

#### 4 • Advertising & the Scene of Writing in *Ulysses*

Our language can be seen as an ancient city: a maze of little streets and squares, of old and new houses, and of houses with additions from various periods; and this surrounded by a multitude of new boroughs with straight regular streets and uniform houses.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, 18

Jennifer Wicke, Advertising Fictions: Literature, Advertisement, and Social Reading. NY: Columbia UP, 1988.

**H**AVING BORROWED ITS TECHNIQUES FROM those of aesthetic representation, most specifically narrative fiction, and having created a system of exchange modeled on that of literary production, advertising by 1920 had established itself as a prerequisite for doing business of any kind. Ads had become a self-referential system, an exotic form of social reading whose meanings far exceeded the original ostensive meaning of early ads: here is announced my product. The configuration of ads told a collective story—a narrative—to its society at a given moment. The sudden profusion of ads and their creation of social narrative in a newly discontinuous way naturally reshaped the reception of narrativity as a whole.

Advertising succeeded because it pried loose other languages from their referents, and set them in juxtaposition, creating a new representational system. *Ulysses*' own juxtaposition of absolutely disparate styles, its use of language as counter and emblem, can only take place in this context. The book's constant advertising refrains—for Plumtree's Potted Meats, Epp's Cocoa, Pear's Soap, Hely's men, etc.—reiterate the voices of advertising culture, emanating from invisible sources, yet filling all the interstices of the world. The wrapped lemon soap, Sunday-supplement calendar picture of a nymph, et al. are among the objects Joyce chooses to remythologize, because they have already been mythologized through advertising. *Ulysses* is a narrative in a

culture being expressed, furthered, and masked by a new literature with no discernible author and no particular reader—advertising.

This opens a chink in the traditional reading of *Ulysses* as the hallowed text of modernism. Advertising and mass cultural forms become the matrix of its textual practices, set within a parody frame of scholastic and classical reference. The materiality, the pervasiveness, the hieroglyphic and the collectively authored characteristics of advertising become the enabling situation of modernist prose. This chapter will approach advertising as typifying the modern condition of writing: it presages the “death of the humanist subject” of contemporary theory, produces the first intersubjectivity of reading and the formation of the subject in a uniquely historical and imagistic way, and offers a glimpse, however fallen, of the utopian powers of collective consciousness in a mass age.

I have been exploring the collision of literature and advertisement, in each case claiming that a by-product of the investigation has been a critical reappraisal of the novelists in question. In this chapter the focus is on one signal work—*Ulysses*—and the secondary proposal is that the lens of advertisement<sup>1</sup> offers a serious new vantage point on this text.

Two of the most stimulating recent critiques of the book have come from Fredric Jameson and Franco Moretti, whose essays were published when this study was essentially complete.<sup>2</sup> Jameson sets *Ulysses* against the background of the reification of life, and especially city life, in the late capitalist period. The repetitive network of the novel, which demands a back-and-forth reading, like thumbing through an encyclopedia in some ways, can

be equally understood as a process whereby the text itself is unsettled and undermined, a process whereby the universal tendency of its terms, narrative tokens, representations, to solidify into an achieved and codified symbolic order as well as a massive narrative surface, is perpetually suspended. I will call this process “de-reification,” and I first want to describe its operation in terms of the city itself . . . the classical city is defined essentially by the nodal points at which all those pathways and trajectories meet, or which they traverse: points of totalisation, we may call them, which make shared experience possible.<sup>3</sup>

Jameson enlarges his determinative term “de-reification” to serve as an explanation of the linguistic nature of this text as well.

Unsurprisingly that mediation will have to be linguistic, yet it will have to define a kind of speech which is neither uniquely private nor forbiddingly standardized in an impersonal public form, a type of discourse in which the same, in which repetition, is transmitted again and again through a host of eventful variations, each of which has its own value. That discourse is called gossip. Gossip is indeed the very element in which reference—or, if you prefer, the “referent” itself—expands and contracts, ceaselessly transformed from a mere token, a notation, a short-hand object, back into a full-dress narrative.<sup>4</sup>

Franco Moretti will also locate the book at a crisis point in the modern world, the “long good-bye” to the liberal form of bourgeois society and the definitive decline of the self-regulating market, of which World War I was only symptomatic. “As the poet of the crisis of classical capitalism in its classical area of development (overproduction), Joyce offers us a monumental autopsy of an entire social formation.”<sup>5</sup> Social relationships in *Ulysses* will appear only through the lens of consumption; for Moretti, Joyce scathingly satirizes Bloom as a petty-bourgeois philistine, Molly as the quintessential consumer, Stephen as an intellectual worker who can put his culture to no use. Moretti emphasizes that, in contrast to T. S. Eliot, Joycean mythology and history are complementary, both presupposing and neutralizing one another. Advertising, as the apotheosis of commodity fetishism, supplies the mythology: “Stream of consciousness and crisis of the ideology of the free individual meet under the ensign of advertising. This is the new ‘myth’ to which Bloom . . . succumbs with increasing regularity.”<sup>6</sup> *Ulysses* utterly refuses to give priority to any literary style or “high art” expression, as “the fundamental intention of his novel [is] the systematic refusal to assume *one* style as the privileged vehicle of expression. What has been said for style is also true of ideology in *Ulysses*. There is nothing *but* ideology in this novel: it is a universe of false consciousness.”<sup>7</sup>

Reification, commodity fetishism, capitalist crisis are analyses held in common by Jameson and Moretti, and surely do offer pivotal bases on which to establish a new reading of the book and its modern importance. *Pace* Jameson, however, I will attempt to show in what follows that a de-reifying *Gerede* does not shape the language of *Ulysses*—always and everywhere that *Volksprache* has been replaced by a

linguistic form much more truly formative of the linguistic response of Joyce’s text—advertising. And *contra* Moretti, whose placement of the book in the context of mass culture is highly convincing and, in my view, a critically important step, it is not the case that all cultural languages are given equal weight in the text: advertising is the premier language of the book, and Joyce’s novelistic response to this is neither dour, despairing, nor condemnatory in a Lukácsian sense.<sup>8</sup>

By pursuing advertisement through *Ulysses* several key elements become clear. My primary, and no doubt most disturbing, claim is that advertising language is responsible for the techniques of “high modernism”—to dissect, analyze, valorize these formal achievements purely from within the novelistic tradition, or as a “high art” phenomenon, is to be blind to the exhilarating *realism* of *Ulysses*. Advertising language out in the actual streets turns the tricks that *Ulysses* then imports into its structures—on a strictly formalist level, the innovations flow from the mass cultural paradigm to the novelistic techniques, and not in reverse order. The whole book performs a tango with advertisement, and is set to its music.

This may sound like an abrupt demotion from canonical status: what is still sacred if the great forger of modernism, Joyce as the sublimely rarefied artificer of a notoriously difficult book, is essentially a forgerer, borrowing advertisement’s capital to turn to his own uses? In fact, several salutary things happen at once. The radical separation of mass and “high” culture, never tenable in practice but generally a received truth in criticism, becomes impossible. The endless circular mystifications of “how he did it” vanish as well, to be replaced with a more fruitful consideration of languages coming into conjunction. *Ulysses* becomes part of a recognizable and still contemporary modern world, and its form no longer languishes as scripture for critics to pore over—the language of *Ulysses* is a material register of mass, modern culture’s inroads in language and thought. This chapter will focus on advertising as a new and crucial literature with the power to transform literary writing.

A second focus, then, attempts to illuminate these mechanisms. What are the features of advertising language built into, re-deployed, eviscerated, or celebrated by *Ulysses*? Advertising is a material thematic in the book, beginning with Bloom’s job but not stopping there; advertising reorients the nature of print and reading; it reinfuses the

mythological into daily life and language practice; it substitutes for the authoritative desire structures of religion; it redefines the relationship of language to referent, of word to thing; women are refracted in advertising discourse in altered ways; and finally, advertisement allows for the metacommentary on language itself that is the hallmark of *Ulysses*.

*Ulysses* represents the third phase of the dialectic of literature and advertising. In the early stage, culminating in the example of Dickens' work, advertisement shares conditions that bring the realist novel into being, and it begins to model itself on literature. The second development brings literature and advertisement into open rivalry, with literature on the defensive, as evidenced in the examination of James' work. By the time of the writing of *Ulysses* advertising has begun its *foruit*: so firmly ensconced as the necessary accompaniment to production of all kinds that literature begins to be colonized by it.<sup>9</sup> *Ulysses* records this process, but by no means succumbs passively to advertising's takeover. The novel incorporates the interloper, and puts advertising language to work for its own purposes. One does not diminish the novel by showing how it refashions advertising techniques—*Ulysses* is all the more central as the site of a Pyrrhic victory over advertising.

This victory is Pyrrhic because literature cannot flick away advertising like a bothersome fly, as Nietzsche enjoined the transvaluated man to dismiss those of lesser sensibility. Advertising's presence changes the scene: *Ulysses* absorbs it to get beyond it, leaving Joyce the final option of creating his own language or nothing. Voilà, *Finnegans Wake*. It is important to stress, however, amidst these military metaphors, that Joyce was a devotee of advertisement, relishing its Promethean features. He was addict of *Tit-Bits*-style puzzles and contests, an ad collector, and an avid fan of mass-cultural lore. One also remembers that Joyce ran a film theater for a brief period, writing its advertisements which he even published abroad, that he asked friends to send him ads when on trips, advised Harriet Weaver incessantly about advertising campaigns for his own work, and was shattered when he did not win one of the grand prizes for his solution to a London newspaper puzzle contest. "I make notes on the backs of advertisements," he wrote in 1917. He loved punning on advertising slogans—"His Mastiff's Voice"—and writing "fake" ads, like this one for Italo Svevo's *Zeno*:

—a colored picture . . . representing two young ladies seated at a table on which a book stands upright, with title visible, and underneath the picture three lines of simple dialogue, for example;

*Ethel*: Does Cyril spend too much on cigarettes?

*Doris*: Far too much.

*Ethel*: So did Percy (points)—till I gave him *Zeno*.<sup>10</sup>

And now that the new version of the Ellmann biography has come out, one can breathe new meaning into Bloom's imagined ad for a lover, "To aid gentleman in literary work." Joyce's identical ad brought him an actual love affair.<sup>11</sup>

These biographical shards can at least convince us that Moretti is perhaps too swift to impute disdain, contempt, or hatred for Bloom to Joyce. Bloom may be a "parody of Benjamin Franklin," but we're meant to love him. The extent to which *Ulysses* idealizes Bloom seems rather shameless, but here it is an important corrective to the automatic assumption that Joyce, or *Ulysses*, loathes and reviles the empty mediocrity of advertisement and advertising culture. The unabashed sentimentality of *Ulysses* is rarely acknowledged; nonetheless, critics and readers including myself participate in it in all the endearing analyses they write, and all the day-long Bloomsday festivals they support. One has to be willfully incensed by the moralistic abstraction of commodity fetishism to miss seeing that while *Ulysses* anatomizes modern, reified existence, much of its pleasure stems from the melodramatic grandeur of Bloom, a Chaplin as advertising agent, and the pratfalls he takes, which Joyce himself loved, within mass commodity culture. This "sentimentality" is a core feature of the book, and a core *strength*, as it was for Dickens. *Ulysses* is indisputably allied to mass cultural narrative roots, to Chaplin films, fancy postcards, to *Tit-Bits* itself. The "everyday" is charged with an extraordinary effusion of sentiment and wonder taken from popular culture, mass culture, above all working class culture. Advertising is here a class diction.

#### ADVERTISING AND EVERYDAY LIFE: BLOOM AS BRICOLEUR

If advertising acts as an organizing principle in *Ulysses*,<sup>12</sup> and also as a necessarily prior condition for the creation of its "literary" techniques, the veritable site of advertisement within the text could be concretized

in the figure of Leopold Bloom. Immediately upon his appearance in the “Calypso” chapter the textual bonds that have linked its “Telemachiad” to a previous work, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, are snipped. Bloom is ensconced in a different textual, as well as historical, world: the waves of his thought blow in from no Aristotelian shores, but rather lap against the real-life flotsam of *Matcham’s Masterstroke*, *Tit-Bits*, posters, exercise pamphlets, Plumtree’s potted meat, and Hely’s sandwichboard men. Language vigorously inserts itself in the world of Dublin, 1904, thinking itself through Bloom even as he begins his everyday activities.

