At the end of "Hades," Leopold Bloom renounces the spirit-world of sentimental religion and heart-rending grief. He casts a cold eye on the corpse of Paddy Dignam and decides to "pass by" the grave this inning. The stark reality of death as a physical phenomenon forces Bloom back to warm, sensuous life. He eschews that "other world" of lifeless essences and the ghosts that cling to its shadows. Bloom prefers to take his chances in dear dirty Dublin, a city that is "beastly alive" and offers sensual delights to eye and palate. His thoughts turn to alimentary satisfaction in "Lestrygonians" and later in "Sirens"—chapters that describe a godly and an earthly meal that intersect in notable parallax.

The "Lestrygonians" episode is one of Joyce’s more successful examples of aesthetic integration of organ and technique. Combining symbolist metaphor with realistic detail, Joyce is keenly aware of the basic interdependence of soma
and psyche. In a world of symbolic analogies, the most obvious correspondences take root in primal interaction between mind and body: the hour before lunch is "the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy; hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed" (p. 164). With an empty stomach, Bloom begins to feed on himself. "Nature abhors a vacuum" (p. 164). Internal space leads him to the brink of the void and gives rise to gaping terrors of annihilation: "Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about, crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock" (p. 167). Bloom imagines a post-apocalyptic earthball winding down to a cold, barren, inhuman landscape—a vision of lifeless frigidity inspired by Laplace's nebular hypothesis of "universal cooling."

In peristaltic fluctuation, Bloom readily succumbs to erotic fantasy engendered by the rich, synesthetic beauty of Grafton Street: "A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore" (p. 168). Physical hunger mingles with lascivious desire, olfactory pleasure with kinesthetic satisfaction. But Bloom suffers a rude awakening at the door of the Burton restaurant:

Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. . . . A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chew chew chew it. . . . Bolting to get it over. . . . Am I like that? See ourselves as others see us. Hungry man is an angry man. . . . Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. . . . Get out of this. (P. 169)
Bloom has left lotus-land for the masculine, predatory arena of Darwinian struggle. This is Mulligan's Dublin, where human beings devour food in unthinking herds and feed on one another for want of better sustenance. "Hungry man is an angry man." Deprivation precludes communal solicitude: men are driven by a megalomaniac rage to stuff their gullets and to fill the angry void inside. "Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion" (p. 172). Bloom unwittingly recognizes a Marxist economic base at the heart of political conflict: "Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail... Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!" (p. 170). Human beings murder one another and cannibalize themselves in a frustrated, aggressive environment: "Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps... Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a soup pot big as the Phoenix Park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it. Hate people all round you" (p. 170). "Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else" (p. 122) in a crude ritual of competitive cannibalism.

Men and women are "piled up in cities," unable to escape the claustrophobic pressures of futility and anonymity in the industrial megalopolis. People feel alienated from their work and from themselves: "Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piled up bricks, stones... Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions... No one is anything" (p. 164).

Hungry and skeptical, Bloom suffers from a depressed and melancholic vision of reality. He perceives a society in which males victimize one another; and females are condemned to live as broodmares, sentenced to "life with hard labor": "Poor Mrs. Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness... Hardy annuals he presents her with... Selfish those t.t.'s are" (p. 161). Mina Purefoy's plight assaults Bloom's compassion: "Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegared handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out! Phew! Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: forceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping..."
for the way out. Kill me that would” (p. 161). Mrs. Purefoy’s Methodist husband masticates saffron bun and soda while his wife groans in labor. Safe within a Dickensian view of paternal righteousness, “Dear Doady” escapes the pain of delivery to wallow in the satisfactions of fatherhood.

Leopold Bloom empathizes with suffering men and women enslaved to the exigencies of bed, board, and breeding. As victim and underdog, he feels genuine compassion for individuals battling the forces of social and historical circumstance. In his own private world, Bloom feels like a scapegoat in the most primitive sense of the term. Thoughts of cannibalism torment his consciousness:

There was a right royal old nigger  
Who ate the balls of Mr. MacTrigger  
His five hundred wives  
Had the time of their lives  
It grew bigger and bigger and bigger.  

