

something not very nice that you could imagine sometimes in the bed. But this was altogether different from a thing like that because there was all the difference because she could almost feel him draw her face to his and the first quick hot touch of his handsome lips. Besides there was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing before being married."

Of the stream of Bloom's thought little need be said. You understand the physiological situation—love at a distance (*Bloomism*). You recognize the stylistic contrast between the rendering of Bloom's thought, impressions, recollections, sensations, and the vicious parody of a literary girlishness in the first part of the chapter. His batlike thoughts vibrate and zigzag in the twilight. There is always, of course, his thought about Boylan and Molly; and there is also the earliest mention of Molly's first admirer in Gibraltar, Lieutenant Mulvey, who kissed her under the Moorish wall beside the gardens, when she was fifteen. We also realize with a pang of compassion that Bloom did notice, after all, the newsboys in the street near Nelson's Pillar in the newspaper-office chapter, who imitated him as he walked. Bloom's highly artistic definition of a bat ("Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands") is absolutely enchanting, and an equally charming and artistic thought comes to him about the sun: "Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look at a shoe see a blotch blob yellowish. Wants to stamp his trademark on everything." This is as good as Stephen. There is the touch of the artist about old Bloom.

The chapter ends with Bloom dozing away for a few winks, and the clock on the mantelpiece of the priest's house nearby (the service in the church now over) proclaims with its cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo the plight of Bloom, the cuckold. It was very odd, he finds, that his watch had stopped at half past four.

PART TWO, CHAPTER 11

Time: Around ten o'clock at night.

Place: The first line means in Irish, "Let us go south [of the Liffey] to Holles Street," and it is thither that Bloom wanders. In the second paragraph the pun in Horhorn refers to the head of the maternity hospital in Holles Street, Sir Andrew Horne, a real person. And in the next paragraph in "hoopsa boyaboy" we hear a generalized midwife elevating a generalized newborn baby. Bloom comes to the hospital to visit Mrs. Purefoy in the throes of childbirth (her baby is born in the course of the chapter). Bloom is not able to see her but instead has beer and sardines in the medical mess.

Characters: Nurse Callan whom Bloom talks to; the resident doctor, Dixon, who once treated Bloom for a bee sting. Now, in keeping with the grotesquely epic tone of the chapter the bee is promoted to a dreadful dragon. There are also various medical students: Vincent Lynch, whom we and Father Conmee saw around three with a girl in a suburban field, Madden, Crotthers, Punch Costello, and a very drunken Stephen, all sitting at a table where Bloom joins them. A little later Buck Mulligan appears with his friend Alec Bannon, the Bannon from whom came the postcard in the first chapter that he was attracted by Milly, Bloom's daughter, in Mullingar.

Action: Dixon leaves the company to attend to Mrs. Purefoy. The rest sit and drink. "A gallant scene in truth it made. Crotthers was there at the foot of the table in his striking Highland garb, his face glowing from the briny airs of the Mull of Galloway. There too, opposite to him was Lynch, whose countenance bore already the stigmata of early depravity and premature wisdom. Next the Scotchman was the place assigned to Costello, the eccentric, while at his side was seated in stolid repose the squat form of Madden. The chair of the resident indeed stood vacant before the hearth but on either flank of it the figure of Bannon in explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues contrasted sharply with the primrose elegance and townbred manners of Malachi Roland St John Mulligan. Lastly at the head of the board was the young poet who found a refuge from his labours of pedagogy and metaphysical inquisition in the convivial atmosphere of Socratic discussion, while to right and left of him were accommodated the flippant prognosticator, fresh from the hippodrome [Lenahan], and that vigilant wanderer [Bloom], soiled by the dust of travel and combat and stained by the mire of an indelible dishonour, but from whose steadfast and constant heart no lure or peril or threat or degradation could ever efface the image of that voluptuous loveliness which the inspired pencil of Lafayette [the photographer who took a picture of Molly] has limned for ages yet to come."

Mrs. Purefoy's child is born. Stephen suggests that they all go to Burke's, a bar. The hullabaloo at the bar is rendered in a manner where I find reflected the grotesque, inflated, broken, mimicking, and punning style of the author's next and last novel, *Finnegans Wake* (1939), one of the greatest failures in literature.

Style: To quote from Richard M. Kain's *Fabulous Voyager* (1947): "The style of this chapter is a series of parodies of English prose from Anglo-Saxon down to modern slang. . . ."

