The chapters that follow "Aeolus," in which Bloom and Stephen appear together, have a special creative quality about them. That is not to say, of course, that the early episodes that deal only with one or the other lack creativity. But in terms of narrative technique, the later episodes signal radical changes in Joyce's approach to his material. Thus, although captions that appear in "Aeolus" suggest at least a surface change in format, this change also hints at even greater changes to come. "Aeolus" is the first episode in which the narrator works outside both characters and begins to establish a distance that paradoxically conveys a sense of closer containment but within a larger and more creative consciousness.

In terms of the digestive processes, both Bloom and Stephen remain pretty much in character; that is, Bloom is in bondage to time in the form of his past with Molly, in his sense of being a Jew and sacrificial victim, and in his awareness of process and universal cannibalism, brought home to him by Dignam's funeral. Stephen is still in bondage to his mother, to his fear of being devoured, and to his sense of sterility. This bondage and sense of sterility is here presented as a public and widespread malaise and is also linked with language. Rhetoric and surface communication are countered, however, by a sense of ritual and new language that have their groundings in feasts and in eating.
Creativity and sterility in language are major concerns in "Aeolus" and are commented upon in terms of Bloom's thoughts on Paddy Dignam, his recollection of the Passover ritual, and the Chad Gadya song (a song about one thing eating another). The problem is also commented upon in Stephen's vampire poem and in his "Parable of the Plums."

Bloom and Stephen have been set amidst the sterility of Dublin where, as we have said, language is characterized as empty, high-flown rhetoric uttered by the city's might-have-beens. Because of the flatulent character of much of the style, Bloom's and Stephen's thoughts on feasts, ritual, and images of ingestion suggest that these are important ingredients, perhaps necessary for the reestablishment of their own completeness and for the creation of a viable art that will transcend the economic, historical, and cultural aridity of Ireland.

To begin, we find Bloom, who is still musing on his cemetery visit and the state of Paddy Dignam, transferring eating functions to the machines that are like "obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper" (120) that can also "smash a man to atoms if they got him caught. Rule the world today" (118). Another consumer, in Bloom's view, is the newspaper that has ingested the fact of Paddy Dignam's death and has transformed it, not into meaningful art, but into the lifeless, euphemistic caption: "WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS" (118). What has truly been dissolved is Paddy's identity. Rather than transforming the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of ever-living life, the caption has reduced Paddy to particles as effectively as earth, cell, maggot, and rat. Bloom, aware of this uncomfortable fact, uses a machine metaphor to re-create the natural processes of dissolution and decay: "His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in" (118). The truly negative tone and vision of these processes—devouring earth and devouring machine—are emphasized by Bloom's thoughts about fermentation, which are probably intensified because of his Jewish background and the fact that Jewish ritual involving communion meals forbids the consumption of fermented food because such food was thought to be putrescent. Bloom's awareness of so much fermentation suggests that he lacks understanding of the meaning of sacramental
meals that if understood, take consciousness beyond the decaying aspects of life and convey a sense of renewal.

Thus for Bloom the news of Paddy’s death is “stale” (118). He prefers ads and side features and proceeds to invent a “Dear Mr. Editor” question that asks “What is a good cure for flatulence? I’d like that part” (119). Flatulence, often caused by decay, poor digestion, or the taking in of air, of course characterizes the language of this chapter. If excrement has a creative component and is linked to fertility, then flatulence, the production of mere wind, suggests emptiness and sterility. “Shite and onions!” Mr. Dedalus replies to Ned Lambert’s reading of the rhetoric of Dan Dawson (126).

More important in regard to Bloom is the caption that reads: “AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER” (122). Thought by some critics to be ironic (Marilyn French considers it a “slap at religious formulations of experience”), the caption is, I think, another signal of Bloom’s awareness of his role as sacrificer rather than sacrificed and his perhaps still-unrecognized need for revivifying ritual. The caption is, of course, a quote from Exodus 12 and introduces a number of ingredients that relate to Bloom’s creativity—his identification with Moses, the waste land motif, sacrifice, fertility, and fatherhood. Rather than a rejection of religious formulations, it indicates Bloom’s need for them.

In any case, the caption is followed by another reference to Dignam. The typesetter is setting the type backwards, and as Bloom watches, he spells out Paddy’s name, “mangiD. kcirtaP” (122), which causes Bloom to recall his father’s reading (backwards) of the Haggadah. His thoughts go backwards, too, to his father and his childhood, and time becomes no longer historical but liturgical: “Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage alleluia. Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu. No, that’s the other” (122). Bloom has, of course, substituted into the house of bondage for out of, but his is a substitution we would expect him to make, given his state of mind about Molly and 7 Eccles Street. This passage may indeed indicate Bloom’s distance from his boyhood teachings, but the Passover recollection seems important here because it is a festival where certain foods are eaten for the purpose of commemorating the flight from Egypt but also for celebrating a particular kind of freedom. What is stressed in the Passover feast is the idea of “volitional dedication,” or elected sacrifice. What seems
suggested here is that it is not enough for Bloom to be “free” from the bondage of Eccles Street and the chaos of process. Nor should he resign himself to being simply a victim. He must opt for a particular kind of sacrifice.

Contrasted with the “stale” news happenings in linear Dublin time and the machines that also “tell” (“Slit. Almost human the way it slit to call attention. Doing its level best to speak” [121]), the Haggadah, or telling ritual, is a recital of a mythic event still important in liturgical time. That event, the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, is important because it re-creates that event and becomes a “script of a living drama” that stresses acceptance of a special role both for the race and the individual.  

At this point Bloom’s thoughts about Passover do not establish either his own sense of mission or his sense of being creative, however. More than anything, the negative manifestations of process seem to remain with him, and what he remembers with the greatest accuracy is the Chad Gadya or “Only One Kid,” which he recalls as: “And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher and then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat” (122). Bowen emphasizes the importance of Bloom’s accurate recollection of “a relatively little used section of the ritual,” because it says something about his attitudes towards Jewish survival and his own role as a Moses figure. The song, as an enumeration of the slaughter and eating of one thing by another, was taken as an illustration of the fate of the Jewish people and their ability to survive their persecutors. Its last lines are: “And the Holy One, blessed is He, came and killed the Angel of Death that slew the slaughterer that slaughtered the ox that drank the water that quenched the fire that burned the stick that beat the dog that bit the cat that ate the kid that father bought for two zuzim. One kid, one kid.” Bloom, however, does not accept the other allegorical meaning of a “jus talonis” but concludes: “Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it’s everybody eating everyone else. That’s what life is after all” (122). It would seem that Bloom has a lot more cogitation to do on the subject of sacrifice, cannibalism, and his own fertility. In the meantime, it is Stephen whose role in “Aeolus” has more to do with the creative process, and food is for him a dominant metaphor of transformation.

Stephen enters the scene after Bloom has left and in the middle of a discussion between Myles Crawford and John MacHugh, who argues
that the corruption of Roman and English empires was due to a "cloacal obsession." While the Romans constructed the water closet, the Jews were looking to the mountain, and the Irish, as Lenahan says, "were partial to the running stream" (131). Although MacHugh can proclaim, "The closetmaker and the cloacamaker will never be lords of our spirit" (133), the rhetoric of this chapter has certain affinities with eliminative functions that Joyce does not want the reader to miss. It is at this point that Stephen enters with O'Madden Burke and first reveals his mysterious writing on the beach at Sandymount. The verse has been written on Deasy's paper on foot and mouth disease (a subject that also comments on the state of the language in Ireland) and is essentially taken from "My Grief on the Sea" by Douglas Hyde, whose lines are:

And my love came behind me—
He came from the South:
His breast to my bosom
His mouth to my mouth.7

Stephen has turned the dead lover into a vampire and his verse reads:

On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale vampire
Mouth to my mouth. (132)

The poem shows some artistic aptitude but is hardly original; perhaps the most interesting thing about it is Stephen's use of the word vampire. The line show again the presence of guilt and his mother's death and their associations with being eaten. Michael Seidel points to Madame Blavatsky's theosophic views of vampires as particularly relevant to Joyce's use of the image. Blavatsky claimed that vampires were beings who, because of their earthly or materialistic natures, remained tied to the body, becoming, in Seidel's words, a "special sort of ghost."9 But Stephen has certainly turned what was a figure threatening to his mother to one that threatens him. And beyond the connections of ghost, Hamlet senior, and the ghost of Stephen's dead mother with all their Oedipal associations, the vampire image points most strongly to a deeper fear in Stephen that involves less of a sexual and more of an alimental threat. For, as Seidel rightly observes, Stephen "has been having a difficult time all day distinguishing between the nourisher and the blood sucker."10 Thus, although the poem shows a sensitive and lyrical mind at work, it also shows an obsessed one as well, and it is
further evidence of the problem of eating or being eaten and Stephen's attempt to render process in terms of words. But from this world or projection, Stephen does seem to move to a world of more concrete realities.

The most interesting of Stephen's creations is, thus, his "Parable of the Plums," his vision of the two "Dublin vestals" who climb Nelson's pillar to "see the views of Dublin" (145). Having bought "one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf," as well as "four and twenty ripe plums," they ascend the staircase to the top where they eat their brawn and bread, go to the railings, become giddy from the heights, and finally sit, "peering up at the statue of the one-handed adulterer" (148) until they get cricks in their necks. Too tired to look either up or down, they then eat the twenty-four plums and spit the plumstones down on the city.

Inspired by the discourse of MacHugh (interrupted by a meaningful belch) on Moses and the Egyptian high priest in which the high priest, in colorful rhetoric, argues for the cultural and material dominance of Egypt, the "Parable" offers a countering comment not only on the messianic quest, the promised land, and the problem of bondage, but on the link between cultural sterility and sterility in language.

The meaning of the parable is hard to pin down, however. It is thought to involve ideas about sterility and creativity. William York Tindall sees it as a kind of epiphany where the vestals, named Kearns and McCabe, the latter being the name Stephen has earlier assigned to one of his "midwife figures" in "Proteus," should assist at some birth. The plumstones are the seeds that fall on sterile ground; the pillar is sexual and a symbol of British power; the vision of the city involves signs of Roman dominance. M. J. C. Hodgart argues that the plumstones are seeds that "will die on the stoney ground, unless fertilized by some urine of Bloom's humanity and Stephen's art." J. C. Keogh says that the "city of Dublin is fertilized in vain by the virgin onanism of her citizenry, whose towering symbol is the statue of the great onehandled adulterer."

"The Parable of the Plums," this "Pisgah Sight of Palestine," which implies a vision that is not experienced (since Moses never entered the promised land), needs to be related to Stephen's response to process, to his ingestion or assimilation of the world of experience. James Maddox argues that Stephen here clearly "seeks to overcome his own aversion toward experience," and it is this effort that evokes such clear prose and
realistic details. But again, on the most basic level, experience means an awareness of physicality and implies a dynamic of physical giving and taking. Thus, it is not surprising that Stephen again chooses a subject where eating is a major component. Also, his subject matter seems be derived from earlier associations with eating as well as with women and creativity, which are also linked to ingestion. Stephen’s breakfast encounter with the milkwoman, who, with her shrunken breasts, serves English dominance and symbolizes the sterility of Ireland, is not disassociated from Stephen’s mother or from the “midwives” on the beach. The women figures that both feed Stephen’s imagination and threaten to absorb him are, in the early hours of the day, faded, ghostly images—the mother actually a ghost, the milkwoman almost one. Both nourishing and devouring figures are, in one sense at least, pale and receding. They are more palpable to Stephen’s disturbed psyche and less real as art.

To encounter life is to make these images less ghostly. As Stephen begins to create his parable, he gives his vestals ages and a place of residence, a concrete identity. Yet as he sets his stage, his mind is filled with a disturbing image of a “damp night reeking of hungry dough” (145). Here again, Stephen uses food (as well as dampness) to create the disturbing aspects of “real life” for himself. He envisions against a wall, a couple: “Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts.” Then he thinks, “On now. Dare it. Let there be life” (145). Whether this response is aimed at the couple’s consummation of their sexual act or at Stephen’s own emergent story is not important since the act of fertilization is there in either case. By uniting his mind with the “damp night” and the “hungry dough” (an interesting and telling inversion that may give us another glimpse of the cause of Stephen’s usual aversion for food), Stephen has, at least momentarily, mated with experience. Thus the Dublin vestals are logical developments of the female images he has been thinking about that morning. Like the vestals, May Dedalus has lived under the shadow of an Ireland dominated by the patriarchal values of England and Rome. She, like them, has given up her seed to barren Irish earth. Is Stephen, after all, a seed that will flourish or die? And she seems to be causing his death by keeping him in bondage to the fallow world of church, country, and motherhood. She, like the vestals, has cast her seed upon the concrete heart of Dublin.

The important orifice here is the mouth, the mouth that gives birth to
words, that also spits out seed, that eats bread and brawn (perhaps the masculinity of Ireland). But these mouths are futile ingesters: the seed spit by the vestals does not yield fruit. These images are contradicted by another oral giver of seed, namely, Molly.

Stephen’s “Pisgah” vision is expressly that at this point because it does not contain Molly yet—or rather, the writer of Ulysses has more incorporating to do. But Stephen’s vision of a sterile planting, a non-transformative eating, contains some seed of artistic creation because, like the old milkwoman, the vestal/midwives have connections with the new and fertile as well as with the old and sterile. Stephen will give them life by encountering and assimilating them. He does this with moderate success.15

One final notable fact about Stephen’s “Parable” is that it is oral. Not only does an oral tale suggest a return to the beginnings of fiction-making, but also the oral creation has significance for Stephen. He has ingested negative images about life and has expressed some truth about experience, his truth. Even though he remains threatened by the spectre of devouring and sterility, he will use threatening elements to create his art.

In “Aeolus” Stephen’s problems coexist with Bloom’s. Their bondage to the past is all-persuasive. Bloom seeks ritual practices or insights to free him from the negative implications of process and help him to see a sacred rather than a linear time. This freedom will enable him to understand volitional sacrifice and symbolic fatherhood, both of which figure in his coming relationship to Stephen. Stephen finds the ingestion of food an analogue for the creative processes and establishes a vital language to replace empty rhetoric as he grounds his art in body processes.

