

prototype of a cake in Proust, the madeleine, la coquille de Saint Jacques. These shells were used as money by the Africans.

Deasy asks him to take a letter he has typed and have it printed in the *Evening Telegraph*. Mr. Deasy, a philistine and a busybody, not unlike M. Homais in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Mr. Deasy pompously discusses in his letter a local cattle plague. Deasy is full of vicious political clichés taking a philistine's usual crack at minorities. England he says "is in the hands of the jews. . . . As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction." To which Stephen very sensibly replies that a merchant is one who buys cheap and sells dear, Jew or Gentile: a wonderful squelching answer to bourgeois anti-Semitism.

### PART ONE, CHAPTER 3

*Time:* Between ten and eleven in the morning.

*Action:* Stephen walks to the city by way of the beach, Sandymount strand. We shall glimpse him later, still walking steadily, on our way to Dignam's funeral when Bloom, Cunningham, Power, and Simon Dedalus, Stephen's father, drive in a carriage to the cemetery; and then we shall meet him again at his first destination, the (*Telegraph*) newspaper office. As Stephen walks on the beach he meditates on many things: the "ineluctable modality of the visible," *ineluctable* meaning "not to be overcome" and *modality* "form as opposed to substance"; the two old women, midwives, whom he sees; the resemblance of the cocklepicker's bag to a midwife's bag; his mother; his uncle Richie; various passages from Deasy's letter; Egan the Irish revolutionary in exile; Paris; the sea; his mother's death. He sees two other cocklepickers, two gypsies (*Egyptians* means "gypsies"), a man and a woman, and his mind immediately supplies him with samples of rogues' lingo, rogue words, gypsy talk.\*

*White thy fambles, red thy gan  
And thy quarrons dainty is.  
Couch a hogshead with me then.  
In the darkmans clip and kiss.*

A man has been recently drowned. He has already been mentioned by the boatmen when Mulligan and Haines were bathing and Stephen watching; he is a character who will reappear. "Five fathoms out there. Full

\*"I have looked this up in the same special dictionary where Stephen and Joyce found the words: *mori* means 'woman'; *bing awast*, to Romeville—'going to London'; *wap*—'love'; *dimber wapping dell*—'a pretty loving woman'; *fambles*—'hands'; *gan*—'mouth'; *quarrons*—'body'; *couch a hogshead*—'lie down'; *darkmans*—'night.'" VN

fathom five thy father lies. At once he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising saltwhite from the undertow, bobbing landward, a pace a pace a porpoise. There he is. Hook it quick. Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpse gas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwhale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun. . . .

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

His hand groped vainly in his pockets. No, I didn't. Better buy one.

He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look who will.

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship."

In chapter 7 of part two we learn that this is the schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgwater, loaded with bricks. It is bringing Murphy, who will meet Bloom in the cabman's shelter, like two ships meeting at sea.

### PART TWO, CHAPTER 1

*Style:* Joyce logical and lucid.

*Time:* Eight in the morning, synchronized with Stephen's morning.

*Place:* 7 Eccles Street, where the Blooms live in the northwest part of the town; Upper Dorset Street is in the immediate vicinity.

