

dreck of one's own life—its pain, self-indulgence, incapacity, pretentiousness—toward the condition of *seeing*. But Diane Wakoski's admiring review is in fact a double gesture: it points also toward the urgency (Let these betrayals and angers become a present word of mythic affirmation!) which so often animates her own poetic sequences.

CRITICISM / GUY DAVENPORT

Joyce's Forest of Symbols

In Book X of the *Republic* we learn that we can all be artists by turning a mirror round and round, like Buck Mulligan in the first chapter of *Ulysses*, and that a man named Er, the son of Armenius, came to life at his own funeral and explained the process of metempsychosis. This Er turns up in *Finnegans Wake* fused with Arminius and Comenius, quarrelers with Fate, wearing the mask of his namesake, the thunder god Er. "Airmienious" Joyce calls him, and we know him by the company he keeps, Hurdlebury Fenn and other attendants of their own obsequies.

This Finneganish Er, who when his heroic age is over will learn to sit by his wick in his wick, civilized enough to have a house and a lamp, and be known as Earwicker, says that in witnessing souls ready for reincarnation he saw Orpheus choose to return as a swan, Ajax choose to be a lion, and Ulysses choose to be a private citizen minding his own business.

Giambattista Vico could have advised Ulysses that he had made his choice in harmony with the course of history, for the age of heroes and kings gives way to the age of the common man just as the age of the gods had given way to that of heroes and kings.

We can locate Bloom by other roads. The hero of the Aegean epic becomes in Athens the center of his nobility rather than a man who places his nobility at the center of events. In the truest genius of Roman literature the hero becomes the privileged spectator, like the charming scapegraces of Apuleius and Petronius.

The gods give way to magic, virtues and vices become civic rather than tragic and individual, and literature shifts from its concern for the relationship between god and man to a concern for the relationship between man and society. Yet the hero remains a hero, whether venturing into the lands of faery or into hell and purgatory.

Not until Sancho Panza begins to be as interesting as his metempsychotic master is the age of heroes really over. And then, to speed up literary history to a blur, the children of Sancho emerge as Mr. Pickwick and Tartarin

de Tarascon, who are products of metempsychosis by enthusiasm, and thence to the ultimate enthusiasts François Denys Bartholomé Bouvard and Juste Romain Cyrille Pécuchet, who believe that the verities are not on Olympus, or in the club arm of a Hercules, or on a throne, but in the Bureau of Statistics and the university, or in their equivalent the encyclopedia.

The fourth age of Vico has arrived, and the man of acumen feeds the printing press with matter, puffs the winds of trade, and participates in all the events of history insofar as they have survived; rather, *as* they have survived—the prehistoric triple legs of the Manx arms, the ancient symbols persisting, the Sirens still at their station, Polyphemus still drunk and throwing things, Ulysses still seeking his home.

No book, unless it is *Don Quijote*, has been more aware of its place in time. *Oolysaze* (so Joyce said his title, a pronunciation that reflects better the genitive of *Ulex*, the mountain gorse that grows in the nostrils of the giant Finnegan, the heroic barbarity from which Bloom is descended and refined away), *Ulysses* projects all its images transparently upon other images, which in turn lie transparently over other images, several plies deep. To read these multiple images we must learn to suffer the ridiculous image to disclose itself within the tragic, the mythic in the trivial, the ironic in the poignant. You do not read *Ulysses*; you watch the words. Reading is possible only after we have mastered Joyce's method and can share with him the tragic grief and comic fury that charge every word. So complex a fusion of meanings becomes a picture of meaning itself in all its darkness of ambiguity, its ironic duplicity, and its triumphant articulation of dead symbols to signify that symbols, like seeds, come alive in due season and place.

Comic fury: the advantages of flexibility held up for comparison with the paralysis of Dublin. Tragic grief: that a history containing the bright sanity and comprehensive forgiveness of Homer, the virtue of Epameinondas, the minds of da Vinci and Edison, the ministry of Christ, the ear of von Flotow, has come to this.

