

Twentieth-Century Fiction
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Lecture - 41
Ulysses - Part 3

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Ulysses

shells; and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and this, the scallop of saint James. An old pilgrim's hoard, dead treasure, hollow shells.

A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

—Three, Mr Deasy said, turning his little savingsbox about in his hand. These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for shillings. Sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See.

He shot from it two crowns and two shillings.

—Three twelve, he said. I think you'll find that's right.

—Thank you, sir, Stephen said, gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers.

—No thanks at all, Mr Deasy said. You have earned it.

Stephen's hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too of beauty and of power. A lump in my pocket: symbols soiled by greed and misery.

—Don't carry it like that, Mr Deasy said. You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy.

Answer something.

—Mine would be often empty, Stephen said.

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So, hello and welcome to this NPTEL course entitled Twentieth Century Fiction. We were looking at James Joyce's *Ulysses*. So, in this very short lecture, we will just look at a particular scene from this novel and this is a very important scene, it is apparently a very innocuous conversation between the headmaster of the school in which Stephen Dedalus is teaching and Dedalus himself. But, this scene is packed with some of the very political things and this could be looked from a post-colonial perspective and also some of the very anti-Semitic things which *Ulysses* dramatizes.

So, the anti-Semitic sentiments in Dublin at that point of time is something which is very deliberately dramatized by Joyce over here. So, first of all we see Mr. Deasy who is a headmaster who is about to pay Stephen for his classes and a conversation takes place inside his office and you know. So, this is you know a conversation between the headmaster and Stephen, where he gives him the money for his class and this should be on your screen. You know this is a sovereign had been delivered to Stephen.

A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

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Stephen's hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too of beauty and power. A lump in my pocket: symbols soiled by greed and misery.

Now, this is one of the really interesting features of Ulysses in terms of how, it manages to merge the materiality of life and the affect produced out of materiality. So, on one hand we have a series of streams of consciousness, where the characters go into reveries, they have daydreams, they move into different kinds of visions. But, at the same time they keep coming back to some very hardcore, sometimes filthy material signifiers, and the filthiness of Dublin is something which is never quite lost sight of in this entire narrative.

So, we have this conversation taking place between the headmaster and Stephen. Stephen obviously, being the employee of this of this institution, but at the same time we see him moving off in different directions in the reveries. So, on the one hand he is getting money from the headmaster, but he is very conscious of his consciousness, and this metacognitive quality of being conscious of his consciousness is something which both Dedalus and Leopold Bloom exhibit in different degrees in Ulysses which makes it such a phenomenal text despite the one day frame.

We talked about how the one calendar day is a very superficial temporal structure within which different kinds of psychological times are operative in different degrees crisscrossing each other, sometimes. So, he accepts some money and then he is very immediately aware of the symbolic significance of the money and the materiality of the money, at the same time he is feeling it in a very tactile kind of a way. So, the tactility,

the materiality, the earthiness, and the filth, they are all merged together to produce this very complex affect in Ulysses which is something which pervades the entire novel. And then of course, Mr. Deasy would advise him further, before this gets more political and anti-Semitic and this is something where I want to highlight a little bit in this section.

Do not carry it like that, Mr. Deasy said. You will pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of those machines. You will find them very handy.

Answer something.

Mine would often be empty, Stephen said.

So, this answer something is obviously Stephen's head telling him to do something, and this is the metacognitive quality I talked about, the aware of awareness, right which is something the Ulysses does very often. Which is why it is such an important text for people working on cognition, people who are working on awareness, people working on consciousness, it is a brain telling you what to do, it is a mind telling you what to do, how to embody yourself, how to articulate yourself in certain social spaces.

So, what it does is it brings the entire idea of embodiment as a very complex act, a very complex activity because in one hand embodiment is obviously, a very embedded neural phenomenon, but equally it is an extended discursive phenomenon and this entanglement between the neural embedded order and the discursive extended order is something which is very fractured in Ulysses. So, the cognition of, the cognitive schema is very fractured in Ulysses. So, we have characters telling themselves all the time, they are talking to themselves all the time, as a result of which they end up being failed narrators quite often, ok.

