It is that perennial barfly Lenehan who expresses what we will quickly come to know about Leopold Bloom: "He's not one of your common or garden . . . you know . . . There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom" (235). And it is his "art" in the larger sense of the word, his ability to create out of his humanity, that is perhaps responsible for putting Bloom at the center of the novel.

David Hayman suggests that Bloom's many identifications with Christ, Moses, the Wandering Jew, Elijah, and Shakespeare—as well as with God as artist/creator—are due to his comprehensive and comprehending nature: "Bloom is the 'lord of things as they are,' not only in the sense that he is supremely aware of pragmatic reality but also in Stephen's Aristotelian sense that his soul or 'form of forms' incorporates more since it apprehends more of Dublin than any other soul in the book." Hayman's use of the word *incorporate*, which Webster's defines as "to form or combine into one body or uniform substance as ingredients," is a useful one because it emphasizes Bloom's integrating abilities.

William M. Schutte's study of Bloom as artist, which concentrates mostly on "Lestrygonians," discusses Bloom's integrating abilities in terms of language, his perception of meaning, and his "ability to shape perceptions with the aid of the 'right' words into a unified and
meaningful whole.” Again, in Schutte’s words we have the suggestion of the importance of wholeness and integration to the function and meaning of Bloom himself. However, both Hayman and Schutte fail to see that Joyce’s use of food is more than a Homeric parallel, that it is connected to language and all transformational processes. Schutte apologizes for the numerous food references in “Lestrygonians,” describing them as “an intrusive element . . . designed to satisfy the Odyssean parallel”; and Hayman calls Joyce “playfully Homeric.”

Of course the Homeric parallels are important, but their true significance lies in the emphasis that the Greeks placed on the relationship of food to culture. Stuart Gilbert, in discussing Joyce’s use of Victor Béard’s theories (Les Phéniciens et l’Odyssee), notes that, “the food a nation eats is, to a certain extent, the criterion of its civilization, just as the library of an educated man is usually the index of his mental make-up.”

William York Tindall was more sensitive to the importance of digestive processes in Joyce’s view of the world, but even he is apologetic: “It is true that Joyce notices digestion and excretion. But in Ulysses these harmless necessary facts, taking their place in his celebration of mankind, are no more important, and no less, than they are in daily life.”

Yet recognition of Bloom’s ability to incorporate, to ingest his experience, is displayed first in his attitudes toward food and its digestion, and this ability is the basis of his thought processes, his verbal creativity, and his attitudes toward fertility. Frank Budgen tells us “Joyce in Zurich was a curious collector of facts about the human body, especially on that borderland where mind and body meet, where thought is generated and shaped by a state of the body.” Joyce himself, in discussing a letter from a reader who wanted more of Stephen and less of Bloom in the novel, also told Budgen, “Stephen no longer interests me to the same extent. He has a shape that can’t be changed.” Bloom’s changing shape is doubtless dictated by his fuller awareness of the body and his more complete nature. Thus, throughout Bloom’s chapters, as well as some others where he is less in evidence, we see digestive processes acting as a correlative, a signal, and sometimes a parody of the so-called higher processes.

“Calypso” is a chapter of beginnings and therefore reflects body processes on their more elemental level. We are certainly aware of the presence of emptying and filling in this episode, and it is interesting
also that the early pages focus more on ingestion and the mouth and the later pages on expulsion and the anus. Along with this elemental dynamic, the episode seems to have a number of images relating to liquids—water, milk, blood, urine—and these too, as opposed to solids, are of a more elemental nature.

There are a number of motifs in “Calypso” that will be developed in later chapters—the waste land, Bloom’s concerns about process, his own symbolic sterility. Bloom’s use of memory as a creative agent, as well as the creation of language in general, emerges as an important concern. Nevertheless, these elements remain in the background. Bloom seems inclined in both “Calypso” and “Lotus Eaters” to avoid his problems.

I have suggested that the dominant image in the early pages of “Calypso” is that of the mouth as it relates to the act of ingestion. For example, in the opening lines we are told that he likes “the inner organs of beasts”—thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod’s roes,” and especially “grilled mutton kidneys which give to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine” (55). His affinity with things alimentary—ingestive and eliminative—is thus established in this opening passage. The importance of the body in relation to the mind is also suggested by the fact that at his moment “kidneys were in his mind” (55), and he is, of course, fixing meals for both Molly and the cat.

Mouth images are present as he sets the kettle on the fire and observes its spout: “cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry” (55). When the cat appears, she makes Bloom aware of her presence by way of mouth, and he slakes her thirst with a dish of milk. As he watches her, more images of food come to mind: “He listened to her licking lap. Ham and eggs, no. No good eggs with this drouth. Want pure fresh water. Thursday: not a good day either for a mutton kidney at Buckley’s. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Better a pork kidney at Dlugacz’s. While the kettle is boiling. She lapped slower, then licking the saucer clean”(56). His thoughts remain on ingestion as he observes that even the tongue of the cat, with its “porous holes” (56), ingests. As he walks out to buy his pork kidney, he has a fantasy about Turko the Terrible and the Orient where he might “drink water scented with fennel, sherbet” (57).

Bloom even converts smells into liquids. As he passes Larry O'Rourke’s he smells porter on the air: “From the cellar grating
floated up the flabby gush of porter. Through the open doorway the
bar squirted out whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush” (57). The
curate he sees “swabs up” the place and rinses empties, and his duties
lead Bloom to consider a larger problem—the “general thirst” of
Dublin. This thirst, on a literal level the one for liquor (“Good puzzle
would be cross Dublin without passing a pub”[58]), is countered by
another kind of thirst, a cultural one, one experienced by other Dubln-
ers and Bloom himself. But Bloom avoids these thoughts now and
concentrates on converting barrels of porter into profits until he can
turn his mind from this kind of abstracting process back to food.
When he arrives at Dlugacz’s, he looks at the meat through the win-
dow and imagines even these in terms of liquids. The kidney oozes
bloodguts (59), and “the shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his
gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked
spicy pig’s blood” (58-59). Also, the pork kidney he purchases is a
“moist tender gland” (60).

This presence of liquids and thirst bring another dominant image of
this episode to the fore, namely that of the waste land. Not only has
Bloom noticed the proliferation of pubs across Dublin and the town’s
general thirst, but he also mentioned a drouth (57). The presence of a
waste land remains in his consciousness as he reads his newspaper and
the item about the Palestinian plantation of Agendath Netaim, planted
with eucalyptus trees. This vision becomes enlarged to include the
“orangegroves and immense melonfields” (60) of Jaffa, a fertile pic-
ture of the Near East that is always related to thoughts of Molly
(melons will later be associated with Molly’s buttocks). But his
momentary vision of fertility and nourishment is replaced by a bleaker
one:

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea:
no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves,
grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining
down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names.
A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the
first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy’s clutching a noggin bottle by
the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captiv-
ty to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there
now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman’s: the grey sunken
cunt of the world.

Desolation.
Grey horror seared his flesh. (61)
In this vision, both lake and rain water have become poisonous; fish, with their association of food and fertility, are absent; not only is the image of the displaced Jew present, but uprootedness, a state of being disconnected, separated from a source of nourishment, dominates Bloom's mood. The emergence of the old milkwoman on the scene—perhaps the same milkwoman encountered by Stephen during his breakfast in the Tower—blends the Near East with Dublin and blends also all rootless people of the world—Dubliners as well as Bloom. Dead lands, configured by fallow females, have become "the grey sunken cunt of the world." Not for the last time does Bloom meditate on the chaotic and destructive side of process, the stream of life. This sense of the meaninglessness of existence will recur several times throughout the day, but later he will have means of dealing with it.

The horror he feels now is also expressed in terms of liquids, however. Oils slide along his veins; his blood is chilled: "Age crusting him with a salt cloak" implies the absence of the life-giving aspects of the sea and stresses the vegetation-killing properties of salt (61).

Later, after he has eaten and feels invigorated, he returns to this image of the waste land with a different attitude. Standing in his own garden, before going to defecate, he imagines his own fertile "waste" land, grown from his own feces, watered by his own urine, and he thinks: "Scarlet runners. Virginia creepers. Want to manure the whole place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur. All soil like that without dung. Household slops. Loam, what is this that is?" (68). Obviously creation here is envisioned in totally organic terms, and also in terms of his own body.

After experiencing the horror of his second wasteland vision however ("Morning mouth. Bad images" [61]) Bloom returns home to more positive images of liquidities and nourishment. He imagines: "the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes" (61).

More images of liquids occur as he prepares breakfast. He tilts the kettle to "let the water flow in," watches "the lump of butter slide and melt," feeds the cat the blood of the pork kidney (62).

Molly sits under the Picture The Bath of the Nymph, an image of liquidities herself. Bloom sees "large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air with the fragrances of the tea she poured. . . . Her full
lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Like foul flowerwater” (63).

The image of the foul flowerwater, coming after he has learned of Boylan's four o'clock visit, is a correlative of his own sense of sterility and decay. Caught in a world of liquid consciousness, his own ego seems to be sustained in amniotic fluid in a female world which, although positive and nourishing for a time in life, can also become destructive. Such an evolution of consciousness appears to be at least suggested here and is more fully developed in “Lotus Eaters,” which also emphasizes Bloom's vegetative, hence passive, nature and diminished ego consciousness.

A number of important patterns involving food, fertility, and creativity are suggested in this opening episode. One involves Bloom's tendency to view people in terms of food. Throughout his day, he will continue to do this, especially with women. Here for example, the pork butcher has “blotchy fingers sausage pink,” and the girl is viewed as “sound meat there like a stallfed heifer” with “moving hams” (59).

Food will also inspire Bloom to play with words throughout the day. Now, for example, as he watches the girl at Dlugacz's walk off with her sausages, he thinks: “for another: a constable off duty cuddles her in Eccles Lane. They like them sizeable. Prime sausage. O please, Mr Policeman, I'm lost in the wood” (60).

One of Bloom's most creative acts will involve memory, and his most complex and rich ones occur in conjunction with eating. Here, in the morning, he eats a kidney, an important visceral organ that carries long-standing symbolism. Neumann observes: “The liver and kidneys are visceral centers of great importance to psychic life. . . . But all visceral centers, which also function as affective centers controlling sexuality, are already centers of a higher order.”

