Joyce's modern hero, Leopold Bloom, is an apt successor to Ulysses, his epic counterpart. Despite the tendency of critics to describe Bloom as a "common man," he is most uncommon in the fertility of his consciousness, the capaciousness of his imagination, and the scope of his humanitarian sentiments. Like Stephen Dedalus, Bloom is trying to awake from a nightmare history. Although he lacks the younger man's vocabulary and rhetoric, he is just as astute, refined, and penetrating in his apprehension of the world. With little erudition and with less philosophical training, he intuitively searches for a humane solution to the dilemma of personal freedom.

Like Stephen, Bloom tries to suspend *a priori* knowledge and to perceive the universe from a fresh perspective, as though he were the first, primordial observer. He attempts to analyze "lived experience" and constantly challenges the popular myths of unexamined thought. By virtue of his curiosity,
Bloom is set apart from the herd of common men. He is, in fact, alienated from the "crowd" because he refuses to accept the dictates of conformist behavior.

In the tripartite structure of Ulysses, Joyce seems to be satirizing the model of human nature set forth in Plato's Republic. Stephen Dedalus embodies the rational dimension of existence—the "head" that proves woefully inadequate in the face of an absurd, irrational cosmos. Leopold Bloom represents the passionate "spirit," including the feelings and sentiments of the heart. And Molly Bloom gives form to the "concupiscent" desires of the sensuous body, committed to the survival of the species. The flesh that Plato scorned becomes elevated as the "eternal feminine," the unique and mysterious source of hope and fertility responsible for the ongoingness of the race.

 Appropriately, "Calypso" begins with a description of Leopold Bloom through his passion for the "inner organs of beasts and fowls," at a time of morning when his thoughts are dominated by fantasies of palatal delight. The narrator tells us that "kidneys were in his mind" (p. 55). The inert organs of excretion seem to occupy all the space in Bloom's psyche. Sexual appetites lurk everywhere in the chapter. The vocabulary describing 7 Eccles Street is rife with bawdy innuendo, from the "humpy tray" to the "spout stuck out" in audacious mockery of Poldy, the servile house-husband.

Language invariably serves as Bloom's springboard for the expansion of consciousness and the enlargement of understanding. The narrative voice of the chapter moves from external description to a style indirect libre—a mimetic rendering of Bloom's internal monologue. We are told that "Mr. Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form" of the cat (p. 55). And through access to Bloom's thoughts, we begin to understand his compassionate apprehension of the world—his extraordinary power to "feel with" other sensibilities in an act of negative capability. He tries, for instance, to imagine what life would be like experienced from a feline perspective: "Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me" (p. 55). The example of the cat is somewhat playful,
but Bloom will later compare Milly to the same animal. He is evidently trying to comprehend the female sensibility, be it that of his wife, his daughter, or a domestic pet. All embody the femininity that fascinates Bloom, but that somehow eludes and mystifies him.

Bloom thinks in short, epigrammatic phrases telegraphed to his mind from the deep structure of cognition. His perceptions are always keen and imaginative, but their transcription is so laconic that the full scope of his awareness may elude the casual reader. The episode acquaints us with Bloom's mind as it moves from primitive apprehension to active thought. Bloom speculates about the world with relentless curiosity, but only a fragment of his meditation ever reaches the linguistic surface of consciousness. He articulates his musings in verbal shorthand: "Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it" (p. 55). Pondering the sadomasochistic relationship of cats and mice, he wonders why "mice never squeal" and "seem to like" their ritual dismemberment. Unconsciously, he may be aware of an analogy with his own dependent role as willing victim, servant, and flunkey to Molly.

Bloom rapidly translates his thoughts with syntactic economy, eliminating superfluous words that take their meaning from a verbal environment. He condenses conceptual structures into an abbreviated code, which the reader quickly learns to recognize and to distinguish from the more formal and assertive diction of the narrator. Many of Bloom's phrases are punctuated with the word "perhaps": "They shine in the dark, perhaps, the tips. Or kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps" (p. 56). The qualifying adverb suggests a roving, speculative, inquiring mind. Bloom is unafraid to test out new hypotheses or to revise and expand his theories. His linguistic patterns are those of open-ended discourse, qualified by words like "perhaps," "or," "still," and "on the other hand." His conceptual process invites imaginative possibility and implies a mind open to revelation.

