Chapter 4 *Ulysses:* techniques and styles

Whatever may be said of Joyce's skill in the manipulation of language, no great claims can be made for *Ulysses* as a novel unless the stylistic and technical innovations can be shown to be functional, and necessary to the articulation of some new and important vision of life. The more attention a book requires, the more it has to justify. The initial difficulties of reading the interior monologues are beside the point: any plausible and detailed image of mental processes must involve allusions, transitions and associations at first sight obscure, and in *Ulysses* such obscurities can usually be dispelled by a second or third reading or by the use of works of reference. In fact, what is remarkable about the early interior monologues is their clarity and comprehensibility. Joyce succeeds in representing the apparently random and unpredictable movements of the mind, shifted from one course to another by casual links, by the mood of the moment, or by passing sense impressions, and yet, at the same time, in creating sharp and coherent images of the complex natures of Stephen and Bloom. So convincing are the images that many readers are persuaded to recognize in what they are reading the processes of their own minds, and to regard the interior monologue as a kind of mental taperecording. It then becomes easy to see the novel as consisting of some sections which realistically record what Stephen and Bloom and their acquaintance did, said, thought and felt, and of other, later, sections in which quite unrealistic styles are arbitrarily adopted. This is a fundamental misconception of the process of a book which creates its own stylistic conventions from beginning to end, and in which the developing and declining complexity of these conventions is deliberate and significant.

The artificiality of the interior monologues is evident. Consider three passages where Stephen, Bloom and Molly think about death, among other things. Stephen is watching the cocklepickers on the beach:

> Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in her wake. Tides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss. (*U* 44/59–60)

Bloom's thoughts are prompted by Mr Kernan's praise of the language of the Anglican burial service:

> Mr Kernan said with solemnity:
> —*I am the resurrection and the life.* That touches a man's inmost heart.
> —It does, Mr Bloom said.
> Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections. Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. 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. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight. Troy measure. (*U* 97–8/133)

Death crosses Molly's mind from time to time, but she rapidly dismisses such morbid thoughts:

> . . . well its a poor case that those that have a fine son like that theyre not satisfied and I none was he not able to make one it wasnt my fault we came together when I was watching the two dogs up in her behind in the middle of the naked street that disheartened me altogether I suppose I oughtnt to have buried him in that little woolly jacket I knitted crying as I was but give it to some poor child but I knew well Id never have another our 1st death too it was we were never the same since O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more . . . (*U* 737–8/926–7)

Naturally the content of the three consciousnesses differ: Stephen's response to death is poetic and morbid, Bloom's materialistic and down-to-earth,[1] and Molly's sentimental yet dismissive of depressing thoughts. But the monologues are not recordings of consciousness; they are verbal representations of it, and consciousness consists of much more than words. When William James spoke of 'a stream of consciousness' he was referring to a psychological process with certain verbal aspects: the interior monologue, as used by Joyce, is a literary convention which may be variously modified to represent the processes of different minds or different states of consciousness. Moreover, the conventions in *Ulysses*, besides being verbal, often exist only on the page, or for the reader's inner ear. If one listens to Miss Siobhan McKenna's excellent reading of Molly's closing monologue,[2] what one hears is not a woman thinking but a woman talking to herself, because, in order to read aloud what Joyce has put on the page, Miss McKenna has to introduce what Joyce deliberately excluded – the pauses and intonations conventionally indicated by punctuation – while it is quite

[1] Erwin R. Steinberg has shown in detail how the sentence patterns of Bloom's and Stephen's monologues reflect the characterising features of their minds ('Characteristic Sentence Patterns in "Proteus" and "Lestrygonians" ' in *New Light*, 79–98).

[2] *James Joyce's 'Ulysses': Soliloquies of Molly and Leopold Bloom*, read by Siobhan McKenna and E. G. Marshall (Caedmon Literary Series, TC 1063).

impossible to read words like 'dont', 'itd' and 'wouldnt' in a way that responds to the missing apostrophes. Both the absence of punctuation and the long succession of loose sentences are conventions to suggest to the eye and inner ear of the reader some aspects of Molly's mental rhythm – a slow continuous flow in which one thought or feeling or sensation leads on to another, each as it were replacing what has gone before, so that Molly is unaware of inconsistencies or contradictions; thus, the final turning of her thoughts to her husband is a symbolic obliteration of the other men who have passed through her mind.[3]

Punctuation and syntax are only the most obvious stylistic features of the monologues. The passage from Stephen's monologue is poetic, full of literary imagery and allusion, but it does not tell us that Stephen thought in poetry: it tells us that his experience is of a kind best suggested by a somewhat highly-coloured poetic style. The poetry which his conscious mind is capable of producing and which emerges from his mood is illustrated by the self-conscious closing words – 'mouth to her mouth's kiss' – which is different from and inferior to the rest of the passage and closer in its immature poeticizing to the 'Villanelle of the Temptress'. As yet his mind is that of a potential artist, at the moment oppressed by thoughts of death and failure and in a highly emotional state. The words of the monologue are not his words, but the words chosen by Joyce to express the character's experience and condition – just as they were in the third-person narrative of the *Portrait*. Of course, words and literature are particularly operative in Stephen's consciousness:[4] the allusion to the expulsion from Eden, the Homeric phrase and the Latin tag presumably pass through his conscious mind, but it is not always easy to distinguish between what words are present in his consciousness, and what represent it: does, for instance, the succession of verbs – 'schlepps, trains, drags, trascines' record his search through several languages for *le mot juste*, or does it represent his sense of the universal movement towards death 'across the sands of all the world'? The distinction is not hard and fast, because the mind represented is itself often consciously engaged in finding verbal equivalents for its experience, while Joyce's handling of the interior monologue creates an image of the mind, through language, imagery and rhythms appropriate to it, and thus articulates what is itself not fully articulate. Out of Joyce's mind comes this paragraph providing an image of an episode in Stephen's consciousness: out of Stephen's mind the episode produces a line of self-conscious verse.[5] Once the representational character of these early monologues is recognized,

[3] The convention seems to have been suggested by Nora Joyce's letters. Remarking on them in a letter to Stanislaus, Joyce asked, 'Do you notice how women when they write disregard stops and capital letters?' (*Letters* II, 173).

[4] Joyce told Larbaud that the reader 'will know early in the book that S.D.'s mind is full like everyone else's of borrowed words' (*Letters* I, 263).

[5] Moreover, as Joseph Prescott has shown, the verse is largely indebted to Douglas Hyde's 'My Grief on the Sea' in *Love Songs of Connacht* (1895) ('Notes on Joyce's *Ulysses*', *Modern Language Quarterly* XIII (1952), 149–62).

it is easier to follow the novel's progress to other and more unusual forms of representation.[6]

In Bloom's thoughts on death, the abrupt, comic, downright, colloquial style is quite unlike his ordinary way of speaking – that is why it differs fundamentally from the speech of Mr Jingle in *Pickwick Papers*, to which it has often been compared. It is not an automatic product of Bloom's mind, but a compact and subtle style, devised by Joyce, to represent the current state of Bloom's consciousness, involving an unexpressed mockery of Mr Kernan's solemnity, a genially materialistic view of death, a suspicious rejection of religious comforts, some irrelevant scraps of information, some familiar clichés, and some old saws and jokes. Unless this is recognized, difficulties are likely to arise when the reader reaches the 'Sirens' chapter and is faced with distortions and confusions of words and sense which cannot be supposed to have emanated directly from Bloom's mind:

> Up the quay went Lionelleopold, naughty Henry with letter for Mady, with sweets of sin with frillies for Raoul with met him pike hoses went Poldy on. (*U* 274/372)

Here there is no mistaking that some kind of stylistic convention is at work, but it is an intensification of the mode of the earlier monologues rather than something entirely new. The elements in it are intelligible enough. The lolloping rhythm suggests Bloom's characteristic walk, earlier mocked by the newsboys; the compound 'Lionelleopold', indicates his self-identification with the hero of the opera *Martha*, whose aria, sung by Simon Dedalus, has reminded Bloom of his first meeting with Molly ('*When first I saw that form endearing*') and troubled him with the fear that he has lost her ('*Come, thou lost one*!') – besides recalling his clandestine correspondent, Martha Clifford; in another role, he is Henry, the name under which he conducts his epistolary flirtation with Martha, who, in her last letter, has called him 'naughty', and to whom he has just written a letter beginning, familiarly, 'Dear Mady'; together with his letter for Mady, he carries with him the book, *Sweets of Sin*, which he has bought for his wife. There is further confusion in his emotional state, since he has made a mental identification of Raoul, the triumphant lover of *Sweets of Sin*, with Blazes Boylan, and has pictured Molly, like the heroine of the novel, awaiting her lover in her

[6] According to Stuart Gilbert, Joyce said that, from his point of view, 'it hardly matters whether the technique in question is "veracious" or not' – once it had served his purpose (*Gilbert*, p 28). Erwin Steinberg, in a minutely detailed examination of Joyce's 'stream-of-consciousness technique' (he is referring, in particular, to 'Proteus' and 'Lestrygonians') says that it 'certainly does not provide an "exact reproduction" of thought or "the total contents of thought" as some critics have claimed; it *simulates* the psychological stream of consciousness' (*Steinberg*, 255). For the purposes of his analysis, Steinberg differentiates between various kinds of mental process, such as stream of consciousness, stream of thought, internal monologue, soliloquy etc. (*Steinberg*, 255): I recognize the need for such differentiation for his purposes, but for mine a simpler discrimination is sufficient, and I therefore use 'interior monologue' for any of Joyce's conventional literary representations of the processes of the mind, and 'stream of consciousness' only for the psychological process.

'frillies'; but, having himself been sexually excited by reading of the meeting between Raoul and his mistress, Bloom is also vicariously Raoul. Finally a more realistic memory of his relationship with his wife is recalled by her mispronunciation of 'metempsychosis' (and this sentence illustrates the application of the term to Bloom's own experience) and by the half-affectionate, half-patronizing pet-name she has for him, Poldy. Thus this one sentence weaves into the rhythm of Bloom's walking-pace the emotional confusion of his mood, and the conflicting images of himself as sad romantic lover, shy writer of titillating letters, masterful enjoyer of voluptuous women, cuckold and subservient husband. The complexity of the human mind is such that many conflicting images can coexist in it, but plainly the sentence itself was never in Bloom's consciousness: probably he would not even have been able to understand it. It is a conventional representation of the involved emotions stirred up in him by his experience in the Ormond Restaurant.

'Telemachus'

Even in the early chapters, the handling of the interior monologue varies subtly in response to mood and to the specific function of the chapter in the novel as a whole. The proportion of monologue increases in the three chapters of the *Telemachia*, as the focus of attention narrows to Stephen's introspection, and its character develops. The interior monologue is introduced almost tentatively as though the reader is to be gradually accustomed to its conventions. In the opening lines of the novel Stephen is not present, and when he arrives at the top of the Martello Tower his state of mind is particularized only by implication:

> Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak. (*U* 1/1)

Formally the sentence appears to offer the author's description of Mulligan; it is only because the description follows immediately the statement about Stephen's displeasure that we infer that the image of Mulligan as a kind of dissolute monk is in Stephen's mind. Similarly, when the account of Mulligan's echoing whistle is interrupted by the single word 'Chrysostomos', we suppose that the word must be in Stephen's mind because there is no other way of accounting for its abrupt interpolation. But the word is an unspoken comment rather than monologue: it is a kind of associative reaction, in part suggested by the sound of the word 'Christine', in part a dry application of the Greek 'golden-mouthed' to the gold stoppings in Mulligan's teeth, and in part a reference to St John Chrysostom, one of the founders of the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation which Mulligan is parodying. The glimpse into Stephen's mind is momentary, and yet illustrative of his responsiveness to words, his interest in languages, and his

readiness to relate his experience to figures from history, literature or theology. When, a little later, we are for the first time unmistakably taken into his consciousness, the entry is made in the traditional mode of a descriptive statement using the third person and the past tense: 'Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart.' The word 'yet' implies the presence of an author who knows more than his character. The form is traditional, but the language and rhythms suggest violent emotional strain: 'A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.' Not until Stephen looks into the cracked mirror held out to him by Mulligan does interior monologue briefly appear: 'As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.' Two short unspoken comments ('Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen', and 'Cranly's arm. His arm')[7] suggest the latent suspicion and hostility behind the conversation with Mulligan, and lead to the first passage of any length directly representing Stephen's thoughts: Mulligan's offer to give Haines a ragging calls up the memory of an earlier ragging, whose crude horseplay is ironically juxtaposed in Stephen's mind with Mulligan's lofty talk of hellenizing Ireland. Yet this is still a very uncomplicated presentation of the psyche, no more, in fact, than a remembered scene vividly recalled, and Stephen's feelings are still described in the traditional way, though in painfully extravagant language, when he is said to be 'shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart'.

It is not until Stephen is left alone on the top of the tower that a prolonged interior monologue begins. Mulligan has gone down the stairs singing, 'Who will go drive with Fergus now', and the words of the song colour Stephen's impressions as he looks across the sea, phrase-making. 'The shadows of the wood' become the 'woodshadows' floating past him; 'white breast of the dim sea' is remembered entirely from Yeats; and the structure of the song itself provides an image of the wind-ripples on the water 'merging their twining chords'. But the song has deeper significance for Stephen: he had sung it to his dying mother, and recalls how she had wept at the words, 'love's bitter mystery'. Consequently his vision of Dublin Bay changes: it has earlier reminded him of the bowl into which his mother had vomited, and now that image returns tinged with the language of the song – 'a bowl of bitter waters'. The memory of the dying woman leads to other images associated with her – her pathetic souvenirs and reminiscences, the trivial objects which symbolize for him her daily life, the dream he had had of her wrapped in graveclothes, the scene when he had refused to kneel at her deathbed. The order is not that of the events and situations in time, but of the succession of his thoughts, growing in intensity until his mother seems present and still willing him to submit, and he interrupts the chain of emotion with denunciation of a cruel God ('Ghoul! Chewer of

[7] Steinberg notes the odd introduction of 'Chrysostomos', says that 'As he and others see me, etc.' is Stephen talking to himself, and describes 'Cranly's arm. His arm' as the first brief attempt to simulate the stream of consciousness (*Steinberg*, 29–30).

corpses!') and a renewed refusal to surrender – 'No, mother. Let me be and let me live.' Throughout this passage, Joyce shifts to and fro between third and first person, between description of Stephen's thoughts and direct representation of them, as though from the recalled memories ('In a dream, silently, she had come to him') there are sudden explosions of immediate emotion ('Her eyes on me to strike me down'). The reader is familiarized with the monologue convention by encountering it blended with a traditional convention; he observes the workings of Stephen's mind and is intermittently involved in them.

By this point, Joyce has established the chief characteristics of Stephen's interior monologue, and can repeat and vary them. The echoing of Fergus's song is paralleled when Stephen, hearing Mulligan sing *Coronation Day* ('O won't we have a merry time'), sees 'warm sunshine merrying over the sea'. There are more brief unspoken comments on Mulligan and Haines, and such literary allusions as 'Agenbite of Inwit' and 'Yet here's a spot'. But there are only two more passages of interior monologue of any length – the first when Stephen sees the old milkwoman as a symbol of Ireland and of Ireland's disregard of the artist, and the second when, having spoken of 'the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church', he responds to 'the proud potent titles' by forming a rhetorical image of the history and power of the Church militant overthrowing the heretics – a train of thought finally rejected, like his thoughts about Mulligan's ragging and his dead mother, with a dismissive verbal gesture: 'Hear, hear. Prolonged applause. *Zut! Nom de Dieu!*' The interior monologue of the chapter ends, as it began, with a single word, 'Usurper', as though to summarize the conclusion to which Stephen's thoughts about Mulligan during the chapter have led him.

Even in this short chapter, where the technique is essentially 'narrative', Joyce makes the brief and interrupted passages of monologue carry much of the weight. In terms of the novel's central action, they present Stephen's motives for deciding to leave the Martello Tower and his friends; thematically they show the effects on him of four main relationships – with Mulligan, his dead mother, Ireland, and the Church; and they also establish a number of motifs and symbols which, later in the book, can stand for whole areas of his experience, obsessive emotions, and recurring ideas – the dream of the mother, the self-contempt in the word 'dogsbody', Fergus's song, the Latin prayer for the dying, the notion of the *dio boia* or 'chewer of corpses', the awareness of change and permanence in the self ('I am another now and yet the same'), the old woman symbolizing Ireland, 'Agenbite of inwit', the key, the doctrine of the consubstantiality of Father and Son, the fear of drowning, and the image of himself as one dispossessed by a usurper.

Yet although interior monologue is so important in this first chapter, it is far from being the only or even the dominant stylistic feature. The dialogues, for instance, are brilliantly managed, and perhaps leave the deepest impression on the reader's mind. The latent hostility lying beneath the surface friendship is finely suggested, and the representation of the spoken word, with short sense units often linked by association rather than

logic or grammar, is itself a preparation for the manner of the interior monologue in later chapters:

> —God, he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton.* Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. (*U* 3/3)

Critics have often remarked on the adverbs used to qualify Stephen's speech or behaviour (in this chapter, 'coldly', 'wearily', 'quietly', 'gloomily', 'very coldly', 'gravely', 'listlessly' and 'drily') and have sometimes supposed them indicative of Joyce's sharing in the priggishness of his hero. Certainly their consistency of tone is remarkable, especially when compared to the inconsistency of the adverbs, five times as many, applied to Buck Mulligan: Mulligan is described as speaking or behaving 'coarsely' and 'quietly', 'solemnly' and 'lightly', 'gravely' and gaily', 'sternly' and 'pleasantly', 'frankly' and 'warily', 'thickly' and 'blandly', 'abruptly' and 'evenly', 'seriously' and 'casually', 'contentedly' and 'impatiently', 'nervously' and 'vigorously', 'earnestly' and 'casually', 'tragically' and 'happily', besides 'smoothly', 'briskly', 'hastily', 'neatly', 'suddenly', 'kindly', 'quickly', 'nimbly', 'piously' and 'tritely'. The effect of this plethora of adverbs of manner is to set Stephen's fixed and bitter detachment against Mulligan's superficial and chameleon-like play-acting, and thus point the contrast implicit in the dialogue.[8]

The language of the narrative is also noticeably deliberate in matching sound to sense – sometimes laboured as in Stephen's phrasemaking ('Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide'), sometimes richly sonorous ('The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells'). Everywhere the style is exactly evocative of Stephen's observations and experience, whether in monologue or narrative. For instance, the description in the monologue of 'a sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, salt white' is vivid and precise, but not more so than the narrative's image of the bathing-place: 'A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water.' In the first explicitly, in the second implicitly, we are seeing through Stephen's eyes, and sharing the intensity of his impressions. Because the passages describing Stephen's thoughts use the same highly-coloured language as the passages representing them, there is no sense of sudden shifting between an objective and a subjective viewpoint.[9] The interior monologue is thus introduced into the novel as little more than an

[8] Harry Levin's account is typical of the usual simplification: 'There are still certain adverbial distinctions between Stephen's innate refinement and the vulgarity of the rest of the world: his speeches are spoken "coldly", Mulligan's "coarsely" ' (*Levin*, 62).

[9] Steinberg makes the interesting suggestion that 'in effacing himself, in attempting to become "invisible", Joyce tried to make his omniscient author's sentences less obtrusive by flavouring them with the characteristics of the stream of consciousness of the character with whom he was dealing at the time' (*Steinberg*, 121).

intensification of the traditional conventions, already stretched to their limit in the *Portrait*, but through its use Joyce is able to present Stephen, not as a static character, but as a consciousness, sensitive and alert, swept by emotions of distrust, remorse, and frustration – a consciousness entered into, not merely described.

'Nestor'

The other two chapters of the *Telemachia* are, for the most part, based on developments and refinements of the monologue techniques introduced in the first chapter. In 'Nestor', for instance, although Stephen's mind is still revolving his own problems, these occur in passages of comparatively detached speculation about historical or philosophical matters, more intellectually complex than anything in 'Telemachus' but less emotionally charged:

> Thought is the thought of thought. Tranquil brightness. The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of forms. Tranquillity sudden, vast, candescent: form of forms. (*U* 23/30–31)

These speculations themselves seem to have a calming effect: even when the pathetic schoolboy, Sargent, reminds Stephen of a child's dependence on maternal protection, and momentarily recalls the dream-vision of Mrs Dedalus ('an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes' – the phrase is now enough), the resultant emotion is controlled, finally, to a degree of abstraction: '*Amor matris;* subjective and objective genitive.' Partly this is because the dialogues with the schoolboys and with Mr Deasy merely set Stephen's thoughts in motion; unlike the dialogues of the first chapter, they do not themselves pierce or bruise him. He can afford to be ironic or amused by his own self-dramatization:

> I am among them, among their battling bodies in a medley, the joust of life. You mean that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawsick? (*U* 30/40)

The adverbs of manner which before, by their consistency, had helped to suggest Stephen's terse and bitter isolation no longer occur: he is more isolated, still feels threatened, but is now less despairing: 'Three nooses round me here. Well. I can break them in this instant if I will.' The monologue reveals a more attractive and promising aspect of Stephen's consciousness – a capacity for seeing his own problems in a wider context, glimmers of resolution, sympathy for others (whether for the boy, Sargent, or for the Jewish race), a sense of humour which in his dealings with Mr Deasy is not sour, and a readiness to mock himself as the fox scraping at a grave or as 'the bullockbefriending bard.'

'Proteus'

All these developments are taken further in 'Proteus', where the interior monologue is dominant to the extent that even the occasional passages in

narrative become merely a conventional indication of a change in the focus of Stephen's attention. In general, the past-tense, third-person form is used to represent only Stephen's simpler observations of his surroundings: paragraphs, and even sentences, which begin in this way, frequently shift into the present-tense, first-person monologue:

> Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbicans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor. (*U* 41/55)

In some sentences, narrative and monologue are interwoven: 'His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs *nebeneinander*.' If the opening clause suggests to the reader that he is watching Stephen brood, the closing words (especially the German word which has figured in Stephen's speculations at the beginning of the chapter) make it clear that the sentence is representing Stephen's consciousness of himself and his own behaviour. This repeated shift, without obvious transitions, from narnative to monologue is partly what gives the chapter its Protean character; there is a fusion of experience of the outer and inner worlds. Often what seems to be an authorial description of a scene reveals, by the sudden intrusion of an expression from Stephen's mind, that it is a representation of his response to the scene. For instance, an echo of the song about 'old Mary Ann', which Mulligan had sung in the Martello Tower, springs up in the middle of a poetic description of seaweed:

> Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. (*U* 46/62)

Apart from the intruded phrase, there is nothing to suggest that the actual words of the sentence are in Stephen's mind: the deliberate rhythms and alliteration and assonance are not his devices, but an expression of the deliberate intensity with which he is experiencing. Similarly when Stephen recalls Kevin Egan in Paris, his mental picture of the man lighting a cigarette is fused with his knowledge of Egan's past as a dynamitard, and that fusion of visual and non-visual memory is expressed in the style:

> The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobacco shreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke light our corner. (*U* 40/54)

Even the series of animal metaphors in the description of the dog and the sea – 'hare', 'buck, trippant', 'forehoofs', 'seamorse', 'serpented', 'bearish fawning', 'wolf's tongue', 'calf's gallop', 'dogsbody', 'pard', 'panther', 'vulturing' – are not necessarily words from Stephen's mind. Some probably are: 'buck, trippant' is presumably a memory of 'Tripping and sunny like the buck himself', 'dogsbody' is the label which Stephen has already applied to himself, and 'panther' may, perhaps, be related to Haines, the 'panthersahib'; but the device as a whole is not some kind of word-game played by Stephen, but Joyce's way of suggesting Stephen's apprehension of the dog and the waves as representative and symbolic of the protean

flux in the physical universe. Alliteration, assonance and onomatopoeia are often so dense and elaborate that their literal presence in the casual process of a young man's mind is implausible; on the other hand, they would seem laboured and self-conscious in ordinary authorial description or narrative. But if recognized as part of a literary convention designed to suggest the nature of this young man's experience – the experience of a mind full of literature, sensitive to words and rhythms, and deliberately cultivating intensity of impression – then these stylistic devices seem finely appropriate, the virtuosity as functional as the simple, repetitious style used to present Maria in 'Clay'.

The conscious verbal play of Stephen's mind is often ingenious, but much less complex than this. He notes the 'catalectic tetrameter of iambs' in a childish verse, or the imagined bobbing of a drowned body shoreward – 'a pace a pace a porpoise'; he tries to verbalize various sounds; he imagines a clumsy speech for the giant builders of the past, and mouths the sounds of the verse he has composed: 'Oomb, allwombing tomb'. Occasionally there is some play on words, as when the memory of Patrice Egan lapping milk is linked through the French *lapin* to the image of his 'bunny's face', or when the 'gentleman poet' is called 'Lawn Tennyson'. Besides numerous literary allusions, there are a few references twisted humorously – 'isle of dreadful thirst', '*Lui, c'est moi*', and 'the simple pleasures of the poor' – and there are many words from other languages – Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Celtic, Swedish and thieves' cant – and such inventions as 'lourdily' and 'contransmagnificandjewbangtantiality'. All of these variously illustrate Stephen's love of words ('philology' is the 'art' of this chapter), but they are quite different in quality from the stylistic brilliance of the chapter as a whole.

In this, the first chapter dominated by monologue, Joyce converts the somewhat narrow, alienated and unsympathetic young man of the Martello Tower into a figure of human complexity, interest and sympathy, capable of sharing with Leopold Bloom the central place in the novel, and this is achieved by a bold and inventive handling of the convention. What goes on in a mind is rapid and multifarious beyond observation, and far beyond verbal representation. Interior monologue, of the kind Joyce attempts, must suggest this rapidity and variety, yet create a coherent and consistent image of a human being; must appear to be unselective when governed by the strictest relevance; must seem to follow random impressions and associations while being, in fact, highly organized, condensed and purposeful. To this end Joyce developed his abbreviated notation of thoughts and feelings, his elided or implied transitions, his use of repeated words or phrases as leitmotifs for important memories and experiences, and, above all, the stylistic variety to provide verbal equivalents for mental processes ranging from a general mood to a trivial observation. The clarity of the image of a consciousness is remarkable in itself – but additionally remarkable in that it is offered as an image of a young man of genius. The difficulty of creating such a fictional figure is a commonplace; there are plenty of novel-heroes who are supposed to be writers, painters, sculptors,

musicians, but few of whose genius the reader is convinced. It is even more difficult to present the inner workings of potential genius, especially when they are mingled with naivety, conceit, sentimentality, self-pity, self-dramatization and immaturity. This is what is attempted and, I think, achieved in 'Proteus': the monologue is a plausible representation of the way everyone's mind works, yet expresses, too, the intensity, sensitivity and fertility of a mind of great promise – an artist's mind, though one as yet immature and incompletely articulate. The embryonic qualities are manifested less in the thoughts and feelings attributed to Stephen (which, summarized, would suggest little more than a clever and complicated young man, conscious of rejection and disturbed by the collapse of youthful dreams and hopes) than in the intensity, sensitivity and fertility of the style which Joyce has devised as a verbal equivalent for Stephen's consciousness. The style is not merely appropriate; it is an essential part of the content, since, unless Stephen is established as an artist of unrealized potential, the central action and themes of the book are crippled from the start.[10]

'Calypso'

The changes in the use of interior monologue in the first three chapters of *Ulysses* are progressive: monologue occupies more and more space, is increasingly central in function, and becomes more complex in character and manner. The inner portrait of Stephen is gradually deepened and extended, and, in the process, the reader is familiarized with the techniques and devices Joyce needs for the full practice of his form of the monologue convention.[11] But, with the shift to Leopold Bloom, the novel begins again, and this is reflected in a qualitative change of style. Bloom's first chapter is related to 'Telemachus' by the time of day and the narrative method, and to 'Proteus' by the use of a fully developed interior monologue, but the difference in the nature of the mind represented demands a sudden change of manner.

The dissimilarity of the two minds and of the modes of representation is shown by a comparison of the passages dealing with animals. On a factual level, Stephen is afraid of the dog and Bloom fond of the cat; but the significant differences between the two men are manifested in the contrasting styles of their monologues. Stephen's is poetic, seeing the dog in metaphorical terms and relating it to his own concerns and obsessions: he identifies it with the hostility he feels around him ('Dog of my enemy'),

[10] Goldberg has a similar view of the importance of the 'Proteus' chapter (*Goldberg*, 158).

[11] The gradual introduction of interior monologue is analysed in detail in *Steinberg;* the conclusions are summarized on pp. 60–61. See also Steinberg's article, 'Introducing the Stream of Consciousness Technique in *Ulysses*' (*Style* II (Winter 1968), 49–58), and the essay by William M. Schutte and Erwin R. Steinberg, 'The Fictional Technique of *Ulysses*' (*Approaches*, 163–4).

with the people he despises but wants to give him 'the bark of their applause', with Mulligan, with death and his own spiritual death ('dogsbody'), with his guilt and remorse about his dead mother, and with his general sense of the protean physical universe. Bloom's monologue, on the other hand, is, for the most part, affectionate, literal, and scientific. He wonders how tall he seems to the cat, why mice do not squeal when caught, what the functions of a cat's whiskers may be, and why cat's tongues are rough. As Joyce says, he views the cat 'curiously, kindly'. While for Stephen the dog is a multifaceted symbol, for Bloom the cat is an attractive and interesting creature, on which he can pour some of his affection.

Thus the structural re-start of the novel is matched by a change in the stylistic characteristics of the interior monologue. In the *Telemachia*, the handling of the monologue developed progressively because the overriding aim was to reveal more and more of the comparatively fixed character of Stephen; in the chapters immediately following 'Calypso', the style of the monologue varies in response to changes in the mood or situation of the flexible and resilient Bloom. Because interior monologue is a highly selective convention, it can be shaped to represent a general disposition in the consciousness, so that whatever is experienced – an impression, an emotion, a thought – tends to lead in some common direction. Such unspecific states of mind as general euphoria or general depression can be represented by showing the stream of consciousness moving characteristically towards happy or unhappy conclusions. Such terms as 'euphoria' and 'depression' are no more than abstract labels for mental predispositions: one's response to a given impression depends on the mood of the moment, or, to put it another way, a mood is recognized by the prevailing tendency of thoughts to move in a roughly common emotional direction.

In 'Calypso', no dominant mood is as yet established in Bloom's mind: he fluctuates between feeling young and feeling old, between satisfaction and regret, between the bitter vision of a barren Palestine and the idyllic dream of Agendath Netaim. The sketch, based on *The Dance of the Hours*, which he thinks of writing, is expressive of such fluctuation: 'Still true to life also. Day, then the night.' A sudden change in weather conditions can sweep him from one mood to another. After a cloud passing over the sun has provoked the image of the desolation in the Holy Land, and oppressed Bloom with a sense of 'age crusting him with a salt cloak', the sun breaks through:

> Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind. (*U* 54/74)

The factual content of these two sentences is simply that the cloud has passed away from the sun. Whatever else is conveyed is conveyed by the style, which is lively, gay, and, for Bloom, poetical. It is all these things, because Bloom is nearing his home and the sudden moving sunlight is associated with the image of his daughter, Milly, running to greet him. Bloom's love for and delight in his daughter are among the most powerful

of his emotions; he is worried about what may happen to her away from home, and when he recalls 'her slim legs running up the staircase' smiles 'with troubled affection', but, in general, the memory of her lightens his heart. This little episode foreshadows the more extended passage in the maternity hospital chapter, when Bloom, again oppressed by a vision of infertility and universal desolation, is restored by the image of 'Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant . . . shod in sandals of bright gold.' Yet to suppose that the two sentences presenting Bloom's response to the sudden sunlight indicate that he thought of the metaphor of the running girl, or remembered how Milly used to run to meet him, is mistaken; the language is plainly not the language of Bloom. The style evokes his response, and that response is vaguely associated in his mind with the pleasure he used to get when Milly welcomed him home. One can hardly say that the style echoes the sense – the style largely is the sense.

There is a range of such stylistic devices to represent aspects of Bloom's consciousness of which he is not fully aware – sometimes aspects of which he does not wish to be fully aware. For instance, when he arrives home he finds a letter from Boylan to Molly: 'Mrs Marion Bloom. His quick heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs Marion.' His mind does not comment on Boylan's breach of epistolary etiquette, nor dwell on its implications, yet his heart at once reacts. His mind notes the trivial solecism, twice: he does not allow himself to consider what his heart knows is implied in the form of address. But the style records the shock, the sense of threat to his status as husband, and, subsequently, twice more in this chapter and thereafter recurrently through the book, the simple words 'Mrs Marion' or 'Marion' are enough to represent the painful flash into his mind of a situation which he does not wish to contemplate. Again, style and content are inseparable.

'Lotuseaters'

It is the inner monologue's capacity for suggesting a pervasive mood that presumably explains the otherwise obscure 'technics' listed by Joyce for the next two chapters – 'Narcissism' and 'Incubism'. Both words seem to refer to the contents of a mind rather than to techniques of representation, but because they are general characteristics they can be expressed in the handling of the monologue. The dictionary defines Narcissism as 'a morbid self-love or self-admiration'; in Bloom, it is not a permanent condition, but a mood of self-satisfaction induced mainly by the receipt of a letter from Martha Clifford and partly by the warmth of the day. At the beginning of the chapter it is betrayed by a gesture – 'While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair' – and by the manner in which he crosses the road, 'sauntering' with a self-consciously 'careless air'. At the end of the chapter, he walks 'cheerfully' towards the baths as he contemplates his oiled and scented body floating 'in a womb of warmth'. He has no need, at this point of the day, for the company of others: as M'Coy approaches him,

he thinks 'Get rid of him quickly. Take me out of my way. Hate company when you', and, later, accosted by Bantam Lyons, he decides 'Better leave him the paper and get shut of him.' He is uncharacteristically smug about himself and contemptuous of others. He is 'fine', he tells M'Coy, and Molly is 'tiptop', and, when he has got rid of M'Coy, he smiles to himself at the superiority of himself and his wife to the M'Coys. Even less characteristic are the dreams of bullying dominance over women: the sight of a well-dressed woman makes him want to 'Possess her once take the starch out of her', and he plans to be more 'brutal' in the language of his next letter to Martha. All the lotuseating fantasies are equally evidence of that same desire to retire from life and human involvement, which culminates in his vision of himself in the warm seclusion of the bath.

Bloom's state of mind is responsible for another stylistic device introduced in this chapter – one which becomes increasingly important in the three chapters which follow it. Bloom's pen-name is Henry Flower; he receives a letter with a flower pinned to it; he buys lemon soap and a lotion containing sweet almond oil and orangeflower water; imagining himself in the bath, he thinks of his navel as a 'bud of flesh' and of his penis as 'a languid floating flower'; and these are only a few of the fifty or so words or phrases referring to flowers or vegetation. Sometimes they occur because Bloom thinks of a tropical Eastern scene, or of 'the language of flowers' or of the herbs and simples used by chemists. But they influence the language in less direct ways: seeing a poor boy, Bloom thinks 'His life isn't such a bed of roses'; Martha Clifford's bad headache is explained by the vulgarism 'Has her roses probably'; the vast production of Guinness suggests a land flooded with liquor 'bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth'; he supposes that familiarity with eating corpses is why cannibals 'cotton' to the idea of the eucharist; and, later, he notices 'a widow in her weeds'. None of these phrases would, by itself, catch the reader's attention; as A. Walton Litz observes,

> As readers we do not catalogue the references to flowers . . . but we do feel the accumulative force of their repetition.[12]

What is this accumulative effect on the reader? If the device merely indicates that the Odyssean parallel is 'Lotuseaters' and the technique 'narcissism', then it is no more than a rather laborious cryptogram. But if, as I believe it does, the vegetal colouring of the language ('vegetal' is more precise than 'flowery', because trees, shrubs, fruits, leaves and other plants are included) helps to induce in the reader a sense of a relaxed, passive, sensuous quality in Bloom's consciousness at this period of the day, then it is inconspicuous but functional.

'Hades'

The change of mood and technique from the 'Lotuseaters' chapter to

[12] *Litz*, 52. Litz points out that many of the 'vegetal' words were late additions to the chapter (46–9).

'Hades' is most clearly marked in the passages where Bloom remembers his dead father. In 'Lotuseaters', he recalls the old man's quoting from a play in which a son is reproached for having 'left the house of his father and left the God of his father.' Later, in the brothel, Bloom recognizes the application of his father's self-reproach to his own behaviour,[13] but, here, he seems pettily self-centred and anxious to forget about his father's death:

> Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his face. That day! O dear! O dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was the best for him.
>
> Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags of the hazard. No use thinking of it any more. Nosebag time. Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow. (*U* 69/93)

In 'Hades', his companions' contempt for suicides reminds Bloom of the tradition of driving a stake through the heart of a suicide ('As if it wasn't broken already'), and sets in train a much more vivid memory of the inquest on his father and the circumstances of his death:

> That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed. Verdict: overdose. Death by misadventure. The letter. For my son Leopold.
>
> No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.
>
> The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington Street. Over the stones. (*U* 89/121)

The last words of the last two paragraphs are suggested by the song, *The Pauper's Drive*, which echoes in Bloom's mind throughout the journey to the cemetery, but the song is only one of the ways in which Joyce shows a mind turning persistently to thoughts of death.

Bloom and his fellow-mourners are not a particularly solemn lot, and, at times, forget decorum, but death is like a heavy presence, an incubus, in their minds. It is not surprising that Bloom, attending a funeral, should be reminded of death by the sight of a child's coffin, the bereaved family or the funeral service, but Joyce's handling of the interior monologue shows a constant drift of thought in that direction. A woman's face at a window calls up the image of the laying-out of the corpse; Simon Dedalus's anger about Stephen's friends makes Bloom remember painfully the loss of his own son; the sight of Boylan leads to a visualization of the increasing flabbiness of Molly's body ('I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off'). O'Callaghan is said to be 'on his last

[13] Bloom's father had turned from the Jewish faith to Protestantism, Bloom from Protestantism to Catholicism. The fact that Rudolf retained certain Jewish 'beliefs and practices' (*U* 685/853) suggests that his conversion was skin-deep; Bloom became a Catholic 'with a view to his matrimony' (*U* 677/843). Although Bloom now has no religious faith, he sometimes, like his father, feels himself to be an apostate from his race.

legs',[14] a tramp emptying stones from his boot is doing so 'after life's journey', and the appearance of Reuben J. Dodd stimulates Bloom to begin the story of the attempted suicide of Dodd's son. Animals have similarly mortal associations: seeing a drove of cattle and sheep, Bloom thinks, 'Tomorrow is killing day' in what he calls the 'dead meat trade'; a braying ass recalls the superstition that asses hide when dying, and then the memory of Bloom's father going away to kill himself; a bird on a tree in the cemetery seems stuffed, reminding Bloom of Milly's burial of a dead bird; and a rat suggests the decaying flesh in the graves – 'Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.' If Bloom picks up the newspaper, his eyes immediately rest on the obituary notices; when he hears a street organ, 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' suddenly becomes the 'dead march from *Saul*', and the sight of a bunch of flowers on Smith O'Brien's statue suggests it must be 'his deathday. For many happy returns.' Buildings, too, lead into similar trains of thought: the gasworks reminds him of children convulsed with whooping cough, the dogs' home of the pathetic death of his father's dog, the hospital of the 'deadhouse handy underneath', and the house in which Childs was murdered of the public appetite for gruesome details. Even Bloom's usual inventiveness of mind is now directed towards municipal funeral trams, canal-borne hearses, the advantages of upright burial, re-usable coffins, the possible provision of electric clocks, telephones or canvas airholes in graves in case of premature burial, more interesting gravestone inscriptions, and the preservation of the voices of the dead on gramophone records.

To supplement the 'incubism' of the presentation, Joyce colours the language of the chapter with phrases and clichés suggestive of mortality. Molly is remembered expressing her sexual appetite in the words, 'God, I'm dying for it'; the cabhorses have 'too much bone in their skulls'; the bootlace seller has been 'kicked about like snuff at a wake'; Mrs Cunningham has been leading her husband 'the life of the damned' and 'would wear the heart out of a stone'; the Childs house has 'gone to hell'; there is a 'funereal silence' outside the cemetery; Martin Cunningham describes his embarrassment by saying 'I was in mortal agony'; the bald Dick Tivy is said to have 'nothing between himself and heaven'; the priest has 'a belly on him like a poisoned pup'; and even Ivy Day is 'dying out'. In addition, there are such expressions as 'more dead than alive', 'dead side of the street', 'dead weight', 'a few bob a skull', 'death's number', 'dead letter office' and the description of cheese as 'corpse of milk'. Bloom's mental habit of adapting or misquoting familiar quotations is modified to produce '*Habeat corpus*', 'Silver threads among the grey', 'In the midst of death we are in life', '*De mortuis nil nisi prius*', 'The Irishman's house is his coffin', and 'Eulogy in a country churchyard', while Simon Dedalus neatly applies an obituary phrase to Tom Kernan's failure to pay his debts to Fogarty:

[14] Victory Pomeranz has shown that O'Callaghan is not the name of the bootlace-seller, but an allusion to a play by William Bayle Bernard, *His Last Legs*. performed at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin in 1866. O'Callaghan was the name of the chief character (*JJQ* IX (1) (1971), 136–8).

'– Though lost to sight, Mr Dedalus said, to memory dear.' When Bloom's point of view is briefly abandoned, it is only so that Martin Cunningham can whisper to Mr Power about the suicide of Bloom's father.

Bloom resists and finally escapes from the prevalent mood, and that too is reflected in the handling of his monologue, but this chapter is particularly interesting stylistically for the way in which it articulates the moribund mental atmosphere of Dublin, already presented in 'The Dead', by selection and control of the mental processes represented, and by the use of words and expressions, mostly commonplace, but, in accumulation, suggestive of mortality.

The recurrence of the word 'heart' (or 'hearts) in the chapter (on a rough count twenty-two times, seventeen of them in the second half, after the arrival at the cemetery) is a device, related to the accumulation of mortal phrases, but different in effect. Whereas the phrases suggest the underlying mood of the chapter, the recurrence of 'heart' is nearer to an irony – the heart of the Dubliners is in the grave, in a buried past. The first contributes to the 'incubism' of the 'technic', the second underlines the metaphor of the column headed 'Organ'.

'Aeolus'

The use of words and phrases, sometimes literal, sometimes figurative, concealed in the narrative or the interior monologue but by their recurrence operating subliminally on the reader, is a development of the 'hot-cold' alternation to express the child's feverishness in the *Portrait* and culminates in the hundreds of river-names woven into the texture of the 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' chapter of *Finnegans Wake*. It is a technique of which Joyce seems to have been particularly fond – perhaps because of its indirectness and its capacity to give a subtle colouring to an episode – and one which he handles with extraordinary skill and variety. It occurs again in the 'Aeolus' chapter where, as has been often observed, there are about forty expressions related in some way to wind: besides such obvious forms as 'what's in the wind' and 'raise the wind', Joyce ranges from 'breath' to 'puff', 'draught', 'zephyrs', 'breeze', 'squalls', 'gale', 'whirlwind', 'hurricane' and 'cyclone', introduces allusive references in nouns like 'flatulence', 'bladderbags' and 'afflatus', and even makes such etymological puns as 'vent' and 'window'. Here, the handling of the technique is more overt than in 'Hades', but it serves a more complex role: it contributes to the windy atmosphere in the newspaper office, points to the Odyssean parallel (one headline, 'O, HARP EOLIAN', is a patent clue) and, more importantly, register's Joyce's comment on the 'art' of the chapter, 'Rhetoric', as practised in Dublin.

Unlike the three preceding chapters of Bloom's day, 'Aeolus' is not dominated by Bloom's interior monologue or point of view. We see through his eyes and perceive his unspoken thoughts when he is talking to the advertisement clerk, when he is in the printing works, and when he arrives

in the *Evening Telegraph* Office, but this merely prefaces the main business of the chapter; when Bloom goes into the editor's room to make his telephone call, we do not follow him, but stay to listen to the conversation of the editor and his cronies, and, when he returns, it is merely as a minor figure quickly given his dismissal by the editor. As he leaves the building, he is watched from the window and we get our first indication of his physical appearance seen from outside, as Lenehan ridicules the flat-footed walk mocked by the newsboys. The succeeding conversation is presented dramatically, with no point of view, as in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', until the arrival of Stephen, when, at once, we begin to get snatches of his interior monologue. But they are only snatches: the emphasis is still on dialogue, until, having left the office, Stephen begins to tell MacHugh his parable. Halfway through the parable, Bloom accosts Myles Crawford and a brief paragraph of interior monologue expresses his observation of the editor, Stephen and their companions; then Bloom is left behind and the parable is concluded with no further glimpse into Stephen's mind except the association provoked by MacHugh's reference to Penelope: 'Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.'

Thus, in this chapter, the monologues are subordinate to the dialogue, and there is no occasion to modulate their style in order to present some characterizing and pervasive mood. Instead, Joyce labelled the 'technic' of the chapter 'enthymemic', which (like the 'art', 'Rhetoric') principally refers to the dialogue. According to Aristotle, the enthymeme is a rhetorical syllogism based on probable rather than necessary premises: it starts from a generally accepted or granted principle and infers a probable application to the matter in hand. Aristotle claims that all rhetoric (in which he includes not only the public forms of deliberative, forensic and epideictic oratory[15] but all forms of persuasion when men 'endeavour to criticize or uphold an argument, to defend themselves or to accuse'[16]) depends on the use of enthymemes and examples, corresponding to the use of the syllogism and induction in dialectic.[17] Presumably, then, what Joyce meant by 'enthymemic' (the usual form of the adjective is 'enthymematic') relates to his presentation of the various kinds of persuasion exhibited in the chapter.

The three specimens of oratory quoted in the newspaper office – those of Dan Dawson, Seymour Bushe, and John F. Taylor – are obviously epideictic, forensic and deliberative respectively, but the rhetorical nature of the chapter has, I think, been somewhat obscured by Stuart Gilbert's well-known list of rhetorical devices exemplified in 'Aeolus' – a list so full, he believes, that the chapter might be 'adopted as a text-book for students of the art of rhetoric'.[18] The list of nearly a hundred devices looks impressive. But on closer examination it is less so. It includes, for instance, chiasmus, metaphor, anacoluthon, apostrophe, irony, parenthesis, tautology, professional jargon, Hibernicism, epigram, sarcasm, oratio recta-obliqua, anticlimax, hyperbole, and neologism – all of which could be illustrated equally

[15] *The 'Art' of Rhetoric*, translated by John Henry Freese (Loeb Classical Library (London, Heinemann 1926) I, iii, 3, p. 33.
[16] *Ibid.* I, i, 1, p. 3. [17] *Ibid.* I, ii, 8, pp. 19–21. [18] *Gilbert*, 187.

well from any chapter in the book: the same could be said of most of the other devices. Certainly, other chapters could be used to illustrate an equally formidable list of figures of speech.[19] Moreover, when Gilbert wants to exemplify 'enthymeme' (which Joyce's label would suggest is the key rhetorical feature of the chapter) he offers Bloom's remark to Hynes: 'If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch'.[20] This is not an enthymeme at all – not even according to the non-Aristotelian use of the term (a 'syllogism with one premise suppressed') which Gilbert attributes to Aristotle:[21] formally Bloom's remark is a conditional sentence with the apodosis or conclusion partly suppressed (and immediately added by Bloom): 'If you want to draw [you'd better look sharp because] the cashier is just going to lunch.' This list of rhetorical devices has rarely been questioned because Stuart Gilbert specifically claims for it Joyce's authority:

> Thus the long list of examples of rhetorical forms which concludes my commentary on the 'Aeolus' episode was compiled at his suggestion, and we spent several industrious afternoons collaborating on it.[22]

Yet this account of the composition of the list hardly agrees with Gilbert's description of the nature of the chapter as a 'gathering together . . . of nearly all the important, misleading enthymemes elenchated by Quintilian and his successors' to form 'a lively organic part of a very living organism.'[23] If Joyce had consciously made of his chapter 'a veritable thesaurus of rhetorical devices', one wonders why it took him and Gilbert 'several industrious afternoons' of collaboration to compile the list. Why could Joyce not have pointed out the devices he had introduced into the chapter? Why, in fact, should he have asked for the list to be compiled? The likely answer is that, in writing the chapter, Joyce had had the general idea of

[19] Arnold Goldman (*The Joyce Paradox: Form and Freedom in his Fiction* (London, Routledge and Kegan Paul 1966), 90) suggests that the figures of rhetoric found in 'Aeolus' 'could probably be found in any other chapter as well', and Robert Humphrey, pointing to twenty rhetorical figures and devices in a short passage from 'Proteus', says 'I suspect that Joyce seldom did so well in the "Aeolus" episode' (*Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel* (Berkeley, California University Press 1954), 74–6).

