ULYSSES AND JUSTICE

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INTRODUCTION

He began," the old 78 recording begins: "Mr chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend." And for just under four minutes—deliberately, solemnly, even with pride—James Joyce reads from *Ulysses* the only part of it he ever bothered to record.[1] It is a curious selection. With a hundred likelier and more welcome passages available to him, why did Joyce choose a minor character's reconstruction of a speech that someone named John F. Taylor gave in 1901 at a meeting of the Law Students' Debating Society?

An answer may be that it is one of the few passages in *Ulysses* whose scope is one thing when read as written, quite another when heard in the writer's voice. I am suggesting something different than that the spoken word is more forceful than the written, that any other passage Joyce had chosen to record would be comparably enlarged by that recording. Before I can explain how this particular passage is of greater range for Joyce's still-audible recording of it, I must therefore consider the passage itself in some detail.

It is the passage in which Professor MacHugh does his best to remember word for word Taylor's analogy between Israel and Ireland, two nations in bondage to the laws of their oppressors, each nearly paralyzed with need.[2] Just as Moses's had been, Taylor had told his Irish listeners, yours is "the language of the outlaw": against all odds, use it toward your deliverance.

Though Taylor had been urging first that Ireland use the Irish and not the English language, the chance to put English to work for Ireland is there at hand in the offices of the *Weekly Freeman and National Press* even as MacHugh speaks. However small and seemingly negligible, there are things to be done with the *Freeman*, things consonant with Taylor's words. Even the lowly canvasser for ads has hit upon a way to use that "GREAT DAILY ORGAN" (7: 84) as Taylor's outlaw would. Leopold Bloom is not there for the speech, is busy selling to a merchant named Keyes an ad he'll run with "two crossed keys" (7: 142), the

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emblem a reminder to the *Freeman* readers that even the Isle of Man has its own Parliament while Ireland does not.

With its "innuendo of home rule," the pun on "KEY(E)S" (7: 150, 141) may have pleased Bloom when it dawned on him and whenever he thought about it later. But rather than settle for his pleasure in it, he is now doing the tiresome work of getting the idea into print. MacHugh and his listeners (the *Freeman*'s editor among them) work differently. They have become almost perfect at taking what pleases them in language and stopping there. As their own needs have, so have the needs of their people become too much for them. Doing as little as possible to meet those needs, they exhibit the symptoms of a disease that Joyce identifies again and again: sentimentality. Like many other characters in *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Ulysses*, MacHugh and his listeners sentimentalize language by detaching the pleasure they take in it from the needs it obliges them to address.

"*The sentimentalist*," it says in *Ulysses*, "*is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done*" (9: 550–51). "Cribbed out of Meredith" (14: 1486), the definition is a useful index to motive in Joyce's world. Its last phrase, though, is taxingly vague. Is it someone else who does "a thing" that the sentimentalist then sentimentalizes, or is it "a thing done" by the sentimentalist himself? In Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, it would seem to be the second if only by the narrowest of appeals to grammar. " 'My wound has healed,' " Sir Austin said to Lady Blandish. " 'How?' she asked. 'At the fountain of your eyes,' he replied, and drew the joy of new life from her blushes, without incurring further debtorship for a thing done."[5] Because her blushes are plural, the one "thing done" would seem to be the tribute that has prompted them. In having paid that tribute, in having done that "thing," Sir Austin sentimentalizes insofar as he enjoys the corresponding blushes but shuts down all "further debtorship" to the blusher. There are responses Lady Blandish might subsequently need from him now that he has fueled her romantic interest in him. He *owes* her these responses because of the "thing" that he has done. But rather than be guided by his new debtorship to her in such a way that he sooner or later offers her these responses, he sentimentally refuses to acknowledge his debt by substituting for it his sheer joy.

When I translate the scene from Meredith back into the seventh chapter of *Ulysses*, Professor MacHugh's reconstruction of the speech is the "thing done." Unlike Sir Austin, though, MacHugh is not the lone sentimentalist. Pleased by the speech because they sense that it is very much the kind of thing the Irish need to hear if they are ever going to make their world more adequate, MacHugh's listeners incur along

with him a debtorship not only to Taylor but also to the Irish people as a whole. Rather than acknowledge that debtorship as they collectively do the "thing" of hearing it, MacHugh's listeners sentimentalize the speech by not questioning at all the manner in which he presents it.[4] Instead of offering it as a model for how to move people to act in their own and one another's best interests, MacHugh sentimentally domesticates the speech, he makes it more comfortable for his listeners and for himself by introducing it as "the finest display of oratory" (7: 792) he had ever heard. As "display," the speech need only please. Pleasant to feel one's "blood wooed by grace of language" (7: 776). Much less pleasant to be pointed by it toward unfinished business. MacHugh and his friends are forever ready to defer that business. Language, for them, responds to one need only: the need to be pleased by language.

The passage is largely ironic: here is a handful of characters whose sentimental irresponsibility with words is measured by the very words that please them. Now readers who are pleased to identify the irony incur a debt they must not sentimentalize if they themselves are to avoid becoming objects of that same irony. Joyce's recording of it emphasizes that the passage must not be sentimentalized. With the recording, the words MacHugh speaks are no longer quite as simply the words of a character. They are also, for the time they take to hear, the words of their writer. While in the written passage by itself MacHugh sentimentally eludes responsibility for what he says, James Joyce implicitly asks with his recording of it that those who hear him hold him answerable for what they hear. And more insistently than does the written passage by itself, Joyce's recording eases us into the places of MacHugh's listeners. That done, it charges us with the responsibility of doing better by Taylor's speech than MacHugh and his friends do.

But just how broad is that charge? Narrow enough if all we have to do is not get caught sentimentalizing political language. Our debtorship might have been limited to that if Joyce had excerpted from the passage as a whole only Taylor's speech. Had Joyce recorded only the speech, we could conclude that his indebtedness stops at the borders of the speech and that ours does too. We might conclude that whereas it is surely the province of political language to appeal to our indebtedness to other persons so that we will respond to their needs as justice demands, nothing comparable happens when we read a work of fiction. We might conclude that writers of fiction do not make that appeal since to make it is to abandon fiction for politics. Had Joyce recorded only the speech, we could hear it that he had momentarily transformed a small bit of fiction into politics but that it returned to its proper place soon after that and now exacts no debt from those who read *Ulysses*.

It turns out, though, that while the speech is central to the record-

ing, Joyce also reads the omniscient narrator's introduction to the speech, the narrator's accompanying sentences in the past tense, the narrator's interjected headline "FROM THE FATHERS," and Stephen Dedalus's unexpressed thoughts in the present tense, as well as a sentence he remembers from Saint Augustine. Far from separating the languages of politics and fiction as if they had no business together, Joyce's recording of the passage mixes them, thereby complicating for listeners and readers alike the debtorship he feels is theirs if they find *Ulysses* pleasing. By recording the passage as a whole and not just Taylor's speech, James Joyce implies that persons who are pleased by *Ulysses* incur no less a debt than do those whom political oratory pleases. If it is sentimentalized, Joyce implies, *all* talk is cheap, even his own. He implies that it is not just Taylor's speech but also *Ulysses* that its readers must do better by than MacHugh and his friends do by Taylor's speech.

Sorting out how to do that is no simple matter, and I will begin cautiously, limiting my consideration to the passage Joyce recorded. The questions I will begin by asking are informed by the definition of the sentimentalist above. Do I enjoy the passage? If so, what is it about it that I enjoy? At the same time that I enjoy it, am I resisting a debt that would otherwise be mine? What is that debt, and what would it take for me to incur it so that my response to the passage might not be sentimental?

I enjoy the passage. I am "wooed" by the speech itself, as the characters are. But unlike them, of course, I am privy to the other words in the passage, words without which there would be no irony directed at their sentimental pleasure in the speech, since there would be no *Ulysses*. Were I to miss the irony, the passage would please me less than it does. My pleasure in it therefore turns at least in part on my knowing something about the characters that they seem not to know about themselves: that they are being sentimental. If they were persons about whom I knew as much as the passage allows me to know about these characters, what would my responsibility toward them be? Would I be obliged to call them on their myopia in the hope that they might correct it? Maybe they are better off seeing no more than they do. Unless they need to, persons do not insulate themselves so effectively from their responsibilities as these characters do. MacHugh and his friends have been so numbed by personal and national reversals that *not* to indict them for what they fail to see might be the course that responds most justly to their needs. Although passive, even that course would be taking me a step beyond sentimentality, for my response to their need would not have stopped as soon as I had had the pleasure of identifying the irony of their situation. But if that were the course I settled

on, I would nonetheless have to answer for allowing them to move just that much further into helplessness.

Pleasant not to have to decide. As parts of speech that merely substitute for the persons they would be but are not, MacHugh and his friends oblige me to do nothing other than to read and enjoy. Joyce having seen to it that they need nothing more than these specific words which render them the chacracters they are, there is nothing further to be done for them, and nothing to answer for in doing nothing further. As far as anyone's responsibility toward them goes, they are freebies. "No blame attached to anyone" if it pleases me to catch within the passage an irony the characters themselves would miss if they could read.[5] Whereas persons are born subject to their needs and call to one another for justice, characters merely substitute for such persons. The characters in *Ulysses* are not the wretched of the earth. They are nothing more than parts of speech, words on the page. Since it is persons and not characters who need my unsentimental response and since the passage seems to implicate me with characters only, I can argue with some reason that I am not sentimentalizing if I simply enjoy it.