Ulysses is more a poem than a novel, or rather is a poem inside a novel. If tragedy educates our hearts against pain, and comedy makes us good natured, Joyce's art acts like Galvani's electrical current touched to the dead frog's heart. We quicken. We feel the charm of the matter and the manner. With our attention thus fixed, the charm can work its transformation.

Most serious readers feel that they have by now mastered the prose, prose which fifty years ago gave intelligent people trouble. Shaw, Wells, Virginia Woolf, Yeats could not read it. Thomas Wolfe and Wyndham Lewis misread it. Thomas Mann longed to read it. Ezra Pound's interest soon waned after an initial excitement over its Flaubertian qualities.

Stately, the book begins, followed by *plump*, two adjectives modifying

one Buck Mulligan who, like Scipio Africanus, shaves every day. *Stately*, *plump*: these two words, studied for what we might call the Kells effect, the symbolic content of illuminated lettering serving a larger purpose than its decoration of geometry, imps, and signs, yield the word that ends the book, Molly's ambiguous but eloquent *yes* (so that *Ulysses* like the *Wake* is circular, as is the *Portrait*, for the fabulous artificer at the end made artificial cows like the fabulous cow of the beginning—"anybody can be an artist by turning a mirror round and round").

When we are ready to scrutinize the Kells decoration, we can see that *stately* and *plump* encapsulate the whole first chapter. *Stately* is an adjective for kings, *plump* for plebians. The etymologist Skeat, whose dictionary Stephen Dedalus carried in his pocket gives "rude and clownish" for the original connotation of *plump*. It is the plump Falstaff who sings

O, won't we have a merry time
Drinking whisky, beer, and wine
On coronation,
Coronation day?

And it is the putatively stately Hal who must dismiss the spirit-stealing Falstaff before he can be a kingly man. Behind Hal and Falstaff are Everyman and Misrule. Joyce builds the chapter around a spectacle of authority usurped by disorder, Telemachus' plight, Hamlet's plight.

Stephen, melancholy, ineffectual, depressed, stands in contrast to Mulligan's rough ebullience. The one has power and spirit, the other longs for them. Mulligan bearing his bowl of lather on which a mirror and razor lie crossed is in fact a priest, but the god whose altar he approaches, intoning playfully the opening of the Latin mass, is not the Christian god but the Shavian god whose mask Nietzsche had placed on the face of the Zeitgeist, Zoroaster's god Ahura-Mazda, the sun, whose processes of light, daily resurrection, and serpentine course through the zodiac were symbolized in the ancient world as a Kronos with a lion's head, or as we can say, *Leopold*.

Mulligan wears the yellow robe of the Mithraic hierophant and carries the sacrificial bowl containing the sperm of a slain bull, the razor with which he slew, and the mirror with which the priest of Mithra flashed tidings of the sun to bless the earth: south, east, and west, omitting Dublin (to the north) in his blessing. He growls at Stephen in the ritual lion greeting of Mithraics, and presides at a feast of milk and honey, the Mithraic eucharist. And all this is happening on the Mithraic sabbath, the sixteenth of every month.

Stephen longs and does not long for Mulligan's euphoric and pagan allegiance to the age's *élan vital*, and is thus pictured as an aspirant to Mithraic

orders, the stages of initiation being distributed symbolically through the chapter. With diligence and perspicacity one can espy the Mithraic orders: that face gilded with marmalade is one, Mulligan's flapping his arms is another. The degree of lionhood is concealed in a song:

I am the boy
That can enjoy
Invisibility

—that is, Ariel, Lion of God.

But Ariel also, for Mulligan is a kind of Caliban playing havoc with Stephen's melancholia. Stephen should therefore be Ariel, though Mulligan, borrowing a witticism of Wilde's, calls him Caliban. Correspondences in this first chapter are frequently topsy-turvy: Stephen has the pagan name, Mulligan is the pagan. Stephen has Ariel's soul and Caliban's status. As in a comedy, affairs are upside-down and must be righted. They are not, but the process of righting has begun when the novel ends.