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Ulysses

The same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times now. Three nooses round me here. Well? I can break them in this instant if I will.

—Because you don't save, Mr Deasy said, pointing his finger. You don't know yet what money is. Money is power. When you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say? *Put but money in thy purse.*

—Iago, Stephen murmured. He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

—He knew what money was, Mr Deasy said. He made money. A poet, yes, but an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?

The seas' ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay: it seems history is to blame: on me and on my words, unhatting.

—That on his empire, Stephen said, the sun never sets. —Ba! Mr Deasy cried. That's not English. A French Celt said that. He tapped his savingsbox against his thumbnail.



The same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times now. Three nooses round me here. Well? I can break them in this instant if I will.

Because you do not save, Mr. Deasy said, pointing his finger. So, that noose figure is very important and it is a stream of consciousness telling him that this is a imprisonment, this school institution is actually a prison house of agency, a prison house of will.

And we saw the same figure of the institution curbing freedom curbing agency even in Dubliners, the short story which we did, Araby, we found the entire story began with this institution setting the children free I mean at the end of the school day, which is to suggest that they held them together as prisoners for the entirety of the day.

So, the noose figure is interesting every time Stephen enters this room to get paid he feels like he is putting his head in the noose, in a sense of being imprisoned by this institution and obviously, Mr. Deasy over here who is the headmaster, the embodiment of the institution in terms of all his hierarchy and his very rigid regime to which he subjects his students to, ok.

Because you do not save and he is exhorting Stephen now to save money, Mr. Deasy said, pointing his finger. You do not know yet what money is. Money is power. When you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say? Put but money in thy purse.

Iago, Stephen murmured.

So, this is you know this is like a knowledge game going on between the headmaster and Stephen, and Stephen accurately said it is from Othello Iago.

He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

He knew what money was, Mr. Deasy said. He made money. A poet, yes, but an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what the what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?

The sea's ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay: it seems history is to blame: on me and my words, unhating.

That on his empire, Stephen said, the sun never sets.

Ba, Mr. Deasy said, Mr. Deasy cried. That is not English. A French Celt said that. He tapped his savings box against his thumbnail.

I will tell you, he said solemnly, what is his proudest boast. I paid my way.

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Ulysses

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—I will tell you, he said solemnly, what is his proudest boast. *I paid my way.*

Good man, good man.

—*I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life. Can you feel that? I owe nothing. Can you?*

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches. Russell, one guinea. Cousins, ten shillings, Bob Reynolds, half a guinea. Kochler, three guineas, Mrs MacKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless.

—For the moment, no, Stephen answered.

Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight, putting back his savingsbox.

—I knew you couldn't, he said joyously. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but we must also be just.

—I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan filibegs: Albert Edward, prince of Wales.

—You think me an old fogey and an old tory, his



So, we can see two different kinds of knowledge narratives that order, I mean Stephen is asked what is the proudest an English man can say, and his immediate connect is with the empire, right. And he says the proudest thing an English man can say in a very

obnoxious way, is that a sun never sets on the empire. But Mr. Deasy would beg to differ and he because he occupies a solemn position over here, a position of superiority. So, he has ownership and knowledge, even though the knowledge may be fake, and phony, and not quite correct. So, he says, the proudest thing that the Englishman can say is I paid my way.

Good man, good man.

I paid my way, I never borrowed a shilling in my life. Can you feel that? I owe nothing, Can you?

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair of brogues, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches. Russell, one guinea. Cousins, ten shillings. Bob Reynolds, half a guinea. Kochler, three guineas, Mrs. MacKernan, five week's board. The lump I have is useless.

