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Sam Slote

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“Eumaeus”

Literally the Antepenultimate Episode

SAM SLOTE

Of the various threads woven into the definitions of Modernism, one is the element of style. One can trace this emphasis on style back to Flaubert's famous claim, from a letter from January 1852, apropos *Madame Bovary*: “What I'd like to do is write a book about nothing, a book dependent on nothing external, which would be held together by the internal strength of its style [. . .] a book which would have almost no subject, or at least a subject that is nearly invisible.”¹ Flaubert's hypothesized work is one that is about nothing other than itself, its manner, its craftsmanship. In his eloquent survey of the evolution of Modernism's preoccupation with style, Ben Hutchinson writes: “Time and again the reification of style threatens to reduce modernity to a mere pretext for hermetic, ‘pure’ aestheticism.”² Taking this critique of Modernism to a self-promotional extreme was the Brazilian novelist Paulo Coelho, who in 2012 claimed to much international press coverage that Joyce's emphasis on style was deleterious to literature: “There is nothing there. If you dissect *Ulysses*, it gives you a tweet. [. . .] I am modern because I make the difficult seem easy, and so I can communicate with the world.”³ Amid the exuberance of style, there is no substance, just a subject that is, at most, almost invisible, with merely 140 or so characters.

Adding some comedy to this, when news of Coelho's remarks was first translated into English, his comment was rendered as “Stripped down, *Ulysses* is a tweet.”⁴ Coelho's pithy line is of course eminently tweetable, and yet the first tweets about it were wrong. This kind of inadvertent translational lapse ironically illuminates an aspect of Joyce's style of which Coelho is willfully ignorant. Joyce's style highlights, signals, even thrives upon lapse.

But, a lapse of *what* exactly? The first nine episodes of *Ulysses* are, effectively, not too far off from naturalistic modes of representation. That is, any

stylistic affects and effects are not exactly foregrounded. An obvious exception would be headlines in “Aeolus,” but these were a late development in the composition of *Ulysses*: Joyce first added them all in on the galley proofs in the second half of 1921, after he had drafted most of the rest of the book.⁵ A more subtle exception would be the use of thematically appropriate vocabulary to each episode, starting with “Lotus Eaters.” That episode includes vocabulary associated with flowers and smell, such as “His life isn’t such a bed of roses” (*U* 5.8). Likewise, “Hades” employs a vocabulary associated with death: “That’s a fine old custom, he said, I am glad to see it has not died out” (*U* 6.36). In effect, this is an extension of what Hugh Kenner called the “Uncle Charles Principle” that has grown to include abstractions related to the narrative. Overall, these are subtle, but lead toward the complications of the book’s second half; indeed, David Hayman calls these “stylistic ticks.”⁶ Approaching these effects from a different perspective, Fritz Senn coins the term “*epimorph*” for these “deviations away from, or superimposition on, an initial realistic mode. [. . .] thematic concerns encroach on and modify the language.”⁷

Within the second half of *Ulysses*, we have the episodes where stylistic matters are more overtly foregrounded in a variety of different ways. In effect, we have two *Ulysseses* with the cleavage in the middle, the realist *Ulysses* up through “Scylla” and the Modernist *Ulysses* from “Wandering Rocks” onward. Indeed, Joyce signaled this division in the Rosenbach manuscript of “Scylla”: On the last page he wrote “End of First Part of ‘Ulysses’” (f. 37).⁸ I would say that the composition of “Scylla” prompted Joyce to break with more conventional modes of representation, but that is a different argument. To some extent, revisions Joyce implemented on the galleys and page proofs in the second half of 1921—such as the famous headlines in “Aeolus”—retroactively apply stylistic jiggy-pokery (to use a highly technical term) to the first half of *Ulysses* to bring it somewhat in line with the second half. An example of such revision would be the augmentation of food-related vocabulary in “Lestrygonians.”⁹ But this manner of revision is uneven and does not fully bring the first half into the same decorum as the second.

Rather than go through the whole roster of the episodes in the second half, I will focus at first on what I call the episodes of double mimesis.¹⁰ By this, I mean that besides the representation of action, there is a representation of a specific style or set of styles or discursive functions. More precisely, the representation of action occurs through the lens of a creative imitation of literary style, a second-order mimesis, if you will. On the one level, we have

a mimesis of action and on the other a mimesis of language. That is, the medium of representation has itself surrendered to mimesis. This mimesis of language has affinities with what Pound called logopoeia: “Logopoeia, ‘the dance of the intellect among words,’ that is to say, it employs words not only for their direct meaning, but it takes into account in a special way of habits of usage, of the context we *expect* to find with the word, its usual concomitants, of its known acceptances, and of ironical play.”¹¹ It is also worth noting, albeit briefly, that concomitant with the introduction of stylization is Joyce’s discovery of humor: The episodes of double mimesis are funny in ways that would be inconceivable to readers of the first half of *Ulysses* (not to mention *A Portrait* or *Dubliners*).

