In contrast to Stephen Dedalus, the self-proclaimed exile, Leopold Bloom suffers perpetual ostracism in the heart of Irish society. An outcast and a misfit, he cannot fall complacently into predetermined patterns of conduct. He proceeds "energetically from the known to the unknown through the incertitude of the void" (p. 697). Bloom's Jewishness liberates him from the nets of Irish tradition that constrict the life-world of his companions and bind them to a stultified provincialism. He is the only man truly "alive" in the funeral entourage that accompanies Dignam's corpse.

—Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.

Mr. Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged
aside: an old woman peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he’d wake. Then getting it ready. Laying it out. Molly and Mrs. Fleming making the bed. Pull it more to your side. Our windingsheet. Never know who will touch you dead. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and hair. Keep a bit in an envelope. Grow all the same after. Unclean job. (P. 87)

In the drama that opens his epic descent into hell, Leopold Bloom has already begun to suffer the silent inferno of exile. Cunningham’s question, “Are we all here now,” implicitly excludes Bloom from the intimate social group identified as “we.” The invisible Jew hovers like a condemned soul on the edge of the small community. He is the “other,” an anonymous hanger-on, invited as an afterthought to “come along” merely to fill up space.

The funeral coach is a symbolic microcosm that reflects the outer metropolitan environment. Like the Martello tower, the carriage is a figure of spiritual asphyxiation. Its door slams shut as tightly as a coffin lid. Bloom has stepped into a mausoleum of Dublin life, a world of mental paralysis that immures the Irish in a common tomb. “The Irishman’s house is his coffin” (p. 110).

A morbid lethargy hangs in the air, and matter seems weighed down by sheer inertia. From the carriage window, Bloom stares at “lowered blinds. . . . One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane” (p. 87). Old age and childhood come full circle in senility. The crone flattens her nose against the window in infant wonder, “thanking her stars she was passed over” (p. 87). She feels childish glee at being spared by death. Like “Old Mother Grogan,” the woman has been transfixed in powerless immobility.

“Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse,” Bloom muses. “Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming” (p. 87). In the course of his thoughts, Bloom shifts the referent
of "they" from "old people" to women in general, then to Molly in particular. "We" refers to men, "they" to women. The crone becomes a symbol of feminine vengeance through masculine castration and death. Man dies in expiation for the sin of being born, for the agony suffered by his mother in childbirth. Bloom imagines woman as a ghoulish predator anxious to reduce the male to helpless objectivity.

"We" in the carriage sit undisturbed, awaiting passage to the grave: "All waited. Then wheels were heard in front turning: then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. . . . The blinds on the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace" (p. 87). A jolting kinetic sensation and the sound of horses' hoofs issue in the conclusion that "their carriage began to move." From within the coach, movement seems to be external. The houses are passing before us, "at walking pace," like scenery on a filmstrip. An act of perception assimilates the various sensations and constitutes the reality of locomotion.

As the carriage begins to go faster, the verbal rhythm quickens, and clipped phrases supplant periodic description. "Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway" (p. 87). Rapid linguistic movement simulates the sensation of speed, and alliteration and onomatopoeia re-create a jolting progression. The carriage rattles forward, noisily proclaiming its act of public homage.

Mr. Dedalus nodded, looking out.
—That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died out.

All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers. Respect. (P. 88)

Mr. Dedalus is grateful that the traditional salute has not "died out," but he feels little empathy for Dignam, who has. As Hugh Kenner notes in Dublin's Joyce, "Simon Dedalus has a sense of style, his world is still in touch with spectral fashionable Dublin."1 Simon is a sentimental Irishman who clings to the husks of a dead aristocratic tradition. He entertains his com-
companions with satirical wit and delights in nostalgic melodies, social gaiety, and the ironic turn of a phrase. By losing himself in the glories of the past, he remains oblivious of family responsibility. He shows no more concern for his son Stephen than for the corpse of Paddy Dignam.

Mr. Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat.
—There’s a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.
—Who is that?
—Your son and heir.
—Where is he? Mr. Dedalus said, stretching over across. (P. 88)

Simon attempts to establish his son’s identity by finding out where he is and placing him in a physical frame of reference. It is Bloom who answers the question of who Stephen is, a “friend,” a “son and heir.” Bloom dignifies the bond of sonship that Simon facetiously degrades. Like Shakespeare’s Gobbo, the father is unable to recognize his son as a free and independent agent, an individual who cannot be “placed” in a single, determinate situation.

The elder Dedalus works himself into a rage because Stephen has been seen with a “lowdown” crowd offensive to aristocratic breeding. Like the Citizen in “Cyclops,” Simon invokes “God and his blessed mother” to help him wreak revenge. He casts aspersions on Mulligan, “a contaminated bloody double-knitted ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks all over Dublin. . . . I’ll make it my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I’ll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me. . . . I won’t have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son” (p. 88). Simon can assert his paternity only in terms of archaic, tribal wrath. He interprets his kinship with Stephen as a primitive bond, a blood oath against defilement. The Dedalus tribe must not be contaminated, lest the father be implicated in filial guilt. And Mulligan is impure, a “bastard of a nephew,” twice removed from genuine sonship.
Bloom correctly judges Simon as a "noisy selfwilled man." He concludes, however, that the boisterous father is "full of his son" and "is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. . . . I could have helped him on in life" (p. 89). Bloom interprets even rude boasts as a manifestation of paternal joy. For him, a son is not only something to "hand on" for tribal perpetuation but a human being to be "helped on" through continuing solicitude.

