MR. VALERY LABBAUD in LA NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE: Depuis deux ou trois ans James Joyce a obtenu, parmi les gens de lettres de sa génération, une notoriété extraordinaire . . . il n'y a pas d'exagération à dire que, parmi les gens du métier son nom est aussi connu et ses ouvrages aussi discutés que peuvent l'être les noms scientifiques d'un Einstein . . . Je crois que l'audace et la dureté avec lesquelles Joyce écrit et met en scène les instincts réputés les plus bas de la nature humaine lui viennent de l'exemple que lui ont donnés les génies littéraires de la Renaissance. De ces grands curieux, Joyce a la froideur intérieure, et à l'égard des faillites de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à la discipline à laquelle l'auteur s'est soumis, on se demande comment il a pu sortir, de ce formidable travail d'angencement, une œuvre aussi vivante, aussi émouvante, aussi humaine . . . L'auteur n'a jamais perdu de vue l'humanité de ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de basses et de grande dont il sont faits; l'homme, la créature de chair, parcourant sa petite journée.

MR. EDMOND JALOUX in the REVUE DE PARIS: La surprise que l'on éprouve en lisant Ulysses provient de ce que les œuvres littéraires, depuis trois siècles, ont en quelque sorte divisé l'esprit humain pour mieux nous montrer l'aspect encyclopédique des grandes œuvres de cette époque, leur souci à l'origine de tout, c'est-à-dire à l'homme. Son œuvre, qui ouvre si brusquement des compartiments logiques établis dans le domaine de la vie mentale ont, en effet, aidé de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de bassesse et de vertu, il n'y a pas d'exagération à dire que, parmi les scientifiques, les noms et les théories de Freud et de Einstein . . . Je crois que l'audace et la dureté avec lesquelles Joyce écrit et met en scène les instincts réputés les plus bas de la nature humaine lui viennent de l'exemple que lui ont donnés les génies littéraires de la Renaissance. De ces grands curieux, Joyce a la froideur intérieure, et à l'égard des faillites de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à la discipline à laquelle l'auteur s'est soumis, on se demande comment il a pu sortir, de ce formidable travail d'angencement, une œuvre aussi vivante, aussi émouvante, aussi humaine . . . L'auteur n'a jamais perdu de vue l'humanité de ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de basses et de grande dont il sont faits; l'homme, la créature de chair, parcourant sa petite journée.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT in THE OUTLOOK: James Joyce is a very astonishing phenomenon in letters. He is sometimes dazzlingly original. If he did not do it, nobody else could do it. His innovation is complete. C'est un moyen de diviger l'esprit humain pour mieux nous montrer l'aspect encyclopédique des grandes œuvres de cette époque, leur souci à l'origine de tout, c'est-à-dire à l'homme. Son œuvre, qui ouvre si brusquement des compartiments logiques établis dans le domaine de la vie mentale ont, en effet, aidé de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de bassesse et de vertu, il n'y a pas d'exagération à dire que, parmi les scientifiques, les noms et les théories de Freud et de Einstein . . . Je crois que l'audace et la dureté avec lesquelles Joyce écrit et met en scène les instincts réputés les plus bas de la nature humaine lui viennent de l'exemple que lui ont donnés les génies littéraires de la Renaissance. De ces grands curieux, Joyce a la froideur intérieure, et à l'égard des faillites de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à la discipline à laquelle l'auteur s'est soumis, on se demande comment il a pu sortir, de ce formidable travail d'angencement, une œuvre aussi vivante, aussi émouvante, aussi humaine . . . L'auteur n'a jamais perdu de vue l'humanité de ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de basses et de grande dont il sont faits; l'homme, la créature de chair, parcourant sa petite journée.