This idea of a double mimesis is actually already enmeshed within the conceptualization of mimesis itself since mimesis is not merely imitation or copying. It is, from the start, a creative act. In the *Poetics*, Aristotle defines artistic representation:

For the process of imitation is natural to mankind from childhood on: Man is differentiated from other animals because he is the most imitative of them, and he learns his first lessons through imitation, and we observe that all men find pleasure in imitation. [. . .] Thus men find pleasure in viewing representations because it turns out they learn and infer what each thing is—for example, that this particular object is that kind of object; since if one has not happened to see the object previously, he will not find any pleasure in the imitation *qua* imitation, but rather in the workmanship or coloring or something similar.¹²

Man is the mimetic animal—just as he is elsewhere in Aristotle the political animal—mimesis is natural to man, yet mimesis is also artifice since the joy occasioned by artwork arises from an appreciation of the functioning of its workmanship. Mimesis is thus both natural and artificial, innate and contrived. It is also not merely copying since Aristotle is quite clear that the pleasure that is taken in mimesis is not just an appreciation of the correspondence between the artwork and the real world, but also includes an appreciation of the craft and effort involved. In effect, this craftsmanship—what Ricoeur calls “an augmentation of meaning”¹³—is the individual particular style. Mimesis, as per Aristotle’s definition, is best understood as a stylized imitation. Double mimesis arises when the style of the craftsman-ship is itself also creatively imitative.

The simplest way to illustrate this would be from “Oxen of the Sun” (and this is perhaps the first time that the word *simple* is used in conjunction with this notoriously challenging episode). The narrative of “Oxen of the Sun” is conveyed through a series of burlesques that (apparently) trace out a genealogy of English prose styles from their beginnings in Latinate and Saxon forms to the contemporary. I said that overall the episode *apparently* traces out a genealogy of English prose styles because no single paragraph in the final text of “Oxen” is restricted to just one authorial source; indeed, many paragraphs contain echoes of multiple, historically distant authors. Therefore, the episode’s stylistic imitations are neither linear nor discrete.¹⁴ But, in any case, the episode *filters* the actions of a bunch of men mansplaining pregnancy in the Common Room of Holles Street Hospital through an anthology of English prose literature. To read the episode is thus to read through the heavy scrim of style in order to triangulate what exactly is going on, and often there is tension between the stylization and the action. As an example, let us look at Haines’s brief but memorable appearance:

But Malachias’ tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back and in the recess appeared—Haines! Which of us did not feel his flesh creep! He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the other a phial marked *Poison*. Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted on all faces while he eyed them with a ghostly grin. I anticipated some such reception, he began with an eldritch laugh, for which, it seems, history is to blame. Yes, it is true. I am the murderer of Samuel Childs. And how I am punished! The inferno has no terrors for me. This is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting at all, he muttered thickly, and I tramping Dublin this while back with my share of songs and himself after me the like of a soulth or a bullawur-rus? My hell, and Ireland’s, is in this life. It is what I tried to obliterate my crime. Distractions, rookshooting, the Erse language (he recited some), laudanum (he raised the phial to his lips), camping out. In vain! His spectre stalks me. Dope is my only hope . . . Ah! Destruction! The black panther! With a cry he suddenly vanished and the panel slid back. An instant later his head appeared in the door opposite and said: Meet me at Westland Row station at ten past eleven. He was gone. (*U* 14.1010–27)

This is clearly in the style of the nineteenth-century Gothic. Presumably, in a more sober, restrained, *realistic* understanding of what is going on at Holles Street, Haines doesn't confess to Samuel Childs's murder, nor would he be saying any of this other babble. Rather, he simply comes in to inform Mulligan that he'll be at Westland Row Station at 11:10. This would be the first order of the double mimesis here, and the second would be the imitation—or affectation of Gothic style. But this second-order mimesis is not without pertinence. Haines's appearance unnerves Stephen because it reminds him of his exclusion from Moore's literary salon even when upper-class English Hibernophile dilettantes, such as Haines clutching his copy of Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht*, get to attend. And so Stephen's disgust or anxiety or *ennui* is translated or transvalued into the eldritch tone of Gothic horror. The account is peppered with various Irish and Hiberno-English expressions to render Haines's affectations (“This is the appearance is on me”; “Tare and ages”; “with my share of songs”; “soulth”). This affected Irishness plays off the widespread trope of “Ireland as a Gothic madhouse,”¹⁵ as Jarlath Killeen has put it. That is, Haines's Hibernophilia is consociate to the affected style. There is thus a productive tension between style and subject matter, even as the second-order mimesis of the burlesque distorts and distends the ostensive naturalistic subject matter of the first-order mimesis. As per Ricoeur, the style augments the meaning. And so, to read “Oxen” is to read prismatically, that is, to read both the style and the substance and their interplay.

To take a slightly different example, the comic book artist and Joyce aficionado David Lasky really grokked this aspect of double mimesis in his homage to Joyce in the second issue of his comic *Boom Boom*, from 1994. In it, he tells the story of Joyce's life through panels that riff on various Marvel comics from the 1960s. For example, the first page of Lasky's comic clearly duplicates the first page of *Fantastic Four*, number 1, while transposing certain details to advance the biography of Joyce. This is a perfect example of double mimesis: Lasky is representing two things in conjunction, one in style or manner and the other in story. Beyond the manner of art and layout, Lasky also mimes Stan Lee's infamous hyperbole (“One strange man—who became more than just a man, for he was the author of . . . *Ulysses*!”). To “read” this comic book involves reading it for both style and story, just as reading “Oxen” is not merely a matter of translating the dense murk of pastiche into a naturalistic scene, but rather seeing the two together interrelate.