As an amateur scientist, Bloom is able to suspend presuppositions and to examine the world with the naive curiosity of a
primordial observer. The foundations of his "parallactic" vision are linguistically established in the first few pages of "Calypso." Language reveals being, and the seeds of Bloom's personal and emotional growth in the course of Ulysses are already present in his morning meditation.

Language, in fact, may expose more about Bloom's psyche than do his actions on the morning of 16 June 1904. At this point in the day, his demeanor is one of uxorious and apologetic timidity. He pauses in front of Molly's bedroom and asks after her pleasure "softly in the bare hall" (p. 56). Bloom feels like an outsider in his own home and seems to be groping in a foreign environment of "gelid light and air" (p. 55), a claustrophobic world of domestic trivia.

The announcement, "I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute" (p. 56), serves both as a communique to Molly and as an assertion of personal identity situated in time and space. Bloom wants Molly to acknowledge and to care about his being-there. Like Stephen Dedalus, he suffers from a sense of alienation that erupts in schizophrenic self-consciousness: "And when he had heard his voice say it he added:—You don't want anything for breakfast?" (p. 56). Bloom is jolted from private meditation to a sudden recognition of his social ego—the self defined as a being-for-others and contingent on perception by a foreign consciousness.

The subjective "he" feels detached both from its domestic persona and from its more distant fictional persona as "Henry Flower." Bloom has fashioned an alter-ego for the innocuous release of aggressive sexual fantasy. He shares his flirtation with a mute confidant, "Plasto's high grade ha" (p. 56). Furtively peeping inside the hatband, he ascertains the security of a hidden postal slip. The paper is "quite safe," as is Bloom's fictive identity as epistolary Don Juan.

In the "happy warmth" of a June morning, Bloom turns his thoughts to dawn "somewhere in the east" and to an ingenious plan for escaping time's ravages by perpetual travel in front of the sun. "Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically" (p. 57). In the "Proteus" episode, Stephen Dedalus was
preoccupied with the western darkness of "evening lands" and the thrust of the mind's negative shadow "endless till the farthest star," "darkness shining in the brightness" (p. 48). He was fascinated by the "nothingness" of an undefined temporal horizon. In contrast, Bloom looks to a cyclical, prelapsarian dream of youth and idyllic passion. He longs for the light and embryonic warmth of an eastern dawn, of lands that promise continual rebirth.

If Stephen wants to shatter the nightmare of history, Bloom hopes to transcend it by taking refuge in the "Belacqua bliss" of a capacious imagination. There is a "touch of the artist about old Bloom" (p. 235), and more than a touch of art in his creative fantasy life. He delights in the stories that challenge historical inadequacy and defy the limitations of aging and impotence. Bloom recognizes that his mental ramblings capture the "kind of stuff you read" (p. 57); but he is not yet aware that the stuff of dreams may be identical with both the stuff of art and the stuff of human compassion. Artistry is latent in the copious intelligence that tries to imagine how publicans flourish in business, how one might traverse Dublin without passing a pub, or how schoolchildren feel doing "their joggerfry" (p. 58).

Nor does Bloom's imagination shirk from the blood and guts that make up the sediment of life. He finds appetitive solace in the "lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pig's blood" and in the sight of a kidney oozing "bloodgouts" (p. 59). His lascivious appetites are aroused by the proximity of the "nextdoor girl," a well-filled sausage with "vigorous hips" and a "strong pair of arms" (p. 59). Like the sausages fingered by the "ferretyed porkbutcher," the young woman with "new blood" is "sagepink. Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer" (p. 59). Bloom feels enthralled by the sight of "her prime sausages," thick wrists, and "moving hams." He mentally enacts a drama of pursuit and rejection that culminates in sour grapes, crusted toenails, tattered virginal scapulars, and a muscular lover direct from constabulary duty. At the end of his sadomasochistic reverie, he feels a "sting of disregard" glowing "to weak pleasure within his breast" (pp. 59–60).
On his matitudinal wanderings, Bloom apprehends the world in rich, sensuous images. His early-morning erotic fantasies display a certain coarseness: they are the Freudian perambulations of a masculine id, unmitigated by the delicacy of romantic love. Denied authority in the cave of Calypso, Bloom compensates by a strongly aggressive fantasy life. He sees women as "prime sausages," to be cuddled and devoured. He feels anxious to "make hay while the sun shines" (p. 59). "Soon I am old" (p. 285). And the thought of aging women haunts him as a symbol of terrifying sterility.

