From its first words, a catalogue of kinds of candy, to its last, this chapter of *Ulysses* invokes the episode in Book X of the *Odyssey* in which most of the Achaeans are slaughtered by the cannibalistic Laestrygonians. Myriad references to food, eating, digestion, and the slaughter of meat animals complement more precise analogues, such as the echo of Homer’s climactic description of the Laestrygonians decimating the harbor-bound Achaean fleet, “And like folk spearing fishes [bearing] home their hideous meal,”¹ in Bloom’s thoughts about a community kitchen: “Want a soup pot as big as the Phoenix Park. Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it” (168).

Insistent as the Homeric correspondence is, Bloom is not in danger of being eaten, and does not himself eat a great deal. When the last words of the chapter draw it more subtly, however, the altered terms of the correspondence indicate its real purpose. The adventure of Odysseus with the Laestrygonians ends as follows:

Quickly then I called to my company and bade them dash in with the oars, that we might clean escape this evil plight. And . . . to my delight my barque flew forth to the high seas away from the beetling rocks. . . .²
At the end of the chapter, Bloom is rushing to the museum entrance in order to escape the notice of Boylan:

No, didn’t see me. After two. Just at the gate.
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Afternoon she said.
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.
His hand looking for the . . . soap lotion have to call . . . Ah, soap there! Yes. Gate.
Safe! (180-81)

Although there is no mention of food, the parallel is plain. Furthermore, Bloom’s Laestrygonian attacker is Boylan, and linked thoughts of Molly’s lotion and the soap which he associates with the East, her place of origin, interrupt those of escape and the “cold statues” with which he will be “safe”; he even notices that it is “After two” o’clock and recalls “Afternoon she said.” The episode concludes two patterns that run through the chapter, and it combines them. One is the Homeric correspondence; the other is a pattern of references to Molly, Bloom’s former happiness with her, and her increasingly imminent rendezvous with Boylan.

For example, Boylan and the time of day occur again and again in Bloom’s thoughts. Soon after the chapter begins, while thinking of advertisement media, he remembers the posters of a “quack doctor for the clap,” and:

If he...
O!
Eh?
No . . . No.
No, no. I don’t believe it. He wouldn’t surely?
No, no.
Mr Bloom moved forward raising his troubled eyes.
Think no more about that. After one. (151-52)

He dismisses the possibility that Boylan has a venereal disease, but his “after one” is the first indication in the chap-
ter that he cannot dismiss the situation itself. A dozen pages later, when he has decided to have lunch, it imposes itself unrelentingly. He reviews more fully than he had done in the fourth chapter (kitchen) the circumstances of Molly's meeting with Boylan twelve days before, and concludes: "Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must" (165). He then enters the Burton restaurant, whose repulsive nature and gluttonous patrons provide the most blatant Laestrygonian parallel, and promptly decides to leave it. Before he does so, however, "He gazed round the stoole and tabled eaters" until "His eyes said," "—Not here. Don't see him" (167). His searching for Boylan in a place he intends to leave is unusual enough; but, as he would know in a normal frame of mind, there is absolutely no possibility that the affluent and natty rake would patronize a restaurant like the Burton. When he finally does secure his lunch at Davy Byrne's public house, he must face conversation about Boylan from Nosey Flynn, which in turn prompts him to observe: "Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet" (170). He then plans for his dinner: "Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then" (172), and recalls his earlier sight of Boylan, during the funeral (91). Leaving the public house, he hums a snatch from the ubiquitous Don Giovanni, part of the passage in which the Commendatore is preparing his revenge (177). Although he mistranslates it slightly, he understands its context; and the pathos of his wish fulfilment overshadows the irony of his identification with the Commendatore. He thinks of another chance sight of Boylan (178) and then, as a climax to the pattern, is confronted by Boylan in the flesh outside the National Library and Museum—the end of the chapter culminates both the correspondence to the episode of the Laestrygonians in the Odyssey and Bloom's distress over Molly and over her rendezvous with Boylan.

Boylan and his impending visit to Molly plague Bloom most after he decides to eat lunch because the references in the chapter to food, eating, and the rest are the vehicle for an analogy between the predatory ferocity of the ancient Laestrygonians and that of Bloom's anxieties. Precisely as do the "Laestrygonian" diners in the Burton, the impending
rendezvous takes away his appetite; he will eat at six, for "Time will be gone then." The Homeric correspondence is thus a symbolic statement of the major action of the chapter, which is Bloom’s constant suffering because of reminders of his situation, both in his thoughts and in events.