So, again look at the way in which he moves on again, he shoots off into another reverie. The moment he talks about, he hears about borrowing and owing money he has an entire rattle in his brain about the amount of money he owes to different kinds of people, the money and the different other objects he owes to people. So, again look at the way in which the very hardcore filthy materiality of Dublin is actually juxtaposed together with the abstraction of consciousness, which is never quite let loose, it is very much part of the materiality which makes Joyce such a phenomenal writer in the sense how he navigates consciousness along with material markers, right. So these material markers are actually part of the consciousness, part of the abstraction. So, we have on the other hand a very hardcore material filthy figures, the money, socks, dirty things, linen for instance and on the other hand we have these streams of consciousness gurgling out as it were out of these material markers, which is a very interesting combination of materiality and abstraction which is something I have talked about already. So, the entire affect, the entire consciousness in Dublin over here in Ulysses is a combination or emerges from the combination of materiality and abstraction, ok.

So, for the moment, no, Stephen answered.

Mr. Deasy laughed with a rich delight, putting back his savings box.

I knew you would not, he said joyously. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but you must also be just.

I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

Mr. Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan filibegs.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

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Ulysses

O'Connell's time. I remember the famine in '46. Do you know that the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates of your communion denounced him as a demagogue? You fenians forget some things.

Glorious, pious and immortal memory. The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the splendid behung with corpses of papishes. Hoarse, masked and armed, the planters' covenant. The black north and true blue bible. Croppies lie down.

Stephen sketched a brief gesture.

—I have rebel blood in me too, Mr Deasy said. On the spindle side. But I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted for the union. We are all Irish, all kings' sons.

—Alas, Stephen said.

—*Per vias rectas*, Mr Deasy said firmly, was his motto. He voted for it and put on his topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so.

*Lal the tal the ra
The rocky road to Dublin.*

A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots. Soft dav, sir John! Soft dav, your honour! ... Dav! ... Dav! ...



You think of me as an old fogey and an old Tory, his thoughtful voice said. I saw three generations since O'Connell's time. I remember the famine in 1946, a reference to the potato famine over here. Do you know that the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell did or before the prelates of a communion denounced him as a demagogue? You fenians forget some things.

Glorious, pious and immortal memory. The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the splendid behung with corpses of papishes. Hoarse, masked and armed, the planter's covenant. The black north and the true blue bible. Croppies lie down.

So, we have again, these different kinds of markers coming in and we have kind of a contest going on about history. And Mr. Deasy over here, who claims to be you know more knowledgeable, he you know he is getting a bit defensive because he thinks

Stephen attacks him for being a tory for being a pro-establishment person, whereas Stephen over here as a young artist as a young poet, he has a subversive imagination of place. We have two different kinds of masculinity also in order over here.

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Ulysses

Two topboots jog dangling on to Dublin. Lal the ral the ra. Lal the ral the raddy.

—That reminds me, Mr Deasy said. You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus, with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press. Sit down a moment. I have just to copy the end.

He went to the desk near the window, pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter.

—Sit down. Excuse me, he said over his shoulder, *the dictates of common sense*. Just a moment.

He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by his elbow and, muttering, began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly, sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error.

Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence. Framed around the walls images of vanished horses stood in homage, their meek heads poised in air: lord Hastings' Repulse, the duke of Westminster's Shotover, the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, *prix de Paris*, 1866. Elfín riders sat them, watchful of a sign. He saw their speeds, backing king's colours, and shouted with the shouts of vanished crowds.

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Ulysses

—Full stop, Mr Deasy bade his keys. But prompt ventilation of this allimportant question ...

Where Cranly led me to get rich quick, hunting his winners among the mudsplashed brakes, amid the bawls of bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen, over the motley slush. Fair Rebel! Fair Rebel! Even money the favourite: ten to one the field. Dicers and thimblerriggers we hurried by after the hoofs, the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman, a butcher's dame, nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange.

Shouts rang shrill from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle.