Like Stephen, Bloom is preoccupied with the moment of conception. But in contrast to the younger man, he attributes procreation to natural circumstances rather than to "eternal law." "Just a chance. Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it. . . . And the sergeant grinning up. . . . Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins" (p. 89). Birth and death both result from accidents. Human intercourse can be inspired by canine copulation or by the reminiscence of an earlier attraction. Rudy was conceived because Molly spied two mating dogs and a flirtatious officer who reminded her of Mulvey. The grotesque situation makes life no less sacred at its inception. Bloom recalls with amazement the moment of "blind rut" that ended in paternity.

From a conception associated with bestiality came a birth issuing in death. "From me. Just a chance" (p. 89). Bloom produced the sperm that made his son, a "weak seed" that could not support life outside the womb. The father experienced a form of unconscious castration at his son's demise. As Sheldon Brivic points out, "According to one of the standard formulations of psychoanalysis, an infant may often be a symbol for the phallus. For the already neurotic Bloom, Rudy's death evidently symbolized the destruction of the penis that could be 'put out of sight'". The incident struck a mortal blow to Bloom's potency and left him unable to complete sexual intercourse with his wife: "Could never like it again after Rudy" (p. 168).

Bloom pities the "poor children" who must suffer disease, recalling that Milly "got off lightly with illness compared" (p.
His sentence is cut short by a silent comparison of Milly and Rudy, the child who did not get off lightly. Rudy's death has intensified the anxiety Bloom associates with women. Only the female, it would seem, has enough strength to sustain ongoing life. She can exist independently because she harbors the source of regeneration. "Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down" (p. 89).

Bloom is trying to come to terms with the indignity of death, which appears to be a "beastly" thing determined by chance. As he scans the obituaries, he finds a clue to the mystery. The prayer to Saint Theresa, "Thanks to the Little Flower," reminds him of his pseudonym, "Henry Flower." And it recalls the life potential suggested at the conclusion of "Lotus-Eaters," when Bloom contemplated his "bud of flesh." The outraged father still carries within himself all the powers of fertile creation. He must turn away from death toward the "flowering" of vitality, despite constant reminders of cuckoldry:

—Blazes Boylan, Mr. Power said. There he is airing his quiff. Just that moment I was thinking.
Mr. Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.

Mr. Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump. Night of the dance dressing. Shift stuck between the cheeks behind.

He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant glance over their faces. (P. 92)

At this point in the episode, Bloom has reached the nadir of his descent into hell. He has met the ghosts of Rudy and of his father. Now he confronts the living specter of Molly's adultery.
The other men salute Boylan, a Dublin Casanova reputed for amorous conquests. Like a radiant sun god, the lover flashes his white straw hat, a fetishistic symbol of male prowess. The Red Bank restaurant, here associated with Boylan, will later be identified with another enemy—the one-eyed Citizen who spits a Red Bank oyster "out of his gullet" (p. 331) in "Cyclops."

Bloom "reviews his nails" in a futile attempt to exclude Boylan from physical and mental perspective. The trivial occupation fails to hold his attention. His mind keeps shifting back to Molly's lover: "Is there anything more in him that they she sees?" The double pronoun illustrates Bloom's confusion. He first wonders what women in general ("they") see in Boylan. But before he can articulate the thought, his interest turns to the question of how Molly ("she") can be attracted to such a rogue. Everyone knows that Boylan is a scoundrel, the "worst man in Dublin." Yet Molly has been captivated by his glamor. Bloom's judgment of Blazes is clear: he is all flash and no substance. Boylan appears virile and alive; Leopold seems as impotent as a corpse.

Bloom feels desperately alienated from his spouse. "They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that" (p. 92). A woman may be capable of recognizing her lover's uniqueness from qualities inaccessible to the common eye. The explanation leads Bloom to compassion for Molly, but he feels that his credulity is being taxed. How could a "type like that" possess redeeming merits? How could Blazes be anything other than what he seems—a cad?

To escape the dilemma, Bloom returns to his fingernails. His psyche has been paralyzed by the confrontation with Boylan, and he is attempting to deaden his sensibilities. Earlier in the chapter, he contemplated the nails of a lifeless body as a scientific "phenomenon": "I believe they clip the nails and the hair. . . . Grow all the same after" (p. 87). Bloom's present investigation of his hands reveals his acute anxiety. After seeing Blazes, he feels like a dead man, and he searches his nails for signs of posthumous growth. "My nails. I am just looking at them." The progressive verb, "am looking," affirms the expe-
rience of continuing temporality. Bloom not only studies his fingernails; he makes a deliberate effort to see himself in terms of conscious perception. By constituting the "I" as a subjective agent, he asserts a transcendental ego—the self aware of itself in the act of mental reflection.

During the struggle to regain his integrity, Bloom has unconsciously been acting out the drama of Molly's adultery. Earlier, he wondered what his wife could see in her seducer, and he hoped that she would refuse to yield. Now he relinquishes such speculation and resigns himself to the affair. Bloom looks ahead to Molly's post-coital reflections: "And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy" (p. 92). Once again, he sympathizes with his spouse by imagining the lonely aftermath of adultery. He thinks of Molly lamenting her flabbiness and facing the terrors of approaching old age. "But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump" (p. 92). Bloom feels comforted by the memory of Molly's "shift stuck between the cheeks behind" the night of the bazaar dance. In a moment of infantile regression, he seeks embryonic security in the fleshy "cheeks" of his wife's maternal haunches. As at the close of "Ithaca," Bloom finds solace in the amplitude of Molly's "adulterous rump." In imitation of the clinging shift, he clasps his hands between his legs and enjoys vicarious satisfaction. He looks up at his companions with the vacant stare of a child, only to be spurned by the aggressive males surrounding him.

Mr. Power asks, "How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?" (p. 92). Power's ironic "And Madame" sets off reminiscences of Mozart's Don Giovanni, the musical motif of Bloom's cuckoldry. The anxious husband merely smiles and ignores the taunt. He even feels pity for Power's frustrated love life, a situation ironically similar to his own: "Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick" (p. 93).

