

self-reproach as the writer of *Ulysses*, a book that Joyce wanted to be more personal and more just than he could make it be.

However simple Joyce's motive for constructing Jamesy as *Ulysses'* narrating intelligence, the construct itself is quite elaborate. When I attend to Jamesy, Joyce asks me to do at least two things at the same time: (1) to take Jamesy on Jamesy's own terms by acceding to the possibility that Jamesy's omniscience is the only thing that matters, and (2) to be so repelled by the injustice of such a possibility that I myself begin to act justly. By temporarily setting aside the second of those two things, I must now focus on the first. As neutrally as I can, I will describe those elements that force me to identify Jamesy in the book as a whole. These are some of the matters I will be considering. How might I, a mere person, conceive of so impersonal and vast an intelligence as Jamesy's? How do his disclosures manage to register with me as singularly omniscient? What would it cost me if I were to imitate him in all ways? To what extremes does he go in his godlike isolation from persons? I should warn in passing that Jamesy's knowledge of all things, including persons and justice, may occasionally cause him to be mistaken as my model for how to read *Ulysses*. Jamesy could not be less of a model for me, though before I leave him and move on to Stephen, the second of the three lines I will be following, I will say what Jamesy contributes to such a model by default.

#### "A SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE"

"It had better be stated here and now at the outset" (14: 1223) that the narrating intelligence behind *Ulysses* is a "a superior intelligence" (17: 1008). Persons and characters who substitute for persons think less than everything. Their intelligences are inferior to Jamesy's. As the narrating intelligence behind *Ulysses*, Jamesy thinks everything.

Describing what that might mean is the more difficult because the normal ways for talking about thinking are inhibited by their applicability to the inferior intelligences of mere persons. When he was nine, Stephen Dedalus had wondered at the enormity of all there was to think.

What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began? It could not be a wall but there could be a thin thin line there all round everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that. He tried to think what a big thought that must be but he could think only of God.'

# I.

## J A M E S Y

### Dublin at One Remove

**I** read *Ulysses* as the testament of James Joyce, a person who wants justice. The book's most notable paradox for me is that those peculiarly impersonal elements I refer to as "Jamesy" are basic to what I find most personal about it. Under Jamesy's name, I will be identifying these elements and describing how they render *Ulysses* more personal.

Jamesy is an illusion constructed by James Joyce. It is the illusion of an impersonal, omniscient, debt-free intelligence that is thoroughly indifferent to what it knows. While I do not forget that a person has constructed the impersonal Jamesy (the name "Jamesy" is itself a personalizing), what Joyce has constructed in *Ulysses'* peculiar narrator is at once so impersonal and so pervasive that it compels me to suspend my disbelief and think of the narrative as *Jamesy's* and not the writer's. Jamesy is the name I assign to my thinking that *Ulysses* issues wholly from an impersonal intelligence and not from the person who constructed him.

When I think of *Ulysses* as Jamesy's and not Joyce's doing, I pretend that Joyce is not answerable for any unjust elements of *Ulysses*: because I am fully aware that I am pretending, though, I am holding Joyce answerable all the while. What I am pretending is that Joyce has constructed in Jamesy a scapegoat for one simple but insoluble problem Joyce was stuck with as a writer: no matter how devoted to justice, no matter how personal, phrasemaking is never personal not just enough. I cannot respond justly to a person until I assign certain (possibly silent) phrases to his needs. Such phrases are the hearing that I give his case. But however much my phrases enable me to *know* about his needs, they are at most preliminary to justice insofar as I may *do* nothing with the knowledge beyond sentimentally deriving from it what pleasure I can. And if I am James Joyce and my phrases are written and done with, as Joyce's phrases are in *Ulysses*, I have removed them from the time in which persons respond to one another and are answerable for the justice of their responses. Jamesy is a blame-absorbing construct for Joyce's

A line around everything would make everything more thinkable by cutting it down to a size a person could think. But even the thinnest of lines is cheating since it excludes what must not be excluded if "everything" is to be thought. Substituting for a person, Stephen lacks the intelligence to think everything and not just one delimited thing and another. Stephen acknowledges that the thought of everything is too big for a person to think. Then he gives up trying to think *what* God thinks and thinks only of God.

When he thinks only of God and not also about what God thinks, Stephen thinks God's substance, he accepts that within God's substance there can be no line between the things God thinks. All delimited things God might be said to think about are substantially one and the same: there is nothing other for God's substance, nothing of another substance than God in the way another person or thing can seem to be substantially other than oneself. As the omniscient intelligence behind *Ulysses*, Jamesy gives nothing away to God. Just as God's knowledge is not limited to those things the Bible discloses, Jamesy's is not limited to those things disclosed in *Ulysses*: instead, Jamesy's knowledge, like God's, extends to what is happening right now on the moons of Neptune and in Great Slave Lake. If God's and Jamesy's names are not interchangeable names for the most superior of intelligences, it is not because God alone thinks everything while Jamesy merely thinks delimited things. Though I will pursue the comparison only casually and only in the sense that Jamesy's omniscience is *godlike*, the differences between Jamesy and God do not involve differences in what they may be said to think: Jamesy, like God, thinks everything, everything he thinks therefore being of one substance with Jamesy himself.

#### "TO SUBSTITUTE OTHER MORE ACCEPTABLE PHENOMENA"

For mere persons who read it, *Ulysses'* tiny sampling of all that Jamesy thinks may seem to connect with Dublin on June 16, 1904. It does not. Filling everything, ethereal, the substance that is Jamesy's thinking does not admit connections. A connection requires the same gap in substance that Stephen seeks so that he might insert his "thin line." For there to be a connection, there must be a gap between the things connected, a gap between the connection and the delimited things it connects. Jamesy's thinking does not admit a gap. As a mere person, I assume that Dublin on June 16, 1904, was its welter of phenomena for persons. What persons tended to regard as the "real" Dublin on that day, I assume, was what persons knowing less than everything took it to be. If persons knew everything, if they could think what

Jamesy thinks, they would not only know what is real but would themselves have substance or being: they would be real. Instead, persons are what Stephen thinks of them as: "Beingless beings" (10: 822). From the perspective that accords godlike omniscience to Jamesy, Jamesy alone is real. A person in any place on any day is subject to the sensibilities that are peculiarly his or her own. Since for any sensibility the thought of everything is too big to think, substance (or being, or reality) is closed to persons. Subject to thinking one delimited thing and another, subject to making connections, sensibilities offer only woefully imperfect approximations of all there is to think.

Jamesy, by contrast, is unencumbered by sensibility. Because he thinks everything, his thinking is the one true substance, a substance that fills what persons are subject to regard as gaps between delimited things. Because he discloses at least something of his substance in *Ulysses*, each person who reads *Ulysses* is privileged to deal not with a place and time as each merely takes it to be but rather with *Ulysses* as it most substantially is. No two persons will read *Ulysses* the same way. Its parts of speech are therefore merely phenomena and not reality. But because these parts of speech disclose something of Jamesy's superior intelligence, they are more acceptable phenomena than phenomena of the "real" Dublin or the "real" Anywhere Else. "Because it was a task for a superior intelligence to substitute other more acceptable phenomena in place of the less acceptable phenomena to be removed" (17: 1008-10), I pretend that Jamesy has removed "real" place and time and has substituted for them the phenomena you and I encounter in *Ulysses'* parts of speech.

#### ALMOST SEEING IT

Bloom is admiring binoculars at Yeates and Son in Grafton Street when he thinks, "There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by" (8: 560-61). Was there "really"? Dubliners interviewed in 1969 could not remember having heard of it.<sup>2</sup> A little watch was either "there" on the Bank of Ireland's roof in 1904 or it was not. If it was not, it is the more acceptable as substance insofar as it was never seen. "Can't see it," Bloom decides as he tries to make it out with the naked eye. "If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it" (8: 562-63). Seeing it is less acceptable, less pure than almost seeing it. Seeing it implicates sensibility, and sensibility taints by delimiting. Sensibility fractures the pure selfsameness of Jamesy's substance. Into portions a mere person can think, sensibility separates the undelimitable "everything" that Jamesy thinks and is. Almost but not seen, the watch remains forever the purer insofar as its substance

and Jamesy's are not separable by as little as "a thin thin line," the line by which the person who "really" saw it would necessarily have distinguished the watch from "everything" that it was not. Almost but not seen, the "watch" is Jamesy's watchfulness over both the Dublin of *Ulysses* and the reader of *Ulysses*. It is a vigil at which Jamesy succeeds perfectly because of his superior, perfectly indifferent intelligence.

#### TESTABLE CONNECTIONS

Without compromising his superiority, Jamesy might have seen to it that there are only the most arbitrary of resemblances between the "real" Dublin and the Dublin of *Ulysses*. And yet while it is what he does disclose that constitutes as much substantial reality as mere perceptions are privileged to receive, is it not too much to ask of them that they receive his disclosures as if they were the divine truth concerning what is real? Though *Ulysses'* parts of speech are "more acceptable phenomena" than other phenomena against which they might be tested for their truth, mere persons are subject to their respective sensibilities and cannot accept that Jamesy knows what Dublin truly was on that day until they submit *Ulysses* to some tests. Just as the binoculars could be tested by the little watch, Jamesy's knowledge of the "real" Dublin on June 16, 1904, may be tested by newspapers, maps, schedules, directories, and the way specific buildings deflected the light. Such tests are a handy means for understanding how connectable Jamesy's substitutions are. When Lenehan tells McCoy to "come over in the sun" (10: 530-31), Jamesy has replaced that part of Dublin with the knowledge that two people would indeed be moving from shade to sun if, under a clear sky, they were to cross to the north side of Wellington Quay at just that time of day and year. When Nurse Callan is so startled by a flash of lightning in "Ireland's westward welkin" (14: 82) that she is compelled to cross herself, Jamesy has replaced another part of Dublin with the knowledge that the front door of the National Maternity Hospital faces west. He has replaced a certain part of the bay with the knowledge that it is "five fathoms" (1: 673) deep, that its current tends toward the northwest, and that the second high tide in Dublin on June 16, 1904, occurred "about one" in the afternoon.

And Jamesy's knowledge may be found to connect with the "real" Dublin even when that knowledge is implicit only, not manifest in *Ulysses'* parts of speech.<sup>3</sup> Between the first and second chapters of *Ulysses*—which is to say within *Ulysses* but in *no words*—Jamesy has replaced the distance between Sandycove and Dalkey with the knowledge that a young man setting out around 9:30 in the morning would have time to walk that mile and not be inordinately late for the class

he was to teach at 10:00. Between the second and third chapters, Jamesy has replaced the distance between Dalkey and Inishtown with the knowledge that even a young man would have to go by tram back north again past Sandycove, Kingstown, Blackrock, and Merrion if he is to be spotted by another man just after 11:00 near Watery Lane.<sup>4</sup>

It is admittedly no proof of superior intelligence that Jamesy knows one distance is greater than another. Nor is there anything extraordinary about the kinds of things he knows. Though he knows everything on his own and has no need to supplement his knowledge, what he knows is so commonplace that he might seem to have cribbed it from intelligences inferior to his own, from persons whose sensibilities subjected them to the "less acceptable phenomena" of "real" Dublin on one day. On that day, of course, there were persons in Dublin who offered descriptions of how things went and were likely to go. Many of their offerings are still available. Tide tables and nautical charts can be consulted in many good libraries, and a contemporary map of Dublin bears the letters "Hosp." in a west-facing square off Holles Street. Since Jamesy might have come by it in the most mundane of ways, any one thing he seems to know about Dublin is unimpressive as knowledge. And yet what clearer evidence could there be that Jamesy thinks everything? For the more common and expendable each thing he thinks, the less it seems that there were things too common and too expendable for him to think.

Not that a looked-for connection between the "real" Dublin and Jamesy's knowledge does not sometimes reveal him to be "in error." Clive Hart has catalogued a number of discrepancies between *Ulysses* and the "real" Dublin: what Jamesy calls the "Royal Canal" was instead the Grand, Grattan's statue was not "stone" but bronze, "MacConnell's corner" was not a corner, the Merrion and "Metropolitan Halls have been confused.<sup>5</sup> While Jamesy has it that the Earl of Dudley's "cavalcade" made its way through Dublin on "16 June, 1904," Robert Martin Adams discovered that it "really" did so more than two weeks earlier and with a very different cast of characters.<sup>6</sup>

Hart and Adams do not defer to Jamesy's superior intelligence. They proceed as if "less acceptable phenomena" were commensurate with "more," as if the "real" Dublin as persons took it to be was not riddled with impurities but was instead the measure of what Jamesy does and does not know.<sup>7</sup> Jamesy has easier going with me—or at least so I am pretending. I have already shown a willingness to grant that his intelligence is of a different, higher order and that persons simply cannot test it. For there to be something Jamesy does not know, something tests might catch him not knowing, he would have to be separate from that thing. Because what he knows is unconnected, its testable con-

nections with the "real" Dublin prove nothing about its truth but are instead mere exercises of inferior intelligence. Whether the phenomena of *Ulysses* pass these tests is incidental to their status as knowledge. Unlike Hart and Adams, and despite much sympathy for their resistance, I will be granting Jamesy whatever superiority it would take (1) to remove the separate, gross bodies of the "real" world as persons take their world to be, and (2) to replace that world with the subtle, self-same, uninterrupted substance that is his omniscience. To the end of seeing what Jamesy's substance yields, I am going to consider *Ulysses* as his completion of a "task"—the task of substituting pure and certain knowledge for the impure, uncertain efforts at sense making that occupy mere persons during their waking hours. Before I do that, I should say explicitly that my use of terms that make it sound as if I am celebrating Jamesy's omniscience is more than a little ironic. Terms like "pure and certain" would be positive for me only if I held that knowledge for its own sake is more important than persons, which I do not: whatever such terms may imply out of context, therefore, they are decidedly negative for me insofar as they point toward qualities of Jamesy's knowledge that render it wholly impersonal.

#### SENTENCES AND FRAGMENTS

Jamesy's task would have been simpler if he had had to replace only the bodies that were the "real" Dublin, and not also how persons took them to be. "Real" Dublin on June 16, 1904, was more than the configurations of its iron, wood, masonry, glass, macadam, dirt, water, vegetation, and beasts. It was as well the collective, inferior intelligence of "real" Dubliners and the "less acceptable phenomena" that Dublin was for them. Jamesy's pure and certain knowledge replaces these "less acceptable phenomena" with phenomena *Ulysses'* characters play at experiencing for themselves. Though Bloom "can't see" the little watch, he can and does play at seeing and thinking about a "most far-*raginous*" (14: 1412) profusion of things. Each of these things discloses Jamesy's knowledge not only of *what* Bloom perceives—this much is given since it is Jamesy who discloses it so that it might be perceived—but also of *how* Bloom perceives it. Through interior monologue, Jamesy's knowledge of the way Bloom perceives one thing or another passes as if it were unmediated by Jamesy himself. Though he reserves interior monologue most of all for Bloom, for Stephen, and for Molly, Jamesy also allows brief stints of it to Father Conmee, Blazes Boylan, Miss Dunne, McCoy, Dilly Dedalus, Tom Kernan, Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, Miss Kennedy, Miss Douce, and Gerty MacDowell. Jamesy may seem to make these various and repeated allowances at

no little risk to his selfsameness. He himself is *Ulysses* in its entirety, remember, not just those untainted parts of it that no one character plays at having perceived. How does he manage to substitute for the sensibilities of "real" Dubliners without at the same time forfeiting or at least compromising the omniscience without which he is something other than his real self? What is there in Jamesy's disclosures that allows him to remain his imperious self as he descends into the less-than-all knowing perspectives of his characters?