Because the major action is what it is, Bloom's conversation with Nosey Flynn is significantly similar to an earlier conversation with M'Coy (74). Flynn asks after Molly and asks if she is doing any singing. He mentions the "tour" to Belfast, and Flynn says:

—No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up? (170)

The Belfast concert had also come up in the conversation with M'Coy in the fifth chapter (post office):

—That so? M'Coy said. Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up? (74)

Bloom had explained "It's a kind of tour, don't you see. . . . Part shares and part profits," and M'Coy, satisfied, had prepared to take his leave. Now, after a little delay, punctuated by the concluding verses of an ironically relevant bawdy limerick ("His five hundred wives / Had the time of their lives / It grew bigger and bigger and bigger"), he responds to Flynn:

—Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.
—Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?
A warm shock of air heat of mustard haunched on Mr Bloom's heart. (170)

The recurrence of the same phrase, as the form of the critical question, serves to accentuate the fact that in this chapter Bloom ceases to find it possible to avoid thinking about his situation, something he was able to manage for long stretches in previous chapters; both the phallic motif
of his limerick and Flynn's scratching make the sexual pun in the phrase unmistakable. All occasions do inform against him. He is beset by "Laestrygonians." (Flynn goes on to discuss Boylan's virtues, concluding, "O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.")

The sixth chapter (cemetery) disclosed that Bloom's situation involves much more than the imminent prospect of his wife's taking a lover; that is only an immediate manifestation of it. His son is dead, and his wife is becoming progressively more estranged. No less distressing than his thoughts about Molly's affair with Boylan are those about his own relationship with her. Again and again in the chapter Bloom thinks about Molly and their former happiness together, and these thoughts gnaw at him fiercely:

Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephant-grey dress. . . . She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore. . . . Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. . . . People looking after her.

Happy. Happier then. Snug little room. . . . Milly's tubbing water. . . . Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too. Now photography. (153)

Windy night that was I went to fetch her. . . . Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up. . . . Remember when we got home raking up the fire. . . . Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclamping the busk of her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till nearly two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. (154)

And, as the nadir of his misery, he remembers rhapsodically the consummation of their love on the Hill of Howth, and then makes a relevant comparison:

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.
Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. . . . Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. . . . 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! Coolsoft with oint-
ments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nanny-goat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. 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. (173-74)

This passage and the poetic device Joyce employs in it call for some comment. He is not using the refrain to associate as in verse but to set off a passage of prose from what precedes and follows it. The refrain is a frame, an adaptation of that other resource of poetry, typographical arrangement. Its most apparent effect is emphasis, which is warranted; not only is Bloom's revery important in the present chapter, but the incident on Howth is also the subject of Molly's final thoughts in the book. A second effect is the drawing together of that which is framed—the line "Me. And me now" is yoked to the revery. As a result, the state of mind Bloom's despondent comparison represents is dramatized and the comparison validated. The frame itself is no arbitrary image, no casual smuttiness. The copulating flies associate directly with the prospective lovers on Bloom's mind, are a comment on their relationship and their attitude toward it. The frame is both a meaningful contrast with the spirit of Bloom's revery and an ironic reflection of one aspect of his situation "now."

The gnawing thoughts that are the major action of this chapter, thoughts of Boylan, of the forthcoming rendezvous, of the difference between the past and the present, and of Molly's desirableness, are all distilled in Bloom's "Me. And me now," in the four words with which he acknowledges
to himself that he has lost his happiness, his wife, and his self-respect—all of which, for him, are won or lost together.

Bloom's situation "now," on the day of the novel, which he drearily regards in this chapter, is fully clarified in the chapter as well. The fourth chapter, which introduced him, revealed that he serves Molly, and not with resentment despite her shrewish exploitation of him but dotingly, so that he is very troubled over the impending adultery. At the same time he regards it as inevitable, and even possibly derives the "weak pleasure" of a bawd from the affair. The next chapter depicted his various devices for escaping the problems of his relationship with his wife, all of them tawdry, and none likely to be very successful. In the sixth chapter, he considered briefly the significance of the increasing deterioration of that relationship. He is isolated from his social peers and, through the deaths of his father and his son, isolated from his family line. Estrangement from Molly will deprive him of his last meaningful contact with other human beings and any chance of restoring his familial ties through a son.

Bloom's concern about families and its obvious connection to his own lack of a son came up in the sixth chapter. But it is most prominent in the present one. He thinks not only of families but of women in terms of maternity. Beginning with the first page he reflects on: Mrs. Purefoy's arduous labor (156); the large families of Dedalus (149), Mrs. Breen (154), Mrs. Purefoy (158), and Queen Victoria (159); the old midwife Mrs. Thornton (159); the attitude toward motherhood of a "gay divorcee" (158); Queen Victoria's aptitude for reproduction (159); and the "Funny sight two of them together, their bellies out. Molly and Mrs Moisel. Mothers' meeting" (159).

The reason why Bloom is as interested in the conception and bearing of children as in children themselves is suggested in one of his "Laestrygonian" comparisons of his present state with the past:

I was happier then. . . . Twenty-eight I was. She was twenty-three when we left Lombard street west something
changed. Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. (165)

Bloom and Molly have not had normal sexual relations since the birth and death of Rudy (for "a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days," the seventeenth chapter declares just before Molly's soliloquy). Furthermore, his reflection makes clear that the infant's death caused the disruption in those relations and that his situation "now," which in the present chapter is so dramatically clear to him, had its "beginning" in that disruption. Thus his thoughts about Rudy on the ride to the cemetery:


are not for consolation but for mockery. There had been no next time and there apparently will be no next time.