And yet while the character named Stephen Dedalus merely substitutes for a person who was born, his character connects discernibly with the person whose recorded voice I hear reading Stephen's thoughts. From inside Stephen's mind as he waits for the next installment of Taylor's speech, James Joyce says "Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?" Stephen substitutes for a person who wants to try his hand at writing. Less than an hour before, on the strand, he had scribbled some lines of verse and then wondered "Who ever anywhere will read these written words?" (3: 414). When I read that question, I obviously become one answer to it: *I* am someone, somewhere, sometime, who has now read those written words. As an answer to it, though, I am implicated more immediately with the person who has written *Ulysses* than with the character named Stephen Dedalus, for I can be that answer only if I misunderstand what Stephen means by the word "these." Whereas I understand that Stephen means for it to refer back to the written words of his poem, I nonetheless allow it to take no antecedent, I allow it to signify "these written words" that form the question to which I am one answer. The connection between what Stephen means by the word and what I let it signify is the connection between character-as-would-be-writer-of-*Ulysses* and the person who wrote *Ulysses*. I say that it is a "discernible" connection because I feel *Ulysses* encourages me to think of Stephen as a character who substitutes for James Joyce at age twenty-two. "Ten Years," Mulligan tells Haines about one of Stephen's few unguarded statements to him. "He is going to write something in ten years" (10: 1089–90).

Ulysses concludes with the dates "1914–1921." For all the differences between Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce, Stephen can be read as a portrait of that particular young artist who began to write *Ulysses* ten years after 1904. Especially when it is reinforced by Joyce's recording, Stephen's connection with Joyce is one that implicates me with the person to whom I am indebted for the pleasure I take in *Ulysses*. Reading *Ulysses* is a "thing" I do. If I am not to sentimentalize when I read it, I must incur my debtorship to James Joyce.

My understanding of that debtorship begins when I recognize *Ulysses* as the testament of a person who wants justice, as most persons do. Justice, as I understand it, is a situation in which every person has a case with all persons. A person *is* a case in the sense that he calls for help in meeting his needs. Help can come, though, only if he *has* a case, only if another person hears his call and responds to it unsentimentally. *Ulysses* is such a call. Joyce's case with me in *Ulysses* is that he wants to be "with any as any with any" (17: 68), which he can be only if every person has a case with all persons.[6] It is in this way that *Ulysses* is as political as Taylor's speech. Aware that the Irish were profoundly in need of help, Taylor was aware of his debtorship to them, a debtorship he sought to offset at least a little by the thing he did in giving his speech. More or less accurately remembered by MacHugh, the speech passes Taylor's debtorship along to those who "enjoy" the speech while at the same time sentimentally refusing to incur the debt. As aware as Taylor was that there were Irish cases to be heard, Joyce wrote *Ulysses*. Its characters are Joyce's answer to the question put to him continuingly by persons in need: "What do you make of me, what kind of case do I have with you?"[7] Other persons' cases having no less to do with justice than his own, Joyce's case includes their cases, it is integral to his own case that the cases of others be heard, his wanting their cases to be heard is itself his own case and so he tells them as his own.[8]

I will be distinguishing between a wider and narrower sense in describing James Joyce's case. In the wider sense, his case is that, wanting them to be heard, he told the cases of his people. His case in the narrower sense is whatever he told that largely excludes the cases of others in its focus on himself. Stephen Dedalus is a telling of Joyce's narrower case. Rather than not tell it, Joyce told his case in this narrower sense, I believe, so that his own would be one case among others, not indifferently above being told along with all the rest. It is the intolerable discord between Stephen's narrower and wider concerns that holds him back from beginning to write: for Stephen, being an Irish writer is a contradiction in terms. It will of course have to become less contradictory if *Ulysses* is to be the book he will begin to write "in ten years." Though there are signs that it *is* that book, they must be read critically so that they are not mistaken as evidence that Stephen in 1904 is a portrait of the artist as a mature and not a young man.

One of the larger costs to Stephen in what seems to him his endless apprenticeship is the too-persistent fear that the words he tries his hand at will be lost. "—That is oratory, the professor said uncontradicted" (7: 879) after bringing Taylor's speech to its impressive end. In the respectful silence that follows, Stephen has time to reflect that his own writing will not win him the love and praise accorded to the great orators. Nor will even their words last. "Gone with the wind," Stephen thinks about any political speech. Then his thoughts focus on Daniel O'Connell. "Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings. Miles of ears of porches. The tribune's words, howled and scattered to the four winds. A people sheltered within his voice. Dead noise. Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was. Love and laud him: me no more" (7: 880–83). O'Connell's speeches in 1843 had drawn hundreds of thousands. He had called himself "the tribune," an officer whose job it is to protect plebian interests against the patricians. Four days after his speech at the Hill of Tara, the *Nation* reported O'Connell as saying that he felt himself at one with "the People of Ireland . . . in their wishes and wants." He said he was "speaking their sentiments and [seeking] to procure them relief."[9] It was because of O'Connell's unmistakable debtorship to them that the Irish were, in Stephen's terms, "a people sheltered within his voice."

But by 1904, the relief O'Connell had sought for the Irish had not come. The voice that had been their shelter was now "scattered to the four winds." After he thinks of O'Connell's words as no longer anything but "dead noise," Stephen makes one of those allusive leaps of his to "Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was." Just minutes before, J. J. O'Molloy had mentioned "that Blavatsky woman" (7: 784) to Stephen. Stephen obviously has none of Madame Blavatsky's high-toned belief in the theosophical, but he has read in *Isis Unveiled* her description of the Akasa as "a vast repository where the records of every man's life as well as every pulsation of the visible cosmos are stored up for all Eternity!"[10] Minutes after thinking of O'Connell's voice as "dead noise" and being reminded of the Akasa, Stephen is again reminded of it by thinking of an encounter with a whore. "Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistering tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darlint!" (7: 927–29). Within the Akasa, which records all that ever anywhere wherever was, what's to choose between the noblest use of language and an illiterate prostitute's anxious plea for haste? How frantic must any heart be—hers, O'Connell's, Taylor's, Stephen's own—if the

words that spill from it are to escape the fate of being "scattered to the four winds" along with everything else in the Akasic records? For Stephen, the Akasa is the consummate leveller of everything that matters to any person. Whereas frantic hearts are hearts in need of something that makes a difference to them, no one thing registers with the Akasa as more or less important than any one other thing. Its omniscience, Stephen thinks, is a standard for remembering. What it takes to meet that standard is perfect indifference to what is remembered, an indifference so thoroughly impersonal that it precludes that sense of debtorship to persons on which justice depends.

Because it goes on recording knowledge indiscriminately and for its own sake, the Akasa outlasts all other entrants in the contest for longevity that Stephen wants the words he writes to win. Despite his deep admiration for them, Stephen believes that O'Connell's and Taylor's words fare no better than they do because they are not for their own sake (though MacHugh and his friends sentimentally make them just that) but for persons in need. Wanting to be sure his own writing will avoid the trap of care for persons into which O'Connell and Taylor have fallen, Stephen may begin to see a writing modelled on the Akasa as the most promising alternative. It is a sentimental alternative. Rather than apply himself to a use of language that is just insofar as it issues from his debtorship to persons, Stephen covets the pleasures of authoring a deathless artifact. I imagine Stephen's casual "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" attitude toward the "Akasic records" beginning to take form ten years later in the narrative structure of *Ulysses*.

A rather unlikely scenario, I admit. Throughout the day, Stephen's thoughts about theosophy are consistently derisive. Madame Blavatsky is ample proof to him that it is possible for some people to believe almost anything. And yet since what Stephen wants most is to author writing that will not die, he might well begin to consider writing a narrative that reads as if it issues from an all-knowing intelligence perfectly indifferent to what it knows. What might an intelligence like the Akasic records disclose about certain precincts in Dublin on a single day? About certain characters within those precincts? There is plenty of time for Stephen to ask himself those and related questions, since it is 1904 and the writing of *Ulysses* will have to wait. Immediately before remembering the prostitute, Stephen thinks the isolated word "Dubliners" (7: 922), unconsciously supplying himself with the title of the first of two books he will have to write before he can write *Ulysses*. By 1914, Stephen may have begun to imagine *Ulysses* as a tiny fraction of the "Akasic records," for *Ulysses* reads as if it might be the disclosures of an intelligence that goes on storing up "every pulsation of the visible cosmos."

But many other more conventionally omniscient narratives read that way as well. *Ulysses* is by all accounts an *un*conventional book. Stephen's interest in the peculiar indifference of the Akasa is useful to the degree that it lends focus to what is least conventional in *Ulysses*' omniscience. In the passage Joyce recorded, most of what the narrative discloses is conventional: that Professor MacHugh "began" to speak, the words he spoke, that "his listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear." Less conventionally, it discloses the unspoken thoughts of one of those listeners. But so unconventional is one of its disclosures that it and others like it within the chapter have with good cause been regarded by many readers as pivotal within *Ulysses* as a whole. Centered and in caps, "FROM THE FATHERS" is neither third-person disclosure of what was said and done in the offices of the *Freeman* between the hours of noon and one nor the first-person thoughts of a character in those offices at that time. It is instead one of the chapter's more than sixty headlines (or, more properly, "kickers"). Each headline is enough like all the rest that it can easily be gotten used to. But getting used to something obviously requires a shift away from something else. Most accounts of this shift describe it as one within which the narrative takes a peculiarly impersonal direction, a direction I read as being peculiarly compatible with Stephen's interest in the Akasa.