When the Dubliners harangue against Reuben J. Dodd, usurers, and Jews in general, Bloom tries to participate in the joke.
He attempts to mitigate anti-Semitism with humor by moving from the general category of defilement to a particular anecdote about Dodd and his son. Simon’s angry curse, “Drown Barabas!” (p. 94), and his conclusion that Reuben paid “one and eightpence too much” (p. 95) for his son’s rescue are both implicit insults to Bloom. Dodd’s rebellious offspring was saved after a baptismal “death by water”; Bloom’s child “drowned” in infancy, a “Jew’s son” whose life was beyond purchase.

A tiny coffin flashes by, and Bloom imagines:


—But the worst of all, Mr. Power said, is the man who takes his own life. (P. 96)

The death of little Rudy and the suicide of Rudolph the elder come together in painful coincidence. Bloom pictures the pauper child with a face “mauve and wrinkled” like the skin of an old man. The recollection is so unnerving that his words are halted, punctuated in single syntactical units. “Our” stands alone and designates both the indigent child and his own dead son. Until now, Bloom has been thinking about poor “little Rudy.” But the memory has become too agonizing. He cuts the phrase short, comes to a full stop, and substitutes the adjective “beggar” for Rudy’s name. By channeling pity toward the tiny pauper, Bloom can look at infant mortality from a stoic perspective. In the cosmic scheme of things, the boy “meant nothing. Mistake of nature. If it’s healthy it’s from the mother. If not the man.” Under the guise of cynicism, Bloom reveals the guilt he associates with Rudy’s demise. He has judged himself culpable of the “sin” of impotence, and the conviction has proved a self-fulfilling prophecy. Not only does the world regard him as a defiled Jew, but Bloom considers himself defiled by the stigma of paternal failure.
Furthermore, Bloom has inherited a sense of inadequacy from the family disgrace of his father’s suicide: “They have no mercy on that here or infanticide. Refuse Christian burial. They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it wasn’t broken already” (p. 96). Bloom alludes to his father’s death indirectly, in terms of the vague pronominal referent “that.” He associates suicide, the worst of all sins, with infanticide, the crime for which he unconsciously condemns himself. Bloom bears the guilt for nature’s “murder” of little Rudy. Like Rudolph the elder, he suffers a “broken heart” and is being punished by a society that shows no mercy to men such as he.

The only person who tries to rescue Bloom from this dark circle of hell is Martin Cunningham. Aware of the family history, Martin insists that “we must take a charitable view” of suicide. To Bloom, he seems to be a temporary redeemer: “Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare’s face. Always a good word to say” (p. 96). Martin can utter a “good word” of sympathy because the “life of the damned” (p. 96) has made him responsive to domestic anguish. Bloom is grateful for the “charitable view” that softens Power’s tirade against suicidal cowardice. He describes Cunningham as a “human man,” using a redundant phrase to emphasize extraordinary kindness.

Sentiments of good fellowship engender compassion, which in turn gives rise to artistic creation. Bloom attempts to understand and to identify with Cunningham’s marital torment by imagining ludicrous scenes of conjugal purgation: “And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawnning the furniture on him every Saturday almost. Leading him the life of the damned. . . . Lord, she must have looked a sight that night. . . . Drunk about the place and capering with Martin’s umbrella” (p. 96).

According to his own definition, Bloom is the most “human” of the citizens attending Dignam’s funeral. As a sensitive individual, he offers an ethical model for aesthetic creation. Sympathy leads him to realize an artistic mode of life, inspired
by the urge to comprehend the joy and the sorrow of his fellow human beings. Through negative capability, he fashions empathic stories that enable him to dramatize the pain and emotional isolation revealed in the lives of others. His pity for Cunningham unwittingly evokes the mythic situations of Sisyphus and Ixion: “Wear the heart out of a stone, that. Monday morning start afresh. Shoulder to the wheel” (p. 96). Bloom has wandered through Hades for so long that he can clearly recognize human misery. As in the case of Stephen’s Shakespeare, his loss proves to be another's gain.

The men in the carriage discuss the Gordon Bennett Race as their coach gallops toward the cemetery. The Dubliners are unaware that they too are engaged in the “great race” of life, a contest whose goal is death. Dignam, like Homer’s Elpenor, has already won this round and gotten there before them. Only Bloom seems aware of their destiny. He associates “my house down there” with the “ward for incurables there. Very encouraging. Our Lady’s Hospice for the dying. Deadhouse handy underneath” (p. 97). Bloom ranks himself among the “dying” by his juxtaposition of 7 Eccles Street and Our Lady’s Hospice. Both, in fact, appear to occupy the same adverbial place “there.” An “incurable” Jew, cuckold, and mortal, Bloom continues to burn in his private hell.

As cattle pass in front of the carriage, he thinks of death in terms of its lowest denominator—animal slaughter and degustation of the corpse. “Tomorrow is killing day. . . . Roast beef for old England” (p. 97). He suggests two inventions: a tramline to the cattle market and “municipal funeral trams.” The projects are ironically similar. Trams would convey cattle to the slaughter and human corpses to the cemetery. In both cases, the end is cold meat.

Like Mulligan, Bloom recognizes death as a physiological phenomenon. But in contrast to Buck, he refuses to consider it “a beastly thing and nothing else” (p. 8). The tragedy of death lies precisely in the interdependence of physical existence and spiritual consciousness. Death reduces the man-god to a “dog”-corpse. Bloom muses: “Simnel cakes those are . . .
cakes for the dead. Dogbiscuits. Who ate them? Mourners coming out” (p. 100). As if to assure themselves of continuing vitality, the living feast on food that the deceased can no longer enjoy. Their primitive wake rite is but one step removed from tribal cannibalism, a theme portrayed in *Finnegans Wake* when the body of HCE becomes food for Shem and Shaun.