"Oxen" comes at the end of a suite of episodes that employ variations of double mimesis to different degrees. The first half of "Nausicaa"—written in a "namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawsey (alto là!) style" (*LI* 135)—imitates not so much a single specific source but a hodgepodge of romance novels, fashion magazines, and advertisements. Likewise, the burlesques in "Cyclops" parody a variety of literary and journalistic conventions, most, but not all, of which are associated with the Irish Revival. But the first episode to employ double mimesis would be "Sirens." Here, the second-order mimesis is neither literary nor linguistic, but musical. Joyce overtly aspires to imitate the condition of music in language by transposing a variety of musical effects into language. An example would be the phrase "Bloo smi qui go. Ternoon" (*U* 11.309–10), which imitates the effect of an arpeggio, the breaking or spreading of a chord.¹⁶

It is tempting to read "Sirens" as being at least in part Joyce's riposte to Walter Pater's famous claim that "*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music*. For while in all other kinds of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it."¹⁷ Pater's point is that only with music is the medium isomorphic or, if you will, harmonious with the message. That is, only in music is the materiality of the medium aesthetic in and of itself. In effect, John Cage's dictum that "everything is musical"¹⁸ complements Pater. And so every other type of art aims to suggest the disappearance of the material cause, to make the presence of paint, for example, surrender to the majesty of the mountains depicted therefrom. The goal for these (sadly) nonmusical arts for Pater is to efface the material quality of mimesis to thereby enter a heady realm where form "should become an end in itself."¹⁹ Pater is claiming that only music can reach Flaubert's dream of a pure style untethered by form.

Joyce, in imitating music in "Sirens" seems out to challenge Pater's claim. Indeed, after having written "Sirens," Joyce confessed: "Since exploring the resources and artifices of music and employing them in this chapter, I haven't cared for music any more. I, the great friend of music, can no longer listen to it. I see through all the tricks and can't enjoy it any more."²⁰ Indeed, the purity Pater implies is belied by the considerations of technique, artifice, and performance, which is something Bloom gradually realizes and appreciates over the course of the episode, as he thinks quite aptly toward the end, "Music. Gets on your nerves" (*U* 11.1182).

There is one writer whose work clearly challenges Pater's pompous and presumptuous privileging of music, one writer who manages to shatter the

shell of stylistic sanctimony and formalistic fandango. I refer, of course, to Amanda McKittrick Ros, a near-contemporary of Joyce and a schoolmistress from Northern Ireland who is routinely derided and celebrated as the worst novelist of all time. Her writing is overcharged with mixed and overripe metaphors, tangled syntax, punishing alliteration, and just a general lack of overall clarity. Aldous Huxley, an early aficionado of sorts, writes that we see in her works, “the result of the discovery of art by an unsophisticated mind and of its first conscious attempt to produce the artistic. [. . .] The first attempts of any people to be consciously literary are always productive of the most elaborate artificiality.”²¹ In Ros we see an undue and unearned (and perhaps unhealthy) preoccupation with the craftsmanship of mimesis. Echoing Flaubert’s boast, but in a manner of understatement unknown to Ros, Huxley writes, “It is the manner, rather than the matter, of the book [*Delina Delaney*] which is remarkable.”²² Style matters more than substance. Indeed, hers is *writing degree infinity* . . . and, perhaps, beyond.

An example is apt; this is from *Helen Huddleson* and is an account of the literary genius Richard Roland Rubens, author of *The House of Hesperus*, *The Druid’s Den*, and *Steering the Storm* (and when you’re steering the storm, the *Drang* can’t be far behind):

These three masterpieces staggered genius however sublime and to prove their perfective points, their studied imagery of description, their gigantic and masterful hold on the minds of the cultured, there was never a daubing-waif found within or without the cage of contemptuous criticism to raise the pen of pigdom or pique, jealousy or jadery, revenge or revision towards Richard Rubens’ leaves of perfective adoration until he was transferred beyond the maddened batches of buggery and tardom, ever on the alert for the meagrest crumbs to staunch their noisy stomachs against starvation, so that these tarsmeaters of technical; nothing had little to swallow or pocket from those cells of thought or rooms of reason hidden from their blinking view by the unequalled penners of genius.²³

To quote Thomas Lyster in “Scylla and Charybdis,” here we have “A great poet on a great brother poet” (*U* 9.2–3), a writer describing themselves in their description of another writer. Indeed, like Richard Rubens, Ros was herself no stranger to the opprobrium of various critics, something she gleefully addressed in her works.²⁴ The basic sense of this passage is more or less clear, but I don’t think it’s possible to fully untangle this mess of

metaphor and understand this at the level of the individual sentence (“until he was transferred beyond the maddened batches of buggery and tardom”: What does this even mean? Is it literal or metaphoric?). We really do seem to have abandoned the idea of language as representational of anything other than itself, its own peculiar gnarly rhythms. Beckett’s much-quoted line about *Finnegans Wake* seems entirely apposite here: It “is not *about* something; *it is that something itself*.”²⁵ Its *aboutness* has doubled back on itself. Pace Pater, with Ros’s writing, one cannot distinguish between matter and form. All art aspires to the alliterativeness of Amanda.²⁶