Throughout *Ulysses*, appetites for food and sex conspicuously intertwine—sometimes lyrically, often parodically. Bloom recognizes the physical compulsions at the heart of survival. The beast in each of us abides and must be satisfied. We must kill or be killed: "Eat or be eaten" (p. 170). And in order to eat, we must kill animals or destroy vegetable life. Bloom feels both sexual excitement and profound pity when he thinks of the animals slain to appease human hunger: "A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattlemarket the beasts lowing in their pens, branded sheep, flop and fall of dung, the breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a ripemeated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands" (p. 59).

"The model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias" (p. 59) may afford a "sanatorium" from the afflictions of a brutal world. Agendath Netaim promises Bloom the Eastern dream of perpetual fertility, "vast sandy tracts," "orange-groves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa" (p. 60). The land yields a harvest of citrus fruits that assure lubricity to the human alimentary system: "olives, oranges, almonds or citrons" (p. 60).

Fertility and fertilization rapidly change name and function in the Freudian unconscious, as do fruit and the female genitalia. Descriptive adjectives take on multiple associations: "Molly in Citron's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year"
A "perfume of embraces" (p. 168) hangs heavy on the fringes of Bloom's mind, ushering in seductive memories of his wife in rich, "pleasant old times." He mentally applies Moisels's description of the fruit to the younger, flawless Molly, whose path to Ireland shared the same Oriental ports of call: "Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean" (p. 60).

Bloom, however, refuses to yield to the idyllic portrait of "quiet long days" spent in pastoral bliss. The promise of Edenic happiness constitutes a lotus dream that he cannot accept as credible: "Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it" (p. 60). Those who imagine that paradise can be re-created in mundane circumstances, "on earth as it is in heaven" (p. 61), are deluded by self-indulgent fantasy. The "cattle, blurred in silver heat" (p. 60) will be scourged and slaughtered for the satisfaction of carnivorous appetites.

A grey cloud shatters the myth of Eden and brings Bloom back to the edge of the void. Agendath Netaim is a Jewish illusion. In truth, the lotus-land is barren. Only the "grey sunken cunt of the world" awaits the desolate dreamer: "A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters... . A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race... . Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world" (p. 61).

The dark cloud thrusts Bloom into a fit of morbid depression. His dream of the East as a Jewish homeland has proved deceptive. The mirage passes, exposing a desiccated wasteland. The sight of a "bent hag clutching a noggin bottle" (p. 61) precipitates a negative epiphany. Bloom envisions the death of his race, "the oldest people," exhausted from its wanderings and barren of hope. He is assailed by grotesque intimations of mortality. "Grey horror" sears his flesh in premonition of aging, exhaustion, and sterility. As he hurries homeward to evade the threat, terror pursues him with a physical adumbration of death: "Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood:
age crusting him with a salt cloak” (p. 61). He identifies with the metallic waves of the dead sea evaporating into a poisonous salt marsh. The epiphany propels him to the edge of the void and forces a momentary confrontation with nonbeing. Like his wandering people, Bloom will grow weary and old. His skin will shrivel to a salt crust, and the cold hand of death will paralyze his body.

Bloom appears to be suffering from hot and cold flashes. If anything threatens his racial continuance, it is Molly’s fertile interest in her soon-to-be lover, Blazes Boylan. But the scientific mind can rationalize unreasonable fear: “Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of the bed. Must begin again those Sandow’s exercises” (p. 61). Pragmatism temporarily rescues Bloom from the abyss: he assures himself that diet, exercise, and sufficient rest will relieve the threat of existential terror.