[20] *Gilbert*, 192.

[21] *Gilbert*, 186. The *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* gives for 'enthymeme': '1. *Rhet.* An argument based on probable premisses, as dist. from a demonstration – 1841. 2. *Logic* A syllogism with one premiss unexpressed; as *Cogito, ergo sum.* (A misapprehension of "imperfect syllogism" applied to 1.) – 1588.' The Glossary of the Loeb edition of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* makes the same point: 'an enthymeme (lit. thought, argument) in the *Rhetoric* is a rhetorical syllogism, that is, it is drawn from probable premises and is therefore not a strictly demonstrative proof. The use of the term for a syllogism in which one of the premises is suppressed is due to a misunderstanding. . . .' 475–6). Phillip Tompkins notes the incorrectness of Gilbert's definition and points out that his illustration of an enthymeme is both dubious and unimportant ('James Joyce and the Enthymeme: The Seventh Episode of *Ulysses*', *JJQ* V (3) (1968), 199–205). However, he regards John F. Taylor's speech as an enthymeme, whereas I regard it as an 'example'.

[22] *Gilbert*, 12. M. J. C. Hodgart observes that Gilbert's list 'is not exhaustive and not completely accurate', and notes that his supposed 'enthymeme' is 'just an elliptical sentence' (*Hart and Hayman*, 122 and 124).

[23] *Gilbert*, 187.

giving his treatment a rhetorical flavour, and, subsequently, was interested and amused to discover how much of the loose talk of his journalists could be formally catalogued. He must have been amused, for instance, to find that the simple protestation of the newsboy – 'It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir' – could be solemnly identified as an example of '*Epanaphora* (combined use of *Anaphora* and *Epiphora*)'.[24] A similar investigation of 'Eumaeus' would have produced an equivalent range of devices.

However, Gilbert's reference to 'all the important, misleading enthymemes' rightly notes that most of the rhetoric displayed in the chapter is false. Aristotle lists nearly thirty different types of enthymeme but there are few, if any, valid examples in 'Aeolus': it is much easier to illustrate his list of ten apparent or seeming enthymemes,[25] corresponding in rhetoric to the fallacious syllogism in logic. For instance, Bloom's successful attempt to persuade Nannetti to insert the Keyes advertisement illustrates Aristotle's second kind of apparent enthymeme:

> The second kind of fallacy of diction is homonymy. For instance, if one were to say that the mouse is an important animal, since from it is derived the most honoured of all religious festivals, namely, the mysteries.[26]

This argument, based on the mere similarity of sound in the Greek words for 'mouse' and 'mysteries', is paralleled in Bloom's persuasion of the home-ruler Nannetti that the heading, 'the house of keys' will, by an implied reference to the Manx parliament, offer an 'innuendo of home rule': the homonymic point is emphasized by the headline, 'HOUSE OF KEY(E)S'. On a more serious plane, the argument attributed to Mr Justice Fitzgibbon – 'We were weak, therefore worthless' – belongs to the first category of apparent enthymemes, which consists 'in ending with a conclusion syllogistically expressed, although there has been no syllogistic process.'[27] Professor MacHugh's eloquence is full of fallacious arguments. In his assertion of the superiority of the Greek civilization to the Roman or British, although he has warned Molloy not to be misled 'by sounds of words', he uses a more learned form of the homonymic fallacy employed by Bloom: the Latin '*dominus*' suggests 'material domination', the English 'Lord' does not distinguish between 'Lord Jesus' and 'Lord Salisbury' ('Where is the spirituality?'), but '*Kyrios*' is a 'Shining word! The vowels the Semite and the Saxon knew not. *Kyrie!* The radiance of the intellect'; and by this play on words MacHugh concludes that Greek is 'the language of the mind' and the Athenian empire 'the empire of the spirit'. When he praises by implication the loyalty of the Irish to lost causes, he associates them with Pyrrhus who was also 'loyal to a lost cause'; but since, when Pyrrhus 'made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece', the cause was in his opinion not yet lost, the argument belongs to the ninth category of apparent enthymemes, dependent on 'the omission of when and how'.[28] Even more blatantly, he dismisses the Roman Empire as 'vast, . . . but vile'

[24] *Ibid.*, 193. [25] *Rhetoric* II, xxiv, 2, pp. 325–35. [26] *Ibid.* II, xxiv, 2, pp. 325–7.
[27] *Ibid.* II, xxiv, 2, p. 325. [28] *Ibid.* II, xxiv, 9, p. 333.

on the grounds that wherever the Romans went they built sewers: here an accidental circumstance is treated as essential, the fallacy of the sixth kind of apparent enthymeme – 'derived from accident'.[29] In this instance, J. J. O'Molloy detects and exposes the fallacy by observing that 'we have also Roman law.'

There are many other fallacious rhetorical syllogisms scattered through the chapter, though few are in clear syllogistic form and many are concealed by the incoherencies of conversation. Whatever purports to be a process of syllogistic argument aiming at persuasion proves to be fallacious, not always in conclusion but in method. The three exceptions to the general debasement of rhetoric in this chapter are John F. Taylor's speech, Seymour Bushe's period on the Moses of Michelangelo, and Stephen's parable. On the first of these, Stuart Gilbert provides a perceptive comment:

> This speech is an apt example of the manner in which eloquence aided by the rhetorical device of a far-fetched, not to say false, analogy, can produce conviction in the listener's mind. The resemblance between the movement for a revival of the Irish tongue and the situation of the Chosen People in the land of Egypt was really of the slightest; the question at issue for the latter was not the revival of a dead or moribund tongue, nor is there any reason to believe that the Egyptians sought to impose their culture on the Jews. The speaker uses the *argumentum ad hominem* by comparing his hearer's race with the Chosen People, an *argumentum ad fidem* in exploiting for the purposes of his similitude their belief in the miraculous origin of the tables of the law, and an *argumentum ad passiones* in his description of the browbeating of a small, inspired race by the arrogant spokesman of a mighty empire. Yet it is impossible to read, *a fortiori* to hear, this speech without being in some measure convinced by the speaker's eloquence.[30]

Each of the three forms of argument listed by Gilbert is referred to by Aristotle as legitimate rhetorical practice but, formally, Taylor's speech is not enthymematic at all; it is a fine use of the rhetorical 'example' – the form of argument which, according to Aristotle, is 'most suitable for deliberative speakers, for it is by examination of the past that we divine and judge the future.'[31] Gilbert's objection that there is only a partial resemblance between the situation of the Irish and that of the Israelites does not invalidate the rhetorical process, for an example 'is neither the relation of part to whole, nor of whole to part, nor of one whole to another whole, but of part to part, of like to like, when both come under the same genus, but one of them is better known than the other.'[32] Aristotle distinguishes between two kinds of 'examples',

> namely, one which consists in relating things that have happened before, and another in inventing them oneself. The latter are subdivided into comparisons or fables, such as those of Aesop and the Libyan.[33]

Obviously Taylor's example belongs to the first category, Bushe's to the

[29] *Ibid.* II, xxiv, 6, p. 331. [30] *Gilbert*, 186 n. 1. [31] *Rhetoric* I, ix, 40, p. 105.
[32] *Ibid.* I, ii, 19, p. 29. [33] *Ibid.* II, xx, 2–3, p. 273.

subdivision of comparison, and Stephen's to that of fable.[34] It seems odd that, in a chapter supposedly 'enthymemic', the three valid passages of rhetorical persuasion should all be based on the 'example', but these three passages are related by their common reference to Moses and distinguished from the rest of the chapter by their quality as well as by their form. They provide the standard by which the impoverished rhetorical argument in the newspaper office is to be judged; when Joyce labelled the 'technic' of the chapter 'enthymemic', he was using the term ironically.

It is impossible to be certain that, in writing 'Aeolus', Joyce had Aristotle's *Rhetoric* consciously in mind (although it seems in keeping with his general readiness to refer to Aristotle[35]), but the book does in many respects provide a useful commentary on the chapter. For instance, the splendid closing sentence of Taylor's speech exhibits all the features recommended by Aristotle for a periodic sentence – antithesis, parisosis (balanced clauses), and paromoiosis (similarity of syllables at the beginnings or ends of clauses):

> He would *never have* spoken with the Eternal amid *light*nings on *Sinai's mountaintop*
> *nor ever have* come down with the *light* of inspiration *shining in his countenance*
> and bearing in his arms the tables of the *law*,
> graven in the language of the *outlaw*. [My italics and line divisions]. (*U* 133/181)

Aristotle says, 'All these figures may be found in the same sentence at once – antithesis, equality of clauses, and similarity of endings',[36] and Joyce's sentence seems to have been composed to this very prescription.[37] At the other extreme of eloquence, all four abuses which, according to Aristotle, produce 'frigidity of style' – the inappropriate use of compound words, of strange or unnatural words, of epithets which are 'long or unseasonable or too crowded', and of metaphors which are ridiculous, inflated or far-fetched[38] – are exemplified in combination in Dan Dawson's speech. Moreover, Bloom's unspoken defence of Dawson's fustian ('All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff') has an Aristotelian precedent:

> [The speeches] of rhetoricians, however well delivered, are amateurish when read. The reason is that they are only suitable to public debates; hence

[34] W. Rhys Roberts clarifies the distinction between the two subdivisions of invented examples by translating the terms as 'illustrative parallel' and 'fable'. (*Aristotle: 'Rhetoric' and 'Poetics'* (New York, Random House 1954), 133).

[35] Joyce had at least some knowledge of the *Rhetoric* as a schoolboy. In an essay, 'The Study of Languages', he wrote that 'The notion of Aristotle and his school, that in a bad cause there can be true oratory, is utterly false' (*CW*, 28).

[36] *Rhetoric* III, ix, 9, p. 395.

[37] A pamphlet quoting Taylor's speech confirms that Joyce carefully patterned the peroration, although the pattern was partially present in Taylor's play on 'law' and 'outlaw': 'Would he ever have come down from the Mount with the light of God shining on his face and carrying in his hands the Tables of the Law written in the language of the outlaw?' (See *Workshop*, 157).

[38] *Rhetoric* III, iii, 1–4, pp. 361–7.

> speeches suited for delivery, when delivery is absent, do not fulfil their proper function and appear silly.[39]

Even Lenehan is catered for by Aristotle, who lists such devices as 'clever riddles', paradoxes, 'slight changes in words', 'jokes that turn on a change of letter' and puns;[40] though Lenehan's constant attempts to ingratiate himself belong to the behaviour of a buffoon:

> Irony is more gentlemanly than buffoonery; for the first is employed on one's own account, the second on that of another.[41]

The direct or indirect influence of Aristotle on the chapter is an issue of minor importance: the principal function of Joyce's handling is to contrast the true rhetorical tradition of Ireland, represented by men of an earlier generation like Taylor and Bushe, with the debased forms displayed by the editor and his cronies. It is probably of this corruption that Stephen is thinking when, in the middle of Taylor's speech, he recalls the words of St Augustine:

> It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted. (*U* 132/180)[42]

The implied defence of the art of rhetoric again approximates to Aristotle's:

> If it is argued that one who makes an unfair use of such faculty of speech may do a great deal of harm, this objection applies equally to all good things except virtue, and above all to those things which are most useful, such as strength, health, wealth, generalship; for as these, rightly used, may be of the greatest benefit, so, wrongly used, they may do an equal amount of harm.[43]

Immediately before recalling Augustine's words, Stephen, listening to Taylor's exordium, has thought, 'Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?', and his recognition that rhetoric, however it may be corrupted, is in itself good leads him, in fact, to try his hand – 'I have a vision too' – with a '*Pisgah Sight of Palestine*', which responds in opposition to Taylor's eloquent example. The scheme of the whole chapter and its relation to the central action of the novel depends on the distinction between true rhetoric and its corruption. Rhetoric is one of the fields of activity where citizen and artist should theoretically meet: but, in 'Aeolus', Bloom hears only the turgid nonsense of Dan Dawson (which he regards as 'high falutin stuff', but popular stuff), while Stephen hears and is moved by the remembered speeches of Bushe and Taylor. Bloom, as canvasser, depends on the fickle and turbulent wind-god, Crawford, while Stephen ignores Crawford's attempt to recuit him into 'the pressgang', and offers instead an ironic variation on Taylor's vision of the Promised Land.

[39] *Ibid.* III, xii, 2, p. 419. [40] *Ibid.* III, xi, 6–7, pp. 409–11.
[41] *Ibid.* III, xviii, 7, p. 467.
[42] The quotation was used in the original short form of *A Portrait of the Artist*, though there it was applied to 'the beauty of mortal conditions' (*Workshop*, 65).
[43] *Rhetoric* I, i, 13, p. 13.

The degeneration of rhetoric is part symptom and part cause of the separation of citizen and artist.

The most corrupt form of rhetoric, current in Dublin, was in the newspapers themselves. The contemptuous ridicule of Dawson's speech, and the admiration of Bushe's and Taylor's might suggest that the pressmen in the office were defenders of true rhetoric against debasement; what prevents this view are the headlines,[44] which show journalism to be the ultimate corruption of rhetoric; and I believe that it was to perform this function that they were added after the first publication of the chapter in the *Little Review*. Stuart Gilbert's observation about their character is again perceptive:

> It will be noticed that the style of the captions is gradually modified in the course of the episode; the first are comparatively dignified, or classically allusive, in the Victorian tradition; later captions reproduce, in all its vulgarity, the slickness of the modern press. This historico-literary technique, here inaugurated, is a preparation for the employment of the same method, but on the grand scale, a stylistic *tour de force*, in a later episode, the *Oxen of the Sun*.[45]

But despite their comparative dignity, the early headlines are as false as the later ones: the inflation is only of a different kind. 'IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS' is a highfaluting heading for the description of a tram-terminus; 'THE WEARER OF THE CROWN' turns out to be a mailvan; and the 'GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS' consist of an advertisement canvasser, an advertisement clerk and a newsboy. There is not much to choose in point of vulgarity between the faked-up emotion of 'WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS', and the attempt to inject a false excitement into Antisthenes' preference for Penelope above Helen: 'SOPHIST WALLOPS HAUGHTY HELEN SQUARE ON PROBOSCIS. SPARTANS GNASH MOLARS. ITHACANS VOW PEN IS CHAMP.' And, finally, there is an equal irrelevance, in early and late captions to the 'news' which they introduce: the last form of speech which Dawson can be accused of using is 'HIS NATIVE DORIC'; it is hard to conceive a more inappropriate heading for MacHugh's attack on the 'cloacal obsession' of the Romans than 'THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME'; and the old woman's response to Nelson's pillar is entirely falsified by 'SOME COLUMN! – THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID.' Thus, despite the variety of manner, which not only traces a 'historico-literary' development but also reflects the changing moods of the chapter from Bloom's respectful admiration to Stephen's ironic contempt, the headlines consistently exhibit the inflation, insincerity, vulgarity and ignorant lying of the journalistic corruption of rhetoric. They are not an idle, if amusing, trick, but an important element in the presentation of Dublin rhetoric, and, consequently, of the barriers between citizen

[44] M. J. C. Hodgart argues persuasively that what are usually referred to as the 'headlines' of the chapter are more like 'captions under imaginary illustrations' (*Hart and Hayman*, 129). Yet, in 'Aeolus', they look like and act like headlines and subheadings.

[45] *Gilbert*, 178 n. 1.

and artist in those very areas of public life where, traditionally, there was a relationship.

But the shaping technique of the 'Aeolus' chapter is the movement to a climactic focus in Stephen's parable. Besides its function as a dry antidote to the somewhat syrupy flavours of Dublin rhetoric, it rounds off the chapter by echoing the scene presented in the opening paragraph. At the end of the parable the trams are suddenly paralysed, 'becalmed in short circuit', and Nelson's Pillar is the scene of Stephen's story. The Moses-theme, introduced in Bloom's memory of the Passover ritual, suggested in Dawson's distant prospect of '*Our Lovely Land*' seen from 'the serried mountain peaks' and in MacHugh's image of the Jews in the wilderness building an altar to Jehovah on the mountaintop, and developed in the speeches of Bushe and Taylor, culminates in the anticlimax of '*A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*'. Stephen's vision focuses rhetoric, setting, symbol and theme, and is given added emphasis by its placing and by the sudden change in Stephen's manner. That taciturn and reserved young man, whose thoughts when he entered the newspaper office were of his verse about the 'pale vampire' Death, now, uninvited, unburdens himself of his vision, and declares secretly, 'Let there be life' (*U* 135/183).

The emphasis on his story and its description as a parable invite critical interpretation, though there is very little agreement as to what Stephen meant and even less as to what Joyce meant. Some of the difficulties are illustrated by Hugh Kenner's comment that 'the vision [Stephen] enunciates is a parable of infertility: plumstones dropping over Dublin from a phallic monument.'[46] No doubt the sexual innuendoes playing round the story justify the phallic significance of the pillar, but this makes nothing of the Mosaic reference, and, as plumstones are the seeds of the plum, they seem an inept symbol of infertility. Before speculating about the meaning of the parable, it would be sensible to consider its nature and function in the total fabric of the novel. It is not a self-contained authorial interpolation, but an effusion of Stephen's mind at a certain point in the action, and the climax to the chapter. With the exception of the imitative verse which accompanies his entry into the chapter, the parable is the first manifestation, in the novel, of the young artist's talent. In it, many disparate thoughts and experiences are fused: the two old women seen on the beach; the lane where he had embraced a prostitute; Mr Deasy's money-box; the girl selling plums at the foot of Nelson's pillar (whose cry Bloom had heard on his way to Glasnevin); old Mary Ann, of Mulligan's song, 'hising up her petticoats'; the speeches of Bushe and Taylor; and Crawford's advice to write 'something with a bite in it' about him and his fellow Dubliners. Some links have already been established in Stephen's mind: on the beach he had imagined the two old women to be hiding a baby in the bulrushes, and, listening to Taylor's Moses analogy, he had linked this image with that of Michelangelo's Moses, described in the speech of Seymour Bushe. But other less explicit trains of thought are involved.

[46] *Kenner*, 251.

When Stephen calls Nelson 'the onehandled adulterer', MacHugh cries out, 'I like that. I see the idea. I see what you mean.' There seems to be no great wit in the epithet 'onehandled',[47] but, in Stephen's phrase, the adjective distinguishes Nelson from the other famous Dublin adulterer, the man at whose memory Dante, in the *Portrait*, had screamed out 'Adulterer!' and whom Bloom remembered 'clothed in the mantle of adultery' – Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell had been the Moses of the Irish people: Richard Ellman records that 'Mosaic imagery was commonly applied to Parnell'[48] and Joyce himself, in 1912, described Parnell as the leader who, 'like another Moses, led a turbulent and unstable people from the house of shame to the verge of the Promised Land'.[49] It is Parnell who is suggested by the figure of Moses in Taylor's speech, and his premature death which seems to be regretted in J. J. O'Molloy's comment, 'And yet he died without having entered the land of promise'. Stephen's '*Pisgah Sight of Palestine*' sets the reality against Taylor's 'prophetic vision'. Despite MacHugh's talk of the Irish people as 'liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar', and despite the eloquence of the Moses analogy, it was the adulterous victor in that battle whose statue dominated the main thoroughfare of Dublin, while at the far end of the same street the foundation stone for a statue of Parnell, rejected and dishonoured for his adultery, remained unoccupied. (The foundation stone was laid in 1899 – Bloom noticed it on his way to the cemetery – but no statue was erected until 1911.[50]). MacHugh might well, at the end of the chapter, look up at Nelson, and repeat Stephen's phrase yet again, but this time 'grimly'. Nelson was the symbol of English domination, of 'the seas' ruler' before whose representative the old milkwoman had bowed her head. She, too, already identified as a symbol of Ireland, contributes to the two old women who take their view of Dublin from the commanding height of Nelson's Pillar, and show no interest in what they see except the position of the different churches. The parable relates to Stephen's earlier statement about the servitude of Ireland beneath 'the imperial British state . . . and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.' In an essay, published in 1907,

[47] Both J. Mitchell Morse (*The Sympathetic Alien: James Joyce and Catholicism* (New York University Press 1959), 38) and Arnold Goldman (*The Joyce Paradox: Form and Freedom in his Fiction* (London, Routledge and Kegan Paul 1966), 174, n. 19) suppose that Nelson is being compared to a chamberpot, on the grounds that in *Gas from a Burner* such a receptacle is called a 'onehandled urn'. If this were all, Stephen's point would be feeble as well as obscure, and would hardly deserve MacHugh's comment. Robert M. Adams remarks on the Nelson–Parnell contrast but without relating it to 'the onehandled adulterer' phrase: 'Prudent, chaste and beefy, Dublin nonetheless admires romantic adultery, condoning in Nelson what it condemned in Parnell' (*James Joyce: Common Sense and Beyond* (New York, Random House 1966), 143).

[48] *Ellmann–JJ*, 32n. [49] *CW*, 225.

[50] Presumably Joyce had this in mind when he said, in 1907, that in Ireland 'even when the monuments are for the most popular men, whose character is most amenable to the will of the people, they rarely get beyond the laying of the foundation stone' (*CW*, 176). Weldon Thornton notes that the foundation stone of a monument to Wolfe Tone, laid in 1898, also remained without its statue (*Allusions*, 227).

Joyce had commented on Ireland's 'long parade of churches, cathedrals, convents, monasteries, and seminaries':

> Ireland, weighed down by multiple duties, has fulfilled what has hitherto been considered an impossible task – serving both God and Mammon, letting herself be milked by England and yet increasing Peter's pence . . . .[51]

In contrast to his earlier poeticizing, Stephen's parable is his first, characteristic creative act – moved by a dominant and oppressive idea, gathering to itself thoughts, associations and experiences, and finally provoked into expression by MacHugh's praise of Taylor's 'prophetic vision'. Stephen's counter-vision sets against the dream of the Promised Land the reality, and, against Taylor's poetic eloquence, a style of matter-of-fact bluntness:

> —Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane. (*U* 135/183)

The mind of the artist, dejected and despairing at the beginning of the day, is now beginning to assert itself and to behave, as Stephen said in the *Portrait*, 'like the God of the creation', saying 'Let there be life' (*U* 135/183). It is still immature, as is suggested by the 'sudden young laugh' with which Stephen closes his story, and by the adolescent bitterness MacHugh perceives in him: although there is a closer relationship to life than could have been found in the 'deeply deep' epiphanies or the romantic verse, the relationship is as yet detached, cold and mocking. But the parable marks a stage in the young man's movement away from sterility, and although it does not, as Crawford might have hoped, 'paralyse Europe', yet its end coincides with a paralysis of the Dublin tramways system, a chance illustration of Stephen's vision of the state of Ireland. It is the promise of future achievement that Bloom acknowledges when the parable is repeated to him in his kitchen, although for Bloom achievement is measured in terms of 'financial, social, personal and sexual success' (*U* 646/802).

This examination of the nature and function of the parable incidentally goes some way towards interpreting it. Why it is called '*A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*' is clear enough; but it is not so clear why it is subtitled '*The Parable of the Plums*'. To look for a symbolic interpretation is dangerous in such a deliberately matter-of-fact story – if the plums are symbols, why not the brawn or the striped petticoats? The story is a parable, not an allegory or a symbolic image; its central meaning lies in what happens, not in what can be read into the details. The old women and Nelson's Pillar may be called 'symbols', but only in the sense that they are representative of the Irish people and English domination. Oversubtlety in the interpretation of plums and plumstones obscures the point of a story which MacHugh and, later, Bloom, easily understand. Two old women who want to survey their city, save their money, buy provisions, make their journey, and are then too exhausted, too frightened, too dizzied to continue looking at the prospect: 'too tired to look up or down or to speak', they sit and eat

[51] *CW*, 190.

their plums and carelessly spit the stones down on the city they had climbed to view. The Moses analogy becomes a parody. On Sinai, Moses had looked upon the back parts of God, had touched neither bread nor water for forty days and nights, and had brought down the stone tablets of the law; the two old women look up at 'the onehandled adulterer', settle down to eat their plums, and, as the headlines put it, 'DONATE DUBLIN'S CITS SPEEDPILLS VELOCITOUS AEROLITHS.' Stephen's vision of Ireland in the parable is like the vision which informs *Dubliners*: it presents the same hemiplegia of the will, the same bovine dullness, the same servility of spirit, and it does so in that tone of ironic detachment which characterizes the short stories. The sense of isolation and deprivation which underlies Stephen's bitterness is recognized by him when, in the hospital, he recalls his parable:

> Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of old, how thou settedst little by me and by my word and broughtest in a stranger to my gates to commit fornication in my sight and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore hast thou sinned against the light and hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants. . . . Look forth now, my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo and from Pisgah and from the Horns of Hatten unto a land flowing with milk and money. But thou hast suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my sun thou hast quenched for ever. And thou hast left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth. (*U* 376/514)

The turning of Stephen's talent away from morbid versifyings about the kiss of death and towards a vision of the life of Dublin does not end his isolation or diminish his bitterness, but it affects his subsequent thoughts and behaviour; it influences the account he gives, in the Shakespeare discussion, of the productive enmity between the artist and his home, and sets him on a mental course that will make a relationship with Bloom possible and fruitful.

'Lestrygonians'

The 'technic' of 'Lestrygonians' was labelled by Joyce 'peristaltic', and this has inspired a number of critical attempts to find parallels between the narrative movement of the chapter and the involuntary muscular movement that propels food through the body. Stuart Gilbert, for instance, has sugtested that

> this process is symbolized by Mr Bloom's pauses before various places of refreshment, the incomplete movements he makes towards satisfaction of the pangs of hunger which spasmodically urge him onward, and their ultimate appeasement.[52]

There are a few passages which might suggest peristalsis, but too few to justify the label for the 'technic' of the whole chapter, and I doubt whether there is anything peristaltic about Bloom's movements through the city.

[52] *Gilbert*, 204–5.

What is certain is that throughout the chapter, Bloom feels hungry: 'I'm hungry too', he thinks, and, later, 'Must eat', and then 'Ah, I'm hungry.' Just as the labels 'narcissism' and 'incubism' referred to a technique for representing, in interior monologue, a pervasive mood which repeatedly turns Bloom's thoughts in a certain direction and colours the language in which they are expressed, so 'peristaltic', too, seems to refer to a handling of the monologue to represent a feeling of hunger, at first unconscious but gradually becoming more assertive and urgent. When Bloom thinks of 'the gnaw of hunger' or hopes that there will be liver and bacon for lunch because 'Nature abhors a vacuum', he is referring to those feelings of abdominal discomfort, produced by peristaltic contractions, which we call hunger.[53] It is these feelings which shape his mental processes throughout the chapter: his belly is signalling to his mind, and in this sense the conduct of the chapter is 'peristaltic'.

As in 'Lotuseaters' and 'Hades', Bloom's general condition colours the style throughout. Many foods are named, and the common expressions which occur frequently to Bloom's mind have reference to food also: 'living on the fat of the land', 'have a finger in the pie', 'a feast for the gods', 'I was souped', 'drop him like a hot potato', 'the next thing on the menu', 'gammon and spinach', 'go to pot', 'country bred chawbacon', 'all the beef to the heels', 'couldn't swallow it all', and 'eat, drink and be merry'. Bloom's humour is given an alimentary flavour: he parodies Moore in 'the harp that once did starve us all'; he imagines a man talking with his mouth full – 'Table talk. I munched hum un thu Unchster Bunk un Munchday'; the sight of a sandwich suggests 'Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there'; the coffined Dignam becomes 'Dignam's potted meat'; the limerick Bloom recalls is about a cannibal who ate a clergyman's private parts; and thoughts of a city banquet produce such witticisms as 'too many drugs spoil the broth', and 'Do ptake some ptarmigan.' The physical world about him also becomes transformed: above 'the treacly swells' of the Liffey swerve 'hungry famished' gulls; the jerrybuilt suburbs consist of 'mushroom houses' and the architecture of the National Museum has 'cream curves'; poplin in one shop window looks like 'lustrous blood', and closestools in another turn his thoughts to the idea of tracing the passage of a foreign body through the entrails; even the clock in Davy Byrne's looks 'bilious'. Food dominates the descriptions of the Dubliners whom Bloom meets or remembers: Dilly Dedalus seems underfed on a diet of 'potatoes and marge', while Ben Dollard 'has legs like barrels', an 'appetite like an albatross', and would 'get outside of a baron of beef'; John Henry Menton has 'oyster eyes', Pat Kinsella 'parboiled eyes', a man in the Burton Restaurant 'sad booser's eyes' and John Howard Parnell 'poached eyes on ghost'; Mr Purefoy has 'muttonchop whiskers', Bob Doran 'bottle shoulders', and Tom Wall's baby son a 'head like a prize pumpkin'; Mrs Breen was once 'a tasty dresser', Molly 'looks out of plumb' and has

[53] Cf. 'Peristaltic movements taking place in an empty stomach give rise to the sensation of hunger' (W. Gordon Sears and R. S. Winwood, 5th edn, *Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses and Students of Human Biology* (London, Arnold 1974), 217).

'gumjelly lips', old Mrs Riordan was the possessor of a 'rumbling' stomach, and Queen Victoria is described as 'a good layer'; Professor Goodwin's tall hat had provided a 'flies' picnic', while on Nosey Flynn a flea is 'having a good square meal'; the blind boy's coat is slobbered with food, and Sir Frederick Falkiner seems replete with a good lunch and vintage wine; most significantly for Bloom, he remembers seeing Boylan at the door of the Red Bank restaurant that morning, and wonders whether he has been eating oysters to prepare himself sexually for the meeting with Molly. Even the civic, cultural, spiritual and business life of the city is presented in terms of food. Bloom's attitude to the police is sufficiently indicated by the description of them marching in 'goose step' at 'pudding time', some 'let out to graze' and others 'bound for their troughs'; but he is equally critical of the so-called republicans, 'halffed enthusiasts', who can be won over by stuffing them with meat and drink and who are always ready for a 'penny roll and a walk with the band'. The ethereal poetry of George Russell is blamed on his vegetarian diet, while Dan Dawson's eloquence is 'flapdoodle to feed fools on'. The Irish clergy have well-stocked 'butteries and larders', the nuns of Mount Carmel ('Sweet name too: caramel') fry everything 'in the best butter', the method of the Methodist Mr Purefoy is characterized as 'eating with a stopwatch, thirtytwo chews to the minute, a teetotaller is a 'dog in the manger' and the evangelist Dr Dowie preaches that 'God wants blood victim'. In the streets, the sandwichboardmen walk the gutters for 'bread and skilly', the cities are built by slaves feeding on 'bread and onions', while the upperclasses are '*Crème de la crème*', and hunters who, although pursuing the 'uneatable fox' are 'pothunters too' – pothunters being those who hunt for food.

These are only a selection from a chapter congested with references to food and eating which suggest the progressive permeation of Bloom's mind by his hunger. But Joyce is not merely concerned with creating an image of a hungry man's consciousness: Bloom's hunger is a threat to his moral nature, a threat he must either overcome or elude. In Odyssean terms, Bloom/Ulysses is in the land of the Lestrygonians, who devoured the crews of all the Greek ships, except Ulysses', who were saved by the prudence of their master. In Joyce's list of 'Correspondences', Antiphates is equated with 'Hunger', his daughter (who decoyed the Greeks) with 'Food', and the Lestrygonians with 'Teeth'. Although this is a set of correspondences which no reader would have discovered unaided, it does metaphorically represent a feature of the chapter which is both important and clear – that Bloom's hunger could deflect him from his lonely course, and absorb him like all the other citizens of Dublin, into a way of life of which the motto is 'Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!'

The risk is that much greater because, at this hour of the day, Bloom is at the lowest ebb of his moral resources:

> This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed. (*U* 153/208)

It is less that he is depressed because he is hungry than that he is hungry

because he is depressed, though both factors influence him. A few passages suggest ways in which the body affects the mind: Bloom thinks that a vegetarian diet 'produces the like waves of the brain the poetical', that 'hungry man is an angry man', and that 'peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion.' But, on the other hand, there is a strong implication that his physical hunger is related to his hunger for Molly's love, and that he hopes, by eating, to dispel the unhappiness that shakes him whenever he thinks of her forthcoming session with Boylan. For instance, recalling an evening walk with Boylan and Molly, he suspects that it was then, by touches of the elbows, arms and fingers, that Boylan made his approach and Molly silently consented, and, as usual, Bloom tries to dismiss these painful thoughts: 'Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.' The half-expressed decision to do something to escape from these thoughts is completed in the passage closely following, when silks in a shopwindow afflict Bloom with a longing for his wife's embraces:

> A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.
>
> Duke Street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then. (*U* 157/214)

Evidently Bloom hopes, in eating, to subdue his craving for his wife's body. His memory of the afternoon on Howth when Molly gave herself to him is thick with oral imagery, associating sexual and physical hunger:

> Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. . . . Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.
>
> Me. And me now. (*U* 165/224)

Bloom's ecstasy, shaping the rhythms of the monologue (they are frequently metrical), is suddenly dispelled by the recollection of his present situation, and the sad irony of his memory is pointed by the fact that the whole passage is framed between his observations of two flies stuck together, buzzing. He is tormented by thoughts of Boylan; a momentary panic seizes him when the possibility that Boylan has venereal disease enters his mind; he briefly wonders whether the sandwich-board men are Boylan's employees; he looks round the Burton restaurant to ensure that Boylan is not there; and his composure is shaken when Nosey Flynn, enquiring about Molly's tour, asks innocently, 'Who's getting it up?' The same question had been asked by M'Coy earlier in the day, but now the sexual innuendo temporarily silences Bloom, and, when Flynn mentions Boylan's name, he looks at the clock: 'Not yet.' Again his physical hunger and his hunger for love interweave:

> His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.
> Wine. (*U* 161/220)

After this, it is not surprising that Bloom's heart and breath react violently when, on his way to the library, he almost bumps into Boylan.

In his troubled state of mind and body, Bloom's visions are gloomy. He imagines a desolate universe without sense or purpose, one 'cityful' of men following another in meaningless succession, and life itself a monotonous series of births and deaths:

> Things go on same day; day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. . . . One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. (*U* 153/208)

Even the struggle for existence is a mechanical cycle of 'stuffing food in one hole and out behind: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine.' It is a grim vision of a world governed by soulless material forces in which such things as love and sympathy are absurdities. The proper inhabitants of such a world are those who follow the rules for survival: 'Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail', 'Eat or be eaten', 'All for number one', 'Hate people all round you.' The proper God for such a world is one who requires blood victims, and finds his sustenance in 'birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burnt-offering, druid's altars.'

Although, in his lowered condition, Bloom sees himself in a world like this, he doesn't succumb to it. However hungry he may be, he will not eat in the restaurant where men feed like animals, and contents himself with a cheese sandwich and a glass of wine. He may be low-spirited but he will not deny his own moral nature by joining in the selfish struggle: he knows the gulls are moved by 'greed and cunning' but he feeds them; he feels pity for Dilly Dedalus, for Mrs Breen, for Mrs Purefoy, for all who suffer, and shows tact and sympathy when he helps the blind boy across the road. In *Stephen Hero*, Stephen had expressed his contempt for the religion of blood and had associated it with the eating habits of western man:

> Renan's Jesus is a trifle Buddhistic but the fierce eaters and drinkers of the western world would never worship such a figure. Blood will have blood. There are some people in this island who sing a hymn called 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb' by way of easing the religious impulse. Perhaps it's a question of diet but I would prefer to wash in rice-water. (*SH* 194)

Bloom, reading the 'Blood of the Lamb' throwaway handed to him outside Graham Lemon's, has a similar revulsion. The gods (or rather, goddesses) he admires are those of Ancient Greece, who feed on nectar and ambrosia, and are so far removed from mortal animals that they need no excretory orifices. It is to check this theory that he visits the Museum, escaping with relief from the turbulent emotions aroused by the sight of Boylan to 'cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.' It is only a temporary safety, but it does constitute an escape from the savage Lestrygonian world through which he has passed.

Thus the prevalence in the chapter of the language of food and eating is not merely a verbal representation of Bloom's physical hunger: it expresses, too, the general desolation of his mood, his yearning for Molly, and his vision of the savagery of life. This is a black hour in his day: he is torn by emotions of longing and revulsion so powerful that to represent them Joyce had to concentrate and exaggerate the language of the interior monologue. The scene in the Burton restaurant is not an uncommon one, but the sound of the words is itself so thickly repellent ('swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging') that we share Bloom's revulsion and his feeling that the scene is symbolic of human selfishness and savagery. We can understand Bloom's veering towards vegetarianism merely through our own response to the sickening language used to present his image of a butcher's shop: 'Flayed glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust.' The passage where he recalls the embrace on Howth enacts in its rhythms and words the overwhelming excitement and emotion still aroused in him by Molly, as the broken and incoherent stammerings of the monologue when he fears Boylan may have a venereal disease enact the shattering distress and confusion produced by the thought:

> If he . . .
> O!
> Eh?
> No . . No.
> No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?
> No, no. (*U* 142/193–4)

Everywhere in the chapter, Joyce intensifies the language and finds new resources for the interior monologue, shaping both styles and techniques to present the consciousness of a man almost overwhelmed by a complex of physical, emotional and spiritual distresses, yet surviving with the help of his own prudence and good nature.

'Scylla and Charybdis'

The stylistic character of the 'Scylla and Charybdis' chapter is obviously dominated by the exposition and discussion of Stephen's Shakespeare theory: the term 'Dialectic' in the column headed 'Technic' presumably refers both to 'the art of critical examination into the truth of an opinion' (*SOED*) and to Stephen's search for a resolution of contending opposites. The men involved in this discussion are representative of Dublin's intellectual life, the topic of discussion is literary, and consequently the dialogue is far more allusive, mannered and artificial than in any earlier chapter. It is less like normal conversation than like the formal presentation and examination of a thesis. Mr Lyster, the librarian, the essence of formality, sets the tone from the start:

> Urbane, to comfort them, the Quaker librarian purred:

—And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*? A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life. (*U* 172/235)

The old-fashioned manner as much as the platitudes and clichés are characteristic of Mr Lyster – everyone in the chapter has a characteristic way of speaking – but a similar bookish artificiality is present in the speech of Eglinton, Russell, Best and Stephen himself. Not only is Stephen's language mannered, the conduct of his argument is according to Jesuitical precept, beginning with 'Composition of place', as advised by St Ignatius Loyola and defined and practised by Father Arnall in the *Portrait*:

—The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, made up in the castoff mail of a court buck, a wellset man with a bass voice. It is the ghost, the king, a king and no king, and the player is Shakespeare who has studied *Hamlet* all the years of his life which were not vanity in order to play the part of the spectre. (*U* 177/241)

From the beginning of his exposition Stephen (clad in Buck Mulligan's castoff shoes) is present behind the Shakespeare mask, not merely the mask of the dramatist but also that of the actor. The whole of his speech in the library is a performance, as the style itself suggests:

If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twentysix. The greyeyed goddess who bends over the boy Adonis, stooping to conquer, as prologue to the swelling act, is a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself. (*U* 179/244)

These few sentences run together allusions to the *Sonnets*, *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Macbeth* and *As You Like It*, together with an old joke about Hathaway, a bawdy innuendo, and a phrase from Goldsmith. It is a mock literary argument, an attempt to overwhelm the audience with a show of learning (though few of the references have any relevance to the point at issue) in accordance with Stephen's original plan: 'Work in all you know. Make them accomplices.' As snatches of his interior monologue indicate, Stephen is putting on a show:

Smile. Smile Cranly's smile. (*U* 173/235)

Now your best French polish. (*U* 181/246)

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour. (*U* 185/252)

I think you're getting on very nicely. Just mix up a mixture of theolologico-philolological. *Mingo*, *minxi*, *mictum*, *mingere*. (*U* 193/263)

Flatter. Rarely. But flatter. (*U* 196/267)

Don't tell them he was nine years old when it was quenched. (*U* 198/269)

Stephen is playing a role, beating these literary men, for whom he has little respect, at their own game. But the deceit is not just a trivial trick; as in 'Aeolus' he borrowed the Mosaic imagery to articulate his vision of the Irish people, so now he uses the life of Shakespeare as a way of discovering

and understanding his own nature – 'W.H.: who am I?' For him, the men in the library form an audience on which to sharpen his wits and his self-understanding:

> Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall. My whetstone. Him, then Cranly, Mulligan: now these. Speech, speech. But act. Act speech. They mock to try you. Act. Be acted upon. (*U* 199/271)

This is a modification of the policy of silence, exile and cunning, decided on in the *Portrait*. He will break silence, make the required speech, but it will be acted speech. They mock him to test his intellectual claims; he meets the test but in a spirit of mockery. He will act, and thus take part in their mummery, and, in doing so, will be exposed to it, will be acted on. The importance of these words, 'Act. Be acted on', is, almost at once, made clear when Stephen accepts Eglinton's assertion that Shakespeare is 'all in all' in Hamlet:

> —He is, Stephen said. The boy of act one is the mature man of act five. All in all. In *Cymbeline*, in *Othello* he is bawd and cuckold. He acts and is acted on. Lover of an ideal or a perversion, like José he kills the real Carmen. His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor in him shall suffer. (*U* 200–201/272–3)

For the boy to become the mature man, for the artist to become 'all in all', he must both act and suffer; he must sacrifice his real self to the claims of his ideal artistic self. He plays 'bawd' to his audience, at the cost of becoming himself the 'cuckold'. Yet it is only by acting this role, by exposing himself to the 'real' world, that he can discover and understand himself:

> Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves. (*U* 201/273)

The style of the dialogue of this chapter is, then, deliberately artificial and yet, like the Shakespeare theory itself, expressive of a development in Stephen towards a recognition of the necessary interaction between the artist's true self and the world around him, not adapting to it or corrupted by it, but acting on it and being acted on. To his audience, it is a remarkable performance, though, since they themselves are mummers unconscious of their mummery, they are puzzled by Stephen's prompt declaration that he does not believe his own theory. For Stephen, it has all been play-acting, but, nevertheless, acting in earnest. As he leaves the room he asks himself, 'What have I learned? Of them? Of me?'

The theatrical character of the dialogue is supported by a few devices of lay-out: the advertisement for

HAMLET
ou
LE DISTRAIT
Pièce de Shakespeare

is set out on the page like a playbill, and Mulligan later introduces the title-

page and *dramatis personae* of his 'national immorality in three orgasms'. The prosaic discussion of Shakespeare's will is printed as blank verse (though it is flat, unmetrical and incompetent); thanks to John Eglinton's ironic remark, 'The plot thickens', the beginning of the talk about Shakespeare's brother is set out in dramatic form, and accompanied by musical instructions like the libretto of an opera; and the chapter ends with some lines from Cymbeline's concluding speech. None of these devices is important in itself (though some of them become important in later chapters) but each helps to strengthen the image of play-acting.

The interior monologue is affected by the same image. Because Stephen is playing a role, his monologue frequently falls into stagy parodies – of Yankee or Cockney slang, of theosophical or advertising jargon, of medieval, Elizabethan, Irish and Quaker styles, and of the Lord's Prayer, accompanied by a *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* in neume notation. Mulligan's arrival signals for Stephen an '*entr'acte*' in the discussion, and at times the monologue splits into a dramatic dispute between Stephen's divided selves:

> How now, sirrah, that pound he lent you when you were hungry?
> Marry, I wanted it.
> Take thou this noble.
> Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter. Agenbite of inwit.
> Do you intend to pay it back?
> O, yes.
> When? Now?
> Well . . . no.
> When, then?
> I paid my way. I paid my way. (*U* 178/242)

But most remarkably the authorial narrative itself is infected with theatricality. Mr Lyster's movements are presented as a series of Elizabethan dance-steps, and the sentences themselves are sometimes set to a dance rhythm: 'Swiftly rectly creaking rectly rectly he was rectly gone.' Buck Mulligan, too, enters, with 'a ribald face', 'blithe in motley' and carrying his hat like a 'bauble', exits like 'a lubber jester', goes downstairs 'iambing, trolling' ('Puck Mulligan footed featly, trilling') and, finally, whispers to Stephen 'with clown's awe'. The other characters at different times assume different roles: Russell, seen first 'bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holyeyed', emerges from the shadow as 'a tall figure in bearded homespun' examining his 'cooperative watch'; Eglinton can seem like the villain of a melodrama, exerting 'the bane of miscreant eyes, glinting stern under wrinkled brows', yet, later, when flattered, appear 'gladly glancing, a merry puritan, through the twisted eglantine'; and Best makes his appearance like a juvenile lead, in neat and dapper sentences rounded with a rhyme:

> Mr Best entered, tall, young, mild, light. He bore in his hand with grace a notebook, new, large, clean, bright. (*U* 174/237)

The language of the narrative frequently echoes that of the dialogue: when Stephen says that the errors of a man of genius are 'the portals of

discovery', immediately the librarian enters, not through a door, but through 'portals of discovery', and when Best quotes Hamlet's speech, 'Those who are married, . . . all save one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are', he laughs 'unmarried, at Eglinton Johannes, of arts a bachelor.' Even more frequently, the way in which things are said reflects, in a very selfconscious manner, what is said, as though the speakers were actors, underlining their words with exaggerated gesture and intonation: the following are just a few examples of this device.

> —A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly . . . (*U* 179/243)

> —Yes, Mr Best said youngly, I feel Hamlet quite young. (*U* 183/249)

> —The most brilliant of all is that story of Wilde's, Mr Best said, lifting his brilliant notebook. (*U* 187/254)

> —History shows that to be true, *inquit Eglintonus Chronolologos.* (*U* 195/265)

In earlier chapters, where the interior monologue influenced or was echoed in the language of the narrative, it was reasonable to assume that the outside world was being viewed through the eyes of the monologist, but the sustained theatricality of 'Scylla and Charybdis' cannot plausibly be attributed to Stephen. One is conscious, rather, of an authorial vision shaping and colouring everything in the chapter, and presenting Joyce's perception and assessment of the behaviour of the characters through style and technique. It is not only Stephen who is acting: the others, too, are involved in a pretentious mummery: 'Mummed in names: A.E., eon: Magee, John Eglinton.' Stephen is out-mumming the mummers ('O, you peerless mummer!'), but purposively and seriously. His audience, who fail to recognize the mockery, fail, too, to recognize the purpose. The Quaker librarian observes, concerning Wilde's Shakespeare theory, that 'the mocker is never taken seriously when he is most serious' and the group talks 'seriously of mocker's seriousness', but they cannot perceive the relevance of this to Stephen. In this chapter, even God becomes 'the playwright who wrote the folio of this world and wrote it badly'; he is 'the lord of things as they are' against whom the artist, 'lover of an ideal', must struggle.