The Mithraic correspondences in the first chapter can be accounted for. After Bloom appears in the fourth chapter, there is a Biblical scheme of correspondences, Old and New Testaments linked together typologically. The Telemachiad must therefore be extra-biblical, and Joyce chose to mirror in these three chapters the three forces which most threatened Christianity: the rivalry of Mithraism in its early years in Rome, the barbaric marriage of chivalry and Christianity, and the struggle with Islam.

To our surprise we might notice that the first three stories of *Dubliners* answer to this same correspondence: there is a vision of Persia in "The Sisters," and the old priest's sin is not simony, of course, as the childish narrator has misheard, a sin scarcely available to an Irish parish priest, but sodomy; the chivalry in "An Encounter" is the Wild West variety; and the evocation of Islam in "Araby" is obvious.

But Joyce's correspondences are not linear parallels; they are a network. The tension between Stephen and Mulligan in the first chapter leads to an ineffectual telegram: "The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done." This is from Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and what Squire Feverel wrote was that sentimentalists seek to enjoy *reality* without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done: Stephen's Freudian error is useful to our knowledge of his character, for it makes him define not a sentimentalist but an aesthete. Go back, however, to the opening chapters of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and see Richard the Zoroastrian, fire-worshipper and burner of hayricks. No knot in the network of correspondences, it seems, was to be left untied.

One can search along the network of symbolic correspondences by asking questions. Why, for instance, does *Ulysses* have eighteen chapters? The *Odyssey* has twenty-four, as many as the letters of the Greek alphabet. Stephen, we learn in the Proteus chapter, once considered writing books with letters for titles. A good rule for solving Joycean riddles is to go directly to the Irish connection, which in this case will render up an Irish alphabet, one of such antiquity that its letters are the names of trees with magic properties, making it possible for Joyce to strike a great chord of correspondences, Irish alphabet to trees to Greek epic, and thus place Baudelaire's *forêt des symboles* as a sustained transparency of symbols over his novel.

Joyce found this alphabet in a book with the serendipitously Homeric title *Ogygia*, published in Latin in 1785 by Roderic O'Flaherty, antiquarian, and translated into English in 1793 by the Reverend James Hely.

That name, Hely, an anagram of *hyle*, Greek for *forest*, wanders through *Ulysses* on many signboards carried by ad men of peristaltic gait, as if Joyce wanted a symbol of a symbol, or wanted to signal to us that this Hely, a stationer, is named Wisdom, implying that the forest of symbolic trees, which determine the number and the pattern of correspondences of each chapter, is, like the seven trees which supported Solomon's tabernacle, Baudelaire's *temple où de vivants piliers / Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles*.

The first letter of the Irish alphabet is Beth, the birch tree, the branches of which expel evil spirits and are used for beating the bounds of territories, for purification; it is a tree propitious to inception, such as starting out on a quest. For Hamlet-Telemachus-Ariel-Stephen, who must set his house in order and go in quest of a good daimon, it is a most appropriate symbol.

The second is Luis, the rowan, which compels demons to answer difficult questions. This second chapter is made up entirely of questions and answers.

The third is Nion, the ash, which is sacred to Manannán McLir, the Celtic Poseidon, and is a charm against drowning. The background of this chapter is the sea; its struggle is with the shapelessness of water and with aquacity of thought.

The fourth is Fearn, or alder, the circling tree which confines and protects a sanctuary, as Calypso's magic island was hidden by ringed alder trees, and as Bloom's back-garden Eden is by spearmint. Here is one of those correspondences, Homer's Ogygian alder for the alder of the Irish alphabet, which makes one believe that God designed the world for Joyce's convenience.

The fifth is Saille, or willow, which protects one from charms, as Bloom

must be protected from the narcosis of the lotus which drugs this chapter. This is the chapter in which Bloom is most deft with words, and inadvertently prophetic. The willow is the poet's tree.