MR. J. MIDDLETON MURRY in THE NATION: Unlike any other book that has been written, extraordinarily interesting to those who have patience (and they need it), the work of an intensely serious man . . . indisputably the mind of a great author and one who sees it piercingly. His ingenuity is marvelous. He has a prodigious humour. He is afraid of naught. And had heaven in its wisdom thought fit not to deprive him of that basic sagacity and that moral self-dominion which alone enable an artist to assemble and control and fully utilise his powers, he would have stood a chance of being one of the greatest of novelists that ever lived. The best portions of the novel (unfortunately they constitute only a fraction of the whole) are superb. I single out the long orgiastic sonate. . . Il suit la grande ligne de l'Odyssée, et présente force correspondances plus ou moins exactes avec les incidents du poème d'Homère . . . C'est un moyen de diviger l'esprit humain pour mieux nous montrer l'aspect encyclopédique des grandes œuvres de cette époque, leur souci à l'origine de tout, c'est-à-dire à l'homme. Son œuvre, qui ouvre si brusquement des compartiments logiques établis dans le domaine de la vie mentale ont, en effet, aidé de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de bassesse et de vertu, il n'y a pas d'exagération à dire que, parmi les scientifiques, les noms et les théories de Freud et de Einstein . . . Je crois que l'audace et la dureté avec lesquelles Joyce écrit et met en scène les instincts réputés les plus bas de la nature humaine lui viennent de l'exemple que lui ont donnés les génies littéraires de la Renaissance. De ces grands curieux, Joyce a la froideur intérieure, et à l'égard des faillites de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à la discipline à laquelle l'auteur s'est soumis, on se demande comment il a pu sortir, de ce formidable travail d'angencement, une œuvre aussi vivante, aussi émouvante, aussi humaine . . . L'auteur n'a jamais perdu de vue l'humanité de ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de basses et de grande dont il sont faits; l'homme, la créature de chair, parcourant sa petite journée.

MR. J. MIDDLETON MURRY in THE NATION: Unlike any other book that has been written, extraordinarily interesting to those who have patience (and they need it), the work of an intensely serious man . . . indisputably the mind of a great author and one who sees it piercingly. His ingenuity is marvelous. He has a prodigious humour. He is afraid of naught. And had heaven in its wisdom thought fit not to deprive him of that basic sagacity and that moral self-dominion which alone enable an artist to assemble and control and fully utilise his powers, he would have stood a chance of being one of the greatest of novelists that ever lived. The best portions of the novel (unfortunately they constitute only a fraction of the whole) are superb. I single out the long orgiastic sonate. . . Il suit la grande ligne de l'Odyssée, et présente force correspondances plus ou moins exactes avec les incidents du poème d'Homère . . . C'est un moyen de diviger l'esprit humain pour mieux nous montrer l'aspect encyclopédique des grandes œuvres de cette époque, leur souci à l'origine de tout, c'est-à-dire à l'homme. Son œuvre, qui ouvre si brusquement des compartiments logiques établis dans le domaine de la vie mentale ont, en effet, aidé de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de bassesse et de vertu, il n'y a pas d'exagération à dire que, parmi les scientifiques, les noms et les théories de Freud et de Einstein . . . Je crois que l'audace et la dureté avec lesquelles Joyce écrit et met en scène les instincts réputés les plus bas de la nature humaine lui viennent de l'exemple que lui ont donnés les génies littéraires de la Renaissance. De ces grands curieux, Joyce a la froideur intérieure, et à l'égard des faillites de la chair la même absence de tout respect humain . . . Quand on songe à la discipline à laquelle l'auteur s'est soumis, on se demande comment il a pu sortir, de ce formidable travail d'angencement, une œuvre aussi vivante, aussi émouvante, aussi humaine . . . L'auteur n'a jamais perdu de vue l'humanité de ses personnages, tout ce mélange de qualités et de défauts, de basses et de grande dont il sont faits; l'homme, la créature de chair, parcourant sa petite journée.
MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER in THE ENGLISH REVIEW: One feels an admiration that is almost reverence for the incredible labours of this incredible genius.... No writer after to-day will be able to neglect Ulysses.... an "adult," a European work.... a book of profound knowledge and of profound humanity....

MR. SISLEY HUDLESTON in the OBSERVER: A man of genius the sincerity of an artist.... phrases in which the words are packed tightly, as trim, as taut, as perfect as these things can be... a spot of colour which sets the page aglow.... erudition transfigured by imagination... infinite humour and extraordinary precision. Gross animality and subtle spirituality intermingle.... its very obscenity is somehow beautiful and purifying the soul to pity. Is that the secret of its art?

MR. SHANE LESLIE in THE QUARTERLY: As a whole the book must remain impossible to read and undesirable to quote.... Ulysses will take in the thought and script of men.