Thus, after his breakfast and during his reading of Milly's letter, Bloom recalls the morning she was born—obviously a time of fertility. More particularly, he recalls the midwife, a “jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have helped into the world” (66). Here the image, momentarily at least, remains positive, and woman appears in a more fruitful role.

But, as I have suggested, process haunts Bloom constantly, and now Milly's emergent sexuality links her also with process. But the conjunction of thought and body in Bloom is strongly indicated here
by Joyce as “a soft qualm regret” steals over Bloom, joining his need
to defecate with his sense of fatality about Milly: “Will happen, yes.
Prevent. Useless: can’t move” (67). Process goes on. The body must
metabolize, and Milly must grow into a woman. Bloom is, at this
point, reluctant to confront difficulties and transform them into some
new form, into something meaningful for himself. Yet the tiniest
suggestion of the transformative potential is present now, and he
thinks: “girl’s sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing
qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing
kissed. Full gluey woman’s lips” (67). Here some mental metabolism
has occurred; Milly has become Molly, for the “full gluey woman’s
lips” are Molly’s and will be remembered again in connection with
their lovemaking at Howth. In “Lestrygonians” this memory will be
transformed into something rich and complex, and it will serve to
influence his actions.

The “Calypso” episode ends with Bloom’s defecation serving as an
important comment on what some critics see as his anal eroticism, as
well as his own artistic leanings, and on Joyce’s attitude about the
unity of body and mind. On his trip to his “counting house,” Bloom
carries with him a copy of Titbits, containing a review by Phillip
Beaufoy entitled, Matcham’s Masterstroke. Both Beaufoy and his work
will remain on Bloom’s mind through the day, and their significance
relates to Bloom’s recurring thoughts about fertility (especially since
Bloom continues to confuse Beaufoy with that fertile father Purefoy).
Here, however, Bloom’s actual creativity is limited because his major
wish at this time is to avoid unpleasant realities and the sacrifice
necessary for meaningful transformation. Therefore, this scene also
emphasizes avoidance rather than confrontation: “Hope it’s not too
big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive one tabloid of
cascara sagrada. Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it
was something quick and neat” (69). Rather like defecation, life could
be neat if he reformed it into something pleasant. His stool, in shape,
size, and consistency has been the product of his careful and regulated
ingestion, a fitting analogue for the balanced and well-written prose
he has before him and a parody of Stephen’s aesthetic theory postulat­
ing the artist’s distance from his work.

As the blending of thought and body processes continues, Bloom
next creates a sketch out of a past series of events. These involve a time
when he jotted down Molly’s sayings on his cuff. Thus he creates
himself creating. Another part of his sketch is the artifice of mutual authorship. Perhaps reacting to the loss of the coauthorship he feels after the death of Rudy, Bloom imagines another creative act for himself and Molly, namely, the writing of a prize Titbit. But Bloom’s act is abortive here because the image of Boylan enters his mind. A reference Molly has made to Boylan again involves the mouth: “Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good smell off his breath dancing” (69). Bloom carries the scene a bit further before he effects his own “masterstroke.” Transforming words (Beaufoy’s *Masterstroke*) into a physical act and thereby either degrading or dignifying artistic effort, depending on one’s point of view, Bloom establishes the relationship between language and body by wiping himself with Beaufoy’s Titbit. His own masterstroke thus becomes the physical recognition of the origin of words in body, a recognition of the analogue of digestive processes to creation. For Bloom, as we shall see on a number of other occasions, the organic will always invade both his artistic endeavors and his understanding and response to art. This scene is funny, a parody on the Freudian view of art as sublimation of the anal stage; but there is also, behind Joyce’s humor, a serious comment on the relationship of art to body, the interdependence of both.

If “Calypso” seems to be characterized by an attention to the alimentary functions on their more elemental level, “Lotus Eaters” is a more psychological episode in which the body plays a central role as a symbol, and the alimentary process is likewise viewed symbolically. There are several key ingredients in this episode—the lotus and related flower imagery, the psychological state of narcissism, with its focus on the genitalia, and the Eucharist. All these elements have a relationship to one another and point to a level of consciousness that is advanced over that illustrated in “Calypso.”

The lotus fruit, apparently a “sweet, sticky fruit growing in grape-like clusters,” seemed to objectify a death experience of sorts for Odysseus because it had the effect of inducing forgetfulness in those who tasted it. Forgetfulness, or oblivion, certainly suggests a loss of consciousness, a loss of self-awareness, that must figure importantly here because memory is so vital to Bloom’s creativity. The lotus, therefore, would seem to present a threat to consciousness and creativity.
At first glance it might seem that self-forgetfulness and a loss of consciousness, induced by the eating of the lotus, would contradict the technique of narcissism that Joyce imposed on the chapter. Nevertheless, the two are connected. For Freudians, narcissism is a state of excessive self-love, a state of ego development that is linked to what they designate as a genital rather than oral or alimentary stage. Here the ego, emerging into awareness of itself as a separate entity, begins to create oppositions in its world, that is, to sexualize everything. But this is still an early stage of consciousness that can be seen by the association of Bloom with flowers and vegetative symbolism. Because plants are a lower order than animals, plant symbolism, as opposed to animal symbolism, suggests passivity rather than aggression, subordination rather than dominance. It is no accident that Bloom becomes Henry Flower in this episode and has his strongest identification with plant life here as well. Neumann has interesting comments to make about vegetative symbolism. He says that its presence "denotes, psychologically, the predominance of those processes of growth which go forward without the assistance of the ego. But for all their seeming independence, ego and consciousness are nevertheless characterized at this stage by their reliance upon the determining substrate of the unconscious in which they are rooted, and also upon the sustenance provided by this substrate."¹¹

Another important feature of narcissism is the dominance of the phallus. Neumann goes on to say: "The youth has at this stage no masculinity, no consciousness, no higher spiritual ego. He is narcissistically identified with his own male body and its distinguishing mark, the phallus."¹²

To return to "Lotus Eaters," then, we are early made aware of the dominance of flower imagery. As Bloom dreamily contemplates the legends of the tea packets at the window of the Oriental Tea Company, his thoughts move back to the Orient, to a special garden noted for its abundance of flowers, and he thinks of "Flowers of idleness. The air feeds most" (71). The fact that the air feeds flowers suggests that consciousness, even immature consciousness, is being fed by an emergent spiritual principle that is still only partially awakened. That the mind is still predominantly nourished by the unconscious can be seen in the floating flower references. For example, Bloom's vision of the garden includes an image of "big lazy leaves to float about on" (71). He thinks of waterlilies, and he recalls a story or a picture of a
man “in the dead sea, floating on his back” (72). We also have, in this chapter, McCoy’s mention of the “drowning case at Sandycove” (75). Then Bloom envisions the porter barrels breaking open and their contents flowing together: “winding through mudflats all over the level of land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its broth” (79).

But of course, most important is the final passage where Bloom forsees himself floating in his bath, in the “gentle tepid stream” with his penis the “limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower” (86). This image seems to reinforce Neumann’s point that for the narcissistic male, the phallus is only an instrument, important to the collective fertilization of the community. This vision shows Bloom’s fathering only in terms of his penis; yet the kind of father he will become during the day requires a religious and artistic imagination, and involves both mind and body in the transformation of body functions into a symbolic act.

Bloom’s role as Henry flowe also emphasizes his diminished male role. His relationship with Martha is characterized by a lack of aggression on his part and by an excess of maternal dominance on hers. Neumann seems to describe Bloom’s condition when he says: “Those flower-like boys are not sufficiently strong to resist and break the power of the Great Mother. They are more pets than lovers. The goddess, full of desire, chooses the boys for herself and rouses their sexuality. . . . They have no individual existence, only a ritual one. Nor is the Mother Goddess related to an individual one, but only to the youth as an archetypal figure.” Thus the images present in this chapter are not really suggestive of a higher order of masculine consciousness, fathering, or creativity, but are closely tied to passivity and even castration.

One exception might be the rather important phallic image suggested by the ad, which Bloom reads, for Plumtree’s Potted Meat:

*What is home without
Plumtree’s Potted Meat?
Incomplete
With it an abode of bliss* (75).

This “meat” image undergoes a number of transformations in Bloom’s mind during the day, but it serves essentially to connect food and ingestion with fertility. Beyond these initial meanings, it becomes
associated with Boylan and Molly and is thus also a negative image of Bloom's own masculinity.

Another recurring phrase with phallic connotations is McCoy's question to Bloom, "Who's getting it up?" (75). McCoy is asking Bloom about Molly's concert and the organization of it. Bloom will be asked this question again, and it will continue to be disturbing because it is always Boylan, of course, who is "getting it up."

But these phallic images hardly confirm Bloom's own fertility, and a number of other images suggest castration. For example, Bloom watches the horses eating and, as is customary with him, he associates food and urine with sexuality. But the image is negative:

He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats, the gently clamping teeth. Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by, amid the sweet oat reek of horsepiss. Their Eldorado. Poor juggines! Damn all they know or care about anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags. Too full for words. Still they get their feed all right and their doss. Gelded too; a stump of black gutta-percha wagging limp between their haunches. Might be happy all the same that way. (77)

Here Bloom seems to indicate a desire to escape into nourishment, to the alimentary level of consciousness, which would not move him toward any kind of creation, but rather away from it.

Even when he thinks about music his thoughts return to the eunuchs: "What kind of voice is it? Must be curious to hear after their own strong basses. Connoisseurs. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall into flesh don't they? Gluttons, tall, long legs. Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it" (82). His desire to escape his maleness and exist in a nonthinking state where he can merely feed appears even more clearly in this excerpt, and the abortive creations he does attempt reflect his gelded condition.

It is interesting that his creative efforts in this chapter are inspired by women—Martha and the two whores—but not Molly. For example, after he reads Martha's letter, he creates a Bloomian kind of literature. "Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume" (78). His "language of flowers" seems more of an evocation of castration, a verbal rendering of the true state of his relationship with Martha on an associative level. Also important in his relationship with
Martha is that it is based on letters, that is on words, rather than on act and physicality. And, not too surprisingly, it is sterile. A second attempt at creativity involves Bloom's efforts to regain some masculine self-image. He recalls the song of two whores as he removes the pin from Martha's letter. The pin becomes metamorphosed into a thorn, about which he concludes, "no roses without thorns" (78). The pin then reappears in the jingle in a new context:

O Mary lost the pin of her drawers.
She didn't know what to do
To keep it up
To keep it up (78).