'Scylla and Charybdis' is the conclusion of the first half of the novel.[54] Stephen is, as it were, ready for the fertilizing contact with Bloom: he has entered, however ironically, into the life of the city, has examined his own nature as artist, and, through his Shakespeare theory, has begun to apprehend his future course. In the previous chapter, Bloom has thought '*Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit*', and, in his exposition, Stephen has repeatedly presented Shakespeare in Bloomian terms – as a betrayed husband, 'bawd and cuckold', as inheritor of the 'mystical estate' of fatherhood, and, in answer to Eglinton's challenge, as a Jew. Eglinton accuses Stephen of having reduced Shakespeare's plays to projections of 'a French

[54] *Letters* I, 145.

triangle', as Joyce might be said to have reduced the *Odyssey* to the French triangle, Bloom–Molly–Boylan. And, finally, leaving the library, Stephen, conscious of the 'seas between' himself and Mulligan, sees Bloom pass quietly through, and recalls his dream of the street of harlots and his easy flight. This first notice of Bloom by Stephen properly concludes the first half of the novel.

The chapter marks a turning point in the handling of style and technique. The three elements characteristic of most novels – the representation of what is done, the presentation of what is said, the description of what is thought – have each been developed and complicated, and their interrelationships multiplied, until in this chapter they become similarly and equally expressive of the author's vision. In the styles and techniques of the first nine chapters there is no comparatively consistent mode of presentation, suddenly discarded in the latter half of the book, but a constant and gradual development to the complexity of 'Scylla and Charybdis'. The subsequent chapters continue this development, they do not suddenly break with it. The musical colouring of 'Sirens' is foreshadowed in the theatrical colouring of 'Scylla and Charybdis'; the inflated passages of 'Cyclops' are foreshadowed in Dan Dawson's windy rhetoric and the headlines of 'Aeolus'; the qualifying of the interior monologue by the physical processes of tumescence and detumescence in 'Nausicaa' is an extension of what happens to Bloom's monologue in 'Lestrygonians', under the influence of physical hunger and its satisfaction. The later developments are bolder, but are based on the same general principle of making the style progressively carry more and more of the burden of significance, until it becomes the means by which Joyce simultaneously creates, interprets and assesses.

'Wandering Rocks'

The 'Wandering Rocks' chapter continues the methods already developed to present narration, dialogue and thoughts, but requires of the reader a new distancing. With few and minor exceptions – the opening paragraphs of the novel, a whispered conversation in the cemetery, the brief gap between Bloom's departure and Stephen's arrival in 'Aeolus', and Bloom's visit to the lavatory in 'Lestrygonians' – the reader has been present only when Bloom or Stephen was present: now he moves freely about Dublin. Up to this point in the novel the only interior monologues have been those of Bloom and Stephen; now there are interior monologues of the Very Reverend John Conmee, Miss Dunne the typist, Mr Kernan and young Patrick Dignam, briefly of Dilly Dedalus and M'Coy, and even of Blazes Boylan, though Boylan's is limited to a single characteristic thought – 'A young pullet' – as he looks into the neckline of the girl in the fruitshop. Through *oratio recta obliqua* we also get glimpses into the mind of the shop girl, looking at Boylan 'got up regardless, with his tie a bit crooked', of

the reverend Hugh C. Love 'mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons', and of Gerty MacDowell who, looking at the viceregal cortege, 'knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant.' The reader, accustomed to the integrating viewpoints of Bloom and Stephen, is, in this chapter, sent wandering like them among the citizens of Dublin. But although this chapter does not concentrate on the experience of Stephen and Bloom, their monologues are stylistically so much more intense and troubled than anything else in the chapter that they continue to be the focus of interest.

Stephen's conversation with Artifoni seems friendly and relaxed. When the older man says that Stephen is sacrificing himself to an idea, Stephen remarks smilingly that it is a bloodless sacrifice. But he is deceiving himself. The language of his later monologue is congested with revulsion, fear and misery. A jeweller's window calls up a Swiftian vision of men struggling for precious stones – 'Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them' –, and the Yahoo reference is sustained in the image of the old jeweller, like 'grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard.' The sounds of the powerhouse produce a desperate feeling that he is caught between 'two roaring worlds', the physical body he occupies and the world about him:[55] a momentary challenge to the God of this universe, 'bawd and butcher', to shatter him is quickly withdrawn. The most painful moment is when he sees his sister Dilly, whose eyes are like his, whose mind is a shadow of his mind, reduced to buying a secondhand French primer to feed her mind. He knows the poverty of his home, with the children dependent for food on charity and on what can be cadged from their irresponsible father, and he feels the pressure to help. The girl's plight reminds him of his dead mother and of his thoughts, earlier that morning, of his inability to rescue a drowning man. Stephen, who has been paid that morning, who has bought drinks for the newspapermen and will later buy drinks for his companions in the hospital, and who will readily give the contemptible Corley half-a-crown, offers nothing to Dilly, who has just with great difficulty extracted one-and-twopence from her father. His behaviour seems both sentimental and cold; he can agonize for his sister, without doing anything to help. But it is the essence of his position to refuse to submit to family ties and responsibilities: he suffers because he refused his dying mother's wish, and he suffers because he refuses to rescue his sisters. Yet, as the drowning image shows, he fears that once he commits himself to the service of his family he will destroy the ideal he pursues. As he had said of Shakespeare, he sacrifices his humanity to the ideal.

[55] Richard Ellmann and Ellsworth Mason have drawn attention to the apparent reflection in this incident of a passage from James Lane Allen's novel, *The Mettle of the Pasture*, quoted by Joyce in his review of that novel in 1903: '. . . but without us and within us moves one universe that saves us or ruins us only for its own purposes' (*CW*, 118).

Bloom's short monologue is equally intense; in search of a book for Molly, he opens and reads some sentences from *Sweets of Sin* which excite him sexually and, at the same time, force into his mind an image of the animality of the sexual act which will take place that afternoon in his bed – an image which, until now, he has studiously avoided:

> Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh yielded amid rumpled clothes. Whites of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments (*for him! For Raoul!*). Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (*her heaving embonpoint!*). Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions! (*U* 223/303)

Nothing else in the chapter has the stylistic intensity of the presentation of these experiences. On the contrary, Joyce demonstrates that interior monologue can be a distancing as well as an involving device. This is especially true of the first section where the monologue is one of the many methods by which Joyce exposes Conmee, the representative of the Church, to irony. Conmee is setting out on a charitable errand, to obtain a place for young Dignam at the Artane orphans' school, but the first snatch of monologue reveals the depth of his concern:

> Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again? Dignam, yes. *Vere dignum et justum est.* Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time. (*U* 206/280)

His mind is so little occupied with the fatherless boy that he has forgotten his name, and, when he does recall it, uses it for a little clerical jest. One can understand Conmee's giving the onelegged sailor a blessing instead of money because he has only one silver crown in his purse, but his subsequent thoughts, prompted by the sailor's condition, are harder to condone:

> He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs, ending their days in some pauper ward, and of cardinal Wolsey's words: *If I had served my God as I had served my king He would not have abandoned me in my old days.* (*U* 207/80)

The parenthesis 'but not for long' is suggestive of Joyce's judgement of this kind of priest, whose response to the sight of a cripple is a smug satisfaction, and who interprets Wolsey's words to mean that those who serve God (such as priests) will be looked after in economic terms and not allowed to die in a 'pauper ward'. Conmee's respect for worldly power, wealth and position becomes increasingly evident. He cannot refer even in his thoughts to Mrs Sheehy's husband without giving him his full title, 'Mr David Sheehy M.P.'; his uneasiness about the preaching of Father Bernard Vaughan is relieved by the thought that Vaughan is probably 'of good family'; Mrs M'Guinness, the pawnbroker, seems to him to have 'a queenly mien'; and he dreams of the old days when he might have been 'don John Conmee', honoured among the nobility. The closing sentence of the section is read by Conmee in his breviary:

> *Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum.* (*U* 212/88)

Stuart Gilbert's comment on this sentence is very curious. He says that the words 'are here symbolical of the rôle of Father Conmee in this chapter; as will be shown later, he is pitted against the counter-subject of the episode, the Viceroy, as the Irish Catholic Church against British rule, Christ against Caesar.'[56] Father Conmee, so far from being opposed to the Viceroy, remembers with nostalgia 'oldworldish days, loyal times in joyous townlands'. In fact, the quotation from *Psalm CXIX* is the crowning irony of the section. There is no fear of princes persecuting Conmee, the Jesuit, the representative of that order whose influence on its students is presented in *Stephen Hero*:

> They respected spiritual and temporal authorities, the spiritual authorities of Catholicism and of patriotism, and the temporal authorities of the hierarchy and the government. (*SH* 177/8)

Father Conmee is a mild and well-meaning man, but it can hardly be said of him, as Gilbert says, that he stands for 'the spiritual antithesis of material glory.'[57] He has failed to read nones before lunch for what seems to him the sufficient reason that 'lady Maxwell had come': this is less suggestive of spirituality than of an analogy between Conmee and the person whose passage is briefly interpolated in this first section:

> Mr Dennis J. Maginni, professor of dancing, &c., in silk hat, slate frockcoat with silk facings, white kerchief tie, tight lavender trousers, canary gloves and pointed patent boots, walking with grave deportment most respectfully took the curbstone as he passed lady Maxwell at the corner of Dignam's court. (*U* 208/82)

Father Conmee 'liked cheerful decorum' and is a little too ready to dismiss problems with the thought that the ways of God are not the ways of men. Everywhere in his section, in interior monologue, narrative, dialogue, *oratio recta obliqua*, imagery, language, there is a sustained and detached humorous irony more reminiscent of the manner of 'Grace' than of anything in the earlier chapters of *Ulysses*.

The styles of the other monologues are similarly distancing in effect. Mr Kernan's presents him as a figure of comic self-satisfaction, admiring his own skill in handling a customer, priding himself on his 'dressy appearance', seeing in the mirror a 'returned Indian officer': in his own mind, he is not a commercial traveller but a 'knight of the road', able to forget, in his contempt for the graft that prevails in America, his own deserved reputation as an evader of debts. In contrast to Kernan's inflation, Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam's monologue is deflatory: there has been plenty of gloom and solemnity occasioned by his father's death, but Patrick's thoughts are presented in a cheerfully colloquial style. He is relieved to have escaped from the parlour, where his mother and her neighbours sit

[56] *Gilbert*, 227, n. 1. [57] *Ibid*, 234.

sniffing and drinking sherry, 'and they eating crumbs of the cottage fruit cake jawing the whole blooming time and sighing.'

There is little stylistically or technically difficult in the narrative or dialogue sections; they throw light (usually sardonic) on some aspects of Dublin life. For instance, Bloom's earlier suspicion that Corny Kelleher is a police informer suggests some dramatic undercover work, but when, in the second section, this suspicion is confirmed, the tone is of squalid and absurd gossip rather than conspiracy. The refrain '*For England, home and beauty*' is angrily growled by a one-legged beggar, listened to by two barefoot urchins beslobbered with liquorice juice. Ned Lambert declaims, in the manner of a guide, 'We are standing in the historic council chamber of saint Mary's abbey where silken Thomas proclaimed himself a rebel in 1534. This is the most historic spot in all Dublin'; yet this most historic spot is now a dark and dirty warehouse filled with sacks. Bloom's response to the rich animality of the heroine of *Sweets of Sin*, '*the beautiful woman*' of '*opulent curves*', '*queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint*' and '*perfect lips*' is discoloured by the presence of the decrepit bookseller, unshaven, unkempt, stinking of onions, shaken by phlegmy coughs and peering through eyes 'bleared with old rheum', who recommends the book as 'a good one'. Over much of the chapter, there is an atmosphere of cheap squalor, physical and moral.

The most striking feature of the chapter is its division into sections, each presenting an episode in a different part of the Dublin streets, linked to each other by brief snatches of conversation or incident taken from earlier or later sections. The effect is to place each episode in time relative to other episodes. This is the technique which Joyce labelled 'Labyrinth': it is reminiscent of the way in which a person wandering in a maze glimpses, from time to time, other wanderers simultaneously following other routes. The interpolated links are not only temporal; they are often associated in some other way. The curve of the spit sent 'arching' by Corny Kelleher is linked to the trajectory of the coin flung by Molly from her window; the sound of the lacquey's bell coincides with the last-lap bell in a cycle race; Miss Dunne's typewriter is connected with Tom Rochford's machine. But the juxtapositions are often more significant than this. The deferential deportment of Mr Maginni, the dancing master, seems to comment on the Reverend Conmee, in whose section it occurs; the begging sailor is juxtaposed to J. J. O'Molloy calling on Ned Lambert to borrow money; while Boylan is buying fruits for Molly, we suddenly glimpse Bloom searching for a book for her; when Lambert is examining points of vantage for a camera in St Mary's Abbey, the picture of John Howard Parnell concentrating on the chessboard suddenly intrudes; Martin Cunningham prepares to accost Jimmy Henry, and, in another part of Dublin, Boylan waylays Bob Doran; and when Bloom, reading *Sweets of Sin*, exclaims to himself 'Young! Young!', we immediately switch to the elderly female, 'no more young', who has been at the law courts. It is characteristic of Joyce to use this linking device, which apparently serves only to relate the

episodes in time, as a source of imagery, comment or comparison.[58]

All the business of the citizens of Dublin is confined between the opening and closing sections which present respectively the journeys of Conmee and the Viceroy, Church and state, each engaged on an ostensibly charitable mission, each accompanied by a series of salutes, though most of the salutes given to the viceregal cortege belie the bland officialese of the statement that 'the viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis.' The movements of the citizens to and fro are represented in essence by the shuttling of the sandwichboardmen or the madman, Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell: the one object seen symbolically escaping from the confines of the city labyrinth is the Elijah throwaway, launched by Bloom, whose course along the Liffey towards the open sea is traced to the moment when it passes the homecoming Rosevean, the schooner noticed by Stephen at the end of the 'Proteus' chapter.[59]

The chapter serves to supply information lacking from the earlier chapters – for instance, besides confirming Bloom's guess about Corny Kelleher's police contacts, it shows the wretchedness of the Dedalus home, and gives the first close view of Blazes Boylan –, and to introduce characters who will appear in subsequent chapters – Ben Dollard, Father Cowley and the barmaids of the Ormond hotel reappear in 'Sirens', Bob Doran and Nolan in 'Cyclops', and Gerty MacDowell in 'Nausicaa'. Technically and stylistically it suggests the purposeless activity of the Dublin streets and dissipates the concentration on Bloom and Stephen. The reader is prepared to see them from a greater distance, as participants in, rather than observers of, the life of the city, and is, thus, also prepared for the more impersonal authorial techniques of the succeeding chapters.

'Sirens'

There is little in the technique of 'Sirens' which is intrinsically new in *Ulysses*. Earlier chapters have shown a mood or situation pervasively colouring the style; in 'Wandering Rocks', scenes geographically separated in Dublin have been juxtaposed; and there have been many mimetic

[58] Clive Hart has demonstrated that 'Wandering Rocks' is 'in terms of timing, realistically exact (or at any rate very nearly so)', and has explained most of the thirty-one interpolations (*Hart and Hayman*, 200 and 203–14).

[59] According to Richard Ellmann, Joyce told Paul Suter that 'he had found an analogy for the Homeric pigeon which flies safely between Scylla and Charybdis: it was the throwaway which is cast by Bloom into the Liffey to float successfully between the North and South Walls' (*Ellmann–JJ*, 452). But there is no Homeric pigeon; the passage of a dove between the Wandering Rocks occurs in the *Argonautica* of Apollonius of Rhodes. Homer makes no mention of it, but says that the Argo was the only ship ever to pass between the rocks. Stuart Gilbert calls the throwaway 'a miniature Argo', and three times in the 'Wandering Rocks' chapter the throwaway is referred to as a skiff. Paul Suter's memory must have been at fault in confusing the Argo with the Argonauts' bird, or in thinking that the bird was Homeric, and certainly in replacing the Wandering Rocks with Scylla and Charybdis.

modifications of the ordinary sounds and rhythms of language. Sounds like those of waves, cats, machines, have been verbalized; overheard songs have affected the phrasing of interior monologues; sentence rhythms have responded to described movements, like those of the Quaker librarian; and there have been varied distortions or manipulations of sound and syntax to express some passing sensation or emotion. Consequently, there is no reason for surprise that, in a chapter centring round an impromptu concert, a teatray should be 'transposed' rather than shifted, that such expressions as 'paying the piper' should occur with some frequency, and that musical performances should influence the words and rhythms of the narrative and the monologues. The general musical reference of the style is plain enough; the usual objection to it is that Joyce engaged in a vain and pointless attempt to impose musical forms on prose.

To identify the musical devices supposedly imitated by Joyce (Stuart Gilbert illustrates *trillando*, *staccato*, *appoggiatura*, *martellato*, *sordamente*, *portamento* or *glissando*, *rondo*, *fermata*, *affrettando*, *stretto*, suspension and resolution, hollow fifth, polyphony, augmentation and final cadence[60] – other commentators have added to the list) is of some academic interest, but the real question concerns the effects in prose of the various devices adapted – for the effect of a device in music may bear no resemblance to the effect of the linguistic device suggested by it, if only because what is natural and familiar in music may seem laboured and artificial in language. Take for instance the sentences describing Miss Kennedy's departure from the window where Miss Douce is enjoying the backward gaze of the Honourable Gerald Ward in the viceregal cortege:

> Miss Kennedy sauntered sadly from bright light, twining a loose hair behind an ear. Sauntering sadly, gold no more, she twisted turned a hair. Sadly she twined in sauntering gold hair behind a curving ear. (*U* 244/331)

One important effect produced by Joyce's 'musical' elaboration has nothing to do with the musical origin of the style; the laboured verbal grace suggests Mina Kennedy's self-conscious endeavour to display a romantic yet ladylike melancholy. The deliberate artificiality of the style reflects the affectation of the barmaid's manner – an affectation betrayed by her natural vulgarity as soon as she speaks: 'It's them has the fine times, sadly then she said.' The two sirens of the chapter are both silly creatures, who see themselves as romantically attractive and, despite lapses, try to preserve a flirtatious gentility. Joyce's devices frequently reflect the barmaids' manner by setting what is vulgar or commonplace to tripping or languishing rhythms, so that reality is mingled uneasily with their silly fantasies and affectations. Miss Douce looks in the mirror to ballad metre, but despite the poetical presentation the reader soon learns that the gilded lettering is an advertisement for mineral water and the shell a souvenir of a seaside holiday:

[60] *Gilbert*, 249–51.

> Miss Douce halfstood to see her skin/
> askance in the barmirror gilded-lettered/
> where hock and claret glasses shimmered/
> and in their midst a shell. (*U* 245/332)

To mark the line-endings, as I have done, draws attention to the metre, but to relate either of these passages to some specific musical device adds nothing to their effect; what matters in reading is to perceive and respond to the implications and suggestions of the sentence rhythms.

Both of these passages are exaggerated forms of what is commonly referred to as 'musical' prose, but it is not in this sense that the word 'musical' can be applied to the chapter as a whole: on the contrary, much of it is deliberately flat, discordant, clumsy, or disjointed. In 'Sirens', the surface action mainly consists of musical performance and discussion, Bloom's thoughts are dominated by music, the barmaids are representative sirens, and the language is full of musical references, but Joyce goes beyond mere verbal music; he derives from a range of musical forms and devices an analogous range of stylistic devices, responsive to every shift in the action or mood of the chapter. The problem for a reader is not to identify what lies beneath a layer of musical decoration, but to respond to a concentrated variety of functional devices, the effects of which are often cumulative and often complexly interwoven.

They serve primarily to delineate and evaluate character and behaviour: the sentences about the barmaids are comparatively simple and self-contained examples. Miss Douce and Miss Kennedy, as the sirens who lure men to the 'reef' of the Ormond Bar, have also a more remote and seductive aspect. The opening sentence of the chapter proper refers back to their appearance, in 'Wandering Rocks', watching the viceregal procession from their window, and prepares for the early sounding of the siren theme in its most rhythmic form:

> Yes, bronze from anear, by gold from afar, heard steel from anear, hoofs ring from afar, and heard steelhoofs ringhoof ringsteel. (*U* 245/332)

Apart from its mimetic sound, the sentence establishes the paired phrasings 'bronze . . . gold', 'anear . . . afar', which become the recurrent identifying patterns of this blest pair of sirens. Part of their charm lies in the 'exquisite contrast' in their colouring, and between the languid gentility of Miss Kennedy and the flirtatious vivacity of Miss Douce; and Joyce repeatedly makes variations on this contrasted pairing. Thus, when the barmaids burst into laughter, after they have been exchanging rude remarks about 'that old fogey in Boyd's', there is a romanticized parody of their laughter, heard as a chime of bells:

> Shrill, with deep laughter, after bronze in gold, they urged each each to peal after peal, ringing in changes, bronzegold goldbronze, shrilldeep, to laughter after laughter. (*U* 246/334–5)

Again the artificiality of the repetitions, assonances and rhythms suggests the element of affection in this girlish laughter, with each encouraging the

other to laugh more: the sentence presents their dream of themselves, and the image they present to the customers, but there is a deflating sequel when the two girls return to their natural selves:

> —O saints above! Miss Douce said, sighed above her jumping rose. I wished I hadn't laughed so much. I feel all wet.
> —O, Miss Douce! Miss Kennedy protested. You horrid thing! (*U* 246/335)

The sexual undertones of the conversation about the old fogey are developed in the exchanges with Lenehan and Boylan. Neither barmaid has much time for the persistent but poor Lenehan, but Miss Douce's vulgarity responds to Boylan's ('Sparkling bronze azure eyed Blazure's skyblue bow and eyes'), and at his request she performs her little exhibitionist trick:

> Smack. She let free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smack-warm against her smackable woman's warmhosed thigh. (*U* 252/343)

Here the style enacts the sound and action, and suggests as well the sexuality which underlies Miss Douce's manner and is the bait which draws the men to the bar. She tells Boylan, 'You're the essence of vulgarity', but this is part of his attraction for her, and she watches his departure pensively and wonders why he left so quickly after she had plucked her garter for him. In Boylan's absence, she consoles herself with the tamer attentions of George Lidwell, though Bloom, watching her listening to the song, *The Croppy Boy*, is sure that she is aware of his gaze, and deceives himself into thinking that her pose is for his benefit:

> At each slow satiny heaving bosom's wave (her heaving embon) red rose rose slowly, sank red rose. Heartbeats her breath: breath that is life. And all the tiny tiny fernfoils trembled of maidenhair. (*U* 271/369)

Miss Douce's undulations are supposed to be a natural reaction of sympathy and pity for the unfortunate hero of the song, but the slow sensual music of the style (supported by the fragment from *Sweets of Sin*) suggests a performance designed to titillate – as Bloom perceives, though he does not at first see that the show is aimed at Lidwell, not at him. In case there should be any doubt about the motivation behind the rise and fall of Miss Douce's breasts, she at once begins a performance, equally unconscious and innocent in appearance, but more frankly sexual:

> On the smooth jutting beerpull laid Lydia hand lightly, plumply, leave it to my hands. All lost in pity for croppy. Fro, to: to, fro: over the polished knob (she knows his eyes, my eyes, her eyes) her thumb and finger passed in pity: passed, repassed and, gently touching, then slid so smoothly, slowly down, a cool firm white enamel baton protruding through their sliding ring. (*U* 272/369)

The paragraph illustrates the economy of Joyce's style. In a few sentences, by manipulation of rhythm, repetition and alliteration, he vividly presents the scene, enacts the regular sensual movements of the hand, suggests the focusing of the men's attention on the hand and their sexual response to it,

and observes Miss Douce's air of abstracted pity, her awareness of being watched (as well as Bloom's awareness of her awareness), and her siren-like instinct for the combination of gentle touching and firm movement which will most excite the watchers. What draws men to the bar is Miss Douce's manner of pert girlish innocence – an innocence which covers a latent sexuality and is designed to produce in the customers fantasies of being the first to arouse her. Bloom has just such a fantasy:

> Thrilled, she listened, bending in sympathy to hear.
> Blank face. Virgin should say: or fingered only. Write something on it: page. If not what becomes of them? Decline, despair. Keeps them young. Even admire themselves. See. Play on her. Lip blow. Body of white woman, a flute alive. Blow gentle. Loud. Three holes all woman. (*U* 271/368)

Thus the theme of the sirens is developed through the chapter as the nature of the barmaids' allure is progressively revealed.

Boylan's passage through the chapter is even more emphatically developed to a reverberating climax. First, comes the isolated and unexplained word 'Jingle', reminiscent of Molly's jingling bed and of the jingling harness which seemed to pursue Bloom in 'Lestrygonians' (*U* 156–7/213–14). When it occurs again, 'Jingle jaunty jingle', a suggestion of Boylan 'jauntily' walking at the end of 'Wandering Rocks' is added. Soon the subject of the phrase is identified as we see Lenehan waiting for 'jingle jaunty blazes boy'. Bloom catches sight of Boylan and the source of 'jaunty' and 'jingle' is now clear, for Boylan is riding on a jauntingcar: 'Jingling on supple rubbers it jaunted from the bridge to Ormond quay.' Here the characteristically bounding, bold rhythms used to image Boylan's progress begin, but are soon halted by his arrival at the bar: 'Jingle jaunted by the curb and stopped.' His stay in the bar is brief, but long enough for Miss Douce's performance with her garter, and for the style to suggest his sensuality and appetite, tempted by the call of the sirens:

> Boylan, eyed, eyed. Tossed to fat lips his chalice, drank off his tiny chalice, sucking the last fat violet syrupy drops. His spellbound eyes went after her gliding head as it went down the bar by mirrors, gilded arch for ginger ale, hock and claret glasses shimmering, a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze. (*U* 253/343)

Unfortunately for the barmaid, her attempt to excite Boylan is only too successful; his desire reminds him of the more accessible charms of Molly, and 'I'm off, said Boylan with impatience.' His urgency leads Lenehan to ask, 'Got the horn or what?', and this, too, becomes part of the Boylan music. It is traditionally considered a gross error of prose style to fall into regular metrical rhythms, but for Joyce everything is to be judged by its appropriateness and expressiveness in a particular context, and, here, the bouncing rhythms create an image of Boylan's coarse sexual self-confidence. They become even more stressed as he travels towards Molly ('Jingle jaunted down the quays. Blazes sprawled on bounding tyres') and the sexual reference becomes more blatant and heated:

> By Bachelor's walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the? Horn. Have you the? Haw haw horn. (*U* 255–6/347)

The thumping and trumpeting music accompanies Boylan across Dublin, at times breaking into song rhythms and rhyme:

> Slower the mare went up the hill by the Rotunda, Rutland Square. Too slow for Boylan, blazes Boylan, impatience Boylan, joggled the mare. (*U* 262/356)

As Boylan reaches his destination, the rhythms become the beat and roll of a drum, heralding his arrival, expressive of his sexual eagerness and arrogance, and appropriate to his coarse, insensitive nature:

> One rapped on a door, one tapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de Kock, with a loud proud knocker, with a cock carracarracarra cock. Cockcock. (*U* 268/364)

Before dismissing Joyce's rhythmic manipulations as idle ingenuities or mere decorations, one should consider how much of the total image and assessment of Blazes Boylan derives from them. Boylan's stay in the Ormond bar is brief and, while there, he neither says nor does much. If the reader experiences him as one of the dominant, driving forces of the chapter, and understands his nature and his animal energy, it is largely through the musical devices by which Joyce traces his self-confident and expectant journey, 'jiggedy jingle jaunty jaunty', to the rendezvous with Molly Bloom.

Another character whose passage through Dublin is followed with increasing attention, though with very different rhythms, is the blind piano-tuner. First, there are a number of unexplained, isolated and quite widely separated taps, each 'Tap' with a line to itself; then, at intervals, come 'Tap. Tap' (twice), 'Tap. Tap. Tap' (twice), 'Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap' (twice), until, eventually, as Bloom walks along the quay, the source of the sound is revealed: 'Tap blind walked tapping by the tap the curbstone tapping, tap by tap.' The tapping increases as the blind boy draws nearer to the bar – four taps, five, eight – until he reaches the shop where, earlier, Bloom had stopped to buy notepaper and had seen the advertisement for Mermaids, 'coolest whiff of all'. Here the blind boy theme is again given a brief development:

> Tap. Tap. A stripling, blind, with a tapping cane, came taptaptapping by Daly's window where a mermaid, hair all streaming (but he couldn't see), blew whiffs of a mermaid (blind couldn't), mermaid coolest whiff of all. (*U* 275/374)

The parentheses refer back to 'Lestrygonians', where Bloom helped the blind boy across the road, and thought of his inability to see women or enjoy tobacco. Finally, he enters the bar as a Croppy Boy ('Tap. A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall'):

> Tip. An unseeing stripling stood in the door. He saw not bronze. He saw not gold. Nor Ben nor Bob nor Tom nor Si nor George nor tanks nor Richie nor Pat. Hee hee hee hee. He did not see. (*U* 276/375)

The blind pianotuner's hesitant entry and journey is plainly contrasted with Boylan's assured jog-trot, with which it overlaps: as Boylan's journey leads up to the emotional climax of the chapter, the blind boy's brings the music of the chapter to a retarded close. The musical performances in the saloon were introduced by the sounding of the tuning-fork, and are completed (save for Bloom's flatulent *coda*) by the pianotuner's arrival to collect the tuning-fork which he had left behind. In his blindness, the Mermaid's advertisement, the visual symbol of the sirens, and the assembled company in the bar are obliterated.

Other musical devices represent more localized characters or behaviour:

> Miss Douce reached high to take a flagon, stretching her satin arm, her bust, that all but burst, so high.
> —O! O! jerked Lenehan, gasping at each stretch. O!
> But easily she seized her prey and led it low in triumph. (*U* 251/341)

Here, Joyce depends on straining and relaxing rhythms, and rising and declining intonations, without going far beyond what is fairly common in carefully written prose. But for the boots, who rudely and discordantly interrupts the barmaids' fantasies, a curious and original device is used in both the arrival and departure of the boy:

> The boots to them, them in the bar, them barmaids came. For them unheeding him he banged on the counter his tray of chattering china.
>
> . . . . .
>
> —Imperthnthn thnthnthn, bootsnout sniffed rudely, as he retreated as she threatened as he had come. (*U* 244/331–2)

The boy's jeering mockery of Miss Douce's complaint about his 'impertinent insolence' is straightforward, but his entry and departure are marked by triplets of brief expressions, linked in the first case by 'them' and in the second by 'as'. This seems intended to make the reader feel the discordant intrusion of the boots by jarring grammatical constructions: in the first passage, 'them' appears, in close succession, as dative pronoun, as colloquial demonstrative pronoun, and as demonstrative adjective; in the second, 'as' is successively a conjunction of time, of reason and of manner. Such an intrusion of grammatical and syntactic clumsiness dislocates the siren music, and jerks Miss Douce back to her native coarseness:

> —Most aggravating that young brat is. If he doesn't conduct himself I'll wring his ear for him a yard long. (*U* 244/332)

The other male employee at the Ormond is Pat the waiter, bald, bothered and hard of hearing. He is the link between the three rooms of the hotel, the dining-room, the bar, and the saloon. His abrupt staccato rhythms, expressive of his hurried movements to and fro, and, perhaps, also suggesting the short words and expressions with which he is addressed because of his deafness, are modified by circumstances. They are established on his

first appearance: 'To the door of the diningroom came bald Pat, came bothered Pat, came Pat, waiter of Ormond.' Bloom's sudden decision to write to Martha and consequent request for writing-materials produces an exaggerated abruptness: 'Bald Pat at a sign drew nigh. A pen and ink. He went. A pad. He went. A pad to blot. He heard, deaf Pat.' When Pat brings the materials, Bloom has been thinking of girls practising 'scales up and down', and the delivery is made in three evenly-accented octaves of monosyllables: 'Bald deaf Pat brought quite flat pad ink. Pat set with ink pen quite flat pad. Pat took plate dish knife fork. Pat went.' But the fullest development of the Pat theme is more complicated. Between the songs of Simon Dedalus and Ben Dollard, Cowley is improvising at the piano, while Bloom, unhappily aware that by now Boylan is nearing Molly, tries in vain to catch the attention of the deaf waiter:

> Car near there now. Talk. Talk. Pat! Doesn't. Settling those napkins. Lot of ground he must cover in the day. Paint face behind on him then he'd be two. Wish they'd sing more. Keep my mind off.
>
> Bald Pat who is bothered / mitred the napkins. / Pat is a waiter / hard of his hearing. / Pat is a waiter / who waits while you wait. / Hee hee hee hee. / He waits while you wait. / Hee hee. / A waiter is he. / Hee hee hee hee. / He waits while you wait. / While you wait / if you wait / he will wait / while you wait. / Hee hee hee hee. / Hoh. / Wait while you wait. / (*U* 266/362)

Marking the metrical divisions emphasizes how the passage, which Frank Budgen describes as a burlesque of 'the more banal tiddleypom aspects of music',[61] suggests the rhythms of the '*Largo al factotum*' from *The Barber of Seville*. Bloom's letter to Martha has already been coloured by his emotional response to Cowley's improvization of an intermezzo, and later his thoughts are influenced by the performance of the minuet from *Don Giovanni*: it seems likely that, at this point, Cowley has shifted to the Rossini aria, which has for Bloom, watching the way in which Pat is hurrying to and fro at everyone's beck and call, a special aptness.

Like the boots, bald Pat does not fit easily into the florid music of the sirens; when Miss Douce sees him conversing with Miss Kennedy, the pair are in 'inexquisite contrast'. This kind of contrast is essential to a chapter in which moments of nostalgia and pathos are set in a context of comic incongruity. Bloom is deeply moved by Simon Dedalus's singing of '*M'Appari*', and, when the song is finished and the other listeners relax, 'Bloom sang dumb.' The voice seems to him a lamentation and the song of the lost one a universal theme. The tension inside him is expressed in the stretching of the elastic band, wrapped round his fingers, until it snaps. At this point, suddenly, there is an intrusion of the meaningless chitchat of the bar, expressed in a style of inane repetitiveness, in which even individuality is dissolved:

> George Lidwell told her really and truly: but she did not believe.
>
> First gentleman told Mina that was so. She asked him was that so. And second tankard told her so. That that was so.

[61] *Budgen*, 141.

> Miss Douce, Miss Lydia, did not believe: Miss Kennedy, Mina, did not believe: George Lidwell, no: Miss Dou did not: the first, the first: gent with the tank: believe, no, no: did not, Miss Kenn: Lidlydiawell: the tank. (*U* 263/358)

Again, after Dollard's performance of *The Croppy Boy*, the superficiality of response to what has disturbed Bloom profoundly is betrayed by empty chatter between a barmaid and a customer identified by his tankard:

> Miss Mina Kennedy brought near her lips to ear of tankard one.
> —Mr Dollard, they murmured low.
> —Dollard, murmured tankard.
> Tank one believed: Miss Kenn when she: that doll he was: she doll: the tank.
> He murmured that he knew the name. The name was familiar to him, that is to say. That was to say he had heard the name of Dollard, was it? Dollard, yes. (*U* 273/371)

All this humdrum stuff is as important to the music of the chapter as the elaborate passages representing the piano or the voices of the singers, because it suggests the dull and petty reality hidden behind the pretended emotions. The irony of the chapter is partly in the contrast between Bloom's intense spasms of feeling and the escapist playing with emotions indulged in by the rest of the company, and partly in the absurd coexistence in Bloom's mind of deep and disturbing feelings with nonsense and triviality. Consequently even the most melodious and passionate parts of the interior monologue stagger and fumble, are confused with bathos, vagueness, crudities of expression and bombast, as though the experiencing mind, however profoundly moved, cannot entirely free itself from its inarticulacy, incoherence and ordinary dullness. This seems shrewdly observed: we talk of our musical or other aesthetic responses as though they transport us above our commonplace selves, but in fact the mind is so fickle and inconsistent that even the most intense experiences are rarely free from unwanted, irrelevant and silly thoughts or shifts of attention. The presentation of Simon Dedalus's performance of '*M'Appari*' exhibits this unreliability of the mind very effectively. Dedalus begins softly:

> Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves in murmur, like no voice of strings of reeds or whatdoyoucallthem dulcimers, touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their each his remembered lives. Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each seemed to from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw, lost Richie, Poldy, mercy of beauty, heard from a person wouldn't expect it in the least, her first merciful lovesoft oftloved word. (*U* 260/353)

There is real pathos and sentiment in the response of the two men to the song, but it is a response interrupted and conditioned by their unheroic natures. Bloom's indecision about the word 'dulcimer', observed earlier in the day, intrudes irrelevantly, as does his sense of getting more than his deserts in having been chosen by Molly. He thinks, 'Love that is singing' and supposes that this is the reason 'Tenors get women by the score.'

Consequently, when the singer's voice swells out, it takes on for him a sexual connotation:

> Tenderness it welled: slow, swelling. Full it throbbed. That's the chat. Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect. (*U* 260/354)

With his mind full of what will soon be taking place between his wife and another singer, Boylan, Bloom's imagination converts the emotion of the song into an orgasm. And, finally, to express the ecstatic last sustained high note, the language sets off poetically and slides into bathetic echoes of Dan Dawson's speech:

> —*Come!*
> It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, the endlessness-nessness . . .
> —*To me!* (*U* 261–2/355–6)

Stuart Gilbert's comment – 'There is a *fermata* effect (a note held beyond its normal duration), the aftermath of an *affrettando* passage . . ., in the "held" word *endlessnessnessness* . . .'[62] – is not quite satisfactory, because the whole paragraph represents a note sustained beyond its normal duration: 'endlessnessnessness' seems rather to suggest, by its sense, the effect of indefinite prolongation that one sometimes feels when listening to gramophone records of the period where final high notes are spectacularly sustained, and, by its sound, the increasing *vibrato* of the voice holding such a note. But these are only the imitative aspects of the paragraph: its essential function is to represent Bloom's reaction – his mounting emotion, his growing identification with the singer so that he himself seems to draw a deep breath as he wills Dedalus not to spin the note out too long, his vague association of long breath with long life, and finally the sense of being borne upwards above mundane concerns – an escape linked in his mind with the highflying bombast of Dan Dawson and the ethereal symbolism of A.E.'s poetry. At the end of the song, the next word is 'Siopold!'; in the intensity of the emotion Leopold has fused with the singer, Simon, and the romantic hero, Lionel.

The handling of Simon Dedalus's performance is, in itself, sufficient to show how far Joyce's mind was from any naive intention to do in prose what can be done only in music. The use of sound as an echo to the sense or a contributing to it is as old as literature: Joyce's devices are adventurous extensions of traditional methods. As Bloom's mind is swamped with emotions provoked by the romantic aria, so rational syntax dissolves and sentences melt into each other; as his transports are pulled back to earth by his more pedestrian qualities, so the poetic language and rhythms tumble into the prosaic. The one truly musical effect is produced by the

[62] *Gilbert*, 250.

flow of quotations and references which keep the tune of the famous aria running at the back of the reader's mind.

In fact, the persistent background of music, sung, hummed, whistled and played, is both essential to the action of the chapter and dominant among the techniques of presentation, to the extent that a reader unfamiliar with the music cannot experience the chapter as Joyce meant it to be experienced.[63] The songs, representative of the Dubliners' fondness for strongly-flavoured, vicarious emotionalizing, are 'the seductions of music' beyond which Bloom must travel: without knowledge of them, some of the interior monologue and even some passages of dialogue cannot be understood, much less apprehended, and, besides moulding and colouring Bloom's mood, they constitute, in their succession, a condensed programme of the chapter's developing theme. The airy, waltzing song from *Floradora*, sung by Miss Douce, is the quintessence of escapist fantasy, and no doubt Joyce wanted his readers to remember the tune and the references to a romantic dream-world, set not only in 'Eastern seas' but also in 'sweet Arcadia', 'this valley of Eden', and 'Elysian vales'. The fervent pastoral song of the lover unwilling to leave his beloved, *Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye*, is ironically interwoven with Boylan's coarse and impatient departure from bar and barmaid. The duet, *Love and War*, sums up the double sentimentalizing of Simon Dedalus and his cronies: just as, in the song, the initial opposition of amorous tenor and martial bass is resolved in liquor –

> Since Mars lov'd Venus, Venus Mars,
> Let's blend love's wounds with battle's scars,
> And call in Bacchus all divine,
> To cure both pains with rosy wine.
> And thus, beneath his social sway,
> We'll sing and laugh the hours away[64]—

so, after the aching love-aria, 'When first I saw', has been succeeded by the patriotic sentiment of *The Croppy Boy*, we have a final view of the men in the bar reconciling Venus and Mars with drink and Bacchic song:

> —True men like you men.
> —Ay, ay, Ben.
> —Will lift your glass with us.
> They lifted.
> Tschink. Tschunk. (*U* 276/375)

But, by this time, Bloom has freed himself from the siren charms to which

[63] According to Zack Bowen, the chapter contains '158 references to forty-seven different works of music' ('The Bronzegold Sirensong: A Musical Analysis of the Sirens Episode in Joyce's *Ulysses*', in *Literary Monographs* I, ed. Eric Rothstein and Thomas K. Dunseath (Madison, Wisconsin University Press 1967), 251).

[64] Since Weldon Thornton (*Allusions*, 240) says that after much search he has been unable to locate the song or information about it, it may be useful to mention that it is in the once-popular collection, *British Minstrelsie* (5 vols., London, Caxton Publishing Co., n.d., and 6 vols, Edinburgh, Jack, n.d.).

the others have succumbed, and has, for the time being, erased the mournful passions which have troubled him – by associating the words of Dedalus's song with the frowzy whore of the lane ('When first he saw that form endearing') and by allowing his flatulence to fire a dismissive salute to the martyred hero, Robert Emmet.

As for the more extreme devices, they are rarely musical in effect; they are adaptations of musical 'shapes' to prose purposes to which the musical origins have little relevance. Nothing is added to the reader's understanding of 'Yrfmstbyes. Blmstup' by the information that the words are 'examples of the "hollow fifth" ';[65] in prose, the omission of the vowels merely suggests the suddenness with which Bloom, after some indecision, rises and says goodbye to Goulding. The passage in Bloom's monologue, 'Will? You? I. Want. You. To', which, according to Gilbert, is a *staccato* effect,[66] has, in context, nothing to do with *staccato* in music: Bloom, who has been eyeing Miss Douce lecherously, thinks (as many men have thought) of the possibility of directing her mind by a kind of unspoken ventriloquism ('Ventriloquise. My lips closed. Think in my stom. What?') and the series of isolated words represents the concentration of his attention on each individually in order to project his desire into the barmaid's mind.

Of all the devices in 'Sirens', none has provoked so much critical debate as the so-called 'overture', though no commentator has added much to Stuart Gilbert's account of its function:

> The episode of the *Sirens* opens with two pages of brief extracts from the narrative which follows. These fragmentary phrases appear almost meaningless to the reader till he has perused the chapter to its end; nevertheless, they should not be skipped. They are like the overtures of some operas and operettes, in which fragments of the leading themes and refrains are introduced to prepare the hearer's mood and also to give him, when these truncated themes are completed and developed in their proper place, that sense of familiarity which, strangely enough, enhances for most hearers their enjoyment of a new tune.[67]

Functionally the passage resembles the opening of the *Portrait* which sounds the embryonic themes to recur and be developed throughout the novel, but whereas in the *Portrait* the passage is plausibly related to the rest of the novel as fragmentary infantile impressions, now Joyce makes no attempt to disguise the separate and introductory character of his opening, and ends it with the word 'Begin!' before starting the chapter proper. Yet this opening is not a series of themes, even truncated themes. Many of the fragments are very different in form from anything to be found in the chapter: 'Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?' refers, the sequence suggests, to the arrival of the unseeing pianotuner, but there are no such questions in the chapter. Words which occur casually in the chapter ('avowal', for example) are reiterated and emphasized in the phrases. The sequence of phrases roughly corresponds to the order in which their materials occur in the chapter, but it is only a rough corres-

[65] *Gilbert*, 250. [66] *Ibid.*, 249. [67] *Ibid.*, 239.

pondence, and many phrases are considerably displaced. Gilbert says that the phrases 'appear almost meaningless' until the reader has read the chapter, but the situation is more extreme than this, in that frequently they suggest a wrong meaning. A reader coming to 'Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The tympanum' reasonably assumes that the reference is to a dramatic call to arms, summoning the lover to war with a drum-beat. But the passage referred to is very different in character. Almost as soon as he enters, Ben Dollard plumps himself down at the piano and thumps out *Love and War*, a duet for tenor and bass, which begins with the amorous voice of a lover, who is answered by the thundering voice of a soldier. When Ben absentmindedly booms out the lover's part in a very martial style, Cowley quickly corrects him ('War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior') and Simon Dedalus comments 'Sure, you'd burst the tympanum of her ear, man, . . . with an organ like yours.' But there is nothing in the phrases of the 'overture' to indicate that the cry 'War! War!' is a correction rather than a summons, or that the tympanum is an eardrum rather than a military drum. Confusion is increased by the way in which some phrases, belonging to quite unrelated incidents or characters, are misleadingly linked:

> A husky fifenote blew.
> Blew. Blue bloom is on the
> Gold pinnacled hair. (*U* 242/329)

Despite the repetition of 'Blew' and the absence of punctuation after 'the', Simon Dedalus's attempt to clear out his pipe has nothing to do with Bloom or with the song *When the Bloom is on the Rye* (*My Pretty Jane*), and there is no bloom on Miss Kennedy's golden hair. Similarly the juxtaposition of the phrases –

> Peep! Who's in the . . . peepofgold?
> Tink cried to bronze in pity.
> And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call. (*U* 242/329)—

suggests that the question is cried pityingly by 'Tink' to 'bronze', and that it is followed by a sustained throbbing call; in fact, Lenehan's teasing of Miss Kennedy ('Peep! Who's in the corner?') is quite unconnected with the tinkle of the diner's bell which interrupts Miss Douce's expression of pity for the blind pianotuner, and neither is related to the call of the tuning-fork sounded by Simon Dedalus.

These characteristics complicate the question about the nature and function of the opening of 'Sirens': it is plainly not a catalogue of themes, and although the links are evidence of a planned sequence, this is not the sequence of the chapter itself. Stuart Gilbert is certainly right in supposing that the opening fragments prepare the reader, and give him a 'sense of familiarity' when they recur in the narrative, but this does not explain why they have been changed, why their meanings have been disguised, or why false relationships have been established between them. It may be that the terms 'overture' and 'themes' are themselves misleading. One would expect

a '*fuga per canonem*' to be introduced by a 'prelude' rather than an 'overture': in fact, the latter word occurs in *Ulysses* only in the expression 'to make overtures to someone', whereas 'prelude' occurs only in the musical sense. In 'Circe', the pianola plays the prelude of *My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl*: in 'Sirens', before the beginning of Dedalus's aria, 'the harping chords of prelude closed.' This last sentence suggests that if the opening section is thought of as a prelude, then the separate fragments may correspond to chords. The chapter has many references to chords, 'all twinkling, linked, all harpsichording', or quavering and faltering, or bombarding, or harping or deepening and rising, or black and deepsounding, or consenting, or in 'curlycues', or plumped out, and Bloom, listening to Cowley improvising, thinks that chords are 'vibrations':

> Might be what you like till you hear the words. Want to listen sharp. Hard. Begin all right: then hear chords a bit off: feel lost a bit. In and out of sacks over barrels, through wirefences, obstacle race. Time makes the tune. Question of mood you're in. (*U* 264/359)

If, then, one takes the opening as a prelude, intended to 'form a suitable preparation of the listener's ear and mind for what is to follow',[68] it is possible to suppose that Joyce deliberately disguised or distorted the fragments from the chapter in order to remove their specific meanings. As Bloom recognizes, musical chords are given specific significance only by the words of the songs to which they are set: yet they can, as the chords described in the chapter show, seem to have various general emotional connotations ('Trails off there sad in minor. Why minor sad?'). If Joyce wanted to produce some verbal equivalent to a chord, he had to find a way of muffling the specific denotations and reference of the words in order that the emotional 'vibrations' could reverberate without limitation by specific context or reference. Thus the fragment already examined, 'Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The tympanum', has been deprived of intelligible reference to the events of the chapter or to any coherent sequence, in order that it may exist merely as a general martial summons suggested by the sounds as well as the meanings of the words. The next fragment, 'A sail! A veil awave upon the waves', cannot be understood, since its reference to the picture, '*A Last Farewell*',[69] has been

[68] Percy A. Scholes, *The Oxford Companion to Music* (5th edn, London, Oxford University Press 1944), 745. L. L. Levin also describes the opening of the chapter as a 'prelude' which 'contains all eight voices developed, both thematically and polyphonically, in a shorthand utilizing leitmotifs combined in a quintessential and abstract form of narrative' ('The Sirens Episode as Music: Joyce's Experiment in Prose Polyphony', *JJQ* III (1) (1965), 14). However, Zack Bowen insists that it is an 'overture' 'piecing together the main leitmotifs' and linking them with 'bits of third person narrative description gleaned from the body of the episode.' His case is fully argued in 'The Bronzegold Sirensong' (see n. 63 above), and its conclusions repeated in 'Libretto for Bloomusalem in Song: The Music of Joyce's *Ulysses*' in *New Light*, 156–158.