Because we are already familiar with the ways in which Joyce associates food with fertility, it is not surprising to find that “Oxen of the Sun,” an episode dealing primarily with fertility, has as its setting a meal presided over by Stephen and attended by Bloom. Throughout this episode we have a sense of both real and symbolic communal meals being celebrated with suggestions of a number of religious festivals—the Shabout, Jesus’ feeding of the multitudes, the Last Supper, the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Rosary, and, of course, the Pentecost. These references to sacramental meals are not mere dressing but are a
part of the dynamic of birth and creativity with which the chapter is concerned.

The communal feast, celebrated by the irreverent medical students, occurs in the lower floor, the common room of the maternity hospital—at night—at a time near the vernal equinox (when many festivals take place). The land is experiencing a severe drought, Mrs. Purefoy a fruitless labor, and Bloom an equally fruitless dream of fatherhood. These conditions give evidence of a time of suspended animation, a time of stasis, and suggest a prelude to renewal and the promise of creativity.

Joyce's famous remark about "Oxen" in one of his letters is worth quoting again here, especially the portion where he says that "Bloom is the spermatazoon, the hospital, the womb, the nurse, the ovum, and Stephen the embryo." This probably facetious remark suggests, nevertheless, that Joyce may have had in mind Bloom's emergence, on some level, as a father, a fertilizer/creator, possibly of a new Stephen, who in turn can become the creator of the Word.

The episode opens with an invocation that calls for "quickening and wombfruit" (383), a particularly meaningful invocation because Joyce's cosmos in Ulysses is in need of quickening. "Wombfruit" refers not only to Mrs. Purefoy's hard labor, nor to labor and birth in general, but to the birth of artistic powers, the Word, even the birth of the artist in whom the Word is contained.

One method of quickening in this episode involves the imagery itself, which blends food and organic substances with human, intellectual, and religious levels of consciousness and thereby transforms and quickens the language. The womb of earth brings forth fruit in the fertile season; the womb of the archetypal female gives birth; the vessel of the unconscious creates language.

As the chapter opens, Stephen, drunkest of them all, sits "at meat" with the other medical students, presiding over a table on which "there was a vat of silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange fishes withouten heads . . . And these fishes lie in an oily water brought there from Portugal land because of the fatness that therein is like to the juices of the olive press" (387). Again the headless sardine appears, here contained in oil from a plant. The description goes on: "And also it was marvel to see in the castle how by magic they make a compost out of fecund wheat kidneys out of Chaldee that by aid of
certain angry spirits that they do into it swells up wondrously like to a vast mountain” (387). Beyond the presence of a table full of bread and sardines is the suggestion of magical transformation that the archaic language especially conveys. The “swelling” of the wheat, succeeded by the leavening process of decay, and the production of gas iterates the whole life and death cycle. The blending of vegetable and animal imagery in the passage, like the sardines in oil delivered from the olive press, also suggests the metabolic process whereby a new substance is combined by way of the destruction of the older, sometimes disparate ones. This is, in other words, an embryonic sacrifice.

The phrase “wheat kidneys,” also mentioned by Stephen in “Proteus,” alludes to the Song of Moses (Deut. 32:13-14), where Moses celebrates God’s blessing to Jacob: “And he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats with the fat of kidneys of wheat.” The numerous references to fluids—honey, oil, butter, fat, milk, and even the reference to sucking and sweetness—make it appear a truly Bloomian passage, for Bloom, like Moses, celebrates the beneficence of these substances because of his ‘open” or “alimental” character. This passage continues (in fourteenth-century style) with a reference to the other, second most important food transformation for the human race, the making of wine: “And they teach the serpents there to entwine themselves upon long sticks out of the ground and of the scales of these serpents they brew out a brewage like to mead” (387). Frank Budgen says, in his discussion of “Oxen,” that Joyce has brought together two phases of life, “men drinking ale and women bearing children,” and he argues that drink is creative and considered divine because of its contribution to the civilizing of the race. What Budgen seems to be getting at is the fact that the making of bread and wine from the wheat and the grape is the first process of transformation of which man became conscious. Thus, not only does “Oxen” describe the development of English, the evolution of fauna, the growth of the human foetus, but the development of ritual. The transformation of the two staple foods is itself the source of the metaphor of the mass and the artistic process in embryo. Out of it comes the metaphor of the eating of the god, the alchemical concept of transmuting materia prima into gold; the notion of the refinement of soul out of the body. It is this basic transformation that inspires, infuses with life, and quickens. Indeed, we
Stephen and Bloom are dealing with one of the most complex metaphors of religious and artistic consciousness and one upon which Stephen will draw to create art out of the daily bread of experience.

Stephen seems to dominate the scene (sometimes more as a master of ceremonies than a priest), and we feel he is the most intelligent and articulate of the students, probably destined to be apart from them. Although he has not yet proved himself to be an artist, or at least a fertile one, he will not remain sterile like the students.

As the scene opens, we see quickly the nature of this sterility. A discussion goes on as to whether in difficult cases of birth the mother should be sacrificed to save the child or the child to save the mother. A discussion about the sins of contraception follows. Joyce's famous remark to Frank Budgen, that the killing of the sacred oxen had signified to him "the crime committed against fecundity by sterilizing the act of coition" is usually brought up at this point and is given serious attention by many critics.\(^{20}\) J. S. Atherton, however, suggests that the "tone of the passage . . . leaves one in doubt as to its seriousness,"\(^{21}\) and I would agree. At least one can be certain that the medical students are partially the target of Joyce's attack, and Henke is right to point out that the crime against fecundity deals with "emotional, rather than with physical, prophylaxis."\(^{22}\) The male bonding presented to us here is indeed sterile, and Stephen's association must ultimately be "fruitless" because it cannot make him physically whole.

At this point, Stephen fills all the cups and proposes a toast: "Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone" (391). Stephen's unmistakable imitation of Christ at the Last Supper has been noted by critics. He is, for one thing, paraphrasing Jesus's words (Matthew 4:4) that "man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." But Father Boyle makes the point that in Catholic communion practice, those who live "by bread alone" are the laity who in former times received only the bread during communion. He notes that Bloom, in "Lotus Eaters," is aware of this because he observes that the priest "doesn't give them any of it" (81), that is, the wine. Stephen has set himself over the laity, Boyle argues, and as priest can drink from the chalice.\(^{23}\) It may also be true that the wine, a divine substance, as opposed to water, a component of the female principle, would naturally be preferred by Stephen whose need
to transcend the elemental is obsessive. For example, his making the mead his soul's bodiment is explained in an interesting way by Boyle. He argues that Stephen's mead is his soul's bodiment because, "Unlike Christ, who undergoes no change at all, the artist acquires a new 'body' in which his soul will operate, namely his ink, which is now informed with the disembodied substance of the artist. His new body is the letters of the alphabet."  

The suggestions of the Last Supper further reinforce Joyce's conscientious use of food as a structuring dynamic for creativity. In the Last Supper, the sacramental nature of the meal connects food to a higher order of consciousness and adds to that sacrament the idea of priest as sacrifice. Alan Watts notes the "colossal cannibalism" of life that continues "only at the cost of death" and observes that because of this state of things, sacrifice is an ever-present necessity. The mass represents a true sacrifice because it is volitional. Watts says: "The performer of a self-sacrifice is at once Priest and Offering."  

Stephen's awareness of this role and the nourishing aspects of the mass have led him to associate the role of the artist with that of the priest. This divine nourishment creates, in Boyle's words "a new conscience—a knowing-with Christ" which, when associated with the artistic process, allows Stephen to create a new form, "a new conscience, a knowing-with the artist."  

Another sacramental meal suggested by this scene, however, is Jesus' feeding of the multitudes. (Mulligan testifies to this analogue when, arriving late and raindrenched, he asks "for whom were those loaves and fishes" [403].) This meal also occurs in the waste land, according to most New Testament versions, in the wilderness to which Jesus has retreated and into which the multitudes have followed him. Rather than send the people back into the villages to obtain food, Jesus takes up the seven loaves and the few fishes, blesses them, and distributes them to the thousands. Mark 8:8 concludes, "So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets." The significance of this transformation seems to lie not so much in the fact that seven loaves fed so many people but that the spiritually hungering multitudes were fed by the Word. That is, the food here is more than food; it is "transaccidentated" into spiritual sustenance. Stephen, like Jesus, knows that "bread alone" is insufficient, but the multitudes and the medical students are unaware of this.
Nevertheless, these allusions, as important as they are, do not turn Stephen into an artist. He is more characterized by sterility at this point. His boast about being the "giver of life" to the "ghosts" who will "troop to my call" is rebuffed by Lynch who says, "That answer . . . will adorn you more fitly when something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father" (415). Moreover, he is still trying to grapple with the image of the female as creator, and the nature of his struggle can be clearly seen in the speech on creativity that follows his toast: "Mark me now. In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is postcreation" (391). Stephen's discussion of "postcreation," where he separates female creation, "the word made flesh," from the masculine, hence spiritual and immortal creation where "all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away," indicates, as Maddox puts it, that Stephen is trying "like the fetus struggling to be born, to establish independence from his mother."27 Stephen's words to the medical students are significant also because they are filled with the references to two feasts involving the Virgin, the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Rosary, and the Feast of the Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary.28

Stephen's struggle to assert "the artist's superiority over Mary as producer of the Word," to use Boyle's words,29 is due to his inability to accept, to be made fruitful, to be open to the idea of the virgin—virgin matter, unploughed soil. Frank Zingrone, in his discussion of Joyce's use of the alchemical images of D'Annunzio's Marriage of Fire and Water, says, "It is through the woman that the poet must learn how to reconcile these primordial elements, the agents of all change, to 'marry' them in order to connect with higher powers."30 Later Stephen again comments on this bondage to the female: "The aged sisters draw us into life: we wail, batten, sport, clip, clasp, sunder, dwindle, die: over us dead they bend. First saved from the water of Old Nile, among bulrushes, a bed of fasciated wattles: at last the cavity of a mountain, an occulted sepulchre" (394). Stephen never escapes containment by the female, even when he chooses Moses and Jesus as paradigmatic heroes. Moses is contained in a basket and floated on water and is saved by a woman. Jesus is contained by the tomb of earth. Both Moses and Jesus form a beginning and an end of sorts, creating a linear historical time frame that is no less depressing
for Stephen than the cycles of nature. The fact that his pro-
nouncements are next interrupted by a devastating clap of thunder—
Nobodaddy “in his cups” (395) and another alimental image—is not
so much a sign of God’s disapproval as a sign of Stephen’s captivity in
nature, for in this episode, nature and its cyclical processes haunt
Stephen almost as much as they do Bloom. His image of God as a
devouring being seems an intellectualized or literary version of
Bloom’s thoughts on process. For Stephen, God is “an omnivorous
being which can masticate, deglute, digest and apparently pass
through the ordinary channel with pluterperfect imperturbability such
multifarious aliments as cancrenous females emaciated by parturition,
corpulent professional gentlemen, not to speak of jaundiced politicians
and chlorotic nuns” (420). This passage, like Stephen’s sardonic refer-
cences to the Virgin, suggests again his aversion to types of creation
grounded in the body or in the female. One way he works toward his
concept of “postcreation” is by depicting such types of creation as
related to devouring.

And yet Stephen’s preoccupation with the Virgin and the Advent is
essential to his development as an artist, not just because of the crea-
tive images associated with it, but because of the relation of the Ad-
vent to the captivity of the children of Israel. It is interesting that feasts
that celebrate the Advent and the freedom from captivity in Egypt also
celebrate a break with the past and the forgiveness of sin. Stephen, at
one point in this chapter says, “There are sins or (let us call them as the
world call them) evil memories which are hidden away by man in the
darkest places of the heart” (421). These evil memories do indeed
haunt Stephen to the extent that only when he is free from bondage to
the past will he be able to be a truly creative artist. Therefore, his
interest in the Advent involves first, the problem of bondage and only
second, the problem of creativity. Bondage to the past becomes then
the major subject here and a complement to the issues of creation and
birth.

Memory is a source of bondage to both Stephen and Bloom. We
know that Stephen’s bondage is to Ireland, church, and mother, and
he expresses this state of things in biblical terms as he tries to erase the
curse of memory: “Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of
old, how thou settedst little by me and by my word and broughtest in
a stranger to my gates to commit fornication in my sight and to wax
fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore has thou sinned against the light
and has made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants" (393). His invocation for Ireland to remember is countered ironically by his own inability to forget, and rather than call Ireland to remember, he is called to remembering the one thing he most wants to forget: his mother. First, however, in one of those "retrogressive metamorphoses" that dominate the chapter, Ireland becomes merged with the lands of the Israelities as Stephen continues: "Look forth now, my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo and from Pisgah and from the Horns of Hatten unto a land flowing with milk and money" (393). In an echo of "Proteus" and "Aeolus" and paraphrasing God's words to Moses, Stephen changes the Old Testament mountains—sources of inspiration, revelation and of the law, the word—into a sterile inversion that is Ireland. He very pointedly concludes: "But thou has suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my sun thou has quenched for ever. And thou has left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth" (393). All the foregoing images, the "kiss of ashes" that refers to Stephen's mother, the references to, and punning on, the lands of milk and honey, and to the mountains which are symbolically sources of inspiration, involve nourishment and sustenance that is celebrated and ritualized in feasts. We recall also that kissing is associated with ingestion, especially for Stephen, and that for him to be kissed by his mother, or anyone else, is to be devouried. Breath is usually associated with the Holy Ghost, but for Stephen it is also associated with death and with his mother. When she appeared to him in a dream, he recalls "her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes" (10) Also, his mother's words are characterized by mystery; they are mute and secret and have no relation to light, inspiration, immortality as Stephen's words will have.

The feasts that give the digestive processes cosmic significance become more abstract, more spiritual as human consciousness develops. That is, food comes to stand for the law, for the word, which in turn becomes the true nourishment. Stephen, presiding over his irreverent friends' meal, a mock Last Supper, laments his and Ireland's bondage and sterility. And yet the reference to biblical promises, to feasts that celebrate God's covenant with the children of Israel, as well as the Incarnation itself, suggest that Stephen is working toward a tentative kind of creativity. These feasts are used to suggest this creativity and
to suggest also the reestablishment of the fatherhood of Bloom on a
spiritual or symbolic basis. But before discussing the key feast of the
chapter—the Pentecost—it is necessary to examine Bloom’s role in
“Oxen.”

