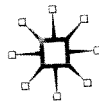


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Margot
**Virgin and Veteran Readings
of Ulysses**



VIRGIN AND VETERAN READINGS OF ULYSSES
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Chapter Four

The Blooms: Secrets and Suspense in “Calypso” and “Lotus Eaters”

The last thing you would ever expect to hear about Joyce's *Ulysses* is that it is suspenseful. But I would like to propose that the first two episodes that introduce the reader to Leopold Bloom and his family generate considerable suspense—albeit in a troublesome way and to somewhat perverse effect. Fritz Senn, one of the most incisive readers ever to tackle *Ulysses*, calls “Calypso” “probably the easiest chapter in the novel” (189). This is certainly true for veteran readers of the novel, who can bring the knowledge of the whole work to bear on figuring out nearly everything that goes on in this episode. But what if we approach “Calypso” and “Lotus Eaters” from a virgin perspective, as though we were reading the novel in 1922, having heard only general praise with no specific detail about its characters or plot? Such a hypothetical reading turns even a highly accessible episode like “Calypso” into a surprisingly enigmatic text—something that the Homeric parallel would readily signal to us, if we had access to it. After all, “Calypso” is titled after the goddess whose name means “the Concealer” (Gifford 70), and the device or construct of the virgin reader would allow us to see that it is not only the characters in the episode who are concealers, but that the narration itself functions as a “Calypso” or Concealer. And when a text hides information from the reader, it creates the conditions of suspense. Mieke Bal describes the narrative structure of suspense as the result of “procedures by which the reader or the character is made to ask questions which are only answered later” (160). And in her book *Narrative as Virtual Reality*, Marie-Laure Ryan classifies the chief types of suspense as prompting readers to ask what, how, why, and who in relation to characters, actions, and events (143–145). The virgin reader of *Ulysses* heuristically approaches the Blooms—who have not previously appeared in any of Joyce's earlier texts—with the mind of a tabula rasa, a clean informational slate untainted by either past knowledge or foreknowledge of what is to come in the ensuing episodes. This hypothetical novice who has no idea how the day will proceed or what will be its outcome, will be confronted with suspicious behavior, enigmas, and possible scandals that create a worrisome first impression of the Blooms. How does the narration create, keep, and betray secrets—the secrets of the characters, secrets kept from the characters, and secrets kept from the readers? And more

importantly, *why* would Joyce write his introduction of the Blooms in such an enigmatic and potentially misleading way? These issues may not appear to have anything to do with *style*, but Karen Lawrence reminds us that style belongs to the “narrative contracts” that condition reader expectations of how stories operate and proceed (*The Odyssey of Style* 6). The “narrative norm” she finds in the early episodes promises “narrative security to the reader who begins *Ulysses*,” offering “signposts promising him familiar terrain on the subsequent pages” (38). I will question this sense of reader security, however, by showing how it is unsettled by the discursive strategy that narrative theorists call *implicature*.

How do we get to know the Blooms when confronted with a third-person narration that largely eschews exposition in favor of focused description continually sliding into the interior monologue of Leopold Bloom? Hugh Kenner contrasts Bloom with Buck Mulligan, who “is all outside,” and Stephen Dedalus, who “by the end of ‘Proteus’ has become virtually all inside,” by noting that the Bloom of “Calypso” is a balance between the two. “[W]e move in and out, in and out, the ‘out,’ however, closely in touch with the ‘in,’ prompting, controlling” (45). In this way Kenner’s elaboration of the episode’s narration suggests that while “Calypso” may seem easy to read, its narration is actually surprisingly complex. He finds, for example, all sorts of narrative “skips,” as he calls them, that lead him to note: “‘Calypso,’ the first Bloom episode, abounds in little skips of that sort, hiatuses, narrative silences. There is much that the Blooms do not say to each other, much also that the book does not offer to say to us. Pondering such instances, we may learn how largely *Ulysses* is a book of silences despite its din of specifying, and may notice how eloquent is the Blooms’ rhetoric of avoidance and also the author’s” (48). The way these skips, hiatuses, and silences are instrumental in producing secrets and suspense can be fruitfully analyzed with the help of contemporary narratology, and particularly the theories of Paul Grice. Grice is a philosopher of language whose essays on the logic of ordinary language—conversations, for example—were collected in a 1989 volume titled *Studies in the Way of Words*. He illustrates the concept of *implicature* with an imaginary conversation. It begins with A asking B how C is getting on with his new job in a bank, and receiving the answer, *Oh quite well. I think; he likes his colleagues, and he hasn’t been to prison yet* (24). Grice writes, “At this point, A might well inquire what B was implying, what he was suggesting, or even what he meant by saying that C had not yet been to prison” (24). This example of implicature draws our attention to the ability of some utterances to say something in a way that suggests meanings beyond what is actually said in the words—that C is a dishonest embezzler, perhaps. The unspoken but implied meaning becomes available to the interlocutor by way of a shared context that gives a sense to the implied matter or *implicatum*, as Grice calls it. But what happens if the context is not, in fact, shared and is kept from one party in the conversation? I hope to show that this happens repeatedly to the virgin reader of “Calypso,” who is confronted with implicature in the narration