[69] Zack Bowen ('The Bronzegold Sirensong', 261) takes '*A Last Farewell*' as a reference to a song, but it is clearly a romantic seascape, and the details given suggest that it is a picture on the wall of the bar or restaurant. The song supposedly referred to has no relevance to the scene described.

removed, but it still retains, through its sounds and through the general connotations arising from the combination 'sail-veil-waves', a vague plaintive emotion. The same is true of the other fragments: they associate certain words and phrases from the chapter in such a way and with such effects of sound and rhythm as to communicate various emotional colours – as though, together, they make up the palette of emotions to be used in the chapter, though often in quite unpredictable or unexpected ways. Some chords are comparatively simple: 'Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now' is without rational meaning, but there is no mistaking its tone of subdued and melancholy surrender. On the other hand, many are puzzling and discordant: 'Amen! He gnashed in fury' vaguely suggests religious fanaticism and persecution: the romantic isolation suggested by the sound of a seashell is rudely interrupted by a sexual enquiry in 'The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each and for other plash and silent roar'; and other contrasted moods are associated, as in the alternation of the words of *Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye* and the performance of the garter-trick:

> Avowal. *Sonnez*. I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee. Smack. *La cloche!* Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart, goodbye! (*U* 242/329)

Here, two attitudes to woman, romantic and sensual, are interwoven – so effectively that 'Warm' might refer equally to the avowal or the thigh. The reordering of the fragments seems to suggest that Joyce was aiming at some kind of musical patterning: after a brief percussive opening, he modulates on 'Blew' into a more lyrical vein, shifts into jaunty rhythms, fades into a tone of amorous regret and loneliness, moves through an uncertain and questioning transition into a passage of solemn passion, and closes with a little wind music. Whereas the chapter's other adaptations of musical devices produce effects which belong characteristically to language, the 'prelude' aims at giving an experience comparable to the experience of music – an ordered series of emotional and sensuous responses evoked without explicit reference to any framework of discursive or narrative sense. It is not simply a passage to be understood only after the chapter has been read, but a predisposing of the reader's mind to put him in key with and condition his responsiveness to what follows, as though the mental and physical events of the chapter are concretizations of the generalized emotional suggestions of the prelude. It is one of the boldest experiments in the whole novel, and, by its nature, very difficult to analyse or assess: my own view is that this curious opening does condition importantly the reader's response to the 'Sirens' chapter.

Apart from its musical function, the prelude has a distancing effect in that it suggests that 'Sirens', like the preceding chapter, will not be confined to a single point of view. The reader sees and hears the barmaids in the Ormond bar while Bloom is still drifting along the streets; the journeys of Boylan and the blind boy are indicated; and, at the end, although Bloom's thoughts in the street are represented, there are glimpses of the bar after he has left. The passages describing Boylan's journey towards Molly do not represent Bloom's heated imaginings of what his rival is

doing: Bloom does think of Boylan's triumphant ride, but his thoughts are quite distinct from the jaunty paragraphs naming the landmarks of Boylan's journey, and his picturing of the moment of arrival – 'Jing. Stop. Knock. Last look at mirror always before she answers the door' – occurs before Boylan is halfway to Eccles Street: it is a faint anticipation of the bold statement of Boylan's arrival. The controlling point of view in the chapter is one which can range across Dublin, and which knows of earlier events, witnessed by the reader but unknown to any of the people present in the Ormond bar. For instance, when Lydia Douce expresses pity for the blind boy, the following sentence is 'God's curse on bitch's bastard'; when in Dollard's song, the Croppy Boy confesses that he has cursed three times since Easter, there is the incomplete phrase, 'You bitch's bast'; and when, in the same song, the yeomen captain curses the boy, he does so 'swelling in apoplectic bitch's bastard'. The reader recalls the origin of the phrase – it comes from 'Wandering Rocks' where the blind boy, bumped into by the crazy pedestrian, Farrell, snarls after him 'God's curse on you, . . . whoever you are! You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard!' – but the curse has not been heard by Miss Douce or, for that matter, by anyone else. Its presence in 'Sirens' can be explained only as the work of the author, using motifs he has established earlier in the book, first to mock Miss Douce's sentimentality and then to introduce the parallel, later developed, between the blind pianotuner and the Croppy Boy.

There are several similar interpolations of motifs from earlier chapters introduced without explanation. For instance, in the account of Boylan's journey to Molly, the epithet 'onehandled', applied to Nelson, is borrowed from Stephen (in 'Aeolus'), and, while Bloom is trying to deceive Goulding in the dining-room, 'down the edge of his *Freeman* baton ranged Bloom's your other eye', although Bloom was not in the hotel when the barmaids screamed with laughter at the phrase, 'your other eye'. Most surprisingly, when Bloom casually thinks of Shakespeare as a supplier of 'quotations every day in the year', the next paragraph echoes a passage of Stephen's monologue in the library chapter: 'In Gerard's rosery of Fetter lane he walks greyedauburn. One life is all. One body. Do. But do.' Robert M. Adams, discussing this passage, says that it 'interrupts strikingly the prevailing tenor of the novel', and wonders whether it occurs 'by accident or design'; but his difficulty is caused chiefly by the assumption that Bloom is 'thinking Stephen's thoughts'.[70] In fact, the passage is merely the largest of several extracts from earlier chapters introduced into 'Sirens' by the author, with no implication that they are present in the minds of the people in the Ormond hotel.

These unexplained intrusions add to the impression given by the prelude and by the musical manipulations of style that the reader is being deliberately distanced from what is going on in the hotel. At times he occupies Bloom's mind to see with Bloom's eyes as in earlier chapters, but he is not allowed to stay there. He is forced to recognize an authorial presence, and

[70] *Adams*, 98–9.

to realize that he is not witnessing a scene or sharing a character's point of view but reading a verbal representation of what takes place in the hotel and its neighbourhood, as well as of the course of Boylan's drive. The author's intention is made even plainer by the use (unprecedented in Joyce's writings) of the clumsy formula 'as said before', which on four occasions marks brief recapitulations of material about to be given further development. The reader's attention is now focused on the manner of presentation rather than on an observing intelligence; although Bloom's interior monologue is dominant, it is no more the organizing principle of the chapter than it was in 'Wandering Rocks'. His comparative subordination is humorously indicated from the beginning. Miss Kennedy's sad thought that men have 'the fine times' is followed by the phrase, 'A man', and then we observe Bloom, as a man of uncertain identity, passing along the street:

> Bloowho went by by Moulang's pipes, bearing in his breast the sweets of sin, by Wine's antiques in memory bearing sweet sinful words, by Carroll's dusky battered plate, for Raoul. (*U* 244/331)

After Miss Douce's encounter with the boots, the isolated word 'Bloom' occurs, but it turns out to be a false entry, leading not to the man but to the flower on Miss Douce's bosom. After further conversations between the barmaids, a sudden question asks 'But Bloom?' as though enquiring what has become of him, but there is no answer. It is not until Miss Douce's exclamation, '– And your other eye!', that we shift to 'Bloowhose dark eye' and to a fragment of his interior monologue, and his next appearance is heralded by a similarly false connection, when the barmaid's laughter at the thought of being married to the 'old fogey' with his greasy nose is misleadingly applied to Bloom: 'Married to Bloom, to greaseaseabloom.' In this confusing and uncertain way Bloom is allowed to enter the chapter.

There has been a gradual change in the author's relationship to the two central figures of his novel: in the first six chapters he took us more and more deeply into their consciousness; in the next three, the increasingly obtrusive techniques of presentation added an implied authorial commentary; and in 'Wandering Rocks' the viewpoint was that of an omniscient author, able to switch from one part of the city to another, and to enter such minds as suited his local purposes. The question, then, is not why Joyce should have abandoned, in 'Sirens', an established and consistent mode, but why he gradually distanced his central figures, reduced their roles as the observing intelligences whose moods shape the stylistic character of the early chapters, and made his manipulations of style and technique increasingly obtrusive.

There are some fairly clear general objectives attained by this gradual modification of the mode of the narrative. There have been brief glimpses of Bloom, seen from outside by such observers as Nosey Flynn, Mulligan, Lenehan and Martin Cunningham, but more prolonged external observations – cynical and contemptuous, romantic and sentimental, and in the

light of varied authorial attitudes – are needed: no man, certainly not Bloom, is fully conscious of himself; he misunderstands himself as much as others misunderstand him. He is not a single self, capable of revealing himself through interior monologue, but a multiplicity of selves, often conflicting, and any comprehensive image of this 'allroundman' must present him from a succession of different angles. Moreover, the problems and distresses of Bloom and Stephen as revealed in their interior monologues are the tips of icebergs: the conscious mind is aware of and responds to only the local and temporary manifestations of what is deeply submerged. Guilts and anxieties of which neither man is fully aware are the sources of their troubles, and the critical relationship which develops between them assists them without their understanding why – it solves none of their immediate problems but strengthens them spiritually or subconsciously. To illuminate these concealed essences of the two men and their predicaments, Joyce must devise methods which permit a penetration deeper than the conscious levels represented in interior monologue.

He has achieved very nearly as much as can be achieved in the mode of interior monologue. He has manipulated the style, within this mode, to suggest fluctuations of mood, involuntary responses to the environment and to bodily needs, and a variety of rational and irrational mental processes. But interior monologue, however modified, restricts the author to the insights and judgements of his characters: it hardly allows for the full presentation of his own vision of the nature and quality of the life in which they are involved. In most novels, the author's criticism of life can be expressed in direct authorial commentary or through a character whom the novelist uses as a mouthpiece, but neither of these methods is suitable for *Ulysses*. The whole character of the book is shaped by Joyce's determination to represent as much and state as little as possible, and both Bloom and Stephen are, by design, characters whose perceptiveness is, in different ways, limited. Consequently, the process in *Ulysses* is away from the more representational conventions of interior monologue, where the style is tied to the thoughts and feelings of the central characters, towards styles and techniques which present in more and more complexity the author's judgement of and insights into the essence of his characters, their situations and their relationships, and his vision of the life of the city in which they move. The distancing in the style permits a fuller range of irony, and also moves towards the impersonality which will be necessary for the later chapters when two men as fundamentally dissimilar as Bloom and Stephen have to be presented in relationship.

As for the 'technic' of 'Sirens', according to Joyce a '*fuga per canonem*', attempts to make a detailed musical analysis of the chapter have not proved very profitable or convincing. Stuart Gilbert says,

> The various themes are introduced in the fugal manner: the first, the *Subject*, is obviously the Sirens' song: the *Answer*, Mr Bloom's entry and monologue; Boylan is the *Counter-Subject*. The *Episodes* or *Divertimenti* are the songs by Mr Dedalus and Ben Dollard.[71]

[71] *Gilbert*, 248.

This sounds straightforward but it hardly justifies the label '*fuga per canonem*'. If Bloom supplies the *Answer*, why is his entry in no respects a fugal imitation of the *Subject*? In a fugue, the *Counter-Subject* is sung or played by the first voice while the second voice is occupied with the *Answer*, but between Bloom and Boylan there appear on the scene Lenehan, Dedalus and Pat the waiter. In a letter to Harrier Weaver, Joyce referred to 'the eight regular parts of a *fuga per canonem*',[72] and, taking 'parts' to mean 'voices' as is usual in discussions of fugal music, the eight voices, characterized by distinguishing phrases or rhythms, may be, in order of appearance, as follows: 1, the barmaids; 2, Bloom; 3, Dedalus (joined later by Dollard, Cowley, Lidwell, Kernan and the two gentlemen); 4, Pat the waiter; 5, Lenehan; 6, Boylan; 7, Goulding; 8, The blind boy. (The chorus of drinkers, linked with Dedalus, are similarly associated several times towards the end of the chapter.) This list suggests some patterning, the first, third, fifth and seventh voices representing those who are caught and held by the deceptive siren music – including the sirens themselves, and the alternate voices those who escape its fascination – Bloom through prudence, Boylan because he is too impatient for idle flirtation, and the other two through deafness and blindness. Some other analyses of the musical form of the chapter are equally plausible,[73] because only certain aspects of the fugal form can be imitated verbally. A number of voices, each with characteristic phrases or rhythms, are introduced one after the other; each voice can appear in different keys, so that, for instance, the gold-bronze of the barmaids can occur in a laughing or melancholy passage; two, three or four voices may occur, at any time, in close association; and the tone of any one voice may be modified by the presence of others: these seem to be the chief formal characteristics borrowed from the fugue. Their main function is obvious enough; they enable Joyce to show Bloom, at the first major crisis of his day, the hour fixed for Boylan's rendezvous with Molly, pursued by a series of voices painfully forcing into his mind what he has been trying to forget. The behaviour of the barmaids frequently brings Molly into his thoughts and he perceives, through their response to Boylan, what it is that has attracted Molly:

> They want it: not too much polite. That's why he gets them. Gold in your pocket, brass in your face. (*U* 271/368)

Listening to Dedalus's voice, he feels the sexual excitement of the throbbing notes, and thinks that that is why tenors (like Boylan) get women by the score; Dollard reminds him of the night Molly laughed to see the old man, no eunuch, 'with all his belongings on show', and is an image of lonely old age; Cowley's piano-playing makes him conclude his letter, 'I feel so sad today'; Kernan speaks of a wronged husband who, unlike Bloom, seized an adulterous tenor by the throat and spoiled his voice. Pat, the waiter,

[72] *Letters* I, 129.

[73] For instance, L. L. Levin also distinguished the eight voices, but differs from me in regarding Dollard as a separate voice and seeing Goulding as merely part of the free counterpoint ('The Sirens Episode as Music', *JJQ* III (1) (1965), 14).

may be deaf and bothered, but, while he waits, 'perhaps he has wife and family waiting, waiting Patty come home', whereas Bloom's wife, who sang *Waiting* when he first met her, is now waiting not for her husband but for her lover. Lenehan's chief contribution to Bloom's distress is his departing question to Boylan: 'Got the horn or what?' The jaunty jingling of Boylan is constantly in Bloom's thoughts, as he fluctuates between vain impulses to intervene in some way and resignation. Goulding, who seemed an innocuous companion, turns out to be equally a source of pain: his harping on his daughter reminds Bloom of Dedalus's contemptuous comment – 'Wise child that knows her father, Dedalus said. Me?' –, the final word suggesting a doubt that the fair-haired Milly is his child, and Goulding's whistling of *Tutto è sciolto* ('All is lost now') supplies words for Bloom's gloom and hopelessness. The blind boy comes into Bloom's consciousness only through his identification with the Croppy Boy of the song, of which the words 'Last of my name and race' and 'I bear no hate against living thing' touch Bloom in his most vulnerable spot:

> I too, last my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not. If not? If still?
> He bore no hate.
> Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old. (*U* 270/367–8)

These are only a few illustrations of the ways in which Bloom is moved by the interweaving themes and motifs. At the beginning of this chapter, I have shown how they are used to represent the emotional turmoil within Bloom as he walks away from the Ormond Hotel; and this is the real justification for the adaptation of musical forms in the style and organization of 'Sirens'. Joyce establishes, through his fugal method, a range of themes and motifs, easily recognizable and therefore capable of modulation and variation, whose interlacings and juxtapositions can create the overcharged and sentimental atmosphere of the Ormond Hotel and suggest the disturbing emotional pressures experienced there by Bloom.

Critical opinion about the chapter is very divided: one critic says, 'The attempt at a *fuga per canonem* form . . . is not only unsuccessful in practice; more fundamentally, it is meaningless in conception';[74] another calls it 'Dublin's great fugue of passion'.[75] I suspect that a careful and responsive reader, quite uninformed about the fugal 'technic' or the adaptations of musical forms, would, apart from a few local difficulties, feel the emotional tensions beneath the sentimentality, would recognize Bloom's distressed awareness of Boylan's journey to Molly, and would apprehend the way in which the overheard song and talk trouble and almost overwhelm him. These are the central matters of the chapter, and there can, I think, be little doubt that the stylistic and technical virtuosity are in their service. One may argue about the effectiveness of this or that device, but I do not see how one can deny the functional nature of the general conduct of the chapter.

[74] *Goldberg*, 281. [75] *Kenner*, 254.

'Cyclops'

In 'Cyclops', the unnamed narrator's account of what happened in Barney Kiernan's pub provides the sequential framework on which the inflated interpolations are hung, and is so lively and straightforward in manner that its oddity is easily overlooked. In the two preceding chapters, the novel has shifted from its confinement to the viewpoints of Bloom and Stephen, but now the main speaking voice is that of someone who has not previously appeared and whose name remains unknown: all that we learn of him is that he is a man who has, in his own opinion, come down in the world ('How are the mighty fallen!'), and is at present a debt-collector and an ever-ready consumer of free beer, gathering and distributing Dublin gossip in a malicious and foul-mouthed way.

Even the nature of his narrative is not immediately obvious. At first sight, it appears to be his story of the events in Barney Kiernan's, related, at a subsequent time, to some cronies. Yet a few passages contradict this reading:

> So I just went round to the back of the yard to pumpship and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my load gob says I to myself I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off of Joe and one in Slattery's off) in his mind to get off the mark to (hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) Pisser Burke was telling me card party and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have done about a gallon) flabbyarse of a wife speaking down the tube *she's better* or *she's* (ow!) all a plan so he could vamoose with the pool if he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) Ireland my nation says he (hoik! phthook!) never be up to those bloody (there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos. (*U* 319/435–6)

The parentheses alone show that we are not overhearing a reported tale, but observing the state of mind of the narrator while he is making water and brooding on Bloom's alleged win on the Gold Cup.[76] The colloquial narrative is interior monologue, now plainly not a recording of the narrator's thoughts, but a manner devised by Joyce to represent the consciousness of this garrulous, contemptuous, gossiping, Dublin scrounger. (In fact, his contributions to the conversation in the bar are usually much more cautious, ingratiating and moderate than the representation of his thoughts would suggest, perhaps because he is unwilling to risk offending possible

[76] In order to explain the apparent time-confusion in the quoted passage, David Hayman argues that the narrator 'has probably told the tale at least once before and he is retelling it now in the hope of shaming another dupe into buying drinks.' As for what Hayman calls 'the famous gonorrheal micturition', he supposes that, while urinating in some other pub, the narrator is telling a companion about what he was thinking while urinating in Barney Kiernan's (*Hart and Hayman*, 264–5). The explanation is ingenious, although it is hard to regard the latter part of the passage as spoken rather than thought, and the need for ingenuity disappears if one regards the gossiping voice as a technique for presenting the narrator's stream of consciousness, as proper to him as Gerty Macdowell's convention is to her.

suppliers of free drinks.) Although the manner of this part of the chapter makes it (apart from a few Irishisms and slang expressions) the easiest reading in the novel, it is the most radical development so far in the handling of interior monologue. Apart from the few passages to which I have already referred, Joyce adopts a style which suggests a man telling a story rather than thinking. The nuances of experience in this narrator are of little interest: Joyce creates for him a style which in its coarse, humorous, exaggerated way represents his essential nature; in this respect it is closer to the styles of 'A Little Cloud' or 'Clay' than to those of the earlier interior monologues. The medium through which the narrator's experience is presented indicates how much we can believe his account and interpretation of what he witnesses, and at once characterizes and judges him, just as the manner of the authorial voice in 'Sirens' characterized and judged such figures as the barmaids and Boylan.

'Gigantism' is the label Joyce gave to the 'technic' of this chapter. It is usually taken as referring to the interpolated passages, but it is equally applicable to the narrator's way of thinking and talking, and to the conversation in the bar. For example, the first interpolation is an agreement, swollen with legal terminology, concerning the sale of tea and sugar to the total value of 'one pound five shillings and sixpence sterling'. The legal pomp and ceremony is an absurd inflation of the transaction, but it is no more inflated than the language of the narrator, who refers to 'any God's quantity of tea and sugar' and describes the plumber who has failed to pay the weekly amount of three shillings as 'the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain.' The legal agreement imitates the habitual exaggeration of the narrator and his companions, and a similar relationship exists between all the interpolations and the conversation of the men in the bar. It is the Irish tendency to wild exaggeration which makes the city a dangerous place for a moderate man like Bloom.

The Cyclopean giant who threatens the Dublin Ulysses is not something real in the situation of the country or its inhabitants: the danger comes from the swollen dreams and illusions which are the compensation for pointless and trivial lives, and from the giant hatreds and prejudices which originate in such dreams and give rise to blind nationalism, religious intolerance, antisemitism and all the other symptoms of spiritual poverty and frustration. The bar-flies utter with seriousness and fervour exaggerated opinions on matters about which they are both ignorant and indifferent: the interpolated passages extend these absurdities into historical, mythological, spiritual, political, sporting, social, legal, archaeological, journalistic and other contexts. In particular they reflect, in more literary manners, the way in which the foolish topers in the bar, with no genuine convictions at all, inflate their egos with puffed-up visions of The Golden Age of Erin, and of themselves as sons of kings, loyal and devout Catholics, and guardians of Gaelic traditions and culture. Although the unnamed narrator is himself an habitual exaggerator his cynicism helps him to see that the citizen's rhetoric is 'all wind and piss like a tanyard cat', and reveals that all the pretended

devotion and nationalistic passion is a thick froth concealing a total absence of religious and political principle. His gossip confirms what the interpolated inflations suggest. For all the old citizen's boasted devotion to the cause of Ireland, we learn that he dare not show his face in one district because he would be murdered 'for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant', and the depth of his religious zeal is sufficiently exposed when, angered by Bloom's assertion that Christ was a Jew, he screams out, 'By Jesus, . . . I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will.'

The interpolated passages do not merely translate the exaggerations of the bar into a series of pompous prose styles; if that were their sole function, the device would be laborious, repetitive and uneconomical. In the first place, their relationship to what happens in the bar varies: sometimes they take over the narrative role and record the entry of various characters or relate such incidents as the buying of a round of drinks; sometimes they give a rhetorical equivalent of what the narrator tells in a more disparaging way, as when Bergan darts in and Mr and Mrs Breen pass the door; sometimes they describe events in and around the bar which are quite imaginary, such as the procession of saints to Barney Kiernan's door; sometimes they are ornamental fantasies springing from some phrase in the conversation; and sometimes they are gratuitous rhapsodies like the description of the abundance in 'the land of holy Michan'. More importantly, the interpolations variously ridicule different aspects of the national paranoia, and parody the current literary modes and tastes of the Irish.[77]

The initial target is the romantic medievalism of the Celtic Renaissance. The narrator sets the exaggerated tone, when he asks of Hynes, who has been at a cattle traders' meeting, 'Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?' What Joe cannot supply, the interpolated passage does, in a description of abundance which hides beneath its eloquence the Dublin food markets. The dream of abundance is indebted to James Clarence Mangan's poem, 'Prince Alfrid's Itinerary through Ireland', from which several phrases are taken ('unfettered Munster', 'Connacht the just', 'Cruachan's land', and 'Armagh the splendid'),[78] but the general effect parodies the congestion of foodstuffs in many late nineteenth-century translations of Celtic elegiac and descriptive poetry.

The next interpolation draws on the epic tradition, represented by such works as *The Stealing of the Dun Cow*. The style is prompted by the citizen's preposterous revolutionary pose:

> —Stand and deliver, says he.
> —That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.
> —Pass, friends, says he. (*U* 280/381)

This time the citizen himself is transmuted into 'a broadshouldered deep-

[77] As Hugh Kenner says, the parodies in 'Cyclops' are 'a critique of theen tire neo-Celtic movement' (*Kenner*, 255).

[78] The relevant passages of the poem are quoted in *Allusions*, 256–7. Joyce himself quotes the poem in his lecture, 'Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages' (*CW*, 159).

chested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggybearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawny-handed hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero.' Again the style strains so hard to impress that it collapses into a clumsy absurdity which mockingly parodies the translations of Irish epics (such as those of Standish O'Grady) or the pseudo-medievalism of Ossian and his imitators.

The critical fashion for enthusing over the harsh verses of the Celtic bards of the eighteenth century is ridiculed in a passage about the dog, Garryowen. The citizen has been fooling about with it and talking to it in Irish, with the dog 'letting on to answer', though the narrator, in his usual hyperbolic way, expresses his loathing of the animal, 'growling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth is in it and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.' The subsequent interpolation about this gifted dog's power of reciting its own verses, translated 'by an eminent scholar', amusingly parodies the critical manner of the time, and culminates in eight lines of verse, said to recall metrically 'the intricate alliterative and iso-syllabic rules of the Welsh englyn', but consisting of a prolonged curse on Barney Kiernan for not supplying a drink of water. The verses, to be 'spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour', are very reminiscent of some of the cursing poems, translated or imitated 'from the Irish', the implication being, of course, that these 'satirical effusions' on which so much learning was expended and so much critical praise lavished were hardly to be distinguished from the growlings of a thirsty dog.

The revival of interest in Celtic art, especially in illustrated manuscripts, is parodied in a passage about the citizen's handkerchief, described as 'the muchtreasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish facecloth.' Joyce captures the pompous and plummy tone of guidebooks and patriotic travellers ('No need to dwell on the legendary beauty of the cornerpieces, the acme of art'), imitates the incidental displays of anti-British sentiment (as in the reference to the North American puma – 'a far nobler king of beasts than the British article, be it said in passing'), and develops an hysterical catalogue of Irish beauty-spots, ranging from Glendalough and the lakes of Killarney to 'the brewery of Messrs Arthur Guinness, Son and Company (Limited)' and 'Rathdown Union Workhouse at Loughlinstown.' These parodies are closer to journalese than to the mock-medievalism of the earlier passages, though they are equally marked by a fumbling and bathetic pretentiousness. Other kinds of Irish journalism are ridiculed, all exhibiting a similar verbosity, a similar fondness for superlatives, and a similar chauvinism, turning a boxing-match into an Irish victory over the British by repeated stressing of the nationality of the two fighters, 'Dublin's pet lamb, . . . the Irish gladiator, . . . the fistic Eblanite' knocking out 'the welterweight sergeantmajor, . . . the redcoat, . . . the Englishman, . . . the Portobello bruiser'. A parody of the Creed, adapted to the British ('They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth . . .') exemplifies the more extreme and bitter forms of political hatred.

To the discussion of Irish games, Joyce appends a passage ridiculing

another aspect of the people whom, in the *Portrait*, Mr Dedalus had called 'a priestridden Godforsaken race'; the report, after referring to the large audience 'amongst which were to be noticed many prominent members of the clergy as well as representatives of the press and the bar and the other learned professions', gives a list of those present, a list consisting of the titles, names and orders of twenty-four clerics, with the feeble addition that 'the laity included P. Fay, T. Quirke, etc., etc.' The pseudo-religiosity of the bar-flies, on whose lips 'God' is a commonplace, is laughed at in a more extended passage when Martin Cunningham says 'God bless all here is my prayer', and the citizen, who has been savagely sneering at Bloom, answers 'Amen'. There follows a long procession of church-attendants, minor clerics, monks, nuns and friars of all kinds, leading the saints, martyrs, virgins and confessors, all proceeding to Barney Kiernan's to pronounce a blessing on the house, though the effect is diminished by the presence among the saints of all the men in the bar, spontaneously canonized, together with 'S. Owen Caniculus', 'S. Marion Calpensis', and such mysterious figures as 'S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous and S. Paronymous and S. Synonymous.' What, no doubt, seemed to Joyce the more ridiculous aspects of the Catholic worship of the saints appear in the robes worn by them,

> whereon were woven the blessed symbols of their efficacies, inkhorns, arrows, loaves, cruses, fetters, axes, trees, bridges, babes in a bathtub, shells, wallets, shears, keys, dragons, lilies, buckshot, beards, hogs, lamps, bellows, beehives, soupladles, stars, snakes, anvils, boxes of vaseline, bells, crutches, forceps, stags' horns, watertight boots, hawks, millstones, eyes on a dish, wax candles, aspergills, unicorns. (*U* 323–4/441)

Nevertheless, *en route* to Barney Kiernan's, this remarkable procession performs 'divers wonders such as casting out devils, raising the dead to life, multiplying fishes, healing the halt and the blind, discovering various articles which had been mislaid, interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures, blessing and prophesying.' Although this passage shares with earlier passages the exaggerated manner, the extensive and absurd catalogues and the collapses into bathos, the nature and point of the satire are now quite different. Here Joyce is laughing at the curious literal-mindedness of much Irish Catholicism, with its almost casual appeals to the saints, its blindness to the ludicrous side of its beliefs, and its simple superstitious confidence in the efficacy of the repertoire of saints about whom the ignorant worshipper knows nothing but the symbols. It is a simplicity of mind as apparent among the blasphemous scroungers of Barney Kiernan's as among the superficially more sophisticated people who swallow the spiritualist and theosophical jargon used to describe the return of Paddy Dignam's spirit.

The account of the execution of an Irish hero, the longest interpolation in the chapter, is more bitterly satirical, presenting the Irish as a nation greedy for cheap excitement, always ready to shed an easy tear, fickle and for sale. It begins by mocking the swollen rhetoric of Irish grief:

> The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming of pieces of ordnance. (*U* 291/396)

To this, thunder, lightning and torrential rain are added, while the crowd of five hundred thousand are entertained by a band and streetsingers, and a special word of praise is given to the Little Sisters of the Poor, who have brought children from the foundling hospitals, 'for their excellent idea of affording the poor fatherless and motherless children a genuinely instructive treat.' Among those present are members of a foreign delegation 'known as the Friends of the Emerald Isle', who, after denouncing 'the nameless barbarity which they had been called upon to witness', fall into an argument about the correct birthday of St Patrick, which develops into a violent combat involving 'cannonballs, scimitars, boomerangs, blunderbusses, stinkpots, meatchoppers, umbrellas, catapults, knuckledusters, sandbags, lumps of pig iron.' To this point, the satire seems largely directed against a vulgar seeking for sensation of any kind, a total absence of sympathy or patriotic feeling, and the attitudes of the foreign powers who, though fond of expressing sympathy for Ireland, were far more concerned with petty quarrels of their own. But the tone becomes more savage when the headsman arrives and is 'greeted by a roar of acclamation', while admirers of the executioner provide him with a flock of sheep on which to test the sharpness of his blade. The combination of a penny-pinching materialistic economy, bloody violence, and sentimental religious gestures is symbolized by the provision of a saucepan to receive the hero's innards after he has been disembowelled, and two milk jugs 'destined to receive the most precious blood of the most precious victim', all these utensils to be carried, when filled, to 'the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home'. Emotions run high when 'the blushing bride elect', a figure representing Ireland, embraces the hero who is about to die for her sake and promises to cherish his memory. She leads the audience, first, to hearty laughter by reminiscences of childhood on the banks of the Liffey, and, then, to torrents of tears and 'heartrending sobs', and immediately accepts an offer of marriage from 'a handsome young Oxford graduate', who wins her by showing her 'his visiting card, bankbook, and genealogical tree'. This episode reflects the same view of Ireland's treatment of her patriots as Stephen had put to Davin in the *Portrait*:

> —No honourable and sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell, but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. (*P* 207)

The insincerity of Ireland's mourning for her hero is the concluding theme of Joyce's article about the Fenian, John O'Leary:

> Now that he is dead, his countrymen will escort him to his tomb with great pomp. Because the Irish, even though they break the hearts of those who

> sacrifice their lives for their native land, never fail to show great respect for the dead.[79]

The method here is essentially allegorical fable, and the exposure of the treacherous emotionalism of the Irish is contemptuous and bitter.

At the other extreme are passages ridiculing Bloom's pedantic remarks about scientific phenomena (to explain posthumous erections in hanged men) or Doran's drunken request to Bloom to tell Mrs Dignam 'that he said and everyone who knew him said that there was never a truer, a finer than poor little Willy that's dead.' These and similar passages are less serious in purpose: they laugh at the earnestness and self-importance with which the idiocies in Barney Kiernan's are exchanged. In the same vein is the report of the marriage of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan to Miss Fir Conifer, which springs from a conversation in which Nolan complains of the deforestation of Ireland, the citizen makes an impassioned plea to save 'the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage', and Lenehan comes in with, 'Europe has its eyes on you.' The silly notion that Europe was deeply interested in the preservation of the stock of noble Irish trees no doubt suggested the grandiose style of a society columnist, in whose eyes a few ladies anxious to get their names into society journals can be seen as 'the fashionable international world': the whole passage smacks of the petty and provincial trying to pass itself off as high society, although, of course, Joyce is not mocking society columnists, but merely using their style to ridicule Irish provincialism and pretentiousness in general.

Sometimes the interpolated passage runs counter to the implications of the bar-room talk. A conversation about a Jew who has that day appeared before the Dublin Recorder, Sir Frederick Falkiner, on a charge of swindling, and has been remanded, develops into an idealized eulogy of Sir Frederick's soft-heartedness and sympathy towards the poor. The succeeding interpolation takes up the image of justice in the loftiest way, even the date being defined in classical, ecclesiastical and lunar terms. The court is a similar conglomerate of traditions. The recorder is medievally transfigured into Sir Frederick the Falconer, who comes to administer 'the law of the brehons' (the ancient Irish law), together with 'the high sinhedrim' (the Jewish court of justice) consisting of representatives of the twelve tribes of Iar (combining the twelve tribes of Israel with Irish legend and history) who form the 'twelve good men and true' of an English jury. This jury is conjured that it should 'well and truly try and true delivrance make', and give a true verdict, and the members swear in God's name 'that they would do His rightwiseness'. After all this solemn preparation for justice, a man is led forth from the dungeons, having been apprehended 'in consequence of information received', and the paraphernalia of justice at once collapses:

> And they shackled him hand and foot and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but preferred a charge against him for he was a malefactor. (*U* 308/419)

[79] *CW*, 192.

The last word arbitrarily and without evidence brings in the verdict which all the judicial forms and procedures were supposed to reach 'according to the evidence'; it is a verdict comparable to that of the Citizen, who follows it immediately with a display of antisemitism:

> —Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland filling the country with bugs. (*U* 308/419)

Bloom pretends not to have heard this, but it is ominous. So too is the interpolation, for it is in just this arbitrary way, on the totally unreliable information of Lenehan, that Bloom is found guilty of being a secretly successful punter, too mean to buy a drink. While he is spending his time trying to help Mrs Dignam and her children, he is accused of 'defrauding widows and orphans', and is convicted without trial. Here the interpolation not only ridicules the fine talk in the bar, but anticipatorily indicates the real prejudices and cruelty hidden behind the talk.

Towards the end of the chapter, the interpolations begin to serve an additional purpose. It is obvious to everyone that trouble is about to start, and Bloom's friends endeavour to hurry him away: the inflated styles are now at least related to a situation of some tenseness. The epic description of the jaunting car, in terms proper to the chariot of Poseidon, and the journalistic description of a ceremony of farewell appropriate to the departure of a distinguished foreign guest, seem to prepare for a climactic action, and, curiously, seem both to laugh at Bloom's predicament and to draw attention to the heroic elements in his behaviour. For once, the man whom Joe Hynes calls 'the prudent member' and who entered the chapter as 'he of the prudent soul', abandons prudence and responds boldly if confusedly to the snarling citizen. Similarly, although the account of the impact of the biscuit-tin as a natural catastrophe devastating a large area of Dublin is very funny, and develops from the narrator's exaggerated assertion that the citizen threw it so vigorously 'he near sent it into the county Longford', it is not merely another example of the trivial grossly magnified: it also suggests the real destructiveness and violence of the old man's anger. At one level, his threat to 'crucify' Bloom is just another example of the 'gigantism' of language from which he, the narrator and most of their companions suffer, but at another it expresses accurately enough the depth of malice working in him. Consequently Bloom's departure, though a farcical parody of Elijah's chariot of fire and the light which surrounded Christ at the Transfiguration, relates to his conduct as a prophet of love among savages and pagans, and as the only man in Barney Kiernan's pub with the moral courage to stand up to the citizen:

> And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel. (*U* 329/449)

This last sentence draws together the inflations of the interpolations and the colloquial exaggeration of the dialogue; both are laughable, and yet the swollen illusions which they represent constitute the real threat to Bloom.

While his final departure, like his behaviour throughout, has its ludicrous aspect, the style humorously suggests that, in his resistance to the patriotic cant and affected fanaticism of his fellow citizens, he has acted with heroic independence and moral courage.

The interpolations are associated with the conversation in a variety of ways and with varying effect, but, in general, they mock the inveterate Irish (and human) tendency to exaggerate in order to dress up the commonplace in a vesture of passion or importance, and form an ironic commentary on the talk and behaviour of the bar-flies. They might be seen as a *reductio ad absurdum*, if it were not that the exchanges in the bar are absurd beyond the possibility of reduction. Indeed, reduction to absurdity, itself a mode of exaggeration, is one of the ways in which the interpolations handle whatever does not accord with the simple prejudices of the men in the bar. Bloom's concern for the suffering of animals is first sneered at by the cynical narrator ('Gob, he'd have a soft hand under a hen'), and then mocked in an absurdly childish interpolation:

> Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for us. When she lays her egg she is so glad. Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Then comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz and takes her fresh egg. Ga ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. (*U* 300/408)

Similarly, when Bloom speaks out against 'Force, hatred, history, all that', and urges that what is proper to mankind is 'Love', both the old citizen ('He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet') and the interpolation misconstrue his use of the term in order to ridicule him:

> Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 14A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M.B. loves a fair gentleman. . . . You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody. (*U* 317/433)

The highfaluting and sentimental response of the interpolated passages to fake nationalism, superstition and prejudice is matched by their supercilious and sneering ridicule of whatever is, however lamely expressed, humane and genuine.

The whole chapter is the most consistently satirical in *Ulysses*. It is often suggested that, in his writings, Joyce was apolitical and amoral, but this chapter alone proves the contrary. He does not advocate any political creed or any moral code, but, partly through the events in Barney Kiernan's pub and partly through the styles in which they are presented, he exposes and ridicules antisemitism, chauvinistic nationalism, and several forms of religious cant and hypocrisy.[80] The satire is always implicit in the styles –

[80] Cf. 'Patriotism was for my brother as for Johnson 'the last refuge of a scoundrel" ' (*MBK*, 201). Phillip F. Herring, both in *Notesheets* (13–15) and in an article, 'Joyce's Politics' (*New Light*, 3–14), argues that Joyce 'was incapable of any sort of altruistic political commitment' and merely 'endorsed the politics of self-interest' (*Notesheets*, 15). Self-interest plays its part in the most committed political attitudes – for that matter, in the most altruistic behaviour. We should not judge Joyce by totally unreal standards.

whether of the narrator's monologue or of the rhetorical interpolations – and penetrates more deeply than most political or social satire, because it goes beneath the superficial displays of ignorance and folly, traces such attitudes as antisemitism to their roots in the frustrations and disappointments of trivial lives, and relates them to the various forms of vain self-glorification or morbid 'gigantism' which afflict men and nations.

'Nausicaa'

The unnamed narrator's interior monologue resembles a protracted bar-room anecdote because such a manner best reflects the nature of his self-awareness: he feels himself and others to be permanently involved in an endless gossipy tale. Gerty MacDowell's consciousness, on the other hand, is like a flattering mirror before which she performs, just as she performs before a real mirror: 'she knew how to cry nicely before the mirror. You are lovely, Gerty, it said.' Although the style borrows freely from novelettes of the time, it is not critical parody – Joyce is not out to ridicule the patently ridiculous – nor even pastiche. It is rather a purée of clichés, extracted and condensed not only from the stories in girls' papers, but from their beauty pages, cookery tips, fashion notes, advice to the lovelorn, correspondence columns and advertisements, to which are added clichés, equally sickly, from religious tracts, temperance propaganda, popular superstitions and all the current affectations of popular culture and respectability. Through this oversweetened mess, the dry facts of Gerty's real situation occasionally emerge, and the vulgarities of her undoctored self erupt. Her monologue is not a repetitious or laborious exercise. There are continuous fluctuations of style from high-flown romanticism to coarse spitefulness, from pious pretence to naive exhibitionism, from airy vagueness to drab particulars. Joyce himself found it impossible to describe the style fully:

> *Nausikaa* is written in a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy (alto là!) style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles, painter's palette, chit chat, circumlocution, etc., etc. [81]

There is a constant tendency to sink from the fantasy levels of consciousness towards the mundane and vulgar, so that Gerty repeatedly has to snatch up her thoughts again, and this erratic movement is reflected in a

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That he was an egoist he was the first to admit; it does not follow that he was incapable of sympathy with the oppressed and hatred for the tyrannous. He was primarily an artist; it does not follow that political sympathies could not enter his work. No doubt, like most of us, he was more certain of what was politically bad than of what was politically desirable.

[81] *Letters* I, 135. I find incomprehensible Father W. T. Noon's opinion that 'there is nothing satirical about the opening paragraph of this chapter. Here is the sort of praise of Our Lady that might be found in St. Bernard' (*Noon*, 100). On the contrary, here are 'effects of incense, mariolatry'.

style far removed from the comparative inflexibility of parody. Illusion is repeatedly interrupted by the commonplace facts of Gerty's life and resentments. The dream of being 'pronounced beautiful by all' stumbles a little on the memory of real comments about her resemblance to one or other side of her family; the image of a graceful figure breaks up into the less elevated particulars of iron jelloids, pills, discharges and the advertisers' catchphrase, 'that tired feeling'. The stock phrases of loveliness from advertisements for creams, powders and lipsticks raise the tone again until it is lowered by the names of specific preparations, and shattered by Gerty's anger at Bertha Supple's 'deliberate lie'. The attempt to modulate into the 'little tiffs' of 'girl chums' doesn't succeed, but Gerty dismisses this unfortunate, catty episode by creating the dream of her own 'innate refinement', leading upwards to the view of herself as a natural aristocrat, presented in such appropriate terms as '*hauteur*' and 'devoirs'. Deprived by fate of her true position in society, she quickly transmutes the loss into a love-deprivation and so brings in the note of melancholy passion. Through mention of Gerty's 'eyes of witchery', the train of association leads to eyebrows, and thence to the synthetic world of 'eyebrowleine' and remedies for blushing, shortness and small noses. Gerty cannot resist a sly dig at Mrs Dignam's button nose, before returning to her dream of her own beauty, of her crowning glory, and a momentary slip into superstitions about haircutting and nailparing is quickly recovered by consciousness of her own shy and rosy flush at Edy's remark about Gerty's being Tommy Caffrey's sweetheart.

The style is as various as Gerty's moods, and the manner in which her experience of what lies around her is presented changes abruptly and radically. The Caffrey twins, first seen as 'darling little fellows with bright merry faces and endearing ways about them', later become 'exasperating little brats', and their sister, Cissy, undergoes more complex transformations. At first she is seen as a girl of merry sweetness:

> A truerhearted lass never drew the breath of life, always with a laugh in her gipsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her cherryripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. (*U* 330/450)

When Cissy makes an unladylike remark about smacking Tommy 'on the beetoteetom', Gerty is able to reconcile herself to this by the image of 'Madcap Ciss with her golliwog curls'. However, when Cissy's tomboy behaviour threatens Gerty's dream about the gentleman on the beach, resentment presents Cissy in quite a different light, mounting through sarcastic comments on Cissy's skimpy hair, 'long gandery strides' and tomboy behaviour to scorn for this 'forward piece' who is trying to show off by exposing 'her skinny shanks up as far as possible'. The coarsening of the language and the reference to the vulgar joke about 'up as far as possible' indicates how far Gerty's anger is carrying her. At this point the reader does not know that the bitterness towards Cissy's running and tight skirt and 'her high crooked French heels' is because Gerty is lame and cannot compete in that sort of display. She can pull herself out of a mood of cat-

tiness only by assuming feelings of haughty superiority – represented in the monologue by such terms as '*Tableau!*' and 'exposé' – and then by associating herself with the overheard prayer to the Virgin. The ease with which her religious sentimentality can coexist with her erotic dreams is comically expressed by her foot-swinging, moving to the rhythm of the hymn, but designed to reveal titillating glimpses of her legs in their transparent stockings. The religiosity provides a disguise for her desire to compete with the brazen revelations of Cissy. Even the interweavings of the elements in the style of the monologue expose aspects of Gerty's mind of which she herself is not fully aware.

The function of the style is not to ridicule the silly daydreams of a young girl; Gerty is ridiculous but she is also pitiable, and the image of her circumstances and nature is too complex to permit of a simple response. The style, like that of the earlier monologues, serves to represent the essence of her consciousness and the fluctuations of her moods; what we are told about Gerty is, for the most part, exaggerated, misleading, garbled or quite untrue, yet, through the style, we experience the quality of her experience. Gerty's escapism represents a temptation to which Bloom is vulnerable, as Nausicaa was a temptation to Ulysses to abandon the long struggle homeward. Her daydreams are a flight from her homelife with a drunken and violent father and from her lameness; Bloom too has family and personal disabilities. The 'tumescence' of the 'technic', culminating in her self-induced orgasm and his masturbation, is figured equally in the action and the style of her monologue.

For Gerty, the self-deception and the auto-eroticism are enough; tomorrow or another day she will attach similar fantasies to Reggy Wylie or Father Conroy or some other stranger. The danger is that it will also be enough for Bloom. For a moment, he is caught up in the false romanticism of the style:

> He was leaning back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with bowed head before those young guileless eyes. What a brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been. He of all men! But there was an infinite store of mercy in those eyes, for him too a word of pardon even though he had erred and sinned and wandered. (*U* 350/478)

Perception of Gerty's lameness jerks him back to reality, and the return to the characteristic style of his earlier monologues signifies that a 'detumescence' of his imagination is accompanying his physical detumescence.