In a very perceptive article on Ros, Mark O’Connell writes:

This stuff is, in lowish doses, quite entertaining, but if you read enough of it, its absurdity seems to spread outward to the whole of literature, like a particularly contagious airborne virus. Read a few chapters of one of her books and then pick up a book by, say, Marilynne Robinson (one of contemporary literature’s truly great prose stylists), and even Robinson’s flawless sentences start to seem slightly contrived. Ros’ writing is not just bad, in other words; its badness is so potent that it seems to undermine the very *idea* of literature, to expose the whole endeavor of making art out of language as essentially and irredeemably fraudulent—and, even worse, silly.²⁷

That is, in its weird purity, Ros’s writing tells us something about what literary style is: It is the artifice within linguistic mimesis. O’Connell’s comment about Ros echoes T. S. Eliot’s line about “Oxen of the Sun,” as reported by Virginia Woolf, that it reveals the “futility of all the English styles.”²⁸ That, when put together, Joyce’s double mimesis of language across an anthology of English literary style, exposes the whole endeavor of literature as an imposture.

Within “Oxen” lies an aberrant paragraph, the paragraph in which Bloom’s lucidity is described in a less than lucid manner:

During the past four minutes or thereabouts he had been staring hard at a certain amount of number one Bass bottled by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent which happened to be situated amongst a lot of others right opposite to where he was and which was certainly calculated to attract anyone’s remark on account of its scarlet appearance. He was simply and solely, as it subsequently transpired for reasons best known to himself, which put quite an altogether different complexion

on the proceedings, after the moment before's observations about boy-hood days and the turf, recollecting two or three private transactions of his own which the other two were as mutually innocent of as the babe unborn. (*U* 14.1181–90)

This excerpt is thoroughly Bloomian: rational, empirical, helpful, secretive, and somewhat disorganized. Rather than pastiche a preexisting style, this paragraph is written in the style of the “Eumaeus” episode. Fritz Senn characterizes “Eumaeus” in a manner that recalls Huxley’s description of Amanda Ros: “Stylistically, ‘Eumaeus’ is a pretence or an imposture, written—and very much *written*—in a literary manner, the sort of thing to which Bloom would like to rise, circumstances permitting.”²⁹ In this way, the Bloomian literary style, which is more than somewhat awkward, is anthologized into the canon of English literature as is presented in “Oxen,” thereby suggesting that the very craft of mimesis—or literary representation, of literature itself—is a sham.³⁰ Like Ros, the Eumaeian mode indulges in artifice above all else. Rather than parody a specific author or literary mode, this paragraph parodies style *as such*.

Style is grammar made aesthetic, a subtle individuated deviation from normative grammar. This is how one writer’s style can be said to be distinct from another’s; it is grammar made personal.³¹ With the “Eumaeus” inset in “Oxen of the Sun,” rather than diverge from grammatical strictures in a purely imitative manner, Joyce introduces a style that deviates from grammatical decorum for the sake of deviating from decorum. Instead of parodying a specific, individual literary style or range of styles, as he does in the other insets, Joyce turns a parody of grammar into a style. The Eumaeian style can be characterized as being all deviation, “with apologies to Lindley Murray” (*U* 16.1474–75).

Indeed, just as Joyce mined various anthologies of English prose style in order to write “Oxen,”³² he turned to a manual of poor expression to help him cobble together the “Eumaeus” inset. Ronan Crowley has discovered that multiple words and phrases in the “Eumaeus” inset derive from William B. Hodgson’s *Errors in the Use of English* (1881).³³ For example, in the following sentence, the underlined words all derive from Hodgson’s book:

The individual, whose visual organs while the above was going on were at this juncture commencing to exhibit symptoms of animation was as astute if not astuter than any man living. (*U* 14.1177–79)

Hodgson quotes the admonition of George Saintsbury (whose *History of English Prose Rhythm* was instrumental for “Oxen”): “The mere grammar of style teaches us not to say ‘commence’ when we can say ‘begin.’”³⁴ Likewise, he considers *astute* and *individual* to be widely misused.³⁵ And he provides the following examples of bad prose: “Entering the factory gate, the evidence offered his visual organs”; “Probably Lord Halifax is better versed in the real history of the period . . . than any living man.”³⁶ Instead of imitating a single stylistic manner, Joyce is cobbling together a string of deviations, a style of multiple lapses. The craft is thereby revealed in its uncrafting.

“Eumaeus” would be the episode where we see an inversion of double mimesis. That is, the primary order of mimesis is of style, and it is through that that we get the second-order mimesis of Bloom and Stephen at the cabman’s famous shelter. It is in this inversion that “Eumaeus” may tell us something about the relation between style and mimesis, that it is of imposture and deception. Indeed, deception lies throughout the episode. Both of Joyce’s schemata for “Eumaeus” list Ulysses Pseudangelos (false messenger) as the Homeric correspondence for Murphy, the *soi disant* sailor-man. This is the title of a lost play briefly mentioned by Aristotle in the *Poetics* (1455a). In “Eumaeus,” Murphy not only brings a false message, but he himself is also a phony, a pseudo-Ulysses, with his various tall tales of seagoing. But in Homer, Odysseus himself is also something of a faker; for example, when he returns home to Ithaca, Athena changes his appearance into that of a decrepit old man (*Odyssey*, XIII.429–38). This is something Joyce commented upon on one of his notesheets for “Eumaeus”: “Odys & Pseudo = 2 impostors.”³⁷ Because mimesis involves creation and artifice, it is always deceptive.