Bloom does not really partake of the revelry or of the eating in the
common room and seems to be there because he is concerned about
Mrs. Purefoy. He appears as a sorrowful overseer, feeling both for
Mrs. Purefoy and for Stephen. But Bloom, like Stephen, is in bond-
age. The land flowing with milk and honey, which is promised to
Moses when he has led the children of Israel out of Egypt, is only to be
achieved after they are free. Bloom, like Moses, is there to lead
Stephen out of bondage in some manner, but he must first free him-
self. Alan Watts, in discussing the problem of deliverance from the
past, says: “So long as the mind is captivated by memory, and really
feels itself to be that past image . . . it can do nothing to save itself; its
sacrifices are of no avail, and its Law gives no life . . . it remains
hopelessly and helplessly captive, just so long as this dead image con-
tinues to give any illusion of life.” Bloom’s bondage to process and
memory has been especially pointed up in “Lestrygonians” and
“Hades,” and we are aware here too of the continuation of this state of
mind—but perhaps with a difference that is suggested by Stephen’s
phrase “retrogressive metamorphoses” (394). After experiencing an
understanding of Mrs. Purefoy’s pain, and pity for Stephen’s fear of
thunder, as well as distress for the poor diseased cattle who are to be
slaughtered (“What . . . will they slaughter all” [399]), Bloom begins
to share certain images of sterility, betrayal, and death with Stephen.
After the mystical disappearance of Haines, the narrator seems to
blend the minds of both men: “The mystery was unveiled. Haines was
the third brother. His real name was Childs. The black panther was
himself the ghost of his own father. He drank drugs to obliterate. For
this relief much thanks. The lonely house by the graveyard is un-
inhabited. No soul would live there. The spider pitches her web in
solitude. The nocturnal rat peers from his hole. A curse is on it. It is
haunted. Murderer’s ground” (412).

After this unveiling of Haines, Bloom has his first vision. It seems
to be something more than memory because we are told that Bloom is
no longer “ruminating, chewing the cud of reminiscence” (413). This
phrase is important not only because it suggests Bloom’s alimental
nature, but because the “cud of reminiscence” picks up on two images
from “Lestrygonians.” The first involves Bloom’s own eating on Howth and the second the terrier who has vomited his cud: “Returned with thanks having fully digested the contents. First sweet, then savoury” (179). But memory seems to be of a different sort here. Bloom envisions himself as “young Leopold, as in a retrospective arrangement, a mirror within a mirror,” carrying his wheaten loaf.” He next becomes the “fullfledged traveller for the family firm.” Then, however, “the mirror is breathed on and the young knighterrant recedes, shrivels,” (413). Here breath, inspiration, destroys vision, but creates Bloom next as a father of a different sort. Now he finds himself “paternal and these about him might be his sons. Who can say? The wise father knows his own child” (413). Here, on a comic level, the spirit has moved on the mirror, erasing the dead images Watts speaks of, and allowing a more fruitful present image to be born. Bloom seems, at least for the moment, less “helplessly captive,” and the dead image has receded, allowing Bloom’s sacrifices for Stephen to become meaningful and active. His assumption of symbolic paternity, the end product of his vision, seems positive enough, although doubtless impermanent.

Bloom’s next vision of his first sexual encounter with Bridie seems sterile, and it is true that his encounter with this “bride of darkness” is followed by the narrator’s taunt, “No Leopold! Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee and in vain. No son of thy loins is by thee. There is none now to be for Leopold what Leopold was for Rudolph” (413-14). But what the narrator might also be pointing out is that since memory will no longer solace him, Bloom will now live in some better, more creative present. Bloom’s “illusion” of strength is perhaps taken from him “in vain.” Does this then mean that Bloom’s illusion of strength is gone and that his loss is in vain, or is the deprivation in vain because Bloom’s strength will go on? The fact that “there is none now to be for Leopold what Leopold was for Rudolph” does not mean that symbolically or consubstantially there is no father-son relationship for Bloom, only that biologically there is none. There is no son of his loins. Stanley Sultan argues that Bloom’s vision is a “reiteration of the idea of the familial line, the ‘proliferant continuance’ which is presented . . . in Bloom’s thoughts about Rudy’s coffin and his father’s deathbed.” Sultan goes on to say that Bloom does not reassert his claim on Molly but instead gives up any hope of having a son and
seeks a substitute in Stephen.\textsuperscript{35} But I think Stephen is more than a substitution. He is a son to Bloom because of Bloom’s developing understanding of consubstantiality, due in part to his earlier “ingestion” of the meaning of the mass in “Lotus Eaters.”

The ensuing vision of the waste land does not seem to offer hope either: “Swiftly, silently the soul is wafted over regions of cycles of cycles of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dusk, scattering a perennial dew of stars” (414). And after the vision of a “mare leading her fillyfoal”—perhaps symbols of Molly and Milly—the vision concludes: “They fade, sad phantoms: all is gone. Agandath is a waste land, a home of screechowls. . . . Netaim, the golden, is no more” (414)."

Mulligan, aware of Bloom’s reverie, makes a facetious but interesting comment. Cautioning the students against breaking into Bloom’s reverie, he says, “It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be born” (416). This comment suggests the change in Bloom as well as the connection between awakening, vision, and birth.

These actions bring us to the subject of the Pentecost. Harry Blamires has pointed to the important Pentecostal images that he suggests are “hinted at” but are “neither precise nor predominant” at first but become more definite as the chapter progresses.\textsuperscript{36} He also observes that the increasingly chaotic discussion and the obscurity of language corresponds to the apostles’ speaking in many tongues. I think that not only are the Pentecostal elements present, but also that they are essential correlatives to creativity and the birth of the Word. What is also important, however, is the fact that the Pentecost is a feast, that the ingestion of food was involved in the transformation process that led to the creation of the Word.

For one thing, the Pentecostal feast was born out of an earlier one—the Jewish Festival of Weeks, or the Shabout, and is an evolutional development itself. It was celebrated in honor of the grain harvest when the first fruits, the new bread, were offered to the deity in return for which God gave the Israelites the law. The two loaves of the offering came to symbolize the tablets of the law, derived from the mountain, the source of inspiration.\textsuperscript{37} Thus the Shabout celebrates a birthday—the birth of the Torah, the birth of the Israelites’ covenant with the God who delivered them out of bondage.
As the Shabout celebrates the birth of the covenant between God and the Israelites, it becomes in the Pentecost the birth of the church and celebrates yet another deliverance out of the bondage to the past. The transformations involved in both feasts are alimental in their origins, and the alimentary process evolves so that nourishment is seen as a spiritual as well as a physical event. The first fruits become bread which become tables of law and the Word; the Word, in turn, becomes food. The connection between bread and the mountain is established earlier in the chapter where bread is even described as a “vast mountain” (387). Gaster also notes that the eating of dairy dishes, especially cheeses, is associated with the Pentecost. One argument for the basis of this custom is that cheese (Hebrew gebinah) is orthographically close to the Hebrew word for mountain (gabnunim). To eat of the cheese/mountain is therefore to ingest the meaning of the law. The eating of cheese in honor of the law is, in any case, an established custom. The *Jewish Encyclopedia* points out that the law is also likened to honey and milk. What these customs and food metaphors suggest then is the close identification of food with spiritual forms of sustenance.

In the Pentecost, the apostles, like the medical students, are gathered in one body to eat and drink, to celebrate a birth—one of the Torah, the other of Mina Purefoy’s baby. Rites of plerosis, or filling—enacted in communal feasts—are here transformed and spiritualized. The apostles are filled with the Holy Spirit. First there is the “rushing mighty wind” and the “cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat on them” (Acts 2:2–3). The apostles, now gifted with many tongues, can spread the Word. The people, however, take them to be merely drunk, but Peter tells them of God’s promise: “To pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams” (Acts 2:17). The alimentary basis of the feast is never obscured either. The flames are like tongues; the spirit is “poured” into the apostles, and they are fed a new kind of food.

According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the Pentecost is a “feast of Messianic blessing.” Indeed, the feast of the medical students, with Stephen presiding and Bloom attending, has its messianic overlay. The many references to both Moses and Jesus suggest that Bloom and Stephen are both associated with the role of messiah.
The question of how much creativity really is present in this chapter will, perhaps, never be answered. In the Bible, the disciples are empowered with the word; Jesus is that word, and Pentecost is, in effect, the birth of the true meaning of the Incarnation, the “word made flesh.” Maddox describes the Incarnation as “the perfected expression of the Word. In the perfected Incarnation, the distinction between substance and expression, between intention and act, would disappear.”

But Stephen cannot realize this achievement. He tries to become the creator, the giver of life, however, and says: “You have spoken of the past and its phantoms. . . . Why think of them? If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard, am Lord and giver of their life” (415). Bous Stephanoumenos means ox—or bull-soul. Noumena is breath, but also in Kantian terms it is that which is apprehended by thought, which is known to exist but cannot be experienced, and to which no properties can be intelligibly ascribed. But Stephen cannot yet quicken into life because he is still bound to dead images of the past, and Lynch’s unpleasant reminder of his artistic failure and memory of his mother almost cause him to leave at one point.

Still, something has happened in “Oxen.” It has rained in Dublin; Mrs. Purefoy has given birth; Bloom has dreamed dreams that have perhaps freed him from bondage to the past, bondage to the dead and the living. Stephen has uttered the Word, even if it is only “Burke’s!” (423). By becoming the consubstantial father of Stephen, Bloom has become a kind of incarnation of an aspect of the Shabout. The purpose of offering the firstfruits to the deity involved belief that the new was dangerous until brought into contact with the old. By this offering, the limits of temporal existence were transcended. Instead of being a source of bondage, the past became a source of freedom from mortality. Bloom, overseeing Stephen, oversees also his incipient creativity.

Incarnation blurs distinctions between old and new, time and space. Bloom and Stephen have long been seen as complements. Bloom incarnates—perhaps imperfectly—process, natural cycles, and rhythms; he is at peace with the alimental and elemental. Stephen cannot become the word until he has married within himself the oppositions that fragment him. Bloom seems to function as a promise of that psychic marriage. Stephen attempts to deny the presence of food, earth, and lower body functions in particular; Bloom affirms them.
Bondage to the past must be replaced by an understanding, not a repudiation, of the eternity of process. Then the old becomes the generator of the new; out of old language the new is born; out of the Shabout came the Pentecost; out of the fruits of the earth comes the fruit of understanding, the Word; out of the Mosaic messiahship comes the ministry of Jesus; out of these sacramental events is born the artist—the greatest ingester and metabolizer of them all.

Turning to "Circe," perhaps the most experimental and provocative chapter in its use of fantasy, psychodrama, dream, and confession, we are confronted with a set of problems in regard to the alimentary function and the creative process. 'Circe" seems dominated by images of anality, and the vision, contrary to popular criticism, seems more excremental than sexual, although the two are not unrelated. Also, a sense of shame, projected through the episode's confessional aspects and the accusing figures that appear throughout, suggests a courageous exploration of what Mark Shechner refers to as "the most anxiety-producing aspects of Joyce's psychosexual nature." "Circe" is then, the culmination of the food metaphor that begins with Stephen's fears about the world of instinct and his guilt about his mother and also with Bloom's defecation and his "outrage" to Phillip Beaufoy in the outhouse. Excrement becomes the dominant element in "Circe" because excrement is both the first and last product, the source of all new growth, the materia prima—the end product of Stephen's bread of daily experience. That is why, despite its confessional and nightmarish aspects and its paranoid quality, "Circe" is also, as some critics acknowledge, sometimes with puzzlement, a celebration.
That “Circe” can be a celebration while concomitantly revealing the darker, unconscious workings of the mind and the more unpleasant aspects of human existence is linked to the fact that it depicts process becoming art. The elements of the chapter are essentially familiar, previous events of the novel, ingested and metabolized into a new form. The fact that excrement and an attention to the lower body pole is so evident in so creative a chapter implies a major Joycean insight about the creative process, a revelation that will become more explicit in *Finnegans Wake* when Shem creates ink from his own excrement.

It is important to get beyond the notion that the content of “Circe” is simply grotesque, and it is also important to avoid the tags of “sin” and “evil” although both are concepts that have important influences over the body’s oral, anal, and genital responses to the world, especially in the case of Stephen. For the present, I would like to discuss the emphasis on the lower body pole with regard to its functions in the episode and to suggest that this emphasis was not due solely to Joyce’s enjoyment of cloacal detail, nor to his attempt to battle literary repression, but rather to the fact that such detail points to the sources of energy that appear to be initiated only on so-called higher levels of consciousness. We must remember that for primitive people—and hence for the primitive consciousness in us all—all body secretions are endowed with mana, and all parts of the body are considered alive and sacred. Neumann reminds us, furthermore, that in terms of body symbolism the dominant creative substance is not semen at all: “In creation mythology, urine, dung, spit, sweat, and breath (and later words) are all elementary symbols of the creative principle.”

When using the phrase *lower body pole* in relation to “Circe,” we must speak mostly of the anus, but there are also a number of vessel or container references that suggest at first womb or female genitalia. For example, the general descriptive movement in the early pages is inward, into nighttown, into the brothel, into the women, suggesting, as the bawd says, “maidenhead inside” (431). The street is described as filled with “drains, clefts, cesspools” (433). Bridie Kelly, Bloom’s first sexual partner, stands “in the gap of her den furtive” (441), and in one of the gaping doors, a crone “rams the last bottle in the maw of his sack” (430).