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: An egocentric genius, whose chief diversion and keenest pleasure is self-analysis and whose lifelong important occupation has been keeping a notebook in which has been recorded incident encountered and speech heard with photographic accuracy and Boswellian fidelity. Moreover, he is determined to tell it in a new way... in a work of high genius.... has the effect of making everything else look as more disintegrated or more debased than it actually is.... one sees the gross ill-drained body of humanity itself touched divinely by cloudly visions of its very obscenity is somehow beautiful and purifying the soul to pity. Is that the secret of its art?

MR. EDMUND WILSON in the NEW REPUBLIC (New York): A work of severe and solid architecture. Though exercising a rigorous selection which many a local technical triumph, Mr. Joyce manages to give the effect of unedited human minds, driftin, aimless, yet from one sentence to the next confused and diverted by memory, by sensation and by inhibition perhaps the most faithful X-ray ever taken of the ordinary human consciousness... its very obscenity is somehow beautiful and purifying the soul to pity. Is that the secret of its art?

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER in THE YALE REVIEW: I fancy Mr. Joyce is the only artist we have to-day who, with an utter composure, regards the prosaic, the base and the absurd, this austere, almost pedantic writer soars to its creative splendours yet profoundly shaken and bound by its labouring flesh. In Ulysses the sincerity of an artist... phrases in which the words are packed tightly, as trim, as taut, as perfect as these things can be... fine ellipses in which the thoughts are packed tightly, as trim, as taut, as perfect as these things can be.

MR. GILBERT SELDES in THE NATIVE (New York): Possibly the most interesting and the most formidable writer of our time.... Among the very great writers only two can be named with him for the long devotion to their work that Gargantua and Pantagruel immortalised Rabelais, and the Brothers Karamazov has certainuely represented the human mind in all its disintegrated or more debased than it actually is... one sees the gross ill-drained body of humanity itself touched divinely by cloudly visions of its creative splendours yet profoundly shaken and bound by its labouring flesh. In Ulysses... comparision... Gross animality... infinite humour and extraordinary precision. Gross animality and subtle spirituality intermingle... its very obscenity is somehow beautiful and purifying the soul to pity. Is that the secret of its art?

MR. SILVIO BENCIO in IL SECOLO (Milan): Un uomo d'ingegno che possiede una immensa coltura... un analitico, anzi un superanalitico e sa molto bene che il tempo non si misura a minuti, ma a frazioni di minuti secondi, e che strane prospettive di avvenimenti futuri si possono immaginare. In Ulysses... a victory of the creative intelligence over the chaos of unearted things and a triumph of devotion, to my mind one of the most significant and best written books of our time.
singer, but because no voice can hold out over the brutalities of life without
of each. . . . A staggering feat which, once attempted and more than half
directory or a family Bible and with many of the literary and social characteristics
breaking, turned to quill and paper, for so he could arrange, in the necessary
Criticism.

I doubt whether this massive work is of good augury for Irish literature. . . .

I read on with an admiration chiefly of the heroic persistance of
whom we know better than our nearest acquaintance, better even than ourselves. . . .

It is not indecent. There is not a salacious line in it. It is simply naked: naked
and fascination of the body as seen by the great Catholic ascetics. . . .

There is not a salacious line in it. It is simply naked: naked
and fascination of the body as seen by the great Catholic ascetics. . . .

frequent disgust of a great imaginative writer.

It is not indecent. There is not a salacious line in it. It is simply naked: naked
and fascination of the body as seen by the great Catholic ascetics. . . .

frequent disgust of a great imaginative writer.

It is not indecent. There is not a salacious line in it. It is simply naked: naked
and fascination of the body as seen by the great Catholic ascetics. . . .

frequent disgust of a great imaginative writer.
silence, the abundant inadequacies of life, as a laying-out of jewels. . . . Has been called eccentric, mad, incoherent, uninteresting, futuristic. One wonders why, thinking what a fine lyric beginning that great Rabelaisian flower Ulysses had, with impartial admiration for folios and novels, and the sweet lyricism of cinquecento, the casual inevitability of Dubliners, the passion and prayer of Stephen Dedalus. One wonders if at last Ireland has created her man.