Bloom's interest in large families naturally reflects his grief at the loss of his son. It also reflects his belief that he will never have any more children himself. And the interest in procreation and maternity which accompanies it reflects the belief that he will fail to have a son not because Molly will bear one and that one too will die but because he will, as he has done since Rudy's death, prevent her from bearing one. The extent of his interest in procreation and maternity is an index of his frustration in presuming that he will provide neither.

Molly vigorously protests against Bloom's sexual perversions during her soliloquy. She does not understand, and the author does not declare, the reason for them. But it can be inferred from the declared source of Bloom's inhibition—Rudy's death. Bloom himself knows only that he "could never like it again after Rudy." However, he also believes that Rudy's death is his fault ("If it's healthy it's from the mother. If not the man"). Without being aware of it, he fears beginning again a cycle of conception and eagerly-awaited birth that will end in death.
Bloom’s failure to seek a son with her estranges him from Molly; estrangement from Molly denies him a son. This dilemma, which began to plague him ten and a half years before the day of the novel and threatens to continue doing so until he is destroyed, is the key to Leopold Bloom’s apparently contradictory actions and attitudes. 

For example, preceding chapters show him combining an inclination toward promiscuous skirt-chasing with ardent love for Molly. In the present chapter his repeated “Laestrygonian” thoughts about Molly’s physical desirableness and about his former happiness with her are punctuated by a lengthy, almost frantic, sexual revery, which is associated with “eating” motifs:

Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscuringly, he mutely craved to adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

He turned Combridge’s corner, still pursued. Jingling hoofthuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

—Jack love!
—Darling!
—Kiss me, Reggy!
—My boy!
—Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. (166)

The link between the two gnawing concerns of sexual hunger and longing for Molly is the same thing as the cause of his decision to visit the “naked goddesses” in the museum—who “don’t care what man looks” (174)—immediately after his climactic expression of love and sexual frustration, his memory of the incident on Howth. It is the estrangement from Molly which he found himself obliged to initiate upon the death of Rudy.

By the day of the novel its effect on her has become eager acceptance of a lover who is rich, handsome, lusty, and gay. For himself it has resulted in suffering. His frantic search through his pockets while he rushes to the
museum entrance at the end of the present chapter is prompted by shame. As in the sixth chapter, where he inspected his fingernails while his companions greeted Boylan, he is ashamed to face his cuckolder. But its object suggests that his search is also an attempt to find Molly secure. He locates the soap, finds it still in his possession, just as he reaches the gate, and the last word of the chapter ("Safe!") refers not only to himself but, in his frenzied wishes, to his wife as well. Yet, despite love for Molly, distress over her affair with Boylan, and sexual frustration, he does nothing to stop the affair. He considers it inevitable: it is the result of his neglect of her. The reason why he is so uncomplaining is the same. He not only cannot, or even will not, stop it, he believes that he has no right to stop it.

Other attitudes and actions also fall into place. Bloom's first chapter showed him serving Molly with alacrity and also inclining to bawdry. In the present chapter a character tells of seeing him buying "her cream" (Bloom's words) for Molly's breakfast tray (174). And after translating the snatch from Don Giovanni in which the Commendatore lays the ground for his revenge, Bloom calculates his prospective income for the near future and thinks:

Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new garters.
Today. Today. Not think. (177)

The passage reflects his love for Molly, desire for her, and solicitous service of her; but above all, it shows the punctuation of distress over his wife's imminent adultery by the thought of buying attractive underwear for the adulteress.

Bloom almost wants Molly to take a lover, so guilty is he about having betrayed his responsibility to her as a husband. His sense of guilt makes him unable to attempt to prevent her from having an affair, causes him to feel unworthy of the role of husband and master in the household, and prompts him to a solicitude which extends from gratifying Molly's every whim, to serving her ignominiously, to helping her adorn herself for her lover. All the apparent incongruities in his character—skirt-chasing and sexual
frustration, despite his love for Molly; failure to attempt to stop her adultery and even manifestations of encouragement of it, despite his distress; thoughtfulness and willing service, despite Molly’s oppressive manner—are natural developments of a situation that arose out of the death of the infant Rudy ten and a half years before the day of the novel. Having perverted his relationship with Molly because he blamed himself for their feeble child, he has caused a situation for which he deserves blame; and having accepted that blame, he has developed into the degraded sufferer finally revealed in this chapter.

Gnawed at by his anxieties and memories, and revealing the complex mainspring of his behavior, Bloom in this chapter becomes fully sympathetic perhaps for the first time. The chapter is principally an exposition of the manner and extent of Leopold Bloom’s suffering, and the nature and source of its causes.