Leopold Bloom is imbricated in the world of advertisement in the literal sense, as well as insofar as he demarcates an alternative textual positioning to those Stephen Dedalus or Molly Bloom make available. He works as an advertising canvasser, and through most of the book practices his job, albeit in a desultory and haphazard manner, one in fact related to the nature of advertisement itself. Bloom’s position as an advertising canvasser is somewhat anachronistic by the professional and institutional standards of advertising even in 1904. Advertising canvassers harkened back to a previous stage before agencies had established their sway over advertising activity. In this sense, Bloom replicates the actual historical position of Ireland vis-à-vis England at the time, in that the deluge of professional advertisement that is shown to cover Dublin is virtually all produced outside it, in London, or, in rare instances, in America. The secondary, colonized position of Ireland’s general economy holds true for its control over the flow of advertising images and texts. These proceed from an outside source, while the local needs for advertising that are inevitable in a world transformed by it are supplied in old-fashioned and often *personal* ways by those, like Bloom, connected with advertising at its periphery.<sup>13</sup>

The canvasser operated as a free-lance liaison between the newspaper and the company or manufacturer, trying to interest both sides in coming together for an ad. It was incumbent on a canvasser, as an intermediary, to seek out a variety of newspapers, learn their circulation and styles, ingratiate himself with editors, account managers, and even printers, and correspondingly to find shops, firms, or businesses willing to place appropriate ads in those papers. Canvassing was a highly tenuous activity because so much could go wrong at both ends of the transaction—newspapers could be recalcitrant about accepting ads, harsh about demanding payment, and also liable to inflate their rate of

circulation to unscrupulously attract advertisers. On the other hand, canvassers had to convince small firms of the very value of advertisement, particularly in urban “villages” like Dublin, either to invent the ads or refashion them, and then to continue pleading with their clients to run the ads regularly, or risk losing an entire account. Translated into the sexual force-field of the novel, Bloom as canvasser is pimp, matchmaker, fertilizer, and midwife simultaneously. His advertising canvassing can be superimposed over the Circean transformations he undergoes in a direct parallel. The system Bloom works in most nearly resembles the conditions obtaining before Mitchell founded the first advertising agency in England in the 1840s, where independent middlemen, often coffee-house owners, set up shop as go-betweens for newspapers and small companies. Bloom is pursuing an outdated and very minor-league aspect of the career of advertising, but one that reflects the imperial status of British advertising firms and their more highly developed connections to capital and to urban markets, both impossible to attain in Ireland. In 1904, advertising agencies in London numbered in the hundreds, whereas newspapers had formed their own account managing departments specifically to sell advertising space. Advertising had become too complex and too integral a part of the economy to be left to the vagaries of the individual canvasser. The “art” and “science” elements of advertising increased the pressure for trained copywriters and for statistically informed salesmen, squeezing out the marginal roles played by Bloom and others like him. Neither competent to write and illustrate “big” ads, nor conversant with the marketing information needed to snare the really big accounts—for example, one of the only export items indigenous to Dublin, Guinness Stout, had its ads prepared by the top London firms—Bloom is permanently on the periphery of advertising, barely making a living in one of the few astronomically growing businesses before World War I. The incredible specificity of Bloom’s labor, gleaned in bits throughout *Ulysses*, starkly disputes the traditional complaint that there is no work shown in the book, but additionally makes possible new historical and political readings. Bloom occupies a language colony, performing a variety of services for it, but also standing in a dialectical relation to it. In this sense his work is akin to the textual labor of the book as a whole, written outside Ireland but also in opposition to the British control of the English language. Bloom cannot achieve mastery over the advertising process that forges connections within Dublin, but he

is able, in the profusion of his advertising ideas and in his reworking of the advertising slogans running through him, to fashion a mosaic of advertisement that does become independent of and dominant over its source.

Once it is clear that Bloom's job is a carefully chosen and pivotal element in *Ulysses*, it still remains to be seen why Bloom is marginalized in just this way. The range of other petty bourgeois occupations is apparently large enough to make this particular choice a significant one—Bloom could be a bookseller, a small-time promoter of musicales, a minor journalist, a lab assistant, for example, but he is none of these. These putative occupations cannot perform the same textual function that “advertising canvasser” apparently can—Bloom's nominal job is seminal to the novel in ways that have nothing to do with the naturalistic need to find a career for the novel's protagonist. Bloom's job is as accidental as are the erstwhile careers of Bouvard and Pecuchét; “advertising” participates in textual meaning here to the same degree that “copying” locates the textual provenance of Flaubert's book.

First of all, the advertising canvasser not only occupies an intermediary business role by definition, but mediates in the life of the city, especially the modern city, as well. Bloom stands between the economic base of Dublin—its manifold shops, pubs, and private services, and what could be called its superstructure, i.e., the newspaper offices, cultural productions, and social rituals he has contact with. Advertising is the only profession that subtends these two demarcated areas of modern urban society, participating in both the commercial and the aesthetic faces of Dublin. Bloom's constant perambulations are the famous basis for the laying down of the text's structure, but his canvassing traversals are also commodity paths carved through Dublin. The geography of the text not only obeys a diagrammatic parallel to Ulysses' voyages, it also maps itself along the networks of transportation, communication, and monetary exchange available in Dublin. Bloom's path follows the pub connections, it roams from store to store; he himself suggests a new tram line direct to the cemetery, sets up a classified ad network, and follows up on concert tour ideas. His ad background alone makes him a Hermes of Dublin.

Dublin also has a unique relationship to advertisement, one that is analogous to the position of Ireland as a whole. Despite being the capital city, Dublin has no vital economic or cultural function. As mentioned, virtually the only export product is Guinness Stout, and

*Ulysses* makes much mention of the brewery, the bottles, and the ale itself. As a colonial possession of Great Britain, Ireland remains deliberately undeveloped, and this stasis and sense of redundancy is particularly acute in Dublin as Joyce writes of it. Advertising figures prominently in Dublin's colonial underdevelopment. One index of this is that the litany of advertising tags and slogans so often encountered in the book are nearly without exception exhortations for British or American products. Epps Cocoa, Plumtree's potted meat, Pear's Soap, Crown Derby Porcelain, and Hamilton Long's syringe each have distinctive and ineluctable narratives attached to them, and their “voices” are constant refrains in the novel. However, these are also outside voices, the visible and audible expressions of the very real economic triumph of England over Ireland, taking up most of the language space available. Cultural hegemony is not only a matter of enforcing political and social standards; advertisements too can be a language of colonization. Any citizen of Dublin can theoretically retreat into a bar, speak Gaelic (a practice reserved for obtuse Englishmen in *Ulysses*) and discuss the political vagaries of the Sinn Féin, but it is still impossible to escape the haunting refrain: “Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap today?” Advertisements seep into the unlikeliest places, lodging in new cultural interstices, so that a city like Dublin finds itself linguistically colonized through it as well.

The first two chapters of Bloom's appearance in the novel, “Calypso” and “Lotus Eaters” using the traditional terms, inaugurate the everydayness of the speech of advertising. Bloom's matutinal duties are scrutinized with care, but this is not chiefly a matter of establishing his profoundly “earthly” nature, in contradistinction to Stephen's more rarefied concerns. Bloom is established as a powerful alternating current of language, and also as a transformer station for everyday language. Bloom receives the signals that the culture is sending out, and he makes his own mix of them. Every activity, however humble, underscores Bloom's conduction of this electrical current, not because some facile equation of language and text is being made, but because the new mode of orientation Bloom expresses is indeed language as a *form of life*, language with epistemological, visual, political, and sexual consequences, shaped through a mass lexicon. In this reading, Stephen Dedalus no longer takes precedence as an “artist” or an “intellectual.” Bloom is in fact our text's intellectual figure: his energetic consciousness, comprised though it is of the leavings of mass languages, is a

kind of window into the general intellectuality that Gramsci made a case for.<sup>14</sup> Is this to exalt *Tit-Bits* and the Sunday Supplement over Stephen's discussions of *Hamlet*? In a sense the text does make available a rereading of those materials and of what their presence entails for culture as a whole, and it is not a univocal one.

As Bloom moves through Dublin advertising is one of his primary ways of reading the inner and outer worlds that surround him. He charts his bearings through his culture's most salient signs. The constantly unfurling "stream of consciousness" that is Bloom's narrative style is largely made up of his "mind" wending its way through the eddies, currents, and shorelines of advertising or advertised goods. Bloom is preternaturally alert to all advertising tokens. Like Adam, who is given the gift of naming all things in the world, Bloom enters an already named world that he nonetheless takes the time to articulate. Beginning his day's agenda, he peeps into his own hat to read its mute sign—"Plasto's high grade ha" with the "t" of resolution sweated off. Bloom starts his itinerary by donning this hat and simultaneously accepting himself as the subject of advertising, and in a larger sense, as a subject formed by advertising. The strong reference here is to *Bouvard et Pecuchét*. The two copyists first discover their affinity for each other by each staring into their worn-off hat-bands, and in fact "introduce" themselves through the arbitration of that remnant of commercial language. For the doughty French copyists, about to embark on a fallen pastoral idyll where the language of the metropolis (of institutions and public discourse) can ostensibly be shed, the hat bands serve as a harbinger of the power names will have to define them, leaving them accepting their final fates as eternal copiers. Bloom has no foil, nor will he accept language and social life as strictly *idées reçues*: you *can* do things with words, however monolithic they may seem to be. Bloom dons his hat, but not in order to become a copyist. There is a private message for him in the special way the words have been sweated off his hat—his own alchemical perspiration has already altered the equation. And Bloom will continue to be an alembic filter of advertisement.

As Bloom steps out into the sunlight on this Adamic day he passes a labeled van carrying Boland's bread. This innocuous moving advertisement prompts a reverie about bread that immediately jolts Bloom into the dark gloaming of an exotic advertisement; in the middle of the sunlit sidewalk a scenario unfurls, the Oriental exotica adumbrated

in so many advertisements, particularly those for cigarettes. "High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters" (p. 57). Bloom's inner theatre reprises an advertisement that magically transports him to the stage, although it is a dramatization in which items from his own everyday life figure prominently.<sup>15</sup> The ad acts as a miniature cinematic moment, its desire structure—toward the Orient, voluptuous women, indolent settings—redirected from the product to Bloom's private stock of worries and fantasies about his wife, their sexuality, and possible modes of representing it (violet garters).

Insinuated back into the quotidian, Bloom is brought up short by passing Larry O'Rourke's pub. "No use canvassing him for an ad. Still he knows his own business best." He meditates on the good location and positioning O'Rourke's has, as a pub that can still manage to make money without needing to be called to public attention in an ad. Bloom wistfully contemplates the old-fashioned emanations of the bar, which gives off "whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush," in an olfactory rush. He evaluates the location of the bar sagely; it lies on a particularly direct vector if one imagines Dublin, as Bloom does, plotted on the radiating spokes of pub locations. City geography is laid down by markets and promotion as much as by traditional landmarks for Bloom, and part of his intimate knowledge of it is in measuring how the lines of communication between establishment and prospective customer will be arranged.

"Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the country Leitrim, rinsing empties and old man in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons. Then think of the competition. General thirst. Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without passing a pub. Save it they can't. Off the drunks, perhaps. Put down three and carry five. What is that? A bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it with the boss and we'll split the job, see?" (p. 58)

Pubs do become "establishments" in Dublin through fierce accounting, and reliance on an alcoholic population, but they manage without the ministrations of ads—his midwifery would be superfluous.

A nominal purpose of Bloom's early walk is to buy breakfast meat, but even this transaction is saturated with the image and print of

advertising. Bloom first muses over the various meats seen through Dlugacz's butchershop window, responding first to the visual display. Much of Dublin seen through Bloom's eyes is refracted off the glossy surface of a store window, just as Dickens and James sent off a variety of urban strollers to stand mesmerized before the enthralling window displays of the city. This window has an even more galvanic attraction for Bloom, the perfect advertising subject, since it has written ads pasted up inside the window frame. Bloom pauses here for a moment of absorbed reading, accepting the window as a natural page for perusal. He takes up one of the advertising circular sheets lying on the counter, and as he reads it, he again unreels an internal cinema—the ad, in Bloom's hand, becomes the occasion for a complete scenario.

He took up a page from a pile of cut sheets. The model farm at Kinnerath on the lakeshore of Tiberias. Can become the ideal winter sanatorium. Moses Montefiore. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting: read it nearer, the blurred cropping cattle, the page rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattle market the beasts lowering in their pens, branded sheep, flop and fall of dung, the breeders in hob-nailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a ripe-meated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands. (p. 59)

Bloom moves here from what is clearly an inner reading verbatim of the promotion for a model farm, to a seamlessly sutured imaging of moving page and print, to a dramatization of a farm complete with pigs and their caretakers. The rather bald message of the ad is nonetheless capable of engendering an interior spectacle, as well as a strange space on the page of *Ulysses* itself, for what arises to be described there is not "read off" from any outside landscape, nor from some personal memory of the "character." A real material artifact from the "outside" world collides with language that seems to be confined within the book itself, and their collision is a hybrid language. Bloom reads and produces text which we then read, but only because we, too, are experienced readers of ads and promotion. "He held the page aslant patiently, bending his senses and his will, his soft subject gaze at rest." The active connotation of bending senses and will is belied by the second half of the sentence, where Bloom's gaze is in thrall to the compunction of his reading. This analysis is not meant to suggest an agonized involuntary seizure on Bloom's part. Instead, Bloom's very patience and his eagerness to read, to embroider a meager advertisement with

a lush and detailed scene, presents us with the advertising consciousness par excellence. Bloom not *only* reads as ads have taught him to do, he directs his gaze to a new, personal narrative beyond the mere print on the page, to a mysterious inner reading that only a practiced advertising subject can produce at will.