Dead men are “shades” in human memory; only the living have substance and participate in authentic existence. Bloom laments that Queen Victoria wasted her energies mourning all “for a shadow . . . . Her son was the substance. Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back, waiting. It never comes” (p. 102). Human life involves a constant process of becoming, of self-projection toward “something new to hope for.” The son is physically consubstantial with the father and perpetuates the “substance” when his progenitor dies.

In opposition to the sentimental Dubliners, Bloom faces the reality of death as a mechanical breakdown:

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. (P. 105)

While Kernan is engrossed in funeral rites, Bloom goes to the heart of the matter: the dead man’s heart cannot be “touched,” no matter how moving the ceremony. The sentimental Irishman demands consolation from a “heart-rending” service. Bloom shows greater compassion for the deceased by recognizing that Dignam’s heart is beyond mending. The Jewish mind portrays Christian resurrection in terms of a comic vision: “Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps” (p. 106). Death reduces the individual
to a "pennyweight of powder in a skull," with no possibility of resuscitation.

Even the story of Mulcahy and the drunks adds to the irony of man's concept of immortality. The drunkard remarks in front of Christ's statue: "Not a bloody bit like the man. . . . That's not Mulcahy, . . . whoever done it" (p. 107). The religious figure perpetuates the human vanity of survival through stone memorials. A statue cannot replace Mulcahy, no matter how much reverence one ascribes to it. The effigy is "not a bloody bit like the man" because it fails to possess flesh-and-blood vitality. The stone savior cannot endow Mulcahy's corpse with the faculty of human consciousness.

For Bloom, a physical life-death cycle constitutes the only valid myth of rebirth. He contemplates the "new life" that issues from the cemetery through the caretaker and his wife: "It might thrill her first. Courting death. . . . Love among the tombstones. Romeo. Spice of pleasure. In the midst of death we are in life. Both ends meet. Tantalising for the poor dead. Smell of grilled beefsteaks to the starving gnawing their vitals" (p. 108; corrected from the 1934 Random House edition). But the dead, by very definition, have no vitals. They themselves have disintegrated into rotting meat; they resemble "grilled beefsteaks," "roast beef for old England."

In examining death, Bloom unconsciously traces ritual murder back to its origin in ancient fertility rites of vegetation and growth. "It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life. Same idea those Jews they said killed the Christian boy" (p. 108). The "same idea" of rejuvenation through sacrifice underlies the archaic ritual of Dionysus; the crucifixion of Christ; and the slaughter of Hugh of Lincoln, the "Christian boy" murdered by the Jews. Resurrection myths historically take root in primitive fertility cycles. The boy-god dies, and a flower rises up in his stead. Bloom suggests an ingenious extension of the vegetation ritual: the use of human corpses to fertilize a garden. "Every man his price. Well preserved fat corpse gentleman, epicure, invaluable for fruit garden" (p. 108). His suggestion prefigures the implications of Joyce's neologism "cropse" in *Finnegans Wake.*
The bodily decomposition that Bloom imagines is anything but idyllic: “I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpse manure, bones, flesh, nails, charnelhouses. Dreadful. Turning green and pink, decomposing. Rot quick in damp earth. . . . Then a kind of a tallowy kind of cheesy. Then begin to get black, treacle oozing out of them. . . . Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically” (p. 108). Bloom confuses “cells” and atoms, but his conclusion is accurate. The primordial units of chemical matter “live forever.” Physiological death is both vegetative and bestial. As for man, “once you’re dead, you’re dead.” Paddy “doesn’t know who is here nor care” (p. 109).

In both the Linati and the Gilbert schemata, Joyce designated the heart as the thematic organ of “Hades.” Bloom is moving from a strictly mechanical denotation of “heart” to figurative language descriptive of the human condition. He has defined death as a physical breakdown of the center of circulation; the heart becomes “an old rusty pump.” But because death annihilates consciousness, it sheds light in a negative way on the “human heart” as the source of emotion. The caretaker enjoys “cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart” (p. 109). Bloom has begun to speak in analogical terms, and he uses a figure of speech to describe the feeling of good cheer. “Gravediggers in Hamlet. Shows the profound knowledge of the human heart. Daren’t joke about the dead for two years at least” (p. 109).

Burial is the one service for which an individual must depend on others: “A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he could. Still he’d have to get someone to sod him after he died though he could dig his own grave. We all do. Only man buries. . . . Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him. Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look at it” (p. 109). Death acknowledges the individual as a member of a universal community. By the phrase “We all do,” Bloom indicates that each person must recognize his social inclusion at the moment of death, even though he may have denied it during life. At the same time, burial relates directly to
those who survive the corpse. "Bury the dead" is the "first thing" that "strikes anybody" (p. 109). By disposing of the dead, the survivor recognizes the human body as an object to be returned to the earth and solidified as physical matter. In the act of burial, he affirms his own transcendent consciousness: he refuses to identify with the death process of absorption into an alien environment.

"Every Friday buries a Thursday." The funeral rite illustrates man's need to transcend his solidified past. The living must project themselves forward into the future. Those who insist on looking back "dig their own graves." Like Lot's wife, they will be petrified into stone, paralyzed by the stasis of history. The individual must constantly bury his past and choose himself anew. Precisely because the Irish have abjured freedom, they are being buried alive by archaic traditions. Joyce's Ireland is a nation of living corpses who turn away from authentic creativity.