whose context is withheld or deferred. Grice embeds his notion of implicature in a model of conversation as rule governed by what he calls the Cooperative Principle. The first category of maxims under this principle concerns “Quantity,” and directs that speakers should make their contribution to conversation as informative as required by the present purposes of the exchange, but no more (26). If we construe the reading experience on the model of a conversation, Hugh Kenner’s narrative skips, hiatuses, and silences could then be seen as Joyce’s violation of the Quantity maxim of the Cooperative Principle. But Joyce supplements a dearth of information with occasional excess in “Calypso,” producing a situation that provokes the reader to try to remedy the text’s implicatures by using the excess material to draw risky and occasionally faulty inferences. Joyce uses implicature not only to create suspense in “Calypso,” but also to demonstrate that the relationship between narration and the deployment of knowledge can be used to implicate and even incriminate the reader in the suspicious behaviors, secrets, and possible scandals of the characters.

The opening of the fourth chapter of *Ulysses* would be a surprise to a novice reader in any case. After three episodes dealing with Stephen Dedalus, a new section designated as II begins, and the first sentence of its first chapter begins with the words “Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls” (4.1). The name is totally unfamiliar even to readers of *Dubliners* and *Portrait*, and its formality—in contrast to “[s]trately, plump Buck Mulligan” (1.1)—signals a possible difference in the character’s status and in the narrative attitude toward him. And yet, curiously, the narrative moves our imaginations right into Bloom’s gut, as it were, from outside to inside by the route of his appetite. But this early combination of formality and intimacy is deceptive, even as we appear introduced to a man cozily putting a kettle on the fire in his kitchen, pouring milk for the cat, and asking an unidentified woman offstage if she wants anything for breakfast. We receive here an excess of domestic minutiae: that Hanlon’s milkman has just filled a jug with milk, that eggs are unsavory in drought conditions, and that Buckley’s does not carry good mutton kidneys on Thursdays. This information sets a scene without putting a plot in motion. But as the man puts on his hat to go out and buy a pork kidney at Dlugacz’s, the narration tells us “He peeped quickly inside the leather headband. White slip of paper. Quite safe” (4.70). What is the narration of Bloom’s thoughts implying here? We are not allowed to see what is on the white slip of paper and therefore cannot know why Bloom peeps quickly inside his hat to make sure it is there. Why must the slip of paper be kept safe and from whom? The novice reader here encounters both a mystery and a secret—albeit one with no significant consequences at that moment. Following Bloom to the butcher shop, we see his lively mind in action, hear him greeting Larry O’Rourke, and watch him looking at a page advertising model farms in Palestine while waiting for the neighbor’s servant girl to complete her purchase. But as Bloom pays for the pork kidney he has requested, a curious ocular exchange takes place

between the porkbutcher and Bloom: "A speck of eager fire from fox-eyes thanked him. He withdrew his gaze after an instant. No; better not: another time" (4.186). Again, what are Bloom's thoughts implying? What is better done not now, but at another time? The narrator doesn't tell us, and a novice reader might not unreasonably connect this mystery to the white card surreptitiously hidden in the hatband. It is a leap, perhaps, but one could be forgiven for wondering if Mr. Bloom is looking for an assignation—possibly a homosexual assignation. It is important here to remember that nothing in "Calypso" tells us that Bloom is Jewish. As a result, we are missing a critical context for the scene in the butcher shop, where we might also be excused for being misled by Dlugacz's non-kosher operation. But even if we register the implication of the advertisement for Agendath Netaim, that Dlugacz might have a Zionist interest in Palestine, Bloom's inference, "Moses Montefiore. I thought he was" (4.156) could as easily imply a negative response as identification with the butcher. Nor does Bloom's crude desire to follow the next-door girl allay possible suspicions about his sexuality, since his thoughts of her "Sodachapped hands. Crusted toenails too" (4.175) are unromantic and unerotic. It is only when Bloom returns to his home and we learn that the woman in bed is his wife, and that they have a daughter, that the suspicion that Bloom may be on the lookout for a homosexual assignation appears ridiculously flimsy and embarrasses the virgin reader.¹