*VN adds, "and is not a success." Ed.

For what they are worth, here are the most important parodies which have been identified: Anglo-Saxon, Mandeville, Malory, Elizabethan prose, Browne, Bunyan, Pepys, Sterne, the Gothic novel, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Macaulay, Dickens (one of the most successful), Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle, modern slang, evangelistic oratory.

As the young medical students go off for drinks at Stephen's expense, the prose tumbles into broken sounds, echoes, and half-words, . . . a rendition of the stupor of intoxication."

PART TWO, CHAPTER 12

I do not know of any commentator who has correctly understood this chapter. The psychoanalytical interpretation I, of course, dismiss completely and absolutely, since I do not belong to the Freudian denomination with its borrowed myths, shabby umbrellas, and dark backstairs. To regard this chapter as the reactions of intoxication or lust on Bloom's subconscious is impossible for the following reasons:

1. Bloom is perfectly sober and for the moment impotent.
2. Bloom cannot possibly know of a number of events, characters, and facts that appear as visions in this chapter.

I propose to regard this chapter 12 as an hallucination on the author's part, an amusing distortion of his various themes. The book is itself dreaming* and having visions; this chapter is merely an exaggeration, a nightmare evolution of its characters, objects, and themes.

Time: Between eleven and midnight.

Place: Nighttown starts at the Mabbot Street entrance, in east Dublin, north of the Liffey, near the docks, exactly one mile west of Eccles Street.

Style: A nightmare comedy, with implied acknowledgement to the visions in a piece by Flaubert, *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, written some fifty years earlier.

Action: The action can be split into five scenes.

Scene I: Main characters: Two English soldiers, Carr and Compton, who will attack Stephen later in scene 5. There is a streetwalker impersonating the innocent Cissy Caffrey of chapter 10, and there are Stephen and his friend the medical student Lynch. The two privates already in this first scene heckle Stephen: "Way for the parson." "What ho, parson!" Stephen

looks like a priest, being in mourning for his mother. (Both Stephen and Bloom are in black.) Another prostitute resembles Edy Boardman. The Caffrey twins also appear: street urchins, phantasms resembling the twins, climbing up street lamps. It is worth notice that these thought associations do not occur in the mind of Bloom, who had noticed Cissy and Edy on the beach but who is absent from this first scene, whereas Stephen who is present cannot know of Cissy and Edy. The only real event in this first scene is the fact that Stephen and Lynch are heading for a house of ill-fame in Nighttown after the others, among them Buck Mulligan, have dispersed.

Scene II: Bloom appears on a stage, representing an oblique street with leaning lamps; he is anxious about Stephen and is following him. The beginning of the scene is a description of a real entrance: puffing from having run after Stephen, Bloom does buy a pig's foot and a sheep's trotter at the butcher Othousen and does narrowly miss being hit by a trolley. Then his dead parents appear—this is the author's hallucination, and Bloom's. Several other women known to Bloom, including Molly and Mrs. Breen, and Gerty, also make an appearance in this scene as well as the lemon soap, sea gulls, and other incidental characters, including even Beaufoy, the author of the story in *Tübbis*. There are also religious allusions. One will remember that Bloom's father was a Hungarian Jew who turned Protestant, whereas Bloom's mother was Irish. Bloom, who was born a Protestant, was baptized a Catholic. He is, incidentally, a Freemason.

Scene III: Bloom reaches the house of ill-fame. Zoe, a young harlot in a sapphire slip, meets him at the door on Lower Tyrone Street, a landmark that no longer exists. Presently in the author's hallucination Bloom, the world's greatest reformer (an allusion to Bloom's interests in various civic improvements) is crowned emperor by the citizens of Dublin to whom he explains his schemes for social regeneration but then is denounced as a fiendish libertine and finally proclaimed a woman. Dr. Dixon (the resident at the maternity hospital) reads his bill of health: "Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found him a dear man, a dear person. He is a rather quaint fellow on the whole, coy though not feeble-minded in the medical sense. He has written a really beautiful letter, a poem in itself, to the court missionary of the Reformed Priests' Protection Society which clears up everything. He is practically a total abstainer and I can affirm that he sleeps

*Elsewhere in VN's notes is this passage: "Bernard Shaw writing of *Ulysses* in a letter to its publisher Sylvia Beach defined it as a reverie—but truthful record of a disgusting phase of civilization." Ed.

on a straw litter and eats the most Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas. He wears a hairshirt winter and summer and scourges himself every Saturday. He was, I understand, at one time a firstclass misdemeanant in Glencree reformatory. Another report states that he was a very posthumous child. I appeal for clemency in the name of the most sacred word our vocal organs have ever been called upon to speak. He is about to have a baby.

