

Twentieth-Century Fiction
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Lecture – 40
Ulysses – Part 2

(Refer Slide Time: 00:12)

Ulysses

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I

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—*Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards



So, hello and welcome to this course entitled Twentieth Century Fiction. We were looking at James Joyce's *Ulysses*. So, we had a lecture talking about some of the concerns, some of the style, some of the thematic narratives which informed this particular text. And, we talked about particularly about how the narrative technique used by Joyce relies a lot on the stream of consciousness technique, in a sense that you know it cuts back and across time, it cuts back and across space and we have different characters crisscrossing each other in different narratives.

So, in a way this becomes quite similar in some sense with *Mrs. Dalloway* by Virginia Woolf which is what we just finished prior to this. Like *Mrs. Dalloway* by Woolf, *Ulysses* too is about one day in Dublin. So, it is about one day in one city different characters crisscrossing each other in that one calendar day. But, of course, we know that the whole idea of calendar day in modernism is very superficial because it just appears as

some kind of a structure, temporal structure inside which we have different kinds of psychological time inhabiting.

So, people inhabiting different kinds of psychological time, mental time, memory time, you know psychic time and all these are obviously, complicating the one calendar day time which is the superficial temporal frame ok. So, this is the opening line of *Ulysses*. Well obviously, it is not possible for us to read the entire novel. So, like *Mrs. Dalloway* we will look at certain sections I mean this is a bigger and longer and more bulky novel than *Mrs. Dalloway*.

So, we will look at certain selected passages in the novel in terms of how that connect, those connect to some of the concerns we talked about in terms of memory, mourning, masculinity, you know the whole idea of gender - the whole idea of femininity in *Ulysses* because we will also take a look at some of the characters were often under-studied for instance Molly Bloom is a character who is often under-studied in *Ulysses*.

So, we look at how Molly Bloom's dramatic interior monologue with which *Ulysses* ends, how that actually foregrounds the female body, the female sexuality in a way which is quite subversive in quality. But, this is the beginning of the novel which is in a big tower you know this is the Sandycove tower in Dublin close to Dublin.

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A young dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned: *Introibo ad altare Dei*. So, again this is Latin for you know I give myself to your altar for youth for life. So, this is obviously, an address to God. So, to God's altar I give myself in hope of youth, in hope of eternal youth, in hope of eternal health right.

So, we have Buck Mulligan who comes in here. He is a medical student and he is someone that you know co-inhabits the space along with Stephen Dedalus who is the one of the most central characters in *Ulysses* and he is the Telemachus version. So, you know I just mentioned in the previous lecture that *Ulysses* it conforms to the epic style, the mythic style and a mythic or the myth, the original myth of *Ulysses* is obviously, *Ulysses* the Homeric warrior coming back from a series of wars to his home and Telemachus his son who is now ruling, who is now in charge of the island and Penelope the wife of *Ulysses* who had been visited by different suitors at different points of time because

people had presumed him to be dead that is the you know that is the original myth the original mythical narrative.

Now, obviously, that mythic method is used by Joyce to sometimes parody, sometimes to conform or sometimes to depart from the original story. So, for instance in this story Penelope, Molly Bloom who happens to be Penelope, the Penelope character she is not faithful to her husband all the time. So, there are episodes of for instance the last one is entirely Molly Bloom's subversive sexuality or subversive sexual morality which is a dramatic departure from the Penelope figure, the Penelope persona in Homer's original epic, original myth right.

So, that mythic method is sustained and Stephen Dedalus over here he is the modern version of Telemachus, son of Leopold Bloom you know Leopold Bloom being Ulysses over here ok. So, these characters are obviously, very loosely structured around the original myth and Joyce obviously, is trying to rewrite the original myth in modern day Dublin and obviously, sometimes there is a degree of deflation, there is a degree of you know parody, there is a degree of departure from the original you know this structure etcetera ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 05:07)

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Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:
—Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit!
Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding land and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light tonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.
Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.



Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely: Come up, Kinch! Come up, you fearful jesuit! Solemnly he came forward. And mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding this is a

Martello tower in Santa Clau by the way where Ulysses opens he faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower the surrounding land and the awaking sorry the waking mountains.

Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and in the light untousled hair, grained and hued like pale oak right. So, Dedalus comes up sleepy, Dedalus is displeased, Dedalus comes up moody and Buck Mulligan is someone who is in charge who is an English medical student here in Dublin.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl the bowl smartly.

(Refer Slide Time: 06:07)

Ulysses



—Back to barracks! he said sternly.
He added in a preacher's tone:
—For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine:
body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music, please.
Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about
those white corpuscles. Silence, all.
He peered sideways up and gave a long slow whistle of
call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white
teeth glistening here and there with gold points.
Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered
through the calm.
—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do
nicely. Switch off the current, will you?
He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his
watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his
own The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jaw



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So, we find that this is obviously, and we discussed already how Ulysses was such a scandal at the catholic church and we found in the very beginning of in this novel we

have a medical student who is quoting the scriptures who is quoting the holy phrases - the Latin phrases only to Parody the same because he the Buck Mulligan over here he does not believe in eternity of the soul, he does not believe in you know the holiness, the sacrality of the body either and very soon we will talk about Stephen's dead mother you know that whole idea of you know the dead mother being unheeded to at the time of his of her death. We will come back very quickly.

But, Buck Mulligan's take on the entire thing about death and life is strictly medical in quality. So, him quoting the scriptures, him quoting the Latin lines, the holy lines obviously carries a parodic significance which is something that Ulysses is trying to foreground in the very beginning of the novel ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 07:18)

call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm.

—Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

—The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek!

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his

3 of 1305



So, and then obviously, the mockery of Dedalus' name comes in and as some of you would know that Dedalus was the son of Icarus in the original Greek myth. So, Icarus was someone who made those you know waxen wings to fly away from the prison which he and Dedalus were imprisoned. And, the warning of course, was not to fly too close to the sun or Dedalus becomes the you know you know he flies close to the sun and Icarus obviously, tries to rescue him and. So, Icarus becomes and both of them died. So, Icarus becomes this the entire you know the whole myth becomes a metaphor of human hubris ok.


So, Dedalus and Icarus they obviously, the father son relationship Dedalus becomes the archetypal craftsman and that craftsman quality is interesting because Dedalus over here he wants to be the writer, he wants to be the artist, he wants to be the perfect craftsman in that sense. So, he is a modern craftsman, he is a modern maker of waxen wings. You know if you read *The portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* you find that you know the same Dedalus persona is projected over here. So, Stephen Dedalus obviously, is a struggling writer and he is co inhabiting here this particular house with Buck Mulligan who happens to be a medical student ok

He pointed so, the mockery I mean his Greek name is being mocked at. The mockery of it! he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek! He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him.

(Refer Slide Time: 09:02)

Ulysses

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mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

—My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!



Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder

still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Now, you find that *Ulysses* is full of this very daily banal bodily activities you know these two people shaving and very soon quickly in the second section we find Leopold Bloom who will be defecating and that too will be described in very graphic detail. So, all kinds of bodily functions obviously, sexual functions which are coming later will be

foregrounded and described in vivid graphic details which obviously, was part of the scandal quotient of this book ok.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on. My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls, but it has a Hellenic ring, has not it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself we must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid? You know so, the whole idea of going back to Athens becomes interesting because you know that becomes in a sense going back to Athens is by going back to the center of culture, going back to the centre of where it all started from the whole idea of Mulligan and Dedalus and Icarus you know all these Greek myths from which the entire white civilization so to speak sort of emanated or blossomed it is something which is referred to over here.

And, interestingly that Greek that that the entire Greek you know origin space or the genesis space is obviously, in some kind of a conflict with the Christian idea of origin the Christian idea of the original story narrative and so, they are obviously, undercutting each other in that sense. Will he come? The jejune jesuit! Ceasing, he began to shave with care. Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly. Yes, my love? How long is Haines going to stay in this tower? Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

(Refer Slide Time: 10:45)

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He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

—Will he come? The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

—Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder.