The suspicion is temporarily allayed by the cozy domestic scenes that now unfold in the Bloom bedroom and kitchen, but it recrudesces before the end of the episode and at the beginning of the next. Before moving on, however, we should consider the narrative mechanism of the implications that create the mystery of the paper in the hatband and Bloom's ocular exchange with Dlugacz. In both cases, they are produced by Bloom's thoughts: "White slip of paper. Quite safe" (4.70) and "No; better not: another time" (4.187). But can interior monologue—which is, after all, a conversation with the self—produce implicature at all, given that the tacit context it requires is by definition fundamentally shared in such a case? One possible exception to the communality of knowledge in interior monologue could be created by repression—when consciousness conceals the subject's own thoughts and feelings from itself. This is clearly not the case in relation to the white slip of paper, since Bloom appears to know why he is keeping it safe. With Dlugacz, too, Bloom seems aware of the nature of the decision he is making not to broach a topic of possible interest to both men. The lack of articulation in these cases may simply reflect the fact that in the absence of an interlocutor, Bloom has no need to specify to himself what he knows. However, the reader who functions as the invisible and inaudible witness to Bloom's thoughts could easily draw the different and more sinister inference that the gesture of concealment implicit in these telegraphic thoughts signifies a secretive personality contending with unsavory material. This impression is reinforced by another trait exposed by the interior monologue of Bloom's thoughts in "Calypso"—namely, his

own inclination to suspicion and cynicism. When Bloom hears the quots of the brass bed jingle just before he goes out for the kidney, he remembers Major Tweedy's purchase of the brass bed in Gibraltar. "[B]rought it at the governor's auction. Got a short knock" (4.62) he thinks, implying that "the auctioneer cut the bidding short in favor of Tweedy," according to Gifford (71).² A few lines later, Bloom generalizes his suspicions of military corruption when he thinks, "Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too" (4.68). This mercenary interest persists on the way home, when Bloom voices similar suspicions about the corruption of publicans—"Where do they get the money? [...] Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it you with the boss and we'll split the job, see?" (4.126–4.132). Had Joyce already identified Bloom as a Jew by this point, he would risk prodding the reader into construing these preoccupations with money and deal-making as anti-Semitic stereotypes—"Jews were exploitative, money-seeking foreigners," as Ira Nadel describes conventional attitudes toward Jews at the time of Joyce's youth (56). Without knowledge of Bloom's background, early reader efforts to link assorted attributes to his character remain generalized until much later, but they nonetheless oblige us to figure out what to make of this figure as he is slowly revealed to us.

Bloom's suspicious and cynical perspective on the public world carries important implications into what we see of his relationship to his family as well. For Bloom is, of course, not the only figure with a secret in "Calypso"; his wife, too, is a Calypso or Concealer. In a self-reflexive gesture that comments on the ability of writing to be secretive, Joyce has both Blooms conceal pieces of paper with writing on them from each other and from the reader in this episode. His white slip of paper still safely in his hatband, Bloom comes home from the butcher shop to find that "Two letters and a card lay on the hallfloor. He stooped and gathered them. Mrs Marion Bloom. His quickened heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs Marion" (4.243). Neither Bloom nor the reader will ever see the actual message in this letter, and yet the narrator's observation of Bloom's somatic response and piqued attention to the handwriting and address immediately transform the letter into an *implicatum*. Bloom is obliged to ask "Who was the letter from?" and in response receives a surprisingly straightforward answer that instantly dissolves its enigma.—"O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme" (4.310). Bloom's subsequent question—"What are you singing?" permits the novice reader to infer that Molly Bloom is a singer who will be visited later in the day by a man named Boylan who is involved with her in a concert, possibly as her impresario. What we learn of the letter at this point should arouse no suspicions about Molly Bloom. Indeed, the evidence of Bloom's suspicious nature on his walk to the butcher store—introduced before he sees the mysterious letter on the hall floor on his return—primes us to suspect that the husband's arousal by the letter may be an overreaction. This suspicion is hardly allayed when we catch Bloom surreptitiously spying on Molly's reaction to the letter—"Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under

her pillow" (4.256). The reader is left to negotiate the urgency of Molly's request for tea ("Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched" [4.263]) as either totally innocent or, in the spirit of Bloom's suspicions, as Molly sending Bloom out of the room and prolonging his absence by reminding him to scald the teapot in order to give herself ample time and privacy to read her love letter. It is only when Bloom returns from the kitchen with the breakfast tray that the narrator (rather than Bloom) turns the letter into an *implicatum*. "A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow" (4.308). This moment of narratorial implicature is produced not only by the facts—that the letter has been opened, read, and partly concealed—but also by the narrative language with its innuendo of peeping and dimpling coyness. The mystery of the letter's guilt or innocence will, in fact, be definitively resolved only at the end of the novel, in "Penelope."

Molly's adultery with Boylan will actually turn out to be the only significant scandal in the Bloom family by the end of the novel. Yet the narration of "Calypso" allows novice reader suspicions about the characters and their secrets to proliferate. The mail also brings a card and a letter from someone named Milly, and when Bloom, drawing his tea, thinks "Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then" (4.284), we infer that Milly is his daughter. Both maxims of Quantity appear to be simultaneously violated in what the "Calypso" narration does and does not tell us about Milly. Even before we see her letter, Bloom's thoughts introduce her with a strange little verse:

O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.
You are my lookingglass from night to morning.
I'd rather have you without a farthing
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden. (4.286)