There are ingestive processes operating, too. Bloom is about his usual custom of acquiring food. Here he is first seen “cramming bread and chocolate” into his pocket (433), and he next proceeds to buy
"a lukewarm pig's crubeen" and a "cold sheep's trotter" (434). Molly is imagined by Bloom being fed a mango by a camel and is also remembered by Bloom and Mrs. Breen eating a spiced beef sandwich (447). Richie Goulding carries a bag full of "polonies, kippered herrings, Findon haddies and tightpacked pills" (447). Pat, the waiter of the Ormond, carries a dish of "spillspilling gravy" (447). Bloom's feeding of the protean dog recalls his feeding of Banbury cakes to the gulls at lunchtime. Bloom, in turn, is fed by Zoe in the brothel. Foods such as oysters are mentioned a number of times as aphrodisiacs (461, 516), and we are told of serpents that feed on the milk of women and cows.

However, as one might expect in a chapter like "Circe," food is also put to some rather strange uses and takes on the inverted character of the episode. Most often it is placed in containers—Bloom's pockets, Richie's bag. That is, it appears already to have been ingested, to have been already assimilated, and some items have the suggestion of excrement about them. For example, Bloom, as messianic figure, has "hambones, condensed milk tins, unsaleable cabbage, stale bread, sheeps' tails, odd pieces of fat" dumped on him (492). Paddy's spilling of gravy and even Bloom's chocolate are suggestive of excrementa. (It is after Bloom is fed the chocolate by Zoe that he undergoes his most strenuous trial with Bella.) Bloom is also called "dungdevourer" by Bella (530). Even Bloom's feeding of the dog has an excremental quality about it, and the feeding seems more like an elimination. In "a dark stalestunk corner" Bloom "unrolls one parcel and goes to dump the crubeen softly but holds back and feels the trotter... With regret he lets unrolled crubeen and trotter slide" (453).

As mentioned above, food is very often contained, and a number of sack, pouch, pocket, and bucket images that often contain secret things besides food and organic matter are used. Bloom's pockets become metaphors of ingestion as he crams them with his bread and chocolate. After emerging from Olhousen's he pats his pockets "with parcelled hands watch, fobpocket, bookpocket, pursepocket, sweets of sin, potato soap" (437). He continues to worry about his pockets as he envisions Molly beside her date palm tree, and although he tries literally to ingest this vision "in deep agitation, swallowing gulps of air, questions, hopes, crubeens for her supper," he "bestows" parcels in his pockets (439). When he reaches the brothel, Zoe takes his potato from his pocket and places it "greedily" into her own (476). Later, the
Babes and Sucklings sing in an inversion of the Howth scene: "Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home,/Cakes in his pocket for Leo alone"(486). Bloom’s most important “pocket” is his scrotum which gets a thorough handling by Zoe. Doubtless the shrivelled black potato removed from his pocket is a correlative for his own sack and its contents, which seem symbolically lacking in these scenes.

Other characters also possess containers that are associated with secret things and excrement. Ellen Bloom, described as wearing a “blouse with muttonleg sleeves buttoned behind,” a phrase that characteristically includes food and anal references, is upset with Bloom (in his vision) and ransacks “the pouch of her striped blay petticoat. A phial, and Agnus Dei, a shriveled potato and a celluloid doll fall out” (438). These dessicated religious artificats seem more suggestive of defecation than birth. Philip Beaufoy, in another of Bloom’s visions, appears as Bloom’s accuser carrying a large portfolio labeled “Matcham’s Masterstrokes” (458). Given the connection between Beaufoy and the outhouse, we are inclined to associate the contents of this container with excrement also. Gerty McDowell accuses Bloom of seeing “all the secrets of my bottom drawer” (442).

A number of buckets make their appearance in “Circe,” too. One is Mary Driscoll’s. Another is the subject of the Gaffer’s story. This particular bucket, albeit a possible figment of Bloom’s imagination, is supposedly the salvation of Bloom who, undergoing a severe intestinal attack, made use of it—with embarrassing consequences. The Gaffer tells of Bloom “doing it into the bucket of porter that was there waiting on the shavings for Derwan’s plasterers” (450). Bloom himself is forced to recall, or reinvent, this incident later. Much later, during Stephen’s confrontation with Privates Carr and Compton, Edward VII appears sucking his red jujube and carrying the same plasterer’s bucket, on which is now inscribed, “Defense d’uriner,” a prohibition that seems to associate the English king with British fastidiousness that is ultimately a repression and an indication of sterility. Stephen must, of course, kill the priest and king, and Edward is finally seen rattling an empty bucket. Thus in “Circe” a full and overflowing bucket seems a positive image.

The teapot, first mentioned in connection with Mother Grogan, also becomes an important container. In his sexually coded conversation with Mrs. Breen, Bloom says, “I’m teapot with curiosity to find out whether some person’s something is a little teapot at present,” to
which Mrs. Breen replies, “Tremendously teapot!” (445). Bella also refers to Bloom’s penis as a teapot, taunting, “Where’s your curly teapot gone to or who docked it on you, cockally?” (541).

And of course there is a different kind of pot—Molly’s chamberpot. Without belaboring Tindall’s comments about containers, we can see that they do seem to have a great importance for Joyce, and in “Circe” it would appear that disparate elements, seemingly random, are carried in containers and are transformed because they now have become symbols and therefore carry associations. “Circe” itself is also an apparently random collection of contents—speeches, actions, even objects—that, in being so contained, have become a new form. The fundamental analogue that operates here is digestive. The objects excreted into the mind of the reader, after undergoing transformations, create out of Bloom’s and Stephen’s experiences the emergent work of art.

Another interesting feature of “Circe” is that because of the inverted nature of the episode, where everything is upended, mouths and vessel imagery suggesting the mouth become more suggestive instead of the anus. For example, Privates Carr and Compton, early in the chapter “burst together from their mouths a volleyed fart” (430). Paddy Dignam’s “coalhole” is both mouth and anus, and Tom Rochford, who “fixes the manhole with a resolute stare” before executing “a daredevil salmon leap in the air” is engulfed in the coalhole, too. (474).

Some vessel images seem sexual but still have an anal quality about them, and they deal in some way with food. An example is Stephen’s play on Omar Khayyam’s “loaf and jug of bread and wine” (433). Stephen merges male and female symbols, here effecting a double transformation. Using gesture to replace language (Stephen has also surrendered his ashplant), he tries to best Omar by turning words into body. Besides being keyed to the idea of “movement back from rationality to animality,” as Blamires puts it, the scene seems to suggest that Stephen, having been given the gift of tongues in “Oxen,” still has need of the body to inform a viable art. Lynch’s question, “Which is the jug of bread?” is both sexual and androgynous (433). Later, Bloom, using a similar image, will say, “Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle” (499). Thus the normal world, in which ingestion also signifies assimilation, is overturned in “Circe” and various inversions are carried to uncomfortable extremes in order
to express natural, cyclical rhythms and to affirm the dynamic of ingestion and elimination.

The many references to kissing in "Circe" reinforce the argument that it is closely associated with eating and assimilation. Early in the episode, Mrs. Breen makes much of kissing. She asks Bloom to "kiss the spot to make it well," but she also offers him a "pigeon kiss . . . her pulpy tongue between her lips" (446). Bloom immediately associates the kiss with Molly, thinking, "Kosher. A snack for supper. The home without potted meat is incomplete" (446). Kissing, sweetness, stickiness recall Molly and the ingesting of the seedcake on Howth and counter the thought of the potted meat. When the kisses become dramatis personae and fly about Bloom, they repeat a number of images of sweetness: "(Warbling.) Leo! (Twittering.) Icky licky micky sticky for Leo! (Cooing.) Coo Coocoo! Yummyyumm Womwom! (Warbling.) Big comebig! Pirouette! Leopopold! (Twittering.) Leeolee! (Warbling.) O Leo!" (475). Zoe's lips also remind Bloom of Molly and sweetness. He is first aware of "dumb moist lips," but later they become "odalisk lips lusciously smeared with salve of swinefat and rosewater" (477). Later, kissing the nymph will become an important source of conflict for Bloom.

It is not surprising to find, in an episode where lower body poles play such an important role, that the sense of smell is important as well. Smell is more basic than sight and is more characteristic of animals who are, of course, earth-oriented. Smell dominates early human consciousness, too, before the child learns to sit and finally stand. Then sight and speech, the more spiritualized functions, take over. But in "Circe," where the world is essential, olfactory images are numerous. Zoe possesses "cloying breath of stale garlic" (477) that is not unpleasant to Bloom. In fact, he is drawn to her by smell: "He hesitates amid scents, music, temptations," and then Zoe "leads him toward the steps, drawing him by the odour of her armpits" (501). Bloom is also aroused by the smell of her slip "in whose sinuous folds lurks the lion reek of all the male brutes that have possessed her" (501). Later, Virag will also discourse on the attraction of male insects to the "smell of the inferiorly pulchritudinous female possessing extendified pudendal verve in dorsal region" (515). When Bella Cohen arrives, she describes herself as "all of a mucksweat" (527), and the Hoof demands that Bloom "smell my hot goathide" (529).

That Bloom enjoys posterior odors we know already, but his bent is
Stephen and Bloom

confirmed by the sins of the Past who accuse him of “gloating over a nauseous fragment of wellused toilet paper presented to him by a nasty harlot” (537). And Bella further elaborates on Bloom’s predilection when, in punishing him, she forces him to do what he really likes to do best: “By day you will souse and bat our smelling underclothes also when we ladies are unwell, and swab out our latrines with dress pinned up and a dishclout tied to your tail” (538). Bloom also smells “onions. Stale. Sulphur. Grease” (554) on Bella. His early sensuous experiences have been titillated, as he confesses, by “the mingling odours of the ladies’ cloakroom and lavatory, the throng penned tight on the old Royal stairs” and “the dark sexsmelling theatre” (548). The importance of odor to Bloom is perhaps most clearly delineated in his encounter with the nymph, whose metamorphosis also involves smells.

Bloom’s fondness for smells has its origins in his interest in anal matters, an interest that we have seen manifested many times before. In “Circe” however, this interest receives its most extensive attention. In the beginning of the episode, the motorman of the sandstrewer, who nearly runs Bloom down, calls him “shitbreeches” and accuses him of doing the hattrick (which, according to Tindall, means covering “a turd on the curb with his hat . . . telling the policeman it is a bird”47). Bella calls him “adorer of the adulterous rump” and “dung-devourer” (530). Bloom’s inclinations have been variously interpreted. Brivic sees Bloom’s devotion to matter and excrement as a kind of religion which sets him amidst a “modern world of industrialism and capitalism.”48 Many critics tend to view him as a masochist for whom fantasy is a positive purge. I think the questions raised about Bloom’s interest in matters excremental, especially in this episode, can be best answered by a consideration of Joyce’s use of purgation. For him, purgation would seem to exist not only in terms of religion and ritual, but also in alchemy and art. Purgation in “Circe” cannot refer only to Bloom’s peculiar and personal psychic makeup or to Joyce’s need to work through repression and his own psychosexual fantasies. What we see in “Circe” is the manifestation of Joyce’s larger artistic concerns about the creative process. To explore this process, he had need of excremental images.

To this end, it is important not only that Bloom’s fantasies involve excremental images and grow out of his day’s experiences, but also that Bloom be associated with excrement itself. There are numerous examples of the former. Many of Bloom’s sexual fantasies seem ting-
ed with anality. He has surprised Mary Driscoll “in the rere of the premises” (461). To Mrs. Bellingham he has given “a blossom of the homegrown potato plant” (446). He has also lauded her “nether extremities.” He has urged Mrs. Talboys to “soil his letter in an unspeakable manner, to chastise him as he richly deserves” (467).

Bloom’s encounter with Virag also emphasizes his perhaps excessive interest in bottoms. Virag’s observations of “backview” and “intimate garments of which you are a particular devotee” (512) depict another instance where a relative reproaches Bloom for his anality. Virag also points out to Bloom Zoe’s “rere lower down” and adds, for Bloom’s enjoyment, a further elaboration of the “two additional protuberances, suggestive of potent rectum and tumescent for palpation which leave nothing to be desired save compactness” (513). As already mentioned, the Sins of the Past also focus most particularly on Bloom’s anal preoccupations. Their accusation is, “By word and deed he encouraged a nocturnal strumpet to deposit fecal and other matter in an unsanitary outhouse. . . . Did he not lie in bed, the gross boar, gloating over a nauseous fragment of wellused toilet paper presented to him by a nasty harlot, stimulated by gingerbread and a postal order” (537).

Sometimes excremental images reflect on his own body functions. The Gaffer’s story of Bloom’s defecation into what he takes to be a bucket of plaster but is in reality a bucket of porter, is a source of shame for Bloom. Whether the story is an actual happening or not, it serves the purpose of connecting logically in Bloom’s mind with Philip Beaufoy and the morning outhouse incident. Bloom rehearses the experience as follows: “Bowel trouble. In Beaver street. Gripe, yes. Quite bad. A plasterer’s bucket. By walking stifflegged. Suffered untold misery. Deadly agony. About noon. Love or burgundy. Yes, some spinach. Crucial moment. He did not look in the bucket. Nobody. Rather a mess. Not completely. A Titbits back number” (462). Apparently Bloom has lacked recourse to Beaufoy’s Titbits, but it is also evident that Bloom’s waste products have a way of combining with other materials associated with transformation—first the bucket of porter (“wine” is here turned into excrement) and then the printed page. The Gaffer has made a story out of Bloom’s personal act of defecation. In “Circe,” the story is one of many random elements that make the chapter an artistic whole. Beaufoy’s story is also related to Bloom’s “bottom” and is linked to the Gaffer’s story, thereby making a comment on the crea-
tive process and linking it with body processes again. Beaufoy argues that his mature work has been “disfigured by the hallmark of the beast” (459). This accusation is reiterated in the art of “Circe,” the chapter that is also “disfigured” by the same hallmark. It is no accident that Beaufoy is summoned by Myles Crawford, who in “Circe” is editor of the “Freeman’s Urinal” and “Weekly Arsewiper” (458), another comic yet serious insistence that the written word has some relation to the hindparts. The jump from these associations to Shem’s fecal ink is not great.