From false dreams of a home in the lotus-land of the East, and from the reveries of an earlier ripeness in his own life, Bloom turns “homeward” to his wife Molly, the Oriental prize of Dublin. As always, he is saved from nihilism by the recollection of her “warm, fullblooded life”: “To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes” (p. 61). He eagerly pants the amorous incantation, “Yes, yes,” sanctified by Molly on the Hill of Howth in a moment of erotic affirmation. The sun, “quick and warm,” runs to meet him, as he runs to the security of Molly’s bedwarmed flesh. On a sensual level, he retreats to the oral gratification of a pork kidney and to the sight of his wife’s maternal bosom.

Once home, Bloom’s “quick heart” slows as he recognizes a letter addressed to “Mrs Marion Bloom” from Blazes Boylan. Conjugal and paternal loss are both heralded by the morning post. In a note to her father, “silly Milly” reveals a flirtatious interest in Bannon, a medical student with a roving eye. Maturity and “sex breaking out” have stolen Papli’s little girl, now “quite the belle” (p. 66) in her lovely new tarn. Like “poor old professor Goodwin,” Bloom smarts from his daughter’s out-

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spokenness when she casually alludes to two different Boylans, the composer and the organizer. In his own dual role as "Poldy" and as "Papli," Bloom must come to terms with the emotional upheavals that the morning mail portends.

For the time being, he takes solace in the amplitude of his wife's maternal figure, "her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured" (p. 63). Bloom's mammary obsession offers momentary comfort. He hides in the sensuous security of mother-Molly and feels reassured by her imperious commands, uttered from "full lips, drinking," smiling. Wife and daughter may desert him; but the mother figure remains, in all her womanly splendor. Baby-Bloom stands by, fondling the fetishes of erotic obsession—"a leg of her soiled drawers" and "a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking" (p. 63). To one so fearful of aging, infantile regression provides welcome sanctuary.

In this metempsychosis, Molly is the seductive Calypso and "Big Mama" to Ulysses-Bloom. Her role is emblematically reinforced by Ruby, Pride of the Ring, who sprawls against an orange-keyed chamberpot in keeping with the excretory vision of pulp fiction. "Metempsychosis" is Greek to Molly, though she herself serves as a twentieth-century reincarnation of both the goddess Calypso and the mortal Penelope. "That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago" (p. 65) is the metaphorical assumption implicit in the Homeric parallels of Joyce's epic. Bloom may seem to be a mousy husband and Molly a frumpy wife. But Joyce's magic has just begun. And things may not be what they seem, either in Shakespeare's drama or in the astonishing world of Ulysses.

Leopold Bloom shares with his Homeric predecessor the gift of a shrewd and mocking eye. He is astute enough to recognize the "cruelty behind it all" (p. 64)—whether "it" be Hengler's circus, domestic turbulence, the liaison between "Ruby pride of" and her Italian lover, or the spectacles that excite a blood-thirsty mob. "Break your neck and we'll break our sides" (p. 64). He knows that every individual walks a delicate tightrope
of survival in a cruel, sometimes barbarous society. Beneath the thin veneer of civilization, the savage waits. If one cannot "look the other way" (p. 64), he must face the unholy spectacle of violence in the theatre of Darwinian conflict.

The Greeks who believed in mythology understood the unity of the human world with its bestial and vegetative components. "They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance" (p. 65). Bloom unconsciously reiterates Stephen's earlier parable of Protean transformation: "God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose" (p. 50). If human beings can change into animals or trees, why not into gods and heroes? Can frumpy Molly become a nymph of nature? Bloom a flurrying stork? The kidney a turtle? The "burnt flesh" of the kidney the living flesh of Bloom? All is alive and changing in Joyce's fictional microcosm.

Change bodes "separation" (p. 66), and perhaps reconciliation, if Stephen is correct in his assertion that there cannot be a reconciliation "if there has not been a sundering" (p. 195). Milly has been separated from Bloom by her oncoming maturity, Rudy by death, and Molly by her imminent infidelity. Rudy is lost, and Bloom's loss of both females is inevitable: "A soft qualm regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now" (p. 67). Regret attacks Bloom physically, freezing him in mental stasis. He knows that it would be "useless" to try to prevent Molly's infidelity. He cannot move because interference with his wife's adultery would require either physical violence or psychological coercion—both of which he disdains.