—God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade.

He shaved warily over his chin.



God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you are not a gentleman. God, these bloody English! Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knife-blade. He shaved warily over his chin.

(Refer Slide Time: 11:04)

Ulysses



—He was raving all night about a black panther,
Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

—A woful lunatic! Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

—I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear.
Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and
moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. You
saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he
stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade.
He hopped down from his perch and began to search his
trouser pockets hastily.

—Scutter! he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into
Stephen's upper pocket, said:

—Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to mull out and hold in on show



So, we have something similar to what we saw in the at the end of the short story Araby. If you remember the story Araby which we did earlier we had this whole idea of the English versus the Irish tension and that tension gets manifested in terms of language, in terms of accent in terms of the manner of speaking in terms of choice of words etcetera. So, Haines over here is an Englishman who is supposedly in some kind of a tense relationship with you know Stephen Dedalus over here.

(Refer Slide Time: 11:36)



—God! he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a great sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks! I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbourmouth of Kingstown.

—Our mighty mother! Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face. I

—The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

—Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

—You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your divine mother asked you. Buck Mulligan said. I'm



And, so, this whole conversation about you know Dedalus and Haines goes on and now the whole idea of the dead mother comes up. The dead mother becomes very conspicuous absence in the novel. So, Dedalus; obviously, comes from you know family of deadness - there is no one alive over here in terms of his parents and so, he becomes very quickly appropriated or appropriable by someone like Leopold Bloom and you know Molly Bloom, who are you know childless. So, they become the surrogate parents so to speak, the spiritual parents or the narrative parents so to speak of Dedalus in this particular novel ok.

Now, the mother figure becomes interesting because originally the mother figure comes in as the sea figure. So, the amniotic quality of the sea is obviously, extended into the mother figure, the protector, nurturer figure that very quickly cuts into the biological mother of the Dedalus who has long since been dead and the dead mother comes in as a very conspicuous presence in the novel; she keeps coming up as a metaphor of guilt, as a metaphor of you know unrequited love as a metaphor of you know you know filial ingratitude or filial lack of duty. So, that becomes interesting point, that becomes almost a traumatic point for Stephen Dedalus, the fact that he did not do something he ought to have done as the son right.

(Refer Slide Time: 13:04)

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—The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

—Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

—You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you ...

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.



6 of 1305



The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you. Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily. You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you. Buck Mulligan said. I am hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you.

So, that we get this back story now. The Dedalus says Stephen over here. She says he suffers from this continual guilt, this continual pang of remorse, repentance because he had not prayed for her mother his mother on her deathbed when he implored her, when she implored him to do it when she begged him to do it on her deathbed where he refused to do it and this refusal obviously, becomes something, her permanent guilt a permanent marker of guilt and trauma in his mind ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 13:46)

—But a lovely mummer! he murmured to himself.
Kinch, the loveliest mummer of them all!

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

—Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must



Stephen, an elbow rested on a jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of the shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death. So, the posthumous appearance of the mother becomes important, it is a symbolic reminder of Stephens's recursive guilt. So, she keeps coming back in his dreams as a ghostly spectral character who has obviously, long since been dead and that obviously, informs his guilt on trauma even more. So, she makes keeps making appearances in her dream.

Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. So, we have different kinds of mother figures over here. The sea is described as a mother figure something which is nourishing humankind with this amniotic quality.

With its endless amniotic quality, the endlessness of love, the endlessness of the sea's resources obviously, in equation with the endlessness of mother's love and compared to in comparison to that we have the real mother who is you know unrequited in her love Stephen never you know return his you know her love to her and let her die being unrequited you know someone you know who wanted him to do something requested to do something and he failed to do it he refused to do it.

So, in his refusal he had failed to be the good son. So, the sea becomes the macro, a spectacular example of the mother figure to him which in turn reminds him of his guilt reminds him of his trauma of his remorse of not having paid heed to his mother's request, the dying request of praying for her on her deathbed ok.