Again, Bloom, creating out of another's "art," has performed an interesting transformation on it. The pin of Martha's letter, which has become a thorn and a source of wounding to him, now becomes a danger to Mary, a source of wounding to her. "To keep it up" is removed from its context indicating male potency and is now used to create an image of female vulnerability.

But these creations, which are inspired not by Molly but by lesser females, are not particularly significant. Perhaps Bloom's most important experience of transformation in this episode in his entry into All Hallows and his thoughts on the Eucharist. Tindall has pointed out the importance of the Eucharist as a means of suggesting communality to Bloom, and, most important, its role in helping Bloom to identify with Christ. Bloom's question, "Are the wafers in water?" and his association of "Corpus. Body. Corpse" (80) lead inevitably to the identification of himself in his tub (the chalice) as Host, observing, "This is my Body" (86). Tindall finds the identification ironic because of Bloom's negative attitude toward the mass. Robert Boyle, however, sees Bloom's tub consecration as the "most humanly attractive eucharistic image that Joyce presents" and says that although Bloom as priest cannot give everliving life, he can give "real human life to others." There may be irony in Bloom's lack of understanding about the mass—the wafer is never in the water—but Bloom does assimilate some of the meaning of the rite.

For example, when Bloom first enters the church and sees the women taking communion he only thinks of the experience in sexual terms: "Nice discreet place to be next to some girl. . . . That woman at midnight mass. Seventh heaven" (80). Even the priest becomes part of Bloom's erotic fantasy, and the giving of the wafer takes on the
suggestion of oral sex: “The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands” (80). The idea of eating of the phallus is also suggested, albeit in rather uncomfortable terms.

Bloom concludes that the mass is manipulating the people: “Good idea the Latin. Stupifies them first” (80) but at the same time he is interested in the ingesting aspects of it: “They don’t seem to chew it; only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of corpse why the cannibals cotton to it”' (80). The mention of cannibals introduces another important motif that will be much more in evidence in “Lestrygonians.” But still, cannibalism is the essence of the mass, and Bloom has, on some level, understood the connection. He continues to focus on food: “Waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it’s that sort of bread: unleavened shewbread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it’s called” (81). Just as the ingested food has its effect on the minds of the suppliants, so Bloom’s assimilation of the scene of the mass has its effect on him and he realizes: “There’s a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel. First communicants. Hoky-poky penny a lump. Then feel all one family party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I’m sure of that. Not so lonely” (81). Bloom has apparently grasped something of the “big idea”—the meaning of the ingestion of the divine. In “Calypso” he has fed himself, Molly, and the cat. There was no recognition of ritual involved. Here, however, Bloom has recognized the act of ingesting as having a larger meaning, as being key to man’s participation in process and the need for reciprocity and sacrifice.

Lying in his tub, his “womb of warmth,” Bloom seems mainly cognizant of his phallus, and his ideas about sacrifice seem as embryonic as his floating position in the bath. Nevertheless, it is significant that, just as Odysseus did not eat the lotus, Bloom fails to eat it also. Instead of eating the lotus, Bloom begins to “conceive” of his role as sacrifice, and a birth of some higher order of consciousness seems to have transpired.

“Hades” is an episode that seems to suggest mortification. It depicts man as emptied of his life and hence his fertility, and even the ritual of the Church seems empty. On the other hand, “Hades” is also a chapter about filling. What is filled, however, is the earth; nature itself is the grand consumer. The very scale of the process at work in nature
seems to overwhelm Bloom, and the Church offers little comfort. For him the phrase “the resurrection and the life” is empty; he thinks instead, “once you are dead you are dead” (105). He also has pondered on the futility of death on a larger scale: “Funerals all over the world everywhere every minute. Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick” (101).

We get a sense of the earth as one huge devouring orifice through the number of references to “open drains” and “mounds of ripped up roadway” (88). On the drive to the cemetery, Bloom thinks of the Our Lady Hospice for the dying and the dead house that opens below it. The mourners stand over a hole that is “black open space” (110), and Bloom envisions people as “dropping into a hole one after the other” (111). Also, the cattle that pass the carriage on the way to the slaughterhouse are to provide “Roast beef for old England. They buy up all the juicy ones” (97-98). The thought extends the devouring image to England and makes of Ireland the supplier of food. The slaughterhouse and the cemetery are near each other, and both seem to be consumers, one of people, the other of animals.

There are a number of references in “Hades” to objects that are disgorged in some manner or other. The most vivid example is Bloom’s horrific vision of Paddy’s coffin opening and disgorging its contents: “Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what’s up now. Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax. The sphincter loose. Seal up all” (98). Bloom thinks again of exhuming bodies as they pass “murderer’s ground” (100). These consuming and disorging orifices are not associated at all in Bloom’s mind with rebirth, and his wish to seal up all, to stop this destruction by nature, is strong. However, although Bloom will become depressed with the cyclical nature of life many times throughout the day, he is most disturbed in “Hades.”

“Hades” also contains a number of references to water, but these references suggest little in the way of rebirth or insemination. Of course, Joyce’s use of the Liffey reinforces the Homeric parallels, but in “Hades,” water seems to assume mainly a destructive quality and is associated with drowning and rotting. Thus the “slow weedy waterway” of the bargeman is imagined by Bloom to be floating “past beds of reeds, over slime, mud-choked bottles, carrion dogs” (99).
There are other consumers in the chapter, however, that are not of earth but are nonetheless associated with it—flies, maggots, cells, a grey rat, and even a priest. All seem to be types of scavengers, feeding off the flesh of the dead in one way or another. For instance, the cells "or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically. Nothing to feed on feed on themselves" (108-9). The maggots—"soil must be simply swirling with them" (109)—are also consumers, as are the flies that feed on Dignam: "Come before he's well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips" (114). Again Bloom shows his penchant for imagining an astonishing variety of food and eaters of it. Another important consumer is the "obese grey rat, the "grey alive" as Bloom calls him and about which Bloom thinks: "One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean, no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them" (114). This rat will reappear in Bloom's thoughts, especially when he thinks of food. The priest is another consumer in "Hades." Father Coffey ("his name was like a coffin") has a "toad's belly" and a "belly on him like a poisoned pup" (103). The animal imagery used to describe him seems to place him more in the class of the animal than the human.

Another interesting feature about these eaters is the fact that they are either fat or swollen. the rat is obese; Father Coffey is bloated. Some stoppage or malfunction that seems to indicate improper assimilation is evident. The substance that fills man, beast, and tomb is gas. Death, therefore, seems less process than a kind of stasis, at least for Bloom. He has a number of thoughts about gas during his underworld journey. The air, poisoned by death, is viewed with special revulsion by Bloom. Besides wanting to seal up all the orifices of decaying corpses, Bloom worries about the "bad gas" of the priest and even Molly's attack of gas after eating cabbage. He also considers "bad gas" in larger terms. Of the cemetery he thinks: "Must be an infernal lot of bad gas round the place. Butchers for instance: they get like raw beefsteaks. Who was telling me? Mervyn Brown. Down in the vaults of saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it. Out it rushes: blue. One whiff of that and you're a goner" (104-4). It would appear that the air in this world is as deadly as the water and
earth are. Indeed, "Hades" seems to be an episode where all the elements—air, earth, fire, and water—are seen in their destructive forms. Fire, for example, is mentioned in connection with purgatory ("Out of the fryingpan of life into the fire of purgatory" [111]), the "Blazing face: Redhot" (95) of Dignam who has died from symptoms suggested by this kind of fire.

To be sure, there is some suggestion of creativity and fertility in this episode, but it is less prominent than critics tend to think and occurs mostly on the ride to the cemetery. For example, on the trip out, Bloom listens to the bluster of Simon Dedalus and thinks of him as "full of his son" (89). Then he himself becomes full of his own son Rudy, as he creates images of him in a childhood he never lived to have: "If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes" (89). It is interesting that Bloom first conceives of his son and then has his son conceive of him, "me in his eyes." This atonement of father and son in terms of past time will have ramifications later. Now Bloom has only Rudy and Simon has only Stephen, but on a symbolic level both men are fatherless. Bloom's attempt to make himself a father is seen in his next reminiscence about Rudy's time of conception: "Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil" (89). This evocation of Bloom's time of fathering is only brief here, but will become fuller and more complex, even artistically rendered in "Lestrygonians."

There are other suggestions of fertility, too. Martin Cunningham, for example, notices crustcrumbs on the carriage seat, and these remnants seem to hint at life continuing and people consuming, just as the hawker that sells simnel cakes and fruit on the outskirts of the cemetery seems to be affirming life: Bloom thinks: "Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead. Dogbiscuits. Who ate them? Mourners coming out" (100). Still, human consumption seems at a minimum within the cemetery, and this absence reinforces the sense of mortification and emptying that accompanies a funeral as well as an underworld experience. Bloom even tries to image the caretaker making love to his wife within the bounds of the cemetery, but seems doubtful about it all: "Gas of graves. Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so touchy. Tell her a ghost story
in bed to make her sleep. . . . Still they'd kiss all right if properly
keyed up” (108).

What Bloom does not do, however, is reject the series of graphic
images of death and decay that occur to him. After musing on ritual
murder he concludes, “It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new
life” (108). It is this sense of the cyclical nature of things that both
depresses yet heartens Bloom, and although he is, in “Hades,” con­
sumed by images of death, he is imaginatively energized as he leaves
the cemetery.

One important source of creative awareness involves the story of
the abortive drowning of Reuben J’s son. Bloom attempts to tell this
story to Dedalus, Power, and Cunningham in the carriage, but as
Robert M. Adams helpfully notes, the story is “rudely taken out of
the mouth of Bloom,” that is, Bloom is emptied of the story.17 The
story is about a boy whose unfortunate love affair is ended by his
father’s decision to send him away to the Isle of Man, whereupon he
throws himself into the Liffey, but is saved by a boatman who is then
given a florin for saving the boy’s life. (It is Dedalus who quips, “one
and eightpence too much,” [95]). When Bloom recalls the story later
in “Lestrygonians,” he will incorporate into it a number of alimentary
symbols involving sacrifice, and he will include his ride to the ceme­
tery as well as the quip of Dedalus, thereby re-forming the story.