The sudden shift back to the earlier kind of monologue is the most important feature of the style of the latter part of the chapter, representing as it does a release from the strains and pressures that have been building up in Bloom:

> Did me good all the same. Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For this relief much thanks. (*U* 355/485)

The silent relationship with Gerty has the double effect of tiring him

physically ('Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now') and restoring him psychologically ('Goodbye, dear. Thanks. Made me feel so young.') He can now face up to what has happened between Boylan and Molly and see it as something over and done with: 'O, he did. Into her. She did. Done': though it may happen again on the Belfast tour, he can't be bothered about it. Molly is again a source of pride to him rather than humiliation and distress: she can 'knock spots off' other men's wives, and now, if he wonders why she chose him, he recalls her answer, 'Because you were so foreign from the others.' Gerty has strengthened him, not only by providing the stimulus for his masturbation, but by choosing him now as Molly chose him in the past. He cannot be as contemptible as some of his recent encounters have suggested: 'Saw something in me. Wonder what.' One cannot distinguish the style of the monologue from its content. Both are relaxing, quiescing: the paragraphs draw out longer and more leisurely than before, because Bloom is less troubled by turbulent emotions. The scene, too, grows sleepy as the light fails and Bloom prepares to have a short snooze:

> Twittering the bat flew here, flew there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for slumber tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake. (*U* 362/494–5)

Howth has become a projected image of Bloom's own sleepiness. The 'yumyum rhododendrons', a mocking reference to the courtship of Molly, the memory of which had so excited Bloom in Davy Byrne's, no longer disturb him. Like Howth, Bloom intents to rest – not sleeping, but 'slumberous'. After the tensions of his day and the unexpected relief supplied by Gerty, Bloom dozes off, and the style represents the dissipation of his consciousness, with words and phrases echoed from earlier phases of his interior monologue:

> O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next. (*U* 365/498)

The fusion of Bloom's memory of Gerty's display with his awareness of what has happened in his bed that afternoon is clear and effective enough but Joyce tracks the movements of Bloom's dozing mind more closely to suggest the resumption of its odyssey after this temporary distraction. At first, feelings of gratitude ('O sweet little, you don't know how nice you looked'), the memory of his excitement ('Darling, I saw your. I saw all'), the vision of Gerty's white underclothes are all confused with his notion that women's lingerie is designed to tempt men ('I'm all clean come and dirty me') and that Gerty's performance was somewhat stagy, like the fascination exerted by such actresses as Mrs Bracegirdle. This leads, via

the image of their mutual excitation and subsequent stickiness to the phrase from Martha's letter (which he had remembered just before), 'naughty darling', the name 'Grace' being intruded as a result of his passing thought of the Victorian heroine, Grace Darling. Martha's letter had borne the address 'P. O. Dolphin's Barn', and this had led his mind to his early courtship of Molly; thus 'naughty darling', though borrowed from Martha, leads at once to 'she him', Molly and Boylan, to their meeting that afternoon at half-past four (the time at which his watch had stopped), and to the bed in which the adultery took place. In that bed, that morning, Molly had asked him to explain 'met him pike hoses' (the word, 'metempsychosis', has occurred to him, in another connection, just before): 'met him' is a euphemism for what has taken place between Molly and Boylan, while 'hoses' leads, through the memory of the Mutoscope pictures of 'A dream of wellfilled hose', to the 'frillies' worn by the heroine of *Sweets of Sin* for her lover, 'for Raoul'. In 'Sirens' Bloom had imagined Molly awaiting Boylan, 'perfumed for him', and that now blends with Gerty's farewell wave of a piece of perfumed wadding to leave behind a scented memory, and with Martha's enquiry about his wife's perfume. He remembers Molly's first meeting with Boylan, when she was 'wearing her black and it had the perfume of the time before', and his earlier thoughts of the sources of female odour, in particular the hair, 'strong in rut'. All of these thoughts of Molly and Boylan, of Raoul and the heroine of *Sweets of Sin*, and of perfume shift easily to the picture of a woman's 'heaving embonpoint' (Molly's, the novel heroine's, and Miss Douce's – already shortened to 'her heaving embon') lying under a lover, and thence to Molly as she must have been at the time of her first affair with Mulvey, a young 'señorita' with her fine 'Spanishy eyes' and her breasts already 'developed' – the word 'plump' seems to link this with an earlier image of Molly when she was just beginning to plump out her elephantgrey dress. He has remembered, too, his own first wooing of his wife, in an earlier June, and the passage of time has brought to his mind the succession of years, 'The year returns.' Mixed with this motion of the returning year is a later thought that a dream 'never comes the same', and the succession of 'years dreams return' is also associated with the charades at Dolphin's Barn, when he was courting Molly, and he played the part of Rip Van Winkle. 'Return' is an aspect of his earlier thoughts of sailors, 'smelling the tail end of ports', while 'tail end' is linked to another kind of return, the smutty picture of a husband returning to find his wife with her lover – on which Joe Hynes had commented, 'Get a queer old tailend of corned beef off of that one, what?' But the word 'end' suggests by its sound 'Agendath', the name of the plantation company, a symbol of the return of the Jews to Palestine. These various returns now become confused as Bloom's consciousness fades: the sexual image recalls the image of orgasm suggested to his mind when he first read *Sweets of Sin* ('Whites of eyes swooning up'), and his own sensation while watching Gerty 'on show'; but the Agendath memory brings in a phrase from the Passover ritual, 'Next year in Jerusalem', the dream of return. (He has just recalled, or misrecalled, the *Exodus* praise of

God who 'brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage.') Does 'drawers' refer to Gerty's underclothes or to Molly's: 'Drawers: little kick, taking them off. By by till next time'? The combination of 'drawers' and 'next' may suggest that it is the reference to Molly's underclothes which is in his mind, but Bloom is now close to sleep; Molly and Gerty are blending in his dim consciousness as are the notions of returning home, of the possibility of returning to see Gerty again, and of the Jewish return to Palestine. Similarly there is no knowing whether 'next' refers to next year in Jerusalem, the next time he sees Gerty or the next of Molly's infidelities. Everything is fusing as Bloom dozes off. The paragraph thus presents a kaleidoscopic image of a mind slowly fading into sleep, joining together remembered words and phrases (as in the closing paragraph of 'The Dead') moving along a train of associations, sometimes verbal, sometimes phonetic, sometimes emotional, sometimes of linked thoughts and experiences. It shows how, in Bloom's mind, despite the certainty of Molly's adultery and despite his own sexual satisfaction through masturbation, the image of his wife slowly absorbs the images of Gerty and of Martha; the dominant thought in his darkening consciousness is that of return – a return essentially to Molly, for she is his Ithaca and the Promised Land to which he hears the summons of recall.

As the cuckoo-clock in the priest's house sounds nine o'clock, everything inconclusively fades away. Bloom, openmouthed, leaning sideways, thinks 'just for a few'; the priests are at their supper 'and talking about'; Gerty notices that the gentleman 'that was sitting on the rocks looking was'. The nine times repeated cry of 'Cuckoo' seems to publish Bloom's situation: earlier, in the library, Mulligan had quoted 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear!': and later, in the brothel, the clock again signals Bloom's place in the register of Dublin cuckolds. But if the cuckooing was simply to announce Bloom's cuckoldry, one would have to say that the clock was four and a half hours slow, and that the stale joke was a feeble conclusion to the chapter. In fact, it offers a brief image of the attitudes of the two central figures of the chapter. Gerty's persistent romanticism transforms the cuckoo into 'a little canarybird bird', while Bloom, now able to accept the situation which has troubled him all day, shows his resigned unconcern ('Let him') by falling asleep while his cuckoldry is being proclaimed.

But Gerty is more than an agent by whom Bloom is enabled to achieve physical and emotional 'detumescence'; for that purpose, the whole chapter could have been restricted to Bloom's point of view. She also incarnates a temptation to which Bloom is vulnerable. The vague doctrine of 'love', with which he countered the old Citizen's racial and religious prejudices, could, in its own sentimental and religiose way, be just as blinding and paralysing as bloodyminded chauvinism. In 'Cyclops', Gerty has been used as an image of this tendency in Bloom; the paragraph, ridiculing Bloom's affirmation of love, includes the sentence, 'Gerty MacDowell loves the boy on the bicycle.' To realize, focus and pass judgement on this kind of escapism, it has to be shown at work in the consciousness of one of its victims; but to use a convention of interior monologue, akin to that used

for Bloom and Stephen, would be uneconomical and inappropriate. Gerty is a subordinate figure: to capture her essence, a convention is needed which, without ignoring the girl's specific qualities or the fluctuations of her mood, will characterize and assess the retreat from reality which she represents. The conglomerate of clichés establishes and implicitly comments on the escapist fantasy; the variations among the phrases belonging to schoolgirl slang, bitchy gossip, and romantic, patriotic, moral and religiose sentimentality create Gerty's individuality within the general image. It is an image not simply of a silly girl who has read too many novelettes but of an impoverished, handicapped, disappointed and frustrated existence, consoling itself with the illusions offered by the Dublin environment and the prevailing attitudes to love, friendship, family, country and religion.

'Oxen of the Sun'

For this chapter Joyce provided, in a letter to Frank Budgen, what appears to be a detailed scheme:

> Am working hard at *Oxen of the Sun*, the idea being the crime committed against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition. Scene, lying-in hospital. Technique: a nineparted episode without divisions introduced by a Sallustian-Tacitean prelude (the unfertilized ovum), then by way of earliest English alliterative and monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon ('Before born the babe had bliss. Within the womb he won worship.' 'Bloom dull dreamy heard: in held hat stony staring.') then by way of Mandeville ('there came forth a scholar of medicine that men clepen, &c') then Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* ('but that franklin Lenehan was prompt ever to pour them so that at the least way mirth should not lack') then the Elizabethan 'chronicle style' ('about that present time young Stephen filled all cups'), then a passage solemn, as of Milton, Taylor and Hooker, followed by a choppy Latin-gossipy bit, style of Burton-Browne, then a passage Bunyanesque ('the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore whose name she said is Bird-in-the-hand'). After a diarystyle bit Pepys-Evelyn ('Bloom sitting snug with a party of wags, among them Dixon jun, Ja. Lynch, Doc. Madden and Stephen D. for a languor he had before and was now better he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy and Mistress Purefoy there to be delivered, poor body, two days past her time and the midwives hard put to it, God send her quick issue') and so on through Defoe-Swift and Steele-Addison-Sterne and Landor-Pater-Newman until it ends in a frightful jumble of Pidgin English, Nigger English, Cockney, Irish, Bowery slang and broken doggerel. This procession is also linked back at each part subtly with some foregoing episode of the day and, besides this, with the natural stages of development in the embryo and the periods of faunal evolution in general. The double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive recurs from time to time ('Loth to move from Horne's house') to give the sense of the hoofs of oxen. Bloom is the spermatozoon, the hospital the womb, the nurse the ovum, Stephen the embryo.
>
> How's that for high?[82]

[82] The letter is included in *Letters* I, 138–9, but the version is defective, omitting altogether 'the Elizabethan "chronicle style"'. The version in the text is, therefore, taken from *Ellmann–JJ*, 489–90.

In a letter to Harriet Weaver the structure is again described, though without the trimmings, as consisting of 'nine circles of development (enclosed between the headpiece and tailpiece of opposite chaos).'[83]

The Budgen letter seems helpful. All the reader has to do to see to the bottom of Joyce's intent is to distinguish the nine parts, identify the links to earlier episodes, embryonic development and faunal evolution, perceive how the meeting of Bloom and the nurse results in the symbolic gestation of Stephen, and consider why 'the crime committed against fecundity' should be represented by a technique which follows the process from conception to birth. The general implication of the scheme – that here the entry of Bloom initiates the growth of the embryo artist – is plain enough and the proposed technique plausible: it remains only to observe and respond to the details of handling.

Unfortunately, the details are very difficult to identify, let alone respond to. Although the British Museum has Joyce's notesheets which contain, besides many notes on the embryo, a large onion-shaped diagram recording the details of its shape, size and length, month by month,[84] the scheme of embryonic development in the chapter remains surprisingly obscure, apart from a few obvious hints: at one point there is mention of the infusion of a human soul 'at the end of the second month', a little later Costello begins to sing '*The first three months she was not well*', and the moment of birth is signalled when Stephen and his companions burst out of the hospital. The two commentators whose personal access to Joyce gave them special advantages are of little help. Frank Budgen merely repeats the terms of Joyce's letter to him, and Stuart Gilbert, after listing a few dubious 'allusions', derived mainly from the notesheets, is content to assert that anyone who has (as he has not) 'more than a superficial acquaintance with the facts of pre-natal development' will detect 'many more such correspondences'.[85] That is to say, he does not know where they are, but believes, on the evidence of the Budgen letter and the notesheets, that they are somewhere there.[86] A much more determined examination by A. M. Klein[87] lists what purport to be other allusions, but most of these are farfetched and many quite implausible. I find no discernible, coherent, complete scheme of embryological reference: the acceptable allusions –

[83] *Letters* III, 16.

[84] The diagram is reproduced in *Notesheets*, facing p. 162. Details of a similar chart in the Cornell Joyce Collection are given by J. B. Lyons, *James Joyce and Medicine* (Dublin, Dolmen Press 1973), 75.

[85] *Gilbert*, 302.

[86] It may be significant that although J. B. Lyons, who has the specialist knowledge Gilbert lacked, says that 'it is certainly possible to uncover laboriously within the literary gestation many references to fertilization and foetal growth' (*James Joyce and Medicine*, 75), the illustrations he gives are the same as those given by Gilbert, apart from two which are given in A. M. Klein's article (see next note). J. S. Atherton has found a few more embryological hints – for instance, he sees 'naked pockets' as 'a rendering of "scrotum empty" ' (*Hart and Hayman*, 325).

[87] A. M. Klein, 'The Oxen of the Sun', *Here and Now* I (1949), 29–31.

acceptable by the most unexacting standards of evidence – are few in number and of little significance.

The parallels to faunal evolution are even fewer and less significant.[88] Presumably Joyce had in mind the theory of 'recapitulation', which explains the embryo's development of such features as rudimentary gills and tail by supposing that, during gestation, it briefly passes through the stages of evolution of the species. The theory is alluded to in the passage where the occurrence of 'harelip', 'breastmole', and 'swineheaded . . . or doghaired infants' is attributed to 'an arrest of embryonic development at some stage antecedent to the human.' The animalism, as of incompletely evolved human beings, of the students who rush out of the pub is suggested in the rhetoric of a revivalist American preacher: 'Come on, you dog-gone, bull-necked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed fourflushers.' But for any ordered evolutionary parallel to be apprehended, however subliminally, it must be first continuous and chronological, and second not buried in a mass of irrelevant and disordered faunal material; in fact, such allusions as may be found (or imagined) are without continuity and are swamped with uncoordinated animal images and references.

After prolonged search, and despite the efforts of the commentators, I cannot find more than a few scattered allusions to embryonic development and faunal evolution,[89] and the most plausible of these are in the early part of the chapter. They are too rare, fragmentary and insignificant to contribute anything to the reader's response, even when he has been forewarned of their presence. As Stuart Gilbert remarked, the letter to Budgen was written 'while Joyce was working on the episode', and comparison of it with the published chapter 'shows that he made some changes in his programme.'[90] I think it likely that Joyce abandoned both schemes during composition or, at least, did not bother to complete their working-out. The notesheets confirm this supposition for, although there are thirty or more jottings referring to embryonic development month by month (and sometimes week by week), comparatively few of them have been crossed through to indicate that they have been incorporated in the chapter. What purpose could such schemes have served? Presumably Joyce's plan was that they should constitute a developing embryological and evolutionary metaphor for what happens to the artist, Stephen; but such a metaphor is already much more effectively established by the procession of styles and the constant talk among the young men concerning the processes of gestation.

The subtle links to foregoing episodes are just as difficult to identify –

[88] Unfortunately in the transcript of the Budgen letter supplied to A. M. Klein, 'faunal evolution' was miscopied as 'formal evolution', and consequently he related each of the nine parts to geological periods. That his case for these imaginary parallels is almost as well supported as the other parts of his argument says more for his ingenuity than for the reliability of his exegetical method.

[89] J. S. Atherton says that the faunal evolution and the embryology in the chapter are 'equally sketchy' (*Hart and Hayman*, 317–18).

[90] *Gilbert*, 292 n. 1.

this time because there are too many allusions.[91] Joyce could not have written the chapter without constant links to earlier events of the day, and, although some of these may be regarded as 'subtle' (for instance, the headless fish may be intended to recall the sardine in Davy Byrne's bar), no system of association, one for 'each part', can be recognized in the maze of references to and reminiscences of preceding episodes. It is hard to see what Joyce hoped to achieve. Possibly he meant to suggest a parallel between Bloom's odyssey (which has, to this point, occupied nine chapters) and the development of the embryo artist, struggling, as Bloom had done, past inimical forces. But there is little in the chapter to support such a conjecture.

Even the account, given in the letter, of the procession of styles has its difficulties. Many of the parodies in the chapter, including some of the most striking, are not mentioned,[92] and, despite the reference to nine parts, Joyce appears to list eleven varieties of style besides the prelude and the chaotic conclusion. No two critics entirely agree in relating the months of gestation to the styles, but the few reliable clues to the embryological parallel suggest that the scheme envisaged in the letter was as follows:

Gestation	*Main content*	*Style*
Unfertilized ovum (and womb)	Hospital and midwives	Latinate
Sperm and conception	Bloom's arrival and entry	'Anglo-Saxon' etc.
First month	The drinking party	Mandeville etc.
Second month	Discussion – mothers and babies	Malory etc.
Third month	Discussion – Virgin and Logos	Elizabethan chronicles etc.
Fourth month	Stephen reproaches Ireland	Milton–Taylor–Hooker–Burton–Browne etc.
Fifth month	The God Bringforth and Stephen the Prodigal	Bunyan etc.

[91] The notesheets contain lists of references to 'Nestor', 'Proteus', and 'Calypso', many of which were incorporated in the 'Oxen of the Sun' chapter (*Notesheets*, 34–5).

[92] Adrienne Monnier gave a different list, 'according to Joyce's own hints', in '*L'Ulysse* de Joyce et le public français' (*La Gazette des Amis des Livres* III (10), (1940), 50–64; translated by Sylvia Beach in *Kenyon Review* VIII (1946), 430–44; reprinted in *CH* II, 463): 'Mandeville, Malory, Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, Sterne, Addison, Goldsmith, Junius, Gibbon, Walpole, Lamb, De Quincey, Landor, Macaulay, scientific reviews of the first half of the 19th century, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle.' The best account of the parodies is given by J. S. Atherton in *Hart and Hayman*, 313–39.

Sixth month	Rainstorm	Pepys–Evelyn etc.
Seventh month	Foot-and-mouth disease and the fable of the Bull	Defoe–Swift etc.
Eighth month	Talk of copulation, fertility and contraception	Steele–Addison–Sterne etc.
Ninth month	Discussion – births, abortions and monsters	Landor–Pater–Newman etc.
Post-natal infant	Drinking in Burke's	Slangs and jargons

It is necessary to add 'etc.' to the authors named by Joyce, because they are not, and were probably never meant to be, the only ones parodied. They are representative of various stages in the development of English prose; this is why many paragraphs blend together materials from several different sources, why such additions as the parodies of Goldsmith, Lamb, De Quincey and Dickens do not dislocate the general scheme, and why Carlyle could be introduced to present the moment of birth, as mock Anglo-Saxon presented the moment of conception. Joyce is less concerned with individual writers or even with correct chronological sequence than with what he thought were the main stylistic developments in our prose. His general view was probably influenced by Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm*, which he is known to have been reading at the time,[93] and the recurrence of 'the double-thudding Anglo-Saxon motive' throughout the chapter may have been suggested by Saintsbury's assertion that the 'general trochaic rhythm' of Anglo-Saxon 'has beyond all doubt persisted in English prose more fully than it has in English poetry.'[94] The metaphor, implicit in the procession of styles and pointed to unmistakably by the scene and the talk of conception, gestation and birth, is of the embryonic development of English literary prose from a fusion of Latin and Anglo-Saxon, through stages ('without divisions') of progressive complexity to the present. The obvious application of the metaphor is to Stephen, the embryo artist: it suggests that, as the human embryo, developing in its environment, passes through phases corresponding to earlier evolutionary adaptations before being born into a world where it must make its own adaptations,

[93] See *Notesheets*, 32–3. In writing his parodies Joyce used, besides passages quoted by Saintsbury, an anthology edited by W. Peacock, *English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin* (World's Classics. London, Oxford University Press 1903). See James S. Atherton's 'The Peacock in the Oxen' and 'Still more Peacock in the Oxen' (*A Wake Newslitter*, n.s. VII (5) (1970), 77–8 and n.s. VII (4) (1971, 53), and Phillip F. Herring's, 'More Peacock in the Oxen' (*A Wake Newslitter*, n.s. VIII (4) (1971), 51–3). *Notesheets* supplies many other deatils of the plundering of Saintsbury's and Peacock's volumes.

[94] *A History of English Prose Rhythm* (2nd edn, London, Macmillan 1922), 21.

so the embryonic literary artist, developing according to the constant traits of his nature, is in part shaped by the literature of the past – the earlier adaptations of language to experience – and emerges into the chaos of modern 'marketplace' speech, where his task is to create a new adaptation of language to experience.

The underlying metaphor, in both its embryological and evolutionary aspects, is firmly established by recurring images as well as by the conversations of the young men; this may be why the schemes envisaged in the Budgen letter, proving unnecessary elaborations, were not persisted with. The assumption that the letter gives a detailed account of the basic techniques of the chapter has led many critics to praise or condemn 'Oxen of the Sun' for the use of devices which are not effectively operative in it; the letter's usefulness is that it indicates clearly what Joyce had in mind, although he eventually depended on other methods to accomplish it. There is, for instance, a repeated metaphorical association of literary and physical generation. It is made explicit by Stephen:

> Mark me now. In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. (*U* 374/511)

In the thunder, he is said to hear the reproachful voice of the god Bringforth, and later his literary infertility is mocked by Lynch, who says that Stephen should not crown his head with vineleaves until 'something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father.' 'All desire,' he adds, 'to see you bring forth the work you meditate.' In these passages, Stephen, it will be noticed, figures not as the embryo to be brought forth, but as the progenitor failing in his duty to bring forth: perhaps he may be thought of as a case of what in the obstetric discussion is called 'acardiac *foetus in foetu*'.

From the beginning, the chapter implicitly relates physical and literary gestation. The ritual invocation, 'Send us, bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit', is addressed both to the master of Horne's National Maternity Hospital and to the sun-god Apollo, owner of the Oxen of the Sun, bringer of fertility and god of poetry. The Latinate passage which follows this invocation has a similarly ambiguous reference: literally it asserts that a nation's prosperity is to be judged by its care for the 'proliferent continuance' maintained by motherhood and that every just citizen should encourage his fellows to be fruitful; but figuratively the assertions apply equally well to the need to foster and encourage artists, 'lest what had in the past been by the nation excellently commenced might be in the future not with similar excellence accomplished.' It is this notion of the literary artist as the renewer and developer of the inherited traditions which is exemplified in the procession of parodies; the essence of Stephen's complaint against Ireland is that she has failed to be solicitous for his welfare, and has welcomed his usurper:

> Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of old, how thou settedst little by me and by my word and broughtest in a stranger to my gates to commit

> fornication in my sight and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore hast thou sinned against the light and hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants. (*U* 376/514)

Bloom, whatever his personal failings as a procreator, does at least carry out the citizen's duty of displaying and encouraging a concern for women in labour, and similarly is disturbed to see a young man 'of real parts' wasting his talents, 'for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and murdered his goods with whores.' The repeated positive of this chapter is 'Bring forth' – 'that evangel simultaneously command and promise' – a difficult and painful task for Mrs Purefoy and Stephen alike, and one which exposes them to indifference and mockery, while Bloom's concern and goodwill extend to each of them.

Yet why should the handling of the chapter figure a process of conception, gestation and birth, when its idea was 'the crime committed against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition'? In an important sense, the form of the chapter is directly opposed, in implication, to its apparent content, which presents the sterilizing and abortifacient influence of Stephen's companions. Can the discrepancy be connected with Stephen's dual role as embryo-artist and artist-progenitor? His failure in the latter role has been a source of self-contempt since the first chapter, and here it is associated with the spiritual self-abuse he and his companions are engaged in, which earns them the wrath of the god Bringforth, who 'would presently lift his arm and spill their souls for their abuses and their spillings done by them contrariwise to his word which forth to bring brenningly biddeth.' Stephen spills his wit and talent as wastefully as he pours out the beer which he calls his 'soul's bodiment', and 'the Word' to which he finally gives utterance and which is introduced by references to the birth of Christ and to a portentous cloudburst, is no creative Logos but merely the name of the pub to which he leads the company: as a progenitor he produces no more than an abortion.

On the physical level, it is Bloom who is the masturbator in the company, 'his own and his only enjoyer' the neglecter of his own marital 'seedfield', his vital juice now 'stagnant, acid and inoperative'. Yet according to Joyce's letter Bloom represents the spermatozoon, and certainly in the chapter he is the defender and advocate of fertility. But in what way does his arrival and behaviour in the hospital initiate the emergence of the embryo-artist? Among Bloom's reasons for staying with the party are his feeling of 'fast friendship' towards Stephen, and later his concern at seeing a promising young man wasting his talents, but there is no indication until the very end of the chapter that Stephen recognizes Bloom's quasi-paternal attitude towards him, much less that he consciously responds to it in any way. But this is not to say that Bloom's behaviour is without effect. Stephen's infertility derives directly from his bitterness:

> But thou hast suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my sun thou hast quenched for ever. And thou hast left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth. (*U* 376/514)

His bitterness is linked to his 'agenbite of inwit' about his mother's death: the kiss of ashes recalls her dreamed-of breath, 'mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes', and the vampire kiss of death, 'mouth to her mouth's kiss'; thinking of her, he had seen Dublin Bay as 'a bowl of bitter waters', and he had remembered her weeping over the words, 'love's bitter mystery'. It is this bitterness which pervades his spirit: his fear at the thunder is not allayed by Bloom's calming words because 'he had in his bosom a spike named Bitterness which could not by words be done away.' The whole passage describing his response to Bloom's reassurance that the thunder was 'all of the order of a natural phenomenon' is interesting and important:

> Heard he then in that clap the voice of the god Bringforth or, what Calmer said, a hubbub of Phenomenon? Heard? Why, he could not but hear unless he had plugged up the tube Understanding (which he had not done). For through that tube he saw that he was in the land of Phenomenon where he must for a certain one day die as he was like the rest too a passing show. And would he not accept to die like the rest and pass away? By no means would he and make more shows according as men do with wives which Phenomenon has commanded them to do by the book Law. Then wotted he nought of that other land which is called Believe-on-Me, that is the land of promise which behoves to the king Delightful and shall be for ever where there is no death and no birth neither wiving nor mothering at which all shall come as many as believe on it? Yes, Pious had told him of that land and Chaste had pointed him to the way but the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore of an eyepleasing exterior whose name, she said, is Bird-in-the-Hand and she beguiled him wrongways from the true path by her flatteries that she said to him as, Ho, you pretty man, turn aside hither and I will show you a brave place, and she lay at him so flatteringly that she had him in her grot which is named Two-in-the-Bush or, by some learned, Carnal Concupiscence. (*U* 377–8/516–17)

The opening question appears to ask whether Stephen heard in the thunder the voice of the god or a mere phenomenon, but the answer indicates that that is not really the question. The question is whether he heard at all; the voice of the god and the hubbub of Phenomenon are the same – God is 'a shout in the street'. It is the understanding that he is living in a world of physical phenomena, that he is one of them and must one day die, which commands him to bring forth. Yet he is not content with the ordinary procreation of children, which would merely be to bring forth new passing phenomena. Despite the religious terminology, the land of the King Delightful is, with reference to Stephen, the land of literature where 'all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away', and it is from the path to this land that he has turned aside to dally with Bird-in-the-Hand in her grot, Carnal Concupiscence. This is the pilgrimage from which the embryo artist has strayed, hence the Bunyanesque manner. Bloom's commonsense words of comfort do not help, because Stephen is only too well aware that he is in the land of Phenomenon, and because he is unable through bitterness to bring forth 'the word that shall not pass away'. His bitterness is directed against an omnivorous god impartially devouring

'cancrenous females emaciated by parturition' or newborn babies; against a Church which commands that in difficult births the child shall be saved even at the cost of the mother's life; against a nation which has suckled him with 'a bitter milk'; in all, the bitterness is shaped by a mother-image. It disguises itself in sarcasm against everything maternal; although he had been wounded by Mulligan's reference to Mrs Dedalus as 'beastly dead', he echoes the expression when ironically defending the Church's position that 'that earthly mother which was but a dam to bring forth beastly should die by canon.' Yet this cynical, antimaternal pose covers a persisting sensitivity; when Lenehan (presumably referring to Stephen's earlier comparison of the artist, whose spirit created the immortal out of the transient, to the Virgin Mary, who was '*vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio*') says mockingly that Stephen will one day write his book because 'He could not leave his mother an orphan', Stephen is so painfully affected that he 'would have withdrawn from the feast had not the noise of voices allayed the smart.'

It is in the light of the bitterness associated with his mother's death, and of the consequent pose of cynicism towards the maternal, that the nature and importance of the final exchange in this chapter has to be interpreted: Stephen

> is reported by eyewitnesses as having stated that once a woman has let the cat into the bag (an esthetic allusion, presumably, to one of the most complicated and marvellous of all nature's processes, the act of sexual congress) she must let it out again or give it life, as he phrased it, to save her own. At the risk of her own was the telling rejoinder of his interlocutor none the less effective for the moderate and measured tone in which it was delivered. (*U* 401–2/550)

The narrative shifts for a paragraph to a sentimental Dickensian picture of the parental bliss of Mr and Mrs Purefoy, but returns to illustrate the effect of Bloom's rejoinder on Stephen:

> There are sins or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait. (*U* 403/552)

'A chance word' will suddenly call up these memories (in this instance, Stephen's memory of having refused his dying mother's wish) and they will appear as a vision or a dream to confront him even 'at the feast at midnight when he is now filled with wine':

> Not to insult over him will the vision come as over one that lies under her wrath, not for vengeance to cut him off from the living but shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful. (*U* 403/552)

Stephen's assumed cynicism about motherhood is pierced by Bloom's reminder that the mother risks her life in giving birth to her child. He could pretend that his anger at Mulligan's dismissive phrase, 'beastly dead', was occasioned by the offence to him, not to his mother, and he could try to ignore Lenehan's insensitiveness; but Bloom's sympathy for mothers stirs in Stephen the emotion which he is hiding from himself and from others:

> The stranger still regarded on the face before him a slow recession of that false calm there, imposed, as it seemed, by habit or some studied trick, upon words so embittered as to accuse in their speaker an unhealthiness, a *flair*, for the cruder things of life. (*U* 403/552)

Looking at Stephen, Bloom remembers having seen him as a boy, standing on an urn above a pool, held there by a group of young women, Molly and her friends:

> He frowns a little just as this young man does now with a perhaps too conscious enjoyment of danger but must needs glance at whiles towards where his mother watches from the *piazzetta* giving upon the flower-close with a faint shadow of remoteness or of reproach (*alles Vergängliche*) in her glad look. (*U* 403–4/553)

Stephen's reaction to the few moderate words appended to his cynical disparagement of motherhood is remarkable, and particularly so because of the change in his sense of the mother vision. On the Martello Tower, its reproach had seemed hostile, the eyes seemed fixed on him to strike him down, and his mind had cried, 'No, mother, let me be and let me live'; now the reproach seems a gentle maternal anxiety, with no anger in it and no suggestion that it has come 'to cut him off from the living'. Equally remarkable is Bloom's imaginative apprehension of what lies behind Stephen's change of expression; a seventeen-year-old memory enables him to interpret Stephen's frown as that of a child, consciously enjoying danger but looking round for reassurance in its mother's 'glad look', tinged with fleeting reproach. The styles used are appropriately sentimental: '*amor matris* (subjective and objective genitive)' is at once one of the most powerful of human emotions and one of the most overflowing sources of human sentimentality; we revel in it, and the strength of the feeling bears little or no relationship to the real worth of its object. Stephen has been caught in a coarse and affected denial of *amor matris*, and it at once dissolves his pretence of calm and bitter cynicism. The importance of the change in him is signalled by the first words of the next paragraph: 'Mark this farther and remember. The end comes suddenly.' The paragraph represents the moment before birth, when, after all the 'vacant hilarity', the temporary quietness among the company is like 'the vigilant watch of shepherds and of angels about a crib in Bethlehem of Juda long ago':

> But as before the lightning the serried stormclouds, heavy with preponderant excess of moisture, in swollen masses turgidly distended, compass earth and sky in one vast slumber, impending above parched field and drowsy oxen and blighted growth of shrub and verdure till in an instant a flash rives their centres and with the reverberation of the thunder the cloudburst pours its torrent, so and not otherwise was the transformation, violent and instantaneous, upon the utterance of the Word.
>
> Burke's! Outflings my lord Stephen, giving the cry. . . . (*U* 404/553–4)

In terms of Stephen's own artistic creativity, the word may be an anticlimactic abortion, but, in context, it has a different significance; it suggests that the few words of Bloom, which have so plainly shattered Stephen's

cynical pose that even the noisy company is momentarily silenced, have driven Stephen to escape from his own discomfiture and nervous tension by rushing off to the public house. The image of the electric atmosphere before the sudden storm and cloudburst is certainly a reference to the release of the waters of the womb before childbirth, but it also clearly enough presents a fertilizing flood pouring down on the barren situation. Stephen has been obliged to leave what has earlier been called his 'refuge' and he goes out into the 'scintillant circumambient cessile air' to the triumphant strains of Carlyle, celebrating a milk which is not bitter:

> *Deine Kuh Trübsal melkest Du. Nun trinkst Du die süsse Milch des Euters.* See! It displodes for thee in abundance. Drink, man, an udderful! Mother's milk, Purefoy, the milk of human kin, milk too of those burgeoning stars overhead, rutilant in thin rainvapour, punch milk, such as those rioters will quaff in their guzzlingden, milk of madness, the honeymilk of Canaan's land. Thy cow's dug was tough, what? Ay, but her milk is hot and sweet and fattening. No dollop this but thick rich bonnyclaber. To her, old patriarch! Pap! *Per deam Partulam et Pertundam nunc est bibendum!* (*U* 405/555)

The triumph is the progenitive triumph of Mr Purefoy, but the language refers back to Stephen's reproach to the Irish nation – that though it looked upon a promised land 'flowing with milk and money' it had suckled him with a bitter milk and abandoned him to the dark ways of his bitterness. Purefoy has drawn sweet milk from the cow Adversity, despite the toughness of her udders – mother's milk, the milk that unites man and flows through the universe, the intoxicating milk of fertility. Stephen, on the other hand, has drawn only a sterile bitterness from adversity, until Bloom's words have penetrated his self-pitying egotism. The birth imagery also goes back to the complaint against Ireland, where Stephen had spoken of his bitterness as a 'tenebrosity of the interior' appropriate only to 'the nights of prenativity and postmortemity'; now he emerges from that dark womb into the air, 'life essence celestial, glistering on Dublin stone there under starshiny *coelum*.' By forcing Stephen out of the stagnant bitterness which has been his defence against the remorse associated with his mother's death, Bloom makes possible the artist's emergence into life. This, I take it, is what Joyce meant by calling him the 'spermatozoon', and presumably Nurse Callan is referred to as the 'ovum' for similar reasons – at least, I can see no other justification for the term. From the beginning of the chapter, Bloom and Nurse Callan have been the representatives of the ordinary and often sentimental concern for others, in particular for women in labour, which eventually liberates Stephen. Both have been mocked, but together they have offered 'the milk of human kin' or human kindness, lacking in the rest of the company. This is the serious aspect of their joint role: as always, Joyce mixes absurdity and comic irony in his presentation of altruism. The man who praises fertility and procreation has just arrived from masturbating on the beach: the virginal nurse, described as 'a woman endued with every quality of modesty and not less severe than beautiful', turns out to be pregnant. (Punch Costello is almost thrown out of the

company for asserting that she is 'in the family way', but Bloom notices her condition more discreetly when, as he leaves, he whispers, 'Madam, when comes the storkbird for thee?') Their personal imperfections or failings are beside the point; Stephen is shifted out of the closed circle of his bitterness and sterility, not by a pair of personified virtues or penetrating moral intelligences, but by two very limited people moved by ordinary compassion. Their commonplaces of speech and behaviour, though hackneyed and sentimental, are closer to a real appreciation of human nature, more genuinely felt, and more creative psychologically and practically than the ingenious witticisms and intellectual chitchat of Stephen and his companions; they eventually compel Stephen to recognize in himself, beneath the cynical and embittered pose of the disillusioned artist, the common humanity, and on that recognition depends his emergence as artist from the embryo stage.

Some of the formal devices and imagery seem quasi-allegorical, because they have to suggest the implications and the unrealized importance for Stephen of this casual encounter. He is not, however, suddenly transformed; he does not emerge from the hospital an artist; he is not freed from his tormenting remorse. Yet something has happened to him if it is no more than an undermining of his bitter egotism.[95] Even in the confusion at the end of the chapter, there is a discernible change in his manner. His reaction to the news that he has been abandoned by Mulligan and Haines ('Aweel, ye maun e'en gang yer gates') is without the customary resentment of betrayal, and his invitation to Lynch to accompany him to the brothel has even a drunken gusto – '*Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis*', or, as the Authorized Version has it, 'Let them sing aloud upon their beds.' Still more interesting is his answer to Lynch's question about Bloom:

> Whisper, who the sooty hell's the johnny in the black duds? Hush! Sinned against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire. Pflaap! *Ut implerentur scripturae.* (*U* 409/561)

'Sinned against the light', by echoing Mr Deasy's words in his study, identifies Bloom as a Jew, but recalls, too, Stephen's inner commentary on Deasy's notion that 'you can see the darkness in their eyes': 'Their eyes knew the years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh' (*U* 31–42). It is presumably because he has felt Bloom's behaviour and words in the hospital to be an implicit judging of his own attitude that he now applies to Bloom the words from the Absolution after a Mass for the Dead, asking for deliverance on the Day of Judgement 'when thou shalt

[95] In *Notesheets* Phillip F. Herring, arguing that the letter to Budgen has led critics on false scents, writes, 'Do we see any dynamic artistic growth in Stephen in "Oxen"? And in nine successive stages? Is he any maturer when he leaves the hospital? He is a good deal drunker, but hardly changed in any other measurable way' (35–6). I agree that too much reliance has been put on the letter (and on nine-partedness); but Stephen's mood is clearly becoming more distressed, and not merely through drunkenness. The contrast between the attitudes towards mothers, shown, on the one hand, by Bloom (and Nurse Callan), and, on the other hand, by his drinking companions, externalizes and exacerbates his inner conflicts.

come to judge the world by fire.' 'That the scriptures [of the prophets] might be fulfilled' (*Matthew* xxxvi, 56), spoken by Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, is usually taken as a reference to the prophecy of the coming of a Messiah, who should be 'despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' – a scapegoat who should suffer for 'the iniquity of us all' (*Isaiah* liii, 3 ff.). Usually, Stephen sees himself as the Messianic artist sent to the Irish and rejected by them. Yet the passage implies some intuition on his part that it is through Bloom that the scriptures shall be fulfilled, the artist's destiny accomplished. Of course, Stephen is in a drunken and extravagant mood, but these mocking allusions suggest that he senses more importance in Bloom's arrival than can be explained by the surface action, and seems to have a vague notion that the meeting with Bloom is of special consequence to him.

The closing jibes about the 'Elijah is coming' poster on the Merrion Hall may have a different kind of relevance. The preceding biblical allusions are expressions of Stephen's uneasy reaction to Bloom's presence, and it is possible that he may be associating Bloom with Alexander J. Christ Dowie, 'that's yanked to glory most half this planet'. But Stephen knows nothing of the 'Elijah is Coming' leaflet, handed to Bloom that morning, launched by him on the Liffey, and by now making its way beyond the restricting banks of the port of Dublin out to the open sea. If, as I have suggested earlier, the launched throwaway symbolizes Stephen, as the homing schooner symbolizes Bloom, the reminiscence of it at the end of this chapter is an indirect and sardonic tribute to the part Bloom has played – to push the artist out of the stagnant waters of his own bitterness and his companions' barren jocularity into a renewal of the voyage prematurely embarked on at the end of the *Portrait*.

Joyce's label for the technique of the chapter, 'embryonic development', is appropriate, despite the apparent abandonment of some of the refinements mentioned in the letter to Budgen, because the long discussions of gestation and birth provide a metaphor to illuminate and unite the procession of styles, the attitudes of Stephen's companions and Stephen's response to Bloom's presence. The most remarkable feature of the chapter, the succession of parodies, is not only functional but also perhaps serves a more important function than any of the preceding techniques, since here it has to sustain the implication of a growth and development in Stephen of which he himself is hardly aware, in face of the repeated implications of sterility and fruitlessness in the surface action. Through its agency, two directly opposed movements coexist in the chapter. The whole conception is brilliantly ingenious – Joyce could well exclaim, 'How's that for high?' – and the management of the parodies is equally brilliant. The skill and humour with which Joyce bends the styles of the past to suit his shifting purposes make the chapter a *tour de force* whose sheer ingenuity and energy are difficult to resist. I have referred to the styles as parodies (rather than, as some would prefer, pastiches) because they exaggerate, rather than merely imitate, the manners of other writers. But they seem to me in no sense critical parodies. They celebrate earlier successful adaptations of

language to literary purposes as stages in the evolutionary process which has helped form the modern literary artist. He is born into a world where language has been reduced to 'a frightful jumble' of slang, jargon and cliché, the 'language of the market place' of which Stephen complained in the *Portrait*, and has to create from it a medium which continues the earlier developing tradition while responding to the language he hears spoken about him. The meeting of the literary and the colloquial is a stylistic analogy to the meeting of artist and citizen, and, equally, should lead to a fruitful interaction from which a new literary manner may be born. The exaggerations of past styles are always good-humoured; even the imitations of Dickens's sentimentality or Carlyle's heartiness are more suggestive of an enjoyment of the creative eccentricities of these great writers than of any mocking criticism, and other passages, such as the Swiftian fable of the Irish bull, are manifestly acts of homage. There is no chapter in the book where Joyce's delight in the exercise of his talents is more evident.

It is not an irresponsible exercise. One of Joyce's declared aims was to see and present the characters and situations of *Ulysses* from many 'points of view'.[96] Ways of looking at life change with time, but the outmoded are not invalid. Twentieth-century points of view have the characteristics of their time; they have no monopoly of the truth; they apprehend differently, but not wholly. The nearest we can get to the truth is to look at it from many different angles and in many different lights. One purpose of the Odyssean parallels is to supplement the unheroic view of life with intimations of the heroic view, and to these 'Oxen of the Sun' adds a series of ways of looking embodied in a series of literary manners. It is not absurd or ridiculous to see Bloom as a pious wanderer grieving for the lost and the imperilled, as a gentle knight in the company of scorners, as a kind of Worldly Wiseman, as an eighteenth-century moralist, as a hypocritical denouncer of others' failings, as a Romantic visionary, as a Victorian rationalist or as an apostle of the life-force: they are all literary simplifications and interpretations, each forming a coherent image around one particular aspect of his nature or behaviour. Similarly, Stephen can be legitimately seen as a sly medieval scholar, a Prodigal Son, a deliverer of comminatory homilies, a pilgrim, a Swiftian satirist, an atheistic sceptic, a decadent malcontent and a Bohemian student. The only way to compensate for the partiality of every individual vision is to combine a representative selection of contrasting 'points of view'. This, at least, was the principle governing the total organization of *Ulysses*, and fundamentally the same principle lies behind the parodic sequence of 'Oxen of the Sun'. The method is a special development (extended into the literary past) of the method of the book as a whole.

Yet this is also the one chapter where I find it difficult to resist the objection that the techniques are insufficiently subordinated to their thematic purpose. The conspicuous comic brilliance of the parodies draws attention away from the process in Stephen which they should suggest; in

[96] *Letters* I, 167.

discussions of *Ulysses*, the 'Oxen of the Sun' is more often referred to as the chapter of parodies than as the chapter where Stephen's sterile bitterness is undermined. Moreover, the scheme has a built-in principle of order – approximate chronological sequence – which makes it less flexible than any of the other techniques: if there is to be a responsiveness of style to subject, the events of the chapter must be ordered to match the procession through the history of English prose. There is such matching: the sober discussion of Bloom and Nurse Callan about Mrs Purefoy's labour and Dr O'Hare's death is appropriately represented in the solemn imitation of Anglo-Saxon and Early Middle English; Mandeville's style is right for the traveller finding himself in strange and unexpected company, and Malory's for a gentle 'knight', on an errand of kindness, surrounded by callous roisterers. The effect of the thunder on Stephen is suitably depicted as the guiltiness of a young man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path of his pilgrim's progress; the Swiftian manner reflects the spirit of the satire against the Irish Church as a gelded bull; Dickens's style is proper for postnatal sentimentalities and Carlyle's for postnatal celebration; and, throughout, the style matches the particular incidents or discussions. But because the stylistic order is predetermined, the incidents seem to respond to the style rather than vice versa – that is to say, the sequence of events, external or psychological, seems dominated by the historical sequence of the styles. The technique is too powerful; it overwhelms what it should serve. Consequently, while the chapter in itself is an extraordinary achievement and one to which readers of *Ulysses* frequently return for its exuberant comedy, it does not to my mind fit comfortably into the total *consonantia* of the novel.

'Circe'

The technique of the 'Circe' chapter is 'Hallucination', but this does not refer to hallucinations experienced by the characters. The technique is operative in the descriptions of the Mabbot street entrance of Nighttown before Stephen and Bloom arrive there and in the interval between Stephen's departure to the brothel and Bloom's entry. 'Hallucination' is the mode of the chapter, and some aspects of it are established from the start in passages uncomplicated by the presence of the central figures.

First, it describes, accurately if somewhat colourfully, scenes, people and incidents – '*rows of flimsy houses with gaping doors*', '*a form sprawled against a dustbin and muffled by its arm and hat*', '*two night watch in shoulder capes, their hands upon their staffholsters*', and the drunken entry of Private Carr and Private Compton. Secondly, it gives a bizarre and grotesque distortion to elements of the scene, so that whistled calls and answers figure as characters in a drama, icecream under the harsh light appears as '*lumps of coal and copper snow*', and a totter among the rubbish becomes '*a gnome*'. Thirdly, it evokes things which did not happen, and are not heightened

presentations of the scene, but fantastic symbolic images of the pervasive chaos and nightmarish atmosphere:

> *Tommy Caffrey scrambles to a gaslamp and, clasping, climbs in spasms. From the top spur he slides down. Jacky Caffrey clasps to climb. The navvy lurches against the lamp. The twins scuttle off in the dark. The navvy, swaying, presses a forefinger against a wing of his nose and ejects from the farther nostril a long liquid jet of snot. Shouldering the lamp he staggers away through the crowd with his flaring cresset.* (*U* 414/565)

The climbing boys belong to the first category, the stream of snot to the second, and the carrying off of the gaslamp to the third, and the hallucinatory quality of the passage derives in part from the shifting between reality, heightened reality, and unreality.