The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. The bowl of white china A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting. So, we found again very bodily functions, sickly functions, the sick body, the diseased body is foregrounded over here. The body of the dying mother is the first real body to appear in Ulysses and how does it appear? A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding this green sluggish bile which he had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

So, the greenness of the bile and the greenness of the sea are obviously, coming together in Stephen's imagination. So, sea, the massive sea was described as a mother figure and who is obviously, which is; obviously, green in colour, green in quality is been equated with the green bile that his mother had coughed up you know you know the deathbed and that obviously, you know is something which keeps coming up in his dreams.

(Refer Slide Time: 16:40)

his shiny black coat-sleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

—Ah, poor dogsbody! he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks?

—They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.



So, right.

(Refer Slide Time: 16:42)

—The mockery of it, he said contentedly. Secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed.

—Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

—He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes.

—That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have g.p.i. He's up in Dottyville with Connolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane!

He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the



And, then there is an interesting section later where Stephen talks about, asks

(Refer Slide Time: 16:45)

Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack. Hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

—I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula.

Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes.

—The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to see you!

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

—It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.



Buck Mulligan a certain question about his dead mother before that there is a little symbol which I want to spend a little bit of time with. You know the broken mirror symbol. The broken mirror becomes a very interesting symbol in Ulysses as Stephen explains this to you know Buck Mulligan you know the broken mirror is a symbol of Irish art, but that obviously, takes up different political connotations as well.

So, Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack. Hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too. I pinched it out the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her whole night all right. The aunt always keeps plain looking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into temptation. And her name is Ursula. Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes. The broken mirrors some there is a crack in the mirror.

The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to see you! So, the reference of Wilde becomes interesting because Wilde; obviously, is a metaphor, an archetype to a certain extent of the Irish artist Irish wordsmith or the Irish craftsman in literature. So, that is a figure that you know Stephen obviously, aspires to reach, aspires to appropriate.

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness. It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:15)

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Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

—It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking-glass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.

—It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen.



Buck mulligan suddenly linked his arm and Stephen's and walked with him around the tower there, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them. – It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch is it? He said he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them. Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen. ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:34)

—Cracked lookingglass of a servant! Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do something for the island. Hellenise it.

Cranly's arm. His arm.

—And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons



So, this is almost like a battle going on and the battle you know some kind of tension between Buck Mulligan and Stephen and the question that comes at Stephen's mind will be quite interestingly articulated ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:42)

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Cranly's arm. His arm.

—And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another. O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!



(Refer Slide Time: 18:43)

—What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

—You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

—Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

—You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

—Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?

He shook his constraint from him nervously.

—And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel



So, again the whole idea of Stephen's mother comes up the dead mother and the section is interesting where Stephen asks the question to Buck Mulligan.

(Refer Slide Time: 18:53)

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalls.

To ourselves ... new paganism ... omphalos.

—Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.

—Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

—Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

—Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and



And, remember when you first introduced me to your family how did you introduce me as in this section and it requires it deserves a bit of a detailed description. And this is the question that Stephen asks Buck Mulligan.

(Refer Slide Time: 19:16)

—Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.

—Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

—Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

—Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

—Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:



Do you remember the first day when I went to your house after my mother's death? Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said: What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God? You were making tea, Stephen said, and went across the landing to get some more hot water. Your mother and some visitor had come out of the drawing room. She asked you who was in your room. Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget. You said, Stephen answered, O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead right.

So, again the whole idea of the mother being beastly dead becomes interesting and the word beastly of course, is used in a very English sense a very upper class English sense, but it does takes up different connotations over here the beastliness of this is the is part of loneliness she does not really get any she did not really get any human empathy, she did not really get any human you know prayer any human touch any human companionship during her death. So, in that sense it is also beastly and in that sense it is also quite terribly lonely in quality.

(Refer Slide Time: 20:34)

was in your room.
—Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.
—You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*
A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.
—Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that?
He shook his constraint from him nervously.
—And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissectingroom. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks



So, you said, Stephen answered O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead. A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek. Did I say that? He asked. Well? What harm is that? He shook his constrained from him nervously. And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw your mother you saw only your mother die.