Whenever he descends, Jamesy remains himself because of the simple difference between fragments and complete sentences. Except when it occurs in direct discourse (a mode that he retains as his own), a fragment invariably signals that Jamesy has temporarily given way to what one of his characters plays at perceiving. The first such fragment turns up on *Ulysses'* first page. With Stephen as witness to the burlesque, Mulligan is translating his shaving-lather into the body and blood of Christ.

—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you? (1: 21-29)

Because Stephen plays at being a person and because it substitutes for a connection that Stephen alone makes, the fragment "Chrysostomos" is a personal word. The rest of the passage seems to be impersonal: its direct discourse and complete sentences seem to substitute for what anyone might have but no one has perceived. Jamesy does not play at being "there" at the top of Martello Tower for the carryings-on. What Mulligan says and does, how he looks, his whistle, and the double, shrill antiphon from somewhere in the morning—all of this seems to be as distinct from what any one person plays at perceiving as sentences are distinct from fragments. Had you or I looked into Mulligan's frequently open mouth, either of us might have noticed "his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points." Jamesy did not look. He did not have to look to know what I, a mere person, might have noticed. All Jamesy had to do was to be the phrases that disclose his pure and certain knowledge of Mulligan's molars, bicuspid, and incisors.

## JAMESY'S DEFERENCE

Curious, then, that the seemingly impersonal words "gold points" should mix with Stephen's fragment. Despite the fact that Mulligan's teeth are described in one of those complete sentences through which Jamesy preserves his omniscience, the description itself is something Stephen plays at perceiving. Only if it is Stephen who notices the "gold points" can Stephen then go on, as he does, to connect those points with "Chrystostomos," the goldenmouthed saint of the early Church. Nor is this sentence an isolated accident. Just as it is the gold points on Mulligan's teeth that prompt Stephen to think of Chrystostomos, so too is it to Stephen and not to Jamesy that Mulligan's "plump shadowed face . . . recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages" (1: 31-33). While the diction and tone of this last phrase do not sound at all like Stephen, it is Stephen who would welcome a patron for his own art, whose education with its scholastic bent has led him to learn that prelates were patrons of art. As he does again and again throughout the first three chapters of *Ulysses*, the Jamesy who is at once every character and no one of them has deferred his protectable omniscience for something that Stephen alone perceives.

There is a more acute example of this deference only one page further on. After calling Stephen over to look down on Dublin Bay as if at "our great sweet mother" (1: 77-78), Mulligan announces "—The aunt thinks you killed your mother" (1: 88). As Mulligan expects him to be, Stephen is extremely vulnerable to this jibe. Two of Jamesy's sentences substitute for what Stephen sees and thinks as he looks at the bay. The first of these seems to be the less personal. It substitutes for what anyone might perceive if, under the same purely physical conditions, she found herself looking down at what Stephen plays at seeing. "The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid" (1: 107-8). These words become peculiarly Stephen's, though, as soon as the second sentence has registered. "A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting" (1: 108-10). Because Stephen is subject to the indelible evidence of his mother's death-agony as well as to his own guilt for having refused her dying wish that he pray for her soul, he transforms Jamesy's pure knowledge.<sup>8</sup> Within words that would otherwise indicate Jamesy's omniscience insofar as they form complete sentences in the past tense, the horizon of Howth Peninsula becomes a bowl of white china, the water of the bay green sluggish bile.

## REMOVAL OF PERSONS

Why has Jamesy rejected the grammatical device that distinguishes him from one of his characters? Is he weakening and becoming personal only three pages into the book? No. Jamesy is not throwing in with his characters except in the sense that he knows the products of intelligences inferior to and subsumed by his own. Even with his guard down, his superior intelligence withstands the incursions into it of whatever his characters perceive. Because *Ulysses'* parts of speech disclose nothing that Jamesy does not know, they proffer a reality against which Stephen's or any other character's most heated perceptions may be coolly gauged for their deformities.<sup>9</sup> Just as he knows what Stephen perceives, Jamesy knows that the ridge of a peninsula is what it is and not the rim of a bowl, he knows that the water in the bay is not green but many particles of simple composition moving here and there at appointed depths and times. Jamesy is never less personal than in those sentences in which the intensely personal perception of a character is exhibited simply as a mistake.

And Jamesy's characters are mistaken, after all, only in play. "Because it was a task for a superior intelligence to substitute other more acceptable phenomena in place of the less acceptable phenomena to be removed," Jamesy has substituted the mistaken perceptions that characters only play at having for those that persons outright have. The "real" phenomena to which a person is subject simply do not lend themselves to certain knowledge. As from Jamesy's unimpeachable overview it is more acceptable only to play at being subject to "real" phenomena, so too is a character who does such playing more acceptable than a person. A character who plays at perceiving is at one remove from a person and is therefore (from Jamesy's view of it, at least) the more acceptable. This "one remove" is more accurately a removal: remove perceptions and you remove persons who perceive.

Jamesy has performed the "task" of this removal by having substituted the characters of *Ulysses* for persons who were born. Birth in the strictly biological sense is what distinguishes a person from a character. Whatever purely phrased "birth" they are given by their authors, characters are not born biologically, as all persons are. By substituting for persons who were born, characters exemplify the removal of persons from the conditions to which persons are subject because of their births, a removal that installs them as phrases only and not as persons in exactly that series of phrases their author assigns.

It is no accident that Jamesy's one oath and his one reference to

*Ulysses* turn up in a passage that makes an issue of biological birth, for it is precisely the biological that Jamesy's disclosures remove. "By heaven, Theodore Purefoy," Jamesy declaims just after Purefoy's wife has given birth to their ninth child, "thou hast done a doughty deed and no botch! Thou art, I vow, the remarkablest progenitor barring none in this chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle" (14: 1410-12). No matter how many children he is phrased as having sired, Theodore Purefoy is of course no more a biological progenitor than Jamesy is but is instead, like every character in *Ulysses*, yet one more of Jamesy's phrased "progeny." But despite their having been removed from biology into the abiological and pure phrases of *Ulysses*, characters that substitute for persons who are born are stained by the personal as Jamesy is not. In the passage above, Jamesy is not a character insofar as he is not substituting for a person who writes "I vow"; what he is instead is the "chronicle" *Ulysses*. Jamesy is empowered to disclose his Dublin at one remove only because his use of the first-person pronoun has been cleansed of any personal stain.

So that I might have some notion of what such cleansing requires, I am going to imagine a ladder to the wholly impersonal purity of the "chronicle." Jamesy is stationed at the top of this ladder: to ascend it is to remove the personal with every step. These, in descending order, are the rungs:

CHRONICLER  
NARRATOR  
CHARACTER  
WRITER  
PERSON

Beginning at the bottom, it is only by removing the biological PERSON from the WRITER that there can be any movement toward the top. (CHARACTER is the most eccentric of the five terms and I will pass over it for now.) Less personal than WRITER because potentially as impersonal as Jamesy, NARRATOR is still more personal than CHRONICLER, who chronicles this and that, dies, then has his entries followed by those of another chronicler, and so on, the *Chronicle* itself being the only concern. The chapter from which Jamesy's one reference to *Ulysses* comes is a chronicle-within-a-chronicle. It is a chapter in which one writer after another is evoked and then absorbed not so much by his successor as by Jamesy, by the chronicle itself. To recognize the writers to whom the chapter points is to recognize that they were also persons. To recognize Jamesy in the chronicle of *Ulysses*, on the other hand, is to recognize a reality from which everything personal has been removed.

#### LIQUIDATION?

Removal of persons. I might be talking about genocide. And with what cause? *Ulysses* certainly does not read as if it is devoted to implementing the Final Solution. How can Jamesy even covertly be accused of having removed what only Death can? Nobody has been "offed" so that Jamesy might exist. More than thirty of *Ulysses*' characters bear the names of persons who "walked round Dublin" in 1904: AE, Alf Bergan, Richard Best, William Braden, Davy Byrne, and so on through the alphabet to Dudley White.<sup>10</sup> Each name is itself a discernible connection between replacing character and person replaced. But since the persons have been replaced only in a manner of speaking, most went about their days unthreatened by the chronicle that replaces them. Nor has any threatening removal been worked on those persons for whom Jamesy's knowledge of Leopold Bloom substitutes. There are at least three alleged prototypes for Bloom: Ettore Schmitz, Alfred Hunter, and Charles Chance.<sup>11</sup> Like the little watch, Bloom was almost but not seen in any one of these people, and was only almost seen again in Milo O'Shea, the person who portrayed him in Joseph Strick's film *Ulysses*. Like the little watch, Bloom was almost but never seen. Bloom therefore replaces no one person who was implicated in the phenomena of the "real" Dublin or the "real" Anywhere Else. No one has been removed so that Jamesy's knowledge of Bloom might be. The costs that attend Bloom's dominating presence in *Ulysses* would therefore seem to be nil.

#### IMPOSSIBLE COSTS

But while Jamesy's knowledge of his principal and lesser characters has not cost any person his or her life, *Ulysses* is not without its costs. It is because I feel I must assess these costs that I have been writing about *Ulysses* as if persons are capable of submitting to Jamesy's superior intelligence—submitting to it, that is, as *Jamesy's* and not just as that superiority implicit in any omniscient narrative. It costs me little enough to submit to conventional omniscience: the narrating intelligence asks no more of me than that I accede to its authority on the matters it presents. The costs of submitting to Jamesy's omniscience, by contrast, are exorbitant. I meet these costs only if I submit (1) to the proposition that *Ulysses*' parts of speech are "more acceptable" than those "less acceptable phenomena" to which I am subject when I am not reading *Ulysses* and (2) to the removal of all "less acceptable phenomena," of all phenomena that supply me with less access to omniscience than I am privileged to have when I am reading *Ulysses*.

If I am to submit to Jamesy's omniscience, I must find that characters in *Ulysses* are more acceptable to me than persons. Such submission might understandably cost me one or more of my friends, but I would also have to pay by denying myself any impulse to discriminate between *Ulysses'* characters. It would not be only Bloom, Molly, or Stephen that I would have to find more acceptable than any person, including myself. Bantam Lyons, Haines, Old Gummy Granny, even Lenehan—any character in *Ulysses* becomes more acceptable than a person in that the "least" among them is inseparable from Jamesy's all-knowing being. Insofar as every character is the disclosure of something Jamesy knows, all are the One Thing and there can be nothing to choose between them. As a substitute for a person, a substitute that is more acceptable than a person, each character is as acceptable as the next. Since each is the same within Jamesy's omniscience, I must make each the same to me or fail in my submission to all he knows.

And I can of course only fail. However willing I might be to submit, I cannot do so without magically dismantling my sensibility. For as it subjects me to phenomena that are precisely not the same but different from one to the next, my sensibility subjects me as well to the operation of distinguishing between them. Though they are the same for Jamesy, though my submitting to Jamesy's omniscience requires that they be the same for me, Lenehan and Bloom are not the same for me. Because I remain subject to my sensibility, I cannot submit.

#### COSTS OF DISCLOSING WHAT NO PERSON CAN KNOW

Jamesy, who knows everything, knows that I cannot submit. He knows that the inferior intelligence of mere persons stops them from knowing reality as in itself it really is. He knows about persons that they can begin to form some notion of reality only in personal terms. That is why he indulges them with comparatives. Because he knows that I am subject to making distinctions, he not only resorts to the terms "superior" and "inferior," "more" and "less" but also offers quantitatively less of some characters than of others. Because he knows that persons could not hear the unwavering and timeless, single pitch of his selfsameness, *Ulysses* is multiform and startling, plural, long. Though his disclosures are all-knowing and therefore real as substance is real, though his only traffic with the phenomenal is his pure and certain knowledge of its impure uncertainties, Jamesy condescends to inferior intelligence by allowing *Ulysses* to be as evocative of "less acceptable phenomena" as any written thing.

But in condescending, Jamesy's intelligence remains exclusively for

itself. Because it involves stooping to one who is known to be inferior, condescension precludes the indebtedness mere persons incur when they do things in a world with other persons. For all his knowledge about persons, for all the condescending adjustments he may be making in the light of that knowledge, Jamesy's disclosures are not what they are so they might be for persons but are quite simply what they are. He sees to it that *Ulysses* is intelligible to persons. But just as his reality would be uncompromised if there were no discernible connections between *Ulysses* and the phenomenal world, so too is it incidental to his being that persons are able to follow *Ulysses* through its many turns. Jamesy is because his followable disclosures are unstained by even the slightest concern for persons. What he discloses in *Ulysses* is not for persons but rather and solely for itself.

It can be for its omniscient self only if it meets two requirements. The first is the more obvious and the more easily met. *Ulysses* discloses what I have so far simply been assuming that it does: that Jamesy thinks everything and therefore cannot possibly be wrong in anything he thinks. As he knows everything else about the Dublin of *Ulysses*, Jamesy knows what each of his characters thinks in different places at the same time, knows what Gerty, Bloom, and Stephen never so much as manage to think about their buried psyches. He knows each form and property of water that Bloom has marvelled at throughout his thirty-eight years, and knows that Bloom had always been in the dark about where Moses was when the candle went out. He knows that Molly thinks Bloom does not know she knows he carries a rubber with him. "As God is looking down on me this night," it is Jamesy alone who knows whether the scullerymaid Mary Driscoll "ever . . . laid a hand to them oylsters" (15: 880-81).

While it costs Jamesy nothing to meet the first requirement, his expenses in meeting the second are considerable. *Ulysses* can be for its omniscient self only if it discloses that Jamesy knows everything in the one way that is all-knowing. Jamesy can know it in that one way only if other omniscient narrators know less than he knows. Only if there are real and not just phenomenal distinctions to be made between Jamesy and other so-called omniscient narrators can *Ulysses* be for its omniscient self. The convention of the omniscient narrator is phenomenal only and not real: it is the convening of various materials that allow mere persons to read the narrative as the disclosures of an all-knowing intelligence. But how *Ulysses* is read is of no concern to Jamesy, whose unconcern is essential to his being. An omniscient narrator either is or is not according to whether or not he knows everything in the one way that is all-knowing, and that one way cannot be conventional. Jamesy is insofar as his omniscience is distinguishable from conventional omniscience.



letters that keep intruding into the narrative as if to proclaim NOTICE ME, or at the very least REMEMBER WHO IS CALLING THE SHOTS. Because they continue to disclose a narrator who knows everything as persons do not, these intrusions are in reality impersonal. But they offer a semblance of the personal as well. As substitutes for persons, Stephen and Bloom repeatedly intrude into the past-tense narrative of the first six chapters with their separate, unheard reflections. Jamesy can be read as taking his seemingly personal turn with interior monologue in chapter 7's headlines, for they too intrude silently into the narrative, intrude into it so silently, in fact, that the "(E)" in "HOUSE OF KEY(E)S" (7: 141) would be lost altogether if Jamesy's were a spoken and not a written business.<sup>12</sup>

#### INTRUSIONS BOUND BY RULES

Chapter 7 is the beginning of an extended series of chapters that Jamesy disturbs by way of small and large intrusions. Insofar as it disturbs what would otherwise have been a more conventionally impersonal omniscience, each intrusion seems to be personal, and it seems to be more personal the more it disturbs the convention. In the presence of the most disturbing intrusions, therefore, Jamesy's omniscience must either give way altogether, taking Jamesy's being with it, or it must hold its own by containing the disturbance. However unconventional because however seemingly personal, Jamesy's intrusions are bound by a number of rules that secure his omniscient being. Here is a summary of the rules.