(General commotion and compassion. Women faint. A wealthy American makes a street collection for Bloom.)

Etc. At the end of the scene Bloom in the book's reality follows Zoe into the brothel in search of Stephen. We have now found how the machinery of the chapter works. This or that detail of reality bursts into elaborate life; an allusion starts to live on its own. Thus the "real" conversation at the door of the brothel between Zoe and Bloom is interrupted in order to interpolate the Rise and Fall of Bloom before his entrance into the house.

Scene IV: In the house of ill-fame Bloom meets Stephen and Lynch. Various visions appear. The author conjures up Bloom's grandfather Leopold Virag. Bella Cohen, a massive whoremistress with a sprouting moustache in yet another authorial hallucination evokes Bloom's past sins and in an amusing exchange of sexes is horribly cruel to impotent Bloom. Also water nymphs and waterfalls appear with the liquid musical theme so dear to Joyce. A glimpse of reality starts. Bloom gets back his talisman, the potato, from Zoe. Stephen attempts to squander his money. (Note that neither Stephen nor Bloom has any interest in the women around them.) Bloom manages to retrieve the money and to save it for Stephen. One pound seven "Doesn't matter a rambling damn," says Stephen. More authorial hallucinations follow—even Boylan and Marion appear in a vision. In the real life of the scene Stephen very comically imitates the Parisian brand of English. Then the author's hallucinations begin to harass Stephen. Stephen's mother horribly appears.

"THE MOTHER: (*With the subtle smile of death's madness.*) I was once the beautiful May Goulding. I am dead.

STEPHEN: (*Horrorstruck.*) Lemur, who are you? What bogeyman's trick is this?

BUCK MULLIGAN: (*Shakes his curling capbell.*) The mockery of it! Kinch killed her dogsbody bitchbody. She kicked the bucket. (*Tears of molten*

butter fall from his eyes into the scone.) Our great sweet mother! *Epi oinopa ponton.*

THE MOTHER: (*Comes nearer, breathing upon him softly her breath of wetted ashes.*) All must go through it, Stephen. More women than men in the world. You too. Time will come.

STEPHEN: (*Choking with fright, remorse and horror.*) They said I killed you, mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

THE MOTHER: (*A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth.*) You sang that song to me. *Love's bitter mystery.*

STEPHEN: (*Eagerly.*) Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men.

THE MOTHER: Who saved you the night you jumped into the train at Dalkey with Paddy Lee? Who had pity for you when you were sad among the strangers? Prayer is all powerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and forty days' indulgence. Repent, Stephen.

STEPHEN: The ghoul! Hyena!

THE MOTHER: I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that boiled rice every night after your brain work. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb."

After more of this, Stephen with his cane smashes the lamp.

Scene V: Stephen and Bloom leave the house and are now in Beaver Street, not far from it. Stephen still drunk raves, and the two English soldiers Carr and Compton decide he has insulted their king, King Edward VII (who also appears in the author's hallucination). One of the soldiers, Carr, attacks Stephen and knocks him down. Watchmen loom. This is reality. Also in reality Kelleher, the undertaker's assistant, happens to be around and helps them to convince the watchmen that Stephen has merely been out on a spree—boys will be boys. At the end of the scene Bloom bends over fallen Stephen, who murmurs "Who? Black panther vampire" and quotes fragments of Yeats's "Who Goes with Fergus." The chapter ends with the hallucination appearing to Bloom of his dead son Rudy as an eleven-year-old fairy boy, a changeling, who gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes and kisses the page of the book he is reading from right to left.

Time: After midnight.

Place: Still near Nighttown, in the vicinity of Amiens Street, northeast Dublin, near the docks and the customhouse; then the cabman's shelter near Butt Bridge, its keeper said to be Skin-the-Goat Fitzharris who took part in the Phoenix Park political assassination. Fitzharris was one of the so-called Invincibles who in 1882 murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish, chief secretary, and Thomas H. Burke, under secretary, in Phoenix Park. Fitzharris was only the driver of the carriage and we are not even sure it is he.