Bloom is also, however, associated even more directly with excrement as his role takes on archetypal dimensions. Even in the beginning of the chapter we get hints of his role as scapegoat. He emerges out of a fog amid “middens,” or dung heaps, and “stagnant fumes” (433). He is almost immediately reproached by his father, mother, and wife for being soiled in some way. Rudolph recalls a night when he returns home drunk with “mud head to foot,” and we also have a vision of Bloom in “youth’s smart blue Oxford suit . . . coated with stiffening mud” (438). A distressed Ellen Bloom seems to look for Bloom amid her petticoats, not quite as if he were being born, and says “sacred Heart of Mary, where were you at all, at all?” (438). Molly, beside her date palm in Bloom’s next vision, calls him a “poor old stick in the mud” (440). Later in the chapter, after his resurrection, Bloom is “rolled in a mummy” and falls “into the purple waiting waters” (550).

If we link Bloom to scapegoat ritual, the identification with excrement becomes more logical. Vickery, pointing to certain motifs such as the singling out of the scapegoat, the heaping of ridicule upon him, his trial and punishment, and the atmosphere of Walpurgisnacht and the Saturnalia, argues for Bloom as cast in this pattern. Gose also emphasizes the use of scapegoat ritual, but sees Bloom’s role as that of a comic actor. He says, “Joyce’s handling of ritual motifs suggests that his interest is much more in comic regression than in the mystery of archetypal patterns.”

It is also helpful, however, to focus on the scapegoat ritual as it relates to food and the digestive process. First, on a psychosexual level, the scapegoat is directly associated with excrement because in many cultures, particularly the Judeo-Christian one, the deemphasis of the lower body pole, and the elevation of the spirit and intellect, gave birth to scapegoat psychology. Neumann says:
Whereas a child identifies the ingestion of food with the pleasure of growing consciousness, the anal order becomes its first association with evil. At the first the giving-off of feces was an approved creative process; now gradually the principle of adaption to an order of consciousness becomes incarnated in it. Just as meal time becomes a ritual of positive assimilation, so the anal time becomes ritual devoted to the rejection of the negative element, an unconscious rite by which evil is removed. . . . This specifically human development of anal rejection provides one of the foundations of scapegoat psychology, of the notion of expelling one’s own evil as something alien.\textsuperscript{51}

This view of part of oneself as being disgusting, smelly or evil becomes shared by a community, wherein each person’s evil can be projected onto a single external object. Then the scapegoat becomes one of the functions of the rites of purgation. Bloom becomes the personification of that which is expelled by society.

This role has been set up for him from the beginning. Not only is he an outsider in terms of religion, ethnic background, and his remove from Eccles street, but like his talismanic potato, which is a “killer of pestilence by absorption” (478), Bloom is also an absorber of evil. This absorbing function of the scapegoat is explicit in Jewish ritual. Here the scapegoat is associated with Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, a day of fasting and purgation (the ritual has occupied Bloom’s thoughts during his luncheon in “Lestrygonians”), where the children of Israel confessed their sins before a live goat that then bore their sins into the wilderness. The ritual is described in Leviticus 16:21: “And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions and all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.”

Bloom has been associated with a number of sacrificial animals throughout “Circe,” but the most interesting is the “stinking goat of Mendes” (492), an opprobrium applied to Bloom by Alexander J. Dowie. Vickery describes this animal as “an Egyptian beast-god worshipped as the productive force in nature.”\textsuperscript{52} Thornton points out, however, that the goat is associated with Osiris, the major dying/resurrecting god in Egypt,\textsuperscript{53} whose dismemberment is particularly characterized by the loss of his penis, later restored by Isis. Certainly Bloom’s loss of potato, his humiliation, and his resurrection connect him to such figures as this.
The Bloom/goat/excrement connection is also reinforced by the presence of the nanny goat, which is seemingly an attribute of Molly. She is associated with Bloom's memory of Molly on Howth and appears, "walking surefooted dropping currants" (176). She reappears again in "Circe," resurrected by the language of the waterfall, which also has its urinary aspect, and we hear repeated: "High on Ben Howth through rhododendrons a nannygoat passes, plumpuddled, buttytailed, dropping currants" (550). Coming after the waterfall, and in contradistinction to the sphincterless nymph, the nannygoat, with appropriate linguistic word play on the part of the narrator, drops her fertilizing currants the way Molly had dropped her seedcake into Bloom's mouth. The merging of mouth to anus, eating and excreting, again underlines the importance of excrement in connection with the coming of new life.

Another animal of importance is the pig. The pig figures especially in the fantasy that involves Bella, but in ancient ritual the pig, because of its reproductive abilities and its uterine shape, was a symbol of female genitalia and an attribute of the goddess, especially Aphrodite. There is more than a Homeric parallel involved in the presence of the pig in "Circe." The older mythology involves the festivals of Aphrodite where priestesses (like Bella) appeared as men dressed as women. Thus, although the scene with Bella is certainly a fantasy that, on a psychological level, involves elements of masochism, there is, on a larger transpersonal level, a ritual and archetypal component that elevates the action beyond the merely personal. Bloom's encounter with Bella involves his ingestion into an earlier, nondifferentiated consciousness and is an experience of devouring. Bella makes this point clearly: "I shall have you slaughtered and skewered in my stables and enjoy a slice of you with crisp crackling from the baking tin basted and baked like the sucking pig with rice and lemon or currant sauce. It will hurt you" (532-33).

Indeed, all of Bloom's trials seem to be manifestations in some form of this archetypal act of devouring. Even the vision Bloom has of himself as Messiah illustrates the sacrifice and the new creation. Shechner has argued that Bloom's messianic tendencies are associated with masochism, with "castration and futility." Nevertheless, on a ritual level, Bloom as a reformer lives out in his vision a key transformation. Just as the alchemical vessel changes base metals into gold, matter into a divine substance, Bloom, in his New Bloomusalem, erects a magnifi-
cent building in the shape of a pork kidney. His act of creation obviously is grounded on the organic. His elevation is described, not surprisingly, in terms of many food images that have passed through his mind on that day, while he continues to eat a raw turnip throughout the vision. On a more spiritual level, his compassionate nature “ingests” a blind boy, an old couple, some ragged children, and a veteran. His “obesity” here also points him up as a saturnalian fertility figure. Yet when Crofton notes, “This is indeed a festivity,” Bloom replies. “You call it a festivity, I call it a sacrament” (489). We never lose touch with the body when creativity is involved, although all Bloom’s acts of creation carry his own peculiar Bloomian stamp.

However, as scapegoat figure, Bloom must be sacrificed, and Bella tells him: “We’ll bury you in our shrubbery jakes where you’ll be dead and dirty with old Cuck Cohen. . . . We’ll manure you Mr. Flower!” (544). The language here again is particularly excremental. The association of uncleanness with death and burial returns, as Bloom’s earliest visions of himself as mud-coated are recalled. Yet the image of a flower in manure combines the two linked, if seemingly disparate, processes and suggests on one level that Bloom’s creative flower identity is not killed by his immersion in manure, but is revived by it. As Bloom (and Stephen) will be immersed in “manure”/earth of the unconscious and become revived psychologically, so also will Joyce revive the artist’s work by an inclusion of all so-called lower elements, which in reality function as the soil of his artistic creation.

We can see that Bloom, after being taunted and ridden by Bella, is then “killed”: “Broken, closely veiled for the sacrifice, [Bloom] sobs, his face to the earth” (544). Next, the Circumcised mourn for him and “cast dead sea fruit upon him” (544) in an act that will be repeated with the appearance of the nanny goat dropping currants.

Nevertheless, after the funeral pyre is erected, the nymph appears. She seems to be a particularly important figure. Brought down from the picture, “The Bath of the Nymph,” which hangs above Bloom’s bed, she is accompanied by the yew and waterfall. Blamires thinks that the “yews, the nymph and the waterfall hint at an unmentionable accusation,” but Bloom’s confessions do not seem to leave much that is unmentioned. Furthermore, there is more of a suggestion of renewal in these images. The evergreen yews certainly are symbols of renewal, and the waterfall has seminal and urinary qualities.
In any case, Bloom does admit to certain acts or thoughts of which he is ashamed. He discusses his encounter with a girl, the "flow of animal spirits," the "capillary attraction," and his predilection for "girling" and argues for the needs of the body. This all seems harmless enough and is followed by the appearance of the nannygoat. But the nymph enters the scene and reproaches him strongly: "We immortals, as you saw today, have not such a place and no hair there either. We are stonycold and pure. We eat electric light" (551). There are few words here that carry positive meaning for Bloom. "Stonycold," "pure," and the eating of electric light deny anything that is organic, and the nymph cannot represent anything that Bloom really "worships." Nonetheless, he goes on to confess to her some of his sexual and anal-oriented activities: "Enemas too I have administered. One third of a pint of quassia, to which add a tablespoon of rocksalt. Up the fundament" (551). And he adds, "I have paid homage on that living altar where the back changes name" (551). Here begins Bloom's denial of the image of womanhood that the nymph projects. Bloom's actions evidence feeding, and even administering an enema is a kind of feeding, and to create of the buttocks an altar is to return to the source of creation.

The episode continues with images that suggest the female hindparts of which Bloom is so enamored. Bloom extols "the warm impress of her warm form. Even to sit where a woman has sat, especially with divaricated thighs" (522). Meanwhile the nymph appears as a nun and admonishes Bloom, "No more desire. . . . only the ethereal. Where dreamy creamy gull waves o'er the waters dull" (552). This passage brings us back to Bloom's earlier disdain for AE (Russell) and Lizzie Twigg, all of whom are "literary ethereal people" (166) who eat the wrong food and produce weak insipid poetry. Bloom's rejection of the nymph and the kind of art she stands for seems to begin forcefully at this point, for it is here that the button of his trousers snaps. Despite the song of the sluts, Bloom does challenge both them and the nymph/nun. Soundly rebutted, the nymph cries "Sacrilege!" and, as a "moist stain" appears on her robe it would seem that Bloom has "sullied" her. But this stain is a major transformation effected by Bloom on his image of woman. Likening him to "Satan," another cloven-hoofed figure, the nymph then "strikes at his loins" (553). But Bloom is not to be emasculated by a nymph. He seizes her hand,
parrying her attack and, "with a cry . . . unveiled, her plaster cast crack­
ing, a cloud of stench escaping from the cracks," she flees from him.

The nymph's role is variously interpreted. Vickery sees her as a "creature ridden with fear, hatred, and the desire to destroy." But she also seems to function here as a personification of Bloom's problem with art as well as with women. Certain kinds of art, like certain kinds of virginity, stop process, and the stopping of process seems to go against Bloom's sense of things. It is important here also that the nymph is sphincterless. Her removal from process is thus illustrated on a more basic level than simply a sexual one. Bloom needs to worship the adulterous rump, not a sphincterless one. It is especially comical here that Bloom, always unable to respond aesthetically to art, has kissed the nymph in "four places," and also "shaded" her parts (546). In other words, he responds kinetically to her portrait. For Bloom, woman remains organic and fluid, demanding a response from him, even if his methods of participation seem odd or at least funny to us.

Stephen's role in "Circe" seems less important that Bloom's, but as Stephen's fantasies and guilts, his obsession with being eaten become intensified, we can see the ingestive and excretory aspects emerge even more clearly.

We have already discussed Stephen's need to create language to counter the perceived threat of engulfment by process. In "Circe," language—Stephen's kind of language—fails, and the boundaries usually created by it are dissolved. Stephen too must deal more directly here with instinct, the unconscious, and process. This change in language can partially be explained by the Viconian view, cherished by Joyce, that chaos is a prelude to new beginnings and that language must have these new beginnings in myth and gesture.

In "Circe," inanimate objects or usually mute things take on the power of speech, but Stephen's language loses power. Walking with Lynch, Stephen is seen reciting a passage that Thornton says is translated, "I saw a stream of water welling forth from the right of the temple, Alleluia: bringing salvation to all those who stood in its course." This utterance at this point seems ironic; the water welling forth here seems more likely to be associated with cesspools and the urinating prostitute. But the waters of creativity well up too, and the content of "Circe" deals partially with Stephen's linguistic paralysis and his emotional awakening. In any case, the ritual recited here gives
Stephen and Bloom

way to Stephen's speech to Lynch about gesture as universal language: "So that gesture, not music, not odours, would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible, not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm" (432). To render visible by means of gesture and mime is a characteristic means of expression in "Circe." Its action does accomplish that "first entelechy," and the structural rhythm is alimentary. The gift of tongues is an apt metaphor here for the process of emptying and filling that have been freed from the linguistic boundaries that limit understanding.

Subsequently, we find Stephen's speeches to be rather self-contained, usually unintelligible. His conversation with Lynch's cap, for instance, suggests his remoteness and his sterility. With the cap he discusses a musical problem and evolves his own musical theory where the dominant and tonic form an ellipsis and create a journey and return. The cap, which mocks him, is not only more easily understood, but seems to verbalize the meaning we are supposed to glean from Stephen's elaborate metaphor, even while the cap mocks that meaning: "Jewgreek is greekjaw. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form of life. Bah!" (504).

In "Circe" Stephen acts more than he talks, and his body functions and emotional problems associated with them come to the fore. One of Stephen's more important references to food involves seeing himself (not for the first time) as the prodigal son: "Imitate pa. Filling my belly with husks of swine. Too much of this. I will arise and go to my . . ." (517). Here language fails him; his problem is that he cannot imitate pa and return to pa. Also, as in many other instances, Stephen resists assimilation that involves body functions. Filling is therefore associated with uncleanness, sinning, and femaleness. As in the rest of the novel, Stephen would attempt to use literary constructs, parables, and riddles to establish his artistic self as masculine and transcendent. But this tactic fails in "Circe."

Besides having his belly filled, Stephen also plays the piano and dances. The language of his "dance of Death" is interesting because it is energetic, depending more on sound than on meaning and describes the physical: "Stephen with hat ashplant frogspits in middle highkicks with skykicking mouth shut hand clasp part under thigh, with clang tinkle boomhammer tallyho hornblower blue green yellow flashes" (578). This is truly a "dance of death" because it lacks any cerebral quality and contains instead the auditory, the visual, and the physical. Signifi-
cantly, when he stops, his mother arises before him. She, like Paddy Dignam, has been eaten and is "noseless, green with grave mold" (579). Her appearance only pictures in dramatic form Stephen's deepest fears that he has, in fact, been guilty of her death. His killing of the mother is translated into an act of eating, since for Stephen, devouring seems to be the dominant form of killing.

