CHAPTER FIVE

In Part Two of Ulysses begin the adventures of Mr. Bloom. "Don't tell me what happens," says the novel reader, "or I shan't want to read the book." But some people have found that nothing, or very little, happens in the 735 pages of the book. Dr. Jung, of Zürich, the famous psychoanalyst, is one of them. He finds Thursday, June 16th, 1904, in Dublin an unimportant sort of day on which, in reality, nothing at all occurs. It is always difficult to agree with anybody about what is important, yet if we enumerate the things that happen in Ulysses most human beings will agree that of themselves, apart from the manner of the presentation, these happenings are important. Included in them are a funeral, a fight, political discord, an act of seduction, one of adultery, the birth of a child, a drunken orgy, a rupture of friendship and the loss of a position. A new theory as to the character and dominant motive of a great poet is expounded. Domestic beasts, on which the life of human society largely depends, are smitten with a dread disease and the community brings its varied intelligence to bear on a means to end that plague. Acts of charity, both public and private, are performed and acts of treachery as well. True, there is no declaration of war with proclama-
tions and the calling out of fighting men, no revolu-
tion with conspirators issuing from cellars to take command of the state, but war and revolution are present in the memories and aspirations of the characters of the book. The Boer War and the
Russo-Japanese War are living memories and the Sinn Fein Party is actively organising the citizens of Ireland for rupture with Great Britain and the setting up of a separate state.

Alongside these larger actions there are actions that may be called common only because they are being constantly performed by many people all over the world. They are not and never were unimportant. Thus the preparing and eating of a breakfast, a bath, looking at bookstalls, wandering round the town, looking in shop windows, buying odds and ends of things in shops, lunch, a stroll through a museum, short talks in the street, the singing of a few songs, a practical joke, stray drinks here and there: all the things, in short, that somebody is doing all the time and everybody does sometimes. If the experience is common why does Joyce narrate it? Because he is building with an infinite number of pellets of this clay of common experience the character of Leopold Bloom.

In the course of many talks with Joyce in Zürich I found that for him human character was best displayed—I had almost said entirely displayed—in the commonest acts of life. How a man ties his shoelaces or how he eats his egg will give a better clue to his differentiation than how he goes forth to war. This must be true, for a man goes forth to a war so seldom that he has no scope for individuality in the doing of it. On this heroic occasion he must do as others do. His dress is ordered for him. His careless shoestring brings down on him wild incivility. Cutting bread displays character better than cutting throats. Neither homicide nor suicide can be as characteristic as the sit of a hat. Character, in short, lay not in the doing or not doing of a grand action, but in the peculiar and personal manner of performing a simple one. It lay also in a man’s preferences.
Does he prefer dogs to cats or does he detest or like both equally? Is he an amateur of beefsteaks, or does he, like Mr. Bloom, eat "with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls." Oranges or lemons? Apples or pears? Mozart or Wagner? Woman or man, thin or fat? And how dressed? What colour? On which side of a companion does he prefer to walk? These are socially not weighty matters, but from the point of view of character differentiation they are more important than a man's views on relativity or the Russian Revolution. There is a further element of character, often lost sight of, and that is what happens to a man, his destiny. Is he lucky or unlucky? Do chimney pots fall on his head in a high wind or do people leave him fortunes?

Before 1918 an article on Joyce, by the late Mr. Clutton Brock, appeared in the Times Literary Supplement. This was a critic whose work Joyce respected, and it appears that he greatly appreciated Joyce's writings, but in this article he reproached Joyce for the lack of distinction in his subject matter.

"What do you think he means?" said Joyce.

"From what you tell me," I said, "I suppose he means that the persons in your book are undistinguished—socially or spiritually—both, perhaps—and that their actions and destinies are not important."

"Very likely you are right," said Joyce. "Clutton Brock has always treated my writings generously and with understanding, but if that is what he means he is certainly wrong. In fact he wrote to me about it also. He is stating the English preference for tawdry grandeurs. Even the best Englishmen seem to love a lord in literature."

Distinguished or not, Mr. Bloom is a singular person. We are introduced to him as he potters
about the kitchen of 7 Eccles Street, preparing breakfast for his wife and himself. The street is wide, its houses sizeable. The red brick façades form an architectural unit and have an air of being good early Victorian. No doubt it was originally a street of well-to-do bourgeois. Now it has an air of being inhabited by working class people. But it is well-kept and exhibits none of the dilapidation of the more magnificent Mountjoy Square. The kitchen where Mr. Bloom is busy is below the street level, but for a basement is light and airy. Breast-high railings protect the passer-by from the drop into the area and mark the property off from the pavement. The ground floor of No. 7 is now a tobacconist's shop and small general store. At the back of the house is what house agents would call a good garden, which runs down to a lane or mews.

While he is preparing the tray for his wife's breakfast Mr. Bloom is pondering a kidney for his own. "Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly. . . ." The cat calls for attention and he, a Jew, pauses to admire the clean, fierce enemy of rats and mice, the protector of granaries, worshipped by the taskmasters of his forefathers. On his way out to get his kidney he stops at the bedroom door to ask Marion if she also would like something tasty. He hears her sleepy negative and the brass quoits of the bed jingle as she turns over. The jingle of this second-hand bed is one of the musical refrains of Ulysses. He crosses to the light side of the street, enjoying the happy warmth. As with half-shut eyes he walks, visions of the Orient, the sun's home, home, too, of his race, come to him. In rapid association the Oriental images pass and merge into the head-piece over the leader in the Freeman's Journal. Arthur Griffith's witticism, "Home rule sun rising up in the north-west from a laneway behind the
Bank of Ireland” ends the chain of associations to Bloom’s pleased smile.

Larry O’Rourke’s pub provokes another train of thought. The business position is good, that of M’Auley’s is bad. “Of course if they ran a tram-line along the North Circular from the cattle market to the quays value would go up like a shot.” Simon Dedalus can mimic O’Rourke wonderfully. He passes the time of day with the publican, who is leaning against the sugarbin in his shirt-sleeves, and goes on, musing on the mystery of the licensed vintner’s business. How is it that a red-headed barman can come up from County Leitrim and in a short time blossom out as a complete publican? Tricks known only to the trade, perhaps. He passes a school and hears the mass product education being produced. It is a geography lesson which reminds him of the mountain that bears his own name: Slieve Bloom.