Almost everything that is not part of this exposition is part of a complementary portrayal in the chapter of the major elements of Bloom’s character—his politics, his verbal wit, his concern with advertising and “science,” and his kindness. His politics is given the most prominent treatment. He has thoughts on Ireland, public kitchens, mass demonstrations, conspiracy, infant subsidy, the British secret police, landowning. As the previous chapter clearly establishes the politics of Stephen, and of Joyce, this one does so for Bloom; it shows him in full agreement with them about Ireland and the Nationalist movement. Thus he says of the chess-playing John Howard Parnell, “His brother used men as pawns” (162). The remark expresses his reverence for “Ireland’s uncrowned king” and disdain of contemporary politicians, and is one of many examples of his ability to use language:

Sad booser’s eyes. Bitten off more than he can chew. . . . That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the school-poem choked himself. . . . Saint Patrick converted him to Christianity. Couldn’t swallow it all however. (167)
One significant example of the portrayal of his concern with advertising is that the disturbing thought that Boylan might have a venereal disease grows out of a "meditation" on the subject. In the first four pages of the chapter alone he thinks about newspaper advertisements, floating advertisements, billboard advertisements, and sandwichboard advertisements. Manifestations of his scientism are not as prominent; but, during the course of the chapter, he thinks of gravity, parallax, solar eclipse, and the work of a noted astronomer, and conducts two "experiments" in sensory experience.

To complete the portrait, the chapter provides many instances of Bloom's mercy. Aside from recurring concern for the plight of Mrs. Purefoy and pity for Mrs. Breen, which are related to his interest in families and maternity, there are such uncomplicated pure examples of his kindness as the incident at the very beginning of the chapter in which he buys two Banbury cakes from a peddler for "those poor birds" and feeds the gulls on the Liffey (151), and the last incident in the chapter before the sighting of Boylan, in which he meets and assists the blind "stripling," taking care to avoid making the boy self-conscious (178).

The two examples of kindness neatly straddle the chapter, and for good reason. Bloom's mercy is one aspect of a significant pattern of association begun in this chapter. It is as vital a part of the story of Ulysses as the nature and cause of Bloom's abject condition, and it is the final significant element in the portrait of him. The two prominent incidents in the chapter that have not yet been considered concern this element of his character. They are his receipt of a handbill announcing the forthcoming appearance in Dublin of the American evangelist, John Alexander Dowie (1847-1907), as the chapter opens, and the discussion in Davy Byrne's of horseracing and that day's Gold Cup race at Ascot.

The discussion involves only Nosey Flynn and Byrne, at first. Bloom wonders if he should tell Flynn that Lenehan's choice (overheard in the newspaper office) is Sceptre, recalls that Flynn knows already, and remains silent. A short while later, three other horserace addicts enter. Paddy Leonard informs Flynn and Tom Rochford that Bantam
Lyons “has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup.” Lyons refuses to reveal the name of the horse and Leonard exasperatedly asks him who gave him the tip:

Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.
—So long, Nosey Flynn said.
The others turned.
—That’s the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.
—Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. (176)

Bloom clearly has no special information; and he has met Lyons only once before during the day. At the end of the fifth chapter (post office), Lyons borrowed his newspaper to look at the list of Ascot entries. He suggested that Lyons keep the paper, explaining “I was just going to throw it away.” The statement excited Lyons; and when he repeated it, Lyons excitedly said, “I’ll risk it,” and ran off.

The revelation by Lyons in this chapter that Bloom provided his tip for the Gold Cup at Ascot is linked to the incident at the very beginning of the chapter in which Bloom is given the evangelist handbill; for that is referred to as “a throwaway,” and the little-used term is insisted on always in preference to “handbill” or “leaflet.” Furthermore, the “throwaway” is identified with Bloom, source of the “throw it away” tip. He very shortly throws it away: he thinks momentarily of throwing himself into the Liffey, of committing suicide, sees gulls wheeling over the water, and then drops the “throwaway,” crumpled, from the bridge instead (151). And when he first takes the handbill, the identification is suggested by an almost strained device:

Bloo . . . Me? No.
Blood of the Lamb. (149)

The reason for the identification is that Bloom is thereby associated at the beginning of the chapter with the two subjects of the handbill, which speaks not only of Christ but of the coming of Dowie, who, in 1901, had announced
to the world that he was "Elijah the Restorer" reincarnate. The association of Bloom and Elijah is developed promptly. He reads that "Elijah is coming," reaches the bridge over the Liffey, and contemplates suicide—a direct parallel to Elijah's asking God for death in the wilderness near Beersheba. He throws in the crumpled handbill, then thinks of "those poor birds," and feeds the gulls wheeling over the river—an inverse parallel to the miraculous feeding of Elijah by ravens in the desert. He actually calls the Banbury cakes "manna" (151), and later in the novel he will associate the gulls with the handbill's "Elijah" ("Penny the gulls. Elijah is com," 275). Finally, of course, he has acted in a prophetic capacity, granted a revelation, although unwittingly, of the outcome of the Ascot Gold Cup race.

While the association of Bloom and Elijah is suggested in the first action of the chapter, that of Bloom and Christ is initiated in the very first paragraphs, in which the handbill incident occurs. The chapter opens with an excellent example of Joyce's verbal play in Ulysses. A combination of Bloom's experiences and interior monologue, the first paragraphs actually form a catalogue of the chapter's subjects. The passage warrants quotation in full:

**Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch.** A sugarstickey girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne, sucking red jujubes white.