The "ass" in the last line gives the verse a potentially vulgar turn, until we realize that it may merely refer to the domestic animal. Irish readers of Joyce's day would have recognized the corruption of the rhyme by Samuel Lover—though Lover's last line, "Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden" (Gifford 77), is less suggestive than the ambiguous "ass." Who composes this little poem and was it actually presented to Milly? The reader is here obliged to speculate on the basis of some odd juxtapositions. Just before the text cites the verse, Bloom thinks, "Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring" (4.285). If we interpret this to mean that silly Milly liked to get play letters in a toy letterbox, then we might construe the little poem as a Valentine or other sweet note that her Papi wrote for her as part of the game. But the verse is followed immediately by "Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform" (4.291). These thoughts introduce Professor Goodwin as an early impresario of Bloom's wife, and imply that Professor Goodwin might have composed the little verse. Conversely, it may merely have been the "lookingglass" in the rhyme

that might have triggered Bloom's memory of Professor Goodwin, who, we learn, carried a "little mirror in his silk hat" (4.293). Why? We are not told, which puts us at a loss to understand the anecdote about little Milly finding the small mirror in Goodwin's hat and bringing it into the parlor: "O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Sex breaking out even then" (4.293). What are Bloom's thoughts implying when he translates Milly's announcement about the little mirror into "Sex breaking out even then"? We are not given the context of the joke, although our sense, that even as a small girl Milly was quite pert with another of her mother's impresarios, introduces an implicature that will become troublesome with respect to Boylan once we are given the text to her letter.

It is just before Bloom reads Milly's letter that he takes the tea up to Molly and sees the torn envelope peeping coyly from under Molly's pillow. One letter as implicatum now quickly leads to another letter as implication. Milly mentions a student who "sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects" (4.408). There is something disconcertingly familiar about the way the fifteen-year old girl writes about her mother's singing partner or impresario. She refers to him as "Boylan" without the formal "Mister" and almost alludes to him by his first name. She also signs her greeting to Boylan with her father's affectionate nickname for her, "Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects." The first-time reader is left to wonder what the adolescent girl is implying about her relationship to her mother's impresario, even though her father also registers several times her mention of a "young student" and has to reassure himself that "she knows how to mind herself" (4.428). However, Bloom's thoughts of her as a "wild piece of goods" (4.429)³ leaves open several sexual possibilities for Milly and consequently opens paternal anxiety about her on several fronts. Bloom's recollection of Boylan's song ("All dimpled cheeks and curls, / Your head it simply swirls" [4.437]) triggers a train of thought ambiguous with respect to whether its referent is the young student of Milly's letter or Boylan. "Torn envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets, jarvey off for the day, singing. Friend of the family. *Swirls*, he says. Pier with lamps, summer evening, band" (4.439). Since both young Bannon and Boylan sing the song about the seaside girls, Bloom may conflate them in his mind—although the reference to the "jarvey off for the day" remains a mystery in either case. And Bloom confuses the matter further when he subsequently thinks of Milly, Boylan's song, the torn envelope, Milly's maturation, and Mrs. Marion, in a sequence that could be read as linking his anxieties about daughter and wife to the mysterious Boylan. "Will happen anxieties about daughter and wife to the mysterious Boylan. Will happen too. Hi prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. Hi felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed kissing, kissed. Full gluey woman's lips" (4.447). The free indirect discourse implies that Bloom may fear that Boylan—"Friend of the family" (4.440)—will seduce both daughter and wife.

If we put these enigmas and secrets signaled by Bloom's hidden carc Molly's hidden letter, and the ambiguities in Milly's letter together for th

first time, we could get the idea that the Bloom family is embroiled in goodness knows what sorts of sexual ambiguities and entanglements. We are prepared for the possibility of a married man on the lookout for other men, with a wife and daughter on the verge of sexual seduction or by the same man.⁴ The novice reader is thus set up to experience that sensation so seemingly out of place in *Ulysses*: *suspense*. Of the various scandals that threaten to proliferate in "Calypso," only one—Molly's adultery—will actually materialize. Yet a perceptive first reader alive to the nuances of implication and innuendo could be titillated into expecting a novel with the plot, if not the style, of the quasi-pornographic *Sweets of Sin*—the genre of racy, sensational writing that Molly Bloom enjoys for her recreational reading. Why would Joyce begin his story of the Blooms in this way? The strategy certainly arouses our curiosity and creates suspense about the nature and outcome of the family secrets. But we are given a more serious possible motive in "Calypso" itself, where Molly has been reading an ostensibly sadomasochistic novel called *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*. The mystery of this ambiguous text is introduced right after Bloom learns that the mysterious letter written by the bold hand is from Boylan making an appointment with his wife. Molly now points to a book that itself is introduced in implicative language as "fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot" (4.329). Even before we learn the title of the book, it is made to sound vaguely sinful and possibly dirty. It is therefore a surprise to find that it contains a word with metaphysical connotations—"metempsychosis"—whose pedantic explication Molly greets with refreshing insouciance. In turn, Bloom's smile at his wife's mocking eyes ("The same young eyes. The first night after the charades" [4.344]) so clearly implies his attraction and affection that we now feel foolish about any hypothetical suspicions about his own sexual proclivities. However, the book is not innocent after all, it seems: "*Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*. Hello. Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriage whip. Must be Ruby pride of the on the floor naked. Sheet kindly lent. *The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from him with an oath*" (4.346). Yet this *implicatum* suggests an erroneous context, as Molly Bloom herself quickly certifies when she notes, "There's nothing smutty in it" (4.355). As Mary Power discovered some years ago, the actual novel that is glossed in the chapter is a reform novel aimed at the cruelties of circus life—*Ruby. A Novel. Founded on the Life of a Circus Girl*, by Amye Reade.⁵ Joyce must have seen the metafictional possibilities of using a titillating come-on to lure readers (like Molly Bloom) into delving inadvertently into a work with a serious intention. The novice reader, confused and excited by the possible sensational directions *Ulysses* may take, may be tricked into engaging with a work of mounting narrative difficulty only to discover that the novel, like *Ruby*, has a serious intention and that "There's nothing smutty in it."