And, this is the medical section over here which I mentioned little while ago how did how Buck Mulligan looks at the whole experience of death, the whole image of death the whole body of death as from a medical gaze which has nothing to do with the metaphysical understanding of death at all. So, we have the sense interesting dialogue going on so to speak between the medical and the metaphysical views on the experience of death.

So, you only saw you saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond place where he works as an apprentice, as a medical student and cut up into tripes in the dissecting room. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply it doesn't matter. So, again the word beastly comes back over here in a different connotation this time. So, you say you know it is a beastly thing you know it is something which is its nothing to do with any human companionship or human qualities it is just a body, it is just a cadaver which is cut up in a dissecting room and we do it all the time, as doctors we are trained to cut dead bodies.

We are trained to look at death from a very different perspective not from a perspective of some metaphysical understanding of mortality not that at all, but as a very earthly and a bodily phenomenon as phenomenon of functionality or dysfunctionality the body becoming dysfunctional is what we are interested in as doctors ok, it simply does not matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected in a wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. There the word comes back again.

(Refer Slide Time: 22:05)

Ulysses



buttercups off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

—I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

—Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

—O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever



Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor sir Peter Teazle and picks the buttercups off her quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I won't whinge I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

So, you know we find that Buck Mulligan gets quite defensive over here and he tells Stephen that you know this is a hypocrisy of the high sort. This is rich coming from you because you would not even humour her - your mother on her deathbed you would not even pay heed to her, final request for prayers and yet you are judging me for saying a word for saying an expression which you think was in poor taste and then of course, he apologizes I did not mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly: I am not thinking of the offence to my mother. Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked. Of the offence to me, Stephen answered. Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel. O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

(Refer Slide Time: 23:10)

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

—I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

—Of what then? Buck Mulligan asked.

—Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

—O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly:

—Are you up there, Mulligan?

—I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said:



He walked off quickly around the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks. So, again look at the way in which feverishness or the whole experience of having a fever comes back again a bodily function which informs an epiphany experience, we find an epiphany over here it is quite embodied in quality.

A voice within a tower called loudly: Are you up there, Mulligan? I am coming Buck Mulligan answered. He turned towards Stephen and said.

(Refer Slide Time: 23:42)

Ulysses

Planet PDF

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—Look at the sea. What does it care about offences?
Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach
wants his morning rashers.


His head halted again for a moment at the top of the
staircase, level with the roof:

—Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm
inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending
voice boomed out of the stairhead:

*And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.*

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning
peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore



Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and come on down. The Sassenach wants his mourning rashers. So, again the sea is used as a metaphor over here something which is beyond any human offence, any human insult, any human injury that is used again as a metaphor for you know, it is like a massive leveler so to speak.

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof: Don't mope over it all day, he said. I am inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding. So, again this brooding image is something which Stephen is associated with throughout this particular novel and you know we find two different kinds of knowledge orders are in dialogue with each other. So, Stephen is obviously, more metaphysical, more literary, more metaphoric, more imaginative whereas, Buck Mulligan is something, someone who is quoting Latin all the time.

But, his grasp of reality is far more material in quality, because he is a medical practitioner and his experience in medicine, his treatment in medicine, his training in medicine makes him more earthly more material driven compared to Stephen's more metaphysical insights into life death and the whole process of the whole experience of living.

(Refer Slide Time: 24:57)

drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her house when she was a girl. She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the Terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

*I am the boy
That can enjoy
Invisibility.*

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

And no more turn aside and brood.

Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. Her shapely



So, and I again the question of the dead mother comes up in Stephen's imagination and as some kind of a memory marker. Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob of a dark autumn evening.

(Refer Slide Time: 25:21)

Ulysses

Planet PDF



fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's shirts.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down. *Liliata nubilantium te confessorum turba circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.*

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

No, mother! Let me be and let me live.

—Kinch above!



Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's shirts. In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes

giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone. The ghost candle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all preyed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down.