(1) Each chapter into which Jamesy intrudes would be no less intelligible if it lacked his intrusions. Each intrusion is in this way perfectly gratuitous. But each also retains an explicable relationship with the rest of the intrusions within its chapter. HOUSE OF KEY(E)S is like the rest of the phrases in boldface within its chapter insofar as each can be imagined as having a place above a column of newspaper print. The rest of the intrusions into the twelfth chapter are like "Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for us. When she lays her egg she is so glad. Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Then comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz and takes her fresh egg. Ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook" (12: 846-49), in that each assumes a different point of view than the barfly-narrator's and then proceeds to elaborate ridiculously on something in his narrative.

(2) While each intrusion is gratuitous, it also maintains an explicable relationship with the narrative into which it intrudes. Like

The less conventional Jamesy's omniscience, the more distinguishable he is from other "omniscient" narrators who, by contrast with him if he is exceptional, are less than all-knowing. The conventionally omniscient narrator is impersonal. In order to avoid being conventionally omniscient—and this is the cost—Jamesy must seem to be personal.

To recognize Jamesy as seeming to be personal is not the same as to mistake him for being personal. Though his condescension in allowing his disclosures to be intelligible may be mistaken as personal, Jamesy is insofar as his disclosures are not for persons but only for himself. Disclosing his omniscience is costly to Jamesy not because it may be mistaken as personal but rather because the more distinguishable he is from conventionally omniscient narrators, the more that distinction really carries with it the semblance of the personal.

#### DISTURBING INTRUSIONS

If the most conventionally omniscient narrative is the most conventionally impersonal, Jamesy's chronicle disturbs that convention from its first page. By letting his characters play at thinking a sizeable portion of it on their own, Jamesy offers the illusion that what he knows about them is more personal than it needs to be. Had it been enough for him to disclose that he knows everything his characters think and do not think, he could have availed himself of such conventional (if less insipid) formulas as "It would never have occurred to Mr Bloom that . . ." and "As he noticed the gold points on Mulligan's teeth, Stephen was reminded of . . ."

Jamesy's use of interior monologue, though, is only the first disturbance in what might be a far more placidly impersonal narrative. *Ulysses* is less conventionally omniscient than a narrative that includes interior monologue but also protects the narrator's knowledge from the base perceptions of his characters. But whether less conventional or more, it is still conventions that supplant conventions that supplant conventions. Though hardly a rapprochement with his people-replacing characters, Jamesy's making room for their perceptions within the dominant mode of his complete, past-tense sentences is in its turn a convention that remains intact through chapter 6 and is not dismissed completely for several chapters more.

Its dismissal is imminent, though, as the first words of the seventh chapter warn: "IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS." The chapter's sixty-three headlines are the first of Jamesy's extraordinary intrusions into what chapters 1 through 6 had established as the narrator's ordinary business at hand. Conventions that had presented Jamesy as a relatively impersonal overseer explode in centered, capital



the rest of the phrases in capital letters within its chapter, HOUSE OF KEY(E)S introduces other phrases within the particular section of narrative that immediately follows it. "Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant" (7: 143). "—The idea, Mr Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule" (7: 149–50). Like the rest of Jamesy's intrusions into the barfly's narrative, "Ga Ga Gara" is introduced by a phrase that immediately precedes it. "Gob," the barfly had just said of Bloom, "he'd have a soft hand under a hen" (12: 845).

(3) Each of Jamesy's intrusions is distinct from and parasitic on his perfectly impersonal omniscience. What Bloom said to the councillor, what the anonymous barfly said about his hour in Barney Kiernan's to his equally anonymous audience—these are things that Jamesy knows with certainty, as he knows all things. By contrast, HOUSE OF KEY(E)S and "Ga Ga Gara" have the flightiness of mere observation. Seemingly personal, they relate to Jamesy's knowledge very much the way his characters' perceptions do. Because they are excrescences on what he knows and because they can be read as having puckish good fun at its expense, each intrusion in *Ulysses* seems to impugn the authority of what Jamesy knows about that Dublin at one remove that its first chapters were just beginning to present. But just as it is this Dublin that Jamesy knows, so too does his knowledge of it remain undiminished in its reality despite all the disturbances within what might otherwise have been a more conventionally impersonal omniscient narrative.

(4) Throughout *Ulysses*, therefore, it is not what Jamesy knows that the intrusions parody: instead, they parody people who have thoughts. Though many of the intrusions seem to be personal at least to the degree that they seem the work of a madcap profligate who wants nothing more than to make people laugh, they are parodies of what anyone might have but no one has observed about Jamesy's perfectly impersonal knowledge. Identifying Jamesy in any one of his intrusions is easy enough, just as it is easy enough to identify each of his characters by what each thinks or says. Simon Dedalus can be heard in any of his one-liners, Mulligan in his burlesques, Lenehan in his barely tolerable puns. It is not only Bloom who hears Alf Bergan in the postcard "U. p: up." (12: 269): Joe Hynes thinks it is Bergan's style too. "—Was it you did it, Alf? says Joe. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson. / —Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character" (12: 1038–40).<sup>11</sup> Unlike Dedalus, Mulligan, Lenehan, or Bergan, on the other hand, Jamesy does not have a consistent style but varies wildly in his intrusions from chapter to chap-

ter.<sup>14</sup> AS HOUSE OF KEY(E)S diverges stylistically from "Ga Ga Gara" (and "Ga Ga Gara" from other intrusions even within its own chapter), so does each diverge from Jamesy's attack on Bloom for having masturbated. "Has he not nearer home a seedfield that lies fallow for the want of the ploughshare?" (14: 929–30) the interloper asks rhetorically about Bloom. "A habit reprehensible at puberty is second nature and an opprobrium in middle life" (14: 930–31). Were the attacker substituting for a consistent and identifiable person, the attack itself might be more formidable. Because it is merely another in a series of skirmishes that are consistent only in that they would not be fought by any one person, the attack is turned away by everything Jamesy discloses about the damage done to Bloom's and Molly's sexual compatibility by Rudy's death. Because Bloom is what Jamesy knows about him, Bloom is not reduced to an object of parody. What the attack parodies is not Bloom but rather the personal impulse to reprove—an impulse, in this case, that the real and therefore impulse-free Jamesy only seems to have.

#### TO IMPERSONATE

It takes a person to intrude into what would otherwise be an omniscience uncorrupted by personal perception or thought. Because he must only seem to be personal if he is to be omniscient in the one way that is all-knowing, Jamesy's intrusions must not be and are not recognizable as those of a narrator who is substituting for a person. The person for whom Jamesy might have substituted has been removed before he or she could be disclosed.<sup>15</sup> What is disclosed in his or her place is Jamesy the Impersonator.

To substitute for a person is to substitute for whatever a person is subject to. To impersonate, on the other hand, as Jamesy does, is to feign such subjection while preserving intact the impersonator's immunity to it. Jamesy is not subject to personal concerns. Because I am a person and can therefore conceive of Jamesy in no other way, I have implied that he has concerns. To imply that Jamesy cares what happens is to distort what he is. By reading *Ulysses* as his completion of a "task," the task of substituting other more acceptable phenomena (*Ulysses*, or Dublin at one remove) in place of the less acceptable phenomena to be removed (whatever mere persons take any place to be at any time), I have distorted what is at once least personal and most real about Jamesy. *Ulysses* is Jamesy's completion of a task only insofar as he impersonates that already removed "someone" who would be concerned enough to begin the task and then complete it. There is in reality no

time for Jamesy to do either. Since with the removal of the person time is removed too, there is no time for Jamesy to be concerned that he will be mistaken for just any old omniscient narrator, no time for him to disturb conventional omniscience so that he might be omniscient in the one unshared way that is all-knowing.

And yet what Jamesy is inseparable from his impersonation, from his seeming to be a person with time, a person subject to concerns. What seems to concern him most, basically enough, is that he cannot be personal but must only seem to be. One rule that Jamesy can think of not observing, can seem not to observe but must observe, is the rule according to which he cannot be both personal and omniscient being. Jamesy impersonates "someone" who is unhappy with this rule. Merely a person, I can only speculate on the unhappiness. One of my guesses is that the rule keeps him just that hairbreadth away from omnipotence, from the power to be whatever he pleases even if what he pleases to be is nothing more than a person. Another guess is that he is unhappy with the rule for reasons that resemble God's reasons for creating the universe: to ask why Jamesy wants to be personal may be to ask why God dispersed his unity into stars, his eternity into time, why he let there be people.

Such speculation is idle, of course, since Jamesy is not really unhappy but only seems to be. And yet for all I do to remember that he is impersonal, I read the impersonating Jamesy as an intelligence that does its superior best to be personal but knows its best is not good enough. Before I begin to review in some detail the deep middle of the book—that portion of *Ulysses* in which Jamesy's impersonating is its sharpest and most unignorable—I want to look more generally at the shape of his impersonating as a whole, I want to look at what must come of it since Jamesy, who knows everything, knows that it must keep him at one absolute remove from being personal.<sup>16</sup>

#### BUTTINGS-OUT

Jamesy's impersonating does not keep him there without his seeming to use one other ploy. Knowing that his intrusions into the narrative cancel whatever personal quality they might have had if they were less hyperbolic, Jamesy seems to change tactics. Butting in having kept him impersonal, he butts out. Though he does so somewhat tentatively at first and never with the abandon that would characterize an inferior intelligence, he abdicates in favor of three characters who do his narrating for him.<sup>17</sup> Because of these abdications, I included the term CHARACTER on the ladder to the impersonal *Chronicle*. Since each of

these three narrating characters is unlike Jamesy in that each is substituting for a person, the chronicle as a whole is the more personal for their narratives.

"I was just passing the time of day with Old Troy of the D. M. P.," the twelfth chapter begins. Though Jamesy himself will issue a first-person "vow" two chapters later, the first-person narrator of chapter 12 is not Jamesy but an unnamed barfly. This first abdication seems to come hard for Jamesy. If he were any easier about having yielded the narrative to a mere character, he might not have riddled the chapter with intrusions that, rather than disrupting the impersonal narrator's hold on the narrative, return it to him again and again.

Perhaps because in having given way to the barfly he had become accustomed to such stepping-aside, Jamesy is far less peremptory in Gerry's portion of the next chapter. Because Gerry's is a third- and not a first-person narrative, Jamesy retains at least the pronominal lineaments of his impersonal omniscience and can therefore be easier about his own withdrawal. In the story she tells herself about herself, Gerry does not know what Jamesy knows about her: that she is sublimating her sexual appetite while at the same time refusing to acknowledge the handicap that makes it all the less likely that her sublime fantasies will be fulfilled. And as his superior intelligence enables him to stray more than just one up on her throughout her narrative, the rest of the chapter is securely Jamesy's insofar as it returns—though for the last time—to that mixture of omniscience and interior monologue with which *Ulysses* began.

The guest narrator of the sixteenth chapter is Leopold Bloom. In chapter 4, after he had read *Matcham's Masterstroke* by Mr. Philip Beaufoy, Bloom had thought that he himself should have a go at writing. At the cabman's shelter, the thought comes back. "To improve the shining hour he wondered whether he might meet with anything approaching the same luck as Mr Philip Beaufoy if taken down in writing suppose he were to pen something out of the common groove (as he fully intended doing) at the rate of one guinea per column, *My Experiences*, let us say, in a *Cabman's Shelter*" (16: 1227-31). Like Gerry's, Bloom's narrative is third-person and allows Jamesy to show up the very character for whom he has decamped. "My Experiences, let us say, in a *Cabman's Shelter*" is laden with a syntax and phrases heavy enough to sink it. Unlike Gerry's, which avoids sinking mostly because it documents the interesting if pitiful life she plays at living, Bloom's stays afloat not because it is interesting to see how pitifully he would write but because it is both funny and poignant to be no less close to his sensibility even when he is putting on the airs of a writer.<sup>18</sup> Unlike Gerry's, Bloom's narrative extends throughout its chapter and is there-

fore the one chapter-long narrative that Jamesy neither mediates as a conventionally impersonal intelligence nor disrupts with his impersonations.

#### SLOW, POSSIBLY EVEN INCOMPLETE RESIGNATION

As impervious to conscience or reprisal as to the impossible news that a character has perceived, said, thought, or felt something he himself did not already know, Jamesy has been removed from all communities of people by order of the rules that let him be. His costs in having been removed would be trifling if he had remained indifferently "within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork" (P, 215). But whether out of sheer superiority, disdain, or a loneliness that seeks retribution, he flails away at what it is to be a person in his buttings-in. It is a rule of Jamesy's being that he must be timeless: and while this too is a rule by which he abides, he comes across in his buttings-out like an intelligence-in-process, an intelligence that only very slowly resigns itself to the personal costs of having been effaced.

If he completes that resignation by ceding all of the sixteenth chapter to Bloom, he cannot backslide thereafter but must instead confirm that he has passed beyond his doomed flirtation with the personal. Chapters 17 and 18 try his resolve again and again, for what they continue to tell about Stephen, Bloom, and Molly makes them the most personal chapters in the book. Except in that sense in which he himself is every phrase of *Ulysses*, Jamesy stays out of chapter 18 altogether. Because the chapter is interior monologue and not third-person narrative in the past tense, it is even more completely Molly's than chapter 16 is Bloom's. For once and at last, in Molly's chapter, Jamesy's removal is not accompanied by his resistance to the inevitable.

His compliance in chapter 17, by contrast, is obtrusive if only slightly less thorough. In its "catechetical interrogation" (17: 2249), Jamesy is the questions and answers to one thing after another, each of them materializing as if by itself and in the absence of any sensibility that might sort out the treasures from the junk. The fatuous "versicle" on a card "from Mir + Mrs M. Comerford" (17: 1782) weighs no differently with Jamesy than the words that Bloom remembers from his father's suicide note. Bloom's and Stephen's handshake is "the lines of their valedictory arms, meeting at any point and forming any angle less than the sum of two right angles" (17: 1222-23), the reflection of Bloom's face in the mirror a "composite asymmetrical image" (17:

1348). Technical and antiseptic, Jamesy's phrases empower him to present the personal with perfect dispassion.

But even as late as chapter 17, his detachment from his characters is hard-won if it is won at all. If there were nothing personal for Jamesy in what he knows about Bloom, if it were easy to put Bloom to sleep forever, "the childman weary, the manchild in the womb" (17: 2317-18), would not have made its way onto the chapter's last page. The phrases do not go uncontested. "Womb? Weary?" (17: 2319), the dictation-monitoring, flawlessly impersonal part of Jamesy asks. Called to account for having momentarily forgotten itself and gone mushy, it is another, more personal part of Jamesy that answers amply and with poise "He rests. He has travelled" (17: 2320).

There is a similar quality in what is for me the least conventional passage in *Ulysses*. It is a passage that occurs roughly halfway through the book and is therefore prior to the last stages of Jamesy's submission as an impersonal intelligence. The passage seems to parody Gerty's sentimentality in that it takes its tone and direction, as her narrative does, from "that book *The Lamplighter* by Miss Cummins, author of *Mabel Vaughan* and other tales" (13: 632-34). But instead of being sentimental itself and thereby parodying any person's feelings at twilight, it offers Jamesy's most nearly personal view of Dublin and of Bloom. The parody is there, surely, but it is unignorable only in the words "lonely" and "everwelcome." Only in those two words has Jamesy been removed from perceptions and feelings only he could have who knows all that Jamesy knows.