Bloom continues to "read" as he makes his way homeward, translating advertisements into perfervid, exotic scenarios:

Agendath Netaim: planter's company. To purchase vast sandy tracts from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees. Excellent for shade, fuel and construction. Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa. You pay eight marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives, oranges, almonds or citrons. Olives cheaper: oranges need artificial irrigation. Every year you get a sending of the crop. Your name entered for life in the book of the union. Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly installments. Bleibtreustrasse 34, Berlin, W. 15. (p. 60)

He is particularly susceptible, as a Jew married to a woman from Gibraltar, to conjuring, as he proceeds to do, a resplendent Middle Eastern world, replete with oranges, eros, and satisfaction, from the more monetary incentives offered in the ad itself. Yet the effulgent world that had come to mind, prompted by the advertisement, subsides into a dark, historical vision, a cumulative past, as opposed to the ever-radiant present and future tenses of advertising narrative. Bloom leaps from this narrative to an adjacent mental area of narrative, Old Testament history:

A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. . . . The oldest people. Wandered far over the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world. (p. 61)

The two incommensurable readings occupy the same subject. Bloom, instead of literally traversing the world like his great avatar, Ulysses, experiences his voyages as advertising hallucinations, brought up short by his counterknowledge, derived from alternative narratives that demystify those promised voyages. Bloom doesn't resolve the contradiction between the heavenly version of Jaffa and the desolate weight of history, although on the surface level he surely rejects the zionist project of colonizing Palestine. He decides the deadness of the latter vision may be brought on by physical weakness as much as by

historical apprehension, and his advertising self prompts him to vow to practice Eugene Sandow's exercise system more faithfully. Sandow, a British Charles Atlas, appears again in the Circe episode; here, Bloom's internal gaze comes to rest on the promises of Sandow's ads as if they were a potential cure for the abuses of history. Advertising narrative is so omnipresent that it is ever ready to occupy the space vacated by consciousness of something outside its confines. Moments of historical clarity are slippages in Bloom's internal text—advertising rushes into the breach to reclaim him as subject. Its subtle power over his gaze extends to the haphazard advertisements clustering on a parlor floor window, to which his eye is drawn as he rounds the corner. "Plasters on a sore eye," he thinks, making ambiguous whether it is the advertising window as eye that is sore, or his own arrested gaze that becomes plastered over with the sight of anonymous bills. The entwinement of ads, reading, and the eye is underscored en passant.

Bloom's early-morning excursus around his neighborhood is marked by all these acts of reading, the myriad exposures to advertising copy opening up new spaces in the mundane geography of that walk. Bloom is both a conduit for the language of advertising and a reshaper of it. It directs his gaze, determines the trajectory of his desire, yet is rewritten or revised in internal colloquy as well. This altered vantage toward language does not stop at the threshold of Bloom's home, either. Advertising language has set up shop there, too, reordering the terms of domestic life.

Chief among the domestic totems is Bloom's picture of the Bath of the Nymph, hanging over their bed. This picture is an advertising artifact above all else. As an art object, it comes with this announcement: "Given away with the Easter number of *Photo Bits*: splendid masterpiece in art colors" (p. 65). This picture is not marked with ad copy, but it is an advertisement nonetheless, an aesthetic giveaway reproduced in thousands of copies, meant to extend the reach of its parent magazine, *Photo Bits*. The nymph is of course related to the Calypso motif of this chapter—she is an erotic goddess, an erotic ideal, an evocation of Molly's sexuality, and an echo of the force that held Ulysses under a benign spell on the way homeward. Bloom's "Nymph," his private piece of mythology, has been given to him, and to countless others, by *Photo Bits*. This nymph beds down between the covers of celebrity gossip, puzzle contests, crime features, and a host of advertised commodities. Beyond being art in an age of mechanical reproduction with a vengeance, the nymph also underscores

the textual matrix of this mass-produced art—it comes carrying a whole set of textual luggage. Where Benjamin had offered the possibility of posters and film as new modes of perception, as access to art from "close-up," sans aura, it has never been within this contingent, advertised context.<sup>16</sup> The promiscuity of art in its mass cultural bed is almost literalized in Joyce's chapter, and the condition of art among the soiled sheets of *Photo Bits* et al. is enacted in the "Circe" chapter. The assemblage recenters the text of *Ulysses* itself: if mythological nymphs can disport themselves between the covers of the prime mass market advertising tabloid, this implies that textual "purity" is an impossibility also. Scraps of Aristotle and Shakespeare coexist with Epps Cocoa, street hoardings, and newspaper captions. If *Ulysses* makes itself out of language, its realism is this fidelity to the modern ecumenical scene of language.

Hanging the nymph picture on the wall does not diminish its advertising context. First it is still embedded in the advertising aura of its publication, which is the language Bloom uses to describe it. And secondly, the picture belongs to the set of other advertised desire objects, not to the "high art" collection its promotional caption boasts of. Bloom uses it as a private shrine, but what he worships there is the commodified, advertised female. This becomes explicit when, in the Circe chapter, the Nymph comes to life and announces herself to Bloom. She speaks neither in hallowed, mythological tones, nor with the gravity of fine art. Instead, the nymph unfolds her universe of erotica, and it is all advertised.

#### THE NYMPH

Mortal! You found me in evil company, highkickers, coster picnic makers, pugilists, popular generals, immoral panto boys in flesh tights and the nifty shimmy dancers, La Aurora and Karini, musical act, the hit of the century. I was hidden in cheap pink paper that smelt of rock oil. I was surrounded by the stale smut of clubmen, stories to disturb callow youths, ads for transparencies, trueup dice and bustpads, proprietary articles and why wear a truss with testimonial from ruptured gentlemen. Useful hints to the married.

#### BLOOM

(Lifts a turtle head towards her lap.) We have met before. On another star.

#### THE NYMPH

(Sadly.) Rubber goods. Neverrip Brand as supplied to the aristocracy. Corsets for men. I cure fits or money refunded. Unsolicited testi-

monials for Professor Waldman's wonderful chest exuber. My bust developed four inches in three weeks, reports Mrs. Gus Rulin with photo.

BLOOM

You mean *Photo Bits*? (p. 545)

Bloom's wistful hope that the two of them have met before on another star, perhaps in the Homeric incarnations as Ulysses and Calypso, is sadly contradicted by the resolute nymph. What the two of them share is the narrative language of advertising, a mythological stream that occasionally permits a goddess within its midst. Bloom's consciousness, as the subject of desire, is inextricably entwined with advertising discourse. The bits of *Photo Bits* language that cling to the nymph are the discourse the two of them have in common.

Advertising still delivers the wondrous promise of mythological narrative. The nymph testifies to this when she relates how Bloom had borne her away, framed her in oak and tinsel, and, with kisses, shaded in her erogenous zones with a pencil. Bloom acknowledges his anachronistic, mythological adoration: "Your classic curves, beautiful immortal. I was glad to look on you, to praise you, a thing of beauty, almost to pray." The dialog between the nymph and Bloom is not meant to mock the fallenness of contemporary culture, but to bear witness to the eruption of pure desire within the nets of advertising language. Amid bust developers and rubber goods, the adoring sensibility of Bloom can still conjure a creature of pure, mythological desire, an ideal figure to watch over his marriage, itself a Penelopean skein of girdles, rubber goods, and *The Sweets of Sin*.

The "Circe" chapter gives us the unique, and unprecedented, opportunity to hear an advertising artifact speak for itself. In the textual universe of *Ulysses* pieces of advertising language have the ability to dramatize themselves, to reformulate the narratives they participate in. Part of this uncanny power is only the reverse of the "normal" modern world of advertising, as *Ulysses* makes quite clear. Advertising, in all its myriad forms, offers up a narrative to be read, engaging even the most desultory stroller in an enforced act of reading. Print, storefront, and hoardings present innumerable miniature dramas, a kind of language on stage that cannot be ignored. The nymph speaks up in the Circe chapter, but she and Bloom have really already had their conversation, which Joyce does us the favor of enacting. The energy

of metamorphosis is inherent in advertisement's self-referentiality; even a bar of lemon soap can leap into the sky like a sun, crying "we're a capital couple are Bloom and I; He brightens the earth, I polish the sky" (p. 440). The dynamism of "Circe" represents the magic, Ovidian language of objectification already installed by "normal" advertising.

The materiality of the mass cultural status of language in Bloom's everyday life is underscored in the finale to "Calypso"—Bloom's trip to the outhouse, prize story from *Photo Bits* clutched under his arm. *Matcham's Masterstroke* is modest—"It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now."—and "he envied kindly Mr. Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen six" (p. 69). Its reading time is perfectly coincident with the span of time Bloom has planned to take moving his bowels, and upon completion, a page of the now-digested story is perfect for toilet paper. Bodily rhythms of digestion, defecation and sex are matched against the duration of reading that is advertising consumption. Bloom's double reading process enters in here, too—he not only finishes Beaufoy's story, he makes a start on one of his own, a domestic story to arise from stray sayings of Molly's while she is dressing.

If "Calypso" sets out the rearrangement of private vision and language that brings *Ulysses* into modernity through Bloom's mass-cultural existence, then "Lotus-Eaters" begins to demarcate how differently groups of people interact under the auspices of mass cultural forms. All the meetings in this presumably intimate, villagelike Dublin are previously conditioned or determined by an advertising context; as Joyce sets things out in this chapter, advertising is the invisible grid of their connection.

Central to Bloom's concerns here is his receipt of a letter from Martha Clifford, his secret pen pal. Their correspondence comes about from an ad Bloom has inserted in several newspapers, anonymity insured by the pen name Henry Flower and by the post office box number. Bloom links his ad—"to aid literary gentleman in his work"—with George Russell and his young female protégée, whom he later sees on the street, but in fact his epistolary partnership with Martha Clifford is entirely a product of its advertised origins. Bloom's eros takes shape as a categorized request accompanied by a box number, and he is aware that other answers to his ad are piling up, unread, in other postal corners. Martha Clifford comes into "being" by answering an ad, not

by appearing in person, and her responses could easily be substituted for by the wealth of other letters drawn by the advertising mechanism, which renders them all equivalent. Martha's letter is placed in direct correspondence with the one Bloom receives from his daughter Milly, the "photo girl." Despite being a personal, family missive, Milly's letter also has its place in the advertising catalog, since as a photo girl, Milly works as a living advertisement. The seaside photo girls were nominally photographic assistants, but largely attractive advertisements for the booths they represented, and available to have their picture taken with gentlemen customers. "I am getting on swimming in the photo business now," Milly writes, her job a miniature version of one of the ads Bloom will later imagine for stationery. This job has taken Milly away from Dublin, where there is little employment for her, but it also indicates the rearrangement of domestic and erotic space brought about by mass-cultural forms. Her mother has worked as a professional singer of sorts, a kind of employment that relies on an earlier form of social organization: Molly sings in church choirs, at lecture halls, on concert tours with a publicity circuit connected to the common life of the city and its small talk. The photographic apparatus takes photographic Milly outside that earlier sphere of entertainment into a space of reproduction, image, and popular song ("Oh, those sea-side girls!"). She is a modernized version of Nell, a photo-girl instead of a waxwork-child, an advertising vessel.

Bloom does enter one demesne in the chapter that seems to have escaped being defined by advertisement when he visits the chemist, whose haunt is almost medieval in its evocation of scents and its old-fashioned nostrums. Even in the apothecary environment Bloom is reminded of the classic advertising line, "Good morning, have you used Pear's soap today?" Pear's soap was perhaps *the* most well-known product in Britain: its slogan appears in innumerable joking ads (the embarrassment of meeting Queen Victoria and involuntarily asking her whether she had washed that day, for instance), and it had the distinction of achieving the first endorsement, when the famous painting "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais F.R.A., was allowed to have "Pear's" inscribed on its surface in reproduction, above the little boy gazing at a bubble he has blown. The bubble bursts yet again in Bloom's mind, transfiguring the ordinary shop.

The chapter is replete with Bloom glancing at the hoardings crowded on every block, standing transfixed before the military recruitment poster, and creating his own suggestion for successful ad:

College sports today I see. He eyed the horseshoe poster over the gate of college park: cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big: college. Something to catch the eye. (p. 86)

The centralizing, arresting movement of the ad Bloom conceives as a replacement is also a synecdochic representation of life transfigured in the face of the textuality of advertisement—all eyes equidistant from the same ads, all auditors equally aware of the same slogans, all the city arrayed along invisible lines of spectatorship, desire, and response; social reading is in progress.

The great leveling provided by advertising is transformed in "Hades" into a secularized response to the problem of death, which Bloom, ever creative, imagines in terms extended beyond the Plumtree's ad. The ad in full has particular resonance throughout *Ulysses*, a motival refrain amply discussed by Joyce's commentators:

What is home without  
Plumtree's Potted Meat?  
Incomplete.  
With it, an abode of bliss.