MR. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON in BROOM (Rome): May be summed up as the work of a man who possesses an amazing sensibility for physical qualities, of them. . . . Fragments of astonishing poetry. . . . Perhaps the sternest future. . . . His technique has developed unique aspects that indicate a revolution against an extraordinary knowledge of English, and an inferior intellect. . . . There is why, thinking what a fine lyric beginning that great Rabelaisian flower Ulysses with impartial addenda for foliage—the thin sweet lyricism of amusing while deliberatively provocative of illuminating thought. The reading gives a vision of style for the future. . . . This Irish artist is recreating a portion of the whole literary world, and its publication is very nearly a public obligation.

MR. ALFRED NOYES in THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE: The finest book that has ever been written. . . . What concerns us all, and most urgently demands consideration, is the appalling fact that our Metropolitan criticism should have been treating such works as those of Mr. Joyce seriously as works of genius.

DOMINI CANIS in THE DUBLIN REVIEW: A fearful travesty on modern happenings and intimate life of the most morbid and sickening description. . . . We are prepared to do justice to the power and litheness of style, when intelligible, to the occasional beauty of a paragraph, and to the adventurous experiments in new literary form, but as a whole we regard it as the screeched of one possessed. . . . In this work the spiritually offensive and the physically unclean are united . . . in its reading lies not only the description but the commission of sin against the Holy Ghost. Having tasted and espoused the devilish drench, we most earnestly hope that this book be not only placed on the Index Expurgatorius, but that its reading and communication be made a reserved case. . . . A great Jesuit-trained talent has gone over to the devil, and we hope most earnestly that the book be not only placed on the Index Expurgatorius, but that its reading and communication be made a reserved case.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS in THE SUNDAY EXPRESS: I say deliberately that it is the most infamously obscene book in ancient or modern literature. The obscenity of Rabelais is innocent compared with its leprous and scarabous horrors. All the secret sewers of vice are canalised in its flood of unimaginable thoughts, images and pornographic words. And its obscene lunacies are larded with appalling and revolting blasphemies directed against the Christian religion and against the name of Christ. The book is already the bible of beings who are exiles and outcasts in this and in every civilised country. It is also adopted by the Freidians as the supreme glory of their dirty and degraded cult.

MR. S. B. P. MAIS in THE DAILY EXPRESS: From his pages there leap out at us all our most secret and most unsavoury private thoughts. Our first impression is that of sheer disgust, our second of irritability because we never know whether a character is speaking or merely thinking, our third of chronic depression because so much is spent on the vagaries of a mind sensitive to all scents and sounds and colours. But art (if this is art) consists no longer in selection.

GLASGOW HERALD: Truthful, frank, fearless, and so it is bound to shock mosy sensibilities. A work of genius.

DAILY MAIL: . . . Is being much discussed by those interested in the new Irish literature. . . . The book will cause mixed sensations in Dublin. Actual persons and living persons are freely introduced into the pages, which are like uncensored photographs of Dubliners' doings and Dubliners' souls.

YORKSHIRE POST: An extremely interesting experiment in technique, large parts of the main part are absolutely candored of the flow of consciousness and semi-consciousness in one mind. . . . With the last reticence, the last barrier which has hitherto divided Art and Life, burst down. . . . Ireland is the only country we can understand producing a brain so hardily callous in its clarity allied with such quantities of scents and sounds and colours. But art (if this is art) consists no longer in selection.

LIVERPOOL DAILY COURIER: A freak production apart from its deliberate indecency, and it represents the newest school at its newest.

IRISH INDEPENDENT: Ulysses has come in for some severe criticisms.

MR. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON in BROOM (Rome): May be summed up as the work of a man who possesses an amazing sensibility for physical qualities, of them. . . . Fragments of astonishing poetry. . . . Perhaps the sternest future. . . . His technique has developed unique aspects that indicate a revolution against an extraordinary knowledge of English, and an inferior intellect. . . . There is why, thinking what a fine lyric beginning that great Rabelaisian flower Ulysses had, with impartial admiration for folios and novels, and the sweet lyricism of cinquecento, the casual inevitability of Dubliners, the passion and prayer of Stephen Dedalus. One wonders if at last Ireland has created her man.