Still, even if there's nothing smutty in *Ruby*, Molly is hardly a naïf. If anything, she appears disappointed by the absence of smut, and when Bloom asks if she wants another book, her response is quite cocky, as it

were. "Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has" (4.358). The reader is jerked between suspicion and guilt, unclear what to make of this family. Is this structure of narrative misleading in "Calypso" merely a joke, or does it have a larger purpose? The repeated violations of implicature—by deferring the context that would clarify the implications made by the narration and the interior monologues—oblige the reader to repeatedly speculate in order to invent possible contexts that might make the *implicatum* intelligible. "Calypso" consequently makes its narrations highly interactive in ways that incriminate the reader in the proliferation of further implicatures. Like the Freudian infant who is deprived of an original innocence and is posited as always already sexualized and unconsciously sexually aware, the virgin reader of "Calypso" is likewise stripped of innocence. Forced to dredge up latent suspicions of lurid sexual possibilities in order to make sense of the narrative innuendoes, the novice reader is prodded to conjure up indecent future scenarios that never materialize in the text. But while this entrapment of the reader into unsavory speculation may sound like a sadistic stratagem on Joyce's part, its purpose may actually be heuristic and didactic. If we remember the protracted censorship problems Joyce endured in wrangles with George Roberts over the publication of *Dubliners*, we realize that he could not have helped but anticipate far greater censure of the sexual frankness of *Ulysses*. Joyce's 2 April 1932 letter to Bennett Cerf confirms that his *Dubliners* problems did indeed make publication of *Ulysses* seem a difficult prospect to him.⁶ We may reasonably speculate that even as Joyce was writing his novel, he had to posit a potential readership that included a hypocritical bourgeois establishment eager to indict his sexual realism for obscenity while being perfectly knowledgeable about his writing's difference from the stuff of tabloids and pornography. Such expectations were confirmed when even before *Ulysses* was published in France in 1922, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were "prosecuted at the instance of some society" in the U.S. for printing the eleventh episode in their *Little Review* (*Ulysses* 1961, xiv). When *Ulysses* was finally exonerated of the charge of obscenity by Judge John M. Woolsey in 1933, his decision reminded everyone that legal obscenity was defined as a response of the reader to the text. "The meaning of the word 'obscene' as legally defined by the Courts is: tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts" (xi). Joyce's incrimination of the reader in the practices of implicature in *Ulysses* served as a demonstration that virgin readers might indeed bring their own impure thoughts to a novel that would, in fact, frustrate their expectations. "Dirty cleans" (4.481) Bloom thinks as he heads to the outhouse and meditates on the curiously powerful of dung and ashes to cleanse certain surfaces. Arguably the implicit dirtiness of "Calypso" actually has a cleansing function by cautioning the novice reader to take care in jumping to perverse conclusions on the basis of ambiguous evidence.

However, on his way to the outhouse the earlier implicatures raise about Bloom in the butcher shop are reactivated in such a way that the

will recedes quite powerfully at the beginning of the next episode, "Lotus Eaters." As Bloom tries to remember where he put the hat with the secret card inside, he thinks of picking up the letters and remembers "Drago's shopbell-ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Brown brilliant hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brushup. Wonder have I time for a bath this morning. Tara street. Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens, they say. O'Brien. Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has" (4.488). What was Bloom thinking when he heard the shopbell? Of whom was he thinking when he saw a recently barbered man with slick hair emerging from Drago's hairdressing salon—and why does the memory make him wonder "have I time for a bath this morning" and subsequently recall to him Dlugacz's deep voice? We are given no explanation, and Bloom's peaceful defecation will curiously survive as one of the most innocent moments in the episode. Only when he imagines writing a marital sketch about "Mr and Mrs L. M. Bloom" (4.518) do his thoughts return to Boylan and the aftermath of the bazaar where his wife first danced with the man who is now involved in her concert business. This should reassure us once more that what is at stake here is nothing more than maybe a bit of married jealousy. And so "Calypso" ends with Bloom planning to check the paper for the time of the funeral he has mentioned to Molly and taking a moment to think of its honoree—"Poor Dignam" (4.551).