Bloom cannot remember all of the limerick, which parabolically associates food and sexuality, cannibalism and eroticism. His mental block is understandable. In “Hades,” he imagined himself sexually dead. Now he feels as if his genitals are figuratively being consumed by Boylan, whose womanizing prowess will be enhanced by the titillations of adultery. Bloom refuses to adopt the predatory ethic of kill or be killed, “eat or be eaten” (p. 170). The injunction to violence and retribution is precisely the urge he finds so appalling in the society around him. He will not adopt a masculine, aggressive ethic or attempt to dispatch the suitors of Penelope.

Bloom the victim barely allows fear to take shape on the surface of his mind. In clipped, abbreviated phrases, he thinks of Molly’s flirtation with Boylan twelve days before: “He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm’s la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes” (p. 167). Bloom has societal approbation to try to “stop” his wife’s infidelity; but instead, he chooses to stop himself from thinking about a moment that already belongs to the stasis of the past: “Stop.
Stop. If it was it was. Must” (p. 167). Bloom cannot suppress the physical symptoms of acute anxiety: he breathes quickly; his heart palpitates; and his mental telegrams become laconic, almost indecipherable. He responds like a condemned man to the threat of cuckoldry: adultery must occur as punishment for his sins of conjugal neglect. Old MacTrigger faces the stew pot with resignation. The natives will dance in erotic glee at his wake. Like Finn MacCool, Bloom-MacTrigger is the potted meat on the menu.

Bloom’s attitude is more than sheer fatalism. In terms of personal relations, it is admirable, even heroic. Bloom can neither change the past nor close off the future. The past is unalterable: “If it was it was.” It is part of a given situation that he must assimilate into consciousness and handle as an existential reality. Nor can he limit the horizons of the future. He must prevent himself from circumscribing his wife’s independence. What good is fidelity if it is forced? Bloom recognizes Molly’s freedom and accedes to the priority of individual choice.

Leopold Bloom is one of the few heroes in literature to acknowledge that the beloved “object” is not an object at all but a subjective individual capable of independence, change, and self-transcendence. He may not dictate or control conduct, even when social approval or a marital contract sanctions the attempt to do so. Consciousness cannot be appropriated—either in the name of love, or by the Medusa gaze of hatred. “The lover does not desire to possess the beloved as one possesses a thing.” Bloom eschews the double standard and goes beyond a proprietary notion of conjugal relations. He sees Molly not as a “wife-possession-object” but as a unique, autonomous individual. He avoids that “avarice of the emotions” described by Stephen in “Scylla and Charybdis”: “a man who holds so tightly to what he calls his rights over what he calls his debts will hold tightly also to what he calls his rights over her whom he calls his wife” (pp. 205–6). If human life is indeed defined by “freedom”; if choice and volition are the primary faculties of reason; then the greatest tribute of love must be a mutual recognition of personal liberty.
Bloom situates himself in the "stream of life" and acknowledges the mutability of human existence: "How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream" (p. 153). One cannot solidify the "motion of matter" nor truly own anything. Life is ever changing, and time moves forward ineluctably. Bloom cannot help being preoccupied with the minutes rushing ahead: "Six, six. Time will be gone then. She . . ." (p. 174). After Molly's tryst with Boylan, there will be no "time" left for lamentations.

Love as an existential task is difficult. The past, with its memories of youth and romance, offers a seductive dream of escape into a time when love came easily. Bloom recalls his early days of marriage to Molly before Rudy was born: "I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? . . . Would you go back to then?" (p. 168). He never answers the question, "Would you go back to then?", for he knows that it is entirely rhetorical. Such a choice is not within the scope of his liberty. His past is the "dead" part of himself beyond control, and he can alter only the phenomena accessible to future project. He cannot reverse life's forward-moving stream.

