again attacked by Joyce in his *Ulysses* through Buck Mulligan addressing Stephen: “O, the chinless chinaman! Chin Chon Eg lin Ton. We went over to their playbox, Haines and I the plumbers’ hall. Our players are creating a new art for Europe like the Greeks or M. Maeter linck. Abbey theatre! I smell the public sweat of monks” (Joyce, U 194).¹⁸ The reference to the Abbey Theatre as “the plumbers’ Hall” recalling the original name of the location that is the “Mechanics theatre” is a persistent challenge to those who believe that nursing regressive hopes of recovering the past can redeem Ireland. This theatre can only be mechanical and irresponsive to the modern mutations of the Irish and it is thus doomed to fail. Willard Potts detects the satire directed at the theatre in the shift in pronouns from “their playbox” to “our players”. He explains: “This could allude to the division between the Protestant directors of the theatre and the Catholic players, or the “their” could point to widespread questions about how Irish the Irish National Theatre actually was especially since it depended on the financial support of the English woman Annie Horniman” (167).¹⁹

Joyce seems to ask how worthy the plays staged on the Abbey theatre actually are especially that their reputation depends on the Irish revivalists’ overpraise of each other’s works. He inserts Yeats’s exaggerated depiction of *Cuchulain of Muirtheme* of Lady Gregory as “the most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time. One thinks of Homer” (Joyce, U 195)²⁰ making Mulligan comically comment on Stephen: “O you inquisitional drunken jew jesuit! She gets you a job on the paper and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus. Couldn’t you do the Yeats touch?” (Joyce, U 194). Joyce derides the business matters that make of Yeats the ever obedient hypocrite and of Lady Gregory the ever obeyed through hypocrisy. In fact, “Yeats had written those words in *his* review of the Cuchulain book and had been rewarded for his fidelity with a remittance through the post and, latter custard and hot-water bottles at Coole” (Kiberd, VH159).²¹ Unable to do the Yeats’s touch although he received financial help from Lady Gregory, Joyce’s “review of Lady Gregory’s work was anything but flattering — he denounced her stories as setting forth the folk mind ‘in the fullness of its senility’, and compounded the offence by publishing the review in the *Dublin Daily Express*” (Kiberd, VH 158). Potts also adds that: “the allusion to Homer, which Yeats did not make, only slightly exaggerates his praise of work that contributed to the Revival, as when he compared *Riders to the Sea* with Greek tragedy” (168).

Above all, Joyce’s view of Ireland’s call for martyrdom is belatedly expressed by Patrick J. Keane who relates the image of Cathleen Ni Houlihan, that is Ireland herself to “Dark and Terrible Mother” (16), to “the devouring womb of the grave, of the hungry earth-mother who consumes her own children and exacts their blood” (16), to “a vampire, a blood-drinking goddess of death and of war who perpetually demands total sacrifice of her warrior sons and lovers” (17) and to “a femme fatale” (21) linking it to the myth of the devouring

¹⁸ James Joyce, *Ulysses* (GB: Wordsworth Classics, 2010).

¹⁹ Willard Potts, *Joyce and The Two Irelands* (USA: University of Texas Press, 2000).

²⁰ The statement is also a meta-comment on *Ulysses* which is itself modelled on Homer’s *Odyssey*.

²¹ Declan Kiberd, “The Vulgarly of Heroics”, *James Joyce: An International Perspective*, ed. Suheil Badi Bushrui and Bernard Benstock (Totowa, New Jersey: Barnes and Noble Books, 1982).

female/mother that is Celtic par excellence.²² It is the mythologizing of the past that Joyce sets to decode, describing Ireland as “the old sow that eats her farrow” (Joyce, *Portrait* 157).

His belittling depiction of the old woman supposedly the symbol of Ireland in the opening pages of *Ulysses* is an acknowledgement of the futility of sacrifice and the fiction of the romance of the nation:

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dew-silky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour. (*Ulysses* 13)

Such a servile and despicable figure can never carry Ireland’s hopes of salvation. Even “a miracle” (*Ulysses* 14) the word uttered by Mulligan when he paid her meagerly cannot transform this old hag into a queenly one. Molly instead a beautiful and sexually free woman is Joyce’s female character in *Ulysses*; not an ideal image of the Irish self but a realistic and urban character that accepts the female body and relates to the modern times not to the fictive world of the fairies. Joyce’s representative Irish figure cannot be fully traced because “[f]or an audience in the made world, he wished to evoke a world still in the making” (Kiberd, *Inventing Ireland* 328).

III-Conclusion:

Therefore, while Yeats labours to bring the world of fairies and myths to modern Ireland, Joyce reasserts the importance of the quotidian. While Yeats works within a romantic tradition that would theorize for cultural integrity, Joyce fiercely subverts the mythic romance of the nation foregrounding disintegration and individuality. While Yeats idealizes the rural life, Joyce has a contempt for its idiocy and champions urbanity. While the Celtic Twilight movement is espoused by Yeats as the means for Irish salvation, such efforts cannot in the eyes of Joyce move beyond “cultic twalette” that lead instead to the enslavement of the Irish.

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