Another transformation that will emerge from Bloom’s cemetery
visit involves the meaning of Paddy Dignam’s death. Paddy is seen as
food for the earth; he is associated with the ad for Plumptree’s Potted
Meat; he will become backward print in “Aeolus” and be re-formed
again from a dog in “Circe.”

Bloom, however, will also create a new ad. This particular creation
is apropos of time and place and involves the earth itself as consumer/ 
reader. His ad says: “Well preserved fat corpse gentleman, epicure,
ineliguable for fruit garden. A bargain. By carcass of William Wilkin­
son, auditor and accountant, lately deceased, three pounds thirteen
and six. With thanks” (108). This image of earth as consumer and
reader will become repeated in different ways, especially in later epi­sodes as Joyce concerns himself with the relationship between the
organic and the linguistic.

Thus in “Hades” everything seems fragmented, in a state of await­
ing a new assembly. In some ways it provides a necessary experience
for Bloom and one that will help him to encompass the death-aspects of life so that he may learn to use them for new growth and creation.

"Lestrygonians" is, of course a chapter in which a preoccupation with food dominates form and content. Envisioned by Joyce as peristaltic in movement, as imitating the muscular contractions of the digestive system, the chapter abounds in food images that critics are inclined to see as being almost superfluous and used to reinforce Homeric parallels. Nevertheless, the true importance of food images and alimentary symbolism can be inferred by the presence of three other features, cannibalism, sacrifice, and creativity.

Homeric parallels are important in this episode, and it is because of the connection the Greeks saw (a connection very much in evidence in the *Odyssey* itself, as Stuart Gilbert has noted) between the food a nation ate and the type of culture it produced. Like his Odyssean counterpart, Bloom believes "you are what you eat." For example, as he feeds the gulls, he thinks, "If you cram a turkey, say, on chestnut meal it tastes like that. Eat pig like pig" (153). Even his literary theory is based on food: observing Lizzie Twigg and her rumpled stockings he thinks: "These literary ethereal people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him" (166). Not only does Bloom assume the relation between diet and ideas, but unconsciously or otherwise, he uses gastronomic images when thinking of creation, so that "waves of the brain" become mirrors of peristalsis, and creativity is imaged in anal terms as "squeezing out a line."

References to cannibalism in the episode are extremely important because cannibalism relates to Bloom's ideas about eating, sacrifice, and fertility and replicates the development of the earlier chapters where Bloom's consciousness and actions relate to body functions, first on a physiological level in "Calypso," and then on a symbolic level in "Lotus Eaters." Bloom's understanding of the significance of the Eucharist, and its relation to himself, implies his search for a ritual or objectified expression of eating and sacrifice as the means of reaffirming life and achieving a higher order of creativity. Because of his underworld visit to "Hades," Bloom seems more awakened to the
cyclical nature of life. Hence many of the images from these earlier chapters come together in "Lestrygonians" and are here richly developed.

The fact that cannibalism in certain cultures is not a primitive or savage manifestation of eating is essential to our understanding of its presence in the chapter. It is, rather, evidence of a sophisticated religious consciousness, for it is by means of ritual killing and blood sacrifice that fertility is guaranteed. Studies by Adolph Jensen and Mircea Eliade have provided interesting insights into this kind of behavior, of which Joyce also would have been aware. Jensen is one of the earliest scholars to argue that so-called archaic societies do not have blood sacrifices such as cannibalism, which is, instead, evidence of a more advanced culture. Furthermore, he argues, it is not the hunting societies that initiate these practices but the cultivator ones. These practices, says Jensen, are religiously founded "ethical" actions and involve the concept of a primal killing that preceded man’s life on earth; the murder of a deity brought man his mortality as well as his propagating powers, and henceforth the deity lived in a land of the dead where his body provided vegetative growth and animal life for man to eat. But by that eating, man partook of the deity himself and thus consumed the god over and over again. This act of ingestion became the basis for all future propagation and fertility, and thus it was of essential importance that the primal murder be remembered and reenacted. As Jensen puts it, "Cannibalism is the festive remembrance of the realization that the eating of crop plants in reality is an eating of the deity in its transmutation." The connection of this myth to the mass is apparent, but what is also important is the essential relationship of memory, sacrifice, and fertility to the role that food plays in Bloom's transformations of consciousness.

As previously mentioned, sacrifice is one of the dominant, if only partially understood, concerns of Bloom, and as "Lestrygonians" begins, it is the first motif we are made aware of. Bloom has been handed a throwaway that triggers a string of sacrificial images. He first reads "Blood of the Lamb" as "Bloo . . . Me? No" (151). Whether his inclination to read his name instead of the word "blood" is a bit of egotism or an identification with Elijah and Christ, there is, nonetheless, a connection established between Bloom and blood, and he carries this identification with the sacrificial victim still further: "God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of
a building, sacrifice, kidney burnt-offering, druid’s altars” (151). This string of images, moving across categories of single and multiple, animate and inanimate, part and whole, encompasses most of human mythico-religious activity involving the survival of the community and connects the role of Bloom with the creative act. As sacrifice and as artist, he, like Elijah, will forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race.

But Bloom’s view of himself as sacrifice must change from that of mere victim to that of elected sacrifice. Sometimes he views himself primarily as victim. The most memorable example of this attitude occurs at his low point of the day, just before lunch: “This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed” (164). His own inadequacy and sense of being victim comes to the fore again as he muses on the limerick of MacTrigger, the ill-fated missionary whose genitals were eaten by the chieftain whose five hundred wives subsequently “had the time of their lives” (172). And when Nosey Flynn asks about Molly’s forthcoming concert in painfully sexual terms, “Who’s getting it up?” (172), Bloom’s response is physical, a combination of food imagery and sacrifice: “A warm shock of air heat of mustard hauched on Mr. Bloom’s heart” (172-73), and Bloom’s heart thus becomes the sacrificial meal.

At one point during his rest by the river, he considers throwing himself into the stream: “If I threw myself down? Reuben J’s son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage” (152).

In addition to being sacrificial victim, Bloom considers himself part of a larger process, and in “Lestrygonians” he seems preoccupied with the idea that all life is eating or being eaten; therefore, he increasingly tends to view himself as one of many involved in a vast system of alimentation. “Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!” (170), he says, watching the eaters in the Burton.

Again, as Bloom notes the export of Ireland’s basic staple—porter—going to England to be consumed, he thinks of the rats on board the brewery barge also consuming the porter. Then he muses on the eating habits of the voracious but picky gulls, the microbes that feed on the droppings of the diners in the Burton, the flea on Nosey Flynn, and finally the terrier that vomits and eats his own cud. And of course one of the more significant feasts in the book is the corpse of Paddy
Dignam whose image blends with Plumtree's potted meat to become Dignam's potted meat.

In this world of process, where everything eats everything else, Bloom feels overwhelmed and sometimes depressed. One reason for these feelings, besides his total proccupation with Molly and Blazes, is to be found in his own reverence for life, for its requirement of service and reciprocity. Bloom's lack of belief in institutionalized religion does not cancel a reverence he has for the relatedness of all things; instead, he needs to create order, to create a cosmos for himself by means of some ritual, in order to render the stream of life meaningful. But what has haunted Bloom throughout his noontime meanderings can be described as a sense of process not ordered by ritual, a sense of life that has become desacralized. There are many instances when Bloom ponders rites of passage that seem to have lost their sacredness. For example: "Things go on same; day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her" (164). Here rites of passage lack meaning. Institutions and commerce function mindlessly; surface movement dominates. Madness (which can be divine or associated with ritual sacrifice or dismemberment) is reduced to two pathetic figures "mooching about." A baby is "tugged" into the world, and a dead man is "carted off."

Bloom views the church as responsible for the desacralizing of rites of passage. In the fertility of the Dedalus family, who are so poor that the children are nourished on "marge and potatoes" (152), Bloom sees fertility not as creating life but as destroying it. He blames the priests for encouraging the begetting of children while the priests themselves exist as parasites: "That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? Eat you out of house and home" (151). Of course the last line refers not to the children but to the priest. Even the excesses of the porter-drinking rats, who "drink till they puke again like christians" (152) are associated with institutional excess. Also, HELY'S men, "walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly" (154), seem to merely exist, imitating process that has no meaning. The constables too, with "Foodheated faces," are described in liturgical imagery as
"Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive calvary. Prepare to receive soup" (162). Bloom's transformation of their acts into these terms emphasizes not a sacral quality of life but the reverse.

Bloom's most important encounter with desacralized process takes place upon his entry into the Burton for lunch. Again, men become animals ("see the animals feed"), and he watches with disgust men swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New set of microbes. A man with an infant's saucetained napkin tucked round him shovelled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump chop from the grill. Bolting to get it over. Sad booser's eyes. Bitten off more than he can chew. Am I like that? (169)

But Bloom is not like these eaters, and before he leaves for Davy Byrne's "moral pub" (171), he thinks: "Couldn't get a morsel here. Fellow sharpening knife and fork, to eat all before him, old chap picking his tootles. Slight spasm, full, chewing the cud. Before and after. Grace after meals. . . . Get out this" (169). He adds, "Out. I hate dirty eaters" (170).

Communal feasting, which once had an important and sacred function, especially to those of Jewish background, is projected by Bloom onto the future. He envisions a community kitchen where people will be "all trotting down porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the street" (170). In fact, for the moment, all feeling or relatedness seems absent. Communal sharing is viewed as potentially a disease-spreading behavior: "My plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like sir Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handerchief. Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. . . . All for number one" (170).