These three aspects of the technique in the presentation of the scene roughly correspond to three aspects of its use in the main business of the chapter. It presents what is said and done, what is thought or consciously apprehended, and what is plainly not said or done nor, in the ordinary sense of the word, thought. Although these three aspects blend together in the dramatic form, it is usually easy to distinguish between them:

> (*Jacky Caffrey, hunted by Tommy Caffrey, runs full tilt against Bloom.*)
>
> BLOOM
>
> O!
>
> (*Shocked, on weak hams, he halts. Tommy and Jacky vanish there, there. Bloom pats with parcelled hands watch, fobpocket, bookpocket, purse-pocket, sweets of sin, potato soap.*)
>
> BLOOM
>
> Beware of pickpockets. Old thieves' dodge. Collide. Then snatch your purse.
>
> (*The retriever approaches sniffling, nose to the ground. A sprawled form sneezes. A stooped bearded figure appears garbed in the long caftan of an elder in Zion and a smoking cap with magenta tassels. Horned spectacles hang down at the wings of the nose. Yellow poison streaks are on the drawn face.*)
>
> RUDOLPH
>
> Second halfcrown waste money today. I told you not go with drunken goy ever. So. You catch no money.
>
> BLOOM
>
> (*Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen, feels warm and cold feetmeat.*) *Ja, ich weiss, papachi.* (*U* 417–18/568–9)

A boy certainly collides with Bloom and makes him cry out and check his pockets – though whether Jacky and Tommy are the same two boys as appeared in 'Nausicaa' is doubtful. Bloom's concern about pickpockets is clearly something that passes through his mind, and is in the manner of his interior monologue in earlier chapters. But his dead father is no more in the interior monologue than he is in Nighttown, and Bloom does not respond shamefacedly to his reproaches either in speech or thought. The father's appearance has been provoked by the collision and by Bloom's fear of having been robbed. If such manifestations happened occasionally during the chapter, one might suppose them to be vivid images passing through Bloom's mind: here, his doubts about the way he has been spend-

ing money and wasting time and energy pursuing a gentile might have recalled paternal reproaches for being a spendthrift and drifting away from Jewish tradition in the company of gentile wastrels. But such apparitions are not occasional; they form a major part of the chapter. They are presented in the manner of hallucinations, although Bloom is clearly not in an hallucinated state. Moreover, while he recalls in later chapters what he said, did and thought during his adventure in Nighttown, he does not remember any of the 'hallucinatory' material, even as something which passed through his mind.

What goes on in Bloom's conscious mind proceeds as though the 'hallucinatory' episodes have never occurred. For instance, after extraordinary encounters with his father, his mother, Molly, Sweny the druggist, Bridie Kelly, Gerty MacDowell, Mrs Breen and Richie Goulding, interspersed with various transformations in his dress, and passing appearances of a minstrel band and various Dublin figures, Bloom's interior monologue shows no awareness of this hectic experience:

> BLOOM
>
> Wildgoose chase this. Disorderly houses. Lord knows where they are gone. Drunks cover distance double quick. Nice mixup. Scene at Westland row. Then jump in first class with third ticket. Then too far. Train with engine behind. Might have taken me to Malahide or a siding for the night or collision. Second drink does it. Once is a dose. What am I following him for? Still, he's the best of that lot. If I hadn't heard about Mrs Beaufoy Purefoy I wouldn't have gone and wouldn't have met. Kismet. He'll lose that cash. Relieving office here. Good biz for cheapjacks, organs. What do ye lack? Soon got, soon gone. Might have lost my life too with that mangongwheeltracktrolleyglarejuggernaut only for presence of mind. (*U* 431/579–80)

This is unmistakably the representation of Bloom's mental processes with which Joyce has familiarized us. Bloom takes note of his surroundings, recalls how he came to lose Stephen and Lynch at the station, makes his usual confusion between the names Beaufoy and Purefoy, and remembers the incident, just before the passage about his father, when he was nearly run over by a street sandstrewer. But there is no hint of the fantastic encounters which have occurred since. The only inference is that his conscious mind is totally unaware of them. Yet they are clearly related to his mood.

As the 'unreal' elements in the description of the scene are symbolic images of the general atmosphere of fantastic disorder, so the unreal encounters of this chapter are best understood as dramatic representations of the unconscious, affecting and affected by the conscious mind, but never entering it even as images. It is as though, in order to represent the unconscious activity of the psyche, Joyce has used a dramatic method suggestive of dreams, and, like dreams, only symbolically representative of the climate of the unconscious. Unconsciously, something deeply buried in Bloom responds to his fear of having been robbed and is symbolized by Joyce in the family and racial terms associated with Bloom's father; unconsciously, Bloom is afraid of being seen in Nighttown and this fear is

symbolically represented by the imaginary encounter with Mrs Breen, while a certain furtive sexuality aroused by the place is figured in the flirtatious exchanges; unconsciously, the conversation with the Jewish whore Zoe stimulates Bloom's desire for appreciation, admiration and love, and for recognition of his philanthropic nature, and, to present this unconscious surge in Bloom, we have the founding of the new Bloomusalem; unconsciously, the entry of the dominant and overbearing bawd, Bella Cohen, causes a flood of timid self-abasement and cringing submissiveness to sweep over Bloom, and his reaction is dramatized by his conversion into a bisexual slavegirl and Bella's into a moustachioed slave-auctioneer, Bello. These and similar episodes cannot be said to pass through Bloom's mind. For the representation of the workings of the conscious mind, Joyce had a model – his own consciousness – but the nature of unconscious experience is by definition inaccessible, except through the symbolic hints which we may remember having dreamed, and which some psychologists claim to interpret. Bloom is not dreaming, but Joyce uses (it is hard to see what else he could use) a dreamlike method to symbolize what is going on beneath the level of Bloom's consciousness.

The special propriety of this technique for the brothel scene is that it is here the subconscious pressures on Stephen and Bloom become almost overwhelming; its special usefulness is that it enables Joyce to integrate, in a single dramatic method, three distinct levels of the psyche, the continuity of the method expressing the continuous interaction of the levels – subconscious forces, thought, and conscious behaviour – which proceeds despite apparent discrepancies and incongruities between them. As a rule it is not difficult to recognize and distinguish the three levels represented, yet the distinction is often confused. For example, the apparition of Rudy is sometimes described as an hallucinatory vision or as an image passing through Bloom's memory or imagination, and frequently blamed for its sentimentality. There is no question that it is sentimental in tone, and, equally certainly, the sentimentality is intentional. Some seem to think that Joyce is trying to have it both ways – to achieve a sentimental climax to his chapter while, by his tone, mocking the sentimentality. Others suppose that it is Bloom who has suddenly become feebly sentimental.[97] But once we recognize and respond to the nature of the convention, neither of these accounts is necessary or relevant. That dreams symbolically present exaggerated emotions is obvious: our critical faculties are in abeyance and the mind abandons itself freely to excesses of sentiment, emotion, melodrama or horror. Or, to put it another way, it is in such excessive terms that the unconscious dramatizes its impulses in dreams. It hardly makes sense to speak of the sentimentality of the unconscious, because the term can only be understood of conscious thought or behaviour. What the conclusion of the chapter shows is not that Bloom, looking at Stephen, was reminded of Rudy or remembered his sonlessness, but that, in his conscious

[97] John Gross, for instance, finds 'the grotesquely namby-pamby vision of the dead Rudy at the end of "Circe" unnecessarily demeaning, too inconsistent with what we already know and feel about Bloom' (*James Joyce* (London, Collins 1971), 63).

defence and protection of the young man, he experienced a sudden and unexplained access of paternal emotions, sentimental inasmuch as they were without adequate object or motivation in his conscious mind, but springing from the depths of his unconscious, and giving release to frustrated and stifled impulses. The technique presents not only an image of the impulses, but also the physical and conscious circumstances which led to their release.

Most of the extended hallucinatory episodes of the chapter are similarly representative of unconscious workings and similarly induced by passing situations or remarks. A prolonged psychic disturbance is provoked by the arrival of the raincaped watch just as Bloom is surreptitiously giving his crubeen and his trotter to a dog. The guilty fears in Bloom's unconscious are dramatized in a series of mounting accusations – first, of committing a nuisance, of cruelty to animals, of offering false names and addresses, of 'unlawfully watching and besetting'. As so often in dreams, minor offences develop into graver ones: he is charged with being an enemy of the state, a seducer, a political turncoat, a plagiarist and pretender, 'the arch conspirator of the age', an interferer with a servant-girl, a defecator in a bucket of ale, a bankrupt, a writer of indecent letters to society ladies, Jack the Ripper, 'dynamitard, forger, bigamist, bawd and cuckold and a public nuisance', a white-slaver, and Judas Iscariot – and he is on the point of being hanged when the corpse of Paddy Dignam arrives with the alibi that Bloom had that morning attended his funeral. The dream-logic is convincing: Bloom's sense of guilt dramatizes itself with reference to his fear of being arrested, his memory of shameful episodes (like his advances to the servant-girl) or secret impulses (like the sending of indecent letters), and his notions of the most disgraceful crimes of which a man might be accused. There is no more reason for supposing that Bloom actually posted rude letters to the improbable society ladies than for supposing that he was Jack the Ripper, but Joyce's method brilliantly suggests the characteristic nature of the unconscious movements below the surface of Bloom's mind.

Similarly, it takes only a casual remark from the whore Zoe to stir up Bloom's longing to serve mankind and win public love and admiration. As a spokesman for the working class, he becomes an alderman, progresses triumphantly through the streets, is acclaimed as 'the world's greatest reformer', is declared 'emperor president and king chairman', marries the moon-goddess, founds the new Bloomusalem, distributes universal charity, and, Solomon-like, acts as a fountain of wisdom and justice. But his fears break into his smug dreams: like all Irish leaders, he is denounced ('He's as bad as Parnell was'), and to escape the accusations has various witnesses give evidence that he suffers from hereditary diseases, that he is an example of 'the new womanly man', and that he is about to have a baby, whereupon (in expression of the Jewish desire to found a successful family) he gives birth to eight handsome, brilliant, successful sons, born rich. The interplay of grandiose illusion and fear finally translates him into the Messiah, who after performing various absurd miracles, becomes the scapegoat for the sins of the people, is accused of being a false Messiah, and is martyred.

But, after this martyrdom, he appears again like the phoenix, wearing 'a seamless garment *marked I.H.S.*' and is celebrated in the Litany of the Daughters of Erin. As Zoe's voice continues, 'Talk away till you're black in the face', Bloom abandons his mood with a feeling of self-pity: 'No more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell.' Other episodes follow a similar pattern: a lecherous but half-hearted desire for Zoe is developed in the bizarre sexuality of Lipoti Virag (Bloom's grandfather but also an animalized version of Bloom himself); the appearance of Bella Cohen induces a submissive, self-abasing masochistic drama; the sight of the whores secretly giggling because Zoe has read 'henpecked husband' in Bloom's hand gives him a sense of his having acted shamefully in the adultery of Boylan and Molly; trying to escape the observation of Corny Kelleher and his friends, Bloom becomes like a hunted fox; and, finally, his paternal feelings towards Stephen are imaged in the apparition of Rudy.

As these representations of unconscious hopes, fears and desires are the central uses of the 'hallucination' technique, it is important to recognize their special character. Although they include fragmentary and distorted references to Bloom's past life and even echo some of his characteristic mistakes and slips of the tongue, they are no more filmed records of his unconscious than the interior monologues are taped records of his consciousness. Most commentators agree that the hallucinatory episodes refer to the unconscious, but frequently discuss them as though they present what we should see if we could penetrate into the unconscious minds of Bloom and Stephen. This leads to serious difficulties, because the episodes use materials which could not have reached the two men's unconscious minds, unless through some form of telepathy or collective unconscious. There are many examples: the day-dream figures of Molly and Bloom refer to the formula '*Nebrakada Femininum*', which occurred in a book read by Stephen; in the passage where Bloom is accused of many crimes, Myles Crawford repeats the expression, 'Paralyse Europe', which he spoke after Bloom had left the newspaper office; in the subsequent courtroom scene there are several allusions to the discussion of the Mosaic Code and the speeches of John F. Taylor and Seymour Bushe, which took place in Bloom's absence; there are references to Canon O'Hanlon's cuckoo-clock (known to Gerty MacDowell but not to Bloom), to the silent thoughts of the nameless narrator of the 'Cyclops' chapter, to the imaginary buttermilk drunk by Paddy Dignam's ghost in one of the inflated interpolations in 'Cyclops', to Rochford's machine and his rescue of a man from a sewer (known to Lenehan, not Bloom) and to Mother Grogan, a fictitious figure in Mulligan's joke and his 'national immorality'. One or two of these could be explained away or attributed to authorial carelessness, but their number makes such explanations impossible, and in most places the confusion is plainly deliberate.[98] To suppose that the minds of Bloom and Stephen are

[98] There are many other deliberate deformations of place and time. For instance, although commentators have discovered some accidental anachronisms in Joyce's account of 16 June 1904, such gross errors as allowing the apparition of Rumbold to

linked telepathically would explain nothing: such detailed interaction goes far beyond anything claimed for telepathy, and, in any case, the minds of other characters (Lenehan and Gerty MacDowell, for instance) are involved. It would also be impossible to explain how Bloom's mind can employ technical medical terms (such as 'hypospadia' and 'teratological'), nonce worlds like 'angriling' and 'basilicogrammate', and a wide range of obsolete and exotic language, not attributable to any character in the novel. As for collective unconscious, no such psychological theory has suggested the spontaneous transmission between minds of the peculiarities of personal experience and vocabulary.

The only mind in which all these experiences and words can so fantastically fuse is the mind of the author, using all the materials at his disposal to create a symbolic drama of the unconscious. In dreams, the unconscious symbolically communicates with the dreaming mind. If I dream that I am walking to work and suddenly discover that I have forgotten to put on my trousers, no interpreter will deduce that I am obsessed with the fear of such an unlikely eventuality: they will agree that the dream is merely a projection from the unconscious, a translation into a symbolic situation or action of some quite different aspect of my unconscious. In 'Circe', the communication is between the author and the reader's mind: he creates a series of symbolic actions, using all the earlier incidents, observations and images of his novel and all his resources of language to express his intuitions of the deeper mental levels of his characters, regardless of whether the materials used belong to the particular character's conscious mind. This is how he had used such previous techniques as '*fuga per canonem*', 'gigantism' and 'embryonic development', and, even in the representation of Gerty MacDowell's consciousness, he had not limited himself to words and constructions which Gerty herself would have been capable of using. These techniques are methods of controlling and integrating the handling of a chapter; one of their purposes is to illuminate the inner experience of certain characters, but this is not their only purpose, nor are they tied to or limited by the characters' own vocabularies or experiences.

In 'Circe' the 'hallucination' technique is employed for all the purposes which any novelist might have in a given chapter – to present the scene, to suggest developing relationships between characters, to shape the action significantly, to relate the business of the chapter to the total business of the novel, and even to imply authorial commentary. This last is, I take it, the function of the curious passage where Bloom and Stephen, looking into a mirror, are reflected as Shakespeare:

> LYNCH
>
> (*Points.*) The mirror up to nature. (*He laughs.*) Hu hu hu hu hu hu.
>
> (*Stephen and Bloom gaze in the mirror. The face of William Shakespeare, beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall.*) (*U* 536/671)

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speak of such famous murder cases as Voisin (1917) and Seddon (1912) cannot have been mere slips. They are part of a technique which makes no pretence of being confined to the minds, the space or the time of the characters.

Lynch's remark and gesture suggests that the whispering and giggling of the whores which has so embarrassed Bloom is due to the fact that, in the mirror, Bloom's head seems to be crowned by the antlers of the hatrack in the hall. Lynch's *Hamlet* tag makes a link with the Shakespeare mirror-image, but who, even unconsciously, combines the joint reflections of Bloom and Stephen into a beardless Shakespeare? Shakespeare's beardless image speaks:

> SHAKESPEARE
> (*In dignified ventriloquy.*) 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. (*To Bloom.*) Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. (*He crows with a black capon's laugh.*) Iagogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursday-momun. Iagogogo! (*U* 536/671)

The first sentence is addressed to Lynch, the second to Bloom, whose vague notion of Elizabethan English is reflected and who thought his cuckoldry was not known to others, and the third to Stephen who has suggested in the library discussion that Iago's tormenting of Othello expressed the conflict of artist and man in Shakespeare. The distorted forms of the *Othello* reference can be only speculatively interpreted: that morning Stephen had pointed out to Mr Deasy that the advice 'Put but money in thy purse' is from Iago's speech to Roderigo, which concludes with a series of urgings ('go, make money – go, provide thy money. . . . Go to; farewell') – hence the urgent corruption of the name to 'Iagogo . . . Iagogogo'; 'Othello' has presumably become 'Oldfellow' under the influence of Mulligan's remarks in the library linking Bloom and Simon Dedalus – 'He knows your old fellow'; I assume that 'Thursdaymomun' has been influenced by the just-concluded exchange between Stephen and Zoe where he is identified as 'Thursday's child' – as he is his mother's child, the possessive case may have linked mother, mom, mum, with Thursday. Thus one possible explanation of Shakespeare's cryptic remark, related to the passage in the library discussion and to Stephen, would be that 'his unremitting intellect . . . the hornmad Iago' has caused 'the moor in him' (the natural man) to suffer, by making him suppress his innate love for his mother. This is a somewhat finedrawn interpretation of a difficult passage: yet one thing is clear – that the reflection speaks in three different ways to three different men, 'in dignified ventriloquy' adapting its voice to each of them. The immediate developments in the passage are equally confused: the image of Mrs Dignam takes all its characteristics from Bloom's experience, except for the comparison to 'a pen chivvying her brood of cygnets' which derives from Stephen's description of Shakespeare's walk along the riverbank; similarly, the refeaturing of beardless Shakespeare into the bearded Martin Cunningham refers to Bloom's thought in the funeral-carriage that Cunningham's face is like Shakespeare's, but the speech of the refeatured paralytic face, 'Weda seca whokilla farst' ('None weds the second but who killed the first' – *Hamlet* III, ii), echoes Stephen's allusion in the library to Shakespeare's granddaughter who, 'to use granddaddy's words, wed her second, having killed her first.' It may just be possible to

suppose that the image of the beardless Shakespeare relates to Stephen' unconscious, and those of Mrs Dignam and Martin Cunningham to Bloom's (borrowing some expressions from Stephen's experience), but the passage is then very empty and obscure. What seems to be suggested by the combined reflection of Bloom and Stephen as Shakespeare is that the artist, even if he is suffering from facial paralysis, develops from the fusion of the two men. It was foreshadowed in the library, by Stephen's presentation of Shakespeare as a divided soul, on the one hand prudent businessman ('He drew Shylock out of his own long pocket'), lover, deceived husband, father, and on the other the artist, 'the unremitting intellect' tormenting the natural man. As Stephen foresaw that it would be necessary for his own development to be a man as well as intellectual imagination, to act and to be acted on, so Shakespeare was, as Stephen said in the library, boy and mature man (hence 'beardless' and 'bearded'), bawd and cuckold, acting and acted on. In the mirror-image, the reader recognizes (though Stephen has not yet done so) that Bloom is the man involved in the suffering and actions of life who is the necessary counterpart of the isolated creative impulse – necessary that is, for the growth of the artist. The passage presents, in hallucinatory technique, an insight into the interrelationship of Bloom and Stephen which neither man has apprehended: it is the means by which the author suggests to his reader through a symbolic action an aspect of his theme rather than of the world he is representing.

The fusing of the images of the two men in the beardless and bearded face of Shakespeare is expressive of one of the central structural ideas of the novel, one which powerfully influences, in this chapter, both content and technique – the meeting of opposites. The idea is hesitantly and uncertainly introduced by Stephen when Bloom first enters the brothel. Stephen is playing 'empty fifths' on the piano and talking in rambling fashion of the prevalence of that musical interval in rituals ranging from the Hymn to Demeter to a Psalm of David, in widely differing musical modes and in settings of widely divergent texts.[99] He is apparently making some point about the coincidence of contraries, because Lynch mockingly reminds him of other oppositions he has asserted: 'Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form of life.' Stephen observes that Lynch memorizes all his 'errors, boasts, mistakes', and adds another dogma of opposition to explain the prevalence of the interval of a fifth: 'The reason is because the fundamental and the dominant are separated by the greatest possible interval which .... Interval which. Is the greatest possible ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which.' Stephen is half-drunk, confused and fumbling for expression, but seems to be developing

[99] E. L. Epstein points out that the 'empty fifths', played by Stephen, are part of Marcello's setting of Psalm XVIII, *Coeli enarrant gloriam Domini*, and that Marcello had used 'what he thought was an ancient Greek melody originally employed as the melody of a "Homeric" hymn to Demeter' ('King David and Benedetto Marcello in the works of James Joyce', *JJQ* VI (1) (1968), 83).

his earlier cryptic assertion, 'The rite is the poet's rest'.[100] If this means that in rites the insights of the poet are ordered and fixed, that ritual, whether pagan, Jewish or Christian, is the *stasis*, the stable art-form, founded on, created by and expressive of the activity of the poetic mind, then presumably he is now trying to formulate the nature of the poetic insight responsible for the prevalence of the fifth in such rites. His formulation is in terms of the relationship between extremes – that the dominant is as far removed in pitch from the fundamental as is consistent with the return in the completed octave. He relates this to the curve of an ellipse because the point in the curve which is farthest from one of its two foci is the very point at which it curves back towards that focus and thus to the completion of the ellipse. This image, in turn, leads to an image of existence as an elliptical orbit:

> STEPHEN
>
> (*Abruptly.*) What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself. God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself, becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise in the street. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become. *Ecco!* (*U* 479/623)

The obscurity of Stephen's gropings is lightened by reference to the earlier Shakespeare discussion. The self sets out to traverse the universe of 'not-self'. But, as Stephen observed in the library, 'we walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves.' Every person and experience we encounter, we apprehend only through ourselves, only in terms of ourselves, only by recognizing in them some part of ourselves: Socrates finds Socrates, Judas finds Judas: Shakespeare's Iago is as much Shakespeare as is his Othello. But the self, thus traversing and finding itself variously reflected, is extended and developed, becoming that self which it has traversed. One cannot say that the self has changed, because it has experienced only what was from the beginning potential within it. In the library, Stephen said of Shakespeare, 'He found in the world without as actual what was in his world within as possible.' Thus, through experience, the self becomes that 'self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become.' Just as a planet cannot complete its elliptical orbit without passing through the aphelion, the farthest point consistent with the completion of the orbit, so the self cannot complete its self-discovery without finding those aspects of itself at the farthest remove from the centre of its nature. In terms of the novel, Stephen must encounter Bloom's nature to realize his own potential self. The idea plainly derives from an application of Bruno's theory of the coincidence of contraries, is related to that current of ideas which found similar expression in Yeats's theory of Self and Anti-Self, and perhaps explains the defiant cry '*Nothung!*' (needful) – a declaration

[100] This sentence occurs in the Trieste notebook among materials for use in the *Portrait* (*Workshop*, 97).

that man's self-discovery in life is governed by a Shelleyan Necessity.[101] (I will consider later the application of the idea to the nature of God.)

In this passage, coincident with the arrival of Bloom, Stephen is not alluding to Bloom, whose entry he has not yet noticed, but the author's allusion is unmistakable. The hallucination technique is now being used to expound some of the theoretical ideas of the novel (suitably befogged by circumstances and Stephen's condition). For each of the two men, the brothel chapter represents the dominant of their fundamentals, the aphelion of their orbits. Stephen is at the farthest point consistent with 'the ultimate return' from his true centre as the isolated creative imagination of the artist. Bloom, the ordinary decent citizen, is at the farthest remove from his true Ithaca, his home and his role as husband and father. Both men are at the end of their tethers in that sense, and each is at the end of his tether in a psychological sense. In their extremities, when their paths meet, they may through their encounter complete the realization of their potential selves. In this chapter, although Bloom and Stephen are in the same room, their encounter is only at an unconscious and symbolic level; when the relationship becomes conscious, in the next chapter, they are on their paths of return, mutually aided.

The hallucination technique marks diversely for the two men their turning-points. For Bloom, it is the moment of abject submissiveness while he bends, 'stifflegged, ageing', to tie Bella Cohen's bootlace: he feels unconsciously that he has lost everything – his home, his wife, his daughter and his manhood – and is condemned by his own sentimentalized standards represented by the Nymph. But, as he straightens up, 'his back trousers' button snaps', and the intrusion of the real world to which his nature belongs (the world of practicality where, 'if there were only ethereal', human life would come to an end) restores him. For Stephen, on the other hand, the threat and the rescue are on a very different level. During the chapter, as he grows progressively drunker, the boundary between his consciousness and his unconscious becomes confused and uncertain, until, in the giddiness following his whirling and frenzied dance, his conscious mind loses control. His dialogue with his mother's corpse differs from the other 'hallucinatory' episodes because Stephen does not know where he is or what he is doing: this is real hallucination. Dream and reality are so fused that, as in many nightmares, the unconscious terrors produce externalized phenomena. When, choking with rage, he cries out 'Shite!', the cry is heard, though not understood, by Bloom, and the final act of defiance, the blow of the sword *Nothung*, is projected into the outer world in the blow of the ashplant which smashes the brothel's chandelier.[102] Stephen's

[101] Cf. 'If you ask me what occasions drama or what is the necessity for it at all, I answer Necessity. It is mere animal instinct applied to the mind. Apart from his world-old desire to get beyond the flaming ramparts, man has a further longing to become a maker and a moulder. That is the necessity of all art' ('Drama and Life', *CW*, 42–3).

[102] The accounts of the damage done by Stephen's blow again illustrate the three aspects of the 'hallucination' technique, distinguished at the beginning of this section.

struggle has to take place on the unconscious level, because it is at that level that the powers of mother-love, family duty, and religion remain undefeated. As Joyce well knew from personal experience, a spirit like Stephen's, which has been moulded by a loving if disordered family, and in a Church and faith which has shaped its whole nature, cannot escape such influences by a conscious rejection or gesture of denial. Stephen may have abandoned the Church and refused to pray at his mother's deathbed, but such conscious and willed acts are comparatively simple: they cannot remove what has been bred in him, and consequently they generate fear at his obduracy in face of death, grief at his denial of comfort to the mother whom he had loved and who had loved him, and remorse for the egoism which forbade him to sacrifice his will in return for the many sufferings his mother had endured for him. Similarly, he may have rejected faith and refused to serve God, but he cannot eradicate from his mind what a lifetime's conditioning has implanted – fear of the wrath of an offended God, belief in the possibility of repentance even at the last minute, and hope in the intervening mercy of Jesus. This last is the most insidious enemy to his professed 'all or not at all', but all three are painful threats; the hand of God clutches the centre of his being – '*A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart.*' In the *Portrait*, it was the external pressures of his environment against which his need for spiritual independence had to struggle; now the necessary conflict is with the elements in his own nature formed in loving submission to mother, family, Church and country. By means of the hallucination technique, Joyce presents this conflict at the deepest levels, shows how, in Stephen's drunkenness, it erupts into his consciousness and behaviour, and images the consequent darkness of the spirit ('*Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry*'), symbolizing the obliteration of the whole universe, as Stephen has been brought up to apprehend it, by his '*Non Serviam!*' No spoken defiance can free Stephen's spirit; as he later says to Private Carr, tapping his brow, 'But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king.'[103] In his hallucination

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In reality, as Bloom points out, the paper shade of a lamp is crushed; in exaggerated terms, the chandelier is smashed; and, in nightmare symbolism, 'Time's livid final flame leaps.'

[103] In his letter to Ibsen (March 1901), Joyce said how he had been inspired by the dramatist's battles – 'not the obvious material battles but those that were fought and won behind your forehead' (*Letters* I, 52). The image of his enemies as the combined forces of 'the priest and the king' was taken from Blake. According to Stanislaus Joyce, his brother used to quote (and mean), 'prophetic couplets of Blake's, which declare that

> *The harvest shall flourish in wintry weather,*
> *When two virginities meet together.*
> *The king and the priest must be tied in a tether,*
> *Before two virgins can meet together.*' (*MBK*, 161)

The verses, 'Merlin's Prophecy', were obviously familiar ground to both brothers. In a letter of 31 July 1905, Stanislaus wrote to Joyce, 'few sons are born as free as yours because the priest and the king are so seldom tied in a tether' (*Letters* II, 102).

he is engaged in such an internal struggle, and its successful outcome is apparent in his behaviour when threatened by the soldiers; despite intoxication and danger, he is absurdly calm and composed, and, abandoning his old obsession with death ('Death is the highest form of life'), now declares, as Bloom himself might have done, 'Damn death. Long live life!' When struck down by the soldier, he turns on to his side and curls his body in the foetus position as though waiting to be reborn.

This suggests one last important resource Joyce found in the hallucination technique. In the series of Christ-parallels that run through the chapters involving Stephen, this chapter presents his Passion and Crucifixion. The Mass consists of 'the Rites, Ceremonies and Prayers prescribed for the celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, offered, under the forms of Bread and Wine, in remembrance of his Passion and Death', and this chapter is, in part, a Mass. When Stephen first enters Nighttown he is chanting '*the* introit *for paschal time*' (in fact, the Antiphon used with the Asperges) and soon he is devising, for Lynch's benefit, a movement which 'illustrates the loaf and jug of bread and wine in Omar.' Thereafter the Mass becomes corrupted: in honour of the whore, Georgina Johnson, '*Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam* is changed to '*ad deam*', and the 'Agnus Dei' is applied to the commercial traveller, Mr Lambe from London, who, because he has married Georgina Johnson, becomes 'Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world'; the Gospel is represented by a story about Mary Shortall who caught the pox from Jimmy Pidgeon and also had a child by him; Stephen sees himself as the Prodigal Son, and Lynch sees the whores as 'Three wise virgins'; there is a mock Blessing from 'His Eminence, Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus', a mock litany in honour of Bloom, and a mock confession by the three whores; the Beatitudes are reduced to a confused version of the eight British Beatitudes ('Beer beef battledog buybull businum barnum buggerum bishop'), the Blessed Trinity is Ireland, the British Empire and the Church, and Lucifer becomes a fallen box of matches. The street-quarrel swells into a vision of Armageddon, and culminates in the celebration of a Black Mass on the belly of Mrs Purefoy, goddess of unreason; and Stephen's destruction of the chandelier is the act of uncreation, restoring original chaos and night. These are only a few of the very numerous allusions to the rites of the Church, but they are enough to suggest how Joyce used the hallucination technique to establish a parallel with the Mass, though the rites celebrated in this chapter are those of Circe, as Stephen's slip of the tongue indicates when he speaks of 'priests haihooping round David's that is Circe's or what am I saying Ceres' altar'.

When I discussed earlier this passage about rites, and Stephen's explanation of the prevalence of the interval of a fifth in ritual music, and its relation to the theory of the self discovering itself in experience of its opposite, I referred only to the applications of that theory to the human self and human life. But the passage itself is more encompassing: 'What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself. God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself,

becomes that self.' There is a hierarchy of beings: the commercial traveller, in his humbler way, discovers his self through the variety of his wandering experiences (there is, of course, an unconscious allusion to Bloom) just as the artist or Shakespeare (or Stephen) does through the range of his imaginative experience. The extreme points of the sun's nature are summer and winter, life and death, fertility and decay – the seasonal cycle formalized and celebrated in the Hymn to Demeter and the rites of Ceres. The traversing of God may be a reference to the Gradual for the Mass on the Saturday in the Ember-Week of Advent: 'From the end of heaven is His going out; and His circuit even to the end thereof', but, in theological terms, God's traversing of the opposite pole to his nature was in the Incarnation, and, more particularly, in his experience of human suffering in Christ's Passion and Death. According to Stephen's formulation, it was through becoming suffering man that God's self was completed and became what it was 'ineluctably preconditioned to become'. Through this experience, as Stephen said in the library, God became 'all in all in all of us'. Stephen has argued that rites are the formal representation of the poet's insight into the coincidence of contraries; the Mass is specifically that rite which formally represents the nature of a God who is both he whose glory the heavens show forth (the passage from Psalm XVIII occurs frequently in Masses, for instance in the Introit for the Fourth Sunday of Advent) and he who was despised and rejected of men. Thus the ritual character of the chapter and the numerous references to the Mass are a reflection not only of Stephen's isolation and suffering, but also of the whole theme of the meeting of extremes, where artist and commercial traveller, both 'separated by the greatest possible interval' from their starting-points, make contact. The chapter is itself a ritual.

I have by no means exhausted the variety of uses Joyce makes of the hallucination technique. It is the most extended and bizarre of all the techniques of the novel and, like the others, was not devised for some single purpose but as a means of fulfilling simultaneously a number of very different purposes. It gives a nightmarish vision of an area of Dublin life where all is chaos and disorder; it suggests a parallel with Circe's ingle where men were transformed into beasts; it is a means of presenting the continuous interaction of unconscious, consciousness and behaviour; it represents the culmination and combined results of the psychological stresses which have troubled Bloom and Stephen all day; it provides a symbolic commentary focusing on some of the central developing themes and patterns of the novel; it enacts a ritual of the meeting of extremes; and it is technically a frenzied climax to the '*Odyssey*' preparing for the shift to the quieter tones of the '*Nostos*'. Certainly, in devising this technique, Joyce must have been influenced by Goethe's '*Walpurgisnacht*', Flaubert's *La Tentation de St Antoine*, and Strindberg's *Dream Play*, but the developments and applications are entirely his own and, so far from being idle ingenuities and oddities, are inseparable from the conception and nature of the chapter and from its complex function in the novel as a whole.

'Eumaeus'

The techniques of the '*Nostos*' are, in accordance with the overall rhythm of the novel, less complicated, bizarre and strenuous than those of the second half of the '*Odyssey*'. The psychological explosions in the brothel have relieved both men of their swollen emotional pressures, and the technique of 'Eumaeus' ('Narrative-old' in contrast with the youthful intensity of 'Telemachus') is consequently bathetic, anticlimactic. (In the Linati scheme, it is labelled '*Prosa rilassata*', loose or relaxed prose.)

The usual explanation is that both men are tired out, their exhaustion being mirrored in exhausted language, a limp string of hackneyed phrases and worn-out clichés. Stuart Gilbert reports that Joyce told him that the episode represents 'the intercourse and mental state of two fagged-out men',[104] and the style indeed suggests a relaxation of the sinews, with sentences that collapse or fade out, stale and confused metaphors and allusions, and a general flabbiness of syntax. The danger of this stylistic decorum is that the representation of an exhausted condition may be in itself tedious, and Hugh Kenner has accurately summed up one kind of critical response to it: 'Like "The Oxen of the Sun", the episode has incurred the displeasure of those who don't read closely, and imagine that Joyce is conveying the sense of exhaustion by exhausting the reader for fifty pages.'[105]

It is true that we are told at the beginning of 'Eumaeus' that both men were 'e.d. ed', but the nature of their tiredness is not the same. Stephen is 'not yet perfectly sober' and is 'fagged out', but Bloom, although no doubt weary, is more active, physically and mentally, than at any other time during the day. In one sense, the style is exhausted, but in another it is very busy. Consider these passages from the first few paragraphs of the chapter:

> Preparatory to anything else Mr Bloom brushed off the greater bulk of the shavings and handed Stephen the hat and ashplant and bucked him up generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion, which he very badly needed. . . . For the nonce he was rather nonplussed but inasmuch as the duty plainly devolved upon him to take some measures on the subject he pondered suitable ways and means during which Stephen repeatedly yawned. . . .
>
> This was a quandary but, bringing commonsense to bear on it, evidently there was nothing for it but put a good face on the matter and foot it which they accordingly did. So, bevelling around by Mullet's and the Signal House, which they shortly reached, they proceeded perforce in the direction of Amiens street railway terminus, Mr Bloom being handicapped by the circumstance that one of the back buttons of his trousers had, to vary the time-honoured adage, gone the way of all buttons, though, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, he heroically made light of the mischance. . . .
>
> *En route*, to his taciturn, and, not to put too fine a point on it, not yet perfectly sober companion, Mr Bloom, who at all events, was in complete possession of his faculties, never more so, in fact disgustingly sober, spoke a word of caution *re* the dangers of nighttown, women of illfame and swell

[104] In a letter to Richard Ellmann (*Ellmann–JJ*, 372 n.). [105] *Kenner*, 260.

> mobsmen, which, barely permissible once in a while, though not as a habitual practice, was of the nature of a regular death-trap for young fellows of his age particularly if they had acquired drinking habits under the influence of liquor unless you knew a little juijitsu for every contingency as even a fellow on the broad of his back could administer a nasty kick if you didn't look out. . . . (*U* 575–6/704–6)

One might describe such language as exhausted, but the adjectives appropriate to the style and manner are very different – smug, conceited, self-congratulatory, patronizing, attitudinizing, knowing, officious, opinionated, pedantic, moralizing, bumptious, pompous, pretentious, affected, perky, jocular and garrulous. It is a style which variously reflects Bloom's mood, as the content variously presents his character. In the first few paragraphs he is shown as encouraging, helpful, astute, ready, responsible, practical, prudent, level-headed, undismayed, wholehearted, courageous, alert, admonitory, worldly-wise, watchfully critical of the social roles of the police and the army; thrifty of time, money, health and character; tolerant; discriminating as a connoisseur of wine; well-informed on the nutritional and medical qualities of drink; abstemious; and, unlike Stephen's other companions, a loyal friend in need. The passage verbalizes the admiring self-portrait Bloom is creating in his own mind. Even when he speaks, his mind translates his actual words into the same stilted and verbose style:

> —I met your respected father on a recent occasion, Mr Bloom diplomatically returned. Today, in fact, or, to be strictly accurate, on yesterday. Where does he live at present? I gathered in the course of conversation that he had moved. (*U* 581/713)

None of the other characters in the chapter is credited with this kind of language; it expresses how Bloom feels when, after all the rejections and distresses of the day, he at last finds himself in charge of a situation where the resources of his practical nature are called upon. There is, in the worn-out language, an undercurrent of tiredness, but above it Bloom is enthusiastic and active, absurd but effective, displaying all his attributes to impress Stephen and restore his own *amour-propre*.

Apart from implicit approval of Bloom's good sense and helpful behaviour, there are repeated idealized statements about him. When he moves away from Stephen and Corley, he is 'actuated by motives of inherent delicacy, inasmuch as he always believed in minding his own business' and, in later passages, he is presented as 'a levelheaded individual who could give points to not a few in point of shrewd observation', as 'at heart a born adventurer', as 'a student of the human soul', as a 'much-injured but on the whole eventempered person', as 'a bit of an artist in his spare time' and as a man 'often considerably misunderstood and the least pugnacious of mortals'. These assertions are not literally Bloom's thoughts, and the style is not his style; they are verbal images of his self-awareness. By the comparatively simple technique of the chapter, Joyce combined Bloom's euphoric and eager officiousness, his underlying weariness, and an ironic exposure of the conceit with which his charitable behaviour fills him – and

yet at the same time one has to recognize that Bloom is, in fact, being a Good Samaritan.

Although the technique of 'Eumaeus' reflects the emotional relaxation after the storms of 'Circe', as well as Bloom's officious pleasure in his adopted role of guide, counsellor and friend, the chapter's place in the total action of the novel requires that, through the artificialities of the style, the first stirrings and tentative developments of the relationship between the two men should begin to appear. Initially the technique only emphasizes their incompatibility. The fussy activity of Bloom is set against Stephen's passivity; in the dialogue, Bloom's garrulous enthusiasm contrasts with Stephen's terse ironic detachment; even the workings of their imaginations in response to their surroundings are fundamentally different – while Stephen associates Ibsen with Baird's, the stone cutter's, Bloom, responding with satisfaction to the smell of bread, recalls an advertising jingle, 'O tell me where is fancy bread? At Rourke's the baker's, it is said.' Bloom's attempts to engage Stephen in conversation fail because the two men find themselves radically opposed or at cross-purposes. Bloom declares that he is a patriotic Irishman because, for him, one's fatherland is 'where you can live well . . . if you work' and Stephen, having hardly listened to what was being said, remarks, 'Count me out.' Bloom pursues the matter: the literary artist, like Stephen, works for and belongs to Ireland as much as does the peasant:

> —You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of a half laugh, that I may be important because I belong to the *faubourg Saint-Patrice* called Ireland for short.
>
> —I would go a step farther, Mr Bloom insinuated.
>
> —But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me. (*U* 606/748)

This exchange is typical of Bloom's difficulties. How can a man anxious for 'friendlier intercourse between man and man' make contact with the arrogant egoism of the artist? The more the style of the chapter represents Bloom's ingratiating attempts to interest Stephen, the more it reveals the discrepancy between the two minds and natures. After a vain effort to discuss the soul and 'the existence of a supernatural God', the opposition of the two minds is described as polar and total:

> On this knotty point, however, the views of the pair, poles apart as they were, both in schooling and everything else, with the marked difference in their respective ages, clashed. (*U* 596/733)

The different manners in which Bloom's speech and Stephen's speech are presented express the apparent impossibility of any real communication between them. For most of the chapter, even where there are points of similarity or contact, they seem minimized by the technique. Though the two agree about the absurdity of political violence, the difference in tone makes Stephen's assent seem impatient and sardonic:

> I resent violence or intolerance in any shape or form. It never reaches anything or stops anything. A revolution must come on the due instalments plan. It's a patent absurdity on the face of it to hate people because they live round the corner and speak another vernacular, so to speak.
>
> —Memorable bloody bridge battle and seven minutes' war, Stephen assented, between Skinner's alley and Ormond market.
>
> Yes, Mr Bloom thoroughly agreed, entirely endorsing the remark, that was overwhelmingly right and the whole world was overwhelmingly full of that sort of thing. (*U* 605/745–6)

The coincidence of opinions is less emphatic than the contrast between Bloom's pompous, cliché-ridden, repetitious, tautological manner (or, rather, the manner attributed to him) and Stephen's deflating specifics.

The benefits the two men can draw from their meeting depend on their differences, rather than on what they have in common. Bloom is the first to begin to grasp the nature of a possible relationship: 'Though they didn't see eye to eye in everything, a certain analogy there somehow was, as if both their minds were travelling, so to speak, in the one train of thought.' Their physical link, imaging their spiritual link, is itself associated by Stephen with a sense of their difference:

> —It will (the air) do you good, Bloom said, meaning also the walk, in a moment. The only thing is to walk then you'll feel a different man. It's not far. Lean on me.
>
> Accordingly he passed his left arm in Stephen's right and led him on accordingly.
>
> —Yes, Stephen said uncertainly, because he thought he felt a strange kind of flesh of a different man approach him, sinewless and wobbly and all that. (*U* 621–2/769)

The linking of arms, symbolic of friendship and interdependence, is thus, through a confused misapplication of Bloom's cliché, used to enforce Stephen's awareness of his difference from his companion, a difference in kind.

This is typical of the way in which the technique of the chapter expresses the nature of the meeting between the two men, the hesitant and circumlocutory approaches, the uncertain and suspicious responses, the tentative acceptance of a relationship based on dissimilarity and muddled with misunderstanding. Immediately before the agreement that Stephen should lean on Bloom, a trivial exchange represents the kind of help Stephen can derive from the association; for once initiating talk, he says that he has never understood why at night chairs in cafes are placed upside down on tables, and 'the never failing Bloom' at once replies, 'To sweep the floor in the morning.' Question and answer are equally at the lowest level of communication, but their significance is representative and symbolic – the unworldly artist, puzzled by the most ordinary things in daily life, finds a ready answer to his problem from the practical commonsense of the citizen just as, conversely, the latter confusedly hopes to profit from an acquaintance with 'someone of no uncommon calibre who could provide food for reflection': 'Intellectual stimulation as such was, he felt, from time to time

a firstrate tonic for the mind.' (Of course, the overturning of the day's order in the cafe in readiness for a clean sweep in the morning in itself contributes to the mood of the chapter, as the two men prepare for a fresh start.)

The concluding conversation about music is the resolution of the chapter. Now, consciously and literally depending on Bloom, Stephen, instead of needing to be prodded into reluctant speech, converses freely, sings and translates a song for Bloom's benefit, and, as they move away, is 'singing more boldly'. This despite the fact that their tastes in and attitudes towards music are diametrically and explicitly opposed. Bloom talks eagerly about 'a form of art for which [he], as a pure amateur, possessed the greatest love.' He considers Wagner too heavy and Mendelssohn to be of 'the severe classical school'; he attributes *Les Huguenots* to Mercadante, *The Seven Last Words* to Meyerbeer, the spurious *Twelfth Mass* to Mozart, and thinks that Herrick's *Bid me to live and I will live thy protestant to be* is a Protestant hymn; in general, he shares the Dublin musical tastes exhibited in the 'Sirens' chapter. Stephen, on the other hand, limits his praise to Elizabethan and Jacobean composers, to Sweelinck, and Johannes Jeep. While Stephen sings the song about the Sirens (who for him represent any force which would draw him from his literary vocation), Bloom perceives the possibilities of financial and social benefits to be derived from his companion's fine tenor voice (with Bloom supplying 'some impetus of the goahead sort'), and considers that Stephen could 'practise literature in his spare moments.' The two men are, as it were, singing different tunes, yet there is an easy relationship between them, as between the *dux* and *comes* (subject and answer) in the musical conceits referred to by Stephen. Stephen's dawning realization of the significance for him of the day and the meeting, marking the end of the artist as a young man, is clearly suggested by the musical work he describes for Bloom's benefit – Sweelinck's variations on the air '*Youth here has End*' ('*Mein junges Leben hat ein End*').

It is again in musical terms, though humbler ones, that the final image of the developing friendship is presented. In the closing paragraph, the driver of a streetsweeper, seated 'on his lowbacked car', looks after the retreating backs of the two men and, into the account of what he sees, two quotations from Samuel Lover's song, *The Low Back'd Car*, intrude: '*to be married by Father Maher*' and '*and looked after their lowbacked car*'. Most commentators agree about the general relevance of these quotations from the song about 'sweet Peggy' – Bloom and Stephen, linked arm in arm, are off to celebrate their new relationship – a marriage of opposites. But there is, just before the quotations, another allusion to the song, which seems to been ignored – though it is the allusion which may have prompted the later ones. While his horse dungs, the driver sits 'patient in his scythed car', but, on his next appearance, is described as sitting 'on his lowbacked car'. 'Scythed' is usually explained as a reference to the brushes attached to the wheels of the cart, and, because Bloom has jocularly spoken of the cart as a 'peril' to the lives of himself and his companion, to the scythes attached to the wheels of war chariots. Both of these explanations are certainly

correct, but the transformation of the 'scythed car' into the 'lowbacked car' is probably in response to the second verse of Lover's song:

> In battle's wild commotion
> The proud and mighty Mars,
> With hostile scythes, demands the tithes
> Of death in warlike cars;
> While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
> Has darts in her bright eye,
> That knock men down in the market town,
> As right and left they fly;
> While she sits in the low back'd car,
> Than battle more dang'rous far,
> For the doctor's art
> Cannot cure the heart
> That is hit on the low back'd car.

The shift from the image of the streetsweeper as 'scythed' to the image of it as 'lowbacked' seems to be a shift from regarding it as an emblem of hostility and war to regarding it as an emblem of love and peace. (I take it that the devastations of Peggy's eye are not relevant here.) After the strife and perils of the day, both men have reached the peaceful state where they can walk along 'chatting about music', and their linked arms, as they continue their '*tête-à-tête*', suggest the physical link between Peggy and the singer of the song, who would prefer to marry Peggy than any lady in the land,

> For the lady would sit fornenst me,
> On a cushion made with taste;
> While Peggy would sit beside me,
> With my arm around her waist.
> While we drove in the low back'd car,
> To be married by Father Maher.

The two men appeared at the beginning of the chapter, walking separately with Bloom pouring out unwanted advice and Stephen silent, morose and, half-drunk: they depart from the chapter arm in arm, walking and stopping and walking again, without interrupting their conversation about 'sirens, enemies of man's reason, mingled with a number of other topics of the same category, usurpers, historical cases of the kind.' They have different sirens and different usurpers in mind, but they are associated like *dux* and *comes* because, as Bloom has perceived, 'their minds were travelling . . . in the one train of thought', or, as the first sentence of the next chapter indicates, because they are following 'parallel courses'.