He arrives at the window of Dlugacz’s pork-butcher’s shop. Only one kidney is left on the willow patterned plate. The general servant from the house next door just heads him off at the counter. Her coarse, muscular body pleases him. He has looked at it often from his back window, vigorously whacking carpets on the line. But will she take the only remaining kidney? To still his mind he takes up a piece of Dlugacz’s wrapping-up newspaper from the counter and begins to read. “The model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias ... Moses Montefiore. I thought he was.” The ad. is adorned with a photograph of a farmhouse with cattle cropping round it. That reminds him of the job he once had as sales clerk to the cattle salesman, Joe Cuffe. The servant girl departs with her sausages, leaving his kidney unbought. “Mr. Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up
and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams.” But she turns in the other direction and, baffled, he disparages to himself those charms he is baulked of enjoying.

Walking home with his kidney he reads the advertisement carefully. “Agendath Netaim: planter’s company.” The project is to found an earthly paradise on land to be bought from the Turkish Government. The reader is invited to pay ten marks down and his name is entered in the book of the Union and at once they begin to plant his land with olives, oranges, almonds or citrons. “Bleibtreustrasse 34, Berlin, W.15. Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it.” His mind wanders again to the sunlit east, its scented fruits, the growing, plucking and grading of them, till a cloud over the sun of Dublin darkens his vision of the Orient. Agendath Netaim is one form of the Orient motive of _Ulysses._

Two letters and a postcard have been delivered in his absence. One of the letters is addressed to Mrs. Marion Bloom. “His quick heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs. Marion.” He takes it to his wife and when, a few minutes later, he takes in her tea, he sees a strip of torn envelope peeping from under her pillow.

“‘Who was the letter from?’ he asked. . . .

“‘Oh, Boylan,’ she said. ‘He’s bringing the programme.’

“‘What are you singing?’

“‘_Là ci darem_ with J. C. Doyle,’ she said, ‘and _Love’s Old Sweet Song._’”

Marion has mislaid her book and Bloom finds it “sprawled against the bulge of the orange-keyed chamberpot.” A word is bothering her, “metempsychosis,” and Bloom is trying to explain the meaning of it to her when her sensitive woman’s
nose smells burning in the kitchen. He hurries back to kidney and breakfast.

While eating, he reads the letter to himself from his daughter, Milly. Her birthday was on the fifteenth and she thanks him for the birthday present. She is pleased with her job as a photographer's assistant. Among other things she mentions that a young student, Alec Bannon, is paying her attentions. Mulligan's bathing companion is mentioning the same thing at about the same time, only from Bannon's angle, at the bathing cove, a few miles away. Bloom thinks of her birth, of the birth and death of his son, of her job and her approaching sexual experience. It's good she has a job. As for her sex, she must look after herself. There is thunder in the air. "He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening of his bowels."

There are two toilet conveniences in Bloom's house. One of these is at the end of the garden and this he prefers. He prefers, too, the printed page to the rolled up scroll. On his way to the jakes he notices the infertility of the garden. It needs manuring. Seated, he reads the prize story in *Tit-Bits*, "Matcham's Masterstroke," by Philip Beaufoy, of the Playgoers Club. "It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat." He notes that it "begins and ends morally." And, "he envied kindly Mr. Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six." Could he write one himself or in collaboration with Marion? One fears that he couldn't, for his mind runs on subjects in which the public isn't interested: his wife, her sayings, her mannerisms, her impresario, Ponchielli's ballet, *The Dance of the Hours*. His sense of reality is too strong. In any case, since 1904 the verdant one has far outdistanced its golden and scarlet rivals. It is fast going highbrow. Neither
Philip Beaufoy’s contributions nor Bloom’s would now stand a chance against those of the great names of our best sellers. “In the bright light, lightened and cooled in limb, he eyed carefully his black trousers, the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find it out in the paper.” The bells of George’s Church strike three-quarters. Listening to the overtones following on through the air, Bloom says to himself, “Poor Dignam.”

As this day demands of Bloom the best of his qualities the event narrated is of the highest importance. Were the state of his bowels otherwise, “the cloudie isle with hellish dreeriment would soon be filled and thousand fearful roumours.” Bloom’s moral staying power is rooted in his body’s regularity.

The Calypso episode ends and the Lotus Eaters begins. Bloom has left Eccles Street and is walking soberly along Sir John Rogerson’s Quay. Dignam’s funeral is due to start at eleven from Sandymount. Bloom has to call at Westland Row post office, which lies on his way. There should be time to spare for a bath. It is a warm morning and the pores of the city exude a sickly odour of dope.

“By Brady’s cottages a boy for the skins lolled, his bucket of offal linked, smoking a chewed fagbutt. A smaller girl with scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him, listlessly holding her battered cask hoop.”

Shall fatherly Bloom warn him against the evils of the toxic weed? “Oh let him! His life isn’t such a bed of roses!”

The window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company in Westland Row reminds him that he must order some tea from Tom Kernan. He takes off his hat to the warmth of the morning and inhales the sweet scent of hair oil. His poste restante card is tucked away in the leather headband. Vaguely he
remembers that he has seen somewhere the picture of a man lying on his back on the water, reading under a spanned parasol. “Couldn’t sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the . . . What is weight really when you say the weight? Thirty-two feet per second, per second. Law of falling bodies: per second, per second.” Tea, with its fragrant associations, hair oil perfume, and the massive formula for the law of gravitation slightly numb the mind of Bloom.

He presents his card at the grille of the P.O., Westland Row, and, while waiting, looks at the recruiting posters showing soldiers in the distinctive uniforms of their regiments. The clerk hands him a letter addressed Henry Flower, Esq. He takes it and turns again to the poster. “Where’s old Tweedy’s regiment? . . . There he is: Royal Dublin Fusiliers. . . . Maud Gonne’s letter about taking them off O’Connell Street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. . . . Half baked they look: hypnotised like.”