For almost eleven years, Bloom has been sexually paralyzed by the trauma of Rudy's death. Separation by death eventually precipitates conjugal separation by adultery. Because Bloom cannot move toward his wife in an amorous embrace, he is powerless to prevent Boylan's "moves" on Molly or Molly's move toward her newfound lover. Rudy's death initiated a psychological complex that proscribed venereal contact. Bloom's unique form of coitus interruptus (coming on Molly's
bottom) precludes further assertion of conjugal rights. Bloom can appreciate "lips kissed, kissing kissed. Full gluey woman's lips" (p. 67). And we learn in "Penelope" that he feels oral attraction to Molly's nether lips. But cunnilingus is as close as he dares come to his wife's sexual organs. He eschews the mysteries of Calypso's cave, and with them, the dangers and disappointments of frustrated parenthood. He dolefully watches Molly's "eyes over the sheet, a yashmak. Find the way in. A cave. No admittance except on business" (p. 281).

Milly is ripening into sexuality. Molly is declining into middle age. Boylan will feast on her over-ripe plums, leaving the "plumstones" to her cuckolded husband. Bloom thinks consciously about Milly, unconsciously about his spouse: "No, nothing has happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it does. A wild piece of goods" (p. 66). He refuses to worry before his fears prove justified. He realizes that parents cannot "own" children; and he is groping toward a similar recognition in terms of his adult and adulterous spouse. He must have faith that Milly "knows how to mind herself" (p. 66). And Molly, too.

Bloom's bowels are heavy with "troubled affection" and with digestive waste. Titbits and the backyard jakes offer the promise of relief. Theoretically, Bloom knows that "dirty cleans." And he plans to "manure the whole place over" some day. "Still gardens have their drawbacks" (p. 68). All fecundity demands the price of personal commitment. And if the garden should fail? Disappointment has ruptured Bloom's faith in cultivation, as well as in procreation. His soil remains unfertilized, as do the furrows of Molly's womb. He spills both feces and semen on barren ground.

Like a child at the anal stage of sexuality, Bloom delights in the sensual pleasures of defecation. The kinetic art of pulp journalism promises emotional distraction. For his delectation on the jakes, he chooses an appropriately salacious piece of hack writing to move his bowels and to wipe his arse, in quick succession. The latter act offers a fitting comment on the value of Maucham's Masterstroke.

Despite his envy of the author, Philip Beaufoy, Bloom ap-
proaches a much more personal definition of art when he recalls his own journalistic aspirations. "Might manage a sketch. By Mr and Mrs L. M. [Leopold and Molly] Bloom" (p. 69). He remembers trying to capture a trivial "slice" of domestic life by jotting down notes on his shirt cuff. Now he completes the "history" through reverie, as an embellished story rife with grief and compassion.

Bloom calls to mind the bazaar dance at which Molly first displayed interest in Boylan: "That was the first night. Her head dancing. Her fansticks clicking. Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good smell off his breath dancing" (p. 69). Bloom's memory is fraught with portents of time and shadow. "Ponchielli's dance of the hours" reminds him of the inevitable progress of life from youth to old age: "morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours." He thinks: "Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still true to life also. Day, then the night" (p. 69).

From the first moment Bloom perceived Molly's "head dancing" with excitement, he understood the inevitable course of adultery from the dawn of infatuation to the ashes of burnt-out physical passion. With amazing sensitivity, he leaps beyond sexual jealousy to sympathize with his wife's fear of aging and unattractiveness. "The mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into it. Lines in her eyes. It wouldn't pan out somehow" (p. 69). "Lines in her eyes" remind Molly of creeping middle age and the loss of youthful beauty. The scene functions as an epiphany for Bloom, whose fertile imagination engenders pity for his spouse. As an artist of compassion, he transmutes the rage of conjugal dispossession into a moving psychodrama. He projects himself into Molly's mind and empathizes with her pain, her anxiety, and her isolation. He knows that Molly's affair with Boylan "won't pan out" emotionally. Although Bloom perceives her "young eyes" still, Boylan may see only the lines and move on to the next prima donna in his
company. Adultery may constitute Molly's last fling in her losing battle against the ravages of time.