This transformation of their relationship has been presented throughout in a manner of deliberate banality, partly because such a manner represents and evaluates Bloom's mood, and partly because it is only at a banal level that the two men can meet. They are separated by age, race, disposition, temperament, family background, ambition and, as the chapter say, 'everything else'. They can make contact only when, in a state of lassitude, the

passions which have ruled them all day are comparatively subdued, and they are reduced to a man and 'a different man,' each needing the other because he is different. The relationship between them is commonplace: they do not find themselves to be soul-mates; they cannot understand each other very well; there is little they can do for each other on any level but that of the banal. One man needs someone to help him along, the other needs someone he can help along: on that basis they give mutual aid. It seems essential to the whole scheme of *Ulysses* that the meeting to which the novel leads, the resolution of its tensions, should be no emotional climax, but a mere (though none the less important) encounter of two men in need of temporary companionship and setting off together to find food, drink and shelter. Stephen's acceptance that, for him, youth has come to an end, that the artist, no longer a young man, must acknowledge and exist arm in arm with the commonplace life represented by the citizen, that the artist's human ties are in Eccles Street not in the Martello Tower, is marked by the shift from the strained tension of the 'narrative-young' of 'Telemachus' to the relaxation of the 'narrative-old' of 'Eumaeus'.

'Ithaca'

After the relaxing of pressures in the cabman's shelter, the emotional state of the two men becomes calmer still. The '*prosa rilassata*' of 'Eumaeus' sinks, according to the Linati scheme, to the '*stile pacato*' (the pacified or calm style) of 'Ithaca'. In the Gilbert scheme, however, the technique of the new chapter is called 'Catechism-impersonal', referring back to the 'Catechism-personal' of the second chapter of the novel, and emphasizing the method rather than the style. Certainly it is the catechistic method which is the dominant feature of 'Ithaca'. Unlike all the other techniques of *Ulysses*, question-and-answer (especially question-and-answer of this formality) is not naturally a narrative method; it implies a static situation which is being examined and analysed rather than the unrolling of a concatenated series of events or developments. There are events and developments in the chapter – some of them important ones – but the method blurs their place in a sequence and deadens their impact; instead it puts all the emphasis on a detached and apparently ill-ordered enquiry into the state of the two men and the nature of their relationship.

The enquiry, though detached from Bloom and Stephen, reflects the comparative detachment they have attained. Bloom can view coolly the adultery of Molly with Boylan, and Stephen can refer to the haunting memory of his mother, first experienced on the Martello Tower, as 'a matutinal cloud . . . at first no bigger than a woman's hand.' Both are now more concerned with understanding their situations than with elaborating plans for the future; although Bloom does try to arrange future meetings, he knows from experience that such arrangements are rarely fulfilled. The movement of the novel is retarded until it reaches the same point of rest as Bloom, falling asleep.

Joyce's letter to Frank Budgen seems to indicate his intentions quite clearly:

> I am writing *Ithaca* in the form of a mathematical catechism. All events are resolved into their cosmic, physical, psychical etc. equivalents, e.g. Bloom jumping down the area, drawing water from the tap, the micturating in the garden, the cone of incense, lighted candle and statue so that the reader will know everything and know it in the baldest and coldest way, but Bloom and Stephen thereby become heavenly bodies, wanderers like the stars at which they gaze.[106]

The intention seems clear, but the described scheme suggests a more consistent handling of the material than is, in fact, found. As in earlier chapters, Joyce's technique is only a general frame within which there is a remarkable variety of styles and effects. At times, instead of questions, there are blunt instructions, reminiscent of an examination paper: 'Recite the first (major) part of this chanted legend', 'Catalogue these books', 'Compile the budget for 16 June 1904.' The answers differ widely in form: some are monosyllabic, some prolix; some are in song, rhyme, anagram, acrostic or processional form; some are determinedly literal, some riddling, some allusive; they include advertising slogans, an unsolicited testimonial, a balancesheet, a booklist and fragments of Latin, Irish and Hebrew. Their content is also diverse: many are simple statements of observed or remembered facts, sometimes relating to important matters and sometimes to trivialities or irrelevancies; others give events a specific and often laborious placing in time or space, or relate them to the physical universe or to universals of a moral or a spiritual order; there are long passages enumerating or speculating on what might have happened but didn't, or what might have been said but wasn't; there are meticulous references to past parallels, to memories, to biographical information; there are accounts of the two men's ideas of reflections, sometimes treated impressionistically, sometimes encyclopaedically, sometimes confused, and sometimes logically categorized: there are facts and figures, and there are poetic, even onomatopoetic, images. 'A mathematical catechism', however well it may have suited Joyce as a 'catchword' for what he had in mind, is a very inadequate description of the varied forms and styles of the chapter, and, although some events are 'resolved into their cosmic, physical, psychical etc. equivalents', many are not.

Yet, for all these differences, the chapter feels homogeneous: the difficulty is in defining the quality of attitude or purpose which unites the variations of tone as the catechistic method unites the variations in form. First, there is a recurring lack of discrimination in many answers. The answer about the topics of conversation as the two men walk towards Eccles Street solemnly lists besides such matters as music, literature, Ireland, woman and the Roman Catholic Church, 'the influence of gaslight or the light of arc and glowlamps on the growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees' (though a subsequent answer informs us that on this matter 'their views

[106] *Letters* I, 159–60.

were equal and negative') and 'exposed corporation emergency dust buckets'. Bloom's recall of his father's suicide includes the fact that that afternoon the old man had bought 'a new boater straw hat, extra smart', together with the name and address of the shop and the precise time of purchase. Bloom's final position in bed is not only precisely described but compared to 'the attitude depicted on a snapshot photograph made by Percy Apjohn'. The implication of these and similar passages seems to be that we are no longer confined to what seems important to Bloom or Stephen, or even to any normal human system of values – that any available piece of information is as interesting or uninteresting as any other.[107] Yet the total effect is more complicated than this. The undiscriminating list of topics of conversation suggests the ordinary irrelevancies and wanderings of a friendly exchange, unlike any other conversation in which either man has been involved that day; the reference to the straw hat represents the way in which, when not simplified by powerful emotion, memories retain significant and insignificant details alike; the comparison to the snapshot taken by Percy Apjohn, the friend of Bloom's youth, relates Bloom's middle age to his childhood and leads to the image of him as 'the childman weary, the manchild in the womb'. In one sense, then, such details are of no account; in another, they suggest aspects of the relationship between the two men, qualities of Bloom's current mood, and the consistency of personality underlying the changes brought about by time. There is a surface of indifference, yet this surface is itself a means of presenting new insights.

Another recurring feature of many answers is a flat encyclopaedism, though, here again, the flatness is largely of the surface. The question, 'What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier returning to the range, admire?', elicits an answer of over 450 words, praising water for its universality, democratic equality, vastness, profundity, restlessness; the independence of its units; its variability, quiescence, turgidity, subsidence, sterility; its climatic and social significance, preponderance, hegemony in the southern hemisphere; the stability of the ocean bed; the capacity to dissolve and hold in solution; its erosion, weight, volume and density; its imperturbability, gradation of colours, ramifications, violence, circumterrestrial curve, secrecy, latent humidity; the simplicity of its composition; its healing virtues, buoyancy, and penetrativeness; its cleansing, quenching, and nourishing qualities; 'its infallibility as paradigm and paragon'; its metamorphoses, strength, variety of forms, solidity, docility, utility, potentiality, submarine fauna and flora, ubiquity, and 'the noxiousness of its effluvia' in marshes and stagnant pools. This detailing of water's attributes is unconnected with the action of the chapter, is certainly not an account of what is passing through Bloom's mind as he carries the kettle from the sink to the range, and is hardly more convincing as a description of Bloom's reasons for admiring water. The encyclopaedic method seems to exist for its own sake. Yet its very completeness is expressive of water's

[107] Clive Hart says that the answers in 'Ithaca' 'seem to be the answers of a computer which has not been programmed to distinguish between what is important and what is not' (*Hart–Ulysses*, 74).

'infallibility as paradigm and paragon'; because of water's universality, flexibility and multiple aspects it can serve as an illustrative example and model for the life of common humanity – a symbol of that human universality, flexibility and multiplicity of which Bloom is the representative. His response to it is less one of conscious admiration than of instinctive fellow-feeling. The function of the passage as an image of Bloom's acceptance of his role as one of the independent units in the ocean of life is immediately reinforced by the counter-image of Stephen's hydrophobia, 'distrusting aquacities of thought and language', and Bloom's recognition of 'The incompatibility of aquacity with the erratic originality of genius'. The long and apparently irrelevant catalogue becomes a paradigm of Bloom's ready acceptance of human life and human nature, and of the fundamental difference between the attitudes of the two men, the one glad to share in and feel identity with common mankind, the other asserting his separateness and committed to 'erratic originality'.

Other catalogues are different in kind and effect, yet combine similarly a matter-of-fact surface with subtle implications. Most remarkable is the passage which begins with the question, 'In what ultimate ambition had all concurrent and consecutive ambitions now coalesced?', and then presents, over several pages, Bloom's dream-house – 'a thatched bungalowshaped 2 storey dwellinghouse of southerly aspect' – from its stucco front and its toilet furnishing down to 'a fingertame parrot (expurgated language)'. The style is borrowed from houseagents' advertisements and home-and-garden magazines; the details seem absurdly trivial; the intention is apparently to mock Bloom's suburban ambition. Yet the resultant image of an aspect of Bloom's nature is particularly exact. A man's house and furnishings are a projection of him; when Balzac describes the house of M. Grandet he depicts and evaluates the man, and the descriptions of Bloom's kitchen-dresser, sitting-room, bookshelves, and of the contents of the two drawers he opens present exactly aspects of his life, his personality and his family situation. The extended account of his 'ultimate ambition' is a development of this familiar novelist's technique. Bloom has never particularized the contents of his dream-house in this way; the passage translates into specific terms his vague, commonplace and sentimental ambition, and by employing a vocabulary of objects belonging to domestic architecture, furnishings and horticulture, and combining them in a style of bourgeois aspiration, articulates a precise vision of Bloom's imprecise dream. It foreshadows the passage in *Finnegans Wake* when Shem the Penman is seen 'writing the mystery of himsel in furniture' (*FW* 184), and, like that passage, uses a catalogue of material objects (each with its own associations) to represent one of the most immaterial and indefinable areas of a man's personality.

There are, however, other answers which do not relate to Bloom or Stephen at all, such as the account of the source of the water which flowed through Bloom's tap and the scientific description of the boiling of the kettle. Such passages are more striking than frequent, but set the characteristic tone of much of the chapter. They seem pedantically and pointlessly elaborate ways of saying that a tap flowed and a kettle boiled. But there is

rather more to them than that. They pay proper attention to remarkable phenomena which are so commonplace that we take them for granted. They comically present Bloom as the master of the extraordinary features of ordinary life. As a practical man, by merely turning a tap, he can call upon the resources of the city's water-supply, a supply paid for and primarily intended for men like him, 'selfsupporting taxpayers, solvent, sound', unlike the wretched paupers who have wasted the water; as a scientific man he can, by lighting a match and placing a filled kettle on the range, draw upon the heat stored up in bituminous coal, 'containing in compressed mineral form the foliated fossilised decidua of primeval forests which had in turn derived their vegetative existence from the sun, primal source of heat (radiant), transmitted through omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous ether.' He can do these things because he is a competent citizen and a householder. Stephen speculates philosophically about the nature of space and time; Bloom, without thinking, conquers space and time. At the turn of a tap, he fetches water from a reservoir over twenty-two miles from the city; with 'one ignited lucifer match', he releases energies transmitted from the sun and stored for his use since times primeval. The style's fussy exactness may also mirror the self-conscious efficiency which Bloom adopts to 'prepare a collation for a gentile', the same mood which induces him later to offer proofs 'that his tendency was towards applied, rather than towards pure, science.' Again it is the manner which is the real content of the passage; the particular information given is there only because it is part of the manner.

However, the pseudoscientific manner does not always present Bloom as the practical man manipulating the forces of the universe. If a materialist vision makes man's scientific control of nature possible, it also reveals a bleak and terrifying universe in which man seems minute, insignificant and at the mercy of powers beyond his imagination. Philosophically abstract terms reduce Bloom's life to a meaningless progression:

> From inexistence to existence he came to many and was as one received: existence with existence he was with any as any with any: from existence to nonexistence gone he would be by all as none perceived. (*U* 628/778–9)

Calculations as to the proportional relations between his age and Stephen's are pointless:

> What events might nullify these calculations?
> The cessation of existence of both or either, the inauguration of a new era or calendar, the annihilation of the world and consequent extermination of the human species, inevitable but impredictable. (*U* 640/794)

These are only hints at the cold images of man in the universe which follow. When the question asks whether Bloom thought human life 'infinitely perfectible', the answer mockingly excepts 'the generic conditions' imposed by nature – killing for food, birth, death, menstruation, accidents, sicknesses, madness, epidemics, cataclysms 'which make terror the basis of human mentality', earthquakes, and growth from childhood to decay. In

comparison with the infinite eons of the stars, 'the years, threescore and ten, of allotted human life formed a parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity.' Even if there were to exist on the planets or their satellites another quasi-human race, such 'an apogean humanity . . . would probably there as here remain inalterably and inalienably attached to vanities, to vanities of vanities and all that is vanity.' Left alone in the garden, Bloom feels 'the cold of interstellar space'.

Yet, like most things in this chapter, the vision *sub specie aeternitatis* which chills Bloom with its reduction of man's life and values, also contributes to the state of mind, the equanimity, with which he conquers the forces which have threatened him all day. In such a vision, all his wife's suitors (that is to say, all whom he believes to have desired her[108]) are, abstractly viewed, deluded:

> . . . each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone, whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity. (*U* 692/863)

The adultery, which has distressed him all day, seems, in the wider view, no more than natural, less calamitous than the annihilation of a planet, less reprehensible than a variety of crimes ranging from theft to murder, no

[108] I agree with those critics (e.g. *Ellmann–JJ*, 388, *Adams*, 35–43, *Sultan*, 431–3, and David Hayman, 'The Empirical Molly' in *Approaches*, 113–14) who discount the list of Molly's supposed lovers – though not with some of the conclusions they reach. For Bloom, the lovers are all those men whom he has, at one time or another, thought to have desired Molly or to have been desired by her. If he had known of so many other love-affairs, he would hardly have been so distressed by his knowledge of the appointment with Boylan. As Sultan points out, Molly indicates clearly enough that it is her first actual adultery – '. . . anyhow its done now once and for all with all the talk of the world about it people make its only the first time after that its just the ordinary do it and think no more about it . . .' (*U* 700–01/875) – and thinks that the thunder comes to punish her sin. I do not see the force of the arguments that abstinence does not accord with what we know of Molly's sexual appetite (*Adams*, 38), or that her remark 'I never in all my life felt anyone had one the size of that' (*U* 702/877) necessarily implies 'a good deal of experience' (Darcy O'Brien, 'Some Determinants of Molly Bloom', *Approaches*, 144). Adultery for a married woman was not as simple a matter in 1904 as it is now: Molly may have strong sexual appetites, but she does not want to lose her marital status or social respectability, and with a husband 'plottering about the house', and, until recently, a servant and a daughter as well, an adulterous appointment would not have been easy to arrange: 'youve no chances at all in this place' (*U* 718/899). Had opportunities been as numerous and as easy to seize as the list of 'lovers' suggests, she would presumably not have been as sex-starved as she is, '. . . O thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted . . .' (*U* 718/899). As for her experience, we are told that she has caressed Mulvey's genitals, that soldiers are always trying to exhibit themselves to her, that she has watched naked young men bathing, that she has been kissed by Bartell D'Arcy and has touched Gardner with her hand 'to keep him from doing worse': she has had all the experience she needed to pass comment on Boylan's equipment without having previously committed adultery in the legal sense of the word. It is the men who have entered Molly's mind (or whom he believes to have entered her mind) that Bloom must drive out – not those who have physically entered her bed.

more abnormal than other forms of adaptation to changed circumstances, and 'more than inevitable, irreparable'. Among other reasons justifying his calm acceptance of his wife's adultery are 'the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter: the apathy of the stars.'

For Bloom, in this chapter, any mode of thought or vision leads towards a point of rest and satisfaction. He does not understand Stephen's affirmation of his significance as a rational being proceeding from the known to the unknown, but comfortably borrows its terminology to justify his own role of competent citizen proceeding 'energetically from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void.' His hidden fears of a decline from poverty to mendicancy to destitution to the 'nadir of misery: the aged impotent disfranchised ratesupported moribund lunatic pauper' lead him to contemplate escape by leaving home and family and becoming a wanderer, 'Everyman or Noman', to be rewarded with tributes – 'Honour and gifts of strangers, the friends of Everyman. A nymph immortal, beauty, the bride of Noman.' Although for the course of this day Bloom has been both Everyman and the disguised Ulysses, a number of forces render further travelling undesirable, induce inertia:

> The lateness of the hour, rendering procrastinatory: the obscurity of the night, rendering invisible: the uncertainty of thoroughfares, rendering perilous: the necessity for repose, obviating movement: the proximity of an occupied bed, obviating research: the anticipation of warmth (human) tempered with coolness (linen), obviating desire and rendering desirable: the statue of Narcissus, sound without echo, desired desire. (*U* 689/859)

Like Ulysses, Bloom is no wanderer by choice; his movement is always spiritually homeward, and it will take more than unlikely fears or dreams of escape to draw him away. The statue, which with its 'candour, nudity, pose, tranquillity, youth, grace, sex, counsel' has already consoled him after the departure of Stephen, is his household god. Rather than pursue 'a nymph immortal', he will rest satisfied with what he is and what he has and what he dreams, self-contained and self-contented. As Narcissus had no need for the nymph Echo or desire for anyone beyond himself, Bloom's spirit has no need in this mood for an echo outside itself or a desire beyond itself. The time of Bloom's painful voyage through the perils of the day is over; he looks back on it, in his present calm state, as 'a perfect day' with a few minor imperfections – his failures to arrange for the renewal of Keyes's advertisement, to obtain tea from Mr Kernan, to check whether the statues of Greek goddesses had a 'posterior rectal orifice', and to obtain a ticket for Mrs Bandman Palmer's performance of *Leah*. All the other hazards and humiliations are forgotten or seen as of no consequence, and all his conflicting thoughts and feelings converge in a 'final satisfaction':

> Satisfaction at the ubiquity in eastern and western terrestrial hemispheres, in all habitable lands and islands explored or unexplored (the land of the midnight sun, the islands of the blessed, the isles of Greece, the land of promise) of adipose posterior female hemispheres, redolent of milk and honey and of

> excretory sanguine and seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude, insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarieties of expression, expressive of mute immutable mature animality. (*U* 695/867)

In 'mute immutable mature animality', Bloom finds rest and satisfaction after the struggles of the day – just as the novel itself finds its close in Molly's soliloquy. Even Bloom's dreams before going to bed are not really signs of dissatisfaction with his life, but preparatives for the ultimate satisfaction:

> For what reason did he meditate on schemes so difficult of realization?
> It was one of his axioms that similar meditations or the automatic relation to himself of a narrative concerning himself or tranquil recollection of the past when practised habitually before retiring for the night alleviated fatigue and produced as a result sound repose and renovated vitality.
>
> His justifications?
> As a physicist he had learned that of the 70 years of complete human life at least 2/7ths, viz., 20 years passed in sleep. As a philosopher he knew that at the termination of any allotted life only an infinitesimal part of any person's desires has been realised. As a physiologist he believed in the artificial placation of malignant agencies chiefly operative during somnolence. (*U* 680–81/848)

Thus, as far as Bloom is concerned, the unifying principle behind the varieties of style and manner is a slow movement towards the point of rest at the end of the chapter. The passages which indiscriminately associate the important and the trivial suggest the gradual subsiding of the purposes and values of the day; the encyclopaedism emphasizes the absorption of individuality into universal human nature and commonplace bourgeois dreams; the scientific particularization of ordinary acts and phenomena presents Bloom's role as the practical citizen and householder; the materialist vision with its inhuman scales of time and space leads him to an acceptance of what is, after all, natural and inevitable, and to satisfaction with the pleasures of simple animality. The lonely, striving, Odyssean figure of the voyager reaches home when it returns to its starting-point, the elementary human attributes which all inherit and which all have in common.

The progress of the relationship between the two men is affected by the same influences but moves to a different conclusion; there is a developing calm and detachment producing, not a stasis, but an inevitable parting. They were brought together by mutual needs which their differences from each other enabled them to satisfy, and, once the needs are satisfied, the differences conduct them on diverging courses. Initially Bloom is concerned to cement the friendship; as he looks for 'common factors of similarity', and while Stephen dissents openly from Bloom, Bloom's dissent is tacit. He recalls similar conversations with friends in the past, and regretfully notes the decline in his relations with others. He is eager to please but, at the same time, aware of 'four separating forces', 'Name, age, race, creed', and subsequent questions and answers concern each of these.

Not only are the 'educational careers' of the two men dissimilar, but their natures are such that had Stephen had Bloom's education he would have become not Bloom but Stoom, while Bloom, with Stephen's education, would have become Blephen. They are of opposed temperaments, 'The scientific. The artistic.' In arts, as well as in sciences, Bloom's flair is for the 'applied', the practical. His rhymed acrostic on his name shows him to be a 'kinetic poet', and the little invented scene, which he describes to Stephen, was designed to sell stationery. Characteristically, Stephen transforms the scene into an epiphany of boredom and apathy, set in the Queen's Hotel, and, equally characteristically, the incurably kinetic Bloom sees in the transformation 'certain possibilities of financial, social, personal and sexual success'.

Up to this point, the differences between the two men are mainly matters of temperament, age and background, brought to Bloom's attention because, besides giving Stephen the food and shelter needed, he wishes to extend and deepen their relationship. The unfortunate reference to the Queen's Hotel, the name of the hotel in which Bloom's father committed suicide, is dismissed by Bloom as 'coincidence', but it is a coincidence which symbolizes the distance between the two, a distance which grows because each man is in movement. A further attempt to discover similarities between Irish and Hebrew, and between the Irish and Jewish peoples leads first to a deeper awareness of difference, and then to further misunderstanding. Bloom chants a Zionist hymn, now the national anthem of Israel, to foreshadow 'the restoration in Chanan David of Zion and the possibility of Irish political autonomy or devolution': Stephen hears 'in a profound ancient male unfamiliar melody the accumulation of the past', while Bloom sees 'in a quick young male familiar form the predestination of a future'. The ancient melody with its promise of a national liberation is associated for Stephen with that nightmare of history from which he has determined to escape, while Bloom perceives that Stephen's future is already pre-determined, not to be shaped by Bloom's quasi-paternal assistance. The following question-and-answer form one of the more obscure parts of the chapter:

> What were Stephen's and Bloom's quasisimultaneous volitional quasi-sensations of concealed identities?
>
> Visually, Stephen's: The traditional figure of hypostasis, depicted by Johannes Damascenus, Lentulus Romanus and Epiphanius Monachus as leucodermic, sesquipedalian with winedark hair.
>
> Auditively, Bloom's: The traditional accent of the ecstasy of catastrophe. (*U* 650/808)

These 'quasisensations' are complementary to the 'sensations'. While listening to the ancient melody, Stephen associates Bloom with the figure of Christ incarnate, as traditionally described – perhaps because the Hebrew chant reminds him of Bloom's assertion that Christ was a Jew, and his own reply that in the flesh Christ belonged to the Jewish race: '*Christus* or Bloom his name is, or, after all, any other *secundum carnem*'. Bloom, watching a young male form, seems to hear the traditional note of the

abandon which precedes disaster. Stephen sees in Bloom a representative of *hypostasis*, the union of God and man, the spirit incarnate; Bloom hears in Stephen a representation of ecstasy or *ekstasis* – the state of being alienated, outside oneself, in particular 'the erratic originality of genius' out of touch with the needs of its bodily substance. Only in the flat terminology of the catechism can these intuited 'quasisensations' be translated into abstract statements of contraries, just as it is only in the quieter mood, after they are at rest and have drunk their cocoa, that the two sense the full extent of the differences between them, differences which can now be apprehended without fear or hostility.

This emotional quiescence is tested further when Bloom, still thinking of the analogies between Jews and Irish, encourages Stephen to sing 'a strange legend on an allied theme'. But the legend is the ballad of *Little Harry Hughes*, which unites the two races only insofar as it tells the story of a Christian boy who twice played his ball into a Jew's garden and was then enticed within and murdered by the Jew's daughter. The responses of the two men to the story are, not unnaturally, very different, though both identify themselves with the 'victim predestined'. Stephen's commentary ignores the racial and religious features of the legend; for him, it symbolizes acceptance of his vocation as artist:

> One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by inadvertence, twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope and youth holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation, to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him, consenting. (*U* 653/810)

Twice he has solemnly but vainly declared his intention to devote his life to art – once, as a schoolboy, in response to a chance inspiration on the beach, and once when he left Ireland deliberately to pursue his vocation. Now, in Bloom's kitchen, he feels that his destiny has challenged him; his earlier fervours and defiances have been like a boy breaking windows; now he consents to the total submission of his life to his vocation – '*And now he'll play his ball no more.*'[109] The commentary is itself illustrative of this submission; Stephen knows that Bloom is a Jew, but, in his artistic egoism, never thinks of the possible effect on Bloom of the ballad of little Harry Hughes. For Bloom, concerned as citizen not with what the ballad might symbolize about the artist's destiny, but with 'the accumulation of history' exemplified in it, is reminded of charges of ritual murder, and the superstition, fear, envy, atavism and fanaticism which has made the Jew the

[109] William Empson believes improbably that the paragraph means 'that Stephen will consent to the Bloom offer, though he is automatically nasty about it', the offer being of a relationship with Molly ('The Theme of *Ulysses*', *JJM3*, p. 135). Zack Bowen suggests that 'The victim of Stephen's song is both himself, as he exposes himself to Bloom through inadvertence at Bella Cohen's, and through design at the cabman's shelter by consenting to return home with Bloom, and Leopold, who is misled by Stephen, his 'apparition of hope and youth'' ('Libretto for Bloomusalem in Song: The Music of Joyce's *Ulysses*', *New Light*, 163). I find it difficult to see why Stephen's 'destiny' should be equated with Bloom.

'victim predestined' for centuries. Both men see themselves as victims but not as fellow-victims. They will both suffer, but in different ways, for different reasons and at the hands of different forces; Stephen is singled out for suffering, Bloom shares his with his race; Stephen consents to his destiny, Bloom is resigned to his.

What now separates the two men is more fundamental than differences of opinion, of 'name, age, race, creed', of education, or of temperament; they are separated by their essential natures and destinies. Yet this divergence has nothing to do with a loss of mutual sympathy; on the contrary, the friendliness of their relationship increases, and culminates in Bloom's offer of accommodation and Stephen's amicable and grateful refusal. When Stephen leaves the citizen's house to pursue his destiny, he does so to the silent accompaniment of the 113th psalm, '*In exitu Israël de Egypto: domus Jacob de populo barbaro*', led by Moses/Bloom, who will not himself see the Promised Land Stephen seeks. As they stand together in the garden, their reciprocal fellowship and their dissimilarities are fused; they stand 'silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces'. As, in fellowship, they urinate together, each man's thoughts 'concerning the invisible audible collateral organ of the other' are representative of their fundamental differences: Bloom is occupied with the physical properties of Stephen's organ, and Stephen concerned with speculations as to whether Christ's prepuce deserves 'simple hyperduly' (the highest form of worship which may be paid to what is human, such as the Blessed Virgin) or 'the fourth degree of latria' (the form of worship paid only to God). One, that is, is concentrated on the flesh, and the other on the pervasion of the flesh by the spirit.

It is at this point that both observe a 'celestial sign':

> A star precipitated with great apparent velocity across the firmament from Vega in the Lyre above the zenith beyond the stargroup of the Tress of Berenice towards the zodiacal sign of Leo. (*U* 664/826)

That the Lyre relates to Stephen and Leo to Bloom is obvious, but commentators differ on other points of interpretation – for instance, whether Vega is mentioned because it means 'falling', and whether the Tress of Berenice refers to Stephen's mother, Bloom's wife or both. It is characteristic of Joyce's handling of such symbolic passages that he allows some inexplicit but suggestive hints to fly off from the central image. Here the emphasis seems to be on the relative position of the two constellations Lyra 'above the zenith', seemingly at the greatest distance from the earth, and Leo on the horizon, seemingly closest to the earth, so that the shooting star apparently links two constellations separated as far as possible from each other in the sky – a bright but momentary linking like a spark. Since it starts from the Lyre, the star may suggest the flash of imaginative understanding proceeding from the artist, the brightest star in its constellation, towards the citizen. As for the Coma Berenicis, it seems unnecessary to drag in Berenice's husband or her death at the hands of her son.[110] Tradi-

[110] *Sultan*, 398–9.

tionally the constellation's name is an image of the immortalizing of mortal beauty, as at the end of *The Rape of the Lock*. Such giving of immortality to the mortal is precisely Stephen's (and Joyce's) conception of the act of the artist: 'in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away.' Without wishing to diminish the suggestiveness of the symbolic sign in the heavens, I would argue that what it figures chiefly is the distance between the spirit of the artist and the life of common man, the spark that leaps across that gulf 'towards' the mortal, and the mediating image of the work of art in which the mortal is given immortality. This is the kind of interaction towards which the events of the day have led, and which is now figured in the heavens.

The whole course of the relationship – the increasing friendliness and the diminution of any likelihood of prolonged intercourse – is traced in the catechism. The state of comparative calm which has been attained by the two men's association, yet which makes the necessity of their divergence plain, is reflected in the prevalent unemotional flatness. But, within that prevalent tone, many different stylistic forms – biographical summaries, generalized assertions, advertisements, stage directions, songs and responses to songs, symbols, heavenly signs – all contribute to show the gradual separation of mind even before the physical parting takes place. When Joyce said that the two men become as 'heavenly bodies, wanderers like the stars at which they gaze', he was not thinking of physical wandering (Bloom, at least, has reached home); what the technique conveys is that they become to each other wandering spirits, as far removed from each other as stars or constellations in distant parts of the sky, and each committed to a different course, Bloom's orbital, Stephen's parabolic.

The few places in the chapter where the style becomes poetic or elevated are not really exceptions to the matter-of-fact calm, because they are either comically misplaced or quickly deflated. The most striking example is on the first emergence from the house into the garden:

> What spectacle confronted them when they, first the host, then the guest, emerged silently, doubly dark, from obscurity by a passage from the rere of the house into the penumbra of the garden?
>
> The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit. (*U* 659/819)

The answer is consciously poetic. Reading it, one is lifted out of the drab realities of Bloom's kitchen, as both men, despite their calm, are momentarily lifted up by the beauty of the nightsky. But Bloom's rationality asserts itself as he proceeds to point out the constellations and mention some scraps of scientific information about them, and soon reaches the 'logical conclusion' that 'it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not a heavenman': it was a Utopia, an infinity, 'a mobility of illusory forms', 'a past which possibly had ceased to exist as a present before its future spectators had entered actual present existence.' He is convinced of 'the esthetic value of the spectacle' not by his own experience on entering the garden but because of the many examples of poets fervently addressing the constellations or the moon. Similarly, when he considers the possibility

of staying in the garden to watch the dawn break, he recalls, with some poetic feeling showing through the catalogue, the signs of dawn as he had once before witnessed them:

> More active air, a matutinal distant cock, ecclesiastical clocks at various points, avine music, the isolated tread of an early wayfarer, the visible diffusion of the light of an invisible luminous body, the first golden limb of the resurgent sun perceptible low on the horizon. (*U* 666/828)

At once, he takes a deep breath, as though to clear away such poetic mists, and goes indoors. In this chapter, poetry and rhetoric occur only to be dissipated by the matter-of-fact and the rational, save for the melancholy tolling that marks the parting of the two men: 'The sound of the peal of the hour of the night by the chime of the bells in the church of Saint George.'

At last, as Bloom sinks to sleep, even the rational voice of question-and-answer becomes uncertain and befogged. Bloom's posture in bed is described as that of 'the childman weary, the manchild in the womb'; a somnolent echo questions and a tired voice answers:

> Womb? Weary?
> He rests. He has travelled. (*U* 697/870)

The figure falling asleep is both Bloom, the middle-aged husband, weary after the day's business, returned to the marital bed from which he rose that morning, and Bloom, the human essence extended in time from childhood to manhood, weary of the voyage of life, returned as though to the womb of his origin. The questions can now hardly frame a question: 'With?' The answerer rambles:

> Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer. (*U* 697/871)

One commentator, taking the hint that in the 'Eumaeus' chapter the supposed sailor, Murphy, is referred to as 'friend Sinbad', attempts to refer the variations to other men Bloom has met or thought of – George Mesias the Tailor, Alf Bergan the Jailer, Corny Kelleher the Nailer, Simon Dedalus the Failer, Martin Cunningham the Bailer, Lenehan the Hailer, the old Citizen the Railer and one of the friends of Bloom who died of phthisis the Phthailer[111] – but even such ingenuity is stumped by the Whaler, the Kailer, the Quailer and the Yailer. Another commentator says that the whole litany is 'a piece of inspired stupidity' and suggests that 'the more we project conscious intellectual meaning into the process, the less it serves its overt purpose.'[112] Yet if the nonsense is 'inspired', it is presumably pertinent nonsense – otherwise any other string of words would do as well.

[111] *Sultan* 413. [112] *Adams*, 82.

In the first place, it is pertinent because the rational answerer sets off on his usual flat cataloguing and continues until the catalogue becomes more and more meaningless and even the alliteration breaks down. Secondly, as Robert M. Adams discovered, Tinbad and Whinbad were characters in the pantomime *Sinbad the Sailor* about which Bloom has thought earlier in the day;[113] the cropping up of their names, in vague association with Sinbad's, sets the litany in motion. Thirdly, in the weariness of the childman, the list of those who have travelled with Bloom adopts the form of the childish litanies, supposedly exhaustive of human occupations, like 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier Sailor, Rich man, Poor man, Beggarman, Thief', and echoes such childish cries as 'Jollypoldy, the rixdix doldy'. Sleepiness, fading rational consciousness, a return to childishness, and a cloudy vision of all men of all pursuits involved with Bloom in a voyage through life and now at rest with him – all these cooperate in an answer which, though nonsense, is relevant nonsense. The next question 'When?' is itself hardly intelligible (does it mean when did he rest or when did he travel?), and provokes not an answer but an incoherent response:

> Going to a dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler. (*U* 698/871)

Again the problem is not what kind of sense does the sentence make, but what kind of nonsense. Sinbad is an Eastern analogue of Ulysses, repeatedly drawn to perilous voyages, usually spending most of his time trying to reach home safely, and engaged in a number of adventures closely resembling those of the Greek – notably the adventure in his third voyage when he and his companions fall into the hands of a maneating giant from whom they escape by blinding him in his sleep. Here, Sinbad seems to be the type of the traveller; he is not simply Bloom, for Bloom is in bed, not going to it, and his bed is not dark but lit by a lamp. Moreover, the occurrence of the phrase 'auk's egg', taken from the library chapter where Stephen thinks of Lyster's bald head as an 'auk's egg, prize of their fray' suggests that the confusions of this sentence are taking place, not in Bloom's mind, but in the mind of the catechizing voice. There are other dubious matters. Several commentators have pointed out that 'a square round' seems to allude to Bloom's fantasy of winning a million pound prize for squaring the circle, but there may also be an allusion to Sinbad's third voyage when in order to defeat a huge serpent, which every night swallows one of his companions whole, Sinbad fastens a wooden rectangular frame round his body and is thus preserved. As for the roc's egg, the Arabian tale refers to two. In the fifth voyage, Sinbad's fellow-travellers find and destroy a roc's egg and eat the young bird inside, with the result that their ship is destroyed by the parent rocs and only Sinbad survives: but this seems analogous to Ulysses' encounter with the Oxen of the Sun and has no apparent relevance to sleep and rest. In the second voyage, however,

[113] *Adams*, 80.

Sinbad, stranded and despairing on an uninhabited island, finds a huge white object; he is exploring it, when the sun disappears and day turns to night as a huge roc arrives to settle on its egg; by attaching himself to one of the bird's toes as it sleeps, Sinbad is flown, the next morning, out of the island to the Valley of Diamonds. If the sentence seems to begin by referring to Sinbad's going to bed, it shifts in the confused syntax to the roc going to sleep on its egg 'in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler.' The day itself seems to be going to bed, or, since 'Darkinbad the Brightdayler' follows the same name-plus-occupation pattern of 'Sinbad the Sailor' and the variations, what is now darkened in sleep is that whose occupation is the bright-day – the working consciousness. Thus in the sentence there is a misty blending of several suggestions – the descent of darkness in the minds of all travellers, the achieving of some prize or reward after the struggles of the day as though sleep itself was the reward towards which all men strive, and a final dimming of the cold rational light which has illuminated the chapter. There are other associated possibilities: perhaps 'egg' occurs because, as we learn at the beginning of the next chapter, Bloom has just asked his wife to give him eggs for breakfast in bed; perhaps the egg can be imagined as containing the embryo of the next day's voyage as the parent roc now settles on it to sleep; perhaps the roc is the bird of night which will carry away the travellers into the world of dreams, where their fantasies can be realized. But the passage intentionally prevents any coherent or precise interpretation. The pedantically exact mind which has conducted the catechism now slips out of focus and into the darkness of sleep; the grammatical relationships, still methodical in appearance, become mere suggestions and hints of a fading awareness, finally obliterated in the black spot which is the only response to the last question, 'Where?' The technique, the novel itself, has fallen to sleep with Bloom.[114]

According to Frank Budgen, 'Ithaca' was Joyce's favourite chapter,[115] perhaps because of the extraordinary range and variety of effects he had been able to achieve within the limits of a matter-of-fact, detached manner, and the realized subsidence of all the tensions and struggles of the novel.[116] In many ways this was the most difficult chapter to write. The relationship between Bloom and Stephen has to wax and wane simultaneously; their friendly interaction becomes reciprocal and fruitful in the very process which brings it to an inevitable end. Stephen must respond to Bloom's hospitality and yet, through it, recognize and accept isolation as his destiny. Bloom's dreams of mutually profitable and prolonged intercourse with Stephen must develop while he is gradually being forced to perceive their

[114] Joyce told Harriet Weaver that 'Ithaca . . . is in reality the end' (*Letters* I, 172), and wrote to Robert McAlmon that he found the chapter to be 'of a tranquilising spectrality' (*Letters* I, 176).

[115] *Budgen*, 264.

[116] Cf. the letter to Claud Sykes, where Joyce refers to his 'struggling with the acidities of Ithaca – a mathematico-astronomico-physico-mechanico-geometrico-chemico sublimation of Bloom and Stephen' (*Letters*, I, p. 164).

impossibility, and, in the overwhelming sense of his own insignificance before the vastness of the universe, he must discover that equanimity which destroys in his mind his obsession with Boylan and the other suitors. The chapter must demonstrate that there can be no final solution to problems rooted in the natures of the two men, and, yet, at the same time show them strengthened by their encounter to face these problems and to feel that, having successfully ridden out the storms of this day, they can survive others. The story and structure and techniques of the novel must climax in an anticlimax.

All of these contrasted purposes are fulfilled in a technique which by its coolness suggests the pacification of the emotions. Our attention remains focused on the two men, but they are emotionally distanced. The movements of their lives no longer seem arbitrary, fortuitous or spontaneous; they follow the courses which they are destined to pursue by their natures, and become like 'heavenly bodies' whose wanderings are reduced to the stability and stillness of a pattern.

'Penelope'

The mounting technical complexity, which rises to a crest in 'Circe' and subsides in 'Eumaeus' and 'Ithaca', finally disappears in the long smooth flow of 'Penelope' where not even such familiar devices of written language as punctuation break the surface. The technique now is an apparent abnegation of technique. Although it is the only chapter in which nothing is spoken (even 'Proteus' has the cocklepicker's cry to his dog), the manner is closest of all to ordinary, rambling speech, and hence closer than any other of the interior monologues to the traditional form of soliloquy – all the more so because the circumstances ensure the least possible interruption of the train of thought by external experience. It is still a verbal representation of consciousness rather than a tape recording of an inner voice – this is evident even in such details as the verbalizing of a train's whistle, 'frseeeeeeeefronnnng' or of a dog's bark, 'rrrsssst awokwokawok' – but the distinction is blurred: we have hardly heard Molly speaking, so cannot distinguish her interior monologue from her speech, as we can with Bloom and Stephen; there are no linguistic forms which might not have been plausibly used by Molly speaking aloud to herself; and, besides her Irishisms and the Spanish words picked up in Gibraltar, her monologue is full of turns of speech, idiosyncratic phrases, vulgarisms, malapropisms, sentimental, humorous and abusive expressions, and characteristic rhythms proper to Molly's nature. The chapter is restricted not only to the contents of Molly's mind but also to her resources of expression.

This is the most adventurous of all the novel's techniques – to put the responsibility for bringing the complex work to a satisfying close on a character of whom the reader has had only two brief glimpses and whose intelligence and command of language are seemingly so limited. She has, of course, been a dominant presence in the mind of Bloom all day, her

influence all the more impressive because of her physical absence from the action. Joyce, having in this way built up a formidable image of Molly's force and fascination, now takes the risky step of putting her before the reader in undress, mental and linguistic as well as physical. She has now to display the charms which have captivated Bloom to a reader who, inasmuch as he has learnt to appreciate the husband, is likely to be unsympathetic towards the woman who has enslaved and cuckolded him, and the successful conclusion of the novel will depend largely on her power to project herself as a person of sufficient energy and richness of personality, and liveliness of mind and speech, to play the role of the Penelope who is the goal of Bloom's odyssey.

Joyce was well aware of the importance of this last chapter:

> *Penelope* is the clou of the book. The first sentence contains 2500 words. There are eight sentences in the episode. It begins and ends with the female word *Yes*. It turns like the huge earthball slowly surely and evenly round and round spinning. Its four cardinal points being the female breasts, arse, womb and cunt expressed by the words *because*, *bottom* (in all senses, bottom button, bottom of the glass, bottom of the sea, bottom of his heart) *woman*, *yes*. Though probably more obscene than any preceding episode it seems to me to be perfectly sane full amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging shrewd limited prudent indifferent *Weib*. *Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht*.[117]

While Bloom and Stephen have been traversing Dublin, Molly has spent most of the day in bed; if they have followed their courses like 'heavenly bodies', she, like the earth, has revolved on her axis, and clearly Joyce hoped to suggest this self-centred movement in the manner of the chapter. But the details, like those in the letter about 'Oxen of the Sun', are puzzling. It is true that the chapter begins and ends with 'Yes' and that there are eight 'sentences', and the four listed words do occur very frequently – on a rough count, *because* 44 times, *bottom* 20 times, *woman* 72 times and *yes* 88 times. But although the letter seems to hint at some designed recurrence of these words, I am unable to see any such pattern, apart from a much greater frequency of appearance in the first and last sentences, which, between them, account for half of the occurrences.

One critic has asserted that Joyce's reference to four cardinal points is one of those authorial statements which 'deserve to be disregarded as at best unimportant': 'There is no rendering of form and theme through four "cardinal points", each "expressed" by its own word.'[118] Yet another critic, after a close study of the notesheets, declares, 'There is no more apt description of the technique of *Penelope* than the adjective coined by Joyce on one of the notesheets: "gynomorphic". The form of the episode is shaped by the physical characteristics of the female sex.'[119] The matter is further confused by Stuart Gilbert who discovered or was given a different

[117] *Letters*, I, p. 170.
[118] *Sultan*, 416.
[119] Walton A. Litz, 'Joyce's Notes for the Last Episodes of *Ulysses*', *Modern Fiction Studies* IV (1968), 16.

set of words – 'woman', 'bottom', 'he' and 'man'[120] – which he calls the 'wobbling-points' on which the chapter turns. He says that 'after each of these there is a divagation in [Molly's] thoughts, which, as a general rule, revolve about herself.' He then suggests a detailed analogy between the conduct of the chapter and the ten distinct movements of the earth – revolution, lunar precession, solar precession, solar nutation, lunar nutation, planetary precession, secular motions, annual motions, diurnal motions and variation of latitude. Unfortunately he does not demonstrate the interpretation of these motions in the monologues, beyond a few references to lunar influence tilting Molly's thoughts towards a woman ('symbol of lunar precession'), or to the word 'bottom' marking a deviation towards 'the ruling planet of the moment, her lover Boylan'.[121]

What can one make of Gilbert's account? His list of words omits not only *because*, but *yes*, the most frequently recurring word of Budgen's list and one of the characteristic words of the chapter, and is not associated, as Budgen's is, with the four main female physical characteristics. It is possible that the list given in the letter was merely part of Joyce's original scheme and was revised, but Gilbert's list has the appearance of the first list partially remembered. Did Joyce make a mistake in recalling for Gilbert his four key-words, or did Gilbert make a mistake in recalling what Joyce had told him? As for the ten distinct earth-movements, the analysis seems an attempt by the critic to refine on the image of the spinning earth-ball, and, as far as I can see, bears no relationship to the conduct of the monologue.

We are left with the obscurities of Joyce's letter. How can the word 'because', however frequently it occurs, express breasts? Why should nearly half its appearances occur in the first sentence, while in the remaining sentences its frequency is quite unremarkable, except for two where it does not occur at all?[122] The 20 appearances of 'bottom', too, are not very striking in the course of reading the long chapter, although statistically the frequency is extraordinary since the word occurs only 6 times in the whole of the rest of the book. The evidence of the initial and closing 'yes', of the frequency of the listed words (especially in the first and last sentences as though Joyce were trying to establish them in the reader's unconscious) and of the division into eight sentences confirms that Joyce was not fooling in his letter to Budgen, but it is difficult to perceive what he had in mind and how he expected his scheme to function.

[120] Further confusion is added by Herbert Gorman, also the recipient of inside information, who says 'there are four key words that serve, so to speak, as foci about which circle the thoughts of the reclining woman, "he", "bottom", "women" and, the last (an affirmation of life), "yes" ' (*Gorman*, p. 278). A Walton Litz (*James Joyce*, Twayne Publishers, N.Y.: 1966: p. 84), without explanation, gives yet another list of words which 'provide the pivots for the episode: these are "he", "bottom", "because" and "Yes".' Thus, in the four lists, the only word included in all is the one which occurs least often in the chapter – "bottom". As the Budgen list is in Joyce's own letter, it seems the safest choice.

[121] *Gilbert*, 387–8.

[122] A note in the notesheets, 'Incipit – Because', suggests that Joyce may have originally intended to start the chapter with this word (*Notesheets*, Penelope 4:5, p. 502).

My guess is (and it is no more than a guess) that the four key-words were not intended as equivalents for the distinguishing physical characteristics of women, but were related to what Joyce took to be the four dominant characteristics of the female mind, analogous to the four anatomical differentiations. Thus, if the female mind characteristically depends not on reason but on intuition, located figuratively in the breast rather than the head, then this feminine intuition may be regarded as the mental equivalent of the physical breasts and may be linguistically represented by the use of the word 'because' to introduce a non-logical hunch rather than a rational cause.[123] The first page of Molly's soliloquy has three such uses:

> Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs . . .
> . . . I suppose she was pious because no man would look at her twice . . .
> . . . shes as much a nun as Im not yes because theyre so weak and puling when theyre sick . . . (*U* 698/871–2)

There is no logic about any of these observations; Molly depends on intuition instead of reasoning, and perhaps it was this feminine characteristic which Joyce hoped to suggest by the repeated irrational use of 'because'. The female quality symbolized or expressed by 'bottom' has been sufficiently identified in 'Ithaca' in the passage describing Bloom's satisfaction at the proximity of Molly's 'adipose posterior female hemispheres, redolent of milk and honey and of excretory sanguine and seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude, insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarieties of expression, expressive of mute immutable mature animality' (*U* 695/867). That this passage was related to 'Penelope' in Joyce's mind is confirmed by Molly's reference to 'a womans bottom . . . where we havent 1 atom of any kind of expression in us all of us the same', and by Joyce's letter to Sykes where he speaks of preparing for 'the final amplitudinously curvilinear episode Penelope'.[124] Presumably 'woman' (related to the physical womb) expressed for Joyce, amongst other things, the maternal instinct, the *Amor matris* which distresses Stephen, the motherliness celebrated in 'Oxen of the Sun', and, as Molly says, unknown to men: 'they dont know what it is to be a woman and a mother.' The significance of 'the female word *Yes*' is pointed to by the German sentence '*Ich bin das Fleisch das stets bejaht*' – there are no English verbs which retain the forms of 'Yes' and 'No' as do the German *bejaht* and *verneint*. Joyce seems to identify the feminine nature with acceptance, submissiveness, even passivity: on the sexual level (hence the equivalence to 'cunt') a, constant, but not acute concupiscence resident in a bodily and mental female organism, passive but not obtuse' (*U* 693/864); on the spiritual level the instinct about which the priest had reassured Gerty MacDowell, 'because that was only the voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in this life and that that was no sin because that

[123] There may be some slight support for this guess in the note, 'L.B. She clasped him to her bosoms (intellects)' (*Notesheets*, Cyclops 5:7, p. 100).