A last lonely candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in search of funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet but one white stars. They floated, fell: they faded. The shepherd's hour: the hour of folding: hour of tryst. From house to house, giving his everwelcome double knock, went the nine o'clock postman, the glowworm's lamp at his belt gleaming here and there through the laurel hedges. And among the five young trees a hoisted lintstock lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By screens of lighted windows, by equal gardens a shrill voice went crying, wailing: *Evening Telegraph, stop press edition! Result of the Gold Cup races!* and from the door of Dignam's house a boy ran out and called. Twittering the bat flew here, flew there. Far out over the sands and coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for slumber, tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake.

And far on Kish bank the anchored lightship twinkled, winked at Mr Bloom. (13: 1166-81)

### The Impersonator

The first three chapters of *Ulysses* point me toward the person for whom Stephen Dedalus substitutes, chapters 4 through 6 toward the person Bloom would be if he, like Stephen and every other character, were a person and not a substitute, not a person at one remove. Without requiring that I particularly like Stephen, without requiring that I condone Bloom's ways, the first six chapters of *Ulysses* cohere because these characters cohere. The parts of speech that constitute Stephen and Bloom have a self-consistency that persons have. Persons are of course not perfectly self-consistent. If they were, whatever they did or said would be tiresomely transparent not only to other persons but also to themselves. But a person's inconsistencies have a more or less self-consistent range. Just as someone is an acquaintance or a friend only because he is enough the same from time to time for me to remember what I have come to be familiar with in him, Stephen's sensibility and acts are recognizable to me as Stephen's, Bloom's as Bloom's. If *Ulysses* were no longer than its first six chapters, it would impress me because of the rigor with which it points toward persons.

That the rigor of that pointing continues throughout *Ulysses* is a subtle but considerable surprise once I have read chapter 7. That chapter makes it clear that I am at the mercy of an intelligence that does just what it pleases. Since one of the things it pleases to do in Chapter 7 is to upstage its characters by pretending to be a character in its own right, I begin to feel well advised not to expect much more in the way of coherent disclosure about Stephen and about Bloom. Maybe I have heard the last of them, now that the narrator seems bent on my noticing him. Or maybe I have heard the last by which they would be recognizable to me. As I read on, though, I am surprised to find that there is as much knowledgeable and self-consistent pointing toward persons after chapter 6 as there is before. While subsequent chapters remind me again and again that I am relying for my news about Stephen and Bloom on Jamesy's characterlike whimsy as the teller of that news, there are two things that Jamesy is not whimsical about in the least: he keeps the news about his characters coming, and he keeps it coming in a way that does not disrupt the consistency of any one of them.<sup>19</sup> For all its changes in other respects, the narrative from chapter 7 on keeps pointing me toward persons. And far from diminishing it, as I had at first expected they would, the changes Jamesy introduces augment the

pointing, they move me to take *Ulysses* all the more personally after chapter 6. My concern here is to say why.

The simpler part of the explanation is that Jamesy's shenanigans serve as a foil. Against the backdrop of his gestures toward upstaging them, the persons for whom his characters substitute appear to be especially sturdy creatures. Over the course of *Ulysses* as a whole, Jamesy's characters manage to withstand everything he throws at them—his bombastic disruption of the measured and respectful tone in which he had begun to tell their story, his feigned derision of them, his unfeigned and vast indifference to what they care about most. It is only because Jamesy seems dedicated to wresting the center away from them that persons remain as central to *Ulysses* as they do.

The part that is harder to explain obliges me to survey what Jamesy's changed ways tell me not about his characters but rather about himself. Through the first six chapters, I participate in a convention according to which omniscient narrators are perfectly sufficient as long as they know everything about persons. Within this convention, an omniscient narrator cannot be personal since persons know less than everything. Through chapter 6 of *Ulysses*, the convention is intact for me because the narrator is both a conduit of complete knowledge about persons and impersonal: for all I know, for all the convention allows me to think about it, the narrator is complete because impersonal. Intact for me, which is to say intact because I participate in it unhesitatingly, the convention precludes my thinking there might be still more to the narrator if he were everything he is but also personal. In terms of substance, in real terms, there could be no more to Jamesy than there already is: because he is what he knows and because he knows all, Jamesy's being is at once all there and all there really is. For as long as the convention is intact, real terms are the only terms that apply.

Jamesy is as real as ever throughout *Ulysses*. There is no less of him after the convention loosens, as it begins to in chapter 7. What changes in chapter 7 is that Jamesy pretends there is something missing in the narrator of the first six and that he himself had better make up for lost time. He begins to impersonate. As he does so, he implies that the first narrator is missing whatever is not missing in a person who, because he or she is born, is subject to a peculiar body, sensibility, and compound of conditions. Once Jamesy's semblance of the personal begins to register with me, my participation in the narrative changes markedly. Instead of taking the narrator's sufficiency for granted, as I do when only real terms apply, I apply personal terms not only to the narrative but to the narrator as well.

In real terms, Jamesy is one and the same with the first narrator. In personal as in real terms, Jamesy and the first narrator are one and the

same in that neither has been born and neither substitutes for a person who has been born. Jamesy differs from the first narrator, on the other hand, in that his impersonating pretends (1) to acknowledge a difference between real and personal terms, and (2) to favor the personal. Jamesy's acknowledgment and preference are pretense only, and so real terms continue to apply. But the pretense itself prompts me to apply personal terms to the narrator as if such terms were not only separable from real terms but the very terms Jamesy wants me to apply. As I follow his intermittent but increasingly flagrant impersonating from chapter 7 through chapter 14, I find that Jamesy is personal and not real to the degree that he wants to be a person.

To know everything is to be real and therefore impersonal. To be subject to the merely "living realities" of a body, sensibility, and conditions is to know less than everything, as persons who are born to die know less than everything. In personal but not in real terms, Jamesy wants what he cannot have: to be subject, as you and I are, to the world as each person merely takes it to be. The world as I take it to be is a world with other persons whose waking time, like mine, is a sequence of perceptions and judgments. For most of us, that sequence ends too soon. Before falling asleep, I am sometimes startled awake by the thought that I have lived more than half my life, possibly much more than half. Just as I often want to know what I cannot know, I often want never to die. If I were Jamesy (who is what Stephen wants to be), I would have what I often want.

At his one "more acceptable" remove from the "real" Dublin and every other so-called real place, Jamesy is the first, last, and only Word of *Ulysses*, the substance of his Word filling every imaginable gap and filling it forever. "Beware of what you wish for in youth," Stephen says during his lecture on *Hamlet*, "because you will get it in middle life" (9: 451-52). In Jamesy, I identify James Joyce's restlessness with the rule that to write something is sooner or later to have written it for all time. Few written things exhibit the deft thoroughness of *Ulysses*. To have written *Ulysses* is no longer to appear as a person whose debtorship for things done obliges him to respond again and again, but rather as an impersonal, godlike intelligence above obligation and outside time. In Jamesy's impersonating, Joyce dramatizes his own unease with rules without which he could not have written *Ulysses* and thereby risked being mistaken for the most superior of intelligences—which is to say for something other than a person. Jamesy the Impersonator of chapters 10 through 14 is personal insofar as he feels deprived of mortality and incomplete knowledge.<sup>20</sup> Though he merely feigns that deprivation, he discloses that he knows all there is to know about persons and debts. In Jamesy's impersonating, Joyce's restlessness with written closure shows.

When that restlessness appears for me, I am given a chance I would not otherwise have to judge as almost adequate my deprivations as a person.

#### PERCEIVING AND JUDGING

I am perceiving when I apply one or more of my faculties to whatever is present for them. I will call this "perceiving" to distinguish it from "judging"—a wobbly distinction, I admit, because to perceive is also to judge. Because I know less than everything and may therefore be wrong, I am obviously judging one thing or another to be the case whenever I perceive this thing or that. The distinction between perceiving and judging is useful to me, though, because I am varyingly answerable for my perceptions and "judgment" is a term that helps me keep track of such variation. If I mistake mirage for water or water for mirage, I am varyingly answerable depending on my own or someone else's need for water, upon whether I am on foot or in a dependable conveyance. I will have little to answer for if, simply wanting to know what I am seeing, I determine that it is one or the other and am wrong. I would describe this or a roughly comparable circumstance as perceiving. Though the difference between the two is not at all simple, I will reserve the term *judging* for determinations in which a person or a character has more rather than less to answer for when he or she perceives.

In substituting for a person, a character substitutes for what a person is subject to. The character named Jimmy Henry substitutes for a person. Subject to his sensibility, Jimmy Henry cannot know everything: the best he can do is to perceive that one thing or another seems to be the case. While he had perceived that John Howard Parnell had not been where he should have been some minutes before, he could come no closer than that to knowing with certainty where John Howard Parnell was. "Where was the marshal, he wanted to know, to keep order in the council chamber" (10: 1007-8). Jimmy Henry wanted to know not simply to know, of course, but so he could make something of it, so he could have that knowledge as an exhibit in support of his judgment that John Howard Parnell is a shirker. If to perceive and to judge is to be unable to know that one's perceptions and judgments are the whole truth, to judge has more rather than less to do with opinion, appraisal, feeling. Not mistaken in his perception that the city marshal was not at the council chamber where it was his elected duty to have been, Jimmy Henry's self-righteous delight in that fact implies his judgment of John Howard Parnell's fitness to serve: not knowing where the marshal was, Jimmy Henry is answerable for that judgment since it may turn out that John Howard Parnell was occupied all the while with more pressing civic business.

As the most panoramic of Jamesy's cityscapes, chapter 10 discloses that he knows with certainty what every character in Dublin is doing, saying and thinking between the hours of three and four in the afternoon. Since Jamesy is his omniscience, he cannot not know John Howard Parnell's whereabouts. "—Is that he? Haines asked, twisting round in his seat" (10: 1098) in the Dublin Bakery Company tearoom on the page following Jimmy Henry's question. "—Yes, Mulligan said. That's John Howard, his brother, our city marshal" (10: 1049). Ineradicably different from Jimmy Henry as from each of his characters, Jamesy is immune not only to perception but to judgment as well. Because Jamesy knows what Jimmy Henry wants to know but does not—that the marshal is diddling away the hour over a chessboard—Jamesy does not judge and therefore has nothing to answer for on the matter of John Howard Parnell.

#### NO TWO WAYS

Within chapter 10, as within *Ulysses* as a whole, a character's perceptions and judgments are intimately, almost even compulsively related. There are exceptions. Tom Kernan thinks, "The windscreen of that motorcar in the sun there" (10: 1759): the purely designative temper of the words "that" and "there" leaves him answerable for very little. But chapter 10 includes the interior monologues of no fewer than nine characters, and the first perception of each involves a judgment of one sort or another, however slight. Kernan himself is no exception. Satisfied that he had coaxed an order out of Mr. Crimmins with carefully chosen small talk, Kernan judges that he had "Got round him all right" (10: 720). "Five to three," Father Conmee observes. "Just nice time to walk to Artane" (10: 2-3). Boylan assesses the shopgirl's cleavage and concludes that she is a "young pullet" (10: 327). "Palefaces" (10: 341), Stephen thinks of tourists on a tram. Miss Dunne, displeased with the novel she is reading, decides that there's "too much mystery business in it" (10: 371). Anticipating that a "fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark" (10: 513-14), McCoy transfers a banana peel from path to gutter. Bloom notices the "crooked botched print" (10: 586) of the book he is glancing at. Dilly Dedalus laments the loss of "those lovely curtains" (10: 646) her family's penury has forced her to auction off for five shillings. And Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam remembers that it was "too blooming dull sitting in the parlour" (10: 1124-25) with his father's mourners.

None of the examples I have just cited is as blatantly judgmental as Jimmy Henry's indictment of John Howard Parnell. And yet however

moderate it is, each of the nine is only one of the many ways in which value might be assigned to the matter addressed. Jamesy's omniscience obviously precludes the assigning of values: because he knows everything in the one way that is certainty, because there are no two ways about the matters he knows, Jamesy is not answerable. Not so for his characters, who are answerable to one another for the differing values each assigns to matters they have in common. Five minutes to three is a matter Father Conmee has in common with every other Dubliner in *Ulysses*. Since his world is one in which he is not reduced to begging on crutches, what any time of day is worth to Conmee differs starkly from what it is worth to the onelegged sailor who jerks himself from street to street behind the growl "—For England. . . . *home and beauty*" (10: 232-33).

It is of course only for readers of *Ulysses* that the differing values of Conmee and the sailor intersect. Substituting for persons who do not know what readers of *Ulysses* know, the characters in chapter 10 pass obliquely on the street, some of them attending to the physical presences of these others, some talking with them, but none being privy to what those others think but do not say. Though Crimmins might suspect as much, he does not know with Jamesy's certainty that Kernan has judged him to be no more than someone to get round. It should be safe to assume that Crimmins does not judge himself that way. Had he known what Kernan was thinking about him, as readers do, the differing judgments of customer and salesman might have collided head-on, the latter being left with much to answer for. That collision avoided and the order booked, what may yet collide with Kernan's judgment of Crimmins are different readers' judgments of Kernan. Any reader who has wondered if he or she was being had in a commercial transaction will not be disposed to applaud Kernan's self-congratulatory relief over having made Crimmins his dupe.

How *Ulysses* is read depends on the uncountable judgments its characters' judgments elicit from its readers. Clive Hart has judged that the judgment McCoy exercises in his one short bit of interior monologue is enough to distinguish him favorably from his less sympathetic companion, Lenehan. The effect is quite the reverse, Hart writes, with Boylan's "a young pullet."<sup>21</sup> Neither of these judgments is the last word on its matter. My agreeing with Hart on both matters is obviously not a last word either since you may not agree with him about them, and since someone else again may arrive at different, interesting readings of the same phrases. Judgments never really settle a matter but summon more judgments still.



Since Jamesy's real-because-certain knowledge is free of the indeterminacy with which judgments are burdened, he himself is free to have the last word on any matter in *Ulysses*. He would have that last word in chapter 10 if it were not for his impersonation of someone bent on maligning Father Connie.

Father Connie crossed to Mountjoy square. He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs, ending their days in some pauper ward, and of cardinal Wolsey's words: *If I had served my God as I have served my king He would not have abandoned me in my old days*. He walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking leaves: and towards him came the wife of Mr David Sheehy M. P.

—Very well, indeed, father. And you, father?

Father Connie was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Connie was very glad indeed to hear that. (10: 12–21)

The attack by Jamesy is surreptitious, to be sure, for it emanates from third-person, past-tense sentences that bring with them into the chapter the aura of omniscient indifference they help develop and sustain throughout much of the preceding nine.

But the sentences above are not those of the Great Imperson Jamesy. The impersonal touch would have been to omit the phrase "but not for long" and to present Connie's hyper-polite exchange with Mrs. Sheehy in direct discourse. Whereas Jamesy might have gone along his well-established way by letting what he knows about Connie accumulate to Connie's undeniable disgrace, he goes out of his way both to point up Connie's hypocrisy and to level sarcasm at his mannered use of the word "indeed." Since I read Connie's use of the word as a fit emblem for his fussy, shallow dealings with the souls entrusted to his pastoral care, I cannot deny that it is at least mildly embarrassing. What I do deny, what the impersonating Jamesy pretends to want me to deny is that it is as reprehensible as he makes it out to be. If it were just that reprehensible, I would not sense—as I do—that Jamesy is picking on Connie. By not granting him the direct discourse through which Connie might play at speaking the word for himself, Jamesy goes out of his way to imply that Connie's use of it is less excusable than Mrs. Sheehy's. The word is after all her contribution to their chat, not Connie's. If Connie could have resisted using it once it had been

introduced, a nonimpersonating Jamesy would certainly have resisted lambasting him for having used it.