Molly's monologue in "Penelope" gives ample evidence of the terror she associates with aging and with the loss of sexual charm. She apparently believes that a woman is "all washed up" by the age of thirty-five. Molly expects to be sexually attractive only for a few more years; and even in her private calculations, she cannot admit the proximity of middle age. She thinks of "the 4 years more I have of life up to 35 no I am I at all 33 in September" (p. 751). Actually, Molly is already thirty-three, since she was born on 8 September 1870 (p. 736). At least one of the motives for her adultery seems to be her fear of being "finished out and laid on the shelf" (p. 766). She protests: "I cant help it if I'm young still can I its a wonder I'm not an old shrivelled hag before my time" (p. 777). According to Molly, "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" (p. 777). And perhaps the most cynical comment made in "Penelope" is Molly's remark pertaining to society's double standard of beauty: "its all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as you're old they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ash pit" (p. 759).

Ponchielli's dance of the hours, the dance of life, hurls each of us forward toward those night hours with daggers and eyemasks. "Day, then the night" (p. 69). Leopold Bloom is aware that mortality trivializes most of the petty jealousies of life. Ultimately, all must confront the mirror in shadow. The bells of Saint George's church toll the hour—for Paddy Dignam, for Bloom, for Molly, and for us all.

At the end of "Calypso," Bloom emerges from his jakes purged by both literal and figurative catharsis. Like Shem the Penman, he makes art from the ink of human excrement. And in so doing, he prepares the way for the blossoming of "Henry Flower" from the ritual act of fertilization.
In retreat from the threatening reality of "Calypso," Bloom takes refuge in the perfumed passivity of "Lotus-Eaters." He is fascinated by the various narcotics that people use to assuage the pain of existence: tea and alcohol, religion and opium, sleep, fantasy, and sexuality. Bob Doran, on "one of his periodical bends" (p. 74) drowns his domestic sorrows in Guinness. "Poor Papa" chose aconite. And Bloom himself escapes into voyeurism, fantasy, and epistolary flirtation.

The land of the lotus-eaters is a lethargic world ruled by the "law of falling bodies": "Thirty two feet per second, per second. . . . They all fall to the ground" (p. 72). In this illusory paradise, cuckoldry loses its sting and the British army its menace. The soldiers Bloom spies on a recruiting poster have been hypnotized into rhythmic, syncopated action: "Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front. Mark time. Table: able. Bed: ed. The King's own" (p. 73). The men have been lulled into the forgetful trance of military group-think.

Bloom's unfortunate double, M'Coy, complains that he is "just keeping alive" in a case of marginal survival. Cabbies enjoy "no will of their own" (p. 77). And their gelded horses, "poor brutes," feed in listless insouciance: "Their Eldorado. . . . Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags." Their genitals have shrunk to "a stump of black guttapercha wagging limp between their haunches" (p. 77). Bloom wonders if the animals "might be happy all the same that way"; and his refusal to attach a linguistic subject to the phrase may indicate an oblique defense of his own impotent, if ungelded, sexuality.

Bloom "might be happy" with voyeurism and the titillations of Martha Clifford's abrasive letter, addressed to "Henry Flower." The epistle is rife with material for sadomasochistic fantasy: "Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not write" (p. 78). Martha leaves the specific punishment to Bloom's imagination, and his flowered reverie soon fills in the blanks: "Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor forgetmenot" (p. 78). Bloom is
evidently well-advised to avoid a meeting with Martha, who may have some "naughty nightstalk" waiting in the wings once her "patience are exhausted" (p. 78). Psychologically at least, Martha wants to punish "his cactus." Like the nymph in "Circe," she may have plans to clip Henry's "darling man-flower" in a vengeful act of castration. Bloom remains at a safe distance. He takes pleasure in arousing Martha's prurient disdain for obscene language, despite the brutality implicit in his lascivious suggestions: "Narcotic. Go further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words, of course. Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time" (p. 78). Why not use titillating vocabulary, if the effect produces a sting of sexual arousal? One man's pain may be another man's (or woman's) addiction.