So, there is something very spectral about this almost like a retribution like quality about for not having prayed for the dead mother the dead mother keeps coming back not as a nourishing figure, but as a traumatizing figure for Stephen for Stephen Dedalus.

(Refer Slide Time: 26:11)

agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down. *Liliata nutilantium te confessorum turba circumdet; iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.*

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

No, mother! Let me be and let me live.

—Kinch ahoy!

Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.

—Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is apologising for waking us last night. It's all right.

—I'm coming, Stephen said, turning.

16 of 1305



Ghoul! Chewer of corpses. The mother becomes ghost like an evil spirit of a ghost chewer of corpses. No, mother! Let me be and let me live. — Kinch ahoy! Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.

So, again it is like a reverie which is broken and the reverie is inhabited by the dead mother coming back in a ghostly ghoulish quality, spectral quality almost trying to avenge the lack of prayers or the prayerlessness on her deathbed. So, she is coming back over and over again in Stephen's imagination you know in that kind of a belief system

where the dead does not find salvation or the soul does not find the peace unless prayed by the living around them living companions around them on the deathbed ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 27:09)

—I get paid this morning, Stephen said.
—The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much?
Four quid? Lend us one.
—If you want it, Stephen said.
—Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with
delight. We'll have a glorious drunk to astonish the druidy
druids. Four omnipotent sovereigns.
He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone
stairs, singing out of tune with a Cockney accent:

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

Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel
shavingbowl shone, forgotten, on the parapet. Why should



So, again the whole idea of the Cockney accent becomes interesting because we talked about how you know if you remember the end of Araby, the short story, where the boy goes to the fair Araby, the bazaar Araby. And, he finds a couple of men flirting with a woman and you know and he observed their English accents and the English accent obviously, is very different from the Irish accent and so, we have you know Buck Mulligan singing a song.

He flung up his hands and tramped down on the stone stairs, singing out of tune with a Cockney accent: O, won't we have a merry time, Drinking whisky, beer and wine! On coronation, Coronation day! O, won't we have a merry time On coronation day! So, again coronation, obviously, is a royal ritual, but over here it also becomes a symbolic ritual, so Stephen is obviously, the artist to be over here and this degree of coronation waiting for him and this particular nonsense singsong rhyme that Buck Mulligan sings at this point of time takes up different significance subsequently.

Look at the materials the material objects around this particular landscape now. Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shavingbowl shone, forgotten, on the parapet.

(Refer Slide Time: 28:24)

Ulysses

Planet PDF



I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship?

He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck. So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A servant too. A server of a servant.

In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly to and fro about the hearth, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.

—We'll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you?

Stephen laid the shavinobowl on the locker. A tall



Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship? He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck. So, I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A servant too. A server of a servant.

So, again it is very synesthetic in quality as you can see. Synesthesia is that you know state of being where one particular sense triggers another sense and the two senses merge together. Like for instance if you had a sense of smell, that can remind you of a sense of sight and the two senses can merge together in some synesthetic combination ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 29:02)

Ulysses

Planet PDF



The doorway was darkened by an entering form.
—The milk, sir!
—Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug.
An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's
elbow.
—That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to
God.
—To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be
sure!
Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the
locker.
—The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak
frequently of the collector of prepuces.
—How much, sir? asked the old woman.
—A quart, Stephen said.
He watched her pour into the measure and thence into
the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She



Now, the figure the milk woman becomes interesting as well. The milk woman is someone who comes to deliver the milk to these three men in the morning and she almost has a quasi-mythical quality, some kind of a messenger like quality by delivering the milk.

The doorway was darkened by an entering form. The milk, sir! Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug. An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow. That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God. To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure! Stephen reached back and took the milk jug from the locker. The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of prepuces. How much, sir? asked the old woman. A quart; quarter as a measurement for milk, Stephen said.

(Refer Slide Time: 29:45)

—To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure!

Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker.

—The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of prepuces.

—How much, sir? asked the old woman.

—A quart, Stephen said.

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman,



22 of 1305



He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. So, the word messenger actually arrives. So, some kind of a mythical messenger like quality about this woman maybe a messenger.