While he is discreetly opening the letter in his pocket outside the post office he sights M’Coy, whose wife also sings. Reluctantly he listens to the talkative man explaining at great length how he came to hear of the death of Paddy Dignam. Round M’Coy’s head he sees an outsider pulled up before the door of the Grosvenor and a handsome, well-dressed woman waiting while the porter hands up the luggage and her male escort fumbles for change. Barely listening to the drone of M’Coy’s voice, he watches intently for the treat of seeing the rich thoroughbred woman get up on her equipage. In spite of her aloof air she knows he is looking. But he is baulked of his vision of silk stockings and what

82
not. "A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between." He mentally curses the tram-driver for his untimeliness and turns with more polite attention to M'Coy. Attention is needed, for M'Coy begins to tell him that his wife has an engagement to sing and M'Coy is a confirmed valise borrower. Bloom defends his valise adroitly, hinting at the same time at the professional eminence of Marion. "'My wife too,' he said. 'She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on the twenty-fifth.'" At parting, he promises to put M'Coy's name down on the list of mourners at Dignam's funeral. He is glad to be rid of M'Coy, but the glamour of the rich dame has drugged him into forgetting to work M'Coy for a free pass to Mullingar.

He returns to the letter, but faces an advertisement hoarding so as to be able to keep an eye on the vanishing figure of M'Coy. Advertisement is also a drug. It flatters and numbs till the victim walks meekly to the sales counter. Mrs. Bandman Palmer is playing Leah that night. The night before she played Hamlet. Ophelia's suicide reminds him of his father's death from an overdose of aconite. He is glad that he didn't go into the room to look at his father as he lay dead. He passes a cab rank where gelded cab-horses are champing their oats in patient quietism. A timber yard off Cumberland Street promises seclusion for his letter. There is no one in sight but a child playing marbles and a blinking tabby cat watching the child. He reads:

"Dear Henry,

"I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry you did not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish
you for that. I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word. Are you not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you. Please tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not write. Oh how I long to meet you Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Good-bye now, naughty darling. I have such a bad headache to-day and write by return to your longing

“Martha.

“P.S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to know.”

Bloom passes on, reflecting on a probable meeting with Martha. So far the affair has been carried on poste restante, Bloom using for the purpose the “beautiful name” of Flower. The complications involved incline him to prudence. But her name recalls to him a picture he once saw of Martha and Mary. It is evening and Mary listens entranced while Martha prepares the meal. “She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.”

He tears up the compromising envelope and throws the shreds of paper away under a dark railway arch. A goods train laden with barrels of porter clanks overhead. Musing on the fortunes of the Guinness family and on the great vats and thirsts out
of which they sprang, Bloom reaches All Hallows Church. "The cold smell of sacred stone called him." The odd contrast of religious symbols strikes him: tranquil and entranced Buddha, suffering and bleeding Christ. He defends the integrity of his own mind against the mass suggestions of religion. "Shut your eyes and open your mouth. What? Corpus. Body. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. . . . Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse why the cannibals cotton to it. . . . There's a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel. First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. Then feel all like one family party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. . . . Blind faith. Safe in the arms of kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next year." He notes the ineffectiveness of religious observances to restrain criminals (witness Carey, the Invincible, a regular communicant), but to the Church's credit he places Benedictine and green Chartreuse and the fact that at times it has fostered the fine arts. He admires its purposefulness as a business institution.

From "the cold smell of sacred stone" to the "keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs." He calls at a chemist's shop to get some skin lotion made up for Marion and buys a tablet of lemon soap, to be paid for when he comes back for the lotion. On leaving the shop he runs into Bantam Lyons, an ardent supporter of bookmakers and thoroughbreds. It is Gold Cup day at Ascot. Bass's great mare, Sceptre, is running. Lord Howard de Walden's Zinfandel is fancied. The French horse, Maximum II, is considered to have a chance. Lyons excitedly asks for a sight of Bloom's Freeman's. His intrusion is unwelcome to Bloom, who tells him he can keep the paper: he was just about to throw it away. The tip is clear. Throw-
away is an outsider. Bantam Lyons returns the paper and rushes off. Luckily for his bookmaker he doesn’t back Throwaway. He is the classic punter who always swears he will back his own fancy next time and for ever takes expert advice instead.

The warm weather pleases Bloom. “Cricket weather. Sit around under sunshades. Over after over. Out. They cant play it here . . . Donnybrook fair more in their line.” Cricket still had its agreeable lotus flavour in 1904. There was no body line or barracking dispute in those days.

As a boy Joyce ran and hurdles but I have never heard him talk of track athletics. He was never a games-playing man. The game of cricket, however, does interest him. A page of his Work in Progress is written in an idiom suggestive of cricket reminiscences.

“And her lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeyesingey. She had to spofforth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick of her pixy’s loomph, wide lickering jessup the smoky shiminey. And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnilcleft bagslops after the rising bounders yorkers, as he studd and stoddard and trutted and trumpered, to see lordherry’s blackhams had read bobbyabbels, it tickled her innings to concert pitch at kicksoclock in the morm.”

The dreamful suggestion to which Bloom finally succumbs is that of a hot bath. “He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved.” Ink smeared newsprint, greatest dope of all, he has not looked at. He smelt it only.

Hades follows The Lotus Eaters. The under world into which the hero and his companions descend is Glasnevin cemetery. Dignam’s house is in Sandy-
mount, on the opposite side of the city. Here Bloom enters the mourners' coach. There are three other occupants: Jack Power, Martin Cunningham and Simon Dedalus. Simon's wife, Stephen's mother, died but recently and they are travelling to the place where she lies. Martin Cunningham is an intelligent, kindly man, whose face suggests that of Shakespeare. His wife is a drunkard and ruins him by drinking up one home after another. Together with Jack Power he figures in the story Grace in Dubliners in the friendly conspiracy against the drinking habits of Tom Kernan. Simon Dedalus is described by his son in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: "A medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a taxgatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past." Tom Kernan, with Hynes of the story, Ivy Day, are following in another coach with Ned Lambert.