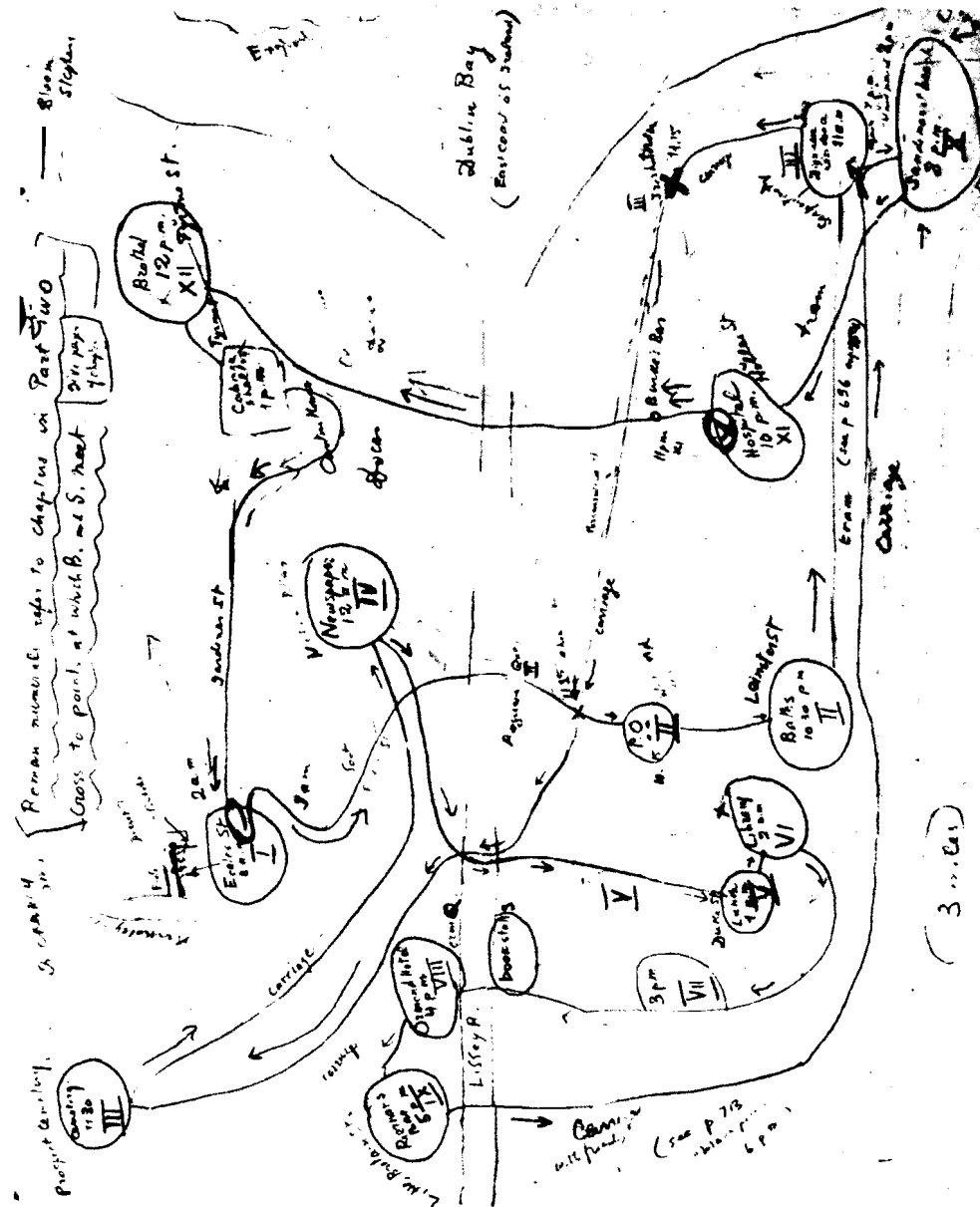
*Main characters:* Bloom; his wife; incidental characters: the pork-butcher Dlugacz, from Hungary like Bloom, and the maid servant of the Woods family next door, 8 Eccles Street. Who is Bloom? Bloom is the son of a Hungarian Jew Rudolph Virag (which means "flower" in Hungarian), who changed his name to Bloom, and of Ellen Higgins, of mixed Irish and Hungarian descent. Thirty-eight years old, born in 1866 in Dublin. Attended a school conducted by a Mrs. Ellis, then high school with Vance as a teacher, finished schooling in 1880. Because of neuralgia and loneliness after his wife's death, Bloom's father committed suicide in 1886. Bloom met Molly, the daughter of Brian Tweedy, when they were paired off in a game of musical chairs in Mat Dillon's house. He married her on 8 October

1888, he being twenty-two and she eighteen. Their daughter Milly was born on 15 June 1889, son Rudy in 1894, died when only eleven days old. At first Bloom was an agent for the stationery firm of Wisdom Hely's, at one time he had also been with a firm of cattle dealers working at the cattle market. Lived in Lombard Street from 1888 to 1893, in Raymond Terrace from 1893 to 1895, at Ontario Terrace in 1895 and for a period before that at the City Arms Hotel, and then in Holles Street in 1897. In 1904 they live in 7 Eccles Street.

Their house is narrow, with two front windows in each of its three front stories. The house no longer exists, but was actually empty in 1904, the year which Joyce some fifteen years later after correspondence with a relative, Aunt Josephine, selected for his invented Blooms. When a Mr. Finneran took over in 1905, he little imagined (says my informer Patricia Hutchins who wrote a charming book on *James Joyce's Dublin* [1950]) Mr. Finneran little imagined the literary ghosts which were yet to have lived there. The Blooms occupy two rooms on the hall floor (if seen from the front, Eccles Street; in the second story if seen from the rear), of their three-story rented house (if seen from the front), with the kitchen in the basement (or first story, if seen from the rear). The parlor is the front room; the bedroom is on the other side, and there is a little back garden. It is a cold-water flat with no bathroom, but a water closet on the landing and a rather mouldy privy in the back garden. The two stories above the Blooms are empty and for rent—in fact the Blooms have put a card on the front room window sash of the hall floor, saying "unfurnished apartments."

**Action:** Bloom in the basement kitchen prepares breakfast for his wife, talks charmingly to the cat; then while the kettle sits sideways on the fire "dull and squat, its spout stuck out," he walks up to the hallway and, having decided to buy for himself a pork kidney, tells Molly through the bedroom door that he is going round the corner. A sleepy soft grunt answered: "Mn." A certain slip of paper is safe in the leather headband of his hat, "the sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha" (sweat has obliterated the *t*). The slip of paper is the card with a phony name Henry Flower which he will produce in the next chapter at the postal substation on Westland Row to obtain a letter from a Martha Clifford, pseudonym, with whom he is carrying on a clandestine correspondence that originated in the lovelorn column in the *Irish Times*. He has forgotten