For Hugh Kenner, the first six chapters of *Ulysses* are at least partially controlled by conventions that a twentieth-century reader expects to find in any novel. The shift occurs when a second narrator emerges in the seventh chapter. Kenner describes this narrator as an "ironic, malicious figure."[11] Regardless of how malicious or ironic, a narrator remains personal to the degree that the term "narrator" always includes among its other possible referents "a person who narrates." While still just personal enough to be called a narrator, Kenner's second narrator prefigures within the narrative as a whole a "principle of pervasive indifference" that Kenner reads as dominating subsequent chapters.[12] His understanding of this principle may owe at least a little to David Hayman, whose designation of an "arranger" controlling the narrative is one that Kenner admires. The "arranger" of *Ulysses*, Hayman wrote in 1970, is a "figure or a presence that can be identified neither with the author nor with his narrators, but that exercises an increasing degree of overt control over increasingly challenging materials."[13] Ten years later, Hayman revised the definition. "Perhaps it would be best to see the arranger as a significant, felt absence in the text, an unstated but inescapable source of control."[14] Like "narrator," the word "arranger" can imply "a figure or a presence," in this case a presence who arranges, who cares to arrange. In Stephen's "Akasic records," thorough control of knowledge depends on there being no figure or presence who cares

one way or the other about narrating or arranging, much less about the things known. Hayman's revision interests me in this light because while "figure" or "presence" is revised to "a felt absence," the arranger's control remains intact, almost as if there were a necessary relationship between absence and control, a relationship between them that *Ulysses* may be peculiar in exposing.

Karen Lawrence writes that the headlines in chapter 7 come from "a power outside that of the initial third-person narrator which has claimed authority for the establishment of the empirical world of the novel."[15] When the headlines intrude into that "world" from somewhere "outside," the illusion of the initial narrator's omniscience is punctured since there can be no knowledge "outside" everything that is known. In retrospect from chapter 7, the initial narrator has the look of a figure or presence who either knows less than everything or is concerned enough about preserving the illusion of his omniscience that he suppresses all "outside" knowledge about how to puncture it. Unconcerned, the "power outside" the initial power is like Hayman's revised arranger in that it is firmly in control of what is disclosed and in control because the "power" is felt in what is not there. Lawrence writes that the more conventional language of the first six chapters is displaced in chapter 7 "by a language not its own, as if the pen received automatic writing" from "the text of received ideas."[16] As do all the other headlines, "FROM THE FATHERS" reads as if it issues from an intelligence empowered by its receptive absence and its unconcern.

But however boldly these headlines announce a shift toward a narrating intelligence more unconventionally omniscient because more impersonal and indifferent, they are nonetheless the product of a person to whom they obviously make a difference. If Joyce is to have a case with me by way of *Ulysses*, I must follow each of three separable but commingled lines within its narrative.[17] One of these lines is the peculiarly omniscient because peculiarly impersonal narrating intelligence. Another is Stephen, who imagines writing a narrative as impersonal as the "Akasic records." "In a retrospective sort of arrangement" (11: 798) made possible by *Ulysses*, Stephen may be read as having written *Ulysses*. To read it this way, though, is to ignore the radical discrepancy between what Stephen imagines he will write and what Joyce wrote. A third line must therefore be pursued so that Stephen's immaturity may be read in retrospect for what it is. As separable as this third line is from the second, it remains as distinct from the first as a person who writes is distinct from a peculiarly impersonal narrating intelligence. The first and second lines are essential to my hearing Joyce's case, but it is this third that brings me closest to Joyce insofar as it is very much the most personal of the three.

Setting Stephen aside for the moment, I want to show that the lines of narrator and writer cannot be isolated without considerable and sometimes even strained effort. Does the headline "ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP" (7: 221) issue exclusively from the impersonal narrator or is it infiltrated by the writer? Because it discloses knowledge of each of the soap's earlier appearances and discloses it as if from a point outside the time and space within which persons move, it can be said to come from the impersonal narrator alone. But does the agent of the headline not seem to take some pleasure in it? While it may be that the joy inherent in the headline is rooted in the narrator's debt-free omniscience, it may also come from the writer's satisfaction that he will share the humor of the headline with persons who find it funny. Once I identify even so small an opening for the writer in what is otherwise a peculiarly impersonal narration, larger openings present themselves as well. Because they collect "every pulsation," the "Akasic records" would surely be much less interesting to persons than *Ulysses* is. It can be said that the narrating intelligence behind *Ulysses* is personal to the degree that its disclosures are no less selective than James Joyce himself has made them.

And yet while it must be remembered that the three lines of narrating intelligence, would-be writer, and writer merge within *Ulysses*, my debtorship to Joyce requires that I not confuse them. For the purposes of recognizing what it has to do with Joyce's case, I will isolate the first by saying that the narrating intelligence behind *Ulysses* is *not* selective. According to the line I will follow on it, that intelligence's impersonal omniscience is not compromised when it discloses the headline insofar as what it discloses is its knowledge that readers are tiring of the pesky soap and will be amused to have had their minds read on this point. And I will say more generally that it is not the narrating intelligence's selectivity but rather its knowledge of readers that accounts for all disclosures in the book. Knowing that readers can take only so much of Tom Kernan and will require at least so much of Bloom, the narrator condescendingly discloses less of Kernan, more of Bloom, neither character mattering to it one whit, the readers themselves not mattering to it either except as things it knows. If anything can be said to matter to the narrating intelligence behind *Ulysses* it is its own omniscience, an omniscience that requires complete immunity from concern. When I speak of this intelligence, therefore, I am referring to a boundless store of knowledge about characters *and persons*, a store of knowledge perfectly consistent with what Kenner sees in *Ulysses* as "the principle of pervasive indifference."

"The intelligence behind *Ulysses*" is a cumbersome phrase and I will replace it with a word that may at first seem confusing. The word is

"Jamesy." It is a word that Molly Bloom may or may not be using to address the intelligence behind *Ulysses*. Thirteen characters in *Ulysses* are granted interior monologue. However short or long, monologues by each of the first twelve of these interrupt the omniscient narrative but are then absorbed back into it as it predictably and unfailingly resumes. It is only the last of the thirteen, Molly, whose thoughts are not stapled to the narrating intelligence. Just as that intelligence discloses in the earlier interior monologues its complete knowledge of the other twelve characters' thoughts, it discloses in Molly's that it knows hers too. For once and at last, though, it does not bracket its knowledge of a character's thoughts between third-person sentences in the past tense. Molly would have the last chapter of *Ulysses* all to herself if it were not for her suspicion that a narrating intelligence is there in every word as her monologue proceeds. Virtually immobile in bed, she is not sure she can as much as move without its leave. "I want to get up a minute if Im let" (18: 1104), she thinks as she feels her period coming on. Of those imagined people whose unspoken thoughts are written in *Ulysses*, it is Molly alone who acknowledges dependence on the narrating intelligence.

It is therefore she alone who seems to know it by name. "O Jamesy," she implores, "let me up out of this pooh" (18: 1128–29). It may be the case that these words are not addressed to the narrative, as I am claiming they are. "O Jamesy" may itself be simply another of Molly's "O, rocks"-like oaths (4: 343). Nor is "pooh" necessarily a noun and not an interjection. But the phrase can also be read as Molly's shot in the dark at what might be a narrator in the narrative. Her imprecation comes from the feeling that if there is such a beast as a narrator in *Ulysses*, then he has incurred a debt to her. While she has to grant that she depends for her very life as a character on this Jamesy's narrative, she has at least some claim on him since his narrative depends in turn on her very life. Since he can narrate her menstruating only because it is she who menstruates, the least he can do is bend the narrative enough to let her get up out of the "bloody pest of a thing" (18: 1534) he has left her with. I read "O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh" as Molly's exasperated but faintly hopeful call for justice.

Just as any character would be, Molly is of course only substituting for a person who might make such a call. Characters only play at enacting their wills. "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). The puns have it that Father Cowley plays two voluntaries at the same time. One of the two things he plays is a musical improvisation: the other is a person who does things on his own volition, a person, in Cowley's case, who im-

provises at the piano, who listens, nods and plays. Characters in fiction do nothing except play as if they have wills of their own out of which they act, the details of their play having been written for them letter by letter. Slaves to the narrative, they are almost always so without playing that they know it. Along with Molly, one possible exception is the lunatic Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, whose only words, spoken fiercely and with "ratsteeth bared," are "—*Coactus volui*" (10: 1111, 1113), I willed it under compulsion. It may be that Farrell has been driven mad because he has lost the innocence that preserves most characters' sanity. If he were innocent of the knowledge that he is a character in a narrative and therefore merely playing "a voluntary," Farrell would be spared the perhaps maddening awareness that the narrative compels him to function like a person with a will while seeing to it that he is not. Knowing that he is the property of narrative alone, Farrell may be parading his string of names in a vain attempt to establish as proper to himself at least that much.

Rather than having lost her reason because she knows that she is a character and nothing more, Molly challenges Jamesy to suspend the narrative for something they might both prefer. She challenges him to determine for himself if he would rather deal with her always as narrator to character or, if only this peevish once, as one person to another. Once would be enough to invoke justice. And justice, once invoked, would undermine the rules of completed narrative, rules, that is, which allow completed characters to substitute for persons who either do or do not deal justly with one another and for whom justice is therefore possible. Molly wants the impossible. She wants to be a person. Though she understands that she is at least substituting for a person, though she should perhaps count her blessings and abide unquestioningly by the rules that let her be such a substitute, she is momentarily unruly: she lets her narrator know that she thinks justice is better than the rules by which they are playing. And in no one other phrase does she come so close to being what she wants to be.