In fact, for Bloom the most negative aspect of this lack of relatedness is everyone's absorbing self-interest. "All for number one" becomes Bloom's comment on the human condition. At the Burton he observes: "every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp. Gobstuff" (170). And in speaking of the priests' irresponsible encouragement of reproduction and their own greed he notes: "I'd like to see them do the black fast Yom Kippur. Crossbuns. One meal and a collation for fear he'd collapse on the altar. . . . Does himself well. No guests. All for number one" (152). Thornton tells us that
Joyce has blended the Jewish holiest day of Yom Kippur with the Catholic black fast of Ash Wednesday, but the important connection here seems to be that both days involve fasting exercises of rites of mortification, and their purpose is not only to atone for sins but to remember them. Remembering must precede atonement and integration, and remembering also becomes Bloom’s means of creation. But it is not his only means.

As Schutte has rightly observed, Bloom is “an incurable tinkerer with language,” and it is in terms of word play, punning, rhyming, and ad-making that we also see Bloom’s creative nature at work. For example, a number of puns created by Bloom relate to food. In the phrase “Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel,” Carmel becomes “caramel” (155). The Reverend Salmon becomes “tinned salmon” (154).

Bloom also seems to view people in terms of food. For example, Mrs. Breen is described in this manner: “Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Rhubarb tart with liberal fillings, rich fruit interior” (158). As he watches the squad of constables, he thinks of them as having been “let out to graze. Best moment to attack one in pudding time. A punch in his dinner” (162).

In fact, Bloom’s entire universe is imaged in terms of food. “Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock” (167). Cities and pyramids are “built on bread and onions” (164). “Peace and war depend on some fellow’s digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat, drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged” (172). Thus the human condition itself is viewed in terms of food imagery.

Of course, a number of Bloom’s puns and word formations are associated with fertility. For example, his couplet: “The hungry famished gull/Flaps o’er the waters dull” (152) is inspired by his viewing of the rapacious birds. Yet the “flow of the language” (152) leads him to consider Shakespeare, another sacrificial figure, and also a fertile one, and to paraphrase from Hamlet: “Hamlet, I am thy father’s spirit/Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth” (152). The association with Hamlet’s father emphasizes Bloom’s preoccupation with betrayal and cuckoldry, and the hungry bird becomes Bloom himself as the word gull takes on an Elizabethan meaning of trickery and deception. “Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth” is Bloom’s
paraphrasing—unconscious or not—of the original line which is "to walk the night." Yet for Bloom, the association with earth does seem more appropriate.

Bloom's second transformation of his couplet produces, "The dreamy cloudy gull/Waves o'er the waters dull" (166), resulting from his thoughts about Lizzie Twigg and about literacy types who are "dreamers, cloudy," and whose creativity is attributed to the foods they consume. The policeman, on the other hand, could not have a line of poetry squeezed out of him. The alimentary nature of these images forms a logical train of associations that precedes Bloom's own "lines."

Another interesting instance of word play and association involves the ad for Plumtree's potted meat, which has lingered in Bloom's thoughts all morning. The placing of the ad under the obituaries seems to occur to Bloom because of its association (at this point only indirectly) with Blazes, and more directly with Paddy Dignam. By placing the ad in the "cold meat department" (154), Bloom seems to be attempting to render Blazes cold, or perhaps also to be commenting on his own cold state. The association comes up again in Davy Byrne's and is again triggered by food. Note the sequence of associations as Bloom first views the shelves of food, especially the sardines—which will reappear as an important image in "Sirens"—then thinks of having a sandwich: "Sandwich? Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there" (171). Puns on food only accentuate his preoccupation with fertility, however, and he immediately continues: "Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat" (171). The phrase "up a plumtree" seems to be another association related to potency, and Mr. Breen's postcard "U.P.: up" is probably also on his mind. "Cannibals would with lemon and rice," Bloom continues as his thoughts return to his sense of being sacrificed, even dismembered like the missionary MacTrigger whose genitals are eaten (172).

Even Bloom's recollection of Molly's pun on Ben Dollard is inspired by Ben's sexuality, and he takes Molly's pun and develops it further: "A base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Appetite like an albatross. Get outside of a baron of beef. Powerful
man he was at storing away number one Bass. Barrel of bass. See? it all works out” (154).

Bloom’s substitution of B for P on the urinal sign suggests still another way that Blazes influences his creative bent. He reads “POST NO BILLS” though the sign, with letters partially erased, actually reads: “POST 110 PILLS” (153). This visual/conceptual cleverness seems to relate to his preoccupation with ads, but I wonder if the erasure of B (for Blazes and the replacement P for Poldy) isn’t behind his interest in the visual transformation.

This kind of B/P substitution occurs a second time—during his conversation with Mrs. Breen. In their discussion of Mina Purefoy’s difficult labor, Bloom says “Beaufoy” instead of “Purefoy” mixing up two kinds of creativity. Then he transforms his mistake into a comment on fertility and the creative process: “Phillip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers’ club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain? Yes. The last act” (158). Here again Beaufoy becomes a spur to his own creativity and Beaufoy’s masterstroke becomes his own.

There are a number of word plays involving the alimentary process too. Many deal with water and flowing streams. Bloom is much preoccupied with the idea of life as a stream (153, 155) and also puns about the urinal under the statue of the artistic Thomas Moore. Bloom thinks of Moore’s song, “The Meeting of the Waters,” thus linking Beaufoy, Moore, and their respective works with alimentary functions as he translates everything back into body and into the flux of life.25

Connected with Bloom’s associations and word plays is, of course, his great interest in ads. This interest stems naturally from his job, but the comment that most of these advertisements seem to make about Bloom’s own creative processes is a negative one. The ads Bloom encounters or thinks about during his lunchtime journey in “Les­trygonians” seem fragmentary and incomplete and also suggest steril­ity. For example, the first ad he thinks of is:

Kino’s
11/-
Trousers. (153)

This ad on a rowboat elicits from Bloom some thoughts on the rent­ing of water. Water, as a primal element, becomes in turn the stream
Stephen and Bloom at Life's Feast

of life, and he concludes that any attempt to possess water, to stop flux in other words, is futile.

HELY's men with their lettered hats become letters incarnate and metamorphose into a kind of negative emblem of suffering and subsistence living. The ad for Plumtree's potted meat is transformed into Dignam's potted meat (154), which is a potentially fertile image. Yet when coupled with his concept of the meaninglessness of Dignam's death (he is "carted off"), this ad too seems to carry a more negative meaning. The postcard "U.P.: up" operates somewhat like an ad in that it is fragmented and connected with Breen's madness and his fragmented nature.

Most important is Bloom's own "ad": "Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work" (160), which brings him Martha's sterile association, transacted, of course, by letters. For Bloom, the only aid to literary work will be, not Martha, but Molly, and his truly creative acts will not be literary at all.

In fact, for Bloom, words ultimately tend to become associated with other types of random elements characterizing process, and he finally thinks: "Useless words. Things go on the same; day after day" (164).

Revolted by the seemingly chaotic manifestation of life's energies, Bloom needs to create order through the reestablishment of ritual. He in effect institutes certain kinds of rites here, for Bloom's hunger, which is really a hunger for meaning, is accompanied by a sense of the sacredness of life. We can see this inclination in the way he combines food imagery with thoughts of Molly: "A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore" (168). Note that he craves to adore mutely—without words. His hunger up to now has been accompanied by a sense of being sacrificed, eaten, and spewed. Thus he must leave the eaters at the Burton for Davy Byrne's "moral pub" (171).

First he thinks of kosher food: "Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. . . . Cheese digests all by itself. Mighty cheese" (171-72).

His thoughts about Yom Kippur may indicate an unsophisticated, perhaps even deficient, understanding of ritual, but another notable if less obvious, aspect of Yom Kippur is that, more than a day of atone-
ment, it is a day of purgation. The cleansing that characterizes purga-
tion has the deeper purpose of restoring men "to that state of whole-
ness and holiness which is the condition of their fulfilling their func-
tion in the world." Since regeneration is the ultimate aim of Yom
Kippur, it would seem to be relevant for Bloom, who needs to find a
measure of wholeness, a measure of manhood, and a sense of father-
hood that he does not possess in the early morning hours of the day.

Bloom's selection of cheese perhaps seems odd. Of course it is most
apparently chosen in reaction to the brutal eating, the animality ex-
pressed by the eaters at the Burton. It seems a neutral kind of food
because it does not seem to be involved in slaughter or sacrifice. Roy
Arthur Swanson, recognizing the eucharistic nature of Bloom's meal,
allows that although eating may be cannibalistic it need not be "an-
imalistic," and that Bloom transforms eating into a "pastoral-scale
repast." The selection of cheese does seem to suggest Bloom's un-
willingness to participate in any "sacrifice" of the kind seen at the
Burton. Bloom, like "mighty cheese," would like to digest every-
thing but himself. However, Bloom's thoughts on Dignam's death in
"Hades" suggest some additional insights on his preference for cheese
at this time. That morning, meditating on the funeral and on the earth
as a consuming body, Bloom has thought: "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. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a
cheesy" (108). Here Bloom seems to associate cheese with the process
of decay. But he continues a bit later: "A corpse is meat gone bad.
Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk" (114). Beyond decay, there is
the suggestion of regeneration. Milk, as one of the primary liquids of
life, is still connected here with the nourishing process.

It may be worthwhile to note here, however, that cheese and dairy
products are regarded in a number of cultures as charms to assure
fertility. In any case, Bloom's rather sparse, even Lenten meal, does
seem to revive him: "Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that
badly" (174), he says.

Immediately after eating, however, Bloom's thoughts return to
food again, this time to the dangers in them. Oysters, which as an
aphrodisiac are associated with fertility and Boylan, disturb him. An
oyster is thought of as a "clot of phlegm" that feeds on garbage:
"Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis" (174-75). His inability to finish these
thoughts seems to indicate how deeply they disturb him. But he solaces himself with the thought that Boylan could not have had oysters this day since they are out of season. Then he thinks of tainted game, of fifty-year-old eggs, of poisons, of the Hapsburg duke who ate “the scruff off his own head” (175). Next he associates ostentatious social customs and the pretentious preparation of foods with gluttony: “The elite. Crème de la crème. They want special dishes to pretend they’re” (175). He goes on to associate gluttony with women and seduction: “Wouldn’t mind being a waiter in a swell hotel. Tips, evening dress, halfnaked ladies. May I tempt you to a little more filleted lemon sole, Miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And she did bedad” (175). But these thoughts seem to reinforce Bloom’s sense of his own sterility and perhaps indicate an unconscious awareness that eating is not a matter of social amenities only, or a tool of seduction, but is associated ultimately with survival, with a biorythmic reciprocity recognized in ritual and religion.