"Lotus Eaters" opens with Bloom abroad in the city again, "past Windmill lane, Leask's the lindseed crusher, the postal telegraph office. Could have given that address too" (5.2). Given what address to whom? Are we already confronted here with another implicate? In one sense, little seems to happen in the "Lotus-Eaters" episode. Bloom goes to the post office to pick up a letter. He runs into McCoy who delays his reading of the letter and makes him miss seeing a handsome woman enter a carriage. Bloom finally reads the letter, stops off at a Catholic Mass, goes to a drug store to order some lotion for his wife, and runs into the unsavory Bantam Lyons. He gets rid of Lyons by offering him the newspaper he was about to throw away, and heads for the Turkish bath. Yet like the prosaic domestic moves in "Calypso" these events too are shot through with mysteries and enigmas. And although some of the suspense of "Calypso" will be allayed, the virgin reader will actually confront a new form of suspense in "Lotus Eaters." Marie-Laure Ryan calls this type "*metasuspense*, or critical involvement with the story as verbal artifact" (*Narrative as Virtual Reality* 145). She explains, "In metasuspense the focus of the reader's concern is not to find out what happens in the textual world but how the author is going to tie all the strands together and give the text proper narrative form" (145). The metasuspense in "Lotus-Eaters" is a little different in that it focuses specifically on the operation of the narration and the narrative. Even after we have learned what happens in the episode, we still want to understand how and why the narration concealed so much information from the reader and deferred so many answers to questions until a later time.

Let me begin by looking at a narrative description of Bloom at the beginning of "Lotus-Eaters" that shows him looking into the shop window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company and thinking that he would like to ask the tea taster Tom Kernan to get him some tea. The narration continues:

While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hair oil and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their drooped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade ha. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket. (5.20)

We could call this a highly focalized third person narration that tracks for us the precise motions of Bloom's eyes and hand, tells us what he smells, and even gives us his thoughts. We hear Bloom's silent comment on the weather, "Very warm mornings," and his own mental register of the presence of the card, "Just there." But as the narration continues, we realize that it is implying something without telling us what: "So warm. His right hand once more slowly went over his brow and hair. Then he put on his hat again, relieved: and read again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands" (5.27-5.29). Why is Bloom relieved? The scene described by the narrative voice has a deeper significance. Bloom pretends that the heat obliges him to remove his hat and wipe his brow and hair so that he can retrieve the card in his hatband without being noticed. He is in fact being surreptitious while pretending to be nonchalant, deliberately drawing attention away from his retrieval of the card. Yet the narrator is also behaving surreptitiously and suspiciously by reporting to us Bloom's charade as a charade—thereby putting the novice reader into a curiously double position. We are both the gullible witness for whose benefit Bloom's casual-looking gesture is performed and the suspicious witness cued by the narration to suspect that they are a charade. But a charade for what purpose? And the charade continues as he approaches the post office, tapping the rolled up *Freeman's Journal* with seeming casualness. "Careless air: just drop in to see" (5.50). See what or whom? Is this another pretense of nonchalance to mask some other purpose? We have here once again the ingredients for suspense: character with a secret, a reader obliged to ask questions that the narration has prodded but not answered, and a missing context for a scene that confronts the reader with a variety of possibilities.

The mystery will be partly solved, or will evolve, at any rate, when Bloom—after checking to make sure there are no other customers about—hands the mysterious card to the postmistress of the Westlaw Row post office and asks if there are any letters for him. His anticipation produces another implicate, "No answer probably. Went too far last time" (5.58). We are obliged to draw the inference that Bloom is expecting a response to a letter he himself has sent, and that he fears he will not receive a reply to because he presumably transgressed so