Unlike the Dublin mourners, Bloom realizes that death ceases to be a human phenomenon once life has been extinguished. The corpse is a static object that can feel no more, and Bloom directs his pity toward the painful struggle that precedes the end of consciousness. He imagines the sensations of terror, surprise, and incredulity experienced by the dying man: "It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened deathchamber" (p. 110). The brevity of the scene heightens its macabre accuracy. Bloom contemplates the feeling of impotence with which a modern Everyman must confront his final agony. "Whispering around you. Would you like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid all your life. The death struggle" (p. 110). The psychodrama of pain and isolation expresses much the same tension as that portrayed in Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Ilych":

Ivan Ilych saw that he was dying, and he was in continual despair.
The syllogism he had learnt from Kiezewetter’s Logic: “Caius is a man, men are mortal, therefore Caius is mortal,” had always seemed to him correct as applied to Caius, but certainly not as applied to himself. That Caius—man in the abstract—was mortal, was perfectly correct, but he was not Caius, not an abstract man, but a creature quite, quite separate from all the others.⁴

The individual tries desperately to escape the reality of personal extinction. He consoles himself by adopting the inauthentic position of the “crowd,” by regarding death as a characteristic of the anonymous “One.”⁵ Death can be comprehended only in terms of others, as an event pour autrui. Human consciousness cannot conceive of total annihilation. Since the mind is pure “nothingness,” it is able to envision nonbeing only as the corresponding destruction of a personal life-world.

At the end of Finnegans Wake, Anna Livia murmurs as she flows toward death: “And let her rain now if she likes . . . for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Thinking always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me?” (FW 627). Because the individual comprehends his existence through phenomena outside himself, he thinks of death in terms of a universe that continues to exist despite the absence of his being-there. But once the mind posits a world, it simultaneously affirms a “transcendental consciousness” aware of death as a phenomenon extrinsic to itself. Hence the illusion of immortality: the transcendental ego refuses to recognize the annihilation of personal identity.⁶

Unwittingly, Bloom applies to the burial rites images from the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus: “They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure. . . . Flag of distress. Three days” (p. 111). The Jew Leopold is precluding the possibility of a Christian Messiah. If Christ rose after three days, he was never dead; if his heart were indeed pierced by a soldier who “made sure” of death, then Jesus could not have risen from the tomb. Joe Hynes asks Bloom, “What is your Christian name? I’m not sure” (p. 111). Possibly the reporter is not certain about the Jew’s “Christianity.” Bloom
hesitates, then gives the initial "L" before stating his given name.

When Joe Hynes suggests a visit to the "chief’s grave," the men pay homage to Charles Stewart Parnell, a half-mythic political leader who legend predicts will "one day come again." In their tribute to Parnell, the Dubliners move toward public ritual and social integration. Bloom, as always, remains an outsider: "Mr. Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels, crosses, broken pillars, family vaults, stone hopes praying with upcast eyes, old Ireland’s hearts and hands" (p. 113). Bloom traverses a wasteland that neither Jesus nor Parnell could redeem. "Old Ireland’s hearts and hands" are dismembered and incapable of action. The hopes of the living have turned cold. The nation has become a degenerate graveyard, a barren Garden of Eden glittering with illusory metal flowers.

"How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we" (p. 113). But the citizens who "walk round Dublin" are already dead. Bloom earlier observed: "Dead side of the street this. Dull business by day . . . the industrious blind. . . . Chummies and slaveys. Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew. Foundation stone for Parnell. Breakdown. Heart" (p. 95). The whole city suffers from a breakdown of the heart, a loss of compassionate vitality. In Portrait, Simon Dedalus declared that "the priests and the priests’ pawns broke Parnell’s heart and hounded him into his grave (PA 33–34). Just as Parnell died of a broken heart when spurned by his countrymen, so the Dubliners now offer their liberator a foundation stone crumbling for dearth of political sympathy. The Irish are embedded in blind tradition. Their hearts have been "enchanted to a stone," solidified like the statue of the Sacred Heart, Ireland’s Catholic patron.

Like the genteel play-actors of Yeats’s poem "Easter, 1916," the Dubliners utter "polite meaningless words" of sympathy for Paddy Dignam. But their concern goes no further than an aristocratic funeral rite that carefully honors tradition.
“Pray for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody really? Plant him and have done with him. Like down a coalshoot” (p. 113). In contrast to the citizens, Bloom scrutinizes death with meticulous realism:

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. . . . One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. . . . Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. . . . Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is the pleasantest. See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. (P. 114)

The sight of an obese grey rat leads Bloom to a scientific analysis of death as a beastly phenomenon. The well-fed rodent has fattened himself on corpses; he is an “old stager: greatgrandfather.” A few moments earlier, Bloom had suggested putting “a gramophone in every grave. . . . Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark!” (p. 114). The verbal repetition intentionally deflates Bloom’s scheme: “greatgrandfather” has disappeared into the digestive tract of a rat. Death has reduced the body to “meat gone bad”—food for flies, maggots, and rodents. “Regular square feed for them” (p. 114). The corpse has returned to the soil and become part of the elemental substances of earth, fire, and water. “Drowning they say is the pleasantest,” Bloom muses, echoing Stephen’s temptation to lose himself in a seachange. “Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely” (p. 50). Yet even “death by water” offers no hope of resurrection, and Bloom is not deluded. “See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no” (p. 114).

Both Stephen and Bloom contemplate a material corpse, and both arrive at similar conclusions. Stephen imagines the drowned man as a “bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. . . . Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead” (p. 50).
The drowned body has become a delectable morsel for fishes and is being absorbed into the waters of bitter death. The living consume "a urinous offal from all dead" in a process of molecular cannibalism. Human bodies fertilize vegetation and feed fishes that will later nourish men. Every corpse becomes a "cropse," to be eaten by its survivors.