Jamesy does not resist. Instead, he impersonates someone who cannot let Connie's use of the word pass unjudged. Rather than impressing me as an intelligence that *knows* that Connie spoke the word "indeed," Jamesy seems to have *judged* that Connie is a disgraceful character and must be judged as such. But while I might otherwise have been inclined to judge Connie in that way, I have been distracted from Connie's use of the word by Jamesy's feigned judgment of him for having used it. Though he has done so with relatively little ado, Jamesy has shifted attention away from what he knows about Connie and onto himself.

#### JUDGING AND SAYING

With that shift I begin to attend to Jamesy not solely as a knower who discloses but also as a judge who says what his judgments are. Judging is inextricably allied with saying. Judgments are predicated on apprehensions, on a person's seizing from unsayableness the particular matter to be judged. As in Keran's "the windscreen of that motorcar in the sun there," a person can say things to another person or to himself without at the same time implying a judgment. But judgments cannot be made without saying things if only to oneself. Jamesy impersonates whenever he pretends to forgo his very real omniscience in favor of what a mere person might say and thus be answerable for. If the impersonal-because-omniscient Jamesy discloses what he knows, Jamesy the Impersonator pretends to say what he judges to be the case.

His impersonating in chapter 10, as I have said, is limited primarily to the section on Connie. And even within that section Jamesy remains mostly impersonal, is mostly content to disclose about Connie what only a superior intelligence could know. When I read the paragraphs in which Connie imagines "the book that might be written" (10: 162) about Mary Rochfort, for example, I am tempted to think I am dealing with a disclosure of Jamesy's certain knowledge. As Connie goes on constructing her story for himself, he arrives at what I take to be his compelling interest in it: the enigma of whether or not she ever "committed adultery fully," with "ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ." I say I take this to be what moves Connie to imagine writing the book because these are paragraphs in which Jamesy maintains his more or less conventionally impersonal omniscience. Because they include nothing that resembles an act of judgment on Jamesy's part, because they are in this respect unlike the passage in



which Connie greets Mrs. Sheehy, they tempt me to think that what I learn from them is certain.

But is it? The temptation is just the reverse when I go on a hundred words or so and read that "the lychgate of a field showed Father Connie breadths of cabbages, curtseying to him with ample underleaves" (10: 180-81). If Jamesy had been content to know how Connie saw the cabbages, he could have supplied that knowledge by granting Connie the interior monologue within which his character could play at seeing them for himself. I would then be able to read what Jamesy knows as evidence on which I and other readers, but not also Jamesy, might base judgments about Connie. But any evidence the sentence may present is nearly indistinguishable from Jamesy's judgment that Connie is lascivious enough to be titillated by cabbage leaves, subtlety enough to conceal his lust from himself by assuming that cabbage ladies are only being courteous when they expose their "unmentionables." The sentence reads to me as if it is an outgrowth of this very judgment and not evidence at all. Since it is a judgment to which Jamesy seems to have beaten me and everyone else, might it not also have motivated the paragraphs on Mary Rochfort and possibly even Connie's portrait as a whole? I think it can be said of Connie that his hypocrisy owes as much to repressed prurience as to anything else. But who has said as much about Connie, Jamesy, or myself? Given the coolness with which he impersonates in Chapter 10, I am unable to tell.

#### HEATING IT UP

That coolness gives way in chapter 11. Having only implied that his characters are what he says they are, Jamesy intensifies his impersonation of someone who judges: he goes on and makes it explicit. Chapter 11 is a chapter in which Jamesy conducts an ardent show of wanting *Ulysses* to be recognized as things that he himself has said.

"Leopold cut liverslices. As said before he ate with relish the inner organs" (11: 519-20), and "Bloom ate liv as said before" (11: 569). Though the phrase "as said before" is restricted literally to words Jamesy himself and no one of his characters has "said" at some earlier point in the book, it calls enough attention to the origin of what is said that it extends to words that may have appeared to issue from a character but did not. If I had read chapter 7 as asking me to think of "onehanded" (7: 1018) as a word Stephen and not Jamesy "said" in referring to Nelson's statue, chapter 11 asks me to think again. "Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor, said before. Jingle by monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio onehanded Nelson, reverend father Theobald

Mathew, jaunted, as said before just now" (11: 761-63). With their emphasis on what has been "said before," these sentences call my attention to the fact that *Ulysses* must all of it have been "said" by Jamesy "before." Stephen could play at saying "onehanded."

Chapter 11 has it that his characters "say" one word or another only "after" Jamesy has said the whole of *Ulysses*. "Before" the blind strippling could utter his version of the curse in chapter 10 (10: 1119), Jamesy must have said "God's curse on bitch's bastard" (11: 285) in chapter 11. "Before" Tom Kernan could be quoted in chapter 6 as having a weakness for the locution "retrospective arrangement" (6: 150), Jamesy must have said in chapter 11 that "Tom Kernan, harking back in a retrospective sort of arrangement talked to listening Father Cowley, who played a voluntary, who nodded as he played" (11: 797-99). By emphasizing that he himself is the sayer of *Ulysses*, Jamesy feigns descent from his atemporal omniscience. As his impersonation in chapter 11 pretends that he gives up his timelessness for a succession of afters and before, it also pretends that *Ulysses* is not the disclosure of what is real and true but rather and merely what "someone" has judged worthy to be said.

#### DOUBLE WHAMMY

This "someone," though, is an impersonator. Jamesy is personal only at one absolute remove. As the tone of his impersonating in chapter 11 makes clear, Jamesy knows that he is irrecoverably impersonal. No person would pepper what he or she says with smug and daffy "said before"s, confessions in which Jamesy seems to remember being forgetful and pointedly refuses to do anything about it.<sup>22</sup> That refusal is perfectly in order: Jamesy does not think twice about his words because, impersonal, he is not answerable for them, there is no answering Jamesy because there are no two ways about whatever he says. In contrast with Jamesy, a person is answerable because there are at least two ways about what he or she says. What a person says is at best a version, "an account resting upon limited authority"<sup>23</sup> that turns from one thing to another and may be answered in its turn. Nothing turns for Jamesy, who is timeless. Whatever he says is the unturning, one word "Jamesy," or "I AM WHO AM." Chapter 11 is Jamesy's revelation that the order in which things "happen" in *Ulysses* is no index to their cause. Only if he is the cause of what follows it can Jamesy have said chapter 11's overture, a foretelling of the chapter's motifs in which the word "Done" immediately precedes the word "Begin!" There are "events" in *Ulysses* only if Jamesy causes them to be by saying them.

If I am to read chapter 11 for its impersonal elements, I must suspend

my readiness to answer for Ulysses' characters: for it is in this chapter that I am asked to recognize them as nothing more than an arbitrarily related series of phrases. Chapter 11 reminds me that Bloom, like everything else in *Ulysses*, is whatever Jamesy says. Jamesy's ardor in chapter 11 issues largely from what he wants to be recognized as having said about his protagonist. While he only snipes at Conmee from behind the cover of an omniscient indifference, Jamesy urges me to catch him unloading his whole arsenal against Bloom. Jamesy's is an especially versatile and comprehensive weaponry. Because it consists of everything he himself has said in *Ulysses*, it lets him see to it that Bloom both gets what he deserves and deserves what he gets.

Jamesy has only to say it and Bloom is at once a victim of sexual jealousy and a most cooperative cuckold. As Jamesy says it, Bloom has orchestrated Boylan's affair with Molly. That might be crime enough in a character who is at the same time intensely jealous of his wife's lover. But there is more. Bloom spots Boylan's car outside the Ormond hotel at this the hour of Boylan's tryst with Molly: then he decides to "sit tight" in the dining room there so that he might "see, not be seen" (11: 357-58). What follows punishes Bloom as unrelentingly as he punishes himself by continuing to think about his plight. Having said Bloom noticed that his and Molly's bed jingles (4: 59), Jamesy now says Bloom hears Boylan's car "jing" as it pulls away. "Bloom heard a jing, a little sound. He's off" (11: 457). If Bloom happens to think the word "off" because it describes Boylan's going, Jamesy wants to be recognized as having said Bloom thinks it so that it might also describe Boylan's coming: for within the intricacies of the "jingle" motif, Jamesy has gone out of his way to elide the car's trek to 7 Eccles Street with Boylan's getting it off with Molly once he is there. "P. S. The rum tum tum," Bloom lolls to himself as he adds a postscript to Martha: "How will you pun? You punish me?" (11: 890-91). If he is at first oblivious to the pun on the word "off," the sense in which it establishes him as masochistic witness to his own cuckolding is there for him in Night-town as he hallucinates watching Boylan have his way with Molly.

Jamesy has assigned Bloom the same first name as Leopold von Sacher Masoch, whose *Tales of the Ghetto* Bloom owns to having read. If punishment is what Bloom not only deserves but craves, Jamesy more than obliges. To remind him that *Così fan tutte*, all women are like that, Jamesy supplies provocative and flirtatious barmaids, one of whom holds a vaginal-like shell to her ear and then caresses the "smooth jutting beerpull" (11: 1112), its "cool firm white enamel baton protruding through" the "sliding ring" of her hand (11: 1116-17). Just as "ren-ors get women by the score" (11: 686), music, in chapter 11, is sex, its harmonies a matter of "quitting all languor" (11: 736) and of getting

the timing right, of waiting and coming, "don't spin it out too long" (11: 746) and "why did he go so quick when I?" (11: 463). And each song Bloom hears in the Ormond is rife with application to his woe. *M'appari* from Flowtow's *Martha* reminds him that he has had to turn squallidly to an invisible, pathetic-if-titillating pen pal, *All is lost now* that all is just now lost, *The Croppy Boy* that as a Bloom or Virag he too is the "last of his name and race" (11: 1064-65).

Nor does Jamesy settle for kill in his assault on Bloom. Overkill is what it takes to make it unmistakably clear that Bloom's awful luck is not happenstance but rather Jamesy's pleasure-filled doing. Again and again throughout chapter 11 he seems to revel in alluding to Bloom's predicament as a cuckold. To Simon Dedalus's announcement that "Mrs Marion Bloom has left off clothes of all descriptions" (11: 496-97), Jamesy first splices the news that "jingle jaunted down the quays" (11: 498), then returns the narrative briefly to the Ormond only to turn it back again to Boylan. "By Bachelor's walk joggiaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warmseated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the? Horn. Have you the? Haw haw horn" (11: 524-27). Though he is about to, Bloom has not yet played at thinking the word "hawthorn" (11: 633). That may be what is ("haw haw") funniest to Jamesy. For just as he is free to delight in having "said" that Boylan fucks Molly "before" the sequence of chapters brings a reader to Molly's confirmation of that fact, so too can Jamesy delight in having extracted from a word Bloom has not yet "thought" both his own laughter at Bloom-the-cuckold and the cuckold's sign.

#### ONLY SEEMING TO

Bloom is used to being laughed at by Dubliners who talk as if they know that Molly is "doing the other business" (11: 487). Jamesy impersonates someone who could be one of their company. By alluding repeatedly to the business Molly and Boylan are about to do, Jamesy seems to be joining Dedalus and his chums at their "old game" (15: 975) of having bad dirty fun at Bloom's expense. Jamesy only seems to join them, of course, because Bloom's detractors cannot really be joined. Because they are only and forever what Jamesy has said, Jamesy presents only the semblance of joining them. Since he knows too much to play at being a person, he cannot join them even in play. For him to join them in the judgments they play at making, it would have to be possible for him to be wrong about how many and which natural male organs Molly's natural female organ has accommodated. Despite the implication of promiscuity when she thinks "I never in all my life felt

anyone had one the size" (18: 149-50) of Boylan's penis, Molly's monologue establishes that she has had sexual intercourse only with Boylan and with Bloom: since it is Jamesy himself who has said as much, he cannot be wrong about it and can therefore only seem to join.

In the same way, he can only seem to judge Bloom. Each of Jamesy's characters is perfectly manipulable for Jamesy, who has said whatever must be said to imply at least some minimal fit between their assorted punishments and crimes. In chapter 11, it is his very obtrusive use of this double whammy that underscores the fact that Jamesy is not judging Bloom at all but only seeming to, only impersonating someone who judges. As a person at one remove, Bloom is no more the author of his own "crimes" than of the punishing "coincidences" that befall him. Because his own words are Jamesy's words first, because there is no person named Bloom who, because he was born, may offer even the slightest resistance to the intelligence that has said him, Bloom can only seem to be judged by Jamesy. Jamesy can join the company of persons only if he, like they, are intelligences to whom birth and death and other things are not just said to happen, but happen. For until it is subjected to the conditions that follow biological birth, not even the most knowing of intelligences can judge and be answerable for its judgments.

Unable to join or to judge while seeming to do both, the impersonating Jamesy gives way in chapters 12 and 13 to two characters who unknowingly assume his purely authorial position as chronicler. As characters, the barfly and Gerry MacDowell are halfway up the ladder to the impersonal *Chronicle*. As chroniclers and not just narrators or characters, they have some claim even to the rungs above them. But that is a claim they do not and cannot make since, unlike Jamesy, they know nothing of the chronicle's very real existence. Innocent of their elevation, Gerry and the barfly substitute for intelligences on the lowest rung. The barfly's apprehensions and judgments are said loud and clear, Gerry's unsaid but very nearly sayable-to-herself. Because their successive chronicles are convincing substitutes for the less-than-all-knowing saying that persons do, they are essential to Jamesy's impersonation.

And they are essential to it in another way. Jamesy is able to impersonate only because he knows what persons are subject to when they talk to themselves or to one another. Thinking is talking to oneself. Jamesy's thinking differs from mine in that there are no persons for Jamesy to talk to, and none to talk to him: unanswerable, Jamesy thinks everything in the one way that is all-knowing. By contrast, as Jamesy knows, I am subject to a world with other persons who think

and speak: because I cannot know how you might answer what I think, I think less than everything. Because there are other persons for any person, what a person thinks or says is merely a version and therefore suspect. While Gerry and the barfly do not so much as play at knowing what is suspect about their respective chronicles, Jamesy both knows and says it through his parody of each. What the barfly says depends at least in part on what other characters say. He reports their words more or less faithfully and then seems to respond to the proceedings with judgments of his own. The back-and-forth that is conversation is largely implicit in Gerry's chapter, but explicit in the barfly's. Because his chapter takes its direction from what a number of characters say, and because each character's words are scrutinized not only by the barfly but by Jamesy himself, chapter 12 is a good bit more complicated than chapter 13—which I will take up first.

#### GERTY'S DREAMS

Gerty's portion of the thirteenth chapter is an account of her dreams as those dreams appropriate and make a place for select "events" at twilight on Sandymount strand. Whereas the barfly's account is in the first person because he is saying it to someone, Gerry's is in the third because she cannot quite say it even to herself. Since "Gerty had her dreams that no-one knew of" (13: 634), not even her confessor, they are dreams that Gerry herself must not know.

Among all the people in the world including herself, it is to her confessor alone that Gerry may say in the first person what her dreams are and what they lead her to do. If she so much as thinks about her life by saying something to herself about herself, she must keep that thinking in line with what her confessor would have her believe it is all right to say to him. To do less than that would be to deny the Church's jurisdiction.