The sixth is Uath, the hawthorn, which blooms in the season when Hermes Psychopompos leads the dead to Hades, and is sacred to the goddess of the dead, Maia. This chapter is the burial of Paddy Dignam.

The seventh is Duir, the oak, the tree of the weather and the door of the seasons, the equinoxes and solstices, when winds change their direction, and this is the Aeolus chapter, as windy as a canyon, and full of doors.

The eighth is Tinne, the holly, the oak tree's twin and rival. A strange and involuted symbolism here seems to say that the cannibalistic Lestrygonians are the abuse of the mouth as a door inward to the body as in the preceding chapter the tongue is in windy rhetoric the door outward from the body, and that as the oak and holly vie for the rule of the year, like the oak knight and the holly knight, the one always decapitating the other, so belly and voice vie to debauch our senses and sense. Certainly Joyce does some decapitating of his own, for why should Bloom in this most Zolaesque of chapters eat gorgonzola if Joyce were not Perseus-like holding up for our inspection the head of his false twin, the Gorgon Zola?

The ninth is Coll, or hazel, which gives one the power to curse. This chapter is sulfurous with ritual curses, mainly upon the houses of both Aristotle and Plato, and particularly upon the care of literature in the hands of precious dilettantes and refined librarians. One of the darker curses is not easy to detect, as it is concealed in an awful pun: AE, IOU, that is, I am in debt to you, George Russell, but in the language of Mediterranean magic, the minimally literate prophylactic retort to the Devil, the recitation of the vowels in order.

The tenth is Muin, the grapevine, the symbolism of which is Bacchic. Joyce seems to have taken the symbol to be a spiral, or wandering around, and this suggested to him the microcosmic scenes which crisscross each other. The vine has a varied symbolism: it is sacred to Osiris, for instance, and the Osiris of *Ulysses*, Corny Kelleher the undertaker, is here; and since the vine is not native to Ireland (suggesting that the alphabet isn't, either), Joyce wraps his darkly satirical and bitter spiral around the alien force of the British governor, who, with liberal help from Bacchus, has contributed in large part to the paralysis of the island.

The eleventh is Gort, the ivy, the convivial companion to the vine, and the scene is the Ormond Hotel Bar, with Sirens and music.

The twelfth is Peith, or dwarf elder, the wood of which makes arrows for slaying giants, and this is the Polyphemus chapter, with its Rabelaisian gigantism of language.

The thirteenth is Ruis, the elder, the tree of witches. This is Gerty MacDowell's chapter, and the weirdness of the tree alerts us to the dimension of superstition which is apt to go unnoticed among more prominent themes.

The fourteenth is Ailm, or the fir, tree of childbirth. This is the lying-in hospital chapter.

The fifteenth is Onn, the furze, which blooms at the spring equinox, and is the sun's signal to begin the year. This is Circe's chapter, a *Walpurgisnacht*. Stephen undergoes a ritual death and resurrection, or at least prepares for a metanoia.

The sixteenth is Ura, the heather, which is associated with the mating of bees. The *hieros gamos* of Stephen and Bloom in this chapter has yet to be explained, but we can see how the symbolism was commanded by the alphabetic correspondence.

The seventeenth is Eadha, the poplar, tree of resurrection, and the closing symbol of this chapter, with its secular communion of cocoa, is one of freedom from bondage, the hope of new beginnings.

The eighteenth is Idho, the yew, protector of sleep and graves, and the wood from which bows are made.*

This scheme of alphabetical trees, giving Joyce the number of chapters he could write, is more than just another pattern among many used as armature or blueprint for the work. Joyce was attracted to it not only because it is archaically Irish but also because it extends an invisible forest over his cityscape, thereby tenting over the whole novel with Dante's *selva oscura*, Calypso's magically restraining trees, the lost Eden, the forest of Europe from which our culture arose.