Like Stephen, Bloom recognizes the corpse as meat to be devoured by scavengers. He depicts the dead man as food for human consumption, describing the body in gustatory images: "Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips" (p. 114). With the verbal technique used by Mulligan, Bloom portrays death in terms of palatal sensations. He is sufficiently repulsed by his own description of the corpse, however, to reject the land of the dead. "Back to the world again. Enough of this place" (p. 114).

For Joyce, reification, not resurrection, lies at the end of Christian eschatology. Consciousness, aware of its eventual extinction, must repudiate the grave and turn "back to the world again... My ghost will haunt you after death. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life" (pp. 114–15).

Bloom adamantly challenges the phantoms that haunt him. He "does not like that other world" called hell, nor the ghosts that arise from its depths. He has descended into Hades and seen the true nature of infernal torment. Those who cling to moribund traditions have been cut off from creative vitality. Like the characters in Sartre's *Huis Clos*, they are trapped in a solidified past: life is *déjà fait*. Hell reveals itself as "hemi­plegia of the will"—a state of complete paralysis that destroys the possibility of growth, relationship, or a change of heart.

Bloom consciously chooses the upper air, then enumerates his senses like a wondrous child: "Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you." He rejects the "maggoty beds" of the dead and prefers the "warm full-
“blooded life” of his wife Molly. On the primitive level of sense experience, he is working toward an ethic of love, compassion, and charity. Bloom delights in social contact, and he intuitively believes that salvation might be found through the physical and spiritual “warmth” of other human beings. He is beginning to articulate the philosophy of *caritas* that he later will preach in “Cyclops” and will embrace in “Ithaca,” along with equanimity.

Bloom refuses to be numbered among the Dublin corpses, whether they lie in the cemetery or walk the city streets. John Henry Menton, with “oyster eyes,” is one of the city’s living dead. He gazes backward to the time years ago when he took a “rooted dislike” to Bloom over a petty bowling game. The paralyzed Dubliner was “mortified” by “hate at first sight” (p. 115). Now he snubs Bloom’s sincere attempt to be gracious. Unlike his Jewish adversary, Menton is immersed in his own grave: he has become enslaved to the grudge he bears and to a spiritual breakdown of the heart.

Up to this point in the novel, Joyce’s use of indirect free style has given us the illusion of unmediated access to the minds of Stephen and Bloom. Joyce as “incarnate author” has functioned as the voiceless presence behind and above and beyond the text—present in the mode of absence, but never intrusive as narrator. After the “Hades” episode, we become increasingly aware of a narrative voice independent of the characters—a fictional persona whose role in the novel approximates that of the traditional omniscient author.

In a work that makes extensive use of interior monologue, the reader holds intervention suspect. Narrative mediation never seems fully trustworthy, since it threatens our unobstructed access to psychological revelation. We have learned to believe the characters themselves, though they falter in their perceptions or stumble into bogs of scientific misinformation. The presence of a narrator banishes us to an external perspective. We must infer the thoughts and feelings attached to emotional states through the indirect evidence of symbolic activity.
In the first six episodes of *Ulysses*, the narrator remains mockingly sober. With "Aeolus," he begins to disrupt our complacent sense of intimate knowledge. Joyce may have added the Aeolian headlines as an afterthought, but their presence entirely changes the character of the narrative. Typographical intrusion alienates us from the mimetic realism of the text. We are forced to realize that Joyce has created a self-contained universe. Visitors are welcome, so long as they keep in mind that the work of fiction is autotelic and self-referential.

The implicit narrator of "Aeolus" is an agent of mechanical perverseness. As *homo ludens*, he delights in experimental games—catalogues, parodies, word plays, verbal distortions, and neologisms. He tries to persuade us that life is a "beastly thing and nothing else" (p. 8). He insists that language involves only game and linguistic play, stripped of moral or metaphysical significance. His voice often resembles those of the principal characters; but his perspective is obliquely slanted, making it virtually impossible for us to establish a firm center of consciousness. Whenever the narrator usurps center stage, he exposes the paralytic emptiness of Dublin life.

The newspaper episode bombards us with windy rhetoric and a journalistic view of "DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN" (p. 145). All the characters in the chapter are determined to "raise the wind" (p. 147). They are convinced that language is a tool of manipulation. Words are "things" that conceal, rather than reveal, subjective consciousness. As Professor MacHugh prudently warns, "We mustn't be led away by words, by sounds of words" (p. 131). In the game of life, language functions as a primary tool of psychological manipulation.

The newspaper manipulates the attention of the crowd, just as newspaper headlines focus our attention on the trivia of Dublin life. Stephen takes on the persona of a punster and satirizes Ireland's political apathy in a bawdy parable of national seduction. The young man amuses his compatriots; but like Antisthenes, he becomes a pawn of his own acerbity. He prostitutes the cold steelpen of his wit to the demands of a debased, journalistic mentality.
The rhetoric of "Doughy Daw" or of John F. Taylor is windy enough to blow the Irish populace into a heat of Celtic ardor. The Old Testament offers a theocratic model for a modern Irish state, ruled by a corrupt clergy that bargains with England and betrays its believers for scraps of political power. The Irish nationalists are automatons set in motion by stirring polemic and by chauvinistic wind.

Even Leopold Bloom is blown in and out of the episode, for once a puppet of the trade he follows. In the newspaper office, he contemplates the obituary of Paddy Dignam, that "MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS" (p. 118) whose heart-machine "got bunged up." "This morning the remains of the late Mr. Patrick Dignam. Machines. Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught. Rule the world today. His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in" (p. 118). Bloom is threatened by the industrial technocracy of "Aeolus"; and he associates his fear of getting smashed "to atoms" with Dignam's corpse, now disintegrating into random atomic particles that fertilize the earth or feed the bowels of a rat.