They are trundling along past Watery Lane when Mr. Bloom sights young Stephen and calls the attention of Simon to his son. A swerve of the carriage unsights Simon Dedalus, who falls back in his seat and begins to curse Stephen's associates, particularly Mulligan. He will write to Mulligan's aunt about it. Mulligan's aunt thinks that Stephen is leading the Buck astray and will write to Stephen's father about it. Bloom's thoughts stray to his own boy, who died, and he envies Simon the possession of such a promising namebearer. Grand canal, gas works, dog's home: and he remembers his father's dying wish that he should be kind to the old dog, Athos.

From his side of the carriage Martin Cunningham greets an acquaintance on the street. It is Blazes
Boylan. Mr. Dedalus salutes and Boylan's straw hat flashes a reply from the door of the Red Bank. The bold hand of Marion Bloom's organiser and associate. "Mr. Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him than they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared." His momentary embarrassment thus covered, Mr. Bloom answers readily and urbanely their questions about the concert tour.

The bent form of a notorious moneylender near the O'Connell statue brings a welcome change of subject. Bloom begins to tell the story of Reuben Dodd's son, who, when ordered by his father to go to the Isle of Man out of reach of a designing female, jumped into the Liffey. Martin Cunningham brusquely thwarts Bloom's effort and tells the story himself. The laugh gives them qualms of conscience, but they reflect that Dignam wouldn't grudge them their little joke. He was a good fellow. His death was due to apoplexy brought on by overdrinking. Bloom thinks sudden death is the best death, swift and painless, but a silence of disagreement follows his remark. His commonsense paganism shocks their religious prejudice.

"But the worst of all," Mr. Power said, "is the man who takes his own life." Martin Cunningham tries to change the subject. He is the only one of Bloom's companions who knows that Bloom's father died of aconite poisoning. In any case, he claims a charitable judgment for him who dies by his own hand. Bloom is unable to understand the harsh Christian condemnation of suicide.

Their carriage drives into a drove of cattle and
Bloom comes back to his idea of running a tramline from the Parkgate to the quays by way of the North Circular. They pass over the Royal Canal, Crossguns Bridge, as a barge is being locked through. A stonecutter’s yard, the turn to Finglas Road, the high railings of Prospects, flickering of tombstones through the trees, remind them that they are near the end of their journey. At the cemetery gate a general reshuffle takes place. Bloom falls back with Tom Kernan and discusses with him the destination of the Dignam children. Ned Lambert talks to Simon Dedalus of a whip-round to cover their immediate needs. A former employer of Dignam’s, John Henry Menton, solicitor, present at the funeral, has put his name down for a quid.

At the door of the mortuary chapel Bloom looks down with pity on the thin neck of Dignam’s eldest boy in front of him. Inside all kneel, Bloom on one knee only and that protected from the dusty floor by his Freeman’s. He listens unmoved to the service for the dead. His mind is proof against the pathos of religion, but, seeing that some rite is necessary, as well this as another. On the slow procession to the grave he again walks with Tom Kernan, who was once a Protestant and still prefers the more homely Protestant burial service in the language they all understand. But to Bloom’s humane materialistic mind the “resurrection of the body” is a comic idea. It may bring comfort to the living, but it brings none to the dead. “Knocking them all up out of their graves. Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Penny weight of powder in a skull. . . .” John Henry Menton asks who is that man walking with Tom Kernan. He is told that it
is Bloom, husband of Marion Bloom, born Tweedy.

"'In God's name,' John Henry Menton said, 'what did she marry a coon like that for? She had plenty of game in her then.'"

Bloom's thoughts at the graveside are of the same shrewdly human commonsense order. He is not overmuch awed by death. It is just one of the facts of life. How all nations and races meet it with different beliefs and pieties, how dead things feed the living: all that is just natural. Dying is the difficult thing. He imagines a death-chamber, a dying man who can't believe that at last his turn has come, delirium, the priest, death. "Gone at last. People talk about you a bit: forget you. Don't forget to pray for him. Remember him in your prayers. Even Parnell. Ivy day dying out. Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other." Hynes, the Parnellite of Ivy Day, comes round to get the names of those present for the paper. He doesn't know Bloom's christian name. Bloom supplies it and at the same time fulfils his promise to M'Coy to have his name put down. Both Hynes and Bloom have seen an unknown man in a macintosh hanging round—evidently a melancholy person who takes his morbid pleasure in graveyards and such places. He has disappeared as if by magic. Hynes asks his name.

"'Macintosh. Yes I saw him,' Mr. Bloom said. 'Where is he now?"

"'M'Intosh,' Hynes said, scribbling. 'I don't know who he is. Is that his name?'" Bloom tries to shout a correction to his colleague, but Hynes is out of earshot.

Hynes proposes to some of the mourners a visit to Parnell's grave. Bloom, unheeded, follows on behind them. Why not put people's trades on the tombstones instead of dates and pious texts? A bird
sitting tamely on the branch of a poplar reminds him that all graveyards are bird sanctuaries. And if we want to remember the dead why not supplement the photograph with gramophones of their voices? An obese, grey rat toddles among the pebbles of a crypt. Corpse is meat to him. Bloom prefers cremation to burial but “priests are dead against it.” Coming to the cemetery gates he reflects that each visit brings him nearer to his own grave. But what of it? “Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm full-blooded life.” He meets Martin Cunningham in the company of John Henry Menton. Bloom politely calls attention to a dent in the solicitor’s hat and is rewarded with a hostile stare. Martin confirms Bloom’s observation and at this John Henry Menton puts the matter right with a curt, “Thank you,” not addressed to Bloom. Marion’s husband once had the better of a game of bowls with him and he can’t forget it.