In Davy Byrne's pub, Bloom again encounters threats of sentimental nostalgia. But recollection is carefully restricted to the frame of positive memory, rather than the lure of futile reminiscence. Bloom is learning to use the past supportively by drawing it into the present as an artistic mode of self-discovery. Imagination and memory expand the horizons of sympathetic experience and enlarge the possibilities of conscious creation.

After a meal of wine and cheese, physical satiety inspires lyrical contemplation. In a Proustian moment of bodily remembrance, Bloom's meal is sanctified by a spiritual love-communion with Molly:

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. . . . Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. . . . Pillowed on my coat
she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her
nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! . . . Ravished over her I lay,
full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in
my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her
mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy.
Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky
gum jelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. . . .
Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck,
beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat
nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All
yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.
Me. and me now.
Stuck, the flies buzzed. (Pp. 175-76)

The "big memory" of consummated love is punctuated by
two copulating flies. A frame of animal sensuality sets off an
extremely humane recollection of sensuous communion.
Bloom's androgynous reverie connects food with sexual excite-
ment, masculine passivity with feminine nurturance, and physi-
cal desire with lyrical transcendence. In a symbolic seed ex-
change, Leopold, the lover and son-husband, transmits the
seminal gift of himself to his mother-wife. Molly, in turn,
nourishes Bloom with predigested food in an act of amorous,
maternal solicitude. Out of their union will come new life, the
life of Milly Bloom. But Leopold focuses on communion rather
than on conception. He celebrates a eucharistic hymn of
metaphysical delight. There is "a touch of the artist about old
Bloom" (p. 235); and nowhere is his gift more apparent than in
this rhapsodic description of sexuality. Love makes poets of us
all: in the act of procreation, the mind transcends itself.
Bloom's lyrical paean to love provides emotional justification
for his continued fidelity to Molly. It offers a key to the
resolution of his cuckoldry by defining conjugal affection in
terms of agape as well as Eros.

After such ecstasy, Bloom can leave to the gods a diet of
ambrosia and nectar. He implicitly rejects the cold, immortal
beauty of ideal Platonic forms: "Lovely forms of woman
sculpted Junonian. Immortal lovely" (p. 176). Bloom is not, nor
does he wish to be, a member of the Olympian community that
eats electric light. He prefers seedcake from the mouth of a
woman, the seeds of that “penny pippin” offered to Adam by
our mother Eve. He chooses the “warm, fullblooded life” of
Molly over “shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world
admires” (p. 176). Once again, the memory of Molly saves him
from despair and self-pity.

Bloom’s epic battle with jealousy, possessiveness, and anger
has only begun. In the “Sirens” episode later that afternoon, he
suffers still another trial of rationality and compassion. Joyce
deliberately conflates Ulysses-Bloom with “betrayed” lovers
of operatic melodrama and martyr-heroes of Ireland. Grief and
loss strike the dominant chords of the chapter’s musical over­
ture: “All is lost now. . . . All gone. All fallen. . . . Last rose
Castille” (pp. 256-57). The Sirens tempt us to pity and pray for
that “last sardine of summer. Bloom alone” (p. 289).

At no other point in his odyssey does Bloom suffer such
anguish. Molly’s adultery is imminent. Boylan sets off for his
rendezvous, and the “jingle-jaunty” of his cab resonates in
Bloom’s psyche like the metronome of fate. The chorus wends
its way toward 7 Eccles Street with the “ineluctable modality”
of audible catastrophe. Bloom gnashes his teeth on liver and
bacon, but he refuses to yield to the siren-song that entices him
to self-pity. Pathos surrounds his futile attempts at mental
diversion. Like many gourmands, Bloom responds to severe
anxiety by recourse to oral gratification. He forfeits his noon­
time vegetarian diet and primes himself for battle by consuming
a carnivorous meal of the “inner organs of beasts.” Food offers
sensual compensation for sexual loss, but Bloom feasts distrac­
tedly and with little relish. He tries a menu of “sauce for the
gander” and soon grows bored with his letter to Martha Clif­
ford. He listens to the sentimental lyrics of “M’appari” wafted
his way from the adjacent bar room, and he quickly discovers
the dangers of maudlin art.