"No roses without thorns" (p. 78). Like Mary in the bawdy rhyme, Bloom seems to have lost the "pin" of his "drawers." He is unable to "keep it up" sexually because conjugal intercourse may bode disappointment. Once Bloom has rejected the thorns of reality, the roses are all in his head.

In his next reverie, Bloom identifies the "Martha" and the "Mary" (Marion) of his own experience with the two Hebrew women in the New Testament parable: "Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere... He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious" (p. 79). The busy "working girl," Martha, definitely loses to the recumbent Mary, both in the biblical story and in Ulysses. Bloom unwittingly sees himself as a Christ figure, impressing the women with his adventures. He fuses Christ with Ulysses, who at last finds rest in the company of a grateful audience: "Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there; quiet dusk: let everything rip. Forget. Tell about places you have been, strange customs" (p. 79). In Bloom's account of the scene, Christ is a master storyteller who enchants females with his exotic narratives. In turn, Marion charms the speaker, who "confesses" before her seductive gaze: "She listens with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest" (p. 79). Bloom looks forward to the rest he will find.
in Molly’s “big dark soft eyes” and “smellonous melons” after he has confessed an edited version of his odyssey: “Womb? Weary? / He rests. He has travelled” (p. 737). The large black dot at the end of “Ithaca” prepares us for silence and for “long long rest.”

Bloom apparently prefers his own imaginative rendering of Christ to the “Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross” (p. 80) in All Hallows Church. He feels intrigued by the ease and languor of Eastern worship: “Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it easy” (p. 80). But he recognizes, as well, the possibilities of addiction to be found in a theology unexamined by its believers: “Confession. Everyone wants to. Then I will tell you all. Penance. Punish me, please. . . . Lovely shame. Pray at an altar. Hail Mary and Holy Mary. Flowers, incense, candles melting. Hide her blushes. . . . Monasteries and convents. . . . Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church. The doctors of the church: they mapped out the whole theology of it” (p. 83).

Bloom acknowledges that “there’s a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel” (p. 81). He experiences a tinge of regret that he cannot belong to the confraternity of those safe within the arms of Mother Church:

Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it’s called. . . . First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. Then feel all like one family party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I’m sure of that. Not so lonely. In our confraternity. Then come out a bit spreeish. Lourdes cure, waters of oblivion, and the Knock apparition, statues bleeding. Old fellow asleep near that confession box. Hence those snores. Blind faith. Safe in the arms of kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next year. (P. 81; corrected from the 1934 Random House edition.)

Bloom is tempted by the “waters of oblivion.” But he knows all too well that the price exacted for “blind faith” is “forgetfulness”—a Lethean loss of autonomy and a voluntary destruction of consciousness. The pious man consigns his lib-
erty to the "exaltation of our holy mother the church"; in return, he is rocked safely "in the arms of kingdom come." As a twice-converted Jew, Bloom offers a shrewd critique of Catholicism: "Corpus. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. Hospice for the dying. They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse why the cannibals cotton to it" (p. 80). Like Joyce, Bloom is fascinated by the cannibalistic resonances of eucharistic theology. Les­trygonians stalk through lotus-land under the guise of devout Christians. The communion draught provides "cold comfort" to Bloom, who knows it cannot assuage his own alienation.

Bloom is aware that religion is not the only "opiate of the people." The masses create their own narcotics, and the greatest anodyne is a tenacious adherence to orthodox behavior. Bloom has instinctively guessed what Dostoevsky's Grand In­quisitor articulated in theological allegory: that men, like ants, would rather serve than lead. Human beings long for security and reassurance, for the materialistic substantiation of values provided by the crowd. They compulsively forfeit personal freedom and eschew authentic consciousness. Men desperately attempt to transfer personal responsibility to political, religious, and social institutions. Individuals worship what gods they may: for without deities, whence oblivion?

Most men and women deliberately avoid the risk of freedom and lose themselves in a drugged stupor of compulsory repetition. As Samuel Beckett observes, habit offers a safe retreat from "the perilous zones in the life of the individual, dangerous, precarious, painful, mysterious and fertile, when for a moment the boredom of living is replaced by the suffering of being." Well-socialized individuals take refuge in the safety of automatic action: they rely on rules and rituals, palliatives and panaceas. Only those who foster deviant addictions are forced to acknowledge their own narcosis.