But at the same time that the narrative enclosure of *Ulysses* stretches its farthest toward allowing Molly to be a person subject to needs and calling for justice, it contracts to show that she is not a person at all but only narrated parts of speech in a book that is written and done with. Because he plays by the rules of completed narrative, Jamesy incurs no debt for the "thing" he does in disclosing Molly as a substitute for a person who needs to get up and go to the chamberpot. That she subsequently gets up and goes does not mean that Jamesy has responded to her out of his debtorship for a thing done. Responses take time. *Ulysses*' writtenness is its transport out of the time it takes to respond. "O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh" plays with the possibility of

responsive, responsible, uncompleted give-and-take between character and narrator, almost as if "pooh" were not only the displeasing effects of Molly's period but the completed and therefore paralyzed narrative as well. Jamesy does not respond to Molly. If he can be said to mean anything, he means all along to narrate even her unruliness. Jamesy does not so much let Molly challenge him as force her to. Through his narrative, she summons him to give up his supremacy as narrator, to enter a world in which he would be "with any as any with any." But that summons is already too late since it arrives at all only because of the narrative it asks him to give up.

So it is of course only in play that Molly can be said to summon the narrator out of her need. She could not so much as play at knowing the narrator's name if she were not also playing that she knows the writer's. The word "Jamesy" hardly comes to her as a lucky guess. It comes instead with all the intimacy of a name she has used for years. By calling the narrator "Jamesy," Molly hints that she and a person named James Joyce have been familiar for at least as long as it took to write *Ulysses*. The tone of "O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh" is something like "Give it up, slyboots! We've been at this too long for you to be pretending that you don't know what I'm going through."

Jamesy is not pretending. Nor is there anything that Molly is going through. For her to be going through something, she would have to have time. She would have to have been born in Gibraltar on September 8, 1870, and to have lived a life commensurate at all points with the life narrated for Molly Bloom in *Ulysses*. Nor is that all. She would also have to have a time the anachronism of which can be resolved only in play. In 1921, when her "O Jamesy" assumes its timeless place in the completed narrative, the living being named Molly Bloom would have to be, not fifty, but an eternally-young thirty-three. Molly *is* thirty-three in 1921. But only because she is merely playing at being thirty-three in 1904, merely playing at having time.

James Joyce was born in Dublin on February 2, 1882. On his fortieth birthday, Sylvia Beach of Shakespeare and Company handed him one of the first printed copies of *Ulysses*. By calling the narrator "Jamesy," Molly plays at jostling him out of his imperious presence and back into the writer's time. Jamesy does not budge. There is not time for him to move since what is past is past. The writer's time was over when James Joyce abandoned the characters of *Ulysses* to the rules of completed narrative according to which characters no longer subject to change are substituted for persons. After that, Joyce did not give them any of his time.

Or could not give it, rather. Those are the rules. At some moment in his life, James Joyce stopped writing *Ulysses*. If there had been at least one more thing he meant to fuss with or fix, one more thing he meant to do to the book, he never did it.[18] *Ulysses* was at that moment complete. While *Ulysses* is Joyce's considered response to persons in need, its justice as response is compromised because by completing it he removed it from time. Time is essential to the sequence within which debtorship is incurred as persons again and again call for justice out of their needs. For the many persons who called to him for justice, Joyce substituted the phrases that are *Ulysses*. Each phrase was simultaneously a part of his response and his tacit question "Am I doing this person justice in this phrase?" When he stopped asking himself that question, as he obviously had to when he stopped writing the book, the case of each person was closed. In a case that is closed, a person who might otherwise have had a case has been removed. Because it is unjust to remove persons, there is a measure of injustice in closing a case. In *Ulysses*, Joyce is asking to be held answerable for the justice with which he has substituted completed characters for persons.

"A thing done," *Ulysses* as an artifact is a succession of words only if "succession" is an all-at-once. "Stately" does not precede "plump" as a first thing in time precedes a second: instead, it appears to the left of "plump" in the same line of type. Neither word is restless to connect with the noun it modifies further to its right, nor is that noun restless to connect with its verb. Syntax is not restless: it is the people who use it who are. Like that of any other completed, written thing, *Ulysses*' return to time depends on its being put to responsible use. Joyce was restless for it to make that return. I sense some of his restlessness in his recording, each of his spoken words falling on my ears before the ones to their right or further down the page.

But I sense Joyce's restlessness in the recording only because it is there for me throughout *Ulysses as written*. If there is in the narrative itself a narrator named "Jamesy," he is at once the least personal and most knowing of narrators—so knowing that it could be Jamesy himself who from all eternity inscribes the "Akasic records," only a minuscule fragment of which is disclosed in *Ulysses*. The fragment is enough to make it clear that Jamesy knows every need, debt, and response of every person, its readers included. If Jamesy's vast knowledge of persons were all *Ulysses* passed along to us, we could rest with what we ourselves can manage to know about *Ulysses*. That is not all it passes along. *Ulysses* is for us, but not in the sense that Joyce learned a great deal about persons in need, made what he learned available in *Ulysses*, and thereby absolved its readers of any debts for their reading beyond those that oblige them to be interpreters. There can of course be no response to *Ulysses* without interpretation. But interpretation alone cannot ensure the unsentimental response that justice demands. Because it passes

along to us not only Jamesy's knowledge but also Joyce's restlessness, *Ulysses* nags at us to do justice by what we know.

I want to underscore this point because it will be central to my purposes throughout. By "Joyce's restlessness" I mean something that includes but does not stop at what Fritz Senn describes as "a restless Joycean strain that works against premature interpretation."[19] For Senn, the "highly different narrative programs" in *Ulysses* encourage a reader to acknowledge that "no single perspective is privileged" and that "Joyce allows each of them to correct the others."[20] As a compendium of all possible perspectives, the narrating intelligence that I call Jamesy contains the "correct" answers to every possible interpretive question. My project differs from Senn's and from that of many other Joyceans, I think, insofar as it assumes that *Ulysses* obliges me to interpret it with as much skeptical care as I can bring to it but also to do more.

Jamesy is strategic within my project, and for this reason I am superimposing him briefly on Senn's account of Joyce's restlessness. If in responding to Joyce's restlessness within *Ulysses* I myself were restless only to have the correct answers, I would want to be Jamesy, who has them all. Jamesy is Joyce's way of making it easy for me to feel whether or not that is what I want. Jamesy dramatizes the power I would enjoy if from a point outside myself I knew "all that ever anywhere wherever was." Joyce himself is of course much closer to that Archimedean point than I, closer to it by virtue of his having written both Jamesy and Stephen, a character on his way toward writing Jamesy. So close does *Ulysses* bring James Joyce to that perfectly restful point of all-knowing that his attendant restlessness in *Ulysses* is all the more unsettling. Instead of letting me read it as the case of a person who settled for the success with which he had promoted the illusion of unlimited cognitive reach, *Ulysses* makes me restless to apply whatever I learn about it to my dealings with persons who call to me for justice out of their needs. Much of the force with which it does this turns paradoxically on that grossly impersonal aspect of the book I am calling Jamesy. As an important first phase of my responding justly to *Ulysses*, I will identify Jamesy as Joyce's acknowledgment that his having completed a "thing" as successful as *Ulysses* does not acquit him of his ongoing and immense debtorship to persons in need.

II

I cannot recognize Jamesy as the intelligence behind *Ulysses* unless I distinguish him from James Joyce, a man of some intelligence. The distinction presupposes that James Joyce, a mere person, knows less

than the impersonal Jamesy does and that *Ulysses'* parts of speech disclose at least a little of what Jamesy knows. Molly's monologue prompting him to ask if Joyce knew what it means to be a woman, Patrick McGee answers "Of course not." "Did Joyce know that he did not know?" McGee goes on to ask. "Let's say that his writing knew."[21] The writing's knowledge exceeds the writer's, McGee implies, because it somehow manages to slip beyond the limits of what a person of one sex can know he does not know about a person of the other. When Julia Kristeva describes *Ulysses* as "halting at no one identity—whether personal, ideological, or sexual—but knowing them all," she implies an equation within which knowledge increases as it loosens its bonds with any person who might be thought of as its agent.[22] Jamesy is a name for this equation. As Jamesy's knowledge about everything under the sun accumulates, he himself becomes more and more impersonal, each side of the equation augmenting the other, both sides in concert heightening the sense that *Ulysses* is absolutely authoritative because unauthored in any personal sense of the term.

Kenner's, Hayman's, and Lawrence's differing but related views imply that *Ulysses'* narrator is what Jean-Michel Rabaté says an author is, "an essential absence which nevertheless ensures its transcendence in immanence."[23] For me, Jamesy's authoritative "transcendence" depends on the "absence" of anything within his disclosures that would allow me to mistake him as an even faintly personal intelligence.

I am aware that I have been asking the word "person" to carry a good deal of weight. Its disjunctive relation to the word "author" is basic to my use of it, and I can best say how I understand that relation by invoking the word "subject." While persons are themselves *subject* to a host of conditions—the body and face that one is born with, one's own untransferable mortality, the determinants imposed on one by one's culture, one's limited as opposed to unlimited knowledge, one's debtorship to other persons—a person who authors is a person who *subjects*. Each person is an author in the sense that she again and again puts herself in the position of the grammatical subject "I" which in stated and unstated phrases subjects other parts of speech to its assumed authority. But from person to person and from time to time, the person who authors is more or less personal, more or less authorial. The more authorial I am when I think or speak or write, the less likely I will be to acknowledge that I am subject to conditions including those imposed on me by the structure and history of my language, and the more I will be inclined to think of my words as having issued from a source whose authority cannot be questioned insofar as it is a source prior to all conditions. As my urge to be this source increases, as there is less and less evidence in my words that I remain subject to conditions nevertheless,

I pursue a course the goal of which is Jamesy. Jamesy's authority within *Ulysses* is simultaneously the greater and the more impersonal to the degree that he appears to be above or before conditions and therefore subject to none.