She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman names given her in old times.

(Refer Slide Time: 30:23)

Ulysses



names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

—It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups.

—Taste it, sir, she said.

He drank at her bidding.

—If we could live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits.

—Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked.

—I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered.



A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to be upbraid or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour. So, you know she appears like a messenger like quality in Stephens's imagination and you know there are certain sections in *Ulysses* where it almost takes on a mythical ambient quality and the ambient quality almost becomes mythical in quality by extension.

So, this is one of those figures the old woman that comes in, this very shrunken old woman who comes in to deliver milk and the countenance of this woman should remind us of the very shrunken appearance of Tiresias you know who appeared in *Ulysses* in T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* some kind of a shrunken figure who nevertheless sees everything, knows everything is a messenger from some other world.

(Refer Slide Time: 31:19)

—It is maeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups.

—Taste it, sir, she said.

He drank at her bidding.

—If we could live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits.

—Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked.

—I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered.

—Look at that now, she said.

Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman: me she slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, the serpent's prey. And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes.



And, you know this is a question you know the woman asks Buck Mulligan the medical quality, the medical knowledge of Buck Mulligan is foreground over here. Well she asks him a question, - Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked. I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered. Look at that now, she said. Stephen listened in the scornful silence.

She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicine man: me she slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all that there is of her, but a woman's unclean loins, of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, but the serpent's prey. And to that loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes.

(Refer Slide Time: 32:00)

—Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.
—Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.
Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.
—Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?
—I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir?
—I am an Englishman, Haines answered.
—He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.
—Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows. ☺
—Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?
—No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.
Haines said to her



Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her. Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines. Haines spoke to her again in a longer speech, confidently. Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you? I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir? I am an Englishman, Haines answered. He is English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.

Now, this becomes a very important question - a language question and these, these are certain sections in Ulysses where which makes it actually very interestingly post-colonial in quality. So, I'll just read this and I will end with this and we will unpack this a bit. Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I am ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I am told it's a grand language by them that knows. Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup ma'am? No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.

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Are you from the west, sir?
—I am an Englishman, Haines answered.
—He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.
—Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.
—Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?
—No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.
Haines said to her:
—Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we?
Stephen filled again the three cups.
—Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence



Haines said to her: - Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we? Stephen had filled her with three cups. Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, and seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos a shilling and twopence.

(Refer Slide Time: 33:06)

Ulysses
over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling. That's a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.
Buck Mulligan sighed and, having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets.
—Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him, smiling.
Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried:
—A miracle!
He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying:
—Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give



Over and three mornings and a quart and fourpence is three quarts is a shilling. That's a shilling and one or two is two and two, sir. So, she does this very complicated calculation at the time of billing.

(Refer Slide Time: 33:19)

—Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.
—Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.
Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.
—Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you?
—I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from the west, sir?
—I am an Englishman, Haines answered.
—He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.
—Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.
—Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?
—No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.
Haines said to her:
—Have you your bill? We had better pay her.



But, you know just before that the whole idea of the language politics becomes interesting because you know the English man thinks that the Irish should speak you know Irish in England in Ireland and that is obviously, a very a very you know naive assumption on the part of the Englishmen who actually was a colonizer. And, the Irishman of course, is speaking in English, but in a very in toned English you know with an accent which is not definitely not a British accent and that obviously, irritates the Englishman.

So, the Englishman over here, Haines over here is a troublemaker, Haines over here is a person that does not quite fit in, he is an incongruous, incompatible presence over here and he is saying to those Irish people that because you are Irish you know you ought to speak in Irish or Irish the pure language. And, the old woman over here agrees sentimentally with Haines' suggestion, but she says that is a you know that is a language which we do not speak anymore, it is a grand language.

So, you know that assumption on the part of the colonizer that the colonized should speak their own language and not English, it obviously, becomes very problematic assumption because that becomes that also translates into a question of ownership on language he owns the language. So, English becomes the language the British only and Irish ought to speak Irish so to speak. So, any idea of appropriation becomes problematic

from the colonizer's perspective. So, the colonizer does not quite like that a colonized subject speak in English which happens to be the original tongue.