If lightning caused man, as Vico thought, to see God in the flash, the bounty of nature provided an idea of God's benevolence. Vico showed Joyce how to make grand linguistic chords by looking at the forest-floor existence of man in primal words that are still spoken today completely drained of their original meaning. Bloom solicits ads for a newspaper. That *licit* root goes deep, back through many words and meanings, words having to do with law, teaching, gathering, until we get back to the forest floor, picking up the sacred acorns of Zeus, *collecting—collegere*, to *legere* from the *ilex*, the holm-oak.

College sports: words for which Bloom designs a poster in his head in Chapter 5. He would put a large bicycle wheel on his version of the poster, with the word *sports* repeated as the spokes, and at the hub he would put the word *college*. This is a nicely modern design for 1904, and it is an Art

* I am indebted to Robert Graves' *The White Goddess* for many details concerning the mythological significance of individual letters of this alphabet.

Nouveau poster Bloom is redesigning, wherein a cyclist is doubled up like a cod in a pot. Never mind for the moment that the fetal cyclist is Stephen, and that the sunburst design Bloom prefers is Bloom himself, a mature and accomplished man. Bloom's design is as archaic as the forest of Europe. It is Robin Goodfellow's phallic Maypole. *Hub* has viconian connections with *Hob*, or *Rob*, as does *sport* with *spurt* and *disperse*, and there is the oak god's acorn-gathering word again: *college*. Whose voice are we listening to? That of the Old Artificer, I think, who received Stephen's prayer at the end of the *Portrait*, to stand him in good stead.

It is a ghostly voice, and we must train our ears to hear it. It is a poet's voice speaking along with the mimicry of the prose voice. Homer, as far as we know, shaped his poems out of nothing he originated. He told the stories men had told over and over; like Shakespeare ("He says he has beat them all," Nora Joyce said when the *Wake* was being written, "except that feller Shakespeare") he gave stories elegant, strong, geometrical shapes. He gave them the rhythm and integrity of narrative which they needed for greatest resonance.

So Joyce. He is an instrument through which the past can speak. Joyce's past, like Homer's, is not history. If the success of man is as a political, companionable animal whose culture has thus far progressed to families living in cities, that achievement of humanity is dying, Joyce saw. Life at family level goes on pretty much as in the bronze age. Man's idea of God, though, is in trouble; his idea of the state is in trouble; and an awful restlessness begins to disturb the inert, paralyzed, darkened life of the people. *Ulysses* was written between 1914 and 1921, dates that end a world.

By asking what decorum can allow Joyce to weave correspondences of such intricate obscurity through his realistic prose, we come to the depths of the novel implied by these correspondences, and upon the principle of their effectiveness.

"Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls" is the Dickensian sentence that introduces our typological Ulysses, who, moreover, has a love of kidneys cooked just so. The symbols of this fourth chapter will flow from this innocent statement, and will all support the radical idea that Bloom is a man, not a god, and that given a choice, nay, tempted, as Ulysses was by Calypso, to become a god, he will defiantly choose to be a man. Ulysses' possible divinity would have come from his eating ambrosia and drinking nectar: in the bronze age you are what you eat.

Bloom's breakfast kidney is a correspondence to the zodiacal position of the sun on June 16th; because he burns it, it is a sacrifice to his former god Jehovah; and it is the chapter's corresponding organ, as Joyce indicated in

the scheme he wrote out for Linati. *Kidney*, in the heroic age of English, meant something like *belly-pod*, the *innards*.

The chapter's symbol, Joyce specified, is the vagina, the Greek for which is "fertile field," and the chapter extends itself between visions remote in space and time, and places darkly inward: the jakes, bowels, kidneys, the inside of hats, the fastnesses of Edwardian skirts and Molly under the bed-covers, sniffing herself, saying her first word in the novel, "Mn," less articulately than her alter ego the cat had said, "Mrkgnao."

This Calypso-Molly is Bloom's disillusioned view of womankind, a queen ant fat and snug, served by her feeders. The oldest identifiable temples in the world are the subterranean earth-hives of Malta, all kidney-shaped. Here man worshipped the primeval Cybele, or Demeter, and Homer may have based his knowledge of Ogygia on what he had heard of Malta, for *Calypso* means *the hider*, and *Ogygia* means *the ancient place*.