Such authority can be peculiarly disturbing. While readers seek an authorial power that subjects the written materials to its control, there is an obvious payoff when that power is at least personal enough so that they can identify with it. "We learn to abstract the author," Vicki Mahaffey writes, "honoring him or her as the operator of language and not as someone upon whom language operates, an exemption that we can then extend to ourselves as readers."[24] By assuming the authority implicit in the grammatical subject, an author extends to his reader by way of the transferability of that subject the very exemption he has assumed for himself: as author and not merely a person who writes, "I" supply you with a controlling perspective that you yourself then take on as an "I"-who-now-reads-what-you-authored. But if the cumulative effect of my phrases leaves you feeling that I myself am as thoroughly impersonal as Jamesy, there will be no such exemption—as Mahaffey insists there is none in *Ulysses*. What happens instead, she writes, is that the narrative's "willful opacity compels the reader to look *at* language" as at a condition that does some formidable subjecting of its own.[25]

When Fredric Jameson looks at *Ulysses*' language, he finds "a form of discourse from which the subject—sender or receiver—is radically excluded" insofar as any unifying, personally authorial perspective has been removed.[26] Jameson explains that removal as Joyce's response to the "increasing social fragmentation and monadisation of late capitalist society, the intensifying privatisation and isolation of its subjects."[27] Those who would themselves subject are instead subject to linguistic forms imposed on them by capitalism's deep investment in separating private from public and personal from political, a process that reduces its subjects to ineffective monads. Joyce's success in pointing toward a remedy for this subjection, Jameson claims, is to make us ask "why we should be interested in stories about private individuals any longer."[28] All Joyce gives us to care about in his protagonist is whether or not Bloom will reassert "his authority in what can therefore once again become a vital family unit," Joyce making it plain to Jameson that the political cost of such a unit is "monadisation," an unacceptable cost.[29]

Bloom's story as a political subject is a good bit more complicated than that for me. In my reading of it, which I work out in detail toward the end of this book, Bloom's problem with Molly is not that he has been exercising too little authority within the family but rather far too much. He has been authoring for more than ten years since Rudy's

death a story in which Molly agrees to his substituting domestic favors and small sums of cash for the unrestrained attentions he knows she craves from him. It is a story he tells himself daily and daily imposes on his wife. He does this because the story forestalls indefinitely his being subject to Molly's call. Bloom is afraid to answer her still unuttered call because he fears that the "complete carnal intercourse" she desires with him might result in the death of another child. Rather than having authored her own story of the marriage, a story within which she allows herself to call to her husband for what she wants most, Molly has been conforming to the character that he has authored for her. As Shari Benstock writes, "storytelling is a male province" in *Ulysses*.[30] Sexual politics have worked their way so effectively into the goings-on at 7 Eccles Street that the implications of Molly's reticence reach well beyond the family unit. It is one of her responsibilities as a political subject not only to hear the case Bloom's tacit story tells her about his fear but to tell her case as well. It is Bloom's long-overdue responsibility not to be the only author in the house.

His situation with Molly is of course only part of Bloom's story as a political subject. While for his own private purposes he subjects Molly to his controlling perspective within the family, outside the house he is something of a model among public men. His good offices to the blind, the widowed, and the orphaned may strike Jameson as politically trivial since they address nothing grander than individual needs, but "it was Bloom gave the ideas for Sinn Fein to Griffith to put in his paper all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and swindling the taxes off of the government and appointing consuls all over the world to walk about selling Irish industries" (12: 1574–77), "it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system" (12: 1635–36). My reading of *Ulysses* differs from Jameson's at least in part because I understand differently than he the relation between persons and politics. With Jameson, I feel that a person is a political subject when, along with other persons who share his general needs, he acts toward the end of becoming the author of his own political fortunes. Unlike Jameson, though, I feel that a person is also a political subject when she responds with some measure of justice to other persons whose very particular needs she may or may not share. Whereas Jameson is convinced that we must give over any lingering interest in persons since it only subjects us all the more to the repressive forces we must act collectively to reverse, I am convinced that we cannot give up such interest without also giving up the languages in which we think, speak, hear, read, and write.

Jamesy's indifference to persons takes him a long way toward fulfilling Jameson's requirements for the political subject, Jameson attribut-

ing that indifference not to the narrator of *Ulysses* but rather (and mistakenly, I think) to its writer. For reasons antithetical to Jameson's, Joyce goes a long way toward fulfilling my requirements for the political subject. Through his writing of *Ulysses*-Jamesy, Joyce acknowledges and takes responsibility for what is necessarily impersonal and unjust in even the most personal of authorial perspectives. How he does this is not quickly told, and I offer here only a rough sketch of it.

Jamesy is Joyce's parody of the imperious author that lurks in all persons. As parody, it underscores the difference between *an author* and *a person who thinks, speaks, or writes phrases*. While "author" and "phrase-making person" are never altogether separable in any *person*, persons being both subject and subjecting, Jamesy is altogether *impersonal*, altogether authorial and subjecting—and this despite the incontrovertible fact that he has been written by a person named James Joyce. Jamesy's omniscient disclosures throughout *Ulysses* are such pure examples of the authorial impulse to subject that they isolate that impulse and hold it up to view. Any person might understandably aspire to be Jamesy, Joyce's parody implies, because Jamesy's authority transcends the discomforting and ultimately fatal conditions to which all mere persons are subject. But the critique inherent in the parody also implies that Jamesy transcends these conditions only because his omniscience is so unmixed with traits that a more personal author would exhibit that it is hideously impersonal and as alien to justice as an intelligence could be.

Joyce does not exclude himself from the critique. To the degree that *Ulysses* creates the illusion of a narrator whose authority over his materials is absolute, it implies that James Joyce, the writer of the narrative, has managed to transcend the conditions to which he was subjected with his birth: but to the degree that Jamesy can be read as Joyce's critique of authorial power and its injustices, *Ulysses* is Joyce's acknowledgment that his own dominance as a writer is not at all the blessing that it may appear to be. *Ulysses* persuades me that the last thing Joyce wanted was to be mistaken for an intelligence which, like Jamesy's, is above justice—it persuades me that what Joyce wanted most was to be recognized less as an author than as a person who writes.

Among those things to which a person who writes is subject are the things he signs for when he writes. Jacques Derrida describes a "subjectivity" in Joyce, one that "delegates itself to the word" not so that it might subject what remains other for it, but rather in subjection to that other: "A, E, I, O, U, *I owe you*, with the *I* constituting itself in the very debt."[31] For Derrida, "any writing in the widest sense of the word pledges a *yes*."[32] This pledge is the "signature" that any writing bears, a signature that "assumes the irreversible commitment of the person confirming, who *says* or *does* yes, the token of some mark left behind."[33] The *yes* "always inaugurates a scene of call and request."[34] As "the primary telephonic 'Hello,' " it "asks only for another *yes*, the *yes* of the Other," "it begins by responding."[35] The position of the grammatical subject "remains derivative with regard to this *yes*" because the "I" itself remains subject to the Other's *yes*.[36] "The *Ich* in *Ich bin* poses itself . . . not as *ego* . . . but as a pre-performative force which . . . marks that 'I' as addressing itself to the Other, however undetermined he or she is."[37]

Whereas for Jameson the wholly impersonal and unresponsive discourse that I call Jamesy is all there is to *Ulysses*, Derrida recognizes in that same discourse a person whose "I" is the "aye" as yes-to-the-Other, a yes that "begins by responding" to the Other out of its "very debt." The person who writes and publishes cannot determine in advance the identities of those persons she addresses. But that indeterminacy in no way absolves her of her debtorship to them. As she is, though as Jamesy is not, they are persons in need, persons whose needs cannot so much as begin to be met until they are responded to by other persons in some just measure. Jamesy's perfectly authorial and impersonal "I" discloses that it knows everything there is to know about persons in need: while Jamesy's unresponsiveness to those needs avoids the charge of sentimentality insofar as Jamesy is above enjoyment as he is above all other personal things, a person is sentimental if he enjoys Jamesy's knowledge without at the same time following James Joyce's lead as an "I" who "begins by responding."

Joyce lived far enough into an age of mechanical reproduction that he can still speak to us from the dead as O'Connell cannot, "Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather. Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth" (6: 963–66). Joyce may have had moments in which he felt that what he was leaving us in *Ulysses* was no likelier to elicit the Other's *yes* than was poor old greatgrandfather's final garble. Derrida writes that Joyce was "hardly ignorant of the fact that the book of all books . . . is still fairly inconsequential among the millions and millions of others in the Library of Congress."[38] When Joyce called *Ulysses* "his usylessly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles," his play on the words "Ulysses" and "useless" was amused but also wistful, maybe even slightly self-pitying, as in "Why couldn't the book have come to more?"[39] It comes to so much for so many of us that it is easy to play down Joyce's own restlessness with it even when that restlessness is there to be read in *Ulysses* itself. As modifiers of his "Book," "usylessly" and "unreadable" may be unconnected, readability and usefulness each boycotting *Ulysses* indepen-

dently. I am going to be treating the two as if they are connected, though, as if to be able to read *Ulysses* requires that it be put to use beyond the uses of pleasure. For me, *Ulysses* is a do-it-yourself kit to ward off sentimentalizing. My task here is to say how I read its accompanying instructions.[40]

III

The use to which I put *Ulysses* begins with my letting Joyce have a case with me. As I have already said, letting him have that case requires that I follow each of the three lines of Jamesy, Stephen, and James Joyce. I will be following these lines so that I can be as clear as possible on how the person who wrote *Ulysses* differs both from the peculiarly impersonal and authorial *Ulysses* and from the character who may mature to write *Ulysses*. When I follow these three lines, Joyce's case with me is that he wants justice for all. In asking for my *yes*, in asking to have a case with me, Joyce asks that I hold him answerable for the justice with which he has told the cases of others. I can do what he asks only if I use *Ulysses* against him, only if I scrutinize it for its injustices, some but not all of which Joyce may himself acknowledge in *Ulysses*.