[124] *Letters* I, 164.

came from the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word' (*U* 342/466–7).

So far I have merely been speculating as to what Joyce might have had in mind when writing the letter to Budgen – a female mental anatomy where feminine intuition, 'mature animality', maternal feelings and readiness to accept whatever or whoever comes along correspond to the four distinguishing features of the female physical anatomy. The question remains whether such a scheme is traceable in the finished chapter, and more particularly whether the key-words are, in any way, operative. Although it is not demonstrable, I find it easy to believe that the recurring 'yeses' help to induce an apprehension of some general accepting, assenting quality in Molly's nature, especially manifested in her sexual responses. Similarly, though even less certainly, the repeated non-logical use of 'because' may help to suggest Molly's dependence on intuition rather than reason, especially when the word draws attention to itself by its frequency:

> . . . her face a mass of wrinkles with all her religion domineering because she never could get over the Atlantic fleet coming in half the ships of the world and the Union Jack flying with all her carabineros because 4 drunken English sailors took all the rock from them and because I didnt run into mass often enough in Santa Maria to please her. . . . (*U* 718–19/900)

I have already indicated some of the animality associated with 'bottom' by Molly's unconscious echo of the passage in 'Ithaca', and there are other animal associations, though it is an aspect of her nature (and of her body) of which Molly tends not to approve: she may have animal instincts but she is, and likes to picture herself as, a romantic. She disapproves of her husband's kissing her bottom, and resents Boylan's having slapped her there:

> . . . I didnt like his slapping me behind going away so familiarly in the hall though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass am I. . . . (*U* 701/876)

> no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom because I didn't call him Hugh the ignoramus that doesnt know poetry from a cabbage thats what you get for not keeping them in their proper place . . . of course hes right enough in his way to pass the time as a joke sure you might as well be in bed with what with a lion God Im sure hed have something better to say for himself an old Lion would O well I suppose its because they were so plump and tempting in my short petticoat he couldnt resist. . . . (*U* 735–6/923–4)

Both passages suggest something animal about attention to the bottom, and it seems possible that, in writing the chapter, Joyce allowed 'behind' sometimes to substitute for 'bottom'. The double key-word would then occur about as frequently as 'because', and provide further links to animality:

> . . . better for him put it into me from behind the way Mrs Mastiansky told me her husband made her like the dogs do it. . . . (*U* 709/887)

> . . . we came together when I was watching the two dogs up in her behind in the middle of the naked street. . . . (*U* 737/926)

The ideas associated with the word 'woman' are more complex. The maternal instinct, for Joyce, is something deeper and more far-reaching than motherliness; it involves the whole conception of the woman as a gentle, suffering, healing creature, the source of creativity and beauty, yet not sufficiently appreciated by ungrateful and destructive man. Even the function of motherhood, though a source of pride, can also be resented as an imposition:

> . . . nice invention they made for women for him to get all the pleasure but if someone gave them a touch of it themselves theyd know what I went through with Milly nobody would believe cutting her teeth too . . . (*U* 702/877)

Menstruation is another aspect of woman's maternal role that Molly resents as unfair:

> . . . whoever suggested that business for women what between clothes and cooking and children. . . . (*U* 729/914)

All the other maternal qualities are similarly reason for as much resentment as pride:

> . . . they want a woman to get well if his nose bleeds youd think it was O tragic . . . but if it was a thing I was sick then wed see what attention only of course the woman hides it not to give all the trouble they do. . . . (*U* 698–9/872)

In their love-making men often seem like greedy babies,

> . . . an hour he was at them Im sure by the clock like some kind of a big infant I had at me they want everything in their mouth all the pleasure those men get out of a woman. . . . (*U* 714/893);

and, as rulers of the earth, they are like wild and irresponsible children:

> . . . I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it you wouldnt see women going and killing one another and slaughtering when do you ever see women rolling around drunk like they do or gambling every penny they have and losing it on horses yes because a woman whatever she does she knows where to stop. . . . (*U* 737/926)

As with the other central mother-figure in the book, Mrs Dedalus, Molly's maternal feelings contain as much reproach as affection. Women, she thinks, besides being more sensible and prudent than men, are also more sensitive ('a woman is so sensitive about every thing') and more beautiful ('the woman is beauty of course thats admitted'), but they are the oppressed and underprivileged sex, burdened by nature and deprived in their social and personal relationships. Molly is no more consistent about this than about any other subject – in one place she will ridicule men's physical appearance and in another enthuse about the bodies of the young bathers 'standing up in the sun naked like a God or something' – but, in general,

she asserts the physical and moral superiority of women, and, even in her most outspoken attack on the behaviour of her own sex, explains it as due to all that women have to put up with:

> . . . I hate that in women no wonder they treat us the way they do we are a dreadful lot of bitches I suppose its all the troubles we have makes us so snappy Im not like that. . . . (*U* 738/927)

These maternal qualities, always associated with the word 'woman' and corresponding to the physical womb, are not those of benign and uncomplaining motherliness, but rather a confused medley of feelings and attitudes stemming from the woman's childbearing role – womanliness.

This explanation of the scheme obscurely referred to in the letter to Budgen is tentative, and does little to justify the claim that the form of the chapter is 'gynomorphic', but, on the other hand, it may suggest that Joyce's hints cannot be dismissed 'as at best unimportant'. The four mental characteristics I have described were regarded by Joyce as specifically feminine, and demonstrably exert powerful influences on the slow rotation of Molly's mind. Moreover, my impression is that the repeated key-words do, in various degrees, affect the reader's unconscious apprehension of Molly's nature, and I doubt whether Joyce would have expected more from their use. Explicit statements about techniques inevitably make them seem more rigid and mechanical than they are in practice. Some scheme of the 'cardinal points' of the female consciousness would have helped Joyce to control the interior monologue without too severely restricting its tendency to digress, and the repeated key-words would have served as a verbal representation of the persistence of these dominant and shaping characteristics as Molly's soliloquy proceeded on its apparently fortuitous course.

There are, of course, other shaping devices in the monologue – notably, what Joyce calls its 'eight sentences'. These are so elaborated with digressions and so linked by cross-reference, that their separate characteristics are not at once obvious. Yet each has its own tenuous but more or less coherent and developing area of concern, perhaps most easily illustrated from the *first sentence*, where Molly's surprise at Bloom's request for breakfast in bed gives rise to guessing about the causes of his behaviour, and then to a reassuring conviction that she is still in control:

> Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs . . . yes he came somewhere Im sure by his appetite anyway love its not or hed be off his feed thinking of her so either it was one of those night women . . . or else if its not that its some little bitch or other he got in with somewhere or picked up on the sly . . . because all men get a bit like that at his age . . . not that I care two straws who he does it with or knew before that way though Id like to find out . . . I woman is not enough for them . . . yes because he couldnt possibly do without it that long so he must do it somewhere . . . theyre lost for a woman of course . . . I suppose it was meeting Josie Powell and the funeral and thinking about me and Boylan set him off . . . I know they were spooning a bit when I came on the scene . . . I could quite easily get him to make it up any time I know how Id even

> supposing he got in with her again . . . I know plenty of ways . . . I kiss then would send them all spinning . . . Id rather die 20 times over than marry another of their sex of course hed never find another woman like me to put up with him the way I do know me come sleep with me yes and he knows that too at the bottom of his heart. . . . (*U*698–704/871–80)

The isolation of this strand in the first long sentence emphasizes the complexity of Molly's feelings: she has plainly been discomfited by her husband's unexpected request, and, despite the declaration that she doesn't care what he is up to, her anger against Mary the maid and other possible rivals, and her need to reassure herself that she can always get Bloom back, show that she is more concerned than she is prepared to admit, even to herself.

In the *second sentence*, concern about her husband is replaced by concern about the impression she has made on Boylan, a development of the earlier passing thought, 'I wonder was he satisfied with me.' She needs to please, and she desires to please Boylan not from love but, primarily, in the hope that he will reward her with the gifts her husband fails to supply:

> . . . well he could buy me a nice present up in Belfast after what I gave . . . he has plenty of money and hes not a marrying man so somebody better get it out of him if I could find out whether he likes me. . . . (*U* 709/886–7)

Molly's nature is liberal and extravagant; she is irritated by her husband's carefulness with money, which, she feels, lowers her in the eyes of others. The nature of Boylan's appeal is clear ('hes certainly welloff'), as is the essence of Bloom's inadequacy as a provider:

> . . . he ought to chuck that Freeman with the paltry few shillings he knocks out of it and go into an office or something where hed get regular pay . . . of course he prefers plottering about the house so you cant stir with him any side . . . or pretending to be mooching about for advertisements when he could have been in Mr Cuffes still only for what he did then sending me to try and patch it up I could have got him promoted there to be the manager . . . (*U* 712/890–91)

Her conviction that Bloom could have been manager derives from her having noticed Mr Cuffe looking very hard at her chest: her sexual charms are Molly's only way of getting more money than Bloom provides. Again the shaping of the sentence is a means by which Joyce reveals something about Molly's motivation underlying the elaborations and particularities of her monologue.

The memory of Mr Cuffe's stare draws her attention to her breasts, and the motif of the *third sentence* is the thought of Boylan's prolonged and passionate attentions to them, culminating in her repeated orgasms. Yet, even here, her feelings about the man who has just been her lover are complicated: admiring her breasts, she thinks that 'theyre supposed to represent beauty':

> . . . are they so beautiful of course compared with what a man looks like with his two bags full and his other thing hanging down out of him or sticking up at you like a hatrack no wonder they hide it with a cabbageleaf . . . (*U* 713/892)

Despite her own sexual excitement, she seems more impressed by 'all the pleasure those men get out of a woman', and her desire is certainly not directed specifically to Boylan: 'I wished he was here or somebody to let myself go with.' His coarseness seems at once to stimulate and repel her – 'you want to feel your way with a man theyre not all like him thank God some of them want you to be so nice about it I noticed the contrast he does it and doesnt talk'. She can't wait until Monday when Boylan will return, yet thinks of him as 'the savage brute'.

Up to this point, we have been shown little of what lies behind Molly's acceptance of Boylan, apart from his wealth and her impersonal lust. The *fourth sentence* goes deeper into her nature, suggesting her boredom with the monotony of her life, her fear of growing old, her need for a lover to occupy her mind. The heat becomes an image of a stifling existence, whether in Gibraltar or Dublin. She recalls how 'stifling it was today' and Bloom's litter 'making the place hotter than it is', and she remembers the greater heat in Gibraltar. The memory of her Gibraltar friends reminds her of the passage of time:

> . . . what became of them ever I suppose theyre dead long ago the 2 of them its like all through a mist makes you feel so old. . . . (*U* 715/895)

In Gibraltar, too, after the Stanhopes had left, she had been bored to desperation, and her situation now is much the same, 'with the hands hanging off me looking out of the window.' The young men whose interest she would have welcomed were too stupid to notice, and her days are dreary:

> . . . the coalmans bell that noisy bugger trying to swindle me with the wrong bill he took out of his hat what a pair of paws and pots and pans and kettles to mend any broken bottles for a poor man today and no visitors or post ever except his cheques or some advertisement. . . . (*U* 717/898)

She hopes for a longer letter from Boylan, 'if its a thing he really likes me', and congratulates herself that he offers some excitement in the monotony:

> . . . O thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me youve no chances at all in this place like you used long ago. . . . (*U* 718/899)

She needs to be told that she is loved (and Boylan's letter was a disappointment in this respect), even if it is not true:

> . . . silly women believe love is sighing I am dying still if he wrote it I suppose thered be some truth in it true or no it fills up your whole day and life always something to think about every moment and see it all around you like a new world . . . my goodness theres nothing else its all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as youre old they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ashpit. (*U* 718/899–900)

This sentence puts Molly in a more sympathetic light. She is a vital and lively woman, who is, not unnaturally, bored, and like Emma Bovary, her need is for some romantic relationship to fill her mind and her days. Plainly

her husband is not suitable for the purpose, and it is her misfortune to have found a lover who is coarse rather than romantic and cannot even write a decent love-letter.

This brings to mind her first love-letter, from Mulvey; and the brief encounter which followed provides most of the subject-matter of the *fifth sentence*. This was Molly's first affair – for her it is romance – and she looks back to it with tenderness, recalling her girlish excitement and impatience. Everything was romantic – a first kiss, spring, a meeting in 'a wild place', the sea, the sky, his blushes: 'but it was too short'; he promised to return, she thought of him 'for weeks and weeks', and even now it seems like yesterday; she sings to herself the opening words of *Love's Old Sweet Song*: 'once in the dear deaead days beyond recall.' But this is only half the remembered story: Molly doesn't merely sentimentalize over girlhood; there was innocence, and romance, and naivety, and love of fun, but they coexisted with instinctive, developing and experimental sexuality, and the blend of simplicity and knowingness is exactly rendered. It is surprising and pathetic to recognize that this romance, so vivid in Molly's mind that it seems 'just like yesterday', has left her without certain memory of her lover's Christian name, his naval rank or even his appearance. But the emotions were real enough at the time and remain real to Molly:[125] the mixture of sentiment and sexuality survived even the parting, when Molly, 'for weeks and weeks', kept beneath her pillow the handkerchief in which she had caught her lover's semen 'for the smell of him'. There is certainly not in Molly's mind (nor, I think, in Joyce's) any intention to mock the romance of the girl's affair by recognizing her budding sexuality; but it is equally certain that the latter part of this fifth sentence dwells on the incongruity between Molly's image of herself as a great lover and her commonplace nature. The memory of Mulvey is sentimentally symbolized by *Love's Old Sweet Song*, at first with sadness, then with scorn for other female singers whom Molly regards as her rivals but who, she feels, lack the experience to sing that song as it should be sung:

> . . . theyd die down dead off their feet if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officers arm like me on the bandnight my eyes flash my bust that they havent passion God help their poor head I knew more about men and life when I was 15 than theyll all know at 50 they dont know how to sing a song like that . . . let them get a husband first thats fit to be looked at and a daughter like mine or see if they can excite a swell with money that can pick and choose whoever he wants like Boylan to do it 4 or 5 times locked in each others arms or the voice either I could have been a prima donna only I married him comes looooves old deep down chin back not too much make it double . . . (*U* 722/905)

In her eagerness to emphasize her superior qualifications to sing *Love's Old Sweet Song*, Molly speaks well of her husband's appearance, while Boylan

[125] It was presumably with reference to Molly's affair with Mulvey that Joyce wrote in his notesheets, '1st passion loves lover after loves love' (*Notesheets*, Penelope, 1:30, p. 491).

is distinguished only by being a swell and having money; but the range of feminine experience is complete – virgin, wife, mother and whore. Now her romantic superiority has to be sustained by display ('Ill change that lace on my black dress to show off my bubs and Ill yes by God Ill get that big fan mended make them burst with envy'), while her inner rendering of *Love's Old Sweet Song*, like her husband's patriotic recall of the last words of Robert Emmet, is concluded with a release of wind:

> . . . I feel some wind in me better go easy not wake him . . . I wish hed sleep in some bed by himself with his cold feet on me give us room even to let a fart God or do the least thing better yes hold them like that a bit on my side piano quietly sweeeee theres that train far away pianissimo eeeeeeee one more song. (*U* 722–3/906)

Molly has returned from her dream of romance to the reality of her body and a shared bed.

Despite the relief of having given vent to her wind and her romantic memories, Molly suddenly becomes uneasy as, in the *sixth sentence*, her mind returns to more immediate things. Was there anything wrong with the pork-chop she has eaten? Is the night-lamp smoking? She has always been nervous about the gas being left on all night: 'why am I so damned nervous about that though I like it in the winter its more company.' Whatever the reason, she thinks 'Goodbye to my sleep for this night anyhow.' Her unsettled state derives chiefly from her husband's late arrival home (which she exaggerates) and his asking for breakfast in bed (which she also exaggerates):

> . . . I hope hes not going to get in with those medicals leading him astray to imagine hes young again coming in at 4 in the morning it must be if not more . . . then he starts giving us his orders for eggs and tea Findon haddy and hot buttered toast I suppose well have him sitting up like the king of the country . . . (*U* 723/906–7)

Until now, Molly's objections to Bloom's lateness and his 'orders' have seemed to be resentment of the implied challenge to her domination. But she also enjoys his familiar presence ('I love to hear him falling up the stairs of a morning with the cups rattling on the tray'), and feels insecure by herself:

> . . . besides I dont like being alone in this big barracks of a place at night I suppose Ill have to put up with it . . . (*U* 725/908)

She will have to put up with it because she knows that she can hardly continue her affair with Boylan and at the same time insist on Bloom being at home with her, and the main content of this sentence is the series of dilemmas in which she is involved by her affair. She remembers Bloom's promises before marriage and complains of their non-fulfilment:

> . . . whatever I liked he was going to do immediately if not sooner will you be my man will you carry my can he ought to get a leather medal with a putty rim for all the plans he invents then leaving us here all day you never know what old beggar at the door for a crust with his long story might be a tramp

> and put his foot in the way to prevent me shutting it like that picture of that hardened criminal he was called in Lloyds Weekly News. . . . (*U* 725/909)

It does not seem to occur to Molly that if Bloom had not left her all day the session with Boylan would not have been possible, but her fear of being alone is real enough:

> . . . I couldnt rest easy till I bolted all the doors and windows to make sure but its worse again being locked up like in a prison or a madhouse. . . . (*U* 725/909)

That figuratively expresses her dilemma – she wants the security of her home and husband but hates the consequent restriction of her freedom. Milly is a similar problem: she may not have been much help in the house, was beginning to flirt with the boys, critical of her mother, and sometimes impudent, but she was company, and Molly is in two minds about her absence from home. Again, the basic problem is Boylan. Molly recognizes how difficult it would have been to carry on her affair with Milly about the place, yet without her feels unsafe. She would like to blame Bloom – 'its his fault of course having the two of us slaving here instead of getting in a woman long ago am I ever going to have a proper servant again' – but perceives that a servant would create new problems – 'of course then shed see him coming Id have to let her know or shed revenge it arent they a nuisance.' This sentence is more than usually full of Molly's self-contradictions, and this time they are not casual inconsistencies but express real dilemmas:

> . . . every day I get up theres some new thing on sweet God sweet God well when Im stretched out dead in my grave I suppose Ill have some peace . . . (*U* 728/913)

When Molly is in this mood of weary self-pity, her menstruation begins, the last straw:

> . . . wait O Jesus wait yes that thing has come on me yes now wouldnt that afflict you. . . . (*U* 728/913)

There is no doubt in Molly's mind that Boylan's 'poking and rooting and ploughing' are responsible for the early onset of the period, and it is Boylan's Monday visit which is threatened. Although it seems to her almost evidence against Boylan's virility ('anyhow he didnt make me pregnant as big as he is'), Molly goes on to think about his love-making, but the general cast of the sentence has been about the problems and difficulties of being a woman, and the complications added by the affair with Boylan. The memory of Mulvey has already slightly diminished the glamour of her new and coarser lover, and now she has begun to perceive that her involvement, though it may bring some needed excitement into her life, will have to be paid for in stress, in loneliness, and in some loss of her marital authority. She is not yet ready to turn away from Boylan, but, from the middle-point of her nocturnal soliloquy, the curve of his attraction for her is beginning to bend downwards.

Correspondingly, though not obviously, Molly's attitude towards her husband begins to change character in the *seventh sentence*. The early onset of menstruation makes her wonder whether there may be something wrong with her 'insides', and this recalls an occasion, before her marriage, when she had had to visit a doctor because of a vaginal discharge – caused, she believes, by the frequent masturbation induced by Bloom's 'mad crazy letters', extolling her 'glorious Body' and all its products: 'he had me always at myself 4 or 5 times a day sometimes.' This is in complete contrast to Boylan's disappointing letter and the first clear reference to the sexual attraction that Bloom once had for Molly, love at first sight:

> . . . it was he excited me I dont know how the first night ever we met when I was living in Rehoboth terrace we stood staring at one another for about 10 minutes as if we met somewhere. . . . (*U* 730/916)

She remembers, too, being amused by his remarks and impressed by his political talk. She laughed then and continues to laugh at his peculiarities, in particular his sleeping upside-down in bed with his feet near her face, but, looking at his calm sleep, sees it as further evidence that he has been sexually satisfied:

> . . . hes sleeping hard had a good time somewhere still she must have given him great value for his money of course he has to pay for it from her. . . . (*U* 731/917)

In this thought there are three suggestions which will be developed later: first, a dislike of the idea of Bloom spending his money on other women; second, the unconscious implication that, if Bloom's deep sleep is a sign of satisfaction, her own sleeplessness may indicate something not wholly satisfying in her sexual encounter with Boylan; and, third, a curious jealousy of her husband, which develops to the point where her own adultery is brushed aside as unimportant, while he seems to be the one who has been having 'a good time' and who needs to be watched and made to toe the line. She is still bothered by their lack of social and financial stability ('God here we are as bad as ever after 16 years'), their constant shifting from house to house, and Bloom's inability to keep a job, but she is more immediately troubled by the lateness of his arrival home and, for the first time, decides, as any injured wife might, to take corrective action: 'Ill knock him off that little habit tomorrow.' Forgetting or dismissing her own unfaithfulness, she plans to seek evidence of his:

> . . . first Ill look at his shirt to see or Ill see if he has that French letter still in his pocketbook I suppose he thinks I dont know deceitful men all their 20 pockets arent enough for their lies then why should we tell them even if its the truth they dont believe you. . . . (*U* 732/918)

Even in her first sentence Molly has betrayed more concern about her husband's activities than she can admit to; but now the concern is evident. The more she thinks of him as the deceiver and herself as the deceived, the more important and even desirable he becomes in her mind. His request for breakfast in bed only adds to the picture of the wronged wife and the

tyrannical husband: 'then tea and toast for him buttered on both sides and newlaid eggs I suppose I'm nothing any more.' She recalls an occasion when she had at first resisted and then submitted to her husband's sexual desires, but even this memory increases her image of herself as a victim ('he does it all wrong too thinking only of his own pleasure') and leads her back to speculations about Bloom's new woman: 'yes its some little bitch hes got in with . . . and thats the way his money goes.' Suddenly she thinks of Bloom's Dublin companions and, in doing so, recognizes his comparative merits as a husband and a father:

> . . . theyre a nice lot all of them well theyre not going to get my husband again into their clutches if I can help it making fun of him then behind his back I know well when he goes on with his idiotics because he has sense enough not to squander every penny piece he earns down their gullets and looks after his wife and family goodfornothings. . . . (*U* 733/920)

Here the change of attitude is marked: Bloom becomes 'my husband', superior to other Dublin husbands, and Molly is now occupied with thoughts, not of how to maintain her affair with Boylan, but of how to keep her husband out of bad company. What next occurs to her results in a further supplanting of Boylan in her mind. Thoughts of Bloom's drinking companions lead naturally to Simon Dedalus ('always turning up half screwed singing the second verse first') and then to Stephen whom her husband has brought home with him and to whom he has shown her picture. Molly may well wonder what her husband is 'driving at': besides showing Stephen her photograph, Bloom has praised her talents as a singer and her 'opulent curves', while, in telling his wife of his day's adventures, 'the salient point of his narration' has been 'Stephen Dedalus, professor and author'. In fact, Bloom has conceived the extraordinary idea of using Stephen as a means of dispelling Boylan's influence; the two advantages for Molly which he had hoped might result from Stephen's residence in the house were 'disintegration of obsession, acquisition of correct Italian pronunciation' (*U* 656/815). As Molly was right about her husband when she had earlier thought of 'the way he plots and plans everything out', so Bloom is proved right in foreseeing how Stephen's youth, intelligence and poetry would appeal to Molly. She soon persuades herself that it was Stephen, not Boylan, whose coming the cards had foretold, and a few calculations re-assure her about the difference in age ('Im not too old for him if hes 23 or 24'). But because Molly is a romantic rather than a sensualist, she is most fascinated by the idea of being the muse and mistress of a poet. 'Besides hes young': whereas thoughts of Boylan had earlier led to a ridiculing description of man's naked body, thoughts of Stephen's youth recall the memory of the fine bodies of the young men she had seen bathing: 'why arent all men like that thered be some consolation for a woman.' Before, she had thought 'the woman is beauty of course'; now, she thinks of the statue of the naked Narcissus – 'theres real beauty and poetry for you.' The sentence concludes with her vision of a distinguished future:

> . . . Ill read and study all I can find or learn a bit off by heart if I knew who he likes so he wont think me stupid if he thinks all women are the same and I can teach him the other part Ill make him feel all over him till he half faints under me then hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2 photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous O but then what am I going to do about him though . . . (*U* 735/923)

The beginning of the next sentence makes it clear that the fly in the ointment is not Bloom, but Boylan. Bloom's scheme has worked just as he had hoped. His late arrival home and his evident self-satisfaction have troubled Molly to the point where, as a husband at least, he seems worth striving to keep, and in Stephen he has found a figure to attract Molly's dreams and desires away from Boylan. (His ultimate scheme is for a union between Stephen and Milly – 'Because the way to daughter led through mother, the way to mother through daughter' (*U* 656/815) – but this is merely an eventual possibility.)

By the beginning of the *eighth sentence*, Boylan's image has been comprehensively defeated: compared with her idealization of Stephen, Boylan has 'no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature', 'doesnt know poetry from a cabbage', and has no more conversation than 'an old Lion'; he is dismissed from any important position in her mind. It is the way Joyce presents the expulsion of the usurper. There is no sudden and implausible shift from obsession with a lover to a renewed passion for the husband: the struggle is not immediately for Molly's love, but for occupation of her mind. In her last 'sentence', Bloom comes to dominate her memories of the past and her plans for the future, but not by any process of wifely forgiveness or idealization. On the contrary, all his deficiencies, referred to in earlier sentences, are remembered, but, instead of being reasons for turning away from him, they now motivate Molly's decision to reclaim her erring husband: his faults, real or supposed, are as important in restoring his hold on Molly's mind as his virtues. The concern implicit in the first sentence has developed to the point where Molly sees herself as the injured party and her own adultery as of little consequence. There is a clear suggestion that, if only Bloom offered more embracings and demonstrations of love, she would feel no compulsion to seek satisfaction elsewhere:

> . . . what else were we given all those desires for Id like to know I cant help it if Im young still can I its a wonder Im not an old shrivelled hag before my time living with him so cold never embracing me except sometimes when hes asleep the wrong end of me not knowing I suppose who he has . . . what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas but me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isnt there. . . . (*U* 736/925)

Men's dependence on women and, in particular, on their mothers brings Stephen again to mind (it is because he has no mother that he is 'running wild'), but her thoughts of him are now more maternal than amorous and

link him (as he has been linked in her husband's mind) with her dead son, Rudy:

> . . . well its a poor case that those that have a fine son like that theyre not satisfied and I none was he not able to make one it wasnt my fault. . . . (*U* 737/926)

It was the death of Rudy which 'disheartened' her ('I knew well Id never have another'), and damaged her relationship with her husband ('we were never the same since'), and, although she puts it out of her mind ('O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more'), the memory plainly modifies her attitude towards Stephen. She sees herself less as a poet's mistress than as a substitute mother:

> . . . I wonder why he wouldnt stay the night . . . instead of roving around the city meeting God knows who nightwalkers and pickpockets his poor mother wouldnt like that if she was alive ruining himself for life perhaps. . . . (*U* 738/927)

Significantly, whereas earlier she had tended to exaggerate Stephen's age in order to convince herself that he was old enough to be her lover, she now underestimates it in order to feel motherly towards him:

> . . . he could easy have slept in there on the sofa in the other room I suppose he was as shy as a boy he being so young hardly 20 of me in the next room. . . . (*U* 738/927)

Her concern and sympathy for Stephen (reminiscent of her husband's) leads to a revision of her earlier determination not to get breakfast:

> . . . what a pity he didnt stay Im sure the poor fellow was dead tired and wanted a good sleep badly I could have brought him in his breakfast in bed with a bit of toast. . . . (*U* 738/928)

It would be 'great fun', she thinks, if Stephen stayed with them – it could all be easily arranged – and she anticipates with pleasure 'a long talk with an intelligent welleducated person'. But these plans obviously involve some improvement in her relations with her husband – he must be allowed to redeem himself: 'Ill just give him one more chance.' This is Molly's way of putting it, but, in fact, she is prepared to go to some lengths to recapture him. In the first place, she resolves to get up early and get him his breakfast; she will even let him have her 'nice cream'. In the second place, she will deliberately arouse his sexual interest in her:

> . . . I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a bit now and then mi fa pietà Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son più forte Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him. . . . (*U* 739/929)

Don Giovanni Boylan is being replaced by Masetto Bloom, and she even contemplates letting him know of her adultery – after all, it is of no account and Bloom's own fault:

> . . . its all his own fault if I am an adultress as the thing in the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears God knows its not much doesnt everybody only they hide it I suppose thats what a woman is supposed to be there for or He wouldnt have made us the way He did so attractive to men. . . . (*U* 739/929)

Molly's attitude towards adultery is now approaching her husband's equanimity: he had regarded it as of little importance in the scales of human wrongdoing or universal disaster; for her it is merely part of the order of nature ordained by God. Then, if Bloom wants to indulge his odd sexual tastes, she will let him, and use the occasion to get money from him. Previously it had been Boylan from whom she expected to get gifts and money; her demands from her husband will be more modest:

> . . . then Ill tell him I want £1 or perhaps 30/ Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women do. . . . (*U*740/929–30)

That will deal with her fear of his wasting his money on other women, and, by similar methods, she can appease her curiosity about his activities and her worry that he is losing interest in her:

> . . . Ill do the indifferent 1 or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like that he cant keep a thing back I know every turn in him . . . Ill be quite gay and friendly over it . . . then Ill go out Ill have him eyeing up at the ceiling where is she gone now make him want me thats the only way. . . . (*U* 740/930)

With all her problems theoretically solved, Molly tries to settle herself to sleep so that she can rise early. The thought of the next day and of Stephen's possible return turns her mind to preparations – dusting, cleaning the piano, buying some cakes and flowers – and flowers introduce the rhapsody about the beauty of nature: 'God of heaven theres nothing like nature.' This is Molly's affirmation of the goodness of the world and of life as God created it; she has no time for atheists, among whom she would number Bloom, but what redeems her husband is that he understands the poetry of her womanhood:

> . . . they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes . . . after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes. . . . (*U* 741/931–2)

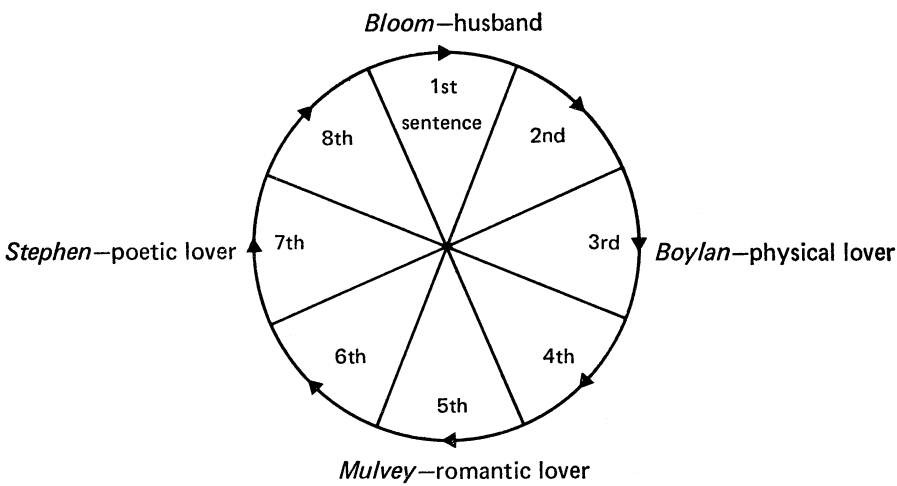
She had delayed answering while memories of Mulvey and Gibraltar ran through her head:

> . . . Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and

> how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes. (*U* 742/932–3)

Bloom has already driven out the image of Boylan: here he absorbs both Stephen and Mulvey. He may not be a poet but his amorous words were exactly of the kind to which the poetic strain in Molly could respond, while the memory of the first kiss becomes part of the kiss with which Molly accepted him. The indifference of 'as well him as another' is belied by the breathless excitement of the language; for Molly, as for Bloom, the episode on Howth was the most intense experience of poetry, of romance, of sexual excitement, of mutual understanding – in short, of love. All the emotions she has hoped to find elsewhere were united in her on that afternoon and are now relived in her mind. There is no reason to suppose that this marks the end of Molly's and Bloom's marital difficulties. What is suggested is that, just as in 'Ithaca' Bloom was imaged as a heavenly body inevitably drawn back to its orbital starting-point, Molly's thoughts are cyclical, and, for all their turnings and aberrations, will repeatedly come back to the husband who excites her indignation, curiosity, and jealous affection.

Unless the characteristic gist of each of the eight sentences is recognized, this intricately organized novel appears to finish in a formless drift instead of a movement 'slowly surely and evenly round and round spinning'. Joyce seems to have designed the soliloquy on a roughly circular scheme, with the eight sentences corresponding to the eight chief compass-bearings, and Bloom, Boylan, Mulvey and Stephen standing at North, East, South and West.



The diagram is simplifying – for instance, Mulvey is most prominent at the beginning of the fifth sentence, and Stephen at the end of the seventh sentence – but the details do not matter. The design of the chapter is a

cyclic movement from Bloom and to Bloom, with the difference that, in the return, he combines the qualities of physical, romantic and poetic lovers within the familiar shape of husband.

Certain recurring features of content and manner help the reader to track the course of Molly's slowly changing attitudes. On the one hand, there are such topics as Bloom's request for breakfast, which sets the soliloquy in motion, recurs many times, and marks the concluding phase when Molly, after varying reactions of surprise, indignation and contempt, reconciles herself to satisfying her husband.[126] On the other hand, there are the frequent references to the songs which symbolize and articulate Molly's moods and desires. When she expresses her anticipation of some escape from monotony in the words of the song, *Waiting* ('Waiting always waiting to guiiiide him toooo me'), the reader is reminded that this was the song she was singing when Bloom first met her: *Love's Old Sweet Song*, which she has been singing with Boylan that afternoon, is nevertheless associated not with him but with Mulvey, her romantic lover 'in the dear dead days beyond recall'; *In Old Madrid*, linked to thoughts of Boylan and Stephen, and *Shall I Wear a White Rose?*, expressive of her preparations to receive Mulvey and Stephen, are both echoed and absorbed into the closing re-enactment of her acceptance of Bloom. Other recurrences, especially the frequent inconsistencies and contradictions, help trace the fluctuations of Molly's moods.

The problems Joyce faced in the composition of his last chapter were many and crucial. The central action of the novel was completed with Bloom's falling asleep, yet it left much unanswered. Bloom may have mastered his own troublesome emotions, but what of his relationship with Molly? There have been only two glimpses of her, and, although her presence in the background has been massive, such knowledge of her as has been supplied is certainly unreliable and possibly distorted. For all the reader knows, Bloom's jealousy may have converted an innocent singing-practice (whatever other hopes Boylan may have had) or a harmless flirtation into an adulterous appointment. In any case, the successful completion of Bloom's odyssey depends on his regaining his Penelope. The Homeric analogue required a symbolic destruction of the suitors. Violence is alien to Bloom's nature and principles, and, as Joyce told Frank Budgen, the final slaughter had once seemed to him 'un-Ulyssean'.[127] Bloom's essential concern is not with the presence of a usurper in his house or bed, but with the usurper's occupation of Molly's mind; his aim is 'disintegration of obsession'. Only in her mind could Boylan be defeated and the husband's image reinstated. The catastrophe has to be enacted in some representation of Molly's thoughts. Stephen's comradeship is a psychological weapon: it is not Stephen himself nor Stephen's poetry which

[126] Stanley Sultan carefully traces the fluctuations in Molly's response to the request for breakfast in bed, and says that it is 'both the principal manifestation of Bloom's attempt to win Molly back and the principal issue in the resolution of her attitude toward him and his attempt' (*Sultan*, 421).

[127] *Letters* I, 160.

exposes to Molly her lover's coarseness – the thought of Stephen's youth and poetry is what matters. Similarly, Bloom's triumph is achieved not in a sudden wifely affection for the real person of her husband lying beside her but in the gradual domination of her thoughts and plans by his image, past, present and future.

It was necessary, then, to introduce and enter the mind of what was in effect a new character; but to do so would have important thematic consequences. The theme of the coming together of artist and citizen ended, apparently, in 'Ithaca', and was rounded off by Bloom's retirement to bed. To bring in, at this point, a different kind of figure, could confuse and obscure the argument of the novel. The solution Joyce found to this problem was to make the final chapter expressive of a third dimension of human nature, involved in and underlying the spiritual and moral struggles of Stephen and Bloom, but requiring at the end its own voice, the voice of the feminine life-principle speaking in the person of 'sane full amoral fertilisable untrustworthy engaging shrewd limited prudent indifferent *Weib*'. The soliloquy represents both the particular and unique woman in whose mind Bloom's triumph is achieved and a universal principle expressed with sufficient force and coherence to prevent its being crushed by the combined weight of the two great opposites whose interplay governs the course of the book.

Consequently, this closing chapter had to be substantial in length, character and impact, and this, in turn, presented formal difficulties. In 'Ithaca', the shape of the novel, as well as its action and theme, seems to have been completed: the double stories of the opening chapters have converged and blended, and their protagonists have again gone their separate ways; the movements of Bloom and Stephen have been symbolically reduced to the orbits of two heavenly bodies; the technique has presented a vision of final flatness and distance, leading to a fading-out of consciousness; the stylistic complexities which have mounted to 'Circe' have subsided to a matter-of-fact *stile pacato*. To conceive of a chapter even flatter, more distancing and more abstract than 'Ithaca' would be difficult, and, in any case, such a chapter could hardly serve as the necessary catastrophe for the action or establish a new figure and principle capable of holding its own against Bloom and Stephen. The chapter as written overcomes all these formal difficulties. In part it is an epilogue, throwing a new light on the characters and actions of the novel, and, in part, a culmination, uniting the opposites more profoundly by emphasizing their common origin and roots in the assenting flesh. The formal reduction of human endeavours to celestial orbits is balanced by a formal reduction to a slow rotation, through its eight phases, of the earth-ball. The technique is not flatter than the scientific catechism of 'Ithaca', but more even and steady in movement, and more distanced from the activity of life, since there are very few external distractions: moreover, for the first time in the novel, there is a sustained and penetrating presentation of Bloom as seen through the eyes of one who knows him only too well. Finally, the character of the style, though as lively as that of any chapter in the novel, takes

simplicity beyond the limits of established literary forms, beyond even the elementary conventions of written language.

To represent the mental processes of an ordinary woman like Molly the style needs to be fairly straightforward; yet, after the book's abundance of stylistic intricacy and innovation, anything short of a *tour de force* would seem an anticlimax. Joyce supplied a *tour de force* of the ordinary, a demonstration of the range and eloquence of the linguistic resources of an uneducated mind. Molly's vocabulary is limited and she does not seek refinement of expression, but she is in full command (in her mind at least) of all the resources of colloquial speech, and creates expressive words and images when she needs them – as, for instance, when she thinks of Boylan 'scrooching down' on her with his big hipbones, or describes Bartell d'Arcy's voice as 'tinny', or Simon Dedalus's as with 'no art in it all over you like a warm showerbath'. She has no talent for precise or ordered thinking and is consequently untroubled by inconsistencies, ambiguities or *non sequiturs*, but she has a complex emotional life and, for the articulation of this, her inner language is unfailingly adequate. The style of her soliloquy is often humorous, witty, ironic, sarcastic, pathetic, opinionated, romantic, passionate, dreamy, brutal, particularizing, generalizing (and usually several of these are blended), and when the occasion demands she can be rhetorical or poetic, as in her praise of nature and her reminiscent image of Gibraltar. Of course, the mastery of the resources of colloquial language, is, strictly speaking, Joyce's, not Molly's: she could no more have dictated the chapter than she could have written it. But to insist on the distinction between the verbal representation of mental processes and the literal recording of them would here be pedantic. In a way which is true of no other interior monologue in the novel, the reader believes himself to be listening to the very words Molly's mind addresses to itself as it slowly revolves, completing the action of the book, adding a new dimension to the theme, fulfilling the form, and bringing the whole stylistic odyssey to a commonplace but brilliant conclusion.

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The styles and techniques of *Ulysses*, like the other elements of the columnar scheme, are primarily responsive to and expressive of the local characteristics of the chapters. Joyce told Carlo Linati that each chapter 'should not only condition but even create its own technique.'[128] On the other hand, the succession of techniques is not random or pointless; there is design in the increasingly complex handling of interior monologue in the early chapters, in the mounting technical excitement culminating in 'Circe', and in the stylistic subsidence indicated in the Linati scheme by the phrases, '*prosa rilassata*', '*stile pacato*' and '*stile rassegnato*'. Joyce thought of the composition of the book as an odyssean journey – towards the end he wrote of looking forward to rounding 'the last (and stormiest) cape'[129] –

[128] *Letters I*, 147. [129] *Ibid.*, 163.

and he planned a similar voyage for his readers, who would be exposed to greater and greater strains on their patience, understanding and imagination until, after the emotional and stylistic tempest of 'Circe', they found themselves in the calmer waters of the *Nostos*. He told Harriet Weaver that he understood why she should be dismayed by the more difficult styles and prefer the simpler styles of the opening, 'much as the wanderer did who longed for the rock of Ithaca'.[130]

Yet these increasing difficulties are why many readers, starting hopefully, have been exhausted and irritated by the latter half of the book. They may recognize that a new vision requires new literary conventions, and may be ready to welcome a method which, like the earlier interior monologues, gives the very feel of life; they may be undisturbed by such modifications as the headlines of 'Aeolus', the word-play of 'Hades' or 'Lestrygonians', or the special effects of 'Scylla and Charybdis', since all of these can be accepted as minor refinements of a convention designed to represent the inner experience of Stephen and Bloom. They might have adapted even to such an extreme convention as the drama of 'Circe', if it had been used throughout. What they find tiresome is that, after learning to respond to such a demanding, concentrated and flexible convention as Joyce's version of the interior monologue, they find it replaced by a series of unexpected, obscure and bookish techniques, and they conclude that Joyce has become more interested in displaying his own cleverness than in exploring the predicaments and inner lives of his characters. Though all the techniques may be shown to serve relevant purposes, the question remains, 'But what overall function is served by this kaleidoscopic switching from one technique to another?'

The answer is related to the nature of Joyce's mature vision. Most authors who create a distinctive personal manner or convention, whether intuitively or deliberately, do so in response to the demands of their peculiar vision, whether that be fundamental to their whole sense of life or (as in a novelist like Peacock) a view adopted to bring into special focus some aspect of human activity. The established conventions may be inadequate or inimical, because literary conventions have their own implications. In general, radical innovations are made by authors who feel that current conventions would stifle, falsify or impair the representations of their personal sense of what life is like or of what is important in our experience, and consequently such innovations, designed to express a total and consistent vision, tend to be characteristic of an entire work or series of works. But if an essential principle in an author's way of looking at life is that no one way of looking at it is adequate or dependable, that life itself is a complex of many kinds of existence, and that our individual experience of life is a mixture of quite different and often contrasted modes of experience, then he finds that no one convention of representation is proper to his purpose. Joyce told Carlo Linati, referring to *Ulysses*, that 'each adventure is so to say one person',[131] and, in a letter to Harriet Weaver, said that he had set

[130] *Ibid.*, 129. [131] *Ibid.*, 147.

himself the task of 'writing a book from eighteen different points of view and in as many styles'.[132] He was not using 'points of view' in the Jamesian sense to refer to the experiences of different observers: the chapters of *Ulysses* do not have eighteen different observers, and, if they had, this would not in itself have necessitated changes of style and technique. Joyce meant different modes of experience: it is not simply that various people have differing opinions and impressions of Bloom, but that he plays different roles in different kinds of consciousness. The strong romantic gentleman seen by Gerty MacDowell and the absurd pliant husband known to Molly belong to the mental worlds which have invented them and in which they move. Gerty, Molly, Stephen, the Unnamed One and the other Dubliners who believe they know Bloom have each a different vision of life and inhabit mental worlds differing in kind from each other: the figures called Bloom in these worlds are fictions rather than approximate reflections of some absolute and essential individual. In fact, the way Bloom is presented in the novel suggests that no such absolute essence can be said to exist. Even to his own mind, Bloom presents no consistent self-image; his sense of his own nature and identity varies according to his mood and inner situation. The figure of Leopold Bloom, citizen of Dublin, is a composite of all the ways in which he is apprehended by himself, by others, and by the unidentified 'points of view' which penetrate his unconscious in 'Circe' and view him scientifically in 'Ithaca'. This, I take it, is what Joyce meant when he spoke of seeing Bloom 'from all sides'.[133]

Stephen, too, is presented as a multiple existence; to Mulligan he is 'the loveliest mummer of them all', to Mr Deasy a young man in need of good advice, to Myles Crawford a potential journalist, to the men in the Library an extravagant *littérateur*, to Bloom a gifted youth fallen into bad company and a substitute son, to Molly a poetic lover or a motherless boy roaming the streets, while his self-image ranges from a proud and defiant spirit to a miserable and remorseful failure. Even the events of the day derive such meaning and consequence as they have from the part they play in various modes of experience. Molly's act of adultery is not presented directly and immediately: its importance lies in its different roles in Bloom's mental drama; it matters far less in Molly's vision of life, and less still in the context of the universal catalogue of crimes and catastrophes. The crucial event of the novel, the meeting of Bloom and Stephen, is an event of utter insignificance except for the way in which it is interpreted and shaped in the mental worlds of the two men and Molly. Like the word 'metempsychosis' (which Molly was unable to understand), the word 'parallax' (which Bloom failed to understand) recurs as a pointer to the nature of the book's vision and method; figuratively it means the apparent change in the nature, position or size of an object as a consequence of change in the nature, position and concerns of the observer or point of observation.

The sense of the relativity of experience dominates Joyce's vision in *Ulysses*, and its representation made necessary the sudden and emphatic

[132] *Ibid.*, 167. [133] *Budgen*, 17.

changes of manner and convention. Of course, the relativity is not an abandonment of discrimination. Joyce is not implying that any vision is as good as any other: Bloom's self-images may be partial and inconsistent but they encompass more, explore more of the object's complexity and depth than do the more or less casual impressions of his fellow-Dubliners; the figure of Bloom which appears in Molly's soliloquy is distorted and inadequate but it is far more solid and extensive than the romantic stereotype of Gerty's fantasy-world. What is implied by the 'eighteen different points of view' is that our experience, even of ourselves, is made up of numerous, dissimilar and often irreconcilable ways of looking at life, so different in kind that each demands a different kind of literary representation.