Characters: Bloom and Stephen, who have now finally been brought together alone in the solitary night. Among the incidental night characters they meet, the most vivid one is the red-bearded sailor Murphy, back from his voyages in the three-master *Rosevean* which Elijah had met when it was at last swept into the bay.

Style: Most of the chapter is again a parody, an imitation of a jaunty journalistic style with masculine clichés replacing the woman's magazine clichés of the Gerty MacDowell chapter, which it otherwise resembles.

Action: Throughout the chapter kindly Bloom does his best to be friendly towards Stephen but is regarded by Stephen with a slightly contemptuous indifference. In this chapter and in the next, Joyce carefully outlines and illustrates the various differences in character, education, tastes, etc., between Bloom and Stephen. The differences between them far outweigh the main similarity that each has rejected the religion of his fathers.* However, Stephen's metaphysical aphorisms are not unrelated, generally, to Bloom's pseudoscientific tags. Both men have keen eyes and ears, both love music, both notice details such as gestures, colors, sounds. In the events of that particular day, a door key plays a curiously similar part in the lives of both men—and if Bloom has his Boylan, Stephen has his Mulligan. Both harbor phantoms in their respective pasts, retrovistas of

*In his annotated copy VN marked in the following chapter the end of Bloom's examination of the contents of the second drawer containing an addressed envelope "To my Dear Son Leopold" and evoking memories of his father's dying words. Joyce questions, "Why did Bloom experience a sentiment of remorse?" and answers "Because in immature impatience he had treated with disrespect certain beliefs and practices." In the margin, VN noted, "Cp. Stephen." The passage continues:

"As?

The prohibition of the use of fleshmeat and milk at one meal, the hebdomadary, symposium of incoordinately abstract, perfervidly concrete mercantile coxreligionist excompatriots: the circumcision of male infants: the supernatural character of Judaic scripture: the ineffability of the tetragrammaton: the sanctity of the sabbath.

How did these beliefs and practices now appear to him?

Not more rational than they had then appeared, not less rational than other beliefs and practices now appeared." Ed.

loss and betrayal. Both Bloom and Stephen suffer from loneliness; however, Stephen is lonely not because he has quarreled with his family's beliefs, revolted against the commonplace, etc., and certainly not in consequence (like Bloom) of any social condition, but because he has been created by the author as a budding genius, and genius, by necessity, is lonely. Both see their enemy in history—injustice for Bloom, a metaphysical prison for Stephen. Both are wanderers and exiles, and finally in both runs the singing blood of James Joyce, their maker.

In their dissimilarities, to put it very roughly, Bloom is the middlebrow; Stephen the highbrow. Bloom admires applied science and applied art; Stephen pure art and pure science. Bloom is the delighted reader of the Believe It or Not column; Stephen the maker of profound philosophic aphorisms. Bloom is the man of running water; Stephen of opalescent stone. There are also emotional contrasts. Bloom is the kindly, diffident, humane materialist; Stephen the ascetic, hard, brilliant, bitter egotist who in rejecting his God has also rejected mankind. Stephen's figure is built on contrasts. He is physically repulsive but intellectually exquisite. Joyce emphasizes his physical cowardice, dirt, bad teeth, untidy or disgusting manners (the whole play on his dirty handkerchief and later, on the beach, his lack of one), his physical lust and humiliating poverty with all its degrading implications. Yet set against all this is his lofty soaring mind, his enchanting creative imagination, fantastically rich and subtle frame of reference, freedom of spirit, unbending proud integrity and truthfulness, which calls for moral courage, his independence carried to the point of obstinacy. If there is a streak of the philistine in Bloom, there is something of the ruthless fanatic in Stephen. To Bloom's questions full of solicitude and fatherly tenderness Stephen retaliates with his hard aphorisms. Bloom says in the elegant journalese of the chapter, "I don't mean to presume to dictate to you in the slightest degree but why did you leave your father's house?

—To seek misfortune, was Stephen's answer." (Incidentally, look at one characteristic of elegant journalese—the variety of synonyms for *he said*: observed, responded, ejaculated, returned, repeated, ventured to throw out, etc.)