But since it is justice for *all* that Joyce wants my *yes* to and not only justice for himself, I cannot allow his case with me to be circumscribed by my dealings with *Ulysses*. What I must do instead is to put those dealings to use in my encounters with persons. If I am not to sentimentalize *Ulysses*, if I am to do its writer justice, I must do more than let it instruct me in how to do justice by all persons: I must also be coerced by it into getting justice done. The "thing" I do in reading *Ulysses* is sentimental unless I apply its instructiveness to matters other than itself, matters that impinge however slightly on a plurality of people and are political to that degree. Beyond the help it gives me in holding James Joyce answerable for the justice with which he has told the cases of others, *Ulysses* is useful insofar as it helps me do what I must in responding to persons. Because it is no more than speculative, of course, this book is *not* my response to persons: to say how I put *Ulysses* to use is not to put it to use.[41]

I said above that the characters in *Ulysses* are Joyce's response to persons in need, persons who wanted to know what he made of them. Far more often than not, understandably, the person Joyce responded to had not come right out and asked to have a case with Joyce but had only and quite inadvertently summoned his attention. Persons tacitly ask to be noticed simply by appearing where other persons can see them. What Joyce made of the person he noticed least was no less that

person's case with him than if he or she had commanded Joyce to tender his appraisal on the spot. Joyce's response to them by way of *Ulysses*' characters was also tacit in that many of those persons never read *Ulysses*, and some among those who did read it failed to recognize their cases between its covers. Tacit as well is Joyce's request that I let him have a case with me. What I am setting out to do in this book is to be as explicit as I can about the ways *Ulysses* impresses its political imperatives upon me. If I am to do that, I must first give some account of what I understand to be the mostly tacit way in which persons call to one another and respond.[42]

Suppose that you and I are friends. When I answer your greeting by asking how you are, I am tacitly asking that at some point in our conversation you ask me how things are with me. Suppose that you do. There is a tacit interrogative in the declarative mood I use to tell you about my recent run-in with X. It asks you what you make of me, asks you, in the terms I want to apply, to let me have a case with you. I will have that case only if you hear what I say and judge it worthy of response. Suppose that your response is one that falls between your taking my side against X and your thinking that I have once again behaved like a fool. I may need very much for you to take my side and to tell me so. But what I need even more is for you to respond in whatever way you do, which will include the degree to which you tell me how you respond. Even if your response is tacit, it is something you do for me since anything else you do or say for me will be influenced by it in however small a way.

There are many reasons that I tend to be more tacit in asking you to hear my case than in asking you to pass the salt. I may not know you well enough to trust you with an explicit telling of my case. If I want to impress you as having great aplomb, I will probably keep to myself a request that might betray me. I may be taciturn about my needs because you are a friend I do not want to worry. I may be too unclear about whether I ought to have a case to trouble either of us with my confusion. Or I may think I am clear when I am not and thus proceed to tell you things explicit in themselves but so confused that they leave my case tacit for you. I may be manipulatively coy, may deflect what I am asking you by seeming to ask nothing at all. My case may have to remain tacit for less immediately personal reasons if you are not my friend but rather someone I do not know. It may have to remain tacit until it reaches you in an another part of the world or until it is translated into a language you speak. It may have to remain tacit until you distinguish it, from among others it resembles, as one person's case. My case may have to remain tacit until another person tells it for me since I myself am forcibly stopped from telling it or because I am dead.[43]

A case may remain tacit too because I, the person asked to hear it, allow it to remain that way. I am slow to question your politeness by demanding "Now exactly what is it that you're asking of me?" Just as manners dictate that I ask you about yourself if I need you to ask me about me, they also protect me from what would otherwise be an unmanageable flood of appeals to hear one or another person's case. The legal system offers me related protection by supplying persons with a place identifiably separate from me where they may contest their differences. Persons who work together for a cause also allow cases to remain tacit for me. Because they are out to improve the lot of the persons for whom they speak and because they have settled on what that improvement must be, they tell a single case only and it is the case of no one person. Because each person they serve is for them a representative victim of the same injustice, whatever else there may be to his or her case remains tacit for me until I have heard it and judged it worthy of response.

But manners, laws, and responsible collective efforts do not absolve me of my obligation to let each person have a case with me even when that case is tacit only and not expressed. Because there is much in your case that remains tacit for me, I must assume enough but not too much to do it justice. It can be so unpleasant to answer for my unjust assumptions that I am sometimes tempted to assume nothing whatever about your case. I wait for the least presumptuous time to ask you for clarification of what remains tacit in it for me. That time never seems to come and I wait longer, I tell myself that I can wait until you tell your case explicitly and expressly for me. The waiting itself is anything but pleasant, though, for I am answerable throughout it to what you are asking tacitly of me, which is to do your case justice. Because I cannot postpone my obligation to you, I often want nothing so much as to forget the obligation itself.

I forget it from time to time but it is always there. It is always there because there is always more to your case, to which I have not yet done justice. Unable to postpone my obligation to you or to forget it in a way that lasts, I am nonetheless free to excuse myself from it simply by being reasonable. I come up with reasons to forget what I owe.

Some of these are very good reasons, some not so good. Each of them, though, is a reason not to be *for* another person, a reason not to do for him what his need obliges me to do.[44] These reasons are elitist, the debt itself egalitarian in the extreme. I invariably have my reasons for doing more for this person than for that, reasons that protect me from the acknowledgment that my debt to each is unaltered by the discriminations I make between them. Since there are as many reasons to forget my debtorship as there are persons to whom I am indebted,

the sampling below is as incomplete as it is impersonal. I offer it only for whatever it may suggest about the ways my reasons empower me to forget to do what I must. While one reason leads to the next at some points in the list, I am not implying stages in a chronology. In my dealings with a person, I pass from one of these reasons to another only as the circumstance tempts me to. Each item in the list is separate and self-sufficient. When I appeal to any one or to any combination of them, I have the temporary assurance that reason is on my side.

(1) What I offer another person only seems to be of help. Because it increases his dependence on me, my so-called help increases rather than lessens his need. If I am to be *for* him I must offer him no help.

(2) I either cannot or do not stop myself from resenting that I have to help him. He knows I resent it and wisely refuses to be helped by me. If I am to be *for* him I must forget my debt *to* him and stay out of his way.

(3) It is clear to me that I must help him *and* that I have helped him all I can. There are limits to how much I can bring myself to do for him. I have reached my limit.

(4) Even if I have exceeded my limit with him, there is more to be done. Since I suspect that I simply will not do it, it is therefore best to put the person out of my mind.

(5) It turns out that I do not put him out of my mind. By thinking intensely enough about how remiss I am in meeting my debt to him, I shift my attention away from his need and onto my guilt. The guilt proceeds from an awareness of his need, an awareness so acute that it should move me to do what I must. But that is not the way my guilt works. Posing as something between me and him, my guilt is instead and solely between me and me. This arrangement has its comfort. My debt to him discomforts because it remains outstanding for as long as he is in need: as a debt to myself that poses as a debt to him, on the other hand, guilt is a debt I can acquit again and again by repeatedly feeling guilty. Guilt lets me adjust to knowing that I am failing him in some way, it lets me meet my debt to him with feelings that do not move me toward him but rather and more imperviously back into the feelings themselves. Indebtedness, by contrast, is a prod. It is the feeling that I must say or do for him something I have not yet said or done, something that remains to be said or done because I have not yet managed to let him have a case with me. Having come to understand that guilt is a trap, I now have another reason to put the other person out of my mind: since guilt takes me away from my duties and into myself, I must

avoid all response to the other person who prompts that guilt in me.

(6) I insist, if only to myself, that duty is a two-way street. What, after all, has he been doing for me? Debts between persons, I reason, are reciprocal. If he is doing no more to meet my needs than I am to meet his, then I am not in his debt.

(7) As I am not in his debt if I submit my understanding of debt to the following critique. What I am describing as debt is a ridiculous exaggeration of what any person expects from me. Debt, as I describe it, is almost comically unreasonable. If I were to be led by it, I would spend most of my time going around like a lunatic asking people what they need. I come up with as many sound reasons to forget my debt because so torqued a view of debt *should* be forgotten. I tell myself that what I'm calling debt is mere hyperbole, a figure that dramatizes and renders absurd whatever I do not like about having to deal with persons. The other person's need simply is not my unconditional duty. I must therefore drop what I have understood debt to be and start over with a less histrionic, more reasonable version of it, a version I would be likelier to be guided by toward a debt I would be likelier to meet.

This last reason is of course the subtlest and most comprehensive. I would like to be persuaded by it. Failing that, I would like to feel that what stops me from being persuaded by it is my uncommon moral integrity, I would like to feel that in spite of all the reasons not to hold to it, I hold to my understanding of debt because I am good.