don't think. His fingers drew forth the letter the letter [sic] and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No" (5.77). If the narrator can see the fingers ripping open the envelope and crumpling it, why can it not report the nature of the object pinned to the letter? Presumably, what Bloom does and feels with his hand can be reported; but insofar as he is blind in his pocket, the narration too is blind. This suggests that the narration is both spatially and temporally bound to Bloom, incapable of moving forward to a moment when the object pinned to the letter can be seen ("A flower. I think it's a. A yellow flower with flattened petals" [5.239]) and can therefore be reported. But before the mystery of the letter and the object pinned to it is revealed, the narration is interrupted by an intrusion announced by Bloom's thought: "M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly" (5.82). It is almost as though the narrator is caught as off guard by M'Coy as Bloom himself. What ensues produces a deferral of the solution of the mystery of the letter and a prolongation of the suspense. Now three different fictional worlds will be juxtaposed for management by the narration. We will get a real world scene in which M'Coy's voice tells Bloom how he learned of the death of Paddy Dignam. We get another real world scene reported through Bloom's consciousness: as he watches a well-dressed man and woman leaving the Grosvenor with their luggage, and we hear Bloom's thoughts—disinterested in M'Coy's narration—veering into a bit of fantasy about the couple. Once more Bloom's disposition with respect to men and women appears in flux, as he comments first on the wardrobe of the man⁹ ("Slylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth [5.101] before noting the patch pockets, gloved hand, bright fawn skirt and silk stockings of the woman. His rather brutal prescription for the haughty woman is disconcerting—"Possess her once take the starch of her" (5.106)—as is his fantasy that her partner is jealous of her possible interest in other men ("Sees me looking. Eye out for other fellow always Good fallback. Two strings to her bow" [5.119]). It is only when M'Coy's conversation turns to the subject of their wives that Bloom's mind returns to the morning's events and anxieties. M'Coy's question—"Wife well suppose?" (5.141)—now elicits from Bloom the details that establish the Molly Bloom will "sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, the twentyfifth" (5.151). However, the question about who's getting it produces that first of several anxious evasions that oblige the reader to put the name of the fellow who is visiting Marion Bloom with the program in the afternoon together with the upcoming Belfast concert to not securely identify Boylan as its manager.

Only after he finally shakes M'Coy—"Wonder is he pimping after r [...] No, he's going on straight" (5.191)—does Bloom return to the business of the letter. He pulls it out of his pocket and hides it in his folio newspaper, walking until he presumably feels safe enough to open it, held within the paper. And now at last the mystery of the card and the letter is about to be solved, we expect. Even before we learn the text, Bl

convention of correspondence. But with whom does he correspond and why all the secrecy? And now the mystery deepens even more when the letter he is given is addressed not to Leopold Bloom but to "Henry Flower Esq" (5.62). Since Bloom asked if there were any letters for him, we are helped to recognize that "Bloom" and "Flower" are variants of the same name. But why would Bloom be receiving mail under a conspicuously effeminate alias? The suspicions aroused by Dlugacz's foxeyes with their specks of eager fire reasonably surface again at this moment. And they are scarcely allayed by Bloom's next act of studying the army recruitment poster of soldiers on parade with acute attention to their handsome uniforms, "Redcoats. Too showy" (5.68), and thoughts about their rampant venereal disease. As he gets ready to leave the post office, Bloom continues to think about men: "Never see him dressed up as a fireman or a bobby. A mason, yes" (5.74). We again have been maneuvered into suspecting that Bloom may be on the prowl for a homosexual assignation as our efforts to find a solution to the mysteries that confront us have turned us into tacit co-writers of the plot. The metaspense raised by this business of the card and the letter is of a narratological character. What kind of narrator is it that is simultaneously outside of Bloom, able to describe the minute movements of his eyes and hands, as well as inside Bloom's mind, able to report his thoughts, yet is barred from reporting their interpretation? Technically, the bits of text I have cited can be described as focalized narration interrupted by free indirect discourse. Narratologist Dorrit Cohn credits Joyce's *Ulysses* with numerous innovations to the presentation of consciousness in fiction, and discusses the distinctive forms of Bloom's *quoted monologue*, as she calls it, throughout her book, *Transparent Minds*. But while she focuses chiefly on the language we are given when Bloom's thoughts are represented, I am intrigued by the boundaries that demarcate thoughts that are cited and thoughts that are implied but absent. These implied but absent thoughts are not unconscious, however, since Bloom clearly knows why he is secretive about the card in his hatband as well as about the letter it helps him secure from the post office. Yet the narrator either has no access to the strategizing and rationalization that accompanies Bloom's surreptitious actions, or chooses to withhold the additional thoughts that would make a more reliable interpretation of Bloom's behavior possible.⁸

The narrative motives are, of course, indeterminate, but we can attempt some description of their effects by plotting their position in space and time. The narrative focalization is specifically spatial and mobile, able to move some distance away from Bloom and then zoom into a position close-up (as we might call it in the language of photography) to follow Bloom's eyes and see what he sees, and follow his hand to report what it touches. Even when Bloom cannot see precisely what his hand does, because it is in his pocket, the narration follows it and reports its work—up to a point. "His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks. Women will pay a lot of heed, I

devotions and generousities to each other and to others their sexual quirks and detours and compensations will ultimately take on a strange aura of innocence by the end of the novel. But for the virgin reader struggling with the early episodes of *Ulysses*, innocence is not a given but a reward that has to be earned by actively working through the text's narrative and generic ambiguities and difficulties.

Four The Blooms: Secrets and Suspense in "Calypso" and "Lotus Eaters"

Joyce's interest in the case of Oscar Wilde clearly sensitized him to the plight of homosexuals, including those in seemingly conventional marriages with children. At the same time prohibitions on writing about this plight obliged him to veil allusions to this topic, in such stories as "A Painful Case," for example. Treating ambiguities about Bloom's sexuality at the outset of *Ulysses* allows Joyce to set up the series of aspersions and innuendoes about Bloom's possible femininity that will be cast on it elsewhere in the novel by such disparate figures as Mulligan and the nameless narrator of "Cyclops." Maneuvering the reader into a similar position early in the text implicates him or her in the ethical pitfalls of homophobia and sexual stereotyping.