We can see this in “Eumaeus” in how the diegetic function becomes unmoored. When Bloom and Stephen meet Corley, we are given a bit of background information about Corley’s nickname:

Lord John Corley some called him and his genealogy came about in this wise. He was the eldest son of inspector Corley of the G division, lately deceased, who had married a certain Katherine Brophy, the daughter of a Louth farmer. His grandfather Patrick Michael Corley of New Ross had married the widow of a publican there whose maiden name had been Katherine (also) Talbot. Rumour had it (though not proved) that she descended from the house of the lords Talbot de Malahide in whose mansion, really an unquestionably fine residence of its kind and well worth seeing, her mother or aunt or some relative,

a woman, as the tale went, of extreme beauty, had enjoyed the distinction of being in service in the washkitchen. This therefore was the reason why the still comparatively young though dissolute man who now addressed Stephen was spoken of by some with facetious proclivities as Lord John Corley. (*U* 16.130–43)

This passage is a fine example of the cumbrous and twisted Eumaeian style. The basic point though is clear enough. Apparently Corley's nickname is ironic: He's related to a woman who worked as a servant in the house of the Lords Talbot de Malahide; and there is an implication of a sexual impropriety. The exact genealogy is a bit vague, but there's enough of a connection between Corley and this female relative.

The passage continues:

Taking Stephen on one side he had the customary doleful ditty to tell. Not as much as a farthing to purchase a night's lodgings. His friends had all deserted him. Furthermore he had a row with Lenehan and called him to Stephen a mean bloody swab with a sprinkling of a number of other uncalledfor expressions. He was out of a job and implored of Stephen to tell him where on God's earth he could get something, anything at all, to do. No, it was the daughter of the mother in the washkitchen that was fostersister to the heir of the house or else they were connected through the mother in some way, both occurrences happening at the same time if the whole thing wasn't a complete fabrication from start to finish. Anyhow he was all in. (*U* 16.144–54)

After providing us initially with a brief, confused but still reasonably clear account of Corley's nickname, the narrator moves on to tell us what Corley has to say to Stephen, but then he interrupts himself to provide us with a clarification of the earlier genealogy, to set matters straight. It's as if he's composing this whole thing extemporaneously. But instead of clearing things up, this new clarification confuses matters further and, indeed, adds a new wrinkle to the problem with the line, “if the whole thing wasn't a complete fabrication from start to finish.” It might just be a complete fabrication that Corley had any female relative who worked for the Talbots de Malahide. Ultimately, we're none the wiser as to *how* Corley got his nickname, we merely just know *that* he has this nickname. The explanation thus fails in accomplishing its ostensible function of clearly setting out the etiology of Corley's cognomen. It's a clarification for the sake of perpetuating discourse

rather than for clarification as such (for fans of *Derry Girls*, this could be called the Uncle Colm Principle).

In “Eumaeus,” Bloom is trying to make a good impression on Stephen and is failing miserably. From his perspective, he has a chance to replay his discussion with the Citizen about Irish history and society, but with a much less prejudiced interlocutor. On the other hand, for Stephen, this is the fourth time on this day that he’s had to endure having an older man tell him what he should do with his life (the other three are Garret Deasy, Myles Crawford, and, to a lesser extent, Amildano Artifoni). So for the bulk of the episode, they fail to connect; their dialogue is asymmetrical; and this is reflected in a narrative style of lapsus. The awkwardness of Eumaeian diction indicates, among other things, this failure to connect with Stephen.

We can see this in the following exchange, in which Bloom tries to establish his pragmatic patriotism, as opposed to the Citizen’s nostalgic and vitriolic nationalism to which he had earlier alluded:

I’m, he resumed with dramatic force, as good an Irishman as that rude person I told you about at the outset and I want to see everyone, concluded he, all creeds and classes *pro rata* having a comfortable tidy-sized income, in no niggard fashion either, something in the neighbourhood of £300 per annum. That’s the vital issue at stake and it’s feasible and would be provocative of friendlier intercourse between man and man. At least that’s my idea for what it’s worth. I call that patriotism. *Ubi patria*, as we learned a smattering of in our classical days in *Alma mater, vita bene*. Where you can live well, the sense is, if you work. (U 16.1131–40)

Stephen, unsurprisingly, will have none of Bloom’s pragmatic economics and replies, “Count me out, meaning work” (U 16.1148). Bloom has laid himself on the line here: He has articulated, as clearly as he can, his view of social utopianism, which he imagines would be received favorably by an educated young man such as Stephen, as opposed to the ruder gentry of Dublin society, such as the Citizen. And in response, Stephen patently dismisses Bloom’s groovy utopia, or at the very least he dismisses himself from it. As he was with Deasy, Stephen is indifferent to utopian ideals, whatever the variety.