But what I feel instead is this: I do not hold to my understanding of debt: debt holds to me. It is not at all a feeling I champion. Neither is it one that I am glad to have. It is a feeling I am no abler to decline than the feeling that I will die. As a person in a world with other persons living and dead, I feel that I am subject to my indebtedness to persons, subject to it no less than to other unpleasant conditions about which I was not consulted before I was born.[45] The feeling of indebtedness that duty springs from has less to do with ethics than with the way another person's need adheres to me. Since I am subject to my side only in my dealings with him, since from my side of them those dealings begin with me, I am a first person to his second. Implicit in his call is the call of every person other than myself.[46] Because another person calls to me from within a polis that entangles each person with every person, his call reminds me of my debt not only to him, a second person, but to all third persons as well, to all persons any one of whom becomes a second person as soon as I am faced with him. Whether tacit only or loud and clear, the other person's call is as discomfortingly adhesive as there is a world of second and third persons who are in need.

When I respond justly to his call I am not being good but only doing my political best to loosen its hold. It pleases me, of course, if I can think I have had a part in helping him. What I get back most when I respond justly, though, is the always temporary sense that his need sticks less to me. While it does not acquit the debt, which remains outstanding for as long as he is in need, my responding justly to him allows me to sense that I am entangled with him exactly that much less by duty, exactly that much more by the pleasure he brings me insofar as he responds to my needs. Only if I sense this lessening can I also sense that within a world filled with persons there is room for my being pleased.

As a person with needs, I am a case to be judged by other persons. My needs are considered, though, only if I have a case, only if another person lets me have a case with him by hearing my tacit or explicit call and judging it worthy of response. Wanting my needs to be judged worthy of response, I may want to hold the other person responsible for hearing my case. But I have no right to what I need from him. Neither is there anything I can do to earn such a right, though I can pretend that there is. I can pretend that debt's adhesiveness is a feeling that operates in the other person and not just in me. By pretending that I can look at my dealings with him from a point outside myself, I can insist that my responding to his call obliges him to respond to mine. But no such point is available to me since I am subject to my side only in my dealings with him and can do nothing to alter that subjection this side of death.[47] He may say the same about himself from his side of our dealings, but that is up to him. From my side, from the only side to which I am subject, he owes me nothing.

I can know he owes me nothing and still expect some consideration from him, still be disappointed when it does not come. And yet what I must do for him is unpleasant not because I am sometimes disappointed in what I get back when I do it but only because I do not always do it, do not always do what I must. If I always did what I must I would be living justly. That is not how I live. The other person calls to me in his need. What I must do is respond to his call, as I will invariably do once I have let him have a case with me. Not letting him have that case is therefore my last line of defense against doing what I must. It is a defense I unjustly resort to again and again. Distracted, self-absorbed, put off by knowing how unstinting need is and that I will never be acquitted of my debts, I do not let the other person have a case with me, I fail to do what I must if there is to be justice, that impossible situation in which each person has a case with every person.

Justice is impossible if only because there is too little time for me to hear every person's case, each case needing to be heard anew with each

change in the person's need. It would spare me much displeasure if I could quietly wish for justice as for utopia: but justice is more than utopian for the person who wants it since wanting it is a restlessness for which there can be no time at that end of political history that any utopia presupposes.[48] Although impossible, justice is what I want. And yet just as knowing what I must do does not keep me from forgetting or refusing to do it, neither is it enough for me to want justice, the impossibility of which keeps me restless. Restless to do what I must and displeased that I forget or refuse to do it, I come up with yet another reason not to meet my debts: I tell myself that what I want more than justice is to be debt-free. Understanding that I can be debt-free only if the other person is need-free and understanding that he will not be need-free until he dies, I stop myself from wanting him dead only by controlling how his obliging need affects me, I keep him at a safe distance by not letting him have a case with me.

If I am to be for justice by letting another person have a case with me, I must do more than give his sometimes only tacit case a hearing: I must tell it as well. Like James Joyce and, I suspect, like almost everyone, I am a teller of persons' cases.[49] A person *is* a case. A character is the case a given person has with me when I tell his case either to myself or to someone else. For me even to think about a person is to make a character of him by substituting thought for person. Though it can seem to be, the character I make is not the person it substitutes for.[50] It is instead something that is mine, something I am quite free to make of what I will.

But whatever I make of it I am answerable for according to how justly it is made. Relying on assumptions, any one of which may be unjust, I tell your case to myself by thinking about you, I substitute for your person a character that is nothing other than my series of phrases, each of which I must answer for. Each phrase is accompanied by a question I must but possibly will not ask: "Am I doing this person justice in this phrase?" The question refers to you in the third person rather than in the second because while I am answerable to you for the way I tell your case, I am answerable for it as well to every person. By my obligation to do you justice I do not mean that I must get down to the truth about you. Neither do I mean that I am answerable for it only if I tell it to you or to someone else. Even when it remains tacit because I tell it only to myself, the way I tell your case is something I must answer for not to the truth nor to God nor to humanitarian principles but rather and more unpleasantly to you as to all persons.

Subject to my unpleasant debt to you, I am understandably restless to be acquitted of it. It is when my restlessness with it gets the better of me that I may be sentimental. Not enjoying in the slightest my im-

mense debtorship to you, I do something that lets me think that I am responding justly to you though I am not: I make a character of you that I enjoy in direct proportion to how little debt I incur in making it. This character is no less sentimental if I make it sinister and not saccharine. Under what passes with me as an abundance of feeling either for or against you, a feeling that makes me tell your case in just this way, I sentimentalize by forgetting that the way I tell it is something I must answer for. Because it is more enjoyable to forget what I must answer for to you as to all persons, I let myself think that I am answerable for the way I tell your case not to you or to anyone else but rather and only to the character that I have made of you.

If I could rest with what I am calling sentimentality, your case would be closed. My debt to you obliges me to keep your case open so that I may respond to you in a way that promotes your well-being in time.[51] When I sentimentalize, though, I revise my phrases about you not so that I can keep up with my debt but rather to the end of getting your character right once and for all. Restless to acquit my debt and sentimental, I indulge myself with the illusion that I am at last right about you, that I am in the right, with nothing owed. For the question "Does this character do the person justice?" I substitute the assertion "It will always be thus for me with that person," an assertion that follows from my having substituted one unchanging character for you and another for myself. Having gotten that fix on both characters and holding to it, letting myself have much the more compelling case, I have a sentimental defense against any debt-incurring surprises that would otherwise be coming my way from you if I were instead to do your case justice.

My feeling of indebtedness to you does not let me stop there, though, because you do not. Your tacit request that I let you have a case with me reminds me again and again not to be sentimental. I must not rest with either character, you remind me tacitly, but must keep revising each so that surprises between us are still possible. You remind me that the enjoyment I take in the two fixed characters is not a sign that I have acquitted my debt to you or even decreased it. The more pleased I am to have substituted finished characters for the always unfinished business of the debt, the less I keep up with my duty because the less I have to do with you. You remind me that any pleasure I take in the substitution renders me increasingly derelict. Because of that pleasure I have all the more to answer for to you, as to all persons.

This is to say that I have much to answer for if I turn you into a character in a book. Imagine that I have committed to writing at least some of the phrases I had been telling myself about your case. Once that writing is complete, once it is "a thing done," it is out of time. Between the timelessness of what I have written and the time of my

accumulating debt to you there is a difference I must answer for. I do not answer for it if I am sentimental. What I do instead is to think of time spent having written your character as time spent having paid off my debt to you. Sentimentally thinking of those two times as if they were the same, I tell myself that I have substituted for your person a character to whom I owe nothing now that the writing itself is complete. For my person, the person whose debt to you increases in proportion to my sentimental pleasure in the writing, I substitute a character who is pleased with what he has written, pleased with it, that is, if only to the degree that he does not destroy all extant copies of it and so consents tacitly to its being read.

I am free to substitute a comparably sentimental character for myself when I read *Ulysses*. As those of the persons to whom I am in debt are not, the cases of *Ulysses*' characters are closed. I am free to forget the temporal difference between those characters and persons because I am free to accept the disclaimer implicit in works that are normally called fiction: "Any resemblance between these characters and persons living or dead is purely coincidental." As any writer can about his or her work of fiction, James Joyce can reasonably imply that he is doing something other than telling persons' cases in *Ulysses*. Since most of his characters are products of what he noticed not about any one person but rather about more than one or even many, those characters can reasonably be thought of more as an imagining than as the telling of a case. I am free to believe that because Joyce has imagined within one character the traits (some of which may of course themselves be imaginary) of many persons, he is not answerable for that character in the same way that I am answerable for what I think, say, or write about a person. If Joyce is not answerable for one or more of his characters, then neither am I. It pleases me to be dealing with the closed cases of *Ulysses*' characters without at the same time having to answer for those closures myself or to hold the writer answerable for them. Behind what passes as an abundance of feeling for the persons for whom *Ulysses*' characters substitute, I sentimentalize what I read by regarding it as off-duty time, time out, a time removed from what is owed to persons because a time removed from persons.

But however "purely coincidental" their connections with persons, the characters I read in *Ulysses* substitute nonetheless for persons. It is a curious thing about a character that it can substitute for a person even when it does not connect discernibly with any one person who was born. Because persons are continuingly telling the cases of persons to themselves and one another, characters in books are not like the persons we tell the cases of, but more of the same kind of telling. Whether or not it connects discernibly with any one person, a character in a

book substitutes for a person because its writer is himself someone who continuingly substitutes phrases for persons in his response to them. When he writes a character whose connections with any one person may be claimed to be purely coincidental, he is supplying neither himself nor his reader with time out. For such a character is itself a part of the writer's continuing response to persons.