The newspaper world is a microcosm of paralysis and of mechanical aggression: "The machines clanked in three-four time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head" (p. 119). The men in the office "clank on and on" in machine-like volubility. Sometimes the frightening engines seem more personal than the staff who operate them: "Slt. Almost human the way it slt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak... Everything speaks in its own way" (p. 121).

Bloom's job as ad-canvasser makes him into a polite, ingratiating machine. His work is often demeaning. He must toady to the editor, Myles Crawford, in an attempt to arbitrate the demands of a client, Alexander Keyes. Crawford's insult, "K. M. R. I. A.," prefigures the brutal invective of the Citizen
in "Cyclops." "He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him" (p. 147). Crawford facetiously demands a "royal" prerogative in his scatological retort—a comment that exposes the ironic contradiction between the editor's democratic ideology and his debased, aristocratic demeanor.

Ireland is itself a "house of bondage," spiritually bankrupt and enthralled by English domination. Bloom's theological meditation offers a scathing critique of Irish biblical rhetoric: "All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage alleluia. . . . Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all" (p. 122).

Stephen's "Parable of the Plums" makes a witty and ribald statement about "everybody eating everyone else" in terms of voracious imperialism. The Dublin vestals unconsciously worship Nelson, a "one-handed adulterer" perched atop his phallic column in the heart of the Hibernian metropolis. They honor a British hero guilty of the same scandalous "crimes" that rendered Parnell unfit to lead the Irish Catholic nation to home rule. England gets the plums, Ireland the plumstones. The Dublin virgins, barren and womb weary, unwittingly prostitute themselves to the titillating conqueror. "THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES" (p. 148) pay ludicrous homage to the scattered seed of England's adultery. Imperial Britain seduces Ireland, sucks the life out of her economy and her government, and finally betrays "Old Mother Grogan" to fatuous senility. The symbolism of Stephen's anecdote hints at both sexual and excretory release. "DIMINISHED DIGITS PROVE TOO TITILLATING FOR FRISKY FRUMPS. ANNE WIMBLES, FLO WANGLES" (p. 150), and both facilitate the pollution of their Hibernian capital. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, the Dublin dames survey a desiccated wasteland that seems far from political redemption. Neither woman will realize the promise of national independence in her lifetime. The landscape is church-dominated, and the shadow of the "one-handed adulterer" casts its pall everywhere, like an
ominous sundial stretched out against the sky and challenging the power of the heavens.

Later, in "Wandering Rocks," the narrator presents us with another bird's-eye view of Dublin, a city dominated by clerical and viceregal power. The art of the chapter is "mechanics," the technique "labyrinthine." Stephen and Bloom are reduced to impersonal forms in the maze of Irish society. The city is rendered through a kaleidoscopic set of distorted perspectives, and interpolation in each cameo section suggests the prominence of authorial manipulation. The formal disjunction of language and perception challenges our notion of serial temporality. As we learned in "Proteus," literature is an art that unfolds in time. We expect things to follow "one after another." And when they emulate the shape of cubist painting, distorted to collapse our certitudes about time and space, we feel the impact of narrative intervention.

Taken together, the vignettes in "Wandering Rocks" form a mosaic portrait of Irish paralysis. Each section might be construed as a rough sketch for a tale that could have been included in Dubliners. Many of the brief scenes evoke a "negative epiphany"—the sudden spiritual manifestation of matter devoid of spirit. The quidditas revealed is that of a heartless, mechanical cosmos. The bits of interior monologue to be found in the chapter respond, with fear or with fascination, to the threat of individual engulfment.

Bloom, the "cultured allround man" (p. 235) wallows in a whirlpool of morose delectation as he peruses a pornographic bookstall. Despite the salacious humor of the scene, implications of impersonal sex come close to sensual obsession. Birth, love, and death are yoked together in a grotesque bond of comic violence. The plates of "Aristotle's Masterpiece" depict gestation as sordid and bestial: "infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows" (p. 235). In the works of James Lovebirch and of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, coition is a sadomasochistic rite of torturous debasement. Sweets of Sin evokes for Bloom a synesthetic fantasy that previews the eroticism of Nighttown: "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 Raoult!). Armpits’ oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (her heaving embonpoint!). Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions!” (p. 236). We are not far from the sensuous world of “Circe,” where human beings are metamorphosed into slaves of sexual compulsion.

Stephen, too, yields to the thrill of amorous fantasy. He thinks of his lapidary prose inspired by gems “born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil lights shining in the darkness” (p. 241). “And you who wrest old images from the burial earth! The brainsick words of sophists” (p. 242). From these inert minerals, he fashions a kinetic figure of sensual desire—a bejeweled belly-dancer performing before the lurid glare of a sailor: “She dances in a foul gloom where gum burns with garlic. A sailorman, rustbearded, sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut” (p. 241). Bloom is entranced by the pornography he reads; Stephen is fascinated by his own creation of lascivious art. In both cases, sex is imagined as a mechanical act of frictional excitation. The titillations of erotic dream demand phallic conquest and female violation.

Stephen has strayed far from the path of Aquinas Tunbelly. He feels trapped in a world that he perceives as heartless. The dynamos from a nearby powerhouse give rise to an epiphany of terrifying contingency: “Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow” (p. 242). For once, Stephen loses intellectual control. He experiences a visceral horror of personal annihilation and a searing comprehension of mortality. He realizes the futility of artistic song in terms of cosmic engulfment. The poet sings of his own heart, a throbbing pump that will eventually break down. The shadow of death mocks the permanence of aesthetic creation.