Bloom reads this ad, which he has seen innumerable times, when engaged in desultory conversation with the importunate McCoy, who is called a "talking head" years before the advent of television. At that juncture, the ad has a direct connection to Molly's forthcoming assignation with Blazes Boylan, the person who is "getting up" more than Molly's singing tour, in face of Bloom's absent potted meat. By the Hades chapter, the same ad is darkly specific, especially when Bloom, to his disgust as a savvy ad-man, discovers it appearing under the obituary column. The ad runs in counterpoint to the religious rhetoric occasioned by the funeral, in some ways a preferable response that emphasizes the egalitarian materiality of death as potted meat.

Ruminating on corpses, Bloom imagines an ad of his own that connects the garden of desire imagery so associated with his ad reading that morning to the problem of death in a secular world:

Chinese cemeteries with giant poppies growing produce the best opium Nastiansky told me. The Botanic gardens are just over there. It's the blood sinking into the earth gives new life. Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy. Every man his price. Well preserved fat corpse gentlemen, epicure, invaluable for fruit garden.

A bargain. Buy carcass of William Wilkinson, auditor and accountant, lately deceased, three pounds thirteen and six. With thanks. (p. 108)

Beyond the coincidence that the price for the corpse is exactly the same as the prize money offered for the story contest in *Photo Bits*, the text implies that even a dead body could enter into the scheme of circulation and commodification advertising lends its narrative to.

The circuit of Bloom's everyday life which has been sketched here depends on the flow of advertising experience he becomes aware of. Another name for this flow is "stream of consciousness," which is perhaps the writing technique most identified with *Ulysses*, even when the usual differentiations from Dujardin and Richardson have been made. If advertising is responsible for much of the panoply of style in the novel, then surely it is implicated in its most famous practice. Umberto Eco has described stream of consciousness in *Ulysses* this way: "Remaining within the conscious facts—all recorded with absolute fidelity as so many equivalents—*personal identity itself is questioned*. In the flow of overlapping perceptions during Bloom's walk through Dublin, the boundaries between 'inside' and 'outside,' between how Bloom endures Dublin and how Dublin acts on him, become very indistinct."<sup>17</sup> Perhaps the foregoing tour of Bloom's mental activity has made clear the extent to which "personal identity" is a constructed patchwork. "Bloom" in the text is a collocation of outside languages, the vanishing point of a private language. A primary constructor of this interior flow is, demonstrably, advertising language, its imagery and desire. Ads locate and fix "Bloom," rather than the other way around. Such "construction of the subject" is manifest in language at all periods; an entire wing of modern critical theory has taken this power as its defining characteristic. Advertising language brings a new technique to this "interpellation," however, because its sole purpose *is* to seek out a reader and insist on that reader's absorption of a piece of language. The interpellative force is militant and unabashed. Advertising becomes the first entirely public language directed at *every* person; in so being, the extent to which human subjects are "made" by language becomes manifest to all, even when not theoretically expressed. *Ulysses* contains one passage that seems almost fortuitously to muse on the constitutive power of advertising language, its force on the language scene which renders language a stream that passes through all interlocutors alike.

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

*Kino's*

11/-

*Trousers.*

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which in the stream of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kind of places are good for ads. That quack doctor for the clap used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it now. Strictly confidential. Dr. Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red like Maginni the dancing master self advertisement. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q.t. running in to loosen a button. Fly by night. Just the place too. POST NO BILLS. POST 100 PILLS. Some chap with a dose burning him. (p. 152)

No place is safe from advertisement, neither the water, which would seem too Heraclitean an element on which to inscribe a message, nor the outhouse, shut off from public observance but not sequestered from advertising's gaze. Advertising language can tackle the problem of mutability and change, even making it an advantage, because in this case no one "owns" the surface on which the ad is written. No matter how inaccessible the terrain, advertising only gains additional power if it can be there first with its message—one knows this feeling of being inexorably anticipated by advertising if one has ever seen the Wall Drug ad posted 14,000 feet up a seemingly primitive Rocky Mountain trail. In the dark privacy of the public toilet, each person is addressed "confidentially." Advertising can mime the act of whispering a secret, even as it trumpets itself, obviating secrecy. The Kino's ad Bloom sees "creates" his subsequent stream of thoughts; it also suggests that advertising language is the only stream to swim in, now. Other language events will take place *within* its ubiquitous perimeters.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY PRESS"

The intimate history of advertisement and newspaper has been repeatedly underscored in this study. The newspaper room of "Aeolus" marks the conjuncture of these "prints" as it replaces the literal map of Dublin with the textual space of mass communication, while the "central space" of the city becomes a dematerialized place, an interface

of the commercial and the public as they are textualized in advertisement and news. The textual is presented as material in this chapter, which marks the first departure from the quasinaturalistic style that introduces both Stephen and Bloom, to replace these “personalities” by the stark rivalry of print styles as they perform every rhetorical trick. The newspaper format, with its headlines that come from no locatable narrative “voice,” has the power to squeeze authorial narration right off the page, substituting the anonymity, the ubiquity, of the advertising voice. And after this foray into the newspaper, all language is up for grabs—the chapter is followed by the arbitrary voices of “The Wandering Rocks,” the dramatics of “Circe,” the tour of English prose in “Oxen of the Sun.” The setting of “Aeolus” is decisive in this process, however; the power of advertising-cum-newsprint serves to prove that language is material, that it can be “fabricated,” like any other commodity, and that advertising covers over and circumscribes the rival forms of political rhetoric, historical legend, and literary style.

Bloom enters this place to do his bit of business—to secure an ad for Alexander Keyes Wine and Spirits that will be accompanied by a puff in the “news” column. “It’s the ads and side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the official gazette,” he avers, which is indubitably true throughout newspaper history. Unfortunately, the ad Bloom wants to place is rather penny-ante, and the various powers and personalities of the newspaper collude in making it difficult for him. Bloom can imagine as a private print “utopia” the cozy collision of styles a country weekly newspaper offers, seemingly the perfect home for his scrap of ad, but he can also sense the overwhelming autonomy of print and its actual impersonality, better represented by the city daily:

Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake’s weekly Pat and Bull stories. Uncle Toby’s page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin’s queries. Dear Mr. Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence: I’d like that part. Learn a lot teaching others. . . . The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they’d clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. (p. 119)

The newspaper printing press not only fabricates language wholesale, it can render it as well, chopping it into bits the way the imper-

turbable Red Murray snips out ads to scissor and paste them, parceling out language to different neighborhoods and villages according to their advertising links, even turning language inside out—the typesetter reading type backwards, “mangiD. KcirtaP.,” performs a secular Kabbalism parallel to the sacred reading of Hebrew text Bloom’s father used to practice. The demystification of language offered by its decimation into letters and even reversed letters is correspondingly, paradoxically, remystifying as well, suggesting a transubstantiating mystery of the part becoming the whole.

Respiration is a perfect metaphor for the cultural activity of the newspaper/advertising process in modern capitalist economies, whatever relevance it may have in linking “Aeolus” to Odysseus’ cave of the winds. The centripetal exhalations of the press lay down all the lines of communication that establish civil society in Gramsci’s sense; the centrifugal inhalation brings history, language and politics within one encompassing breath. One way of reading “Aeolus” is to track the movement as key historical and political events and legends enter the maw of journalism/advertisement—the latter’s linguistic control and preeminence proves ineluctable. It should be carefully noted that the press as language machine cannot be taken to “stand for” some abstract property of language, a given that is only being discovered, not invented, in the deconstructive prose of James Joyce. To reduce this matter to an intrinsic property of language in toto leaves out the dynamic conflict and rivalry between languages, the struggle within the linguistic economy prompted by the rise of advertising as a self-sufficient linguistic force. *Ulysses* surely does not shrink from portraying a cannibalistic process of language feeding on language. A chief leitmotif of the chapter, the Phoenix Park murders, indicates just how engulfing the press has become, as history and legend are almost literally placed within an ad.

Myles Crawford tells the admiring newsroom of the extraordinary career of the journalist Ignatius Gallaher, whose biggest scoop happened to be transmitting the news of the Phoenix Park murders abroad when ordinary transmission was forbidden by censors. By embroidering on Gallaher Crawford already displaces the historic event, with its enduring repercussions for Irish destiny, into the lore of journalistic triumph, a “how I got that story” narrative. But far more decisive is that Gallaher’s solution to putting out this important news involved embedding it into an advertisement:

. . . Look at here. What did Ignatius Gallaher do? I'll tell you. Inspiration of genius. Cabled right away. Have you Weekly Freeman of 17 March? Right. Have you got that?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.

—Take page four, advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say. Have you got that? Right. . . .

—F to P is the route Skin-the-Goat drove the car for an alibi. Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Arbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh. F.A.B.P. Got that? X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street.

. . .

#### CLEVER, VERY

—Clever, Lenehan said. Very.

—Gave it to them on a hot plate, Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody history.

Nightmare from which you will never awake.

—I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present, Dick Adams, the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in, and myself.

Lenehan bowed to a shape of air, announcing:

—Madam, I'm Adam. And Able was I ere I saw Elba.

—History! Myles Crawford cried. The Old Woman of Prince's street was there first. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that. Out of an advertisement. (p. 136–37)

Advertising determines the viability of newspapers, coexists on every page with its prose, enters into news reportage itself as if the columns of print were permeable membranes, and now shows an even more mysterious power: the advertisement is a secret code, a discrete sign on which to superimpose a historical diagram that will lose, in being placed inside an ad, whatever independence as historical representation it could have claimed. Ads are banal, if you will, but also mystical. In telling the tale of Gallaher the historical narrative *per se* is absent, invisible; what remains is the cunning abyss of the ad, whose language and even letters can have the multivalence once reserved for literature, the dynamism reserved for historical event.

Ads can now cannibalize historical reference, and the chapter extends their representational covetousness to oral speech, to rhetoric, and to literature. One by one advertisement manages to absorb them; the colloquy among the members of the press is a nostalgic remembrance of these forms before their usurpation. Under the mantle of the press come all the disparate languages, an *omnium gatherum* nullified by the job of getting the paper out.

—All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics . . .

—The turf, Lenehan put in.

—Literature, the press.

—If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of advertisement. (p. 135)

Ripe styles of oratory past and present are compared, the merits of fine speeches are vaunted. Unwitting of their textual "location" under the staccato headlines, the group wistfully harkens back to public speech and words as memory:

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, their smoke ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. *And let our crooked smokes*. Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself?

—“And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me.” (p. 142)

The sacred and the profane magic of spoken word, of political debate and of the tradition of Irish letters flowers amid a language that inexorably supplants and realigns them. Bloom, who is both Ariel-like and Chaplinesque in this chapter, on a mission in support of the master-language of advertisement, but himself still sentimentally tied to an anachronistic sacred mode of reading, skims past Stephen Dedalus, who tries to create a literary parable that is also quashed by the superior force of journalistic language. Delicious as it is, the parable of the plums makes way on the page for the newspaper headline, expanded to full narrative length, a complete *translation* of the literary/historical into advertising prose:

DIMINISHED DIGITS PROVE TOO TITILLATING FOR FRISKY FRUMPS. ANNE WIMBLES, FLO WANGLES—YET CAN YOU BLAME THEM? (p. 150)

Advertising language has its own parabolic necessities.

To return to a nominal plot element of “Aeolus” that emblemizes the change in language: consider the Alexander Keyes ad itself. Unremarkable in its own right, a local ad with a homemade touch that could never produce much revenue for either the wine shop or the newspaper, its presence generates an allusive network that lasts throughout the book. Of course, the subject of keys had been broached before—Stephen had lost his; Bloom, we will later learn, has left his

at home. But the Keyes ad really inaugurates the implicit ongoing discussion of the *sui generis* nature of advertising language, building on the crossing of literal housekeys.

—Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then the name Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on. Better not teach him his own business.

—You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top in leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea? The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.

—The idea, Mr. Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that? (p. 120)

Spiritual and temporal power are both allegorized in the advertisement, although not in the way that Ignatius Gallaher was able to turn an ad into an allegorical diagram encrypting an historical event. The more immediate level of allegory, and the one Bloom counts on to catch the eye of the public, is the ad's connection of an unprepossessing wine shop, which a man named Keyes happens to own, with the desire for home rule in Ireland, something that has only been realized in the parliament of the Isle of Man, and that is *there* symbolized in the blazon of two crossed keys. Since the ad is able to invest its pun on the word *key(e)s* with a literal reference to the design of the Manx parliament "sign," and beyond that, to a collective if often nascent public desire to be freed of British rule, it is an extraordinarily dense document with an ontology all its own. The kind of recognition, of reading or "eye-catching" it calls forth is a double one (in fact, it may be too subtle altogether for the foreman). The linguistic pun, bolstered by the picture, has to work, and then the level of what Bloom calls "innuendo" has come into play. The ad ultimately depends on its incorporation of political dissatisfaction with the British imperium, but that unhappiness and anger vanish into the ad as if into a black hole. In allegorizing such a vital, if inchoate, public emotion, a revolutionary desire, the ad has made it disappear into its own design: the "innuendo" about home rule, a fraught political problem, does not survive the social reading process as a galvanizing artifact because the reference cannot stop at the level of analysis or even agitprop. To be read *as an ad*, the House of Keyes motif must be glued to the wine shop itself, like a label. So

advertising language can set up shop in the heart of contemporary cultural and political reference, but it subsumes such reference for its own purpose, bracketing the ad's allegorical frame. No one will be mobilized to agitate for British removal after seeing the Keyes ad, although that potential must exist for the ad to "read," because the home rule pun is placed in suspension, eviscerated as the premise, as the rhetoric, of the ad.