Then in a rambling talk, Bloom who is very diffident about his own shallow culture and is trying to be as nice as possible to Stephen, suggests that your country is the place where you can live well if you work, a simple practical approach. Count me out, Stephen answers. Work in the widest sense, Bloom hastens to explain, literary labor . . . poets have every bit as much right to live by their brain as the peasant by his brawn: both belong to

Ireland. You suspect, Stephen retorts with a sort of half-laugh, that I may be important because I belong to Ireland, but I suspect that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me. Bloom is taken aback and thinks he has been misunderstood. And Stephen rather rudely says: "—We can't change the country. Let us change the subject."

But the main subject of this chapter is Molly, whom we shall soon meet in the last chapter of the book. With a gesture analogical to that of the wave-worn sailor producing a picture postcard of Peruvians or showing the tattoo on his chest, with much the same gesture Bloom shows Stephen her photograph: "Carefully avoiding a book in his pocket *Sweets of*, which reminded him by the by of that Capel street library book out of date, he took out his pocketbook and, turning over the various contents rapidly, finally he . . .

—Do you consider, by the by, he said, thoughtfully selecting a faded photo which he laid on the table, that a Spanish type?

Stephen, obviously addressed, looked down on the photo showing a large sized lady, with her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion, as she was in the full bloom of womanhood, in evening dress cut ostentatiously low for the occasion to give a liberal display of bosom, with more than vision of breasts, her full lips parted, and some perfect teeth, standing near, ostensibly with gravity, a piano, on the rest of which was *In old Madrid*, a ballad, pretty in its way, which was then all the vogue. Her (the lady's) eyes, dark, large, looked at Stephen, about to smile about something to be admired. Lafayette of Westmoreland street, Dublin's premier photographic artist, being responsible for the esthetic execution.

—Mrs Bloom, my wife the *prima donna*, Madam Marion Tweedy, Bloom indicated. Taken a few years since. In or about '96. Very like her then."

Bloom discovers that Stephen had last dined on Wednesday. One night Bloom brought home a dog (breed unknown) with a lame paw, and now he decides to bring Stephen to Eccles Street. Although Stephen is sort of standoffish—not effusive at all—Bloom invites him to his house for a cup of cocoa. "My wife, he intimated, plunging *in medias res*, would have the greatest of pleasure in making your acquaintance as she is passionately attached to music of any kind." They walk to Bloom's house together—and this takes us to the next chapter.

PART THREE, CHAPTER 2

"The studied dulness of the preceding chapter is now reduced to the

completely impersonal tone of questions phrased in scientific fashion and answered in an equally chilly manner" (Kain). The questions are set in a catechistic pattern, and the phrasing is more pseudoscientific than scientific. We are given a good deal of material in the way of information and recapitulation, and perhaps it would be wisest to discuss this chapter from the point of view of the facts it contains. It is a very simple chapter.

As for the facts, some elaborate or recapitulate information already contained in the book, but some are new. For example, two questions and answers about Bloom and Stephen:

"Of what did the duumvirate deliberate during their itinerary?

Music, literature, Ireland, Dublin, Paris, friendship, woman, prostitution, diet, the influence of gaslight or the light of arc and glowlamps on the growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees, exposed corporation emergency dustbuckets, the Roman catholic church, ecclesiastical celibacy, the Irish nation, jesuit education, careers, the study of medicine, the past day, the maleficent influence of the presabbath, Stephen's collapse.

Did Bloom discover common factors of similarity between their respective like and unlike reactions to experience?

Both were sensitive to artistic impressions musical in preference to plastic or pictorial. . . . Both indurated by early domestic training and an inherited tenacity of heterodox resistance professed their disbelief in many orthodox religious, national, social and ethical doctrines. Both admitted the alternately stimulating and obtunding influence of heterosexual magnetism."

Bloom's sudden (to the reader) interest in civic duties exhibited in his conversation with Stephen at the cabman's shelter is shown by a question and answer that goes back to discussions with various people he had as early as 1884 and on various other occasions up to 1893.

"What reflection concerning the irregular sequence of dates 1884, 1885, 1886, 1888, 1892, 1893, 1904 did Bloom make before their arrival at their destination?

He reflected that the progressive extension of the field of individual development and experience was regressively accompanied by a restriction of the converse domain of interindividual relations."

Arriving at 7 Eccles Street, Bloom realizes he has forgotten his key, left in his other trousers. He climbs over the area railings and gains access to the basement kitchen through the scullery, and then:

"What discrete succession of images did Stephen meanwhile perceive?

Reclined against the area railings he perceived through the transparent