As I have suggested, ritual involves an act of remembering as an essential prelude to renewal and fertility. Memory in its most creative aspects makes a new form as consciousness, as it changes its relation to the event. The result is a new or altered content. Mircea Eliade, in discussing the relationship of memory to ritual, says “The important thing is to memorize the mythical event, which alone is worthy of interest because it alone is creative.” For Bloom, the experience of Molly as archetypal female is the mythical event, and the key to the re-creation of his sense of wholeness, i.e. fertility, is his union with her.

An early instance of memory both creating new forms and associating itself with sacrifice can be found in the beginning of “Lestrygonians” where Bloom, standing on O’Connell bridge, looks down at the river and thinks momentarily of sacrificing himself to it. “If I threw myself down?” he asks (152). Then he recalls the story of Reuben’s J’s son, but with a difference, for his own story has undergone a transformation through time and memory. It now includes the quip of Dedalus in it as well as his awareness of story-making as an art, his art too: “Reuben J’s son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhmm. It’s droll the way he comes out with the things. Knows how to tell a story too” (152).
Reuben's J's son, sacrificing himself for love, ingests a "bellyfull of sewage" and is revived. This mock sacrifice and resurrection, involving digestive processes, also becomes art, that is, a story told by Bloom and retold by Bloom with an added character who is also a storyteller or artist. As he retells the story to himself, Bloom throws the Elijah throwaway into the river, recalls the stale cake he fed to the gulls on another day and, by this mock or analogic sacrifice, creates his lines of poetry about the "hungry famished gull." The lines remind him of Hamlet's father's lines, as all the elements—death, digestion, sacrifice, and the artist (Shakespeare) as sacrifice (Hamlet Sr.) and cockold blend with Bloom's experience and his creative processes.

But essentially Bloom's creative processes, although involving food and memory, ultimately involve Molly. And throughout his morning, Bloom has been haunted by memories of Molly and their early days. However, these memories have been degenerating and their content has become increasingly invaded by death, usurper figures, and sterility. It is after a string of sacrificial images that Bloom's first memory of Molly comes. He recalls her love of raisins during her pregnancy "Before Rudy was born" (151). His associations at this point begin with the image of the luminous crucifix and move on to the subject of phosphorescence. He remembers the phosphorescence of the codfish, viewed in his pantry as he goes to procure food for pregnant Molly. After this fertile and happy time, memory conveys less happy pictures.

After watching HELY's letter men shuffle down the street, he recalls his job at HELY's the year he married Molly. But this memory triggers yet another meal—the Glencree dinner where Molly wore a dress that she had worn prior to the "choir picnic at the Sugarloaf"—a picnic visited by those all-important flies.

A third memory cluster involves an evening with Professor Goodwin: "Remember her laughing in the wind, her blizzard collar up, Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrfoo! Blew up all her skirts" (156). The sense of cold, exclusion, and mild pain that always accompanies Bloom's thoughts of Molly's sexuality with other men is followed by a memory of food and warmth that always characterizes his own relationship with her: "Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her supper with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum" (156).
Another memory of Molly and Blazes is triggered by Bloom's thoughts of the world evolving via process: "Then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon she said" (167). Gradually Boylan has taken Bloom's place both in relation to Molly and in terms of memory too. Now Bloom recalls a scene where Molly, humming "the young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes" (167). This song of seduction, acted out by Molly and Blazes with Bloom's full awareness, forces Bloom to try to halt the images, stop process: "Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must" (167).

A still later memory, one that occurs just before he has lunch and one that is even more depressing, indicates how truly low in spirit he is at this time, for he thinks, "I was happier then. Or was that I?" (168). Acknowledging the passage of time and the changes wrought in their sex life, he continues to muse, "Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy?" (168) This very significant passage brings together at this time of mortification a number of crucial elements that relate to sacrifice, fertility, and memory. Here Bloom feels used up creatively. Rudy has died and so has his sex life with Molly, for although we can't be sure who it is that "could never like it again after Rudy," this statement is one of Bloom's clearest about the absence of a vital sex life. Besides a sense of his own sterility, Bloom also views the unrelenting rush of process as "holding water in your hand" and he thinks, "You can't bring back time." As his depression deepens, his thoughts move back to the present, and we lose sight of Molly. Instead, we hear Martha—that figure imaging present sterility—reducing Bloom to a child.

But Bloom can hold water in his hand, and he can bring back time. He can remember and thereby establish fertility on an imaginative level. After his Lenten meal of burgundy and cheese, he seems to undergo a kind of invigoration: "Glowing wine on his plate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered" (175-76). Now the warmth of the sun's heat' has become associated, not with Boylan but with Molly. Touch
and taste, the only manner in which Bloom really experiences art, dominate. Now Bloom’s senses begin to awaken, and instead of viewing water as flux, as destroyer and drowner, he views water as seminal. His senses, moistened into remembering, have been given new life. It is at this point that his major creation of memory begins, and he recalls Molly and himself “hidden under wild ferns on Howth” (176).

His senses seem in command, and it is through them that he creates, among other things, colored and vivid images: “Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities.” Touch is of course a major sense for Bloom: “Scrub my hand under her nape . . . Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed.” But the most impassioned moment in his memory involves Molly and food: “Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warmed 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” (176). During his lunch, Bloom has spoken of the meal as “wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment of mawkish cheese” (174). This ingestion image is transformed into Molly’s “mawkish pulp” which is mumbled—not spoken, much less written—and is “sweet and sour with spittle.”

The scene on Howth has been the subject of a number of discussions and interpretations. Brivic views the scene as evocative of infantile orality where woman becomes a deity who rules the world. He places emphasis on the word ravished, sees Bloom as in a nursing situation; “The Molly of Howth Hill,” he says, “now reappears as a phallic mother goddess.” Although I would agree that the suggestion of Molly as goddess is certainly implicit in this memory, I think that Brivic sees the goddess function in far more destructive terms than the passage calls for. Part of the problem is the Freudian assumption that so-called infantile orality is pregenital, presexual, and therefore should, in the normal course of events be outgrown and replaced by other psychosexual experiences. Jungians, however, tend to view oral (as well as anal) and genital stages as coexistent, interrelated. Neumann explains it this way: “In its beginnings the truly sexual and genital development is also assimilated to this alimentary symbolism. . . . Sexuality is not a later differentiation of the alimentary drive, nor is the alimentary drive a preliminary stage of sexuality. It is
characteristic of transitional states that the later, here the sexual phase, is at first apprehended through the symbolism of the former, in this case the alimentary phase."

Rather than strictly imaging the mother-child relationship, this scene suggests other dimensions in Bloom's and Molly's relationship. It is true that the mother world order is associated most closely with body/alimentary stages of consciousness, but this fact does not mean that consciousness is therefore passive and childlike. It should be remembered that the alimentary drive not only poses comfort and security, but also forces growth. As hunger stimulates consciousness and forces its enlargement, so Bloom's hunger does not lead him to satiety and pleasure alone but to growth and transformation. Passivity, which seems best to describe Bloom's role with Molly here, is not necessarily a negative trait. It suggests his ability to surrender himself to what Neumann calls "the intervention of a superior power," an ability that is essential to ego development.

In "Aeolus," the virgins climb Nelson's pillar to "spout their seed," as J. C. Keogh puts it, in an inverted image of insemination that is a statement on sterility. In "Lestrygonians," Molly spouts her seed into Bloom, and her chewed seedcake does not fall on the sterile streets of Dublin. It is instead received by Bloom, indicating his participation in a reciprocity with life's fecundating energies, suggesting also that the fecundating powers of the goddess are neither duplications of male fertility nor threatening replacements of it. Rather they render a wholeness, a complementation to the creative process.

Joyce apparently discussed this scene with Frank Budgen who quotes him as saying, "Fermented drink must have a sexual origin. . . . In a woman's mouth probably. I have made Bloom eat Molly's chewed seed cake." This memory, a truly creative encomium to love and life, does not signify the removal of all Bloom's problems, but it does signal an important change in his view of and response to the world. By reestablishing or creating Molly in symbolic as well as personal terms he has opened the way for an understanding of his own symbolic function; he has recognized an archetype, a superior power, from which energy, new life, and a more complex consciousness can come.

When Bloom views the terrier vomiting and re-eating his cud on the sidewalk, the meaning of his memory of Molly on Howth becomes clearer to him and to us. As he looks at the terrier he observes:
“Surfeit. Returned with thanks having fully digested the contents. First sweet, then savoury” (179). This scene enacts the transformation that memory has accomplished; for Molly’s gift is both sweet and savoury. Like her “soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips,” the instant is sweet. Bloom’s full digestion of the contents re-creates the incident as savoury, that is, agreeable, even spicy and aromatic like the seedcake itself, but above all, changed.

As I have suggested, this creation of a new form does not resolve the situation for Bloom. Bloom, like Stephen, would like to hold life in suspension, stop process, especially at those moments when the pain of Boylan’s presence becomes acute (“Stop. Stop. If it was it was”). So, after his memory of Molly on Howth, he turns his thoughts to aesthetics—that is, to the “shapely goddesses” “never speaking,” whose “lovely forms” are “Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out our behind: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it like stoking an engine. They have no. Never looked. I’ll look today” (176). Although Bloom can hope that the goddesses are not enslaved by an alimentary system, do not eat or defecate, he can also escape for a moment from the disturbing aspect of process. As he is about to enter the museum, he again sees Blazes and again responds by attempting to stop process. “Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.” And still later he thinks:

Where did I?
Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.
His hand looking for where did I put found in his
hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck.
Ah, soap there! Yes. Gate.
Safe. (183)

Again relying on his talismanic potato, an organic substance that has now been rendered inanimate, preserved, and his soap, another organic substance produced from animal matter and rendered inanimate, hygienic Bloom again retreats momentarily from the pervading sense of life going on, only to take up his struggle again in “Sirens.”