Bloom’s discombobulation at Stephen’s curt dismissal is expressed in a syntactic mess worthy of Amanda Ros:

The eyes were surprised at this observation because as he, the person who owned them *pro tem.* observed or rather his voice speaking did, all must work, have to, together. (*U* 16.1149–51)

The final plea “all must work, have to, together”—a neat if awkward encapsulation of Bloom’s sociological proposal—is undermined by the syntax in which it is expressed since nothing in this sentence works together at all.

Bloom tries to emend himself, or rather emend his statement, by proposing that the work Stephen performs need not be of the manual kind: “You both belong to Ireland, the brain and the brawn. Each is equally important” (*U* 16.1158–59). It is here where Stephen interjects what is perhaps his ultimate reconfiguration and transvaluation of the national net he intends to fly by:

—You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of half laugh, that I may be important because I belong to the *faubourg Saint Patrice* called Ireland for short.

—I would go a step farther, Mr Bloom insinuated.

—But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me.

—What belongs, queried Mr Bloom bending, fancying he was perhaps under some misapprehension. Excuse me. Unfortunately, I didn’t catch the latter portion. What was it you . . . ?

Stephen, patently crosstempered, repeated and shoved aside his mug of coffee or whatever you like to call it none too politely, adding:

—We can’t change the country. Let us change the subject. (*U* 16.1160–71)

Stephen dismisses Bloom’s utopia in order to proclaim a different manner of patriotism altogether. He is, at least, somewhat polite in acknowledging the gap between them. All need not work together, and that can be fine.

There is an easily missable point at the end of the episode in which Bloom and Stephen do start to forge a connection. The subject that unites them is

music, which they begin to discuss once they leave the shelter. Unsurprisingly, their specific tastes differ. Bloom's runs toward light opera and liturgical music. Zack Bowen is perhaps a little harsh in judging Bloom's preferences: "Bloom's taste in music, while it cannot be condemned for being completely insipid, reflects nevertheless a sort of Victorian dilettantism and appreciation of the popular musical works of his day rather than the great ones."³⁸ As has been typical of Bloom throughout the day, he makes all sorts of mistakes, such as confusing Mercadante with Meyerbeer (*U* 16.1737).³⁹ Likewise, "Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* he simply revelled in, the *Gloria* in that being, to his mind, the acme of first class music as such" (*U* 16.1738–39). Now, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* is not actually by Mozart. Within a few years of its initial publication, in 1821, its authenticity was questioned and it was soon deemed spurious. However, despite the controversy, the *Gloria* portion remained popular. And so, although Bloom might revel in the *Gloria*, it is unlikely he would have ever reveled in the whole Mass.⁴⁰ And, of course, Bloom's exhaustion at this hour is only further aggravating his tendency to err. But Bowen is perhaps a little ungenerous in that he doesn't acknowledge that Bloom's enthusiasm for music is sincere. Furthermore, despite his various mistakes, he is not without some technical sophistication in terms of his understanding of music. For example, at the end of "Calypso," he is aware of the overtones of the bells of St George's Church (*U* 4.549–50), and in "Sirens" Bloom's winding and unwinding of the elastic band—"troubled, double, fourfold, in octave" (*U* 11.684)—matches what is happening in the musical accompaniment of Simon's singing of "M'appari."⁴¹

In distinction, Stephen's tastes tend toward the recondite, namely Elizabethan songs and airs. However, Stephen is also not immune from error: "Stephen [. . .] launched out into praises of Shakespeare's songs, at least of in or about that period, the lutenist Dowland who lived in Fetter lane near Gerard the herbalist, who *annos ludendo hausit, Doulandus* [. . .]" (*U* 16.1760–64). The Latin is a misquotation from the dedication of a poem written for John Dowland by his friend Henry Peacham: "Iohannes Doulandus / Annos ludendo hausit" (John Dowland: I exhausted my years in playing).⁴² The point of Peacham's dedication is that each line is an anagram of the other and this is completely lost in the misquotation.

Stephen then moves to an even more obscure song, but one which Bloom appreciates:

Even more he liked an old German song of Johannes Jeep about the clear sea and the voices of sirens, sweet murderers of men, which bogged Bloom a bit:

*Von der Sirenen Listigkeit
Tun die Poeten dichten.*

These opening bars he sang and translated *extempore*. Bloom, nodding, said he perfectly understood and begged him to go on by all means which he did. (*U* 16.1812–19)

Stephen intermittently continues with singing Jeep's song *Dulcia dum loquitur cogitat insidia*:

Side by side Bloom, profiting by the *contretemps*, with Stephen passed through the gap of the chains, divided by the upright, and, stepping over a strand of mire, went across towards Gardiner street lower, Stephen singing more boldly, but not loudly, the end of the ballad.