One must hasten to add that this allegorization is not being stigmatized as either malevolent or conspiratorial. Bloom's idea is ingenious and ingenious, and certainly not symptomatic of a villainous plot against public language, revolutionary or otherwise. The intentionalist fallacy can rear its head in studies of advertising language, under the guise of seeing in it a monolithic totalization of capitalist control. Far more appropriate than assigning blame is to consider, as *Ulysses* does, in this example and in others, the actual operations of advertising narratives, which batten on the body politic because that is their only source of narrative energy, turning suppressed discourses into allegories of themselves.

If the body politic plays host for advertising references, and if puns are permissible in such a suspect atmosphere, then one can say advertisement ultimately becomes a host itself: the religious metaphors of the Alexander Keyes episode leave no doubt that *Ulysses* conceives advertisement as the substitute for holy communion. This allegorical level is not, of course, one that can be read by the audience for the ad; it is reserved for us, readers of *Ulysses*, to see that it happens to them like that. Almost too much religious metaphor inheres in the Keyes ad; first, it publicizes a wine shop, placing us referentially in the New Testament, both at the marriage of Canaan, and inside St. Paul's wine bottles. That Keyes is a "spirit merchant" means he sells liquor, ordinarily enough, but ads in general are also involved in a species of spiritual merchandising. The crossed keys offer the keys to the kingdom of heaven, a shortcut to the transformations of paradise that render mere politics moot. Additionally, the crossed keys are the harbinger of the later crossing of Bloom and Stephen, when they finally conquer the "parallax" that has kept them textually apart. Beyond this, the key motif suggests that the multiple reception of advertisements is a simulacrum of religious ceremony.

Advertising does not deliberately mimic religious practices, nor exist as a travestied modern form of religion, something F. R. Leavis was

to claim. Rather, the transcendent promises of Catholic theology and ritual, and the promissory form and communal metaphysics of advertising intersect, particularly in a colonized Catholic country where such ideology always has a political subtext. The host is a wafer that can become the actual body of Christ (only during sacralized public observance), a transformation accomplished by words. An ad also has its only genuine *ontos* or being in public space, and when ingested in all the multiple acts of reading it undergoes a transformation—"all very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff" (p. 158)—into active cultural currency. Each person can read or see the ad in private assimilation, but it belongs to everyone and to no one; it is brought to life by the framing of consensus that agrees, "This is an ad"; it penetrates and even becomes the language of its readers. While "everything speaks in its own way" (p. 121), especially the language of objects that is advertising, simultaneously "no one is anything" (p. 164). Individual identities are fictions, being comprised, as they are, of shared pieces of this host language. The moment of absorption of that host, both a private and a public ceremonial, is transcendently ineffable albeit materially concrete.

In another religious vocabulary the hopes for incarnation and resurrection are manifested in transmigration of souls and "metempsychosis," and advertising's textual and social dynamics are shown to be close relatives of these spiritual epistemologies. "Met-him-pike-hoses" rests on a belief in the unity of all matter, including human souls, and the infinite exchangeability of the relatively insignificant bodies that enclose those souls. A continuity of being along the otherwise impersonal chain of history is presupposed. "The cords that all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as gods? Gaze in your omphalos. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought one" (p. 38).

The "Aeolus" chapter recapitulates this umbilical image, but it inscribes the metempsychotic into the urban setting, where strandentwining cables are tram lines and boat canals, telegraph wires and pulsating switchboards. HELLO THERE, CENTRAL!—the cry goes out. Just as George Rowell had predicted that only advertising lines of force could collocate as a "nerve center" in the complex web of industrializing America, so advertising in *Ulysses* stretches its Ariadne's cord across the labyrinth of modern Dublin, invisibly interconnecting and underlying all its social functions.

The most powerful representation of the *cordon sanitaire* advertising creates in the city, and its "metempsychotic" ability to string the citizens of Dublin along its wire, comes in "The Wandering Rocks," a microcosm of the structure of the novel as a whole. As the cast of characters covers their daily rounds the "voice" of the chapter elides from each one of them, never coming to rest in any singular or more omniscient vantage point. All the manifold traversals of the city the citizens make are coordinated so that only a few minutes of textual time elapse, making the "time" of the chapter a composite time that is the sum of the different characters' narrative moments. Without their knowing it, each person in "Wandering Rocks" achieves an exchangeable identity with every other person "there"; they are all transfixed and held in equivalent "subject" positions by the advertising posters of Marie Kendall, "charming soubrette," and Mr. Eugene Stratton, black vaudevillian, as these spectacular faces gaze from their hoardings. Denis Maginni connects all these disparate citizens by their stares at his "self-advertisement," and the march of the Hely's sandwichboardmen gives them virtually algebraic configurations. One could say that these characters are constellated in and through advertisement.

"From the hoardings Mr. Eugene Stratton grinned with thick niggerlips at Father Conmee" (p. 222), a private smile between the two of them that leads Father Conmee to muse on the wastefulness of God's damning all the "black and brown and yellow souls" who have died unbaptised. Miss Dunne at her typewriter watches the solemn enfilade of H.E.L.Y.'S. alphabet men parade by, and can see from her window Marie Kendall, always demanding the automatic appellation "charming soubrette," even when the sight of her elicits disapproval. "Mustard hair and dauby cheeks. She's not nicelooking, is she?" (p. 229). Her coy dauby smile presides over Lenehan and McCoy's conversation, and she enters the febrile mind of Patrick Dignam *fls*: "Buttoning it down, his chin lifted, he saw the image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, beside the two puckers. One of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old fellow welted hell out of him for one time, he found out" (p. 237).

This unfurling frieze of textual moments becomes a mosaic, where the chips of individual experience are exposed as a design, when the viceregal cavalcade wends its way through the streets. This luncheon group, wielding the power of the British in absentia over Ireland, has the same galvanizing effect the ads do: the passing of their car halts

the whole cast of characters, commanding their gaze, creating them as audience. Earl and Lady Dudley and lieutenant-colonel Hesseltine have no particular political agenda on this afternoon; they are merely returning from lunch with a modicum of pomp. But their passage is a media event, ironically described in the chapter in the newspaper tone reserved for the powerful: "The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis." Presumably the description would remain the same were potatoes to be thrown at the car, which in fact doesn't happen. However, elevated as they convince themselves they are, the viceregal party receives but dubious homage from the advertising figures who provide the "continuity" of the narrative. "A charming *soubrette*, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirts, smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenant-colonel H. G. Hesseltine and also upon the honorable Gerald Ward A.D.C." The sandwichboardmen go by, although the aristocratic party loses the full effect of H.E.L.Y.'S. since H. has halted at the corner. "Mr. Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township." The advertised ones seem to grab the noblesse oblige for themselves; they smile their ecumenical smiles at all and refuse to bestow especial grace on the powerful ones, who, themselves, become part of the pageant passing before the ever more contained power of advertisements. There is certainly nothing counterhegemonic about these ads, but their dauby laughter is subversively unsettling. The chapter has balletically shown the material life of Dublin pivoting about these impersonal advertising greeters, who bid welcome to everyone and to no one at the same time (pp. 253–54). Their impersonality absorbs politics, history, and religion. A *pièce de résistance* remains: an ad that narratively links all these scraps of incident and encounter, yet which remains invisible and un-"read". This is the "Elijah is Coming" throwaway ad, pasted up or passed out to announce an evangelistic revival at a concert hall.

A skiff, a crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly down the Liffey, under Loopline bridge, shooting the rapids where water chafed around the bridge piers, sailing eastward past hulls and anchorchains, between the Customhouse old dock and George's quay. (p. 227)

And again:

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of ships and travelers, amid an archipelago of corks, beyond New Wapping street past Benson's ferry, and by the three-masted schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgewater with bricks. (p. 249)

"Elijah is Coming" has a magical constellation of properties. Almost by definition as a throwaway ad it is ephemeral, inconsequential. This particular piece of paper, no more special than the other copies made and pasted up, has been tossed away—following instructions, one might say—and plies the river, a barque of forgotten advertisement. To revise Berkeley's argument: does an ad exist if it is crumpled and thrown into a river with no one to see it or read it? The magicality invoked here is that "Elijah," albeit unperceived, does create eddies of significance in its wake. As a throwaway, the ad is a piece of pure contingency that contravenes the ostensibly impeccable design of the book—but not really; like all other "accidents" in *Ulysses*, the throwaway is recuperated as and by design. However, the purpose it serves narratively, as a prophetic message of salvation and rescue for Ireland, both contradicts and confirms its nature as an ad. Contradicts it because as an ad it has fallen out of circulation, arrests no gaze, has become singular rather than multiple and no longer points to its own referent, in this case the actual evangelical meeting. Yet the confirming paradox is that "Elijah" may also be read as advertising *an sich*. As a form of writing, it can penetrate consciousness, crystallize desire, and circulate among thousands or millions without ever losing its substance. And this particular "piece" of it retains that potency even when "thrown away," in an almost religious sense.

Ads are compared to institutional religion continually through the book. Bloom himself points out the ways that the Church's rituals, ceremonies, and promises are constructed to prey on fears and desires, to keep people hoping that the church will fulfill them. "Pray for us. And pray for us. Good idea, the repetition. Same thing with ads. Buy from us. And buy from us" (p. 377). The institutions of advertising and the church are so similar in the Irish context that they can meld as bizarre hybrids. "Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging" (p. 151). Their props are well-nigh interchangeable; advertisement and the church both have a product to sell; the promises of one signifying system are not that alien from those of

the other. The Elijah throwaway, on the other hand, is no mere thematic parody of organized religion and its methods. Rather, the religious vocabulary of incarnation, grace, and communion, otherwise translatable as communal, collective desire, transcending individual boundaries and de-reifying all the hopes of the body, is mapped onto advertisement in the exemplary "Elijah" throwaway. This is not a sinister, sardonic, or despairing correlation; Joyce, after paring his fingernails, is not wringing his hands backstage in T. S. Eliot fashion. *Ulysses* is a perfectly serious and analytic demonstration of the proximal transcendence that is the promise behind every ad. As in organized religion, there is an aspect of advertisement that is authoritarian, manipulative, enervating and fraudulent. But advertisement also invokes, in language, for *Ulysses* at any rate, a rhetorical fulfillment of a dubious metaphysics, and "Elijah" is its prophet.

Professor Alexander Rustow . . . characterizes the mentality of the modern capitalist by ascribing to him the implicit attitude: 'To produce and to sell belong to the elect, to buy and to consume, to the damned.' . . . Advertising, on the other hand, seems to scream from all the billboards and posters: 'To the buyer and consumer belongs the paradise!' This eudaemonistic deism with which advertising is informed is the same philosophy underlying the faith of Adam Smith, who believed that, by the 'invisible hand' of Providence, the private egotisms of all human individuals are welded together into the common good.<sup>18</sup>

Rabelais meets the patent-medicine salesman here on the religious hustings; American fundamentalist promises ring out vulgarly here, but there is also a wild energy and a carnivalesque performance style that yokes merchandising and transcendent hopes. Leo Spitzer points out the connection of advertising style and language with the "preaching style" of American Protestant capitalism, extending Weber's analysis of the links between economics and religious ethos to an entire performative universe.

Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gopeller on the Merrion hall? Elijah is coming washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Come on you winefizzling ginsizzling booseguzzling existences! Come on, you dog-gone, bullnecked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed fourflushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple extract of infamy! Alexander J. Christ Dowie, that's

yanked to glory most half this planet from 'Frisco Beach to Vladivostock. The Diety ain't no nickle dime bumshow. I put it to you that he's on the square and a corking fine business proposition. He's the grandest thing yet and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in King Jesus. You'll need to rise precious early, you sinner there, if you want to diddle the Almighty God. PFLAAAP! Not half. He's got a coughmixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his backpocket. Just you try it on. (p. 428)

The fervid peroration which ends "Oxen of the Sun" emanates from no particular speaker, as the climax to a shifting display of the prose styles that have literally made the English language. In a final cacophonous blast, a huckster's dream-style language of universal paradise exhibits the transcendental roots of advertising language, and the transformation of prophetic speech into the coinage of advertising's privatized, commodified world.

#### POSTCARDS FROM FARAWAY PLACES

While the advertising excesses of "Circe" mobilize all the anthropomorphic potential of ads in a pyrotechnic hallucination, to which I will return, the ostensibly pedestrian "Eumaeus" chapter offers a fiercely political overview of international advertising that extends advertising's inroads even further. The general critical reaction to Eumaeus involves noting its tediousness; in efforts to recuperate its banal prose, especially after the fireworks of "Circe," critics like Fredric Jameson have presciently suggested that Joyce is bringing off a somewhat bungled parody of Henry James, or H. G. Wells, or Arnold Bennett, or delivering an exercise in boredom for its own sake.<sup>19</sup> But if advertising is the critical focus of attention, "Eumaeus" doesn't need subtle apologetics: the wacky cabman's shelter is the perfect textual waystation for a meditation on tourism as it replaces travel, on the narrativization of history and politics by advertising styles, on the "eternal return" of mass culture, and on literary labor as advertising's amanuensis, ads themselves gilding with a commercial charge even the "pure" friendship of Stephen and Bloom.