Leopold Bloom is *Ulysses*' most prominent example of a character substituting for more than one person. Richard Ellmann has identified three persons for whom at least some of the phrases that make up Bloom substitute.[52] Since Joyce has combined phrases that he substituted for one person with phrases that he substituted for other persons still, he has removed no one person in having closed Bloom's case. And yet while he therefore might not have to answer for any injustice in his writing of Bloom, Bloom substitutes nonetheless for a person whose imminent removal Joyce boasted of in August 1921. He had been telling himself at least something of Bloom's case for fifteen years, had spent much of the past seven making it available to anyone who might be interested. Enough is enough. "Bloom and all the Blooms will soon be dead, thank God," he wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver just after beginning to write the final chapter of *Ulysses*.[53] Three weeks later he wrote to her to say "I have been in training for a Marathon race by walking 12 or 14 kilometres a day and looking carefully in the Seine to see if there is any place I could throw Bloom in with a 50 lb. weight tied to his feet."[54]

The sentence is more fun than it would be if Bloom were a person Joyce was dying to kill. It is fun to recognize that substitutes for persons cannot be murdered while persons can be. But if in reading Bloom's character I reason that a person has been removed only figuratively and that Joyce therefore does not have to answer for having closed a case, I respond neither to Bloom's case nor to Joyce's but only to the fun. *Ulysses* persuades me that there is an undercurrent of seriousness to Joyce's playful malice aforethought as he is about to finish Bloom off. Tacitly, throughout *Ulysses*, Joyce asks that I let him have a case with me by holding him answerable for the cases he has closed, holding him answerable for them not as if he were a murderer but because there are unjust consequences when someone closes a case.

As I have said, I would not hear Joyce's case if it were not for Jamesy. A figure for *Ulysses*' authorial, all-knowing completedness, Jamesy is Joyce's acknowledgment that *Ulysses* leaves its writer subject to the charge of having closed a multitude of cases—more cases, as I will explain, than those of the persons for whom its characters substitute.

my ongoing responses to it as my ongoing responses to persons. But *Ulysses* is refractory to sentimentalizing. *Ulysses* reminds me that whereas it is complete and forever present, what I must do for persons is messily fragmented, always in another time. While I have time to do it, I will obviously have to do what I must do in another time than the present. To the degree that it sends me away from the cases it has told and into those that I myself have left to tell, James Joyce's *Ulysses* is for justice.

NOTES

Introduction

1. The recording was made in 1924. It was released only in 1961 by Rhein-Verlag under the title *James Joyce Spricht*. Except for a few relatively minor changes, the passage Joyce recorded appears in *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Random House, 1986) (7: 827–69). All quotations from *Ulysses* are from this edition, and parenthetical references in the text are to chapter and line number.

2. Because the word "need" is central to my interests in the pages below, I must acknowledge Jean Baudrillard's critique of it. For Baudrillard, "needs are strictly specified in advance in relation to *finite* objects. There is only need for *this* or *that* object." *Selected Writings*, ed. Mark Poster (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1988), p. 41. A "system of objects" operates and "imposes its own coherence and thus acquires the capacity to fashion an entire society" (pp. 14–15). "Because *the structure of the sign is at the very heart of the commodity form* . . . , its very form establishes it as a total medium, as a *system of communication* administering all social exchange" (p. 79.). Within this sign-exchanging medium, "purchasing and consumption must have the same value as any *human* relation" (p. 14). Signification "is the locus of an elemental objectification that reverberates through the amplified systems of signs. . . . All the repressive and reductive strategies of power systems are already present in the internal logic of the sign" (p. 92). In the pages that follow, I will be supposing that the signs through which persons' needs are responded to will not in all cases have been appropriated to what Baudrillard calls "*the commodity form*": in those cases in which the signs have been so appropriated, the responses carried by those signs cannot be just. I understand "need" as the need that Baudrillard himself is responding to by way of his own writing: "we *need*," he insists, "a critique of signifier fetishism" (p. 63, my emphasis).

3. George Meredith, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (New York: Scribner's, 1917), p. 180.

4. I apply the definition of the sentimentalist to MacHugh and his listeners despite the fact that it is one of their number, Stephen, who has "cribbed" it. In Stephen's use of the definition, the sentimentalist is of course Mulligan, whom Stephen is accusing of trying to freeload.

5. "No blame attached to anyone": James Joyce, *Dubliners* (New York: Viking Press, 1958), p. 115. Subsequent references to this work in the text will be identified with *D* and a page number. While my use of the word "case" has obvious connections with its uses in forensics, law, medicine, psychoanalysis, and philosophy (I am thinking here of the standard "just in case," as in "just in case I am a

person writing these phrases and not a brain in a vat"), the focus I would like for it is closer to the colloquial sense in which someone might say about someone else, "His is an interesting case."

6. Bloom to Stephen in the cabman's shelter: "It's all very fine to boast of mutual superiority but what about mutual equality" (16: 1098–99).

7. It is not far into *Ulysses* that a question of this kind is asked by the first character named. "Why don't you trust me more?" Mulligan asks Stephen. "What have you up your nose against me?" "Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you" (1: 161–62, 179–80).

8. Emmanuel Levinas describes the "locus of justice" as a "terrain common to me and the others where I am counted among them, that is, where subjectivity is a citizen." *Otherwise than Being*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1981), p. 160.

9. Don Gifford with Robert J. Seidman, *Notes for Joyce: An Annotation of James Joyce's* Ulysses (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1974), p. 118.

10. Stephen thinks of "*Isis Unveiled*" (9: 279). H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled* (1877; reprint, Pasadena, Calif.: Theosophical University Press, 1972), vol. 1, p. 179.

11. Hugh Kenner, *Joyce's Voices* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), p. 75.

12. Hugh Kenner, *Ulysses* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1980), p. 63.

13. David Hayman, Ulysses: *The Mechanics of Meaning* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1970), p. 84.

14. Ulysses: *The Mechanics of Meaning*, rev. ed. (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1982), p. 123.

15. Karen Lawrence, *The Odyssey of Style in* Ulysses (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), p. 60.

16. Ibid., p. 67.

17. What I mean by a "line" in this sense is a sequence of phrases that refers to one or another of the three elements within *Ulysses* that I am proposing to describe.

18. A. Walton Litz, *The Art of James Joyce: Method and Design in* Ulysses *and* Finnegans Wake (New York: Oxford University Press, 1961), and Michael Groden, Ulysses *in Progress* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977), attend directly to the history of Joyce's work on the book.

19. Fritz Senn, *Joyce's Dislocutions*, ed. John Paul Riquelme (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), p. 71.

20. Ibid., p. 66.

21. Patrick McGee, *Paperspace* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1988), p. 175.

22. Julia Kristeva, "Joyce 'The Gracehoper,' or the Return of Orpheus," in *James Joyce: The Augmented Ninth*, ed. Bernard Benstock (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1988), p. 180.

23. Jean-Michel Rabaté, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Bogeyman," in B. Benstock, *James Joyce*, p. 110.

24. Vicki Mahaffey, *Reauthorizing Joyce* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1988), p. 60.

25. Ibid., p. 61.

26. Fredric Jameson, " 'Ulysses' in History," in *James Joyce and Modern Literature*, ed. W. J. McCormack and Alistair Stead (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), p. 139.

27. Ibid., p. 139.

28. Ibid., p. 140.

29. Ibid., p. 127.

30. Shari Benstock, "City Spaces and Women's Places in Joyce's Dublin," in B. Benstock, *James Joyce*, p. 296.

31. Jacques Derrida, "Ulysses Gramophone," in B. Benstock, *James Joyce*, p. 58.

32. Ibid., p. 62.

33. Ibid., p. 60.

34. Ibid., p. 54.

35. Ibid., pp. 61, 63, 65.

36. Ibid., p. 63.

37. Ibid., p. 62.

38. Ibid., p. 58.

39. James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake* (New York: Viking Press, 1959), p. 179. Subsequent references to this work in the text will be identified with *FW* and a page number.

40. How I read them is informed by what has registered with me in my encounters with other persons, whether those encounters are face to face or by way of written language. Two writers other than Joyce who have been especially formative for me are Emmanuel Levinas and Jean-François Lyotard. While it would be an altogether separate project to do as little as to summarize my debt to Levinas and Lyotard, I will refer to their work repeatedly in these notes.

41. Lyotard on "specular representation: a sick person does not get well by looking in the mirror." *The Differend*, trans. Georges Van Den Abbeele (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1988), p. 152. Also, "the examination of phrases . . . cannot take the place of politics" (p. 158).

42. "The differend is the unstable state and instant of language wherein something which must be put into phrases cannot yet be." "In the differend, something 'asks' to be put into phrases and suffers from the wrong of not being able to be put into phrases right away." *Ibid.*, p. 13. What I am calling the "tacit" is this "something" that " 'asks' to be put into phrases and suffers" less from the "wrong" of its not yet being phraseable than from the consequent prolongation of the need that renders it a "something" to be asked.

43. "The Other, in the hands of forces that break him, exposed to powers, remains unforeseeable, that is, transcendent." Emmanuel Levinas, *Totality and Infinity*, trans. Alphonso Lingis (Pittsburgh: Duquesne University Press, 1969), p. 225. "The silence that surrounds the phrase: *Auschwitz was the extermination camp* . . . is the sign that something remains to be phrased which is not." Lyotard, *Differend*, p. 57.

44. "Reason," writes Levinas, "conducts a monologue." "A reason cannot be other for a reason." *Totality and Infinity*, p. 72.

45. "What have I done to be from the start in debt?" Levinas, *Otherwise than Being*, p. 87. The answer: I have started.

46. "In the proximity of the other, all the others than the other obsess me, and