So far Bloom has prepared and eaten his breakfast, has guessed at an intrigue of his wife’s and has carried on a little flirtation of his own. His body has functioned normally. He has met a few acquaintances, has had a bath and has attended a funeral. But all the time his mind has been busy. He has noted the present and reacted to it and he has remembered the past. He has walked and talked and all the while he has been thinking. What thoughts? Great or small? They were his own, the natural expression of his being. Joyce, in Ulysses, takes life as it is and represents it in its own material. Violences of temperament apart, his art resembles that of Rodin. He achieves the monumental through the organic, through the swift seizing of an infinite
number of contours from the living model. There is a saying of Rodin's to the effect that what is visible in the human body is but a fraction of that which lies below the surface. Each undulation is a mountain peak the base of which lies below. As with the human body at rest, so with the human being in action. What a man does is only a part, and that the smaller part, of his character. What he thinks and dreams is the greater part. That which is manifest in action is to the unacted part as the visible peak of the iceberg to the submerged, invisible mass.

The acts of the principal persons in *Ulysses* are shown with the accompaniment of their unspoken thoughts, memories, aspirations and the momentary impress of the world upon them through their senses. If we knew only their acts they would be no more to us than ingenious automatons, walking, talking, gesticulating mechanisms. They would remind us of that painting and sculpture which is a collection of gestures and grimaces. Borne along on the stream of their consciousness are all sorts of material. The present occupations of the thinker, his distant projects, recent and distant memories are supplemented by the sights, sounds and smells around him, by what he touches and tastes and by the well-being or malaise of his body. All this complicated mass of material is represented by Joyce as an impressionist painter might have rendered a view cross river—the foreground rushes, towpath and bushes, the water itself, the reflections of sky and opposite bank (church spire, roofs and trees), the boats and swans on the surface, the town and upward sweep of the thither bank and the sky over it all. It is to be noted that Bloom, Molly and Stephen, the three persons above all whose silent thoughts are recorded, each has his or her own peculiar character.
of thought: Stephen’s, hither and thither darting, swallow-like; Bloom’s, nose on the ground, like a dog on the scent; Molly’s, an oleaginous, slow-moving stream, turning in every direction to find the lowest level. Not all thoughts are in words, but all other material is specialists’ material. Words are the substance of everybody’s thoughts.

Joyce uses the interior monologue (the phrase was coined by M. Valery Larbaud) principally in the earlier episodes of *Ulysses*. Except through this device it isn’t easy to see how, given the one day plan of *Ulysses*, the past life of the people could have been conveyed to us. As it is we know not only the past, but the attitude of the people towards it, the outer manner and the inner comment, social form and the kind and degree of sensibility. It has been called “a photographic representation of a stream of consciousness.” Why photographic? The word looks like contraband negative. It is more like impressionist painting. The shadows are full of colour; the whole is built up out of nuances instead of being constructed in broad masses; things are seen as immersed in a luminous fluid; colour supplies the modelling, and the total effect is arrived at through a countless number of small touches. Like impressionist art—any other art for that matter—it is an effort to approach reality. The conversations in *Ulysses* and in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* have been praised for their vividness. Sometimes we might think that a recording instrument had been hidden in the room or bar and whisked away when it had served the author’s purpose. The Christmas dinner quarrel in *A Portrait of the Artist* is a case in point. Bloom’s talk with M’Coy is another. No one said: “This is a gramophone record of a real conversation.” If a dramatist is true to life it is said that the fourth wall
was absent while his people held the scene, meaning to say that the matter, the tempo, the accent of life were there to perfection. The function of the interior monologue is, of course, the same as that of any monologue spoken on the stage—to make us acquainted with the persons and aware of their inner conflicts.

All writers of fiction do this in one way or another. The interior monologue is simply a convenient and intimate way. And although the device is largely associated with Joyce’s *Ulysses* he never claimed any originality in the use of it. In the course of a conversation in his flat in the Universitätstrasse Joyce said to me:

“I try to give the unspoken, unacted thoughts of people in the way they occur. But I’m not the first one to do it. I took it from Dujardin. You don’t know Dujardin? You should.”

It was not until 1923 or ’24 that Joyce met Dujardin. By that time Joyce’s acknowledgment of his debt to the French writer was everywhere known. M. Dujardin presented Joyce with a copy of his book, *Les Lauriers Sont Coupés*, reprinted after thirty-five years of oblivion, containing the inscription: “À James Joyce, maître illustre, mais surtout à celui qui a dit à l’homme mort et enseveli: Lazare lève-toi.”

Some years later I called at Joyce’s flat while he was writing on the flyleaf of the French *Ulysses*. He showed me the flyleaf. On it stood: “À Edouard Dujardin, annonciateur de la parole intérieure. Le larron impénitent, James Joyce.”

Originality is in any case a much overrated quality. If Joyce began by taking the hero and incidents of the *Odyssey* as his example why should he stop at a technical device? Where Joyce took it he has said plainly enough. Who was first to invent it is still a question. Most new things turn out to be
as old as the hills. All the very latest sculpture comes from past civilisations in Egypt, Central Africa and Yucatan. Dutch painters for a century produced immortal paintings without inventing anything new. And our great national poet beautified himself and our tongue with stories and technique taken wherever he could find them.

From Glasnevin cemetery Mr. Bloom goes to the offices of the *Freeman's Journal*. He is what is known in our day as a spacehound, an advertisement canvasser. Really it should be spacetimehound, seeing that he sells quantities of space for periods of time. This is the *Aeolus* episode. The newspaper office is the Cave of the Winds and Myles Crawford, editor-in-chief, is the god in charge of all the zephyrs, breezes, gales and hurricanes of hot air that blow out of it. It is squally weather. Mr. Bloom is blown out of his course by head winds, but with good seamanship keeps off a lee shore, and the calm finds him in deep water with all spars and sails intact. The episode is written in a style of all winds except the reliable trade wind. Mainly it is puffy and gusty. The whole is cut up into short fragments, each one being headlined in the breezy manner of an American sub-editor.

Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant, has an ad. in the *Freeman's Journal* and he has promised Bloom a renewal on condition that the design is changed. He wants an allusion to his name in the shape of a drawing of the crossed keys, emblem of the Manx Parliament. To get as much as possible for his money he wants also a par. in the Saturday pink *Telegraph*, an associated journal. Bloom’s present task is to get consent to the change from all concerned. He takes a cutting of the *Freeman's* ad. from the advertisement clerk (who, having no responsibility in the matter, says they can
do Keyes a par. if he wants one) and makes for the office of the foreman printer, Councillor Nannetti. On the way he meets Joe Hynes, from Nannetti's office, outward bound, and hails him. He tells Hynes that the cashier is just going to lunch but that if he hurries he’ll catch him. This was not so altruistic as it looked. Hynes owes Bloom three shillings and Bloom’s advice was intended as a hint. Hopes of a sub filling Hynes's sails, he vanishes in the direction of the cashier's office. The hint was lost.

Bloom explains the idea to Nannetti amid the clanking and roaring of the machines. Long use has made them noiseless to the foreman printer.

"‘We can do that,’ he said. ‘Let him give us a three months’ renewal.’" Bloom will get the design of the crossed keys which has already appeared in a Kilkenny paper, but is not too pleased with the job of persuading Keyes to a three months’ renewal. The time element complicates matters. “Want to get some wind off my chest first. Try it anyhow.” He decides against making a tram journey to Keyes with the chance of not finding him in. He will first telephone in the office of the Evening Telegraph. Outside the office door he hears laughter and voices. Inside he finds Ned Lambert, Simon Dedalus and Professor MacHugh. Ned Lambert is reading some particularly flatulent nonsense about the beauty of Ireland to the accompaniment of his hearers’ laughs and protests.

"‘What is it?’ Mr. Bloom asked.

"‘A recently discovered fragment of Cicero’s,’ professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone. ‘Our Lovely Land.’

"‘Whose land?’ Mr. Bloom said simply."

A violently opening door hits Bloom in the back with its knob and J. J. O’Molloy enters. He is a
barrister with a dwindling practice, failing health and many debts, come, as Bloom shrewdly surmises, to raise the wind. The inner door flies open, admitting Myles Crawford. "A scarlet beaked face, crested by a comb of feathery hair." Simon Dedalus suggests a drink to wash down Dawson's superfatted prose and Bloom, seeing the coast clear, steers neatly through the door of the sanctum to the telephone. In the doorway, returning from the phone, he collides with Lenehan entering with sports tissues. Lenehan broadcasts his tip for the Gold Cup, Sceptre, with O. Madden up. Bloom has heard on the telephone that Keyes is in Dillon's auction rooms and he leaves with the editor's blessing to fix up the crosskeys ad. Newsboys follow in his wake, mimicking his awkward walk. The four who are left are in the middle of a discussion on Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Hebrew and modern civilisation when Stephen appears in the company of O'Madden Burke, an occasional contributor, and hands to the editor Mr. Deasy's letter on the foot and mouth disease. Myles Crawford's suggestion to Stephen that he shall write something for the paper leads him through a conversational eddy to the great feat of journalism of Ignatius Gallagher who cabled to the New York World the story of the Phoenix Park murders.

Excitedly he turns over the Freeman's files and describes to them Gallagher's brainwave. This super journalist had used the letters of an advertisement in the Weekly Freeman to cable a sketch map of the scene of the crime, and the route taken by the murderers, to the New York paper. In the middle of his speech Bloom is reported on the phone and he promptly orders that Bloom shall be told to go to hell. As an epilogue to his story he pours scorn on the younger generation of journalists without flair,
of orators without eloquence. His mouth, curled in disdain, reminds Stephen of his own poem composed on Sandymount Strand:

On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale vampire,
Mouth to my mouth.

Bright coloured rhymes of Italian verse—green, rose and gold—mock the heavy colouring of his own. The Italian rhymes are gaily dressed girls dancing. "But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted, underdarkneath the night: mouth south: tomb womb."

J. J. O’Molloy takes up cudgels for the younger generation. He cites the eloquence of Seymour Bushe, who defended the accused in the Childs murder case.

"He spoke on the law of evidence," J. J. O’Molloy said, "of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the lex talionis. And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the Vatican. . . . He said of it: that stony effigy in frozen music, horned and terrible, of the human form divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom and prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soul-transfigured and of soul-transfiguring deserves to live, deserves to live."

Professor MacHugh caps his quotation of Seymour Bushe with a speech by John F. Taylor, improvised on the occasion of a debate on the Irish language. The subject of Bushe’s eloquence was Roman and Mosaic law: that of John F. Taylor defended the use of the Irish tongue by reference to the Hebrew affirmation of nationhood in Egyptian captivity. But when Professor MacHugh has come to an end Stephen has had enough oratory. His salary is burning his pocket. His motion that the house do adjourn for a drink is declared by self-appointed
chairman Lenehan to be carried unanimously. They went, presumably, to the Mooney’s in Abbey Street. They are already under way when Bloom reappears in a great hurry. He has seen Keyes and Keyes will renew his ad. for two months, but wants a puff in both Freeman’s and the Evening Telegraph. The lord of the airs is explosive. He despatches Bloom to Keyes with a rude counter-message that Bloom will not deliver. The patient vendor of space-time allows the squall to pass, regarding with solicitude the receding back view of Stephen’s relatively new but dirty boots. “Last time I saw him he had his heels on view. Been walking in muck somewhere. Careless chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?”