The doughty red-bearded sailor figures large here, answering the need in the text to consummate the Odyssean parallels with a pseudo-Odysseus as red herring. W. B. Murphy of Carrigaloo fits the bill; he

has been gone for years to exotic venues, he has left behind a long-suffering wife, he is rife with highly suspect stories, and, ultimately revealed as a “bit of a literary cove in his own small way,” he can don sea-green spectacles and be apotheosized as an author-surrogate. Before this final sea-change, Murphy’s presence illuminates both the disappearance of “travel,” and the lability of political images, traceable to the world of advertising as the supplanting narrative fabric.

Murphy reveals himself to Stephen and Bloom as the result of a strange coincidence; when he acts out a shooting exhibition he has once seen, and then ascribes the talent to the sharp-shooter Simon Dedalus, they are stunned by this “false sighting.” He draws the story from the sailor’s boundless fund of lore, and can jadedly chalk up the coincidence in names to the “small world” of the world traveler. Odysseus, of course, had made free with this perquisite of exotic voyaging—his stories of disguise all turn upon chance meetings at sea. Murphy’s dissimulations, however, take place in a world mediated by publicity and showmanship. He recites a snatch of a Buffalo Bill publicity song—“Buffalo Bill shoots to kill, Never missed and he never will” (p. 624)—apropos of having seen this Simon Dedalus ten years ago in Stockholm on a tour with Hengler’s Royal Circus. The sailor’s private knowledge of ports of call, his closer relationship to “seeing” the world in its untrammelled and unvisited state, have vanished. Odysseus’ own voyages had only his words to vouch for them, but the possibility of travel and individual testimony to the previously unknown was clearly there. *Murphy’s* privileged information rests on having been a public spectator at a public spectacle. Advertised entertainment on a Barnumized scale has preceded him, and every other “traveler,” as he rounds the globe. Flaubert remarked on the mediated nature of modern travel as he described climbing a pyramid in Egypt: “Imbeciles have written their names everywhere: ‘Buffard, 79 Rue Saint-Martin, wallpaper manufacturer,’ in black letters; some Englishman has written ‘Jenny Lind’; almost all the names are modern.”<sup>20</sup> The red-bearded sailor intersects with the tourism industry, the advertising gloss on exotic places, so that his narrative is not just at the deceptive one remove Odysseus deliberately essayed—his narrative agenda is set up for him by advertising.<sup>21</sup>

A case in point: the sailor’s most stirring tale, pathetically hyperbolic as well as Swiftian, concerns cannibalistic natives he has known in Peru. The tale no longer suffices on its own in the modern world: only

the souvenir, a kind of reified advertisement, will confirm the eruption of the exotic into the everyday.

—Khan! Like that. And I seen maneaters in Peru that eats corpses and the livers of corpses. Look here. Here they are. A friend of mine sent me.

He fumbled out a picture postcard from his inside pocket, which seemed to be in its way a species of repository, and pushed it along the table. The printed matter on it stated: *Choza da Indios. Beni, Bolivia.*

All focused their attention on the scene exhibited, at a group of savage women in striped loincloths, squatted, blinking, suckling, frowning, sleeping, amid a swarm of infants (there must have been quite a score of them) outside some primitive shanties of osier.

—Chews coca all day long, the communicative tarpaulin added. Stomachs like breadgraters. Cuts off their diddies when they can’t bear no more children. Seen them there stark ballock-naked eating a dead horse’s liver raw. (p. 625–6)

The talismanic postcard not only identifies a scene in Bolivia, absent any sign of raw horse liver, but Bloom surreptitiously discovers it is addressed to an A. Boudin in Santiago, Chile, and it bears no message. The universal currency of postcard reproductions, the ambivalence of their “view” of faraway places and the peculiar fictional gap left by their message spaces—a *mise-en-abyme* when left blank—serves to do more than burlesque the tales of the sailor-figure. When Bloom goes on to imagine his own dreamed-of trip, a typical English seaside tour, his language for the sights and pleasures is adopted from postcard captions, and it segues into dreams of a successful traveling Tweedy-Flower grand opera company, “providing puffs in the local papers could be managed by some fellow with a bit of bounce who could pull the indispensable wires and thus combine business with pleasure. But who? That was the rub” (p. 627).

Travel, heroic, epic, or otherwise, is emptied out in *Ulysses*, but not only because the scene resolutely remains set in Dublin. The ubiquity of advertising has penetrated even geography—a more bona-fide sailor than Mr. Murphy would still have his travel experiences filtered through the screen of advertising’s tourist images. A brisk, commercial tone attends Bloom’s ruminations on these proto-adventures; a seedy, petty-bourgeois pamphleteer’s prose appraises the benefits of travel for young men: “Because of course uptodate tourist traveling was yet

merely in its infancy, so to speak, and the accommodation left much to be desired. Interesting to fathom, it seemed to him, from a motive of curiosity pure and simple, was whether it was the traffic that created the route or vice-versa or the two sides in fact" (p. 628). Bloom has heretofore been extremely knowledgeable about the invisible paths of commerce that advertising carves through Dublin, and his reflection on the superimposition of tourism on travel is similarly canny. As he ponders the sailor's experiences, his thoughts make a loop back to the kind of shows and exhibitions about travel so common in Britain in the nineteenth century, the stark forerunners of modern travel advertisement:

—Mind you, I'm not saying that it's all a pure invention, he resumed. Analogous scenes are occasionally, if not often, met with. Giants, though, that is rather a far cry once in a way. Marcella, the midget queen. In those waxworks in Henry street I myself saw some Aztecs, as they are called, sitting bowlegged. . . . However, reverting to friend Sinbad and his horrifying adventures (who reminded him a bit of Ludwig, *alias* Ledwige, when he occupied the boards of the Gaiety when Michael Gunn was identified with the management in the *Flying Dutchman*, a stupendous success, and his host of admirers came in large numbers, everyone simply flocking to hear him through ships of any short, phantom or the reverse, on the stage usually fall a bit flat as also did trains) . . . (p. 636)

Just as Dickens' work shows the transformation of carnival, circus, and street show into advertising systems, so the vestigial remnants of exotic sideshow acts and music hall stagings peek appealingly out from the twentieth-century tourist world of advertisement. The excitement of melodrama and the collective memory of spectacle still informs its allure; the theatrical practices have become encapsulated in the act of reading ads.

Collective social memory exists not only for departed music-hall stars and faded singers, but for historical heroes as well. The sailor who has been set into a travel frame aestheticized by advertisement, not fiction, also blurs into a resurrected Parnell, whose death cannot be accepted by Ireland at large. The chance that Parnell could come back, even disguised as a sailor, is bruited about by the interlocutors. Of course the joke is that Mr. Murphy, in his chameleonlike way, could just possibly be Parnell himself. On a subsidiary note, if there must be a parallel to Odysseus in the novel, Parnell's ghost haunts the text

more thoroughly than that of any other candidate. Dead for the requisite twenty years, the constant subject of rumors, the focus of political hopes, and a father figure par excellence, it is nonetheless interesting that Parnell *redivivus* can only be conceived by all concerned in the chapter in mass-cultural terms. Unlike Odysseus' stealthy reconnoiter upon landing back in Ithaca, Parnell's reappearance would be heralded by the tabloid press, in the style of those National Enquirer articles that ask, "Did Marilyn Monroe Really Die, or Has She Been in a Mental Asylum for Twenty Years?" (artist's reconstruction accompanying). "One morning you would open the paper, the cabman affirmed, and read *Return of Parnell*" (p. 648). All the counters of Parnell's narrative are sutured into mass cultural expression; even the picture of his lover has had mass distribution in barber-shop windows. For political and historical hopes to have aggregated around the narrative styles of mass cultural forms ensures that Parnell and the revolutionary history he suggests have slipped beyond social grasp. Parnell is now "incarnated" as a tabloid press commodity, as a wraith of photograph and newsprint, his allure spread out upon Dublin in these communion wafers. Thus "Eumaeus" underscores even more pungently than such pyrotechnic chapters as "Circe" the vanishing horizon of political possibility. The sacrosanct Parnell must become a part of the pantheon of publicity.

Literary production is cast upon the slag heap of advertisement in this chapter, although not because Joyce recoils at the "debasement" of high literature; the text acknowledges that literary discourse, too, makes its way along the same tracks of publicity and showmanship that invest political authority. Bloom starts to hope he will be able to front for Stephen Dedalus, who after all has a B.A., "a huge ad in its way," although most commentators seem appalled or bemused at this transaction. Yet the "pure" literature Stephen had hoped to make had already vanished in the wavelets of his own urine, as he drowned his book with a vengeance along the strand. Bloom may not have a B.A., but he knows that nothing can happen anymore without an "opening" being cleared; advertising is the key in the lock.

All kinds of Utopian plans were flashing through his [Bloom's] brain. Education (the genuine article), literature, journalism, prize tidbits, up to date billing, hydros and concert tours in English watering resorts packed with theatres, turning money away, duets in Italian with the accent perfectly true to nature and a quantity of other

things, no necessity of course to tell the world and his wife from the housetops about it and a slice of luck. An opening was all was wanted. (p. 658)

Multiple erotics invest this position vis-à-vis the literary: Bloom would be midwife, pimp, procreator, mother. That the joint enterprise is doomed, to say nothing of being shabby and ill-conceived, doesn't vitiate the cultural picture drawn here, where disparate languages and activities coexist and compete, with advertising as both the leveling element and the catalyzing agent they depend upon. Travel, history, and literature can be "worked up" to the effacement and yet interpenetration of all three.

### NEBRAKADA FEMINUM

Still to be assessed is the novel's highly particular placement of a feminine position within advertising language, a question which involves engaging the sexual politics of *Ulysses* as a whole. *Ulysses* is a structurally, rather than thematically, misogynist book, and the importance (i.e., the specificity) of this misogyny cannot really be elicited by studies that revise and reverse the immense negativity of Molly Bloom, proving, for example, that she is not a lazy slut but a household drudge, not a promiscuous adulteress but a neglected, still-young wife at her sexual peak, not a foolish Wife of Bath but a sage and pithy exponent of eternal female wisdom and cynicism. Regardless what spotlight one fixes on Molly Bloom by reversing the terms of her portrait, the far more interesting sexual politics of the quintessential modernist narrative will remain obscure. Redeeming Molly Bloom, even from the likes of Hugh Kenner et al., is a side issue. The paradox of gender, both erotically and politically, is determinative of *Ulysses* as a whole. How does this mesh with all the foregoing arguments, which have placed advertising as a central technical problematic in the text? The answer to this lies in what advertising has become in the early twentieth century, having wended its way out from between book covers and taken over print wholesale. By the time of the publication of *Ulysses*, both advertisement and realist narrative are caught in the toils of sexual encoding. For *Ulysses*, this will occasion a nonpareil textual construction. For advertisement, this sexualization will mark the final step beyond "simple" public announcement.

Those who want to valorize the avant-garde techniques of *Ulysses* as politically progressive exercises in literary language, rather than as a product of the cross-fertilization of the novel with mass-cultural and specifically advertising modalities, have had special problems recuperating it along sexual lines. Colin MacCabe, for example, devotes a chapter of his excellent *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* to an analysis of "Penelope" that gives Molly Bloom's speech the revolutionary power to obliterate male patriarchal pretensions, especially as they inhere in language.<sup>22</sup> Ending the text with a female monologue has decisively positive implications in and of itself, he claims, as MacCabe is not troubled by the ventriloquial nature of that speech. The Lacanian and Kristevan approach he adopts has the real virtue of emphasizing and foregrounding language itself, rather than character or psychology or authorial "sexism." But the desire to give Molly's supposedly affirmative and rebellious speech the last word avoids the compromised, composite, nature of the text's language as a whole. At least in my reading it has borrowed its decenteredness, its stream-of-consciousness, its conjunction of styles and its circularity from advertising's forms, *not* a purely "revolutionary" source. In addition, the sexual conundrum of *Ulysses*, that seemingly breaks down masculine/feminine polarities only to reinstate them in more absolute terms, is the paradox of consumption in advertising as well.

It would take an exhaustive study to document the consistency of sexual structuring throughout the novel, but shorthand versions of such a review can be made. The "feminine" is everywhere correlated with acts of consumption; either the woman figures in an advertising scenario, or she is implicated in *wanting* to buy something. Somehow, Bloom is tapped as meta-commentator on advertising and women's place within it, while Stephen unnaturally escapes advertisement altogether, excepting the auto-advertisements of street walkers, his vision of women fixed on their infinite and eternal capacity for betrayal. Women have fallen into the abyss of advertisement, since they can neither control it nor remain above it. The radical instability of the masculine/feminine that gives way in "Circe" to a rondelay of sexual metamorphosis is also replicated in advertising's use of the female as desire object, concomitant with addressing most advertisement *to* women.