Patrick McCarthy speculates that Bloom's knowledge about the origins of his marriage bed—unlike Odysseus's—is faulty, and that Molly's own account suggests that the bed was probably purchased in Dublin (36).

His characterization seems oddly contradicted by Bloom's simultaneous observation that Milly's letter shows her "[c]loning out of her shell" (4.422). Joyce produces a narrative account of just such parodic jumbles of scandals in the Homophobus section of *Finnegans Wake*. "Homophobus is a conspicuous xservicemajor who makes dishonest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking *droit d'oreiller*, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virtuous philadelphian. Homophobus, Eugeniuss and Jeremias, two or three philadelphians. Homophobus, Felicia, Eugeniuss and Jeremias are conspicuous to the lowest degree" (572.21). However, it is important to note the total absence of implicature in this unequivocal narrative assertion. In the *Wake*, scandals are produced by narration; in "Calypso" they are hinted at, or suggested, by an impaired implicature and therefore produced by the reader.

See Mary Power's "The Discovery of Ruby" in the Winter 1981 *James Joyce Quarterly*, 115–121. The novel Molly Bloom reads is clearly not identical with myc Reade's work, but appears to share its spirit.

His letter to Bennett Cerf was reprinted in the 1934 Modern Library edition and many subsequent Random House editions. My references to this letter, and to Judge Woolsey's decision, are taken from *Ulysses*, New Edition, corrected and Reset, New York: The Modern Library, 1961. The Cerf letter is also reprinted in Vol. III of *The Letters of James Joyce*, edited by Richard Ellmann, 241.

Bloom's implicature is repeated in "Lestrygonians" when the narration tells of Mr Bloom's eye followed its line and saw again the dyeworks' van drawn up at the door. . . . Where I saw his beblanched hair just when I was." (8.1083).

When Bloom was *u-bat*? We are still not told, though by now the reader has enough information about Bloom's suspicions to infer that the phrasing belongs to Boylan.

8. Dorrit Cohn also introduces a concept she calls "psycho-narration" or the narrative representation of sub-verbal states that may illuminate some of Bloom's even more submerged thoughts. According to Cohn, this technique can not only "explain a character's conscious thoughts better than the character himself, it can also effectively articulate a psychic life that remains unbalanced, penumbral, or obscure" (46). However, psycho-narration in Cohn's sense is still produced by a narrative voice. Many of Bloom's inarticulate superior monologues, in contrast, seem more like a psycho-dramatization than a psycho-narration.

9. The referent of this description is ambiguous, however, and the coat may be the woman's rather than the man's.

Five Jewish in Dublin: Bloom's Encounters on the Way to "Cyclops"

1. Eliot's 1919 "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" contained such lines as "The rats are underneath the piles./ The Jew is underneath the lot" (*Complete Poems and Plays* 24). And although Ezra Pound's diatribes against Jews became more virulent in the years before World War II, his biographer John Tyrell reports that "[i]n 1922 he had attacked Harriet Monroe for 'the damn remnants in you of Jew religion, that bitch Moses and the rest of the tribal barbarians'" (243). Yet Pound, of course, famously abetted Joyce's publication of *Ulysses*, offering not only his own support, but in addition "Pound brought in the subscription of Yeats" (Ellmann, *James Joyce* 506).

2. In his chapter, "The Enigmatic Jewishness of Leopold Bloom," Paul Schwaber traces reference to events entailing Bloom's Jewishness from the veteran reader's perspective (79–120).

3. Although Doležel does not elaborate what he calls "[m]ental power, originating in superior mental capacities [knowledge, skills, expertise, etc.]" (103), the attribute appears to play a psychological role in Bloom's agential conciliations.

4. Doležel discusses the role that proscriptive and prescriptive norms play in the deontic system or obligation-worlds of fictional characters (120). Bloom clearly adheres to norms of hygiene that such other figures as Stephen Dedalus and Dennis Breen violate. On the other hand, his violation of such local norms as standing drinks gets him into trouble.

5. The character of the narrator and narrative voice has something to do with Bloom's address. The first-person dun in "Cyclops" refers to him as Bloom, for example, while the "Nausicaa" narrator refers to him as "Mr Bloom."

6. See Neil Davison's detailed discussion of Reuben J. Dodd's source and significance in *Ulysses* (57–58).

7. Cunningham's comment, coming at a sensitive moment in the conversation, appears patently provocative and cruel, and bound to inflame any anti-Semitic sentiments brewing against Bloom. Yet this seems incompatible with his earlier kindness to Bloom. An alternative explanation, if we wanted to "take a charitable view of it," could suggest that Cunningham intends to produce an