A sombre Y.M.C.A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throw-away in a hand of Mr Bloom.

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo . . . Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb.

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. Are you saved? All are washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney, burnt offering, druid's altars. Elijah is coming. Dr. John Alexander Dowie, restorer of the church in Zion, is coming.

*Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!*  
*All heartily welcome.*
Paying game. Torry and Alexander last year. Polygamy. His wife will put the stopper on that. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper’s ghost idea. Iron nails ran in.

Phosphorous it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. Don’t like all the smells in it waiting to rush out. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain. (149)

As does the “Bloo . . . Me?” reference, the linking of Christ to the bit of codfish through the luminous crucifix effects an association of Christ with Bloom. Not only is the fish associated with Bloom as part of a personal memory, but later in the chapter, when Bloom remembers his boyhood nickname, it turns out to be the name of a fish that is symbolic of Christ: “Mackerel they called me” (160). Furthermore, Christians of the Roman era used the fish as an emblem of Christ, and the chapter is as full of the names of fish: salmon, sardine, herring, lobster, oysters, sturgeon, sole, as it is of examples of Bloom’s mercy.

Manifestly, the same words that initiate the “throwaway” matter—literally, symbolically in the association of Bloom with Christ and Elijah which is effected through the handbill, and figuratively in the punning reference to the horse-race tip—also initiate the parallel with Homer’s Laestrygonians through reference to a slaughtered lamb and through Bloom’s thoughts about a “blood victim.” The passage as a whole also provides examples of Bloom’s concern with science, advertising, and politics, his verbal wit, and his considerateness. Finally, in Bloom’s memory of an incident involving Malaga raisins for Molly and leftover codfish that explicitly occurred before Rudy’s birth, it suggests the connection between the Laestrygonians correspondence and the true principal subject of the chapter, which that correspondence illuminates.

In fact, while it announces the chapter’s subjects, the opening passage asserts by its form that all of those sub-
jects are related. The first paragraph, with its candy and eating imagery, is linked to the second, which introduces the "throwaway" matter, through the repetition of "lemon" in the name of the candy shop. Bloom's reading and thinking about the handbill from there to the beginning of the fourth paragraph links the Laestrygonian motif to the references to Christ and Elijah, and to the association of himself with Christ. The luminous crucifix in the fourth paragraph links with the phosphorescent codfish in the fifth, and so asserts that the whole complex of "throwaway"-Christ-Laestrygonian matter is related to Bloom's memory of Molly before the birth of Rudy.

The relating of horserace tip and handbill, the associating of Bloom with Christ and Elijah, and the linking of these new elements in the novel with the principal subject of the chapter, the nature and condition of Leopold Bloom, are all done unobtrusively; but they are done and must be acknowledged, although the reason why they are done is not apparent. As the next chapter, the ninth, does for Stephen, this chapter completes the presentation of Bloom. The rest of Ulysses develops what is presented here.

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*style in ulysses*

... The novel may now be starting upon a fresh life, after the tremendous career it has had already. The discovery of the degree to which it may be enhanced dramatically—this may be a point of departure from which it will set out with vigor renewed; perhaps it has done so by this time. Anyhow it is clear that an immense variety of possible modulations, mixtures, harmonies of method, yet untried, are open to it if it chooses to avail itself. ...
When Percy Lubbock’s *The Craft of Fiction* appeared in 1921 with this speculation, part of *Ulysses* had already been printed, and the whole novel was less than a year from publication. Lubbock’s book, which Allen Tate has compared to Aristotle’s *Poetics*, is primarily a discourse on the exploitation of point of view for the enhancement of dramatic representation in fiction. It uses the later novels of Henry James as examples of a fully autonomous narrative art: “The Ambassadors, then, is a story which is seen from one man’s point of view, and yet a story in which that point of view is itself a matter for the reader to confront and to watch constructively.”

Whether or not James showed subsequent writers “that the craft of fiction has larger resources than might have been suspected,” as Lubbock believes, James and Joseph Conrad were the first of a line of British and American novelists whose work is almost characterized by its eschewing of the omniscient narrator for one or another indigenous “eye” whose “point of view is itself a matter for the reader to confront and to watch.” The technique is at least as old as Petronius’ *Satyricon*, of course. However, Lubbock’s prophecy of “an immense variety of possible modulations, mixtures, harmonies of method” following James’ consummate development of it has been borne out in the twentieth century.