It is not surprising to find Mulligan on the scene now since he has all along functioned as a kind of meditating figure between Stephen's masculine/intellectual/verbal side and the female/unconscious/voiceless world of the mother. Here he appears in his trickster's garb "in particoloured jester's dress," (580) which reinforces these associations. "She is beastly dead," he tells Stephen, stating what is bound most deeply to disturb him. He then goes on to accuse Stephen of killing her "dogsbody bitchbody" (580). Here Mulligan's association with food is also repeated. He carries in this vision a "smoking buttered split scone" into which he weeps "tears of molten butter" (580).

Stephen urges his mother to speak "the word known to all men" (581). It may be, as many critics have argued, that the word Stephen craves to hear is love or some word carrying his absolution, but it also seems true that this objectification of Stephen's deepest anxieties, the core of his neurosis, is also the place where words—the one word or the many—do not suffice. Utterance of words creates, in Viconian terms, a cosmos and constrains chaos, but chaos is what Stephen needs to confront on its own, not on his, terms.

The primal, fundamental experience depicted here is reflected in the alimentary imagery. The mother is of course not May Dedalus at all, but The Mother, the Terrible Mother even, who is the devourer, the destroyer of ego consciousness. Dark and mute, she is the "corpse-chewer! Raw head and bloody bones! (581) to Stephen. Her hand, which becomes "a green crab with malignant red eyes" (582) clawing at his heart, represents eating too. Here are merged the images of Mother, the "snotgreen sea," death and cancer—too much for Stephen, who utters "Shite!" (582). More than an expression of anger, his epithet is a definition. His desperate dictum, "the intellectual imagination! With me all or not at all. Non serviam!" (582) expresses his rigid dualism and his uncompromising, if futile, stand. His subsequent smashing of the chandelier and the ensuing darkness, "ruin of all space" (583), leaves him in the darkened world of the mother so that his loss of consciousness, in his collapse in the street, is inevitable.
Before his collapse, one last important vision takes place. This vision, the black mass, that occurs outside the brothel, emerges from a Dublin on fire—with its dead, in “white sheepskin overcoats and black goatfill cloaks” (598) rising amid a clamor of witches, a rain of dragon’s teeth, and an opening chasm into which Rochford and others fall or leap. An altar is seen in the midst of this bedlam and on it lies Mina Purefoy, apotheosized as “goddess of unreason . . . naked, fettered, a chalice resting on her swollen belly” (599). “Father Malachi” of course presides. The chalice with its “bloodripping host” is consecrated by Mulligan to “Corpus Meum.” Then the Reverend Mr. Hugh C. Haines Love reveals his “grey bare hairy buttocks, between which a carrot is stuck.” The worship of dog—“doooooooonog” (600) is established. All these images represent Stephen’s phobias, especially the chasm, the teeth, the dog, his suspicions about the homosexuality of Mulligan (and his own self-doubts). Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the black mass is Mina Purefoy herself. It is she who is creative and who retains the chalice. The chalice itself, with its blooddripping contents, foreshadows Molly’s menstruation in her chamberpot and is another image of female fertility that Stephen must somehow learn to pay obeisance to.

The black mass seems to be an inevitable feature in a chapter such as this and is particularly the product of a mind that has been trained in religious orthodoxy. Maddox says, “Stephen’s mental creation of the Black Mass is demonstrative of his dichotomous nature.” Certainly Stephen’s interest in the eucharistic image and his fears about his own animal nature projected onto ambiguous figures like Buck and the protean dog all come together in this scene. Whether Stephen has been freed in any way through this vision seems doubtful, and his loss of consciousness—metaphorically a necessity—is here more of an escape than a confrontation. Part of his salvation involves Bloom and, with Bloom, the figure of that protean dog.

The dog, Stephen’s nemesis in “Proteus,” plays a major role in “Circe” too. For one thing he is the single most important ingester, and he aids in establishing a connection between ingesting and transformation. Indeed, his transformations are many. As he slinks after Bloom, he becomes a spaniel, a retriever with a “sniffling” nose to the ground (437), a terrier that whines “piteously” (448), a retriever again who places his muzzle in Bloom’s hand. He is garryowen, a “wolfdog” that lies on his back wriggling “obscenely” (453), the
mastiff that finally eats the crubeen and trotter, the bulldog that grows through "rabid scumspittle" (454) and a "gorging" boarhound. He is mentioned again in conjunction with Paddy Dignam's funeral where he becomes a beagle that gnaws on Dignam's face (452). And after "he has gnawed all . . . he grows to human size and shape. His dashschund coat becomes a brown mortuary habit" (472). As the dog becomes finally a "ghouleater," Dignam in turn takes on the dog's characteristics and "bays lugubriously"(472). Paddy, who, like the dog, was eaten, now excretes: "I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me," he says (473). All these transformations link animal and human, eating and excretion, and establish the eating of life by life and the resultant transformations.

The dog follows Bloom; however, we tend to see it as associated with Stephen. Certainly it seems a kind of attribute or totem animal, although its functions are complex. We have seen its relationship to the metaphor of Christ/fox and the fox that buries its grandmother. It is also associated with the underworld dog Cerebus and has connections to Faust. But beyond these associations, the dog seems to represent animal needs. The merging of the dog with Paddy unites animal with human. Because Stephen still fears all process, hunger, ingestion, and assimilation, the dog is dangerous, potentially destructive, and uncontrollable. Yet Stephen must assimilate the meaning of the dog, the meaning of his animal nature.

We know of Stephen's fondness for the image of the artist as priest. In A Portrait he envisioned himself transmuting the daily bread of experience into the radiant body of everliving life. The radiant body still seems more comfortable to him than the daily bread of experience. Boyle points out that Stephen uses the alchemical word transmute instead of transubstantiate. This alchemical rather than religious word emphasizes the working with materia prima and forces one's attention to the creation of the work from lowly substances. Stephen must become comfortable with these substances, and Bloom is helpful as a meditating figure here.

It is Bloom who has fed the dog throughout the night, and when he sees Stephen's condition at Bella's, he immediately wishes to feed him. But because he has fed the dog, he has nothing for Stephen. He finds Stephen smoking (a sterile oral gratification perhaps), and when Stephen drops his cigarette, Bloom picks it up, deposits it in a grate, and says, "Don't smoke. You ought to eat. Cursed dog I met" (560).
Yet in a sense, Bloom has fed Stephen. He has responded to the side of Stephen that needs nourishment—his animal side—and in this night experience, Stephen's hungry instinctual side has, in effect, both sought out Bloom and been fed by him.

We know from following Bloom through his day that he is an inveterate feeder even more that he is an inveterate eater. During the course of this long day, he had fed the cat, Molly, the gulls, and the dog—or dogs—and now, seated in the cabman's shelter with a thirsty and not-too-sober Stephen, Bloom, hampered by the sometimes stilted, circumloquacious language of the narrator, thinks, "Something substantial he certainly ought to eat, were it only an eggflip made on unadulterated maternal nutriment, or, failing that, the homely Humpty Dumpty boiled" (656). Of course this language is not necessarily Bloom's at all, for we have a narrator telling us in his turgid style what Bloom has apparently been thinking. But what happens to language in this episode offers a clue to what happens to meals and body functions as well. What Bloom has thought of here as substantial is described in anything but substantial terms. The "eggflip" suggests a scrambled egg made with milk, which has itself become "unadulterated maternal nutriment." In place of one clear, monosyllabic noun, we have two latinate adjectives, one judgmental, the other more simply descriptive, and a latinate noun. The boiled egg alternative has become a "homely Humpty Dumpty," a literary allusion.

Bloom's major concern for Stephen, however, involves Stephen's eating habits, and their relationship begins, if not ends, with food. Bloom is sincerely worried about Stephen's poor diet. "Can't you drink that coffee, by the way? Let me stir it and take a piece of that bun. . . . Try a bit" (634). Again, later, he urges, "Have a shot at it now," and Stephen reluctantly tries "the offending beverage" (635). Bloom doesn't let the subject drop, but continues to urge solid food: "I'm a stickler for solid food. . . . You ought to eat more solid food. You would feel like a different man." Stephen's reply, "Liquids I can eat" (635), reinforces Sheldon Brivic's argument that Stephen's rejection of solid foods is associated with his rejection of the material world, "his bitter recoil from the world of matter" that goes back to his mother's death and her association with things mutable. Again, when Stephen does think of food, it is in relation to his family, all of
whom are going hungry. Here his "mind's eye" vision of another
dismal family meal, couched in the narrator's murky language (less
murky when dealing with uglier aspects of the scene), still conveys a
realistic picture of their poverty:

His sister, Dilly, sitting by the ingle, her hair hanging down, waiting for
some weak Trinidad shell cocoa that was in the sootcoated kettle to be
done so that she and he could drink it with the oatmeal water for milk after
the Friday herrings they had eaten at two a penny, with an egg apiece for
Maggy, Boody and Katey, the cat meanwhile under the mangle devouring
a mess of eggshells and charred fish heads and bones on a square of brown
paper in accordance with the third precept of the church to fast and abstain
on the days commanded, it being quarter tense or, if not, ember days or
something like that (620).

This picture of hungry children admonished by the church to fast and
abstain is both an ironic and pathetic picture. It somewhat explains
Stephen's need to avoid that real world, the world of experience, of
concrete objects, of matter, and of food.

Stephen's unpleasant associations and Bloom's unsuccessful urgings
are not only in keeping with their characters, but are important corre­
lated with the language of the chapter. Critics have made a number of
negative comments about this language. It has been called "flatulent"
by Hayman, "diminished" by Bruns, "decrepit" by Gilbert, and "de­
ceptive, using circumlocutions and euphemism" by French.64

Marilyn French is perhaps getting closer to the problem of the
language when she observes that the "ungrammatical relations"
among elements of the sentences as well as the paragraphs points to
"wrenched, distorted or inadequate relations among things."65 What
interests us here is one kind of relation, namely the relation between
life as process and life as fiction, and the role of language in the
creation of that fiction. The fiction itself is not "wrong" because it
deceives; the language that separates fiction from its source in process
is, however, a language that destroys its own life.

In these final episodes—"Eumaeus," "Ithaca," and "Penelope," we
have the "Nostos," or homecoming chapters, and the emergence of
the creator of Ulysses. But we cannot forget that this creator is still the
artist/priest figure who must enter the accidents of his ink and infuse it
with life. Turning to Father Boyle's discussion of Joyce's use of the
eucharistic image, we recall that the transmutation of the daily bread
of experience means, in terms of the mass, that the bread into which
Christ has entered has taken on his substance. As the bread becomes changed, becomes the Christ, so the daily bread of experience becomes the artist. However, "Eumaeus" is a comment on the failure of this "transmution" to take place, or so the creator of Ulysses would have us believe, and the creator of Ulysses, as opposed to the narrator of "Eumaeus," creates that disparity for us by separating language from process.

When we examine the meal that takes place in the cabman's shelter, we see the problem of language delineated in an interesting way. Language as a function of the upper body pole—of mind and mouth—stands opposed to the lower body pole-expression. Food, expressed in language, becomes something other than food; it becomes words that stand for words.

For example, wine in "Eumaeus" becomes one of the "drinkables" Bloom mentions that are "in the shape of a milk and soda or a mineral" (613). It no longer possesses its sacred transformational qualities. Bloom, it is true, allows as how it is "both nourishing and blood-making and possessing aperient virtues" (615), but the nourishing, transformational, and purgative functions of the wine are lost in a wordy lecture on the evils of drink. Its magical properties have been buried in language that is full of conceptualizing, moralizing, and judgmental phrases and get lost in "the much vexed question of stimulants" (615).

The coffee that Bloom is so intent on getting into Stephen is described as a "boiling swimming cup of a choice concoction labelled coffee" (622). It is also referred to as "coffee, or whatever you like to call it" (645), or a "cup of what was temporarily supposed to be called coffee" (622).

The roll or bun Stephen is served undergoes the same kind of treatment. We hear of the "socalled roll" (623) and "a roll of some description" (622), an "antediluvian specimen of a bun" (622). It is also "like one of our skipper's bricks disguised" (634).

References to bread show the same tendencies. When Bloom smells the baking bread as he passes the bakery, his sense response is lost as the narrator describes him inhaling "with internal satisfaction . . . the very palatable odour of our daily bread" (614). Not only is the description of a simple act laden with polysyllabic adjectives, but bread has now become "our daily bread." The phrase is biblical and a cliché. Bloom continues to think of bread in literary/musical terms as well as
in puns, as he muses, "Of all commodities of the public the primary and most indespensable. Bread, the staff of life, earn your own bread, O tell me where is fancy bread? At Rourke's the baker's, it is said" (614). Although this passage is also witty and more Bloomian than most of the passages in "Eumaeus, "wordiness and a judgmental tone force us to recall that for Joyce, words were things, animated by a life of their own. But here words are denied most connotative and even denotative functions. They tend to be abstract and are not animating. They are merely words. By drawing attention to themselves as words they lose their connection with process, of which we are reminded only euphemistically in "Eumaeus."

And yet, despite the seemingly deadening effects of the language, life and process go on. In the very beginning of the chapter, we are told of the "fetid atmosphere of the livery stables" (613) and are given, in euphemistic phrasing, a slightly excremental image that will be important to the later portion of the chapter when the sweeper's horse (obviously in the employ of the author of Ulysses) comes on to clear up his narrator's linguistic waste. The horse seems to share most resoundingly his creator's view when, "having reached the end of his tether so to speak" it halts and, "rearing high a proud feathering tail," adds its own "quota by letting fall on the floor, which the brush would soon brush up and polish, three smoking globes of turds" (665). The final phrase suggests that the pretentious language has also fallen with those turds.67

Thus, in "Eumaeus," food and life substances are turned into clichés. Mulligan is thought by Bloom to know "which side his bread is buttered on" (620); Bloom nourishes suspicions about Murphy (626); he refers to "the cream of the joke" (617), of spoiling "the hash" (657), or of being "warm as a toast on a trivet" (658). Finally, and in anticipation of "Ithaca," this meal becomes a written cipher: "coffee 2 d., confectionary do" (660).