Stephen has also a story to tell and tells it to a full audience on the way to Mooney’s. Two poor old dames on a day’s outing climb to the top of Nelson’s pillar. They take with them brawn and bread to eat and they buy four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of the column for their thirst. Sitting on the top platform of the monument they look up at the statue of the “onehandled adulterer” as they entitle the great English sea captain. But it gives them a crick in the neck, so they turn to their plums, slowly eating them and spitting the stones through the railings on to the heads of the people below, if any. “He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. . . . ‘Finished?’ Myles Crawford said.” These are the two phases of Stephen’s art, the low-toned, elegiac verse that he speaks to himself and the Rowlandsonesque sketch of the two elderly Dublin dames. It is a realistic, grotesque sketch of Dublin life and evidently it puzzles his hearers as much as it pleases them. They expect a literary point of some sort but there is none. The point lies in the seeing of it.
One of the problems that confronted Joyce continually in the composition of *Ulysses* was the spatial and psychological position of his hero, Leopold Bloom. In the first three episodes he completely dominates the foreground. In the fourth, *Aeolus*, he wanders in and out. Sometimes in the book he is right in the front of the stage. At others he is seen only indistinctly among the supers or he has vanished in the wings. In the fifth episode, the *Lestrygonians*, he again holds the centre of the stage. It is lunch time and there is no further business to be done. Keyes must be left for the moment. The greater part of the *Lestrygonians* is Bloom's unspoken thoughts on his way to lunch. It differs from the other interior monologue in substance and rhythm. Its substance is coloured by the state of his body, and the rhythm is that of the digestive organs, the peristaltic movement.

As they go east Bloom goes south, riverwards. A young Y.M.C.A. man has pushed into his unsuspecting hand a handbill announcing the visit of Dr. John Alexander Dowie. Indifferently regarding "Blood of the Lamb," Bloom notes that God is always asking for blood on some pretext or other. "Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice." Just as regularly his professed ministers ask for money. The year before it was Torry and Alexander of Glory Song fame. Looking along Bachelor's Walk he sees Dilly Dedalus outside Dillon's auction rooms, waiting for her father, and pities the child for her tattered clothes and undernourished body. She is one of a large family, and Bloom condemns that cruel and senseless theology borrowed from the tribal necessities of his own race, that commands the poor to bring unfeedable mouths into the world. He flings the Dowie handbill to the gulls off O'Connell Bridge, but they are
not gullible enough to dive for it, so he buys them a Banbury cake. A placard pasted on a moored rowboat catches his approving publicity eye. Quack doctors’ ads. pasted up in men’s urinals are also appropriately placed. Suppose Boylan were afflicted with. . . . But he banishes the thought. A string of sandwichboardmen heaves in sight on the other side of the bridge. The letters on their tall white hats spell H-E-L-Y-S. He once worked for the big Dame Street stationer and printer and remembers how his employer turned down his excellent publicity notions. The best one was to have a transparent showcart with two smart girls in it writing. “Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once.” That was in the early years of his married life. The fun they had bathing the baby daughter, the suppers and the chats at night.

“Stream of life” recurs in one form or another throughout the Lestrygonians episode. Generation after generation flowing from the cradle to the grave. And the process is repeated on a small scale by the human intestines daily taking in nourishment and throwing out waste. In Westmoreland Street he meets Mrs. Breen, an old flame of his. She is now married to an elderly man suffering from persecution mania. A practical joker has just sent him a postcard bearing the words, U.P.: up, and he is running round, getting legal advice with a view to claiming ten thousand pounds damages from the unknown who sent it. To change the subject Bloom asks after their common friend, Mina Purefoy, and is told that she has been in the lying-in hospital three days expecting a baby. This is another family with religion and a high birth rate, Protestant this time. But Mrs. Breen catches sight of her husband struggling with huge law books and hurries off to look after him. Just before she goes one of the
Dublin oddities of *Ulysses* passes them. It is Cashel Boyle O’Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, whose form of harmless idiocy consists in walking outside the lamp posts of the city at top speed, talking to himself.

Mr. Bloom passes the offices of the *Irish Times*. It was in this paper that, with ulterior motives, he advertised for a young lady to assist gentleman with literary work. The Martha correspondence is the outcome of that advertisement. He thinks with a sympathetic shudder of women’s childbirth agony. Why not twilight sleep? And why not a state endowment at birth for every child as an insurance against poverty and to give them a start in life at the age of twenty-one? A squad of constables going on their beats reminds him of a students’ counter-demonstration when Joseph Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity. An innocent passer-by on that occasion, he was almost ridden down by mounted policemen. He has no patience with the rebel politics of youth. "Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. Vinegar Hill. The Butter exchange band. Few years time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War comes on: into the army helter-skelter: same fellows used to whether on the scaffold high." Another aspect of the stream of life is suggested by the constant procession of trams before Trinity’s surly front.

"Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on same; day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three
hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaa.

He had just been thinking about Parnell in connection with nationalist demonstrations and the brother of the great chief passes on the other side of the street. How like in form; in action how unlike. The chief used men as pawns for his cause. His brother plays chess in a teashop. Another famous Dublin figure passes: A.E. the poet. In homespun tweeds he is pushing a bicycle with an ill-dressed literary-looking lady at his side. Another coincidence: one of the replies to his ad. in the Irish Times came from Lizzie Twigg. Her literary efforts, she said, had met with the approval of Mr. Russell. Might this lady with the loose stockings be Lizzie Twigg? He is now at the corner of Nassau Street and Grafton Street and stops to look into the window of Yeates and Son. Astronomy is Mr. Bloom's hobby. He thinks of sunspots and of the eclipse due later in the year. Parallax is a word that bothers him. He might go out to Dunsink and talk to the professor about it. A fortnight ago was new moon and that was the night he was walking by the Tolka with Marion and Boylan. No doubt they were already flirting with touches of hands. He sees Bob Doran (hero, timid and trapped, of the story, 'The Boarding House, in Dubliners') sloping into the Empire pub. M'Coy told him earlier in the day that Doran was on one of his periodical binges. Some years back the Empire was a theatre. "I was happier then. Or was that I?... Twenty-eight I was. She twenty-three when we left Lombard Street West something changed. Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand..." He is now in Grafton Street, smartest of the shop-
ping thoroughfares of Dublin. A shop window dressed with women’s silk petticoats and stockings fills his mind with amorous longings and he turns Combridge’s corner still pursued by perfume of embraces. Entering the Burton Restaurant, a mixed stink of food and clatter of hurried eating shatters his luxurious vision of silk-clad, perfumed women’s bodies. Lunchers are perched on high stools at the bar, sitting at tables in the body of the room. Bloom is appalled by the stink, clatter and messiness of man-filled eating houses and, with a face-saving pantomime of looking for a friend, turns at the door and goes away. He almost becomes a convert to vegetarianism. It is clean, causes no pain to animals and is more aesthetic. “. . . Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers’ buckets wobble lights. Give us that brisket off the hook. Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glass-eyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivel-ling nosejam on sawdust. . . .” Bloom turns into Davy Byrne’s pub in Duke Street.