Though Bloom may be sorely tempted to pursue Boylan and
to catch Molly “in the act” of adultery, he realizes just how
disastrous such a decision would be. In the next episode, “Cy­
clops,” he expresses his opinion of the use of force—whether
in marriage, politics, or religion. Bloom's later diatribe against violence offers an *ex post facto* defense of his present refusal to resort to physical constraint. What would be the point of waylaying Boylan or of chaperoning Molly's rehearsal? Bloom cannot incarcerate his wife, like the fantasy Princess Selene, in purdah forever. Imprisonment in a compound, veils and yashmaks have all given way in the West to the more humane restrictions of religious taboo and societal disapproval. The cuckolded husband is lashed to the mast. In a moment of Freudian amnesia, he has conveniently forgotten his house key, thus precluding the possibility of a surprise return. With such defective mnemotechnic, Bloom could hardly intrude on the lovers.

The two barmaids, Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy, are Platonic sirens who lure to fantasy rather than to violence. They tempt their victims to the fatal "Dublin disease" of sentimentality. Simon Dedalus complains that his "dancing days are through," though his singing days are not. In "Hades," he mourned the wife he drove to the grave: "Wore out his wife; now sings" (p. 274). Ben Dollard longs for the "good old days" of fun and frolic, when he was sober enough to get singing engagements. And "Father" Bob Cowley dreams of a pastoral time when the roof was safe overhead, and both wolf and landlord kept away from the door. All three men idealize "those dear dead days beyond recall." Like Kevin Egan, they are "loveless, landless, wifeless" (p. 43). They survive on songs, nostalgia, alcohol, and pathos.

Once again, Bloom confronts the whirlpool. Frustrated and helpless, he clutches at sentimental reminiscence, only to recognize its futility: "Golden ship. Erin. The harp that once or twice. Cool hands. Ben Howth, the rhododendrons. We are their harps. 1. He. Old. Young" (p. 271). Unlike the barflies, he apprehends the irrevocable cleavage between past and present identities. A gulf of time separates the third-person, objective self from the first-person subject, "I." Bloom's earlier "self" has joined the ranks of the dead and cannot be brought back to life. The subjective "I" has no retreat from age.
and no recourse from the chaotic flux of phenomenal reality.

Bloom’s reverie painfully acknowledges the “givenness” of human freedom. An air from Bellini’s opera La Somnambula reinforces the feeling that “all is lost”: “Yes, I remember. Lovely air. In sleep she went to him. Innocence in the moon. Still hold her back. Brave, don’t know their danger. Call name. Touch water. Jingle jaunty. Too late. She longed to go. That’s why. Woman. As easy stop the sea. Yes: all is lost” (pp. 272–73). Bloom might still attempt to “hold Molly back,” but to what end? The effort would be as futile as cupping water in his hands. He can no more curb the moon-drawn tides of female desire than “stop the sea” or possess the ocean. Molly is fluid, fertile, overwhelming; she contains multitudes, but she cannot herself be contained. Bloom gnashes his teeth, but lashes himself to the mast. Like the prudent Ulysses, he knows that the siren-call to conjugal mastery is senseless and naive.

“Hate. Love. Those are names” (p. 285). Bloom is far more concerned with the phenomenon, the “thing in itself” behind the name. He bears no hate toward his spouse. And he even considers the possibility of marital reconciliation. In a moment of “conversion,” he turns from fatalistic despair to authentic, forward vision: “I too, last my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not? If still?” (p. 285). Bloom suddenly escapes self-pity by projecting himself into an ecstatic dimension of the future, beyond the whirlpool of guilt and helplessness. If Molly is free, then so is Leopold. He is at liberty to plan, to hope, and to consider change as a genuine possibility. Within the boundaries of physical necessity, the future stands open to human potential. Bloom transcends the Dublin world of psychic paralysis and the death-grip of a solidified past. He does not submit to the final cry of the dying soul, “too late now.” He rejects the siren-lure of closed horizons and chooses, instead, the subjunctive aspiration, “If still?”

“Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone” (p. 289). Leopold has cause for severe depression. He feels alienated
from the Dubliners in the Ormond and from Molly, the last seat of affection to whom he can turn in search of approval:

Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on the head. . . . And one day she with. Leave her: get tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big Spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. . . .

Yet too much happy bores. He stretched more, more. Are you not happy in your? Twang. It snapped. (P. 277)

Once again, Bloom “snaps back” from sentimental reverie to the phenomenal world present at hand. He escapes the siren temptations of grief, vengeance, and despair. “All is lost” only if Bloom projects his entire self-worth into the issue of Molly’s fidelity. Possession is a necessary prerequisite for loss.4

As Joyce declares in Exiles, thieves cannot steal what one refuses to appropriate. Richard Rowan, the protagonist of Joyce’s Ibsenian drama, expresses a rationale that elucidates not only his own conduct but that of Leopold Bloom in response to Molly’s infidelity. Richard thus explains the politics of non-ownership to his son Archie:

Richard: Do you understand what it is to give a thing?
Archie: To give? Yes.
Richard: While you have a thing it can be taken from you.
Archie: By robbers? No?
Richard: But when you give it, you have given it. No robber can take it from you. . . . It is yours then for ever when you have given it. It will be yours always. That is to give.5

Both in Exiles and in Ulysses, Joyce seems to imply that the most harmful aspect of adultery is the outmoded aura of social and cultural taboo associated with the name. “Hate” and “love” are “names.” And so are “cuckold” and “adulteress.” Leopold and Molly will both challenge the totemic assumptions of twentieth-century society: Bloom by his cosmic perspective on human interaction, and Molly by her insistence that sex is “only natural.”
In the “Sirens” episode, Bloom is sorely tempted to yield to tears and self-pity in the melodramatic role of cuckold. He is too perceptive, however, not to recognize the destructive lure of comfortable helplessness in “Bloom, soft Bloom, I feel so lonely Bloom” (p. 287). He knows that pathos is ultimately a disguise for romantic self-indulgence: “Thrill now. Pity they feel. To wipe away a tear for martyrs. For all things dying, want to, dying to, die. For that all things born. Poor Mrs. Purefoy. Hope she’s over” (p. 286). Bloom’s genuine compassion for Mina Purefoy sharply contrasts with the false pity mustered by the Dubliners for the croppy boy.

The barflies illustrate Stephen’s plagiarized definition of “sentimentality”: ‘‘The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done’’ (p. 199). They live in a world that lauds the past and feels betrayed by the present. Like the men in Kiernan’s pub, they get a sadistic thrill from singing about the croppy boy’s innocence and execution. They enjoy “shedding a tear” for the young man who lost his life for the glory of Ireland. These citizens respond eagerly to cathartic sentimentality, but their patriotism is confined to bold rhetoric. Song is more soothing than action. They prefer to sing about nationalism than to sacrifice life, comfort, or alcohol. The young croppy serves as an excellent surrogate for their own heroic fantasies: the martyr has paid the “immense debtorship” of Irish republican sentiment. The ballad of the “Croppy Boy” evokes kinetic emotions of pity and terror hardly akin to Joyce’s ideal of static art: “And deepmoved all, Simon trumping compassion from foghorn nose, all laughing, they brought him forth” (p. 287). What have these men to do with the croppy boy, or he with them?