Although Bloom has perhaps acquired some new vision about his role as husband, father, even hero, in “Lestrygonians,” his ordeal does not reach its climax until “Sirens.” Whether this climax results in positive or negative changes in Bloom, whether Bloom emerges in
despair or regains hope, is open to debate. Stanley Sultan argues that “Sirens” contains Bloom’s first conscious “realization . . . of the extent of Molly’s importance to him,” and that this realization changes his attitude and conduct and transforms him into a man who acts rather than one who is acted upon. Jackson Cope says of “Sirens” that it is “the chapter in which the possibility of renewed communion is recognized and . . . the movement toward that renewal is begun.”

To see how this crisis, and the possible renewal that grows out of it, operate in relation to the alimentary process, we may best begin with the Sirens themselves. Robert Graves says that not only were the Sirens “singing daughters of earth,” but also priestesses who mourned and bird figures that haunted the land of the dead. Their name, seirazein, had two meanings—“to bind with a cord” and “to dry up.” Sultan observes that the man in the Ormond—Dedalus the widower, Dollard the bachelor, and Father Cowley the priest—“embody . . . aging male camaraderie, without the impingement of wife, family, or home, the example of the kind of life that is an easily achieved escape from his [Bloom’s] predicament.” This remark is suggestive because Dedalus, Dollard, and Cowley do inhabit a land of the dead and have themselves been rendered dead by the emasculating nature of Ireland as she involves woman and the Church. Thus there is present in the Ormond, not only the lament of Bloom, but the lament for a loss of fertility that is larger than his. And the inverted goddess images of Douce and Kennedy coexist with this emasculated image of Irish fatherhood, Irish artistry, and Irish religion.

Bloom, who, like Simon Dedalus, “must be abstemious to sing” is not abstemious either, not a singer at all, but instead sings “dumb” (276). Interestingly, after hearing Simon, Bloom concludes, “Words? Music? No: it’s what’s behind” (274). What is behind is the larger meaning that Bloom always intuits, and that intuition is the reason for his ultimate unity with Molly.

In “Sirens,” Bloom creates a number of important associations that converge in three major image clusters. One relates to sweets. A second involves his many thoughts about fluids—water, body secretions, flowing language. Out of this cluster comes the third, flowers, which are worn by Sirens, by Boylan and by Bloom as a name. Out of fluids there appear forms of life, vegetative and human; out of sweetness comes both fidelity and betrayal; out of the alimentary metaphor
of ingestion of sweetness comes the higher meaning of Bloom's day sea journey.

Bloom's almost "consuming" interest in the image of sweetness involves a complex association of sensation and memory coupled with appetite. It begins most obviously in "Lestrygonians" with his memory of Molly, Howth, and the ingesting of the sweet seedcake. It is picked up again in an interesting way in "Wandering Rocks." Not a haphazard selection, Bloom's choice of the cheap novel, Sweets of Sin, is not only based on Molly's taste, but on his own identification of sweets with Molly on Howth. Bloom's chance reading of "All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!" mirrors his own situation and causes him to read on to the clincher: "Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss." This is too close a re-creation of Molly's kiss on Howth to be ignored (236). Bloom continues until stopped by the words, "The beautiful woman," a phrase that he re-reads and which triggers his own fantasy: "Warmth showered gently over him, cow­ing his flesh. Flesh yielded amid rumpled clothes. White of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments (for him! For Raoul!) Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime (her heaving embonpoint!) Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions!" (236). Bloom's fantasy seems to contain most noticeably the image of fluids in words like melting, showered, oniony sweat, fishgluey slime, coupled with food; and also there are references to a number of smells like sulphur dung of lions.

His interest in, and fondness for, smells is perhaps worth comment­ing on here. This interest seems neither perverted nor pathological, despite Freudian arguments to the contrary. Although smells of earth and body secretions, which are positive experiences for animals and young children, are replaced by the acquisition of erect posture and increased visual orientation, they also tend to be repressed by Judeo/Christian cultures which emphasize a division between a spirit-oriented, intellectual world, and the world of lower body functions. Such chthonian orientation as remains is usually found in myth and superstition where it operates autonomously (here, for example, smells connect with spirit and air as well as with sweat, blood, and excrement). The presence of this orientation is not a perversion or a regressive tendency, but suggests instead a psychic wholeness that can be the foundation of creative processes, since, under this premise,
Such an approach to the question of orality and anality allows us to see Bloom as retaining a wholeness, the very quality that keeps him attached to Molly and one that Stephen lacks.

Bloom's thoughts about sweetness appear especially during the early portion of the chapter, but they become associated with "sweets of sin." This phrase, once just a book title, becomes transformed from an image of nourishment into a concept, a phrase, and thus some deadened words. In Bloom's mind words seem to be associated basically with sterility, and when the organic becomes subsumed in the verbal, it loses its effect on him.

We first find Bloom passing "Moulang's pipes," remaining "in memory" and "bearing in his breast the sweets of sin," which have now been changed into "sweet sinful words" (258). Here, what is contained in memory is not Howth and the gumjelly lips of Molly. Sweets have instead become associated with Molly as betrayer, as the reader of cheap novels (a lover of words), and Bloom now associates her sexuality with the mistress of Raoul, a male upsurper and a sterile literary type. These "sweets" are not ingested like Molly's seedcake; they are borne in his breast as an emblem of sacrifice, becoming "sweet sinful words" (258). "Words" also describe Raoul, a false romantic hero and a false literary creation who can never really replace Bloom.

The next mention of "sweets of sin" occurs as Bloom, on his way to the Ormond, now reads Aaron Figatner's name on a store window: "Why do I always think Figather? Gathering figs I think," he concludes, transforming the word into an organic substance. Then the passage continues:

And Prosper Loré's huguenot name. By Basis's blessed virgins Bloom's dark eyes went by. Bluerobed, white under, come to me. God they believe she is: or goddess. Those today. I could not see. That fellow spoke. A student. After Dedalus' son. He might be Mulligan. All comely virgins. That brings those rakes of fellows in: her white.

By went his eyes. The sweets of sin. Sweet are the sweets.
Of sin. (259-60)

Bloom's train of associations seems clear. The Magna Mater is a goddess; he has gone to look at the goddesses that afternoon and Mulligan caught him attempting to examine the divine orifices. Mulligan is a rake; rakes seek out virgins. The virgin was a goddess; Molly is a
goddess though hardly a virgin. She is, furthermore, an adulteress. Sweets carry both positive and negative meanings for him and cause him to conclude this reverie with "sweets of sin."

This refrain occurs again as Bloom passes Cantwell's office. The same elements—time, food, words, fertility, and sexuality—occur in this passage: "By Ceppi's virgins, bright of their oils. Nannetti's father hawked those things about, wheedling at doors as I. Religion pays. Must see him about Keyes par. Eat first. I want. Not yet. At four she said" (260). As usual, food is not far from Bloom's mind, but, nonetheless, he postpones eating as if he has somehow keyed his meal to their meeting time. He is helpless to stop time, to stop Molly and Blazes, to stop eating and says: "Time ever passing. Clockhands turning. On. Where eat? The Clarence, Dolphin. On. For Raoul. Eat" (260).

When at last he finds himself seated in the Ormond with Richie Goulding, he turns the scene with Boylan and Miss Douce into a kind of inversion of himself and Molly on Howth. Miss Douce, as a parody of a goddess figure and symbol of nourishment, "reached high to take a flagon, stretching her satin arm, her bust, that all but burst, so high" gives to Boylan from her jar "thick syrupy liquor for his lips" and "poured slowsyrupy sloe" (265). Boylan tosses "to fat lips his chalice, drankoff his tiny chalice, sucking the last fat syrupy drops" (267), before he leaves. The recurrence of sweetness and liquids, women's breasts, lips, and chalices, demonstrates the important presence of female alimentary symbols, emphasizes the role of woman as container and nourisher, in an inverted way, of course.

Coupled with images of sweetness, and almost always appearing with them, are references to fluids and flowing that metamorphose into flowers (the flow of language, the language of flowers). For example, Bloom has purchased "two sheets cream vellum paper on reserve two envelopes when I was in Wisdom Hely's wise Bloom in Daly's Henry Flower bought" (263). These associations are followed by Martha's remembered "refrain," "Are you not happy in your home," which causes Bloom to think, "Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means something, language of flow" (263). As Bloom's identity flows into that of Henry Flower, he is consoled. But even Martha's flower has contained a pin. She, like all women, is both consoling and threatening. He can avoid being hurt by Martha, but he has also rendered her neutral and thus not very interesting: "Yet too
much happy bores," (277) he concludes. His relationship with her is, after all, based solely on language. It would seem that here again, flowers and organic substances are positive for Bloom; however, he becomes Henry Flower, he creates for himself a literary identity, and flowers are transformed into language too.

Although he attempts to write to Martha as he sits with Richie Goulding, his efforts are at best half-hearted. "Got your lett and flow. Hell did I put? Some pock or oth. It is utterl imposs. Underline imposs. To write today" (279). The staccato effect of Bloom’s thoughts may be natural but there is also a suggestion that language fails him and does not flow here. Bloom seems to understand the futility of this effort as he blots the address and conjures a "new prize titbit": something detective read off blottingpad. . . . Matcham often thinks the laughing witch. Poor Mrs. Purefoy. U.P..up” (280). Here older images of creative efforts rise to haunt him, and although it may seem that he is summoning his creative efforts to deal with the coming situation, it is not in literary efforts that Bloom proves particularly creative.

Another flower image that seems important to him involves Boylan. As he watches Miss Douce pour the drink for Boylan, he imagines the syrupy liquor flowing: "Looked as if it flowed (flower in his coat: who gave him?)” (265).

However, Bloom, "Bloom by rye bloom flowered tables,” becomes part of the flow of language himself and sits with Richie Goulding to have dinner. The fact that so much of the chapter focuses on Bloom having dinner suggests that his meal is in some way associated with his anxiety about Molly. Suzette A. Henke sees the meal as Bloom’s "recourse to oral gratification. “He forfeits,” she says, “his noontime 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.” Perhaps there is some inconsistency here, however, between the idea of oral gratification and the idea of attempting to invigorate oneself with a meal of meat. If it is true that Bloom takes on a more active role after this scene, it may be less true that the meal is compensatory.