Davy Byrne’s is still going strong and is the same “moral pub” it was on June 16, 1904. The amiable proprietor still “stands a drink now and then” but, well advanced in years, is no longer to be seen behind the bar in shirt sleeves, serving and counting. The bar, too, is the same “nice piece of wood” on which Bloom gazed with quiet admiration, except that it has been shortened by a foot or two to make room for a private bar at the Duke Street end. Bloom calls for a Gorgonzola sandwich and a glass of Burgundy. While he is dabbing mustard on his cheese, Nosey Flynn, sitting at the counter, asks him about the concert tour.

“‘Ay, now I remember,’ Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin.
‘Who is this was telling me? Isn’t Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?’

“A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr. Bloom’s heart.”

A sip of wine steadies him and he replies with composure that indeed Boylan is managing the tour. Flynn goes on to laud the astuteness of Blazes as boxer manager and then proceeds to discuss the chances of the horses engaged in the Gold Cup. Bloom is no gambler and tenders no opinion. His prelunch fleshly yearnings turn to recollections of pleasures enjoyed. He remembers a day on Howth Head with Marion. “Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seed cake warm and chewed. . . .” The fine curves and material of the bar woodwork fuse in his mind with the curves of women’s flesh. “Curves the world admires.” He resolves to call at the library museum and see for himself how the sculptor deals with the back views of goddesses. While Bloom is away in the rear of the premises, Flynn and the publican discuss him. With winks to his words Flynn tells Davy Byrne that Bloom doesn’t buy cream for his wife on the commission he picks up canvassing ads. for the Freeman’s Journal. Bloom is a Mason and the craft help him. The publican remarks that although he has seen Bloom often he has never seen him the worse for drink, and Flynn adds that when the fun gets too hot Bloom will always consult his watch and vanish.

“‘He’s not too bad,’ Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. ‘He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there’s one thing he’ll never do.’

“His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.
"'I know,' Davy Byrne said.
"'Nothing in black and white,' Nosey Flynn said.
"Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat."

Bloom greets all with uplifted three fingers on his way out. Bantam Lyons whispers to the others that he has a tip from Bloom for the Gold Cup, but doesn't tell them the name of the horse or how Bloom gave it. He is alluding to Bloom's remark that he was about to throw away his Freeman's Journal. Lyons has yet to meet the professional tipster, Lenehan, and be laughed off his fancy by the book of form. In Dawson Street, on his way to the National Library, Mr. Bloom meets a blind stripling and pilots him across the road to the corner of Molesworth Street. A post office reminds him that he must answer Martha's letter. He sees Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the Freemasons' Hall and thinks of the slating the soft-hearted judge gave the crookback moneylender. But then, he is "really what they call a dirty Jew." Near his goal in Kildare Street he sights Blazes Boylan. A meeting with his wife's lover would be most unwelcome, especially as his cheeks are flushed with Burgundy. To avoid the encounter he makes for the Museum with quicker, longer strides, keeping his eye from roving by searching for nothing in his pockets.

"Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

"His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah, soap there! Yes. Gate. Safe!"

Joyce's first question when I had read a completed
episode or when he had read out a passage of an uncompleted one was always: "How does Bloom strike you?"

Technical considerations, problems of homeric correspondence, the chemistry of the human body, were secondary matters. If Bloom was first it was not that the others were unimportant but that, seen from the outside, they were not a problem. At about the time of the publication of the *Lestrygonians* episode he said to me:

"I have just got a letter asking me why I don’t give Bloom a rest. The writer of it wants more Stephen. But Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can’t be changed."

Bloom should grow upon the reader throughout the day. His reactions to things displayed in his unspoken thoughts should be not brilliant but singular, organic, Bloomesque. Joyce delighted in many of the natural, quick sayings of his Greek friends in Zürich, but all were too imaginative for his Dublin Jew. Typical of Bloom’s character is the thought that occurs to him as he looks at the cat in the kitchen in Eccles Street. He first supposes that to her he looks like a tower but corrects himself. "Height of a tower? No, she can jump me."

An infinite number of small touches builds up Bloom’s character: his guess at the sensibility of the blind, his judgment of student politics, his simple question, not ironically intended, "Whose land?" in the *Telegraph* office, his remembering how the poplin industry came to Ireland, his taking note of Stephen’s relatively new but muddied boots, his sympathetic talk with Mrs. Breen, his care to avoid waking the sleeping horse, his nervous avoidance of Boylan, his calmly unresentful acceptance of John Henry Menton’s and Myles Crawford’s snubs, and so on.
Joyce in Zürich was a curious collector of facts about the human body, especially on that border-land where mind and body meet, where thought is generated and shaped by a state of the body. Bloom is led on to lunch by erotic visions. After his bread and cheese and Burgundy he lives in erotic memories. "Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered."

"Fermented drink must have had a sexual origin," said Joyce to me one day. "In a woman's mouth, probably. I have made Bloom eat Molly's chewed seed cake."

I told him I had just read a German book in which was described a tribal orgy on a South Sea island. The drink was prepared by the women of the tribe. They chewed a certain herb and spat the pulp into a huge crock out of which the men then drank.

Alluding once to the end of the first episode I said: "You remember that H. G. Wells, in writing about A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, says you have a cloacal obsession. What would he say to this?"

"Cloacal obsession!" said Joyce. "Why, it's Wells's countrymen who build water-closets wherever they go. But that's all right. H. G. Wells is a very appreciative critic of my writings. There's only one kind of critic I do resent."

"And that is?"

"The kind that affects to believe that I am writing with my tongue in my cheek."