Und alle Schiffe brücken. (*U* 16.1880–84)

This phrase has perplexed commentators for some time because, as such, it is not in Jeep's song and, furthermore, the German is grammatically incorrect. Literally it would translate as “And all ships bridge,” with a suggestion of the German word *Schiffbruch*, shipwreck. Gifford plausibly posits that it is a mangled version of the line from the song “Welches das Schiff ins Unglück bringt” (Which brings the ship into misfortune); this reading was perpetuated for generations of commentary.⁴³ On the other hand, Harald Beck notes that phrase is similar to the final line of Johannes Jeep's song both vowel sound and meter: “und laß dich nicht betrügen” (And don't let yourself be betrayed); which is more likely since this is called “the end of the ballad.”⁴⁴ In effect, Stephen has given us a Mondegreen: He does what many of us do, mumble out some ludicrous lines when one can't remember exactly how the song goes, such as instead of Chaka Kahn's “I'm every woman,” hearing it as “I'm Terry Wogan.” Or, to take a different example: misconstruing Coelho's claim that *Ulysses* is a tweet to *Ulysses* is a twit. Just as “Love loves to love love” (*U* 12.1493), information loves to perpetuate as misinformation, and if it didn't, we likely wouldn't have literature.

It is not quite over music that Bloom and Stephen bond, rather it is through musical misprisions that they start to connect, however imperfectly. Music has erred and lapsed. On the one hand, this makes their connection, however brief and transitory, all the more human because their shared bond is one of passion conjoined with fallibility. Their love of music abides error. On the other hand, the fact that they bond over mistakes apropos music in an episode of broken style could be taken to suggest that it is in “Eumaeus” rather than in “Sirens” where Joyce makes his most potent charge against Pater’s privileging of music as the ultimate art form. For Pater, only music harmonizes form and matter, whereas other art forms retain a gap between them, an “Unnullable least,”⁴⁵ to quote Beckett. Joyce cannot change the material conditions of the medium in which he’s working, but he can transvalue them. That is, by highlighting the opacity of representation, by signaling the tricks of craftsmanship, Joyce makes this unnullable gap into itself a source of signification. He does this through the exercises of style that we see in the various modalities of double mimesis from “Sirens” on up, but most especially in “Eumaeus” with its disjointed style of “bad writing written well.” In effect, Joyce exploits the breakdown of language through his effracted styles to represent, among other things, emotion, psychological fallibility, and human tenderness. As Joyce said of *Finnegans Wake*, “One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered sensible by the use of wideawake language, cutanddry grammar and goahead plot” (*LIII* 146). Such a sentiment need not apply only to dreaming: Human experience itself cannot be rendered sensible by cutanddry grammar and goahead plot. Human experience is itself an experience of lapse, hence Joyce’s styles.

The tortured logic of “Eumaeus” is perhaps best illustrated by the use and abuse of the adverb *literally*: “a thrill went through the packed court literally electrifying everybody” (*U* 16.1373–74); “Literally astounded at this piece of intelligence Bloom reflected” (*U* 16.1578); “the amount he deposited unobtrusively in four coppers, literally the last of the Mohicans” (*U* 16.1697–98); and “literally knocking everything else into a cocked hat” (*U* 16.1780).⁴⁶ Toward the end of the episode, we have a counterpoint: “The horse having reached the end of his tether, so to speak” (*U* 16.1874). This is the one time where the word *literally* could actually be used in an orthodox manner and yet it is here where the figurative dimension of language is acknowledged. Now, according to the *OED*, the use of the word *literally* as an intensifier—and thus in a sense that can be directly opposite to its literal meaning—dates back to the mid-eighteenth century and became increasingly common in the nineteenth century. That is, the word *literally* no longer

literally means *literally*. However, it is a bit more complicated than that, since the word *literally* also means *literarily*, since the word *literal* derives from the French *littéral*, of or relating to literature (*OED*). The word *literal* denotes both something that is free from metaphor, allegory, any figurative or metaphysical encumbrance, but is also something that is eminently rhetorical and literary itself. The word *literally* means both what is and is not *literally* true. This is the literary and literal contradiction that Joyce exploits in “Eumaeus.” “Eumaeus” is, as it were, literally true, a truth and an imposture.

NOTES

1. Gustave Flaubert, *Correspondance*, ed. Bernard Masson and Jean Bruneau (Paris: Gallimard, 1998), 156.
2. Ben Hutchinson, *Modernism and Style* (New York: Palgrave, 2011), 2.
3. Jennifer Schuessler, “Paulo Coelho Calls *Ulysses* a ‘Tweet,’ Much Twittering Ensues,” *New York Times*, August 9, 2012: online; accessed May 13, 2022.
4. Ibid.
5. See Michael Groden, *“Ulysses” in Progress* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1977), 101–14.
6. David Hayman, *“Ulysses”: The Mechanics of Meaning*, rev. ed. (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1982), 89.
7. Fritz Senn, “Plausibility and Epimorphs,” in *Twenty-First Joyce*, ed. Ellen Carol Jones and Morris Beja (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 2004), 251.
8. *“Ulysses”: A Facsimile of the Manuscript*, ed. Clive Driver (New York: Octagon, 1975), n.p.
9. Groden, *“Ulysses” in Progress*, 183–85.
10. The term “double mimesis” was previously coined by William Schweiker in his study of Gadamer, Ricoeur, and Kierkegaard. He uses the term to indicate “that there is a performative transformation into figuration of both the being of the work and the being of one’s understanding” (*Mimetic Reflections: A Study in Hermeneutics, Theology, and Ethics* (New York: Fordham University Press, 1990), 84n35). My use of the term is quite different.
11. Ezra Pound, “How to Read,” in *Literary Essays*, ed. T. S. Eliot (New York: New Directions, 1935), 25.
12. Aristotle, *Poetics*, trans. I. Bywater, in *Complete Works*, ed. Jonathan Barnes (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1984), 1448b5–20.
13. Paul Ricoeur, “Mimesis and Representation,” trans. David Pellauer, in *A Ricoeur Reader: Reflection and Imagination*, ed. Mario J. Valdés (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1991), 138.
14. See Sarah Davison, “Joyce’s Incorporation of Literary Sources in ‘Oxen of the Sun,’” *Genetic Joyce Studies* 9 (Spring 2009), online; and Ronan Crowley, “Earmarking ‘Oxen of the Sun,’” *Genetic Joyce Studies* 18 (Spring 2018), online.