Stephen is aware of the transcendental ego, the subjective “I” that confirms individual uniqueness. But he feels terrified
by the recognition of his own being as a "nothingness"—as pure potential, mediating between an internal, biological microcosm and an external, perceptual macrocosm. Human consciousness must be constituted negatively, by a definition of that which it is not—the physical body it inhabits or the material universe it "nihilates." The "I," that elusive "ego," hovers "between two roaring worlds where they swirl." It can be identified with neither; yet, paradoxically, it is contingent on both.

The horror of mechanical determinism prompts Stephen to flirt briefly with suicide. But he shuns the temptation of a dio boia visible in the chaotic Irish metropolis. Like Bloom, he snaps back defiantly: "Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher, were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around" (p. 242). He turns to the reality of external phenomena to escape self-indulgent morbidity. Artifoni was right: if Stephen perceives the world as una bestia, he only sacrifices himself (p. 228).

In a mechanistic universe, the heart is nothing but a "wonderful" timepiece ticking off the seconds of mortality. "Heroes' hearts" throb strongly in the breasts of heavyweight boxers who celebrate violence and virility. Love is defined as sensual excitement, evoked by the witchery of an aphrodisiac charm: "nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo!" (p. 242).

Dilly Dedalus, starved for food and for knowledge, will need more than a magic formula to relieve her desperation. The sight of Dilly casts a shadow over Stephen's mind and gives rise to Agenbite of Inwit: "She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death" (p. 243). These thoughts may be somewhat melodramatic, but Dilly functions as an awful reminder that loyalty to his "consubstantial" family will drag Stephen down into the engulfing waters of Irish oblivion.

In "Aeolus" and in "Wandering Rocks," Stephen and Bloom are threatened by spiritual paralysis and by hemiplegia of the will. In the heart of the Hibernian metropolis, they
discover the other side of Hades—a world of automation and willlessness that sanctions death-in-life. Above and beyond the Dublin scene stands the omniscient narrator, a hangman god who relates the tale of “things as they are” and gleefully satirizes the myopia of human society.


3. Sir James Frazer describes the earlier Greek legend: “Like the other gods of vegetation . . . Dionysus was believed to have died a violent death, but to have been brought to life again; and his sufferings, death, and resurrection were enacted in his sacred rites . . . . Pomegranates were supposed to have sprung from the blood of Dionysus, as anemones from the blood of Adonis and violets from the blood of Attis. . . . Where the resurrection formed part of the myth, it also was acted at the rites, and it even appears that a general doctrine of resurrection, or at least immortality, was inculcated on the worshippers” (*The New Golden Bough,* p. 200).

4. Leo Tolstoy, “The Death of Ivan Ilych” and Other Stories, pp. 131-32.

5. As Martin Heidegger explains, “The analysis of the phrase ‘one dies’ reveals unambiguously the kind of Being which belongs to everyday Being-towards-death. In such a way of talking, death is understood as an indefinite something which, above all, must duly arrive from somewhere or other, but which is proximally not yet present-at-hand for one-self, and is therefore no threat. . . . In Dasein’s public way of interpreting, it is said that ‘one dies,’ because everyone else and oneself can talk himself into saying that ‘in no case is it I myself,’ for this ‘one’ is the ‘nobody’. . . . Dying, which is essentially mine in such a way that no one can be my representative, is perverted into an event of public occurrence which the ‘they’ encounters. . . . The ‘they’ does not permit us the courage for anxiety in the face of death” (*Being and Time,* pp. 297-98).

6. In Sartre’s short story “The Wall,” one of the condemned prisoners declares: “I tell myself there will be nothing afterwards. But I don’t understand what it means. . . . I see my corpse; that’s not hard but I’m the one who sees it, with my eyes. I’ve got to think . . . think that I won’t see anything anymore and the world will go on for the others” (*Intimacy,* pp. 20-21).

7. Marilyn French points out in *The Book as World* that Joyce wrote these chapters in what he called the “initial style,” a stream-of-consciousness form that establishes the “decorum” of the novel and “has three main strands: interior monologue, third person description of action and exteriors, and naturalistic dialogue” (*The Book as World: James Joyce’s *Ulysses,*“ p. 54). According to French, these chapters make us so thoroughly sympathetic
to Stephen and to Bloom that we later choose sentiment and human emotion over the cold, mockingly rational world of the scientific, experimental narrator.

8. Bloom, for instance, is described as a "darkbacked figure under Merchants’ arch" (p. 227). Clive Hart suggests that in "Wandering Rocks," the author adopts "the persona of a harsh and awkward narrator whose difficult personality is the most salient thing about the chapter." According to Hart, the narrative consciousness of the episode functions as the *spiritus loci* "of Dublin itself, and the spirit is endowed with a distinctive personality. . . . But the objectivity is a disingenuous fraud, a deliberate trap." "This narrator is omnipresent, and very much in charge. He is remote, 'behind or beyond' his handiwork, but by no means indifferent. He reports, but rarely condescends to explain, conceals and reveals according to whim, and both we and the characters suffer from his totalitarian dominance" (Clive Hart, "Wandering Rocks," in *James Joyce's Ulysses*, ed. Clive Hart and David Hayman, pp. 186, 189, 190)

9. *Aristotle’s Masterpiece* (1694) was, in fact, a pseudonymous work sold as a titillating sex manual throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Molly later thinks about the same book in "Penelope," and her comment is relevant, despite its malapropism: "like those babies in the Aristocrats Masterpiece he brought me another time as if we hadn’t enough of that in real life without some old Aristocrat or whatever his name is disgusting you more with those rotten pictures children with two heads and no legs thats the kind of villainy theyre always dreaming about with not another thing in their empty heads" (p. 772). Molly condemns males for lewd-mindedness and for obsessive absorption in sexual fantasy—precisely those charges which critics have leveled against Molly Bloom, and which each sex has perennially brought against the other, "the pan calling the kettle blackbottom" (p. 767).