Joyce’s use of the technique can be seen even in *Dubliners*. The child of “Araby,” Mr. Duffy of “A Painful Case,” Maria of “Clay,” Lenehan as he appears in “Two Gallants,” for example, all lend the author their diction and their eyes, either consistently or intermittently. The method of the *Portrait* is precisely that of presenting Stephen’s point of view as “a matter for the reader to... watch.” Furthermore, Stephen’s discourse on art in Chapter V of the *Portrait*, although characteristically lacking a sense of the importance of reality, asserts the value of the dramatic quality in a literary work. When Stephen says “art necessarily divides itself into three forms progressing from one to the next,” he is describing stages in the process of artistic creation, levels of accomplishment, and not literary genres. That is why he then poses the question, “*Is the bust of Sir Philip Crampton lyrical, epical or dramatic?*”
The lyrical form of a literary work, he says, is “a rhythmic cry.” The next higher form such a work can take, the epical “form progresses till the centre of emotional gravity is equidistant from the artist himself and from others.” The dramatic form “is reached” if and when an artist has succeeded in the highest aim of art: if his personality, which has responded, then expressed itself, “refines itself out of [the] existence [of the work]”; in the almost identical words of T.S. Eliot’s essay “Tradition and the Individual Talent”: “Poetry . . . is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality.” And the image with which Stephen concludes his assertion, which many readers have taken to be a self-projection of the arrogant, indifferent (nihilistic) Joyce,

The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails

is really a final expression of the characteristically modern concern for the autonomy of the work of literature, of which both the Jamesian method in fiction and depersonalization in poetry are manifestations: the successful artist can pare his fingernails, or do whatever else he wishes, for “The mystery of esthetic . . . creation is accomplished” —the work is dramatic, has its own life.

Joyce’s three volumes of fiction reveal his increasing concentration on refining the author out of the work’s existence. Used intermittently in *Dubliners*, the method of the later Henry James is used fully in the *Portrait*. In about the first half of *Ulysses*, Joyce took the first step beyond that “point of departure”—a heavy reliance on the literary device (today a convention) of representing consciousness or thought in words, as though it were verbal, in order to achieve a fiction that is almost wholly the speeches, perceptions, and thoughts of characters. The most common term for the device, “interior monologue,” is from the French *monologue intérieur*, which is more aptly rendered “inner monologue.” This portion of the novel, the first eleven chapters (through Ormond) and some of the thir-
teenth (strand-Bloom), has an omniscient narrator and the only style, properly speaking, in Ulysses. It is akin to the style of the Portrait but richer and more difficult, with abrupt transition from one element to another of its characteristic combination of dialogue, the representation of characters' thoughts, and occasional exposition by the author-narrator; in keeping with Joyce's general strategy, even the exposition is sometimes from the point of view of the character (wholly subjective), so that all of the narrator but his voice has been refined out. Throughout the remainder of the novel, Joyce created a series of "modulations, mixtures, harmonies of method," chapter after chapter, that dazzle and perplex the reader who confronts them for the first time. Each of these special varieties of narrative ("styles" would be an inadequate word even if the method were not the avoidance of an identifiable personal style) has its functional purpose, but all are also calculated to eliminate the eye and voice of the omniscient narrator completely; and in the last seven chapters, with the exception of the mentioned portion of the thirteenth, not one word can be identified as his.

Various as they are, the literary devices or methods used in Ulysses are almost all of only three fundamental kinds. "Inner" monologue is the most important. It is introduced gradually, but by the third chapter Joyce represents Stephen's thoughts on the beach almost uninterrupted by either dialogue or exposition; the corresponding treatment of Bloom, which occurs in the eighth chapter, just discussed, is only a little less pure; and in every other chapter between the third and the end of the ninth (the end of the first of the novel's two formal parts), inner monologue dominates and all but determines the style. After the tenth and eleventh chapters and part of the thirteenth, it is not employed again until the last. There Molly's consciousness has its turn; and Joyce provides an example of the ultimate form of the method, in which absolutely nothing interrupts the character's thought, and which is most meaningfully called "stream-of-consciousness." Next in importance after inner monologue is parody. It is the basis of the anti-styles of the twelfth (Kiernan's), fourteenth (hospital), and sixteen (shelter) chapters, and of most of the thirteenth
(strand-Bloom); it is prominent in the seventh (newspaper) chapter; and in the eleventh (Ormond), operatic conventions are parodied so extensively that even while maintaining the characteristic style of those preceding it, the chapter effectively begins the succession of changing narrative manners which marks the second part of the novel. Lastly, there is the quasi-dramatic format of the fifteenth (nighttown) chapter, which is almost one-fourth of the whole novel.

Thus, all the tricks and kinds of writing that characterize the various chapters of *Ulysses* (with the sole exception of the seventeenth, which is both parody and burlesque) derive from three literary devices. The novel is not stylistically bizarre; and considered in historical context, it is even less so. It is in the tradition that followed the "dramatic" fiction of James and Conrad, and that includes Virginia Woolf, John Dos Passos, and William Faulkner, among many others—the tradition, foreseen by Lubbock, which brought to fiction the explosive developments in form undergone by all the arts in the first part of the century and now pretty much assimilated. It stands out in that tradition because the "variety" of "modulations, mixtures, harmonies of method" in it is so very "immense."