"Best place for an ad to catch a woman's eye on a mirror" (p. 372), Bloom says, in one line consolidating a vast literary and social tradition

that places women raptly before their mirrors. The metaphysics of the formula is complex and clearly this is not a throwaway line: so much of *Ulysses* is oriented around just this moment of halted, reflected vision. Women presumably would notice ads without fail on their mirrors because they are narcissistically drawn to mirrors in any case. But ads are always already structured like mirrors—they position themselves on transparent shop windows, over “open” space, on blank walls, only to open up a site of reflection there. They arrest the eye, where once it might have roamed freely, to poise it before a scene that then becomes *reflected*, in two senses of that word. First, there is a reflection of a social scenario, presumptively taking place somewhere: a college cyclist crosses a campus, an entertainer stands against footlights, etc. A simulacrum of what exists somewhere in social space or social possibility is being represented. The second sense of reflection involved is the placement of subjects within these ads. When one reads off an ad, one also becomes part of it by having an imaginary space for oneself created within it. The ad reflects where “you” (in advertising’s uncanny you-personally/you-all mode of address) could or should be within it. A spectral mirroring takes place on both these levels: a sort of through-the-looking-glass glimpse of another social scene, and a glimpse of oneself as read *by* the ad, which somehow already knows “you.” This doubly charged mirroring grounds all ads as representations; positioning a woman in front of an ad on a literal mirror infinitely complicates matters.

The construction of women within discourse already operates as a form of mirroring, since only relatively rarely have women figured as the instigators of their place within language. Consequently, this woman before a mirror is already the shadowy reflection of language, imported into a text to “stand for” women in general. Looking into a mirror is also the classical act of self-recognition and self-knowledge, but these categories cannot obtain for the “woman” who is by definition blind to any self-reflexivity, since she is “found” outside herself. Add to this, finally, that ads themselves install women within their scenes as a means of arresting the eyes of men, and an infinite regress of mirrors is set up. At what point along this chain of mirrored representations can women’s desire to buy, which is a desire to be placed within the scene, be located? *Ulysses* can only resolve this by making women the mythologized creatures of advertisement, like the Nymph, or the debased coiners of their own images, as when Molly, so erotic to Bloom

for being like the Turkish sultana on a package of cigarettes, is fixated on a pair of violet garters she “needs.”

Advertising as a system was similarly beset by worry over an irresolvable tension at that historical moment. A changeover to ads encouraging general consumption was being effected during the first two decades of the century, and while advertising agencies in their in-house documents were not hesitant to explain the business reasons for this—the shift to an economy of consumption due to excess productive capacity, in the wake of monopolization—an interesting apologetics is at work in the professional literature of the period. A fiction of the “reasonableness” of ads, at least during the recent present, was created and cultivated. Advertisement, so the self-explanations went, was devoted to rational exposition of the merits of various articles, in a well-regulated and scientific system of writing. However, market research had discovered that women did the majority of the purchasing and this fact was used to legitimate the “irrational” rhetoric surrounding the literature of advertising. Evolutionarily speaking, one copywriter claimed, men had risen above art and narrative, but primitive peoples and women were still entranced by such shiny toys, and women, as consumers of unrivalled power, would have to be satisfied. *Because* women were irrational, weak, attracted by stories and pictures, ads accommodated them, through sheer necessity. Nonetheless, advertisement deplored this “propensity”, while relying on it; “The woman who will not read advertisements is not a woman,” declared George Fowler.<sup>23</sup> Ads became thought of as a sort of minor literature specifically for women, although the fiction persisted that they were easy to entice and that a far “superior” literature could exist if only men would pay attention. The peculiar logic of this advertising teleology blamed women for its low estate, but prided advertisement on its irresistible representational power. The most striking fallacy in all the collective demurrals of modern advertisers is that advertisement could ever have been a “rational” discourse; when not excoriating women for their childlike credulity, advertising managers frankly admitted there was not a scintilla of difference between, say, Woodbury and Lux soaps—called “parity products” in the ad business. Establishing them as products required that they be given fictional incarnations, since only narrative techniques could distinguish them. The abstracted, rationalist calculus of capitalist production had to be accompanied by a narrativized, fictional, and “feminized” representational system. The

powerful impetus toward measured, scientific market studies and “scientific” psychological research operated in tandem with a driving hyperaestheticization, even if it could not be openly acknowledged other than by being blamed on a female audience as a temporary deviance. A female “reading” begins to displace social reading at large, which I will return to in the final section.

### REPETITION AND THE SCENE OF WRITING

“—Because you see, says Bloom, for an advertisement you must have repetition. That’s the whole secret” (p. 323). No small secret, this, however apparent it may seem in retrospect. In his formula Bloom provides a skeleton key to the confounding of the literary and advertising apparatuses, and above all, to advertising’s spur to “modernism.” Advertising has two modes of repetition available to it, and this is one more resource than the realist novel has been able to command.<sup>24</sup> Ads are literally repeated in their very mode of production: an ad is always a reproductive copy, always suggests its shadow siblings whenever and wherever it is seen. In doing so, to recapitulate Benjamin’s famous argument, it destroys or at least vitiates the aura surrounding the singular artifact, the work that can only be produced once and for all, and never copied legitimately. Fiction has always had an interstitial position with regard to this aspect of repetition—it is clear that Benjamin’s argument works much better for the plastic arts, where artifacts of sculpture, painting, architecture can possess the lonely grandeur of booty. In the textual world, only a document like the Book of Kells or the Gutenberg Bible can take on such retrospective and rarefied glory. Postmedieval literature *counts on* mechanical reproduction and its aesthetic is similarly open to the repetition at the heart of its fabrication. However much literary production may have wanted to distinguish itself from “cheap” printed productions, newspapers, broadsides, etc., this was impossible on the grounds of their common physical existence. Literature in the modern world, then, has always fought for acknowledgment on a contested terrain, sometimes using its limbic similarity to other printed material as disguise, subject, covering cherub, what have you. A certain tatty egalitarian quality has obtained for printed productions, so the shocks of the “age of mechanical reproduction” should not, for literature, necessarily have been shock waves.

And yet they were. Advertising has a second, distinctive process of repetition, which will make clear why it could not be ignored by modern literature. Any individual ad, as argued above, is in itself always a copy and presupposes other ads just like itself. But imagine, for example, that I go down the street and see a Marlboro cigarette billboard. That individual billboard can only get its meaning, both semantic and social, from repetition. In other words, the single ad is not sufficient to establish any process of signification. For the meaning of the Marlboro billboard “Come to Marlboro Country” to emerge (and that meaning is a very active exhortative one, crudely translated as “Smoke Marlboro cigarettes”), a whole network of similar ads must surround me, past, present, and future. I must see other copies of the ad, on other billboards, in magazines and in stores, and I must see other versions of it over time. No one definitive reading event can ever be said to take place: advertising has to make a repeated world for its productions to inhabit, the campaign. “One” ad makes no sense—not because of commercial considerations, although these are affected, but because of the ontology of the advertising text, which can only be made up of repeated instances, instances that have no meaning attached to them until the whole parade of repetitions has been grasped. It is true I might happen to see a certain ad only once in my life, but the one time I see it, I read it as an ad because I know there are other copies of it—I read it as multiply disseminated and as meant for other people’s readings, not just my own. For some ads, a single form endlessly repeated over time will do; “Chew Mail Pouch Tobacco” painted in blue and orange on America’s barns could use a single image in infinite multiples, the one image continuing to accrue repetitive textual power as the meanings and circumstances of America’s rural areas changed over time. The Marlboro ads are Protean repetitions of the rugged western scenario, sometimes zooming close to the weathered men who smoke crouched in snow by the calving pens, sometimes letting us infer them on the skyline of a Montana ranch. Nonetheless, no one ad for Marlboro can ever “mean” independent of any other: a repetitive network that does not exhaust or extinguish itself is made available in advertising language.

When Bloom speaks of the secret of repetition he does not delineate these circuits of repetition as an exegesis of the secret, but if we stand back from the text, we see that *Ulysses* as a whole is an exposition of them. For repetition, in the first and the second senses given above,

is the secret of *Ulysses*, of what is called its modernism, although the fire is borrowed from advertisement and Joyce acknowledges this.<sup>25</sup> The text of *Ulysses* is not a text of history—i.e., a written exposition of what has happened or is happening (excusing momentarily this simplification of novelistic narrative)—rather, it is a text in the process of being made, and it makes itself *with* repetitions. All the vast efforts expended on documenting the repetitive allusions of *Ulysses* are ultimately uninteresting unless the structural necessity for their existence is assayed. And that impetus comes from mapping the repetitive structure opened by the nature of advertising language onto the field of the novel. *Ulysses* writes itself *as being written*, as a reproducing process whose fabricating medium is language. The interior architecture of repetitions is not a static design within which critics and readers can flag recurring bits—the man in the mackintosh, the green bowl of the sea, *Sweets of Sin*. Advertising, whatever its limitations and however fierce the efforts to defend against it, is the exemplary language system for modernism, and particularly for Joyce's *Ulysses*. Advertising's second form of repetition is the model of a semantic system composed of repetitions which can only be read in dynamic process, in other words in relation to both spatial and temporal repetitions along the plenum of its textual world. The epiphanic moments of memory and repetition literature could be envisaged as supplying are effaced or surpassed by advertising's easy ability to engender epiphanic repetition as a feature of everyday language and everyday life.

Were all these epiphanic repetitions to coalesce into one monadic advertisement capable of making all the individual acts of reading simultaneous and of perfectly representing the quintessence of advertisement, a sort of mystic rose of the modern text would be produced. Such a dream is broached in "Ithaca," within its catechistical language, and it has all the luminous fixity of the paradisiacal rose in Dante's heaven.

What were habitually his final meditations?

Of some one sole unique advertisement to cause passers to stop in wonder, a poster novelty, with all the extraneous accretions excluded, reduced to its simplest and most efficient terms not exceeding the span of casual vision and congruous with the velocity of modern life. (p. 720)

This would be a moment such as modern literature could never dream

of, a kind of ultimate unity and unanimity before one sacred text, so utterly self-sufficient that the "product" it would nominally be advertising drops out of consideration altogether. This is advertisement as pure form, as a literature unto itself. Hoping for a unique ad that would stop repetition in its tracks is otherwise seen as magical thinking; more often the text focuses on the proliferation of advertising possibilities, on the Protean nature of advertising as a literature. Its printed powers are defined and categorized:

What also stimulated him in his cogitations? . . . the infinite possibilities hitherto unexploited of the modern art of advertisement if condensed in trilateral monoideal symbols, vertically of maximum visibility (divined), horizontally of maximum legibility (deciphered), and of magnetizing efficacy to arrest involuntary attention, to interest, to convince, to decide.

Such as?

K. 11. Kino's 11/-Trousers

House of Keys. Alexander J. Keyes. (p. 683)

The trinitarian aspect of ads as symbols is clear here—they have the divine visibility of God, the force of Christ as *logos*, and the magnetizing efficacy of the Holy Ghost. Aesthetic response is coextensive with active will; in arresting attention, they also prompt decision. Even the terse little line about Kino's trousers becomes, as an ad, much more than those humble words on the page. Bloom is a fervent believer in this kind of writing, and "there's a touch of the artist about old Bloom." The somewhat horrible prospectus for the Wonderworker, an aid for flatulence, is nonetheless a literature; it interests, convinces, and decides. "What a pity the government did not supply our men with wonderworkers during the South African campaign! What a relief it would have been!" (p. 722). If the wonderworker is rather ironically described as a thaumaturgic remedy, the modern art of advertisement is also a thaumaturgic language, a wonderworker in appropriating the symbology once reserved for literature.

The extraordinary conjunction of literature and advertisement *Ulysses* represents has a *locus classicus* in the text—it is a long passage, but important to analyze in its entirety.