Molly, then, is a uterine creature, demanding and selfish. She is a vain Eve so little understanding herself or her husband that she whorishly tucks the tempter's letter under her pillow, a toad close by her ear. Bloom does not even know his own disgust for her, though Joyce lets us see it. Nor does Bloom know that his vision of a model farm in Palestine, of a maiden with a zither, of a happier Utopian existence, is his deeply Hebraic longing for an ideal Molly, a virtuous Penelope, a resurrected Jerusalem, Isaiah's desert blossoming like the rose. His name, after all, is Bloom.

Bloom. Greek, *anthos*. Joyce follows mediaeval tradition rather than good etymology in deriving the name "Anthony" from the Greek for *flower*. Of all Bloom's guises, that of St. Anthony—Flaubert's St. Antoine—would seem to be the one that has most poignantly intensified in the fifty years of the book's existence. Bloom the anti-hero has become a cliché, the second Chaplin of the century; Bloom as Charles Bovary, as Bouvard-Pécuchet, as a Krafft-Ebing case history, as the true Existential Christian, as the Wandering Jew, as a Dublin Walter Mitty, as *l'homme moyen sensuel*—all of these roles have been richly pondered.

Joyce with prophetic accuracy saw that Flaubert's most beautiful but least read masterpiece, *La tentation de Saint Antoine*, was the symbolic statement that would last out the century, and probably the next, and worked it into *Ulysses* as a configuration of prime symbolic import. The Circe chapter, the longest in the book, is Joyce's *Temptation*, the work's great fantasia of themes, its descent of Orpheus into Hades, its Faust among the witches.

Because so many of its symbolic correspondences are in stage directions, where we do not expect them, we have missed seeing that this grand movement begins with a man named Antonio emerging with a swan from fog:

St. Anthony and Orpheus, champions of stubborn faith and of art over the death of the spirit. They are masks of Bloom, who has portion enough of their genius, and has besides Ulysses' *moly*, magic flower, or Molly. Stephen enters next, serving mass as always (the bread and wine are concealed in the stanza of Omar Khayyam which he tries to illustrate with gestures). He, too, is an Orpheus whose Eurydice is Old Gummy Granny herself, Ireland; and in another sense, his Eurydice is his own soul, which he has seen once before, a girl standing in the sea, like Venus, her skirt rucked up so that she resembled a wading bird, the ibis Thoth, inventor of writing. Stephen dies his spiritual death in this chapter; Joyce slays the Stephen Dedalus within himself, archetype of the sterile artist.

Bloom, however, stands forth in an epiphany that in many ways is more important than his astounding epiphany in the next chapter, where he appears in the newspaper (the daily *Odyssey* of Vico's fourth age) betrayed by a typographical error—he is revealed to be what Stephen guessed God always was (with a hint from Vico): thunder: L. Boom, El, boom!

If in this last phase of a cycle that began in the bronze age (Zeus Thunderer, its god), man is man's god, the *multus* the *unum*, Bloom is the age's portrait of that shouter in the street, a unit of the traffic along the Nevsky Prospekt, the Boulevard Raspail, or Grafton Street. If there is high comedy in Bloom as God, there is eloquent prophecy in Bloom as St. Anthony. The sense in which the world is his temptation is our sense of living in a world, spectators and consumers all, which invites us deeper and deeper into matter, whether we have the mastery to shape it into significant form or not. That *yes* at the end of the novel is matter's assent to form, female matter agreeing to be shaped by god or governor, whichever strategy Ulysses chooses. She is Circe, Calypso, Siren, or Penelope.

Bloom as Anthony derives from Flaubert's ultimate statement of the plight of the saint, from *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, inheritors of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, the world's first generation to see and hear everything if they want to, the voices of the world's parliaments left at their doorsteps daily, art attractively arranged in museums, the wisdom of the ages (translated) available in paperback books (Penguin Books were established soon after the publication of *Ulysses*, to put the classics and all useful and uplifting knowledge in the workingman's hands at sixpence a volume), in short, the man two thousand years of civilization groaned to evolve.