Furthermore, all three of Joyce's basic devices have precedents, and to some extent their sources, in earlier literature. Again Nero's courtier Petronius can be mentioned, for the *Satyricon* relies heavily on the parody of genres; and parodies of style go even further back to Aristophanes. The parody newspaper headlines in the seventh chapter were anticipated in the student publication at University College, *St. Stephen's*, in at least one humorous piece the young Joyce must have seen, for it is partly about him. Furthermore, *St. Stephen's* had occasion to mention "Mr. Joyce" (also "the mystic Joacax," "dreaming Jimmy," "the dreaming one of Nola," and "the mad hatter") frequently, so it probably was read by him; and while it printed serious articles, including one by Joyce himself, it was not above parodies of newspaper and cheap-novel styles, puns, portmanteau words, and other tricks.7

Two sources or inspirations for the narrative manner of the fifteenth (nighttown) chapter which have been sug-
gested by critics are the Walpurgisnacht scene in Goethe's *Faust* and Flaubert's *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*. Another one, which is strikingly similar to it, is Strindberg's *Ein Traumspiel (The Dream Play)*. Blake's "The Island in the Moon" and the "Forecastle-Midnight" scene (Chapter XL) of *Moby-Dick* could be added to these (and undoubtedly other things as well). All are at least precedents, and Joyce probably knew all but the chapter from *Moby-Dick*.

The term *monologue intérieur* was used as long ago as 1845, in *Vingt ans après* by Dumas père, the sequel to *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. However, its present meaning was given it by Joyce's French friend and publicist, Valery Larbaud, in his preface to the 1924 reprint of *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, by Edouard Dujardin, a novel Joyce had read as a young man. It is a confessional novel whose protagonist-narrator discloses what is on his mind in the present tense, and is interrupted only by occasional dialogue. Upon the publication of *Ulysses* and afterward, Joyce insisted that he had taken inner monologue from Dujardin's book, and both the reprinting of 1924 and a resurgence of reputation for the old French writer were at least partly brought about by Joyce's active promotion. Nevertheless, Joyce's avowed indebtedness to Dujardin was openly challenged; while Larbaud and William Carlos Williams wrote inner-monologue novels on the examples of Dujardin and Joyce, Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf lit upon the technique themselves; finally, once again a number of anticipations which may also have been inspirations have been suggested by critics, and whole books have been written about the origins and development of inner monologue (usually calling it "stream-of-consciousness"). Even if Joyce's chief narrative device and the primary stylistic element in *Ulysses* did not have a more illustrious source, if he did take it from Dujardin, it had considerable precedent.

Discussing Dujardin and Joyce's relations with him in his biography of Joyce, Richard Ellmann declares summarily, "The method of the *monologue intérieur* was of consequence only because Joyce saw what could be done with it." Ultimately, the truth about the origins of the
stylistic and narrative elements of *Ulysses* which give such an impression of novelty, variety, and bizarreness is less important than what Joyce does with each. One function that all of them have is the removal of the author, the creation of a dramatic fiction. But this end does not require such a multiplicity of means; indeed, that multiplicity actually draws attention to the author who is so shy of being his own narrator. The essential reason for all of the different stylistic techniques and narrative devices is the same as the reason for every other special element in *Ulysses*—each helps to tell the story. Just as the parody headlines in the seventh chapter elucidate theme and symbol, so are the parodies in the later chapters vehicles of meaning. Generally, they have definite models. The eleventh chapter is not just an exercise in musical effects but a parody of a specific opera; the twelfth does not parody in its narrator just the speech of the lower-class quarter of Dublin called The Coombe but a specific chronicle; the thirteenth does not just parody "dollar-novel," "dime-novel," or "penny novelette" style but a specific sentimental book. And every parody has a definite narrative purpose. The format of the nighttown chapter makes possible the dramatic presentation of a concrete action, the fantasies of Stephen, those of Bloom, and the very vital interrelations of the three elements. Inner monologue, an effective method of psychological portraiture, and often limited to that in fiction, is tailor-made for a novel whose essential action occurs inside its chief characters' heads, as in fact that of *Ulysses* does.

That convention of representing thought as a sequence of words on the page and thereby making it action, like dialogue, is also tailor-made for a writer intent on fully exploiting every resource at hand. The sequence of words must suggest the quality of thought in its style by such things as compressed syntax and elliptical phrasing; and it must suggest the processes of thought in its form, fundamentally through association of words and ideas. Almost alone among writers who have used inner monologue, Joyce turned this necessity into an opportunity for packing his text with meaning. He creates, through the style and form of passages of inner monologue, articulated constructs
whose elements relate to one another like those in a lyric poem; the passage at the beginning of the eighth chapter, linking different subjects of Bloom’s thought and thereby asserting that the apparently diverse matters these subjects represent are really related, and the passage in the body of the chapter in which Bloom’s revery of the idyll on Howth and his abrupt concluding observation are framed and set apart are only two such constructs. Furthermore, he takes advantage of the fact that the mind invokes matters that concern it when given the slightest pretext, and he invests the inner monologue everywhere it occurs with a freight of references to objects, concepts, memories, phrases, in such a way that the context of each is invoked and exploited. Paralleling the pattern of correspondences, allusions, and parodies in *Ulysses* is a wholly internal network of references, a web of intrinsic associations that permeates the novel. Its nature and the uses to which Joyce put it are such that the inner monologue is not simply written but built up. Joyce’s correspondence abounds with notes and postcards to his typists asking them to add words and phrases at certain points; when reading proof for the novel, he “insisted on five sets, and made innumerable changes, almost always additions, in the text, complicating the interior monologue with more and more interconnecting details”; memoirs by friends mention frantic trips to the printers at Dijon to make changes in press; and studies of the manuscripts and galleys of *Ulysses* confirm that there was a constant thickening of the web of associations, primarily in the inner monologue of Bloom. Irish critics have likened this quality of the novel to the graphic style of “The Book of Kells,” Ireland’s famous illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, dated at about the seventh century. The delicate lacework ornamentation of that and similar manuscripts, a purely Irish art, is almost unbelievably elaborate; and yet nothing is random, the designs are symmetrical, a web, not a chaos.