15. Jarlath Killeen, *The Emergence of Irish Gothic Fiction* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2014), 10.
16. I am grateful to Michelle Witen for pointing this out to me.
17. Walter Pater, *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry* (London: Macmillan, 1901), 135.
18. John Cage, *Conversing with Cage*, ed. Richard Kostelonez (New York: Limelight, 1988), 70.
19. Ibid.
20. Quoted in Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, rev. ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), 459.
21. Aldous Huxley, "Euphues Redivivus," in *Essays New and Old* (New York: George Doran, 1927), 141.
22. Ibid., 139.
23. Amanda McKittrick Ros, *Helen Huddleson* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1969), 102.
24. Amanda McKittrick Ros's second novel, *Delina Delaney*, includes a lengthy preface in which she harangues the critic Barry Pain for his harsh review of her first novel, *Irene Iddesleigh*: "This so-called Barry Pain. By name, has taken upon him to criticise a work the depth of which fails to reach the solving power of his borrowed, and, he'd have you believe, varied talent" (Amanda McKittrick Ros, *Delina Delaney* [London: Chatto & Windus, 1936], iv). Pain's review was (somewhat ironically) titled "The Book of the Century" (*Black and White* 368 [February 19, 1898]: 249–50).
25. Samuel Beckett, "Dante . . . Bruno. Vico.. Joyce," in *Our Exagmination . . .* (New York: New Directions, 1972), 14.
26. I have shamelessly stolen this line from Tim Conley.
27. Mark O'Connell, "Amanda McKittrick Ros, the Worst Novelist in History," *Slate*, January 23, 2013, online; accessed May 31, 2022.
28. Virginia Woolf, *Writer's Diary*, ed. Leonard Woolf (London: Hogarth Press, 1954), 50.
29. Fritz Senn, *Inductive Scrutinies*, ed. Christine O'Neill (Dublin: Lilliput, 1995), 177.
30. For more on the relationship between the "Eumaeus" paragraph in "Oxen" and the "Eumaeus" episode as such, see my essay "A Eumæan Return to Style," *Hypermedia Joyce Studies* 6, no. 1 (July 2005), online.
31. As Walter Pater has it in his essay "On Style," "In this way, according to the well-known saying, 'The style is the man,' complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him, thereby, as would have been his

portrait by Raffaele, in full consular splendour, on his ivory chair" (Walter Pater, *Appreciations* [London: Macmillan, 1910], 35–36).

32. See Robert Janusko, *The Sources and Structures of James Joyce's "Oxen"* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1983); Gregory M. Downing, "Joyce's 'Oxen of the Sun' Notesheets" *Genetic Joyce Studies* 2 (Spring 2002): online.

33. I am very grateful to Ronan Crowley for sharing this discovery with me.

34. William B. Hodgson, *Errors in the Use of English* (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1881), 52.

35. *Ibid.*, 6–7, 33–34.

36. *Ibid.*, 105, 71.

37. Phillip F. Herring, ed., *Joyce's "Ulysses" Notesheets in the British Museum* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1972), 396.

38. Zack Bowen, *Musical Allusions in the Works of James Joyce* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1974), 317.

39. Bloom had previously confused Mercadante and Meyerbeer in "Sirens" (*U* 11.1275) and in "Cyclops" (*U* 12.1804). For more on how Bloom's mind wanders between these composers across *Ulysses*, see Vincent Deane, "Rossini, Mercadante, Meyerbeer," *James Joyce Online Notes*, online; accessed June 1, 2022.

40. Previously, Bloom had thought of the *Gloria* in "Lotus Eaters" (*U* 5.404).

41. Jon D. Green, "The Sounds of Silence in 'Sirens,'" *James Joyce Quarterly* 39, no. 3 (Spring 2002): 497.

42. Diana Poulton, *John Dowland*, 2nd ed. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982), 71.

43. Don Gifford and Robert Seidman, *"Ulysses" Annotated* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 562.

44. Harald Beck, "The Jeep-crux," *James Joyce Online Notes*, online; June 1, 2022.

45. Samuel Beckett, *Company, etc.*, ed. Dirk Van Hulle (London: Faber and Faber, 2009), 95.

46. Previously, Gerty had employed the same solecism, "literally worshipping at her shrine" (*U* 13.564). And, of course, there's the opening line of the "Dead," a textbook example of Kenner's "Uncle Charles Principle": "Lily, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet" (*D* 175). Indeed, this is the first example he cites (Hugh Kenner, *Joyce's Voices* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978], 15).