He told her that time when she told him about that in confession, crimsoning up to the roots of her hair for fear he could see, not to be troubled because that was only the voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws, he said, in this life and that that was no sin because that came from the nature of woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word. (13: 453-59)

Whereas the Church demands that Gerry come close enough to saying profane things so that she may be understood and judged accordingly, it also insists that there are more and less sacred ways to say them. Relieved to hear her understander say that what she had confessed to

was not a sin, she had also been instructed in how to think and talk about it. Through his repeated appeal to the word "that," the priest had reminded her that certain antecedents may be discreetly relegated to pronouns and thereby brought into closer harmony with the Word of God.

Gerty puts the same lesson to a related use. It is not only her body's yearnings and deeds that she must almost but not quite say: there is also the almost unutterable subject of her body's dysfunction. Just as she repeatedly approaches but avoids saying to herself that she has sexual desires, so too does she approach but avoid saying that the body promoting those desires, her body, is a crippled body.

With its reliance on phrases and formulas she has culled from the romances she reads, Gerty's account keeps bringing her to the verge of acknowledging her handicap only to turn away. Imagining herself "as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see" (13: 80-81), she does not neglect her feet in the detailed catalog of her charms. "Edy Boardman prided herself that she was very *petite* but she never had a foot like Gertry MacDowell, a five, and never would" (13: 165-67). "There was an innate refinement, a languid queenly *hautecouture* about Gertry which was unmistakably evidenced in her delicate hands and higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed her to be" . . . (13: 96-99). The reference to her instep bringing her too close to an acknowledgment of her ill-fated accident, Gerty shifts the terms. Instead of "had kind fate but willed her to be steady on her feet," her chronicle reads "but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree," and the subject has once again been avoided. For Gerty to say to herself that "she had a lucky hand" (13: 226) for lighting a fire is to have been drawn toward the subject of her unlucky foot but to have avoided saying it.

Only once does she not avoid saying it. But for "that one shortcoming she knew she need fear no competition and that was an accident coming down Dalkey hill and she always tried to conceal it. But it must end, she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes there would be no holding back for her" (13: 650-53). Having said what it is almost impossible for her to say—that her dreams of domestic bliss are less likely to be realized because she limps—she goes on to say at least two things at the same time, each of the two pivoting on the word "it" in the sentence "but it must end, she felt." (1) With the pronoun taking an antecedent, Gerty is quickly suppressing her hard-won acknowledgment that the injury to her foot is an irreversible handicap in the competition: she is saying that her limp must end, that she has already had more than enough headache because her limp turns men away. (2) With the pronoun taking a reference that *follows* it, the acknowledged

ment stands and she is saying that what must end is her frustration that no man has looked at her with "that magic lure in his eyes": "it must end, she felt" because that man is there in front of her right now and she feels he cannot take his eyes off her just yet.

Jamesy knows why Gerty has to say at least two things at the same time. He knows that for her to say only one of the things her body urges her to acknowledge would be for her to give up the one game her body and her culture let her care about playing. She can believe she has a chance in the game, Jamesy knows, only if the stories she tells herself about herself are at the same time miraculously hopeful and free of any desperate—because-too-miraculous cures. He knows that her equivocal, third-person, past-tense dreaming is a pep talk to herself, a pep talk without which she would be forced to give up not only the game itself but thinking and talking as well. He knows that Gerty would no longer be substituting for a person if she were to give all that up, for he knows that to be a person is to have the time to go on saying things if only to oneself.

Jamesy knows too that Gerty becomes more and more inclined to let her body do a univocal kind of talking, he knows that Gerty's body responds to what she sees Bloom saying with his. "If ever there was undisguised admiration in a man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face. It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know know it" (13: 564). "Admiration" is less what she sees than raw arousal, of course. And in keeping with that kind of repression she will continue to find words that only almost say what she cannot admit to herself in the first person that her body is saying. But then her body would not say it at all if it were not for small differences in what she says to herself. Because she lets herself know about her dreams that Bloom's passionate gaze is for her, past tense yields briefly to present, and third- yields to a second-person pronoun that is at least gesturing in the direction of first. "It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it." However tawdry and pathetic the terms, Gerty has her say with Bloom. While she goes on deluding herself about her own forwardness and thereby avoids having to answer for it either to her confessor or to herself, she has said more than enough to be answerable to Bloom, to his judgment of what her body has said for him.

#### "HOW TO END THE CONVERSATION"

By the time she and Bloom have gotten it said with some measure of mutual consent and understanding, they have exchanged no words. "Still it was a kind of language between us" (13: 944). Bloom remembers. And he is right. Prior to his "fireworks," Gerty says to herself that

"her every effort would be to share his thoughts" (13: 654). Exchanging words is the usual but obviously not the only way to share another person's thoughts. Seeing that Bloom's "hands and face were working" (13: 695), sharing with him the thought that he would very much like to see the insides of her upper thighs, Gerty does her best to expose them to his view. "She wasn't ashamed and he wasn't either to look in that immodest way like that because he couldn't resist. . . . And then a rocket sprang and bang shot blind blank and O!" (13: 730-37), and Bloom thinks later why: "Dress up and look and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're a man to see that and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look and if you have any guts in you. Tip. Have to let fly" (13: 993-96).

As Gerty is answerable to Bloom in their silent colloquy, so is Bloom to Gerty. He is sure she knew that he was masturbating. But if she might therefore have judged him a fool, Bloom judges that he had at least avoided making an even "worse fool" (13: 942-43) of himself. "Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however if you don't know how to end the conversation" (13: 862-63). People want to know how to end a conversation, Jamesy knows, because not to know is to have too little control over the various turns it might take. Not to be in control of a situation is of course to risk being a fool. Since he could have settled on the most innocuous, least foolish thing to say and then have gone ahead and said it, Bloom could presumably have controlled his opening words to Gerty. But without knowing how to end the conversation, he could not have controlled either the subsequent words between them or what Gerty herself might make of those words.

From his side of it, though—and with Gerty's univocal help—he had maintained control. Because the two of them had let their bodies say that they were there to act as exhibitionist and masturbating voyeur, Bloom and Gerty had "conversed." Drawn to her by his hormones as well as by her obvious interest in what he had to say, he had come into her hearing for a short time and then gone off before he could be implicated in anything other than the agreed-upon business at hand. Which is to say that he did know how to end the conversation with her. Instead of being left with enough to answer for so that he was sorry he had begun the conversation in the first place, Bloom remained answerable to Gerty only for his shamelessness in allowing her to watch him bring himself to orgasm.

He had been more foolish, he recalls, in his exchanges with prostitutes. Since to talk with them at all was to abandon the control that resides in not talking, the first words were the riskiest. "Worst is beginning. How they change the venue when it's not what they like. Ask you do you like mushrooms because she once knew a gentlemen who.

Or ask you what someone was going to say when he changed his mind and stopped" (13: 879-82). More circumspect than Bloom, this "someone" had stopped himself from saying something he did not want to answer for. What, he might have thought just after starting to propose it, if she rejected or was offended by what he had in mind for their sexual interlude? Or worse, what if her willingness to enact his fantasy were to leave him emotionally in her debt? By interrupting what might otherwise have been a conversation with her about the matter, the man had stayed in control, had avoided a possible entanglement he could not have answered for simply with cash.

#### ENTANGLEMENTS

Instead, it was Bloom who had become entangled. Having begun to converse with her "about nothing," unable to know what the woman was going to say until she said it, he had been called upon to answer not only for himself but also for one of her former clients, a client who had kept his professional distance as Bloom had not. It is a mark of Bloom's having not kept it that the woman emerges from the plural "they"—"all prostitutes"—to the singular "she"—"this one prostitute" who, because his conversation with her had taken its uncontrollable turns, said something that still distinguishes her in his mind from others in her class.

Distinguishes her, that is to say, as a person. While he was with her, Bloom could remain unentangled and in control only so long as his apprehension of her as a prostitute was uncontested by his apprehension of her as a person. As she became however slightly more distinguishable as a person through what she said for him, she sent slight but uncontrollable tremors through what he was saying and would later say to himself about her. Because he remembers that she had called upon him to answer words of her own, he had not cancelled his obligation to her simply by paying her for her services, he was still if only minimally in her debt, entangled, not altogether in control.

Though part of that entanglement and debt can be traced to his having not been able to answer for "someone" else, there is also, for Bloom, a more general indebtedness, one that issues from the economy within which people talk to one another. People talk because they learn fairly early in their lives that talking sometimes gets results. If said for an adult's hearing and heard by that adult, the child's saying "Terry hit me" or "I'm hungry" may remedy her lack of control over her bruise of a sibling or the refrigerator door. But neither remedy will come without her also having learned, if somewhat more slowly, that she is placing herself in the debt of at least one other person with that quiet but

audible power play. Having learned that talking gets results only if it entangles another person, she has had to learn as well that she too becomes entangled in whatever responses she has occasioned—the noticeably less than enthusiastic good offices of the adult, say, or Terry's enthusiastic if delayed retaliation. Bloom is seeking a remedy of his own whenever he begins a conversation with a prostitute. Sometimes it is a breeze. "Wonderful of course if you say: good evening, and you see she's on for it: good evening" (13: 865-66). But even then he is aware that he is becoming entangled and obliged. Simply by talking with a prostitute who answers, Bloom understands, he in turn becomes answerable to one more person in a world of people who talk.

#### BELONGING

If Jamesy knew less than everything about persons, his verve as an impersonator would be proportionately less. Chapters 13 and 12 are complementary displays of what he knows about people who talk. He knows that people want to control what happens to them in their lives. Since words at least seem to them to be more controllable than circumstance, Jamesy knows, people find that saying things compensates them for their lack of control if it rarely remedies it outright. But persons also learn that they incur unpredictable debts when they so much as pass the time of day with one another: Jamesy knows that they are therefore reluctant to talk unless their talk includes escape clauses, ways out of having to answer for what they say.

The barfly's monologue in chapter 12 is replete with such ways out. Though his account of an hour in Barney Kiernan's pub requires that he himself have listened to what was said there, he is not answerable for what he says about it since his incessant surface of talk does not let his listener or listeners get a word in edgewise. Nor is he going on at such length without "anything in the way of liquid refreshment" (12: 758-59). And so while his unanswerably holding forth offers one kind of immunity for his talk, the "porter" (12: 1362) he is treated to as he holds forth offers still another.

Drinking and talking clearly go together for the barfly, but only on the condition that no one in the company of drinkers stirs up a fuss with his talk. A fuss is anything that entangles people with one another by prompting diverging responses for which they then become answerable. Since a fuss is anything about which there may be more than the barfly's one way, judgments are notorious disturbers of the unanimity for which he strives. Breen might well have a case in court over the postcard "U. p. up," says J. J. O'Molloy. "Who wants your opinion" (12: 1074), the barfly thinks but waits to say until O'Molloy cannot

hear him and therefore cannot respond. "Let us drink our pints in peace. Gob, we won't be let even do that much itself" (12: 1074-75).

The barfly has this "peace" when he is with same-minded souls who want to drink their pints with one another without someone "kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would" (12: 1794-95), to have to witness the wars brought about by talk. The barfly's is not the peace of drunken stupor, though. Neither is it the peace of silence.<sup>24</sup> He listens and talks because he is continually having to remind himself that he belongs. What belonging means is that there is safety in numbers. It means his best chance for peace is that he is numbered among a group of people who hold a mandate and will not be gainsaid.

Little matter if the group's membership is a bit vague—the vaguer, perhaps, the farther-reaching. Many of those who drink will be given the benefit of the doubt, and all the more so if they happen to be treating. Still, there must be some who do not belong if there is to be such a thing as belonging. The barfly identifies at least three recalcitrants: Bob Doran, the citizen, and Bloom. Compared to the citizen's and to Bloom's, the fuss Doran stirs up is easily quelled. In the name of Barney Kiernan's "respectable licensed premises" (12: 394) and all who belong there, Doran is told "to keep quiet, that they didn't want that kind of talk" (12: 393-94).<sup>25</sup>

A comparable injunction might be directed at the citizen, who the barfly knows is forever "only waiting for the wink of the word" (12: 479) to go off into another of his peace-disturbing tirades. But while he can always be expected to shatter what the barfly regards as the last refuge of those who belong, the citizen also happens to be the most forceful spokesman for the group itself and is therefore harder to exclude. "—*Sinn Féin!* says the citizen" (12: 523) so Bloom cannot fail to get the point. "*Sinn féin amháin!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us" (12: 523-24). The barfly can be surer he belongs because the citizen is there to say that there are those who do not. He has it both ways with the citizen, who, because he does the dirty work of telling the outcasts they are outcasts, can in turn be cast out as a course loudmouth, "all wind and piss like a tanyard cat" (12: 1311-12).

The hour would have been much less vexing for the barfly, obviously, if Bloom had not showed up. With Bloom as a target, the citizen's advocacy of the group becomes a very heated advocacy of the group-as-nation. Having heard the citizen say "We want no more strangers in our house" (12: 1150-51), "Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse" (12: 1414).



—Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

—But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

—Yes, says Bloom.

—What is it? says John Wyse.

—A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place. (12: 1417-23)

The barfly would like to think that the group he belongs to could be defined as encompassing as "the same people living in the same place." Sameness appeals to the barfly. As long as everyone in his company thinks the same way he does—and if his listeners think otherwise they never say so—then he need not answer for his words. And yet if the group is a "nation" and not an assortment of good fellows, all of whom want nothing more than to drink their pints in peace, a discomfiting proposition follows. The people of a nation are the "same people" only if the nation makes room for their differences. And making that room requires not just one monologue but many conversations.<sup>40</sup>

Moved to speak for himself-as-stranger, Bloom's exchanges with the patrons become a conversation to the degree that the talk between them takes turn after unpredictable turn. When he refers to estranging "hatred," he cannot know that he will be called upon for his sense of "what a nation means." Nor can he know what his answer will bring in the way of derision.

—A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.

—By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had the laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it:

—Or also living in different places.

—That covers my case, says Joe. (12: 1422-29)

Ned's comeback strikes "everyone" funny. Joe's might have too if the citizen had not been ready with more solemn business. Laughter at Bloom's expense is selfsame from person to person, Bloom excluded. Because that selfsameness temporarily interrupts the series of turns that are conversation, it temporarily restores the barfly's peace.

#### RULES AND CASES

But the retorts that prompt the laughter take an interesting turn of their own. Ned Lambert's seemingly ridiculous "I'm a nation" is a sur-

prisingly accurate reading of Bloom's words. Bloom had been speaking not only for himself but also for each person whom "hatred" has estranged, those within the group as well as those without. A nation, for Bloom, is not a collectivity that answers for its members by substituting national hatred for individual responsibilities: it is instead each of its persons as each remains answerable to other persons "living in the same place." By referring to himself as a "case," Joe Hynes too is unintentionally advancing what Bloom has in mind. As a nation is each of its persons, each person is again and again a case to be judged by other persons.

While the ridicule aimed at Bloom may temporarily stall the conversation in laughter, it also begins to say what Bloom himself might have said but did not. If it might have been more comfortable for the patrons merely to laugh Bloom off as an outcast who does not know what he is talking about, the citizen has other ideas.

—What is your nation if I may ask? says the citizen.

—Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat a Red bank oyster out of him right in the corner.

—After you with the push, Joe, says he, taking out his handkerchief to swab himself dry. (12: 1430-35)

The citizen is sure that the group-as-nation has a more than adequate rule for dealing with Bloom's case. This rule says that Ireland need not suffer Jews, that Ireland should give Jews the push just as they have been given it by every nation worthy of the name. "Ahasuerus I call him" (12: 1667), the citizen says of him after Bloom steps out to the courthouse. For the citizen as for most Dubliners, Bloom is one more "Wandering Jew" whom God has cursed.