Now, this of course, is very complicated and a very long drawn out political debate to be had, but suffice it to say that the whole novel *Ulysses* is written in English of course, and it is written in a kind of English which decimates or deconstructs the grand narrative about English writing and the novel English the English writing which informs the novel that becomes decimated, that becomes deconstructed in this very act of writing *Ulysses*. So, you know so, this language question becomes very much part of the post-colonial debate over here ok.

And, then of course, she makes this complicated calculation as a shilling and one and two is two and two sir. Buck mulligan sighed and, having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets. So, again this becomes those of you who are Joyce fans, who are *Ulysses* fans would know you know there are lot of questions quiz questions about *Ulysses* in some trivia about *Ulysses* and one question which keeps getting asked all the time is that when Buck Mulligan was having his bread which side did he butter and the correct answer will be both sides thickly buttered on both sides. So, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets.

-Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him, smiling. Stephen filled the third cup, a spoonful of tea coloring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried: -A miracle!

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a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets.

—Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him, smiling.

Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried:

—A miracle!

He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying:

—Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give.

Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand.

—We'll owe twopence, he said.

—Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir.

She curtsied and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant:



He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying: -Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give. Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand. We will owe twopence, he said. -Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir. She curtsied and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant:

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Ulysses

Planet PDF



*—Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet.*

He turned to Stephen and said:

—Seriously, Dedalus. I'm stony. Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back some money. Today the bards must drink and junket. Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty.

—That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your national library today.

—Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned to Stephen and asked blandly:

—Is this the day for your monthly wash, Kinch?

Then he said to Haines:

—The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month.



-Heart of my heart, were it were, More would be laid at your feet ok.

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bards must drink and junket. Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty.

—That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your national library today.

—Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned to Stephen and asked blandly:

—Is this the day for your monthly wash, Kinch?

Then he said to Haines:

—The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month.

—All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream, Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a slice of the loaf.

Haines from the corner where he was snorting easily a scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke:

—I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me.

Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agenbite of inwit. Conscience. Yet here's a spot.



So, this episode becomes interesting and I will end at this point today – the arrival of the milk woman as some kind of a mythical messenger who comes in to deliver milk and this small conversation which also becomes quite political in quality. So, she is both mythical as well as political in quality. So, she is someone who appears in terms of appearance as a mythical messenger, but her entire dialogue about language about the Irish language and the English language becomes you know quite political in quality.

And, of course, the whole idea of owing money to the messenger becomes sort of quasi mythical again and her departure is quite mythic in quality. She comes delivers milk goes away quite quickly and the three students over here have this very interesting conversation with her which makes the entire episode quasi mythic in quality as well as being quite political in quality.

So, I stop at this point today, but I hope to have established by now that Ulysses is a novel which draws on a mythical frame, the mythical method, but actually deals with a very earthly now, the earthly reality of Dublin in which it is very stubbornly situated, right. And, the stubborn situatedness of Ulysses is something which we must never lose sight of because you know it actually becomes a very coarse filthy earthly novel and the filthy quality, the earthly quality, the scatological quality of Ulysses is part of the complexity is part of the narrative complexity is part of the scandal so to speak

which makes it you know such a such a scandal in English imagination in the entire not just in a moral map of England and Ireland.

But, also in the linguistic map of England and Ireland because if you remember the lecture before this prior to this when I started off with this background of the novel I said that this was banned on two counts. One of course, was obscenity, it foregrounded the body, the sexuality of the body, the defecation quality of the body, I mean the different kinds of functionality of the body was foregrounded it is nothing concealed the body was very much part of the narrative process and also the second count due to which it got banned this scandal rose was due to obscurity it was written in language which was not really English in that sense.

So, it was a rewriting of the English language, it was like a deconstruction of the English language which became part of this scandal. So, this episode which we stopped at today you know it sort of throws light on some of the bigger concerns of Ulysses which we will take up in the times to come. So, I stop with this point today, I will continue with the lecture of this particular text in the coming lectures.

Thank you for your attention.