When all else fails, there is always: "Chloroform. Overdose of laudanum. Sleeping draughts. Lovephiltres. Paragoric pop­pysyrup ... Poisons the only cures" (p. 84). "Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall
into flesh don’t they? Gluttons, tall, long legs. Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it’’ (p. 82). People will choose placidity at any price, so long as they can escape freedom. Dostoevsky’s Grand Inquisitor knew, and so does Leopold Bloom. In a lotus-eating world, Christians may become addicted to confession and communion, sadists to punishment, monks to hairshirts and marybeads, eunuchs to oral gratification, alcoholics to liquor, Chinese to opium, masochists to suffering, suicides to death, Boylan to women, Leopold to Molly, and everyone to someone else in the name of sentimental romance.

Leopold Bloom can recognize any addiction but his own. In a world of splendid passivity, he prefers fantasy and voyeurism to the risk of reality, Henry Flower to lionous Leopold. In the “Circe” episode, Lipot Virag uses the term “amnesia” as a euphemism for sexual impotence. He exhorts his grandson to: “Exercise your mnemotechnic” (p. 514). Lotus-land is characterized by lethargic forgetfulness, a voluntary loss of memory on the part of all the addicts who swim through its murky pages.

At the end of “Lotus-Eaters,” Bloom mentally immerses himself in a “womb of warmth,” repeating the words of Christ at the eucharistic consecration: “This is my body” [“Hoc est enim corpus meum”]. Like an Eastern deity, Bloom contemplates his navel, the “bud of flesh” linking him to his ancestors and a vestigial reminder of embryonic life in the maternal womb. He then turns his attention to the phallus: “the dark tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower” (p. 86). Bloom regresses to a flaccid, infantile sexuality. The “father of thousands” is impotent and will not actualize all “those Godpossibled souls that we nightly impossibilise” (p. 389). His “bud of flesh,” however, implies a potential that will “bloom” and reach fruition. The amniotic fluid of the bath suggests an imminent birth.

In a chapter dominated by the Orient, we might expect to leave our hero in an Eastern attitude of meditation. Most critics have stressed the phallic failure of Bloom’s “languid floating
flower." Few have called attention to his androgynous fusion of navel and phallus, of masculine potential and feminine receptivity. The ethic of the West demands the multiplication of souls to carry out God’s plan. Eastern philosophy assumes that the Creator’s work is complete: that one’s primary duty is to contemplate and to understand the universe. The Occident glorifies the birth of individuals; the Orient stresses the continual rebirth of consciousness in a spiritual ascent to wisdom. It is just such a birth that Leopold Bloom will experience in his revitalization as the mature hero of Joyce’s *Ulysses*.

1. In the *Republic*, Plato asks: “And ought not the rational principle, which is wise, and has the care of the whole soul, to rule, and the passionate or spirited principle to be the subject and ally?” And furthermore, “these two, thus nurtured and educated, and having learned truly to know their own functions, will rule over the concupiscent, which in each of us is the largest part of the soul and by nature most insatiable” (pp. 160–61).

2. I am indebted to Donald Hackling for initially suggesting several of the ideas in this paragraph in an unpublished paper written at Stanford University in 1970. Mr. Hackling first pointed out to me Bloom’s linguistic deletion of words that depend for their meaning on a syntactic environment and his use of these particular “qualifiers” to establish open-ended discussion.

3. Leopold Bloom suffers from “secondary impotence,” defined by psychologists as the inability to complete sexual intercourse for reasons of anxiety or trauma. Since Bloom masturbates to climax in “Nausicaa,” he obviously is not afflicted with “primary impotence,” the inability to experience erection or ejaculation. In “Ithaca,” we learn that his usual sexual practice is to come on Molly’s bottom. In discussing Bloom’s sexuality, I will use the term “impotence” to refer to the secondary syndrome from which Bloom apparently suffers.


6. Joyce’s fascination with the Eastern, “Semitic” origins of Homer’s *Odyssey* is fully explored in Michael Seidel’s recent study, *Epic Geography*.  

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