Having become practiced at being hated because of his race, Bloom had remembered that his definition of a nation should not be limited to "the same people living in the same place." As different Jews are the "same people" insofar as they are Jews, Jews constitute a nation in 1904 only if they are living not in the same but rather in "different places."

—And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

Gob, he near burnt his fingers with the butt of his old cigar.

—Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction in Morocco like slaves or cattle.

—Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.

—I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.



—Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men. (12: 1467–75)

Bloom would have been talking about the new Jerusalem if belonging were all he had to answer for. He is talking about his nation and his race, surely; but he is talking about them from the perspective to which he is most subject—the perspective that is his as a person. By tacitly acknowledging that he himself is being insulted and persecuted “this very moment. This very instant,” he is saying that the targets of nationally or racially inspired hatreds are not nations or races but rather persons.

#### RULES ARE OLD “SAID BEFORE”’S

By “talking about injustice,” Bloom is asking to be recognized as having a case. Bloom substitutes for a person who calls to other persons out of his need. He will have a case only with those persons who respond justly to his call. To respond justly is to give your tacit promise that you want to make sense of what another person’s sometimes only tacit call to you comes to, it is to promise that you will judge that sense and be answerable for your judgment of it. Jamesy knows that persons can respond to only so many cases. Because each judgment is fraught with responsibility, because each judgment weighs upon its judge, individual judges are loath to bear alone the weight of all the cases it might be possible for them to hear. Though it impertils justice to do so, Jamesy knows, people necessarily look for and find ways to spread that weight around.

Just as belonging to the group spreads it around, so too is it spread around by invoking the rules that are any group’s collective past, a past that is summoned simply by talking since all talk is informed by grammatical and institutional rules.<sup>27</sup> Jamesy knows that rules may be appealed to in the judgment of a case because they are there to be appealed to, because in any talking there have to be and are innumerable and subtle “said before”’s. Before any two people contract with one another, there are more and less appropriate contracts that do not have to be said anew: into the most appropriate of these, with some adjustments, their transaction may then be placed, the persons themselves being substituted for by phrases that were ready and waiting. As “said purchaser” and “said vendor” (12: 42), Michael E. Geraghty, Esquire, and Moses Herzog are answerable to one another because the law makes at least a show of having spread around and absorbed the weight of their financial responsibilities to one another.

Under the law, it was ruled that a “said amount shall have been duly

paid” (12: 47–48) by Geraghty for “said nonperishable goods” (12: 44) supplied to him by Herzog. Said amount was not duly paid. But were Herzog to bring his case to a court of law, it might well be that other rules than those spelled out in the contract would be invoked. For within that court, as within the court of Dublin public opinion, Herzog is likely to be substituted for not by the phrase “said vendor” but rather by stated and unstated phrases which rule that he is an interloping, usurious stranger to whom nothing belongs “by right.” By invoking this rule, Dubliners can avoid hearing Herzog’s case because they can avoid acknowledging that persons judge, as they are judged, subjectively.

#### A PERSON IS A CASE TOO NEW FOR RULES

Because it is persons who judge, all judgments are subjective. No appeal to so-called objective rules will absolve me from having to answer for the personal peculiarities that, because I am subject to them, are necessarily at work in every judgment I make. A person does not have a case with me, I do not hear his or her case until it entangles me as a responsible person, a person whose appeal to escape clauses is bound to fail because I cannot be acquitted but must answer for the way I hear the case.

A case is not heard until it somehow makes its way into the entangling turns that are conversation. Conversation, as I have said, is the turns persons take as they say their differing versions of things for one another, the turns themselves being possible only if the respondents tacitly promise to judge what they hear and to be answerable for their separate and differing judgments of it. Jamesy knows that it is only in conversation that each person responds as a person to what he or she has just heard. In a conversation, each response is a beginning, however laden with old “said before”’s. In a conversation, each response is heard and judged as a first-time saying. Because each respondent in a conversation acknowledges that he or she is dealing with a case too new for rules, each asks to be heard and judged in turn as a new case.

#### INTERRUPTED CONVERSATION

“Didn’t I tell you?,” the barfly stops to remind his listeners about Bloom’s contrariness and unremitting talk. “As true as I’m drinking this porter if he was at his last gasp he’d try to downface you that dying was living” (12: 1362–63). “I declare to my antimacassar if you took up a straw from the bloody floor and if you said to Bloom: *Look at, Bloom. Do you see that straw? That’s a straw.* Declare to my aunt he’d talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady” (12: 893–96). The barfly’s

interruptions sound as if he has heard and judged Bloom's case, but he has done neither because he has managed not to respond. The barfly assumes that among his listeners there is none who will gainsay his assessment of Bloom. Rather than conversing, rather than acknowledging that his judgment of Bloom might in turn be judged as it would be in conversation, the barfly repeatedly interrupts his account of conversational wars in order to restore the myopic peace that his treating croonies may prize as much as he does.

His monologue would be that very peace if Jamesy were not busy interrupting him. Again and again, Jamesy breaks into the monologue with his impersonations. Having pretended in chapter 11 to be one more Dubliner who delights in Bloom's cuckoldry, Jamesy pretends in chapter 12 to be a composite of at least three characters. One of the three is the citizen: Jamesy's catalogues of Irish wonders bear a more than accidental resemblance to the citizen's encomium to "our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough . . . nothing like it in the whole wide world" (12: 1243-48). The writer of the "skit in the *United Irishman* today about that Zulu chief" (12: 1509-10) is a second character whom Jamesy pretends to be, for the skit conforms in both style and tone with Jamesy's takeoffs on seances, talking dogs, a boxing match, Bloom's leavetaking, nuptial trees, and so on.

A third character Jamesy pretends to be is of course the barfly himself. Jamesy is like the barfly insofar as each interrupts what one character or another says, and the resemblance does not stop there. As the barfly's do, Jamesy's interruptions make it sound as if he is judging cases though he is not. Even the condemned, after all, are afforded a time to speak: a judgment that may not be responded to within the judge's hearing is not a judgment at all but rather a harangue. Just as the barfly stops all conversation between himself and his listeners, the written *Ulysses* is interrupted conversation insofar as it takes place outside a time in which there are persons who talk back and forth.

And yet Jamesy knows that persons who read *Ulysses* converse with it unstoppably in their different ways. My conversation with *Ulysses* is all the more compellingly ongoing because Jamesy impersonates the judge that only I can be in my reading of the book. When I read *Ulysses* I cannot resist judging the matters it presents, matters the impersonating Jamesy only seems to judge and therefore resists judging. Secure in the knowledge that I cannot resist it as he both can and does, Jamesy impersonates me by challenging me to try. If I could resist, his challenge runs, then I would be absorbed into Jamesy himself, into the wholly impersonal writtenness of *Ulysses*. Jamesy's impersonation of me consists of his knowledge that I will not let my conversation with *Ulysses*

stay interrupted. He knows that all he has to do to get me to interrogate the barfly's words is to seem to judge them himself. By only seeming to judge them, Jamesy keeps that peace which I disturb by holding the barfly answerable for what he says. Because *Ulysses* is written and done with, the barfly has of course said all he is going to say and therefore cannot answer. But challenged by Jamesy's impersonation of me as someone who questions and wants answers, I respond to the written as if it might be personal, as if there might be behind it a person with whom I could converse.

#### "SIR, TO YOU MY HAND"

Jamesy's references to himself in chapter 14 toy with the possibility of his being that very person. This is the only chapter in which he condescends to use the first-person pronoun. "Thou art, I vow," he writes of Theodore Purefoy, "the remarkablest progenitor barring none in this chaffering all-including most farraiginous chronicle" (14: 1411-12). To chaffer is to haggle over trade. It implies an exchange between persons. Because chapter 14 is replete with Jamesy's "I hear"s, "I tell thee"s, "I know not what"s and "No, say I"s, it presents him as someone readers might call upon to answer for *Ulysses*' haggling ways. When he offers Purefoy his "hand" (14: 1343), Jamesy even goes so far as to pretend that he, like most persons, has at least that one bodily property if not also all the rest.

But impersonating pretense it is. Jamesy knows that to have the body of a person waits upon that person's being born to his or her body. And Jamesy—who is written, unborn, and all-knowing—knows that he does not have a body. He knows as well that this fact will not be lost on readers, knows they will also understand that Purefoy himself does not have a hand with which to accept congratulations. Like Mina and their whole brood, Theodore Purefoy too is written and not born. While each character substitutes for a person, each has been written into being which, as being, is inseparable from Jamesy's own. As birth is separation, as being born is to be placed outside the mother, apart from her and as a visible part of the world, the newest Purefoy is merely a substitute for a person who was born. Though Jamesy impersonates, though he feigns the separateness that is every person's, he alone among all those named in *Ulysses* does not substitute for a person. Jamesy is neither a part of the world nor a substitute for such a part. He is instead the whole of *Ulysses*.

As the whole of *Ulysses*, Jamesy is all of its characters as well as what may be said to happen to them. In Jamesy's being there are no differences. Because each character is inseparable from Jamesy, because each

merely substitutes for a person who is separate, there is no real difference between Jamesy and any one of his characters.

But there is between them a difference for me. Though Jamesy and any one of his characters are the same insofar as he and all of them are at one absolute remove from being persons, each of his characters has a crucial-if-merely-substituted-for resemblance to me: as each is subject to Jamesy's knowledge of persons, I am subject to the very things he knows about them. Knowing that persons are subject to visible bodies and that most persons' bodies have hands, Jamesy declares that Théodore Purefoy "is to be seen on any fair sabbath with a pair of his boys off Bullock harbour dapping on the sound with a heavybraked reel" (14: 518-20). With Mina, Jamesy's declarative mood shifts to the imperative: "Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight it is to see)" (14: 315-17). As it would be for the persons for whom Theodore, Mina, and the newborn Mortimer Edward substitute, it would be absurd for me to pretend to have the hands I may be seen to have.<sup>25</sup> It is not at all absurd for Jamesy to pretend as much since he does not so much as substitute for a person who may be seen to have them. There is derision in his pretense, as if nothing could be funnier than to feign having a mortal body without having to have one. Unable to forget what I myself am subject to or that characters are substitutes for persons, I find unsurprisingly that I resemble any one of Jamesy's characters more than I resemble Jamesy.

#### THE GOD BRINGFORTH

Despite all he knows and can relate about persons, Jamesy acknowledges in chapter 14 that he himself does not resemble persons as closely as his characters do. His way of acknowledging it is to suspend his operation as an impersonator and submit to being god. Predictably, though, he does not submit without an impersonating twist: in chapter 14, the god Jamesy submits to being is like a person to the degree that persons are sometimes angry and say why.

What he pretends to be angry about is itself the very basis of any resemblance between characters and persons, the very basis, that is, of his own unlikeness from both. He pretends to be angry that the company gathered at Horne's Lying-in Hospital is intolerably disrespectful of the miraculous, great boon of human birth. His characters' irreverent talk about childbearing having taken one too many disobedient turns, "a black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled back" (14: 408). When Dixon, Lynch, Madden, Lenehan, Crothers, Costello, Dedalus, and Bloom hear it "long rumblingly over all the heavens" but

(14: 422) do not at once repudiate the sterilities that attend lust, Jamesy intervenes with the truth about what the thunder meant: "that," he proclaims, "was the voice of the god that was in a very grievous rage that he would presently lift his arm up and spill their souls for their abuses and their spillings done by them contrariwise to his word which forth to bring brenningly biddeth" (14: 470-73).

For Jamesy as "the god Bringforth" (14: 435-36), these "right witty scholars" (14: 202) constitute a "wretched company" (14: 470). Each is punishable because he uses his gift of sex to the end of pleasure alone: seeking only to be brought off, he profanes the sacred bringing forth that is procreation. "Maledicty!" (14: 771), the blaspheming Bannon exclaims about having been unequipped for sexual intercourse with Milly Bloom. "Would to God that foresight had but remembered me to take my cloak along!" (14: 772-73). Bloom himself is one of the wretched, "stained," as he is, "by the mire of an indelible dishonour" (14: 1218-19), his recent masturbation on the strand in view of Gerry's drawers.

Because it seems to respond to their onanistic and contraceptive immobilizing of "Godpossibled souls" (14: 225), of persons, Jamesy's seeming anger seems to be personal. There is a personal cast as well to his more temperate but unequivocal insistence that all persons must be strong advocates for childbirth, as if how one talks about a subject makes a difference in what oneself and others do about it. Early in the chapter he sets it forth that "it behoves every most just citizen to become the exhortator and admonisher of his semblables and to tremble lest what had in the past by the nation excellently commenced might be in the future not with similar excellence accomplished" (14: 21-25). As if persons were his "semblables" and not pathetic underlings, as if he himself were "with any as with any" (17: 68) and not the remote and exalted deity, Jamesy exhorts and admonishes, keeps calling throughout the chapter for the births of more and more persons.

#### WHAT TO CHERISH

But who is Jamesy to be making such a call—or more really and with less seeming, what does he know himself to be in making it? He knows, of course, that he is his characters' all-in-all. "Merciful providence had been pleased to put a period to the sufferings of the lady who was *en-céinte*" (14: 820-21). Jamesy knows that it is only because it pleases him to put a period to the sentence in which he relates it that baby Purefoy is "given birth." "God, I thank thee, as the Author of my days!" (14: 762-63). Bannon rejoices over the good fortune of his having met Milly, Jamesy having authored both that fortune and these

thanks. And yet while he knows that his characters depend absolutely on what he relates about them, he knows too that he is the progenitor not of persons but of substitutes for persons. If he can pretend that he himself, as a person who has been brought forth, can have an active part in bringing forth more persons, he knows all along that he is not so much as substituting for such a person.

Rather than bringing persons forth as a natural progenitor does, Jamesy both calls forth characters—Bloom, Stephen, Milly, Bannon, the Purefoys—and calls for persons to be brought forth. Knowing the difference between characters and persons, knowing the difference between calling for persons to be brought forth and bringing them forth, Jamesy pretends not to know it. For it to be seen, Jamesy knows, a child's body must be brought forth into the light. He also knows, by contrast, that it takes only parts of speech to relate either that a child has been brought forth or that the bringing forth of children is a good thing. But with all he knows about the difference between visible persons and words about persons, Jamesy announces that the bringing forth of children is to be "cherished" "not merely in being seen but also even in being related worthy of being praised" (14: 56-57). Insofar as it relates that they are worthy of being praised, his dictum goes, what he himself relates about persons is at least the equivalent of persons.

#### HIS OWN APOLOGIST

The dictum is pretense. Knowing that praise for persons is not the equivalent of one born person, Jamesy impersonates his own apologist by pretending that his praise for them in *Ulysses* is better than mere persons. It is the premise of the apology that much can go wrong in childbearing, a premise dramatized throughout *Ulysses* by Rudy's death. "In fact when one comes to look into it," Jamesy pretends to reflect, "the wonder is that so many pregnancies and deliveries go off so well as they do, all things considered and in spite of our human shortcomings which often baulk nature in her intentions" (14: 1264-67). Whereas childbearing is imperfect, nothing is more perfect than Jamesy's disclosure that he knows everything about persons. Whereas persons live imperfectly, perfecting their lives only in their own deaths, each character in *Ulysses* is given timeless being in Jamesy's perfect knowledge. As "innocent" of *Ulysses* "as the babe unborn" (14: 1190), the lot of them subsist along with Jamesy in what he relates about them, character and all-knowing intelligence perfected together in "an arrest of embryonic development at some stage antecedent to the human" (14: 990-91).