However, there is, as I have said, a real world going on despite the artificial language. The ice cream car is adjacent to the urinal; the cabman's shelter, despite its colorful name, is still a place to eat, and within this eating place some interesting artistic events take place. We learn something more about fiction.

The most interesting comment on the separation of language from process, and its relation to the making of real as opposed to false fiction, occurs here in the person of our dubious sailor, W. B.
Murphy. That Murphy is a liar, a sham sailor, a spinner of elaborate fictions cannot be debated. He may even be, as Maddox has suggested, a “witty portrait of the artist as James Joyce” who “combines a pretense of self-revelation with a great deal of shamming.”

Whether or not Murphy is Joyce, he is nonetheless a figure of major importance. First, despite the fact that “Eumaeus” has been characterized as a tired chapter, Murphy is anything but a tired character. He abounds with energy in spite of the seemingly devitalizing effects of language. One factor that contributes to the vividness of Murphy is his dialogue. Much of the chapter contains indirect dialogue, but Murphy is allowed direct speech. Another element that enhances Murphy’s vividness is the fact that he is an ingester. Beneath the euphemisms of the narrator, we see Murphy first in terms of “a pair of drowsy baggy eyes, rather bunged up from excessive use of boose” (623). He relates his tales while chewing tobacco. At one point we get a picture of him with two flasks of ships’ rum “sticking one out of each pocket for the private consumption of his burning interior” and from which he takes “a good old delectable swig . . . with a gurgling noise” (638).

But Murphy not only ingests; he eliminates as well. Directed to the urinal by an unseen person, but “giving it a wide berth,” we are told that he has “eased himself close at hand, the noise of his bilgewater some little time subsequently spashing on the ground where it apparently woke a horse of the cabrank” (638-39).

Murphy’s tales are obviously suspect, but they are characterized by what might be seen as an excessive attention to eating in various forms and under some strange conditions. As he talks, he uses “his partially chewed plug” to aid him in his narration:

I seen queer things too, ups and downs. I seen a crocodile bite the fluke of an anchor same as I chew that quid.

He took out of his mouth the pulpy quid and lodging it between his teeth, bit ferociously (625).

The “pulpy quid,” reminiscent of Molly’s chewed seedcake and the regurgitated cud of the terrier in “Lestrygonians,” might cause us to look on Murphy as part of a more fertile and imaginative world than the sterile linguistic one in which he seems trapped.

In any case, Murphy is particularly animated by his tale of the Peruvian maneaters “that eats corpses and the livers of horses” (625). He embellishes on these cannibals in terms of their eating habits:
“Chews cocoa all day long. . . . Stomachs like breadgraters. Cuts off their diddies when they can't bear no more children” (626). His references are supposedly verified by a postcard that only seems to prove the falsity of person and tale. Yet his tale involves a subject that connects with important motifs of the book. Certainly Bloom and Stephen have both concerned themselves with cannibalism—Stephen with a personal, mother-oriented kind, Bloom with a ritualized and more universal version. Murphy, ignorant of the symbolism behind the maneaters’ actions and the association of such activities with the establishment of community survival and fertility, would never connect the cannibals’ actions with the eating of the god projected in the symbolism of the mass. But Joyce would, and part of his strategy here seems to be to present these ritualized and highly symbolic acts as naked manifestations of energy, as a counterpoint to the conceptualized and deadeningly civilized style of the narrative.

As the narrator’s language separates words from things that live, Murphy’s language gives animation but lacks conceptualizing ability. Contrasting language that has become literary with language that is basically oral, Joyce can point up the problem of differentiating between fiction that is false and fiction that is real.

Murphy’s role has other ramifications. He speaks of the Chinese eating rats in soup and the lice that eat him (he, like Stephen, does not bathe much). Of the lice he says, “Sucks your blood dry they does” (631). The rat that gets plump on graveyard meals, that so appalls and fascinates Bloom, and the vampire images that so appall and fascinate Stephen are played on and given new fictional treatment in the form of Murphy. Each of these threatening eaters of the dead lives off Murphy in some way, but none devitalizes him. The lice are carried on his skin; the rats are carried in his tale. In both cases, the devourer has been ingested, or neutralized, by Murphy and has become part of his sailor-storyteller corporeality. None of Murphy’s gruesome tales evokes the slightest horror from his listeners because Murphy has transformed the horror into comedy.

As the final act, Murphy opens his shirt to reveal a tattoo about which there is, of course, a story, a story that involves eating. Murphy’s tattoo has been done by one Antonio who just happens to have drawn himself on Murphy’s chest and who can be made to curse the mate or laugh at a “yarn” when Murphy pulls the right way on his skin. Antonio is the harbinger of Shem in *Finnegans Wake*, who will
write the history of the human race on his skin with his own excremental ink.

Antonio has written himself into the accidents of body and skin much as Christ unites with the accidents of bread and wine. The artist has not simply disappeared into his work; he has been transaccidentated. As Shem is described as "transaccidentated by the slow fires of consciousness," and as Stephen has the "smithy of his soul" in which to effect the work, so Murphy has his "burning interior" (638). The accidents of the ink, or here the tattoo and skin, like Joyce's many styles, will cause him to appear as symbolist, ironist, and realist.

Antonio has his story, too. He has been devoured by sharks: "He's gone too. Ate by sharks after. Ay Ay," Murphy laments (631). Given what we know about Stephen's fear of being devoured or drowned, we must take this denouement as an important element. In the outpouring of trivial and stultifying language, there has emerged a figure who embodies the act of storytelling while he lives comfortably with process. He assimilates his experience in a particularly brilliant way, thanks to Joyce. As a man of the earth (or the sea), he is at home with his body functions, and he carries on his own skin a history that is both picture and tale. He carries on his chest both the form and substance of art, the artist written into his work who, subsequently and inevitably, is devoured by life but remains smiling and cursing through the accidents that are his medium.

In "Eumaeus," the artist and priest is in total control and proves it by encasing himself in a dead language only to transcend it. Should we fail to get his message, Joyce has left it indelibly printed on Murphy's skin. Art and life interplay. False art is stripped away to reveal kinesis, without which art cannot be made.

"Ithaca" is always discussed as the episode where Bloom and Stephen share a secular communion over their cups of Epps's cocoa. This cocoa, described as "Epps's massproduct, the creature cocoa" (677), has long been thought of as a food that Joyce has related to the mass, in which, as Gifford puts it, "Bloom is functioning as priest, Stephen as communicant." Tindall sees Stephen as receiving the body of the host and finds cocoa to be, according to Webster's, botanically called theobroma, a Greek word for god-food. Tindall then goes on to say that "receiving Bloom's god food, Stephen, the young dog pretending to be god, becomes a god. Through 'creature' (or
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created) cocoa he puts on creative power.” Whether or not one accepts Tindall’s full exegesis, there seems to be little doubt that Joyce is almost forcing his readers to see a relationship between food, god, human and spiritual communion, and creativity. But again, as in “Eu­maeus,” the style of the chapter suggests a disparity between form and content, which again tends to separate the basic transformational functions of eating from the transformational function of creating art through words.

One of the first things to be noted about the food references in “Ithaca” is that they, like a number of other elements, are subject to cataloguing. One of the first among many lists involves the contents of “the lower middle and upper shelves of the kitchen dresser opened by Bloom” (675). On the middle shelf, among other items, are:

An empty pot of Plumtree’s potted meat, an oval wicker basket bedded with fibre and containing one Jersey pear, a halfempty bottle of William Gibney and Co’s white invalid port, half disrobed of its swathe of coral-pink tissue paper, a packet of Epps’s soluble cocoa, five ounces of Anne Lynch’s choice tea at 2/-per lb. in a crinkled leadpaper bag, a cylindrical canister containing the best crystallised lump sugar, two onions, one the larger, Spanish, entire, the other, smaller, Irish, bisected with augmented surface and more redolent, a jar of Irish Model Dairy’s cream, a jug of brown crockery containing a noggin and a quarter of soured adulterated milk, converted by heat into water, acidulous serum and semisolidified curds (675).

Under this rather tedious listing is contained the story of Molly’s affair with Boylan that afternoon as well as a number of items associated with Molly herself—the pear, cream, onions, and Spain. We have heard about Plumtree’s potted meat throughout the day and have by now endowed the phrase (for it is first an ad) with a number of associative meanings, mostly having to do with fertility, potency, cannibalism, sacrifice, and death. We do not know until later that the “empty pot” of meat and the half-empty bottle of port are the remains of Boylan’s and Molly’s feast. Nevertheless, Bloom doubtless sus­pects that they are. But more important is the question of what this listing does for us as readers. It purports to be a straightforward, objective denotative listing of items, but what are we to make of a port bottle that is described as “half disrobed of its swathe of coral-pink tissue paper,” after which “lump” sugars and the “adulterated milk” creep into consciousness with the connotative potential.

Later on, another list appears, this time in conjunction with
Bloom’s account of his day’s expenditures. On this list appear the foods he has purchased—his pork kidney, “Banbury cakes,” “Lunch,” “1 Dinner and Gratification,” “1 Pig’s Foot,” “1 Sheep’s Trotter,” “1 Cake Fry’s plain chocolate,” “1 Square soda bread,” and “1 Coffee and bun” (711). These items appear in an impersonal listing but they are surely highly connotative to the reader. Indeed, as Hugh Kenner has rightly observed, “Though ‘objective’ is what we generally hear ‘Ithaca’ called, objective is exactly what it is not.”

What then is the relationship between language and content, especially content that relates to the digestive process? As we have seen in “Eumaeus,” Joyce’s prose style is a disguise thrown off to reveal the all-too-human Murphy who carries his tale of transformation on his transforming skin. Hence, we may suspect Joyce of doing the same thing in a different way in “Ithaca.” Whereas Joyce uses the prose style of “Eumaeus” to reveal the falsity of literary language, he seems intent here on demonstrating the limits of scientific or mathematical or technical language to suppress the organic and the human. Of course Joyce may, as critics have always contended, be attempting to diminish the implications of Bloom’s meeting with Stephen. But the point may be that relationships continue to exist only in a context of constant change despite attempts to render them meaningful or static through language.

However, Joyce’s own discussion of “Ithaca” suggests his emphasis is on the objective, abstract, and scientific quality of the language. He says: “I am writing Ithaca in the form of a mathematical catechism. All events are resolved into their cosmic, physical, psychical etc. equivalents . . . so that the reader will know everything and know it in the baldest and coldest way, but Bloom and Stephen thereby become heavenly bodies, wanderers like the stars at which they gaze.”

Yet despite Joyce’s intentions, another feeling about “Ithaca” persists. A. Walton Litz makes the helpful point that the language of “Ithaca” fails to dehumanize Bloom and Stephen, that although it removes them from the personal to the archetypal and establishes stellar reaches in place of terrestrial ones, the result is that those stellar reaches are “supersaturated with Bloom’s humanity, a humanity that is enhanced if anything by the impersonality of the prose.” It is on the macrocosmic and mythic scale that certain realities are made visible, and it is also here that true relationships are realized.

If this is so, then perhaps even abstract statements and lists of ob-
jects also are infused with their originally animate and also symbolic contexts. The presence of a type of communal meal, the mention of Plumtree's potted meat, Stephen's narration of the "Parable of the Plums," and his other "oral" rendering—the ballad of "Little Harry Hughes"—followed by his and Bloom's urination in the garden and Bloom's final rest on Molly's rear, suggest that we are still in the midst of organic life processes. Kenner's observation of "Ithaca"'s style as a "symbiosis" between author and Muse might also be extended to talk about the symbiosis between language and content, a symbiosis enhanced by the fact that the most impersonal language is used to carry the most highly connotative material.

Certainly these wanderers, like the stars, are at this point only sitting in a kitchen which, as Tindall rightly points out, is a place of creation. Bloom is, as usual, a feeder who even has affinities with Mulligan. Like Mulligan, Bloom also functions like an alchemist as he bustles about his kitchen, making fire and boiling water. Like Mulligan, Bloom is both an ingester and a feeder of Stephen. Nevertheless, Mulligan is a mock priest and contrasts with Bloom who is related to the host (673, 688, 692, 695) whose function we are supposed to take seriously within the limits of Joyce's comedy. The food he offers Stephen seems endowed with at least some significance. For example, in "Eumaeus" Bloom has been anxious about Stephen's diet and has urged him to eat solids. Stephen, however, prefers liquids. The fact that cocoa is a solid dissolved in liquid suggests in mundane terms a blend of oppositions. Perhaps the most solid food mentioned here is Molly's cream.

But Joyce is not interested in being solemn about the wrong things. If he has made this meal a kind of celebration akin to a secular mass, he seems also to be interested in undercutting its ritual aspects and does so with stilted, technical language. Thus he describes Bloom's preparations of cocoa in the following way: "He poured into two teacups two level spoonfuls, four in all, of Epps's soluble cocoa and proceeded according to the directions for use printed on the label, to each adding after sufficient time for infusion the prescribed ingredients for diffusion in the manner and in the quantity prescribed" (676). Any sense of ritual seems denied by the language that creates instead a formula in its place. Although to be sure there is some hint of formula in ritual, here formula has gone an evolutionary step forward and has become words on a label.
Another example of Joyce's use of a label involves Plumtree's potted meat. The phrase comes up as an answer to an ambiguous question posed by the narrator:

What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat?
Incomplete.
With it an abode of bliss (684).

We then hear what sounds like a mixture of label and advertising information: "Manufactured by George Plumtree, 23 Merchants' quay, Dublin, put up in 4 oz. pots, and inserted by Councillor Joseph P. Nannetti, M. P., Rotunda Ward, 19 Hardwicke street, under the obituary notices and anniversaries of deceases" (684). Here it would seem that Plumtree's Potted Meat has moved from being a clever ad in Bloom's mind to an important symbol whose ramifications are even now not yet played out. The ad has, during the day, been transformed as a result of being associated with Paddy Dignam; it is associated with the eating of the genitals of the missionary MacTrigger to insure the fertility of the chief in "Lestrygonians," and it has been the emblem of Boylan's potency. Here it seems to have lost much of its connotative quality and has been returned to a place on a label. As a label, the item has reached an ultimate state, like so much of the data in this chapter. But that is not all that occurs with it.