A procession of whitesmocked men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet sashed across their boards. Bargains. Like

that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered/  
 He read the scarlet letters on their five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S  
 Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk of bread from under  
 his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked.  
 Our staple food. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street  
 after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly.  
 They are not Boyl: no: M'Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any busi-  
 ness either. I suggested to him about a transparent show cart with  
 two small girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes,  
 blotting paper. I bet that would have caught on. Smart girls writing  
 something catch the eye at once. Everyone is dying to know what  
 she's writing. Get twenty of them round you if you stare at nothing.  
 Have a finger in the pie. Women too. Curiosity. Pillar of salt.  
 Wouldn't have it of course because he didn't think of it himself first.  
 Or the ink bottle I suggested with a false stain of black celluloid.  
 His ideas for ads like Plumtree's under the obituaries, cold meat  
 department. You can't lick 'em. What? Our envelopes. Hello! Jones,  
 where are you going? Can't stop, Robinson, I am hastening to  
 purchase the only reliable inkeraser *Kansell*, sold by Hely's Ltd, 85  
 Dame Street. (p. 154)

This specimen paragraph begins with the way advertising has brought  
 print into the street, as a literal human alphabet, the humans subsumed  
 into their letters and suffering in the body in an echo of Christ dragging  
 his cross to Calvary. The second way station is the transparent show  
 cart, Bloom's idea for a better stationery ad that also is the book's most  
 vivid image of the transfigured modern scene of writing. The clear  
 glass show cart conflates two of the central advertising histories this  
 study has been discussing. On the one hand, the performative, country-  
 fair, folk carnival aspects of early advertising nexes are brought out—  
 the show cart can't help but call to mind the traveling show cart of  
 Little Nell, early advertising avatar. On the other hand, the transpar-  
 ency of the cart modernizes the scene, because it borrows from the  
 spectacular vocabulary of advertising, most especially from the shop  
 window scenario, where the clear pane of glass is the new proscenium  
 of advertising's social stage. There is both active performance and  
 voyeuristic reading occurring in this image of writing, which needless  
 to say is transpiring out in the street. The practitioners of the writing  
 will not be sagacious professors, lettered reverends, or busy salesmen  
 and budding authors like Bloom. Significantly, two chic young girls

will display themselves as writers: the iconic status of women within  
 advertisement adds its lure here, and furthermore, the secret writing  
 they will produce has been eroticized, too. The "two smart girls"  
 would not, one imagines, be envisioned as writing feminist tracts,  
 letters to Parliament, Gaelic League defenses. Presumably a billet-  
 doux would cover the crisp Hely's stationery. Part of the surprise here  
 is that women, who are generally representationally *excluded* from the  
 realm of writing, can be italicized as writers here because their writing  
 is pure display. There is an interesting syntactical slippage in the first  
 sentence of this section that suggests the paradox of advertising on  
 display and advertising as produced writing: the two smart girls are  
 sitting inside the cart writing letters (and they could perhaps be writing  
 copybooks too), but by the time one arrives at reading "envelopes"  
 and "blotting paper" the words have become an inventory, not a  
 description of what the girls would be writing. The advertisement  
 scheme sets them up in the street but hesitates over whether they  
 actually produce any writing. The semblance of writing, and the erotic  
 charge of writing as a hieroglyph of woman's secret, are key here.  
 Advertising becomes a collective literature of desire whose *enactment*  
 substitutes for its written content. Advertising can *stage* literary pro-  
 duction and make it a galvanizing, eroticizing, and utopian scene.

Advertising also mimes other features of writing in this paradigmatic  
 paragraph. One of Bloom's ideas is for an ink bottle with a false celluloid  
 stain. It is not putting too much pressure on this image to see in it a  
 candid textual reflection of the unlimited false ink of advertisement,  
 an infinite flow whose relation to authorial production, witnessed here  
 by the ink bottle, is extremely moot. Bloom's consciousness is then  
 invaded by the colloquy of Jones and Robinson, whether this repre-  
 sents an actual advertising tag, like "Good morning, have you used  
 Pear's soap today?" or whether Bloom is inventing this, too. The  
 process of writing has reached its limit point here—the endlessly  
 flowing inkwell that advertising is free to dip into is reversed by an  
 inkeraser that can also cancel out writing, that "can sell" it as com-  
 modity or obliterate it at will. The movement in the paragraph sets up  
 an alphabetic calvary where the letters themselves do the bidding of  
 advertisement; a charged scene of writing is then staged, where *what*  
 is written becomes an eroticized secret—advertising using the power  
 of writing to focus attention on itself. The ink bottle stain abstractly

reveals advertising's now cavalier relation to print: it can use writing, manufacture it, and when it comes to the *Kansell* metaphor, put it under erasure, to adapt a current theoretical metaphor to a highly politicized struggle between discourses.

Put under erasure—*Ulysses* dramatizes the realignment of the field of literary language necessitated by the powerful success of advertisement, a motile literature that now encompasses literature, rather than modeling itself upon it. Is this dramatization wholly mournful, and *Ulysses* then a species of swan song? I would answer by reinscribing the text in its dialectic with advertisement, as has been the practice of the foregoing chapters. The modernist techniques so celebrated about the book derive, in many ways, from the exposure of the novel to the energies of advertising language: stream-of-consciousness, the free play of print, the emphasis on interconnectedness, the ability to frame styles of language and to deny any a hierarchical primacy, all are advertisement's gifts.<sup>26</sup> The unabashed sentimentality of the book, which one could call its mass-cultural aspect, and the creation of Bloom are also the fruits of an intercourse with advertisement. And given over in dialectical exchange is the myth of "pure" literature, the vitality of historical and political discourse, the vision of an exchange that is not one of consumption, but of genuine transcendence. Finally, one can sense a rueful resignation, not on Joyce's part (he was sanguine enough to hope mass advertising would sell *Ulysses* like hotcakes), but on our own behalf at the closure of such a massive artifact of literature. If, as I have claimed, *Ulysses* is a text in process, part of that process is to admit that advertising may have made it too late an hour to read such a book, at all. Walter Benjamin balances the epigram from Wittgenstein that began the chapter:

Printing, having found in the book a refuge in which to lead an autonomous existence, is pitilessly dragged out into the street by advertisements and subjected to the brutal heteronomies of economic chaos. This is the hard schooling of its new form. If centuries ago it began to lie down, passing from the upright inscription to the manuscript resting on sloping desks before finally taking to be in the printed book, it now begins just as slowly to rise again from the ground. The newspaper is read more in the vertical than in the horizontal plane, while film and advertisement force the printed word into the dictatorial perpendicular. And before a child of our time finds his way clear to opening a book, his eyes have been

exposed to such a blizzard of changing, colorful, conflicting letters that his chances of penetrating the archaic stillness of the book are slight. Locust swarms of print, which already eclipse the sun of what is taken for intellect for city dwellers, will grow thicker with each succeeding year.<sup>27</sup>

With both conviction and ironic humor, *Ulysses* gives notice from its archaic stillness, that *Après moi, le déluge*.

43. Steven Marcus in *From Pickwick to Dombey* presents telling readings of Dickens' involvement in his own texts, in particular ch. 5.
44. Charles Dickens, "A Collection of the Advertisements and Readings from Charles Dickens' Reading Tours," passim.
45. Bernard Darwin, *The Dickens Advertiser*, passim.

## 2. SPECTACULAR AUTHORSHIP: AMERICAN ADVERTISING AUTHORS

1. Frank Presbrey, *The History and Development of Advertising*, p. 211.
2. Richard Herskowitz, "P. T. Barnum's Double Bind," *Social Text* 4, pp. 133-141.
3. Neil Harris, *Humbug*.
4. Michel Foucault, "What is an Author?"
5. *Ibid.*, p. 121.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 132.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 137.
8. P. T. Barnum, *Struggles and Triumphs*.
9. George Foster, *Advertising: Ancient Marketplace to Television*, p. 12.
10. Russell Lynd, *The Art-Makers*, chapter 2.
11. Harris, p. 43.
12. Harris, p. 252. Special thanks are owed to Jackson Lears here and throughout the chapter for his perceptive comments and broad historical knowledge.
13. Bella C. Landauer Collection of the New York Historical Society.
14. *Ibid.*
15. Carl Bode, Introduction to *Struggles and Triumphs*, pp. 23-4.
16. As quoted in Constance Rourke, *Trumpets of Jubilee*, p. 324.
17. Harris, p. 58.
18. Guy Debord, *Society of the Spectacle*, paragraph 43.
19. George Rowell, *Men Who Advertise: An Account of Successful Advertisers Together with Hints on their Methods* (New York: Morrow, 1870). Hereafter all references in the text to this book will be to this edition.
20. Bella Landauer, *Literary Allusions in American Advertising*.
21. Bella Landauer Collection.
22. Landauer, p. 4.

## 3. "THE AGE OF ADVERTISING: HENRY JAMES AND THE ADVERTISING SCENE

1. Raymond Williams, *The English Novel From Dickens to Lawrence*, passim.
2. F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition*.
3. Raymond Williams, *Politics and Letters*.
4. Fredric Jameson, *The Political Unconscious*.
5. Marcia Jacobson, *Henry James and the Mass Market*. Jacobson's book has a particularly interesting reading of *The Bostonians*. See pp. 130-31, Mark

Seltzer's *Henry James & the Art of Power* is particularly stimulating; he gives a reading of *The American Scene* under the chapter title "Advertising America," although advertising enters directly only at the endpoint of his argument. Jean-Christophe Agnew's essay appears in *The Culture of Consumption*, Fox and Lears eds.; his comments are taken from page 87. The entire essay is a masterful reading of Jamesian style and material politics.

6. Henry James, *The Bostonians* (New York: Macmillan, 1886). Hereafter all quotations will be taken from this edition and indicated in the text.
7. Constance Rourke, *Trumpets of Jubilee*, p. 397.
8. As cited in Rourke, p. 401.
9. George Foster, *Advertising: Ancient Marketplace to Television*, ch. 2.
10. The Bella C. Landauer Advertising Collection of the New York Historical Society.
11. Foster, *Advertising*, ch. 2.
12. Richard Atwater, *A History of American Advertising*, p. 76.
13. Henry James, *The Ambassadors* (New York: Riverside Editions, 1960) Hereafter all references in text to this book will be to this edition.
14. Major interpretations include Quentin Anderson, *The Imperial Self*, F. O. Matthiessen, *Henry James: The Major Phase*; and R. P. Blackmur, *Studies in Henry James*. Let me make clear that advertising is not the "key" to interpretation of the novel, but that it permits an important enlargement of its material basis in literary production.
15. Stuart Ewen, *Captains of Consciousness: Advertising and the Social Roots of the Consumer Culture*, passim. Virtually all economic and business historian point to a crisis in overproduction that led to the increased need for advertisement, whether or not this is viewed as deleterious. See Alfred Dupont Chandler *Strategy and Structure*.
16. Henry James, *The American Scene* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press 1968). Hereafter all references in text to this book will be to this edition.
17. Ann Douglas, *The Feminization of American Culture*. final chapter.

## 4. ADVERTISING AND THE SCENE OF WRITING IN *ULYSSES*

1. It should be obvious that advertising is not what *Ulysses* is "about." My reading is not meant to displace all the work on allusion, encyclopedia, and so forth, but to consider the language of the book in conjunction with the mass language of advertising.
2. See especially the collection *James Joyce and Modern Literature*, W. J. McCormack and Alistair Stead, eds., and Fredric Jameson's essay in it, "Ulysses in History"; and the chapter on Joyce, "The Long Goodbye: *Ulysses* and the End of Liberal Capitalism," in Franco Moretti's *Signs Taken for Wonders*.
3. Jameson, p. 132.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 132.
5. Moretti, p. 183.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 183.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 198.

8. Both essays are superb, but do cast advertising as stultifying and uncreative, which *Ulysses* itself seems to dispute. While the politics motivating that stance approximate my own, the conflation of advertising with reification, pure and simple, has reductive consequences.

9. Various histories of modern advertising are drawn on here; Daniel Pope, *The Making of Modern Advertising*, is paramount.

10. Alfred Berger, "James Joyce, Adman," A marvelous inventory of Joycean advertisement, this article is extremely useful.

11. See both Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, and the revised version of 1982.

12. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Vintage Books, 1961). All further references to the text will be to this edition, and page numbers will be given in the body of the text.

13. See particularly Jeremy Tunstall, *The Advertising Man in London Advertising Agencies*, and Geoffrey Leech, *English in Advertising*.

14. Antonio Gramsci, *Selections from the Prison Notebooks*, p. 186.

15. The larger importance of this phenomenon is presented in Edward W. Said, *Orientalism*.

16. Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in an Age of Mechanical Reproduction."

17. Umberto Eco, *The Poetics of Joyce* (New York: 1968), p. 78.

18. Leo Spitzer, "American Advertising Explained as Popular Art," p. 129.

19. Jameson, "Ulysses in History," p. 138.

20. Cited in Francis Steegmuller, *Flaubert and Madame Bovary*, p. 183.

21. For the repercussions of foreign "travel" see Said, *Orientalism*.

22. Colin MacCabe, *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word*, final chapter.

23. Daniel Pope, p. 248.

24. Important investigations of repetition with special reference to the novel are found in Edward W. Said, "On Repetition," in *The World, the Text, and the Critic*, and in J. Hillis Miller, *Fiction and Repetition*.

25. The repetitions of the novel, with all the echoes of other texts and forms, are not being reduced to advertising. Rather, advertising gives a contemporary cultural correlate, a principle, of stylistic repetition. This is independent of content, of course.

26. This is not at all to equate modernism with advertisement, but to set it into play with its mass cultural surroundings.

27. Walter Benjamin, *One-Way Street*, p. 77.

#### EPILOGUE: ADVERTISING TERMINABLE AND INTERMINABLE

1. Michael Schudson, *Advertising, the Uneasy Persuasion*, p. 85.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 232. Schudson's idiosyncratic and interesting analysis of "capitalist realism" is located in chapter 7.

3. Much of Jean Baudrillard's work touches on theoretical issues crucial to advertisement. For an extended treatment of material relevant to advertising see *Simulations*.

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