There is also a question about how the meal relates to the four o’clock rendezvous. Sultan says that Bloom “does not want to eat his dinner with Molly’s rendezvous in prospect.” What we do get of Bloom’s thoughts at this point is confusing. The sequence of images
that passes through his mind as he passes Cantwell's offices supports different interpretations. The phrase, "Not yet. At four, she said," seems to support the assumption that he wants to put off eating since he associates it with "sweets of sin" and the Boylan/Raoul seducer figures. Yet he actively follows Boylan into the Ormond. This behavior, so different from his earlier encounters with Boylan, may signal that he has changed his mind about eating too, may have perhaps unconsciously decided to "ingest" the fact of Boylan and Molly and the impending meeting. Thus the meal may be an indication of this new way of dealing with the situation.

In any case, Bloom orders a liver and bacon dinner. Liver is an interesting selection for him; of course it is one of those "inner organs" he eats "with relish," but in "Wandering Rocks" he has associated liver with images of sacrifice and birth. In the bookstore, leafing through pictures of foetuses, he thinks: "Infants cuddled in a ball of bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute somewhere. Mrs. Purefoy" (235). With this passage in mind, we may see his selection of liver as an attempt to assimilate the experience of birth, sacrifice, and death, the loss of Rudy, the loss of Molly. Perhaps the eating is, after all, a kind of invigorating rite.

In any event, Bloom's silent eating seems to serve as a kind of counterpoint or correlative to the singing of the men in the Ormond: "Bite by bite of pie he ate Bloom ate they ate. Bloom with Goulding, married in silence, ate" (269). Meanwhile, a number of songs are being sung. The selection from the opera Martha is of special importance. It is "M'appari," which Simon does not sing until he has been urged several times to do so by Ben and Father Cowley. Finally, Cowley moves to accompany Simon, and we are also made aware of Bloom's role in the piece. For he has his own kind of overture to contribute: "By Graham Lemon's pineapple rock, by Elvery's elephant jingle jogged. Steak, kidney, liver, mashed at meat fit for princes sat princes Bloom and Goulding. Princes at meat they raised and drank Power and cider" (272).

Bloom next looks at Goulding and is struck by Goulding's state of ill health. Images of disease and death now create this train of associations: "Tenderly Bloom over liverless bacon saw the tightened features strain. Backache he. Bright's bright eye. Next item on the pro-
gramme. Paying the piper. Pills, pounded bread, worth a guinea a box. Stave it off awhile. Sings too: Down among the dead men. Appropriate. Kidney pie. Sweets to the”(272). The old English drinking song, “Down among the Dead Men” seems appropriate indeed, since the land presided over by the Sirens is that of the dead. Besides Richie Goulding and Bloom, we can also count Simon, Ben, and Father Cowley as among them.

As Simon sings, Bloom's sense of loss grows, and he seems totally aware of what is happening at 7 Eccles Street. As he finishes his liver to the tune of “All is Lost Now,” he makes an interesting observation: “Touch water. Jungle jaunty. Too late. She longed to go. That's why. Woman. As easy to stop the sea. Yes: all is lost” (273). Here Bloom has realized Molly's archetypal nature, the fluid character of her being. If he cannot hold her, neither will Boylan. However, equating woman with the sea, with primal energy, Bloom feels a keen sense of loss because this knowledge has not yet brought any comfort or hope to him.

Meanwhile, however, Cowley and Bob have persuaded Simon to sing the key piece in the episode: "When first I saw that form endearing," Jeffrey's translation of M'appari." It is truly a lament, but it is also a song of memory, memory that celebrates not form but loss of form. Molly's form is now the form of the song, and Bloom's awareness of the presence of death is intense: "Love that is singing: love's old sweet song. Bloom unwound slowly the elastic band of his packet. Love's old sweet songez la gold" (274). Here sweetness is associated with the old song, not the new song of Boylan. But Bloom at the same time realizes that it is important, and one thing that is behind the music is the commonality of suffering, the commonality of the sense of loss and death.

Thus Bloom observes his link with everyone present at the Ormond: “Braintipped, cheek touched with flame, they listened feeling that flow endearing flow over skin limbs human heart soul spine” (273). Besides the strong identification he feels with the protagonist of the opera Martha, he recognizes a communal loss of substance or form. But lamentation is not an end in itself. It has the ritual function of serving as a prelude to regeneration. Thus it is that Bloom, at this low point, and after his liver and bacon meal, "creates" his own music, his own lament in the language of love, full of fluidities and alimentary images that nourish the sexuality of the passage: “Bloom.
Flood of warm jimjam lickitup secretness flowed to flow in music out, in desire dark to lick flow, invading. Tipping her tepping her tapping her topping her. Tup. Pores to dialate dilating. Tup. The joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush, flow, joygush, tupthrop. Now! Language of love” (274). Having created his own siren song, Bloom asks that Pat remove the remains of dinner and bring him pen and ink. Waiting for Pat to return, he attempts to reduce music to numbers: “Numbers it is. All music when you come to think. Two multiplied by two divided by half is twice one. Vibrations: chords those are” (278).

But Molly cannot be contained in a song; the power of music cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula, and Martha is not a substitute for Molly anyway; “language of love” cannot be formulated in pen and ink on a pad. Writing to Martha may be therapeutic for Bloom, but the relationship does not seem to go forward with this letter.

Interestingly, having gotten past his mathematical definition of music, Bloom returns to a more organic definition of it. Music is “sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waves, cows lowing, the cattle market, cocks, hens don’t crow, snakes hisss. There’s music everywhere” (282). Music is not just the lament heard in the Ormond. There is life and invigoration to be found in music too.

And, of course, music is also Molly. Not surprisingly, when Bloom thinks of music now, it is associated not with Molly’s voice but with her urinating: “Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that. It is a kind of music I often thought when she. Acoustics that is. Tinkling. Empty vessels make most noise” (282). Bloom’s observation about empty vessels suggests that he, or at least Joyce, may recognize on some level of consciousness that Simon, Ben, and Father Cowley, who have made the most noise in the Ormond, are also empty vessels.

When Bloom does involve human beings with music now, it is with a difference: “Cloche. Sonnez la! Shepherd his pipe, Policeman a whistle. Locks and keys! Sweep! Four o’clock all’s well! Sleep! All is lost now. Drum? Pompedy. Wait, I know. Towncrier, bumbailiff. Long John. Waken the dead. Pom. Dignam. Poor little nominedomine. Pom. It is music, I mean of course it’s all pom pom pom very much what they call da capo. Still you can hear. As we march along, march along. Pom” (289). And finally, his music: “I must really. Fff” (290). To these kinds of music, music of the stream of life outside the
Ormond, which includes images of death and body processes, Bloom adds his own music. Although his breaking of wind is also music ("Freer in air. Music" [288]), it is a comment on the siren-songs of the Ormond and on the sterile, nationalistic sentimentalism expressed in "The Croppy Boy." But it is also a sign of Bloom's withdrawal from the spell of the Ormond.

Bloom withdraws before Dollard has finished singing "The Croppy Boy." This kind of sentimental and fruitless patriotism does not seem to appeal to him, and he thinks, "Get out before the end" (286). His thoughts are elsewhere—on the statues, "Three holes all women. Goddess I didn't see" (285), and on Mina Purefoy, "Hope she's over. Because their wombs" (286).

A final important flower image involves the song "The Last Rose of Summer," which, though not sung, is played against Bloom's name: "'Tis the last rose of summer Dollard left Bloom" (288), and ends in a reference to gas. Bloom "felt wind wound round inside. . . . Gassy thing that cider: binding too" (288). Like the binding of the Sirens, the sterile heroics important to the men at the Ormond bind them to a dead land. Bloom's internalization of this sense of decay is flatulence.

After he has left, Dedalus stares at the headless sardine on the plate as the narrator, reminding us again of the "last rose of summer," intones "Under the sandwichbell lay on the bier of bread one last one lonely last sardine of summer. Bloom alone" (289). The image is certainly one of death and even dismemberment. The lament of the last four lines of the song seems to speak of the men at the Ormond more than Bloom however:

'Tis the last rose of summer.
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;\(^{44}\)

Bloom may be "faded and gone" from the Ormond, but he has not faded in any other sense. Although the headless sardine, which is usually associated with Bloom, might suggest itself in Freudian symbolism as a dismembered phallus (and certainly Bloom's psychological castration has been a threat if not a reality), the fish has other associations, too. That other hero, the dying and resurrected god, dismembered for the purposes of helping to bring about regeneration, is at least a mythic reality in terms of Bloom. For he seems, after "Sirens," to have achieved some kind of new energy. Furthermore, he
seems willing to recognize process and to participate in it. Process is personified as Molly, who, like the sea, is primal, fluid, nourishing, and containing, the domain of the fish.

The merging of the flower imagery with the fish is another demonstration of Bloom's affinity with flow, with the nondifferentiated energies of the sea. Besides the ideas of Christian martyrdom often associated with the fish, the fish is also an important part of the Jewish diet and has other symbolic significances. It is not considered meat and is thought to be prolific because it is not subject to the evil eye. It is especially eaten by women during pregnancy and is also eaten frequently on Friday before Sabbath. Another interesting feature about the eating of the fish on the Sabbath is related in the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*, which explains that the act "is said to be in anticipation of the messianic era which will be inaugurated by the eating of the legendary fish Leviathan."

Nor are we allowed to forget the importance of the digestive process to Bloom's more creative approach to life. For his is the last music of the chapter. Leaving behind the Sirens' song that binds the other men to sterile reminiscences, passivity, and lethargy, Bloom stops at the window of Lionel Mark's antique shop. In the window is a portrait of Robert Emmet, another of Ireland's great and lost heroes, and against Emmet's famous last words, Bloom makes from his body a funny counterpoint:

*When my country takes her place among.*

Prrrpr.

Must be the bur.

Fff. Oo. Rrrp.

*Nations of the earth.* No-one behind. She's passed.

*Then and not till then.* Tram. Kran, kran, kran.


Karaaaaaaa. *Written. I have*

Pprpffrrppfhh.

*Done* (291).

In a parody of both Christ's last words and Emmet's last words, Bloom's last word affirms the fact that he has not been enticed by the Sirens' song, which gives him indigestion. Instead he has created his own music out of the body and by grounding art in its functions has provided a needed counterpoint.