“Love and war, Ben, Mr. Dedalus said. God be with old times” (p. 268). The barflies are “dying” men who “want to,” are “dying to, die” (p. 286). Life is more easily lived when one is spiritually dead. These men have transferred the immense debtorship of personal responsibility to the melodramatic Lionel of Von Flotow’s opera and to the patriotic croppy of the Irish ballad. Buffered from the realities of existence, they
inhabit a microcosm of vicarious pleasure and secondhand pain. Their backward glance to a world of nostalgia is a death-trap from which Bloom is dying to escape.

Up to this point in "Sirens," Bloom has been acting like a cuckold facing martyrdom. He has harbored the thoughts and the mind-set of a prisoner about to be executed. Now he applies the same words to the croppy boy's death and to Molly's adultery: "The chords consented. Very sad thing. But had to be" (p. 286). The chords consent to the croppy's execution, but Bloom refuses to identify with the patriotic scapegoat. As in "Hades," he flees from the land of the dead in an act of self-preservation: "Get out before the end. Thanks, that was heavenly" (p. 286).

The siren-song may be "heavenly," but Bloom has more mundane concerns. Recalling the last words of another Irish hero, he releases an audible comment on sentimental patriotism. Robert Emmet's speech is counterpointed by the noise of Bloom's body letting off gas. The synchronized fart is a scatological satire on Irish Republican fervor. At the conclusion of the episode, the gas is "done"; and so are Molly's seduction and Emmet's epitaph. No "wonderworker" in the world will undo the past or reclaim those "dear dead days" lost beyond recall.

1. The limerick has been reconstructed from Bloom's fragmentary recollections. Parts are quoted on pp. 171-172 of Ulysses and elsewhere in "Lestrygonians."
2. Sartre, Being and Nothingness, p. 367.
3. Bloom insists that he is the "last of his race," even though his daughter, as child to two half-Jewish parents, is just as Hebraic as he. Milly bears Leopold's surname, but her flirtation with a "young student" may change this. Most critics who discuss Ulysses in terms of a quest for paternity ignore the fact that Bloom is already a father. Leopold seems convinced that by not fathering a life-sustaining male child, he has failed to prove his manhood. These self-indulgent tendencies may, however, constitute one of the neuroses Bloom must overcome.
4. Bloom's meal in "Sirens" is fully orchestrated by music from comic operas whose theme is the apparent, rather than the actual, loss of love and
fidelity. All may seem lost to the operatic heroes, who are disabused by the last act of the drama. Simon Dedalus sings a popular rendition of ‘‘M’appari’’ from Von Flotow’s Martha and reminds Bloom of the first time he saw the ‘‘form endearing’’ of Molly. Leopold identifies with the melancholic hero, Lionel, who temporarily loses mental balance over the loss of his beloved Martha and sings: ‘‘Not a ray of hope remains. / Come thou lost one / Come thou dear one.’’ In ‘‘Sirens,’’ Bloom is similarly tempted to abandon reason over his wife’s infidelity; his equanimity is not restored until after he has confronted the specters of his terror in Nighttown.

When Richie Goulding whistles a tune from Bellini’s La Somnambula, Bloom internalizes the despair of Amina’s lover, Elvino, who proclaims: ‘‘All is lost now, / By all hope and joy / I am forsaken. / Nevermore can love awaken.’’ Yet Elvino’s loss, like Bloom’s, is apparent rather than actual. His grief is based on circumstantial evidence, and all is righted in the end. Amina, the sleepwalker, innocently assures her fiancé that ‘‘Thou alone hast all my heart,’’ just as Molly Bloom implicitly assures Leopold of her own spiritual fidelity by the end of the ‘‘Penelope’’ episode.

(I am indebted to Gifford and Seidman’s Notes for Joyce for the identification of many of the fragmentary operatic lyrics alluded to in ‘‘Sirens.’’)

5. James Joyce, Exiles. pp. 46–47. Stephen Dedalus declares in Stephen Hero: ‘‘Love . . . is a name, if you like, for something inexpressible. . . . When we love, we give’’ (p. 175).