Flaubert's first book was the *Tentation*, his last *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which is a rewriting of the *Tentation*, much as Ezra Pound rewrote his *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* as the *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, so that we would understand one version or the other. The *Tentation* is the modern world's first statement of its directionlessness, of its loss of coordinates, of its pro-

liferating choices and versions of reality. We can appreciate with grim agreement the end of the *Tentation*, where Anthony is carried aloft by the Devil and lectured on modern physics and scientific naturalism. Anthony is terrified. "Down?" says the Devil. "Which way is down? Anyway at all." "*Descends au-dessous de la terre pendant des milliards de milliards de siècles, jamais tu n'arriveras au fond.*" So would our astronauts feel, were their computer-aimed trajectory to slip its course.

Bouvard and Pécuchet, uninformed by facts, and unable to add a cubit to their height by thought, are transparencies through which we see St. Anthony, and so is Bloom.

It is this Temptation of St. Bloom, Joyce's phantasma of symbols, that shows us that all the adventures of Bloom have been temptations (only half the adventures of Homer's hero were), and that an alternative title to *Ulysses* might have been *The Temptations of St. Anthony*.

The reality before Anthony was the empty desert; solitude and the adoration of God fulfilled his being. But he never saw this reality, for the Devil veiled it with monsters, philosophers, professors, and the flesh. What reality there is before Bloom is harder to see, for Joyce hides it like a Heraclitian principle. As the elbow is neither the joined ends of bones, nor the ligatures, nor the space between, but all together, a weightless, abstract event happening in an arm, so Bloom's reality is neither the words on the page (which are invariably parodies), nor the symbolic energy released through punning images and complex meanings, nor invisibilities that epiphanize when we can free the pattern from the background with which it blends in camouflage, but all these energies cooperating with each other.

What Bloom senses is temptation, idle, distracting, and deflecting. The world is opaque to him; people are capricious forces; he has no friends; he is self-contained. His education has melted; the wealth of knowledge he has learned from books and newspapers is in disarray; sex is underwear; he is a Jewish Catholic Protestant Agnostic; he is solicitous about the lying-in of a woman whose name he remembers alternately as Beaufoy and Purefoy.

Bloom is a dictionary of the age's mythology. The ideas of Fourier and Marx flicker in his mind; like Van Gogh he believes that a home medical guide will improve the national hygiene; he believes in advertising, calisthenics, special trams for funerals, planned parenthood, Irish home rule, and enlightenment through travel. He is a graduate of the university of life.

This comic surface of Bloom would be glorious, anarchic, and ragbag except that Joyce has given it poetic order. We can trace Bloom's thoughts as they zigzag down a page in strict conformity to Freud's discipline of linked association, and even supply Bloom's next thought as surely as we can complete a Homeric formulaic phrase.

At the same time Joyce weaves into Bloom's interior monologue and its

interjacent narrative prose other threads of correspondences. Almost constantly (and I suspect absolutely constantly) Joyce recites in one disguise or another the adventures of Ulysses. In with this there is each chapter's special symbolism, coloring all the other matter with its peculiar tint.

In the Hades chapter, for instance, Joyce has had to find in Dublin geography those details which reflect Homer's matter. In and out of this runs the endlessly repeating list of the adventures. This complexity is then figured over with correspondences to hearts, in many senses. Then it pleased Joyce to allegorize the characters into the seven deadly sins doing a *Totentanz* around Bloom. And then, for good measure, Joyce makes the words, all of them in the chapter, rehearse over and over the sins themselves, with the exception of pride, for which he substitutes a meekness on Bloom's part.

Genius, Kafka remarked, is the ability to pay attention to two things at once. But then he had not read *Ulysses*.