A reasonably good example of the fruits of Joyce’s elaborative process would suggest its close dependence on the qualities of inner monologue, its functionality, its validity in the naturalistic world of the novel, and the gusto with which he wove his thick texture. In the fourth chapter
Bloom and Molly are introduced, and the central fact of the novel, that he is about to be cuckolded, is disclosed. Boylan and Molly are to rehearse, that afternoon, "La ci darem" from Don Giovanni and "Love's Old Sweet Song." Both are perfectly ordinary choices for a popular chanteuse at the turn of the century, so they are appropriate in naturalistic terms. The obvious irony that Molly is to rehearse "Love's Old Sweet Song" with Boylan invests the song with a significance for the reader that he soon learns is shared by Bloom. Ten pages later, in the next chapter, M'Coy asks, "Who's getting it up?"; and before giving his evasive answer, Bloom thinks that Molly is lying in bed telling her fortune with cards, and concludes:

Dark lady and fair man. . . . Torn strips of envelope.

_Love's Old Song_ Comes love's old

In the eleventh chapter (Ormond), Bloom sees Boylan set out for his rendezvous with Molly and imagines his progress. When he calculates that Boylan has arrived at the Bloom residence, the title of the song works its way into his inner monologue (269-70). Before the end of the thirteenth chapter, the cuckolding of Bloom has occurred, and in that chapter the associative value with which the song has been endowed by the previous references is exploited. Details in the action correspond to phrases in the song; however, now it not only represents the consummation of Boylan's tryst with Molly but Bloom's sense of the significance of that tryst. Echoing the first "verse" of the song in her sentimental idiom, Gerty MacDowell thinks, "Perhaps it was an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond recall" (358). Which is precisely the case. Knowing what has happened during the afternoon, Bloom considers his happiness as husband and father to be "dear dead days beyond recall."

Having fully exploited a rather bad popular song, Joyce might have let it drop, but a prose style of elaboration provides room for a bit of bawdy humor. After one of
the whores in Nighttown badgers Stephen to sing the song, that one detail in the novel makes its final appearance. In the seventeenth chapter Bloom is examining the rearranged furnishings in his parlor. On the music rest of the piano is "Love's Old Sweet Song." The author lists the directions presumably followed by the pianist, Boylan, in concluding his part of the rendition of the song. The score is:

open at the last page with the final indications *ad libitum*, 
(691)

Of course, even here the stitch in the design is functional. Furthermore, Molly's other selection is also important. "La ci darem," one of the most famous love duets in all operatic literature, if not the most famous, is one of the most important elements in the novel. But perhaps the last point to be made about Joyce's stylistic art in *Ulysses* is that his representation of the directions at the end of "Love's Old Sweet Song" actually follows the standard score of the song precisely, except for the necessary transposition of "*animato*" and the hold ("sustained") mark.

1. Butcher and Lang, pp. 156-57.
3. Damon says, p. 34, "Since his son's death, [Bloom] has not had normal relations with his wife; his inner self perhaps refuses to risk more such tragedies. . . ."
6. The passage is on pp. 250-52. See also Chapter Five, n. 26.
8. See, e.g., Gilbert, pp. 312-15 (esp. n. 1, p. 313), 331.
9. See, e.g., Tindall, p. 46.
10. In an extended discussion, Harry Levin shows the similarity of inner monologue to passages he quotes from Fanny Burney's diary, Cooper's *The Spy*, *The Pickwick Papers*, and *Moby-Dick*, and men-
tions that Gide found similarities in Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead* (Levin, pp. 90–93). Richard M. Kain mentions Tolstoy's first (unfinished) story, "The Story of a Yesterday," as having "an interesting anticipation" of it (Kain, pp. 18–19).


12. For a general discussion of form in the inner monologue of *Ulysses*, see Goldberg, pp. 242–53.


14. For example, R. F. Roberts says, in "Bibliographical Notes on James Joyce's 'Ulysses,'" *Colophon* (New Series), I, 4, 565–79, 569: "The first three episodes remain almost without alteration, but the succeeding ones all bear marks of revision and addition—especially in the enlargement of Mr. Bloom's *monologue intérieur*.”

15. For a discussion of the allusions to *Don Giovanni* in the novel, see Vernon Hall, Jr., "Joyce's Use of Da Ponte and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*," *PMLA*, LXVI (1951), 78–84.