Returning for a moment to the description of Bloom's making of the cocoa, we infer he is reading a label because of the presence of phrases like "prescribed ingredients for the diffusing in the manner and in the quantity prescribed" (676). This description is followed by key words such as "creature cocoa" and "massproduct," which on the contrary, are loaded with the connotative material and on which interpretations like that of Tindall lean so heavily.

Another similar kind of transformation occurs with regard to Plumtree's potted meat. After the technical data has been given, there appears a different kind of sentence: "A Plumtree is a meatpot." This sentence, laden as it is with associations, begins to work transformations on both words, leading the narrator who may or may not be imitating Bloom to coin "Peatmot. Trumplee. Montpat. Plamtroo" (684). This language seems a good deal more than coldly scientific or precisely technical. Plumtree as meatpot is connotative enough. From it we may be forced to think of male and female imagery, symbols of fertility, Molly, Blazes, and the "Parable of the Plums." Does Plumtree's potted meat become elevated to some linguistic eighth sphere as
it leaves, or appears to leave, older associations behind? It would appear not. When Bloom retires to his bed he encounters not a conceptualized potted meat, but actual "flakes of potted meat, recooked" (731). A fairly elaborate cluster of associative images has been transformed into flaky remnants found, to be sure, in his bed. But these are brushed aside by Bloom. Having become actual, the potted meat is eliminated symbolically. This kind of play, this rendering of things in concrete, denotative language, from which they seemingly escape and become living entities, at least in terms of the work's fiction, imitates the mass where the divine substance is infused into the accidents of bread and wine. We are reminded of the comparison to the mass offered in the early part of the chapter and again in the examples of Bloom's kinetic poetry.

This poetry, produced after he has taken his communal meal with Stephen, is presumed to be accurate renderings of poetry Bloom has written in his youth. All of his creations, the newspaper poem, the anagrams, the acrostic he has written to Molly, share one common feature: he has written himself into each of them. For example, the last lines of the poem read:

If you so condescend
Then please place at the end
The name of yours truly, L. Bloom (678).

The anagrams he has made from his name are:

Ellpodbomool
Molldopeloob
Bollopedoone
Old Ollebo, M. P. (678).

And finally, his acrostic:

Poets oft have sung in rhyme
Of music sweet their praise divine.
Let them hymn it nine times nine.
Dearer far than song or wine.
You are mine. The world is mine.

What we have here seems to be a comic but nonetheless valid example of the poet writing himself into his art. We also have another example of identities being rearranged in terms of letters. Unlike Stephen's
dictum that the poet must disappear into his work, Poldy remains a lettered presence.

Another interesting listing that involves food occurs near the end of the chapter where events of Bloom’s day are catalogued as types of ritual. It is best to quote it in full: What Bloom “silently” recapitulates is:

The preparation of breakfast (burnt offering): intestinal congestion and premeditative defecation (holy of holies): the bath (rite of John): the funeral (rite of Samuel): the advertisement of Alexander Keyes (Urim and Thumin): the unsubstantial lunch (rite of Melchizedek): the visit to museum and national library (holy place): the bookhunt along Bedford row, Merchants’ Arch, Wellington Quay (Simchath Torah): the music in the Ormond Hotel (Shira Shirim): the altercation with a truculent troglodyte in Bernard Kiernan’s premises (holocaust): a blank period of time including a cardrive, a visit to a house of mourning, a leavetaking (wilderness): the eroticism produced by feminine exhibitionism (rite of Onan): the prolonged delivery of Mrs Mina Purefoy (heave offering): the visit to the disorderly house of Mrs Bella Cohen, 82 Tyrone street, lower and subsequent brawl and chance medley in Beaver street (Armageddon): nocturnal perambulation to and from the cabman’s shelter. Butt Bridge (atonement) [728-29]

We may be doubtful about the use of these ritual tags as tools of exegesis. Both Gifford and Thornton have elaborated extensively on these references and observed that most are to be found in the Old Testament. Gifford argues that some of the rites are keyed to certain times of the day, but this argument seems tenuous. Furthermore, some “rites” are not really rites at all. The rite of Samuel is vague. Much is made of his death in the Old Testament, but the only rites associated with him involve exorcism. The rite of Onan is misleading, since Onan masturbated and was punished by God. The wilderness suggests a number of rites of purgation and is associated with scapegoat figures, but there are numerous references to the wilderness in both Old and New Testaments. The heave offering has nothing to do with birth and seems to be used in connection with Mina Purefoy for comic effect. If the Urim and Thumin have a ritual basis it has been lost, since the words are highly abstract ones. Standing for two essential parts of the sacred oracle, the words mean “Fire” and “Truth” or “Light” and “Perfection” respectively. Also, holocaust
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and burnt offering are synonymous. As in many other places in "Ithaca," it would appear that accuracy in expression does not mean accuracy in information.

Whether the ritual tags can tell us anything is doubtful, but if we begin with the premise that all ritual acts are based on the dynamics of emptying (mortification and purgation) and filling (invigoration or feasting), we may be able to focus on the dynamics involved in each reference and the event to which it is supposedly keyed. When we do this with the burnt offering—Bloom's pork kidney—we note that this kind of sacrifice was a special one that involved the consummation of the entire animal and was performed only under priestly offices. Essentially it is a rite of purgation. Yet Bloom does not fast or purge himself here but, rather, eats. The same kind of reversal occurs with the tag holy of holies which refers to the most sacred and intermost part of the Jewish tabernacle but also, as Gifford notes, to a prayer that specifically mentions the orifices of the body and involves thanks to God for the fact that these orifices exist and are open. However, these orifices are supposedly open to receive; Bloom's orifice is presumably expelling. Here a rite of invigoration has been turned into a purgative one. The rite of John, which refers to his baptism of Jesus, seems apt in a sense, but in "Lotus Eaters" we have more of a sense of Bloom as sacrifice. A truly comic tag is the holy place which presumably refers to the museum and library. When we recall that Bloom's real purpose for visiting the museum was to view the sphincters of the goddesses, we have to realize that Joyce's purpose here is less than serious. The rite of Melchizedek, which refers to a special, even ideal priest who was considered a type of Christ and who was remembered for bearing bread and wine, seems fitting for Bloom's lunch. But the tag Simchath Torah, which Gifford tells us involves a ritual reading of the Pentateuch on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, suggests itself as another rite of filling and seems ironic, in view of the fact that the words Bloom receives come from Sweets of Sin. The "Shira Shirim," or Song of Solomon, celebrates a marriage in beautiful and sensual terms, and its application to Bloom's experience at the Ormond also seems ironic. It is true that the Song is also read in the Feast of the Tabernacles and is another rite of filling. Bloom's ingestion at this point of the day means his coming to terms with what is happening at 7 Eccles Street. If Armageddon, the apocalyptic battles between good and evil, is a rite of invigoration, it does seem appropri-
ate for "Circe," if extravagant, as is the tag atonement for Bloom's meeting with Stephen in the cabman's shelter. Also, atonement is associated with rites of mortification and involves fasting.

What all of this means is simply that these ritual tags are imprecise, to say the least, but they do suggest Bloom's multiple roles as sacrificial figure (burnt offering, holocaust), as Christ figure (rite of Melchidek, atonement), harbinger of Christ (rite of John, the wilderness), hero (Armageddon), and even suppliant (heave offering). What Joyce seems to have done is to make ritual both immanent, in terms of Bloom's acts, and transcendent. The language of the chapter takes the individual beyond the mundane and into the eternal and transpersonal. Nevertheless, rituals are not ultimately concepts but acts, and as such retain their basic character of ingestion and elimination, taking and giving. This distance between act and the name of an act is amply illustrated in "Ithaca." What is also illustrated is that distance must be bridged by art.

Stephen, as potential artist, seems to remain just that by the end of "Ithaca." He does seem to move toward some contact with the world of experience with the help of his priest/meditating figure Bloom. We see evidence of this movement in the fact that he drinks the cocoa and, having ingested some experience, he is impelled to create. His creations involve a repetition of his "Parable of the Plums," not, of course, understood by Bloom, and a new utterance, the ballad of "Little Harry Hughes."

Again, Stephen is not writing. His only written product has been his vampire poem, composed in "Proteus." He is producing rather, a derivative piece orally, and again, as in his "Parable," his meaning is not clear. But the most important fact about the ballad is its alimentary aspect. It tells us that Stephen's creative efforts continue to involve his emotional disturbance and are alimentary in origin. In the ballad, however, his problem is more disguised. The ballad describes the fate of a little Jewish boy who, while playing ball, first hits the ball over the Jew's wall, second, breaks the Jew's windows, and third, is enticed by the Jew's daughter who, having lured him into a room, cuts off his head with her penknife.

On the surface there seems to be little connection between eating and the boy's fate. But Bowen has supplied some additional lyrics that show that food is used as an enticement in the song. The additional verses are as follows:
The first she offer'd him was a fig,  
The next a finer thing,  
The third a cherry as red as blood,  
And that enticed him in.

She set him up in a gilty chair,  
She gave him sugar sweet.  
She laid him out on a dresser board  
And stabb'd him like a sheep.  

Stephen's alteration of the lines is worth noting. The image of the sheep is certainly sacrificial but the loss of head, the loss of his intellectual powers, would be far more fearsome to Stephen, and so the beheading image makes more sense. The use of a penknife as a weapon is also provocative since Stephen has previously thought of his pen (as opposed to Mulligan's lancet) as a weapon. Obviously phallic, the penknife in the hands of a temptress figure would also be extremely threatening for Stephen.

The ritual aspects of the ballad are interesting too. First, Stephen implies a ritual interpretation by his own exegesis of the words: "One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by inadvertence, twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope and youth holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation, to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him, consenting" (692). These lines suggest Stephen's fears. "Strange habitation" and "secret infidel apartment" are key images for him, going back to Davin's country woman with the batlike soul in A Portrait. They also indicate that Stephen dislikes anything secret—a word that he usually associates with his mother, with mystery and ultimately with the female as devourer.

Bloom, as "victim predestined" and also as "secret infidel" is perhaps victim in his own mind and infidel in Stephen's. But he does think of ritual murder as Stephen recites the ballad. Michael Seidel, in his study of Stephen's fondness for the vampire image, observes that Bloom has also thought of ritual murder in "Hades" where he thinks, "It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life. Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy" (108), and that ritual murder is a "form of vampirism." Seidel sees Bloom as a devouring figure too, linking him with the panther image, and argues that Stephen fails to stay the night because he regards Bloom not only as a father figure
and savior, but also as a vampire, taking new life from Stephen. If Seidel is right, we have both in the figures of Bloom and Molly, as well as in the image of ritual murder, aspects of devouring that must work on deep levels of Stephen’s psyche. If Stephen’s phobia becomes the reason for rejection of Bloom’s hospitality, we have at least one hopeful consequence resulting from the recitation of the ballad. Instead of his strange laugh, Stephen has attempted to explain his song. Nonetheless, it is not Stephen who is the artist here, only the creator of Ulysses.

If Bloom and Stephen are wanderers among the stars, they are also urinators in the garden, where, “contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of their his noth his fellow faces” (702), they, like both victim and infidel, do blend. But the blending is not in terms of actual existence; it is on the mythic level. We can see this blending of oppositions in their thoughts. Bloom focuses on the actual: “the problems of irritability, tumescence, rigidity, reactivity, dimension, sanitariness, pelosity,” and Stephen abstracts process and thinks of “the problem of the sacerdotal integrity of Jesus circumcised” (703), a problem of spiritual wholeness limited by physical dismemberment.

The reconciliation/resolution of the book must mainly involve Bloom, and, of course, Molly. And it is no accident that “Ithaca” ends in the right place—on Molly’s rear. The message of the potted meat is life’s cyclical repetition of eating and elimination, both of food and of lovers. The narrator tells us not that Bloom smiles but that had he smiled, he would have smiled to reflect that: “Each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one” (731).

Bloom’s settling down on Molly’s rump for the night reconciles the opposition of being neither “first, last, only, alone, whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity” (731). In this sense Bloom has, in truth, succeeded Boylan. His equanimity is based on the important knowledge that “processes of adaptation to altered conditions of existence” is a reality. Yet this conviction is also the key to “Ithaca”’s style. Language, as it is used as process, adapted “to altered conditions of existence,” remains alive and is realized in a “reciprocal equilibrium.” That is, just as an equilibrium is realized between “the bodily organism and
its attendant circumstances, foods, beverages, acquired habits, indulged inclinations” (733), so “Ithaca” projects a similar equilibrium between energy of language, the body, and notions of plot and character that make up the “attendant circumstances.”

Bloom’s true atonement involves the merging of the cosmic and the organic, and their merging is explicitly conveyed by the relationship established between the “eastern and western terrestrial hemispheres” and Molly’s “adipose posterior female hemispheres.” The passage that follows is an encomium to the digestive process and to all bodily, excretory, hence creative, energies, and Molly’s rump becomes: “redolent of milk and honey and of excretory sanguine and seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude, insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarieties of expression, expressive of mute immutable mature animality” (734). This most connotative of passages, associating Molly with the promised land, suggests her as a source of creative liquids—liquids that Stephen fears. Yet Molly’s rear, as it is “expressive of mute immutable mature animality” is a contradiction that seems appropriate. It is the muteness of raw energy—Stephen’s “vital sea”—that is the enveloping symbol for “Ithaca” and for Bloom. This enveloping symbol encompasses both impression and expression. Bloom’s “at-one-ment” with Molly’s rump and his understanding of it as symbol even provides him with a “proximate erection” (734).

Finally, language and organic substances combine and bring forth newly created words. As Bloom kisses (ingests) the “plump mellow yellow swallow melons of her rump” (734), touch, sound, smell, and sight are taken up and transformed linguistically, expressing Bloom’s final fading thoughts on kissing each “plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation” (734-35). Bloom as “manchild in the womb” has not regressed, but is ready to be born into a new day and falls asleep appropriately, under the “square round” of the picture of the auk’s egg. The final answer to the final question, “Where?”, is self-evident.