Nabokov's map of Bloom's and Stephen's travels in *Ulysses*, part two





card for her mother to thank her for a 15 June birthday present, a lovely box of chocolate creams. Milly writes "I am getting on swimming in the photo business now." When Mulligan was swimming after breakfast a young friend told him he had received a card from Bannon in Westmeath: "Says he found a sweet young thing down there. Photo girl he calls her." Milly's letter continues: "There is to be a concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells he sings Boylan's . . . song about those seaside girls." In a sense, to Bloom, Blazes Boylan, Molly's four o'clock lover, is what, to Stephen, Buck Mulligan is, the gay usurper. All of Joyce's pieces fit: Molly, Bannon, Mulligan, Boylan. You will enjoy the wonderfully artistic pages, one of the greatest passages in all literature, when Bloom brings Molly her breakfast. How beautifully the man writes!

"—Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

—O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

—What are you singing?

—*Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*.

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Like foul flowerwater.

Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread in her mouth, asking:

—What time is the funeral?

—Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No? Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumpled, shiny sole.

—No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

—It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in the bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot.

—Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you.

She swallowed a draught of tea from her cup held by nothandle and, having wiped her finger tips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word.

—Met him what? he asked.

—Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

—Metempsychosis?

—Yes. Who's he when he's at home?

—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eye. The same young eyes. The first night after the charades. Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*. Hello. Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriagewhip. Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked. Sheet kindly lent. *The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from him with an oath*. Cruelty behind it all. Doped animals. Trapeze at Hengler's. Had to look the other way. Mob gaping. Break your neck and we'll break our sides. Families of them. Bone them young so they metempsychosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies. Dignam's soul . . .

—Did you finish it? he asked.

—Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the first fellow all the time?

—Never read it. Do you want another?

—Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching its flow sideways.

Must get that Capel street library book renewed or they'll write to Kearney, my guarantor. Reincarnation: that's the word.

—Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example?

The *Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the Easter number of *Photo Bits*: Splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages.

—Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

—There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

—The kidney! he cried suddenly."

Equally artistic is the end of the chapter where through the back door into the garden, to the earth closet, goes Bloom. The hat is the link for some musings. He mentally hears the bell of Drago, the barbershop (Drago, however, is on Dawson Street far to the south)—and mentally sees Boylan, with brown glossy hair, coming out after having had a wash and a brush up, which suggests to Bloom a bath at the Taro Street baths, but he will go to Leinster Street instead.

In the beautifully described scene in the privy Bloom reads a magazine story, "Matcham's Masterstroke," and echoes of this will vibrate here and there throughout *Ulysses*. There is something of an artist about old Bloom, as in the dance of the hours that he on his warm seat imagines. "Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still true to life also. Day, then the night.

He tore away half the prize story sharply and wiped himself with it. Then he girded up his trousers, braced and buttoned himself. He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and came forth from the gloom into the air.

In the bright light, lightened and cooled in limb, he eyed carefully his black trousers, the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find out in the paper."

The clock tolls a quarter to nine. Dignam will be buried at eleven.

## PART TWO, CHAPTER 2

*Time:* Between ten and eleven in the morning of 16 June.

*Place:* Various streets to the south of the Liffey, the river that crosses Dublin from west to east.

*Characters:* Bloom; an acquaintance M'Coy who stops him in the street and asks him to put his name down at Dignam's funeral which he cannot attend since "There's a drowning case at Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go down if the body is found."

M'Coy's wife is a singer but not as good as Marion Bloom is. Another character who talks to Bloom in the street at the end of the chapter is Bantam Lyons, of whom I shall speak presently in connection with the Ascot race theme.

*Action and style:* Bloom is at first seen on Sir John Rogerson's Quay, which runs south of the Liffey and which he has reached on foot from Eccles Street, his home, a mile away northwest of the Liffey. On the way he has bought a morning paper, the *Freeman*. The stream of consciousness is the main device in this chapter. From the quay Bloom walks south to the post office, transferring the address card from behind the headband of his hat to his waistcoat pocket. His thoughts float from the window of the Oriental Tea Company into a world of fragrancy and flowers. At the post office there is a letter for him from the unknown Martha Clifford whom we shall never meet. While Bloom talks to M'Coy in the street his roving eye watches a woman about to get into a carriage. "Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!" Ankles in 1904 were more seldom seen than today. But a heavy tramcar honks and lumbers between Bloom's watchful eye and the lady. "Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and the peri. Always happening like that. The very moment. Girl in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering the display of. *Esprit de corps*. Well, what are you gaping at?"

Now walking down Cumberland Street Bloom reads Martha's letter. Its sentimental vulgarity affects his senses, and his thoughts run to soft satisfactions. He passes under a railway bridge. The image of the barrels of beer, Dublin's chief item of export, is suggested by the rumble of the train above, just as the sea suggests barreled porter to Stephen walking on the beach. "In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling." This is quite close to Bloom's vision of flowing beer: "An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth." This is still another synchronization. One should note that this chapter will end with the word *flower* in a paragraph of Bloom in his bath that has some relation to Stephen's imaginings of the drowned man. Bloom foresees: "his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of his