There are other correspondences that need to be looked into by the scholars. I suspect, for instance, that every chapter is a mass, or sacrifice, of a different kind. We can best understand the great lyricism of Molly's monologue by grasping how strangely primitive a sacrifice it seems to symbolize: an utterly archaic spilling of blood. It is with Molly's (as with Penelope's) consent that the suitors are slain. The arrows are released in the preceding chapter (Ithaka), question and answer being the opposite forces of the bow and the string. The slaughter is within Molly's monologue, and its gore is reflected in Molly's menstrual flow (negating the afternoon's lust), in the poppies and other red flowers, and in the blood-red Mediterranean at sunset, the Apocalyptic transformation of the sea. This last chapter clearly corresponds to Revelation, as Chapter 4 corresponds to Genesis, Chapter 14 to the birth of Christ (the three Magi of the first chapter are there, stable animals, and a baby is born to a woman named Pure Faith).

Bloom's dialogue, interior and exterior, is charmingly clear; so is his mind. Molly (what we hear her say) is not an articulate conversationalist but can replay experience with the genius of Proust. And now look again at Stephen. We can follow his metaphysical mind in its interior musings, and he is quite an accomplished poet in his abstruse thoughts (though Joyce in the *Scribbledehobble* calls him "a gentleman wordsmith"). But what critic has dared to notice that when he opens his mouth nonsense flies out?

Nonsense. Throughout *Ulysses* Stephen tells parables or riddles or conundrums, and none of them make any sense. He is so eloquent of thought and so skilled in sarcasm that we expect his words to make sense. Go and look at them, all of them, and see what sense can be made of them. All his words are self-collapsing systems, canceling themselves and interfering with their own logic. Ask yourself why Stephen says what he does. Why does he sing "Hugh of Lincoln" to Bloom? What does his telegram to Mulligan mean?

What do his speeches in the Circe chapter mean?

Bloom is articulate of speech, inarticulate of mind; Stephen is inarticulate of speech, articulate of mind. For Molly mind and speech are the same—she talks to herself to think, and thinks out loud to speak. Together they complement each other, and make a poem that speaks in three voices at once, as Hamlet when he speaks is a distraught prince of Denmark, a poet as enigmatic as Stephen Dedalus, and, ineluctably, the voice of Shakespeare.

Is not Joyce in many ways more like Bloom than Stephen? Professor Ellmann has found a real Martha Clifford; Nora Barnacle's letters are as much like Molly's monologue as Joyce's city-dwelling habits are like Bloom's.

Looked at this way, the novel becomes a solipsistic poem which accepts its inability to know another mind, and thus boldly stands forth not only as an epiphany of kinds of life in our time, uncompromisingly objective, but as an epiphany of art itself, the work of one mind and one sensibility, uncompromisingly subjective.

Opposites cooperate, said Heraclitus; opposites meet, said Blake; unity, says R. Buckminster Fuller, involves at least two things. I am suggesting, then, that the important voice in *Ulysses* is not the naturalistic one, which can stand beside that of Joyce's masters Jacobsen, Tolstoy, Ibsen, and Flaubert. It is rather the inner voice of the novel, the poetic voice of the symbols, that gives the work its coherence and its profoundest harmony.*

* Read at Princeton University as the Eberhardt Faber Lecture for 1973.

CRITICISM / MARJORIE G. PERLOFF

Pound and Rimbaud: The Retreat from Symbolism

When *A Draft of XXX Cantos* appeared in 1930, William Carlos Williams remarked with characteristic insight: "A criticism of Pound's *Cantos* could not be better concerned, I think, than in considering them in relation to the principal move in imaginative writing today—that away from the word as symbol toward the word as reality."¹

This was in 1931 but today, some forty years later, critics are still talking all too frequently of the "central symbolism," the "thematic design," or the "major form" of the *Cantos*, as if Pound's encyclopedic poem, written over a period of sixty years, could be deciphered by what the poet himself called disparagingly "an Aquinas-map."² To understand Pound's gradual shift from what Williams called "the word as symbol toward the word as