I would not take Jamesy's characters as personally as I do if they were not in themselves strong praise for persons who are born. Whatever

their respective blindnesses, incapacities, and griefs, the Dubliners of *Ulysses* do far more to recommend being born than do the Dubliners of *Dubliners*. If praising persons were the equivalent of persons, *Ulysses*' characters would be the equivalent of persons. It is not and they are not, as Jamesy knows. Impersonating his own apologist, Jamesy impersonates as well each character within the "wretched company" he pretends to condemn. Just as those characters cherish not the births that might follow upon their sexual pleasure but the pleasure itself, Jamesy pretends to cherish what he relates about persons and not persons. Whereas the birth of a person requires "that earthly mother which was but a dam to bear bestly" (14: 149-50) and to "bring forth in pain" (14: 209), there is nothing like pain for the unembodied Jamesy who pleases himself by relating this and that about his characters. "To tell the truth" (14: 535) he can "always bring himself off with his tongue" (14: 542-43). Because he is not subject to having a body as a person is, because it pleases him to disclose his perfectly indifferent knowledge of persons, Jamesy is supple enough to perform autoféllatio just by having his say.

#### THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BIRTH

As he does throughout *Ulysses*, Jamesy allows himself to be caught in his pretense. At the same time that he impersonates "someone" who holds that *Ulysses*' parts of speech are a more than adequate substitute for persons who are born, he acknowledges just the reverse. In the library, he has Mulligan say "—The most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time. One thinks of Homer" (9: 1164-65). One can of course think only of *Ulysses*. The phrase comes back toward the end of chapter 14 and when it does the emphasis is decidedly away from talk and toward an altogether different kind of ejaculation. "Most beautiful book come out of Ireland my time. *Silentium!* Get a spurt on" (14: 1456-57).

When I catch Jamesy at his impersonating I address the simple wisdom that a person's birth cannot be substituted for, not even when the substitute is perfect knowledge that points toward persons as worthy of praise. No matter how laudatory, the pointing requires remove—a distance between the persons-pointed-toward and the-substitute-that-points. This is the very distance Jamesy maintains throughout his Dublin at one remove. Only one kind of knowledge closes this distance, and it is not Jamesy's kind. The distance between substitute and person is closed only in the carnal knowledge that engenders a new person. Contiguous in time and fecund, one person's egg and another's sperm disrupt the perfection of the-never-to-be-conceived.<sup>59</sup> Born, the new

person is subject to his or her traffic with other persons and with the imperfect knowledge about them that we substitute for persons. This traffic is personal, I am convinced, only if there is always at least tacit reference to what cannot be substituted for, namely to persons who are born.

Notice that what is to be "cherished" according to Jamesy's dictum is not the births of individual persons but rather the birth of all of them, indiscriminately, in the aggregate. As if to give itself away as sham, Jamesy's call for more persons becomes grotesquely impersonal. When he declaims that infant mortality is "in the long run beneficial to the race in general in securing thereby the survival of the fittest" (14: 1284-85), he is playing dumb. He cannot have forgotten Rudy's death—because he is timeless, Jamesy can at most pretend to forget—and is therefore once again, as in the eleventh chapter, making Bloom the butt of a very bad joke. While Bloom does not know the joke exists, I do. Jamesy's indiscriminate call for more persons having come to what is a very bad joke for me, I find myself judging the value of procreation in general as that judgment intersects with my judgment of what particular lives are worth. Understanding that I have much to answer for in making even so self-evident a determination, I judge that the Purefoys should not have had a tenth child, that the Blooms should have a third.

I would be able to suspend this and comparable judgments when I read *Ulysses* if Jamesy were impersonal but not also impersonating. Such judgments suspended, freed by that much from my subjection to the personal impulse to judge, I would be that much likelier to assist along with him in his station high above "the small round floor that makes us passionate."<sup>30</sup> Elevated to that height, I could know everything *Ulysses* discloses not only about its characters but about its readers as well, I would be free to rest with that knowledge because I would be above persons, above any responses from me that they might otherwise summon and for which I would have to answer.

But Jamesy is the impersonating as well as the indifference, he is two things at once and I am therefore anything but free. Jamesy the impersonator reminds me that I am sentimentalizing if I allow myself to enjoy liberties comparable to his, however appealing those liberties might be. Completed and therefore already outside the time in which persons respond to one another and are answerable for their responses, Jamesy is free to work as if backward in time from judgment to crime since a character's crime is whatever it pleases Jamesy to say it is. Because there is no Leopold Bloom outside those of Jamesy's phrases that substitute for the person Bloom would be if he had been born, Jamesy is free to impersonate someone who judges. Above justice, Jamesy is of course

only seemingly unjust. Through the whimsical cruelty of his impersonating, he directs me with such force toward the person Bloom substitutes for that it carries me on past Bloom toward the persons for whom I am continually substituting characters in what I call my life. Different from Bloom in that they were born and not written into being, the persons in my life are the same as Bloom in that they no less than he are characters for me when I respond to them. Far from giving me some respite from my immense debtorship, *Ulysses* steadily coerces me to incur it.

already this obsession cries out for justice." *Ibid.*, p. 158. "Language . . . refuses the clandestinity of love, where it loses its frankness and meaning and turns into laughter and cooing. The third party looks at me in the eyes of the Other—language is justice." Levinas, *Totality and Infinity*, p. 213. "Justice remains: justice only in a society where there is no distance between those close and those far off, but in which there also remains the impossibility of passing by the closest." Levinas, *Otherwise than Being*, p. 159.

47. "He who speaks to me and across the words proposes himself to me retains the fundamental foreignness of the Other who judges me; our relations are never reversible." Levinas, *Totality and Infinity*, p. 161.

48. "All ideology in the strongest sense, including the most exclusive forms of ruling-class consciousness just as much as that of oppositional or oppressed classes—is in its very nature Utopian." Fredric Jameson, *The Political Unconscious* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981), p. 289. Because ideology is utopian, justice refuses to be ideological.

49. According to Levinas, the impulse to say or do something is itself "the surplus of responsibility," "a responsibility with regard to men we do not even know." *Otherwise than Being*, p. 100. "Under accusation by everyone, the responsibility for everyone goes to the point of substitution. A subject is a hostage" in that it is obliged to substitute itself for the other. "Everything is from the start in the accusative. Such is the exceptional condition or unconditionality of the self, the signification of the pronoun *self* for which our Latin grammars themselves know no nominative form" (p. 112).

50. "In discourse the divergence that inevitably opens between the Other as my theme and the Other as my interlocutor, emancipated from the theme that seemed a moment to hold him, forthwith contests the meaning I ascribe to my interlocutor." Levinas, *Totality and Infinity*, p. 195.

51. "The subject is the more responsible the more it answers for, as though the distance between it and the other increased in the measure that proximity was increased." "Proximity is my approaching of the other, the fact that the proximity of the same and the other is never close enough. The summoned one is the ego—the arena of being; I then have always to reestablish peace." Levinas, *Otherwise than Being*, pp. 139–40, 137.

52. Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1982), pp. 374–75.

53. *Letters of James Joyce*, vol. 1, ed. Stuart Gilbert (New York: Viking Press, 1957), p. 168.

54. *Ibid.*, p. 171.

## Chapter 1. Jamesy

1. James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (New York: Viking Press, 1964), p. 16. Subsequent references to this work in the text will be identified with *P* and a page number.

2. Gifford and Seidman, *Notes for Joyce*, p. 140.

3. See Hugh Kenner, "The Rhetoric of Silence," *James Joyce Quarterly* 14 (Summer, 1977): 382–94.

4. "There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus" (6: 41).

5. Clive Hart, "Wandering Rocks," in *James Joyce's Ulysses*, ed. Clive Hart and David Hayman (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), pp. 197–98.

6. Robert Martin Adams, *Surface and Symbol* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1962), p. 218.

7. Hugh Kenner has caught Jamesy in the act of allowing Bloom to suppress from his budget for the day (17: 1455) "the eleven shillings he left behind in the whorehouse" (*Joyce's Voices*, p. 88). My claim is that Jamesy knows not only about the eleven shillings and their suppression but also that a person of Kenner's acumen would hold him answerable for having let the "falsified" budget pass.

8. According to Kenner's Uncle Charles Principle, "the narrative idiom need not be the narrator's" but may instead be that of the character the narrative describes. See *Joyce's Voices*, pp. 15–38.

9. Shari and Bernard Benstock on *Ulysses*: "One must assume that the work itself presents a certain 'reality' consistent in its effort to render the city in as many forms and from as many perspectives as possible, and it is to that reality the reader must attend in an effort to distinguish the personal subjectivity of characters' impressions from the models of physical phenomena present everywhere in the text." "The Benstock Principle," in *The Seventh of Joyce*, ed. Bernard Benstock (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982), p. 16.

10. They become countable thanks to Shari and Bernard Benstock's *Who's He When He's at Home* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1980).

11. Ellmann, *James Joyce*, pp. 374–75.

12. David Hayman observes that the headlines are disruptive only of space, the temporal context of the chapter remaining "continuous." *Ulysses*, p. 95.

13. Gifford and Seidman identify Hynes's "Jimmy Johnson" as "the Reverend James Johnson (fl. 1870–1900), a Scot Presbyterian, who styled himself 'The Apostle of Truth.'" *Notes for Joyce*, p. 284. It must be only coincidence that "so help you Jimmy Johnson" can also be read as invoking that Jimmy who was the son of John Joyce.

14. In reading *Ulysses*, Shari and Bernard Benstock write, "The possibility that one voice subsumes all voices, all stylistic and linguistic permutations, becomes conceptually difficult to manage: after all, narrators (even reliable ones) are known by their consistencies—and here is a narrative that seems to rest on inconsistency." "Benstock Principle," p. 12.

15. Hugh Kenner describes an "impersonator" in *Ulysses'* narrative but limits it to what he takes to be the second narrator's "impersonation of a Dublin barfly" in chapter 12. *Joyce's Voices*, p. 77.

16. It is precisely the five chapters in the middle, chapters 10 through 14, that S. L. Goldberg finds most wanting. See *The Classical Tempter* (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1961), pp. 280–88.

17. Hugh Kenner counts only one, the barfly. I am assuming that the barfly qualifies with Kenner while my other two guest-narrators do not because the barfly's is the only narrative of the three in the first person.

18. David Hayman on chapter 16: "It is a mind with its defenses up and not

down, one which has turned suddenly public in the manner of a conventional and self-deceiving narrator." *Ulysses*, p. 102.

19. "Amid the book's general movement from the clear to the opaque and from the specific to the general, character is the closest thing to a constant." James H. Macklo, Jr., *Joyce's Ulysses and the Assault upon Character* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1978), p. 16.

20. "We may reach a standpoint so removed from the perspective of human life that all we can do is to observe: nothing seems to have value of the kind it appears to have from inside, and all we can see is human desires, human striving—human *wanting*, as an activity or condition. . . . From far enough outside my birth seems accidental, my life pointless, and my death insignificant, but from inside my never having been born seems nearly unimaginable, my life monstrously important, and my death catastrophic. Though the two viewpoints clearly belong to one person—these problems wouldn't arise if they didn't—they function independently enough so that each can come as something of a surprise to the other, like an identity that has been temporarily forgotten." Thomas Nagel, *The View from Nowhere* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986), p. 209. As I describe them, James's disclosures proceed exclusively from what Nagel calls the "outside" point of view. What James knows, he knows from "a standpoint so removed" from any person's that his only "problem" is how to feign being subject to any person's two points of view.

21. Hart, "Wandering Rocks," p. 191.

22. That James so much as poses at remembering what he has said is a change from chapter 10, and one that calls more attention to his impersonating. Even in the one-legged sailor's second appearance in chapter 10, Karen Lawrence points out, he remains "a" and not "the" one-legged sailor (10: 228). "The repetition is strange because there is no acknowledgment in the narrative that the sailor is the same one in both descriptions. The narrative inability to progress from the indefinite to the definite article illustrates a strange failing in the 'narrative memory.'" *Odyssey of Style*, p. 84.

23. This definition is from the *Oxford English Dictionary* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971).

24. "By exposing an impromptu eruption of folly, the speaker imposes on it a sort of sanity and order and asserts, for the benefit of his silent audience, the priorities of order." David Hayman, "Cyclops," in Hart and Hayman, *James Joyce's Ulysses*, p. 260.

25. A "kind of talk," any kind of talk, is what Lyotard refers to as a "genre of discourse": "a phrase that comes along is put into play within a conflict between genres of discourse. This conflict is a differend, since the success (or the validation) proper to one genre is not the one proper to the others." *Differend*, p. 136.

26. "To the question, Why are there men rather than man? Kant would have answered: In order that they may talk to one another." Hannah Arendt, *Lectures in Kant's Political Philosophy*, ed. Ronald Beiner (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), p. 40.

27. "An institution takes shape, removed from public places. In its heart, the stakes are not that of vanquishing but of coming to an agreement." Lyotard, *Differend*, p. 23.

28. "I am sitting with a philosopher in the garden; he says again and again 'I know that that's a tree,' pointing to a tree that is near us. Someone else arrives and hears this, and I tell him: 'This fellow isn't insane. We are only doing philosophy.'" Ludwig Wittgenstein, *On Certainty*, trans. Denis Paul and G.E.M. Anscombe (New York: Harper Torch Books, 1972), p. 61c.

29. "Almost every possible person has not been born and never will be." Nagel, *View from Nowhere*, p. 211.

30. "*L'aitiula che ci tanto feroci*," Dante, *Paradiso*, 22:151 (trans. Laurence Bin-yon).

## Chapter 2. Stephen

1. Karen Lawrence, "Paternity, the Legal Fiction," in *Joyce's Ulysses: The Larger Perspective*, ed. Robert D. Newman and Weldon Thornton (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1987), p. 90.

2. Mahaffey, *Reauthorizing Joyce*, p. 46.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 46.

4. Lawrence, "Paternity," p. 95.

5. "Power is passed 'from only begetter to only begotten,' without the love of opposition represented by biological reproduction." Mahaffey, *Reauthorizing Joyce*, p. 48.

6. Since paternity "can never be proven by the evidence of the senses," Jean-Michel Rabaté writes, it "rests upon the superior truth of a purely apostolic succession," which "bars the way to a feminine identification of an offspring and opens up the realm of the Symbolic—therefore, of literature." "Paternity, Thy Name Is Joy," in B. Benstock, *James Joyce*, p. 221.

7. "Self-sending barely allows a detour via the virgin mother when the father imagines sending himself, getting high on, the seed of the consubstantial son." Derrida, "Ulysses Gramophone," p. 67.

8. Maud Ellmann describes the navel as the scar "where the mother's namelessness engraves itself upon the flesh before the father ever carved his signature." "Polytropic Man: Paternity, Identity, and Naming in *The Odyssey* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*," in *James Joyce: New Perspectives*, ed. Colin MacCabe (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1982), p. 96. While Ellmann insists that Stephen is forced to confront a world in which "the phallus has surrendered to the omphalos," she does not entertain the possibility that the father's very capacity to "sign" his name is a biologically "necessary" dispensation granted him by the mother and not something he manages to do on his own.

9. The theory is Peter J. Wilson's in *Man, the Promising Primate* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1980).

10. Wilson examines Wittgenstein's use of this term and goes on to argue that "kinship . . . provides the major metaphor by which a relatedness between different phenomena can be grasped and communicated." See *ibid.*, pp. 103-09.

11. On the strand, Stephen thinks "you will not be master of others or their slave" (3: 295-96), one of several instances in *Ulysses* in which his impatience with