Again: a goal. I am among them, among their battling bodies in a medley, the joust of life. You mean that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly crawwick? Jousts. Time shocked rebounds, shock by shock. Jousts, slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain, a shout of spearspikes baited with men's bloodied guts.

—Now then, Mr Deasy said, rising.

He came to the table, pinning together his sheets. Stephen stood up.



So, let us cut into the really interesting section over here, where you know you know Deasy talk about you know the Jews in England, and how he talks about the entire Jewish presence as a pathological presence you know in England and how England was obviously getting degenerated because of the Jews, right.

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Ulysses

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—I have put the matter into a nutshell, Mr Deasy said. It's about the foot and mouth disease. Just look through it. There can be no two opinions on the matter.

May I trespass on your valuable space. That doctrine of *laissez faire* which so often in our history. Our cattle trade. The way of all our old industries. Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme. European conflagration. Grain supplies through the narrow waters of the channel. The pluperfect imperturbability of the department of agriculture. Pardoned a classical allusion. Cassandra. By a woman who was no better than she should be. To come to the point at issue.

—I don't mince words, do I? Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on.

Foot and mouth disease. Known as Koch's preparation. Serum and virus. Percentage of salted horses. Rinderpest. Emperor's horses at Murtzsteg, lower Austria. Veterinary surgeons. Mr Henry Blackwood Price. Courteous offer a fair trial. Dictates of common sense. Allimportant question. In every sense of the word take the bull by the horns. Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns.

—I want that to be printed and read, Mr Deasy said. You will see at the next outbreak they will put an



So, this is something which we will spend some time with, ok.

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Ulysses

NPTEL

My cousin, Blackwood Price, writes to me it is regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattledoctors there. They offer to come over here. I am trying to work up influence with the department. Now I'm going to try publicity. I am surrounded by difficulties, by ... intrigues by ... backstairs influence by ...

He raised his forefinger and beat the air oddly before his voice spoke.

—Mark my words, Mr Dedalus, he said. England is in the hands of the jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. And they are the signs of a nation's decay. Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength. I have seen it coming these years. As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying.

He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again.

—Dying, he said again, if not dead by now.

*The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's windingsheet.*

His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the



So, this is, this should be on your screen and this is the part of the very strong anti-Semitic sentiment that Ulysses exhibits which was obviously a reflection of the anti-Semitic sentiments in Dublin, of Joyce's Dublin at that point of time.

Mark my words, Mr. Dedalus, he said. England is in the hands of the Jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. And they are the signs of a nation's decay. Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength. I have seen it coming these

years. As sure as we are standing here the Jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying.

Right. So, we have this entire sentiment of the anti-Semitic feeling coming in very strongly. And of course, this is not something foreign to England as well, I mean the only Jewish prime minister at that point of time before you know this particular historical time was Benjamin Disraeli, and he too was seen as a figure, this corrupting pathological presence to the English imagination.

And this anti-Semitic thing which is rampant in 19th century literature also, we found if you read something like Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, you find that the physiognomy of Dracula, the vampire comes and sucks away the blood of England. It is very Semite, stereotypically Semite in quality in terms of all the racist rhetoric around, the figure of the vampire. So, you know in *Dracula*, the fear, the real figure, fear of Dracula is not about blood infection; it is about unregulated capitalism, the count with this unlimited wealth comes and buys up everything in England and that is the real fear in *Dracula* as dramatized by Bram Stoker.

So, you have a similar kind of sentiment over here as well. Where you know this headmaster of an educational institution which is the irony over here, he is telling a young school teacher that England is degenerating because of Jews. So, we have this similar kind of a xenophobic feeling at work which is being articulated in a very mainstream institutional way, ok.

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Ulysses

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—A merchant, Stephen said, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, Jew or Gentile, is he not?

—They sinned against the light, Mr Deasy said gravely. And you can see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day.

On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabble of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth about the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroitness hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain patience to heap and hoard. Time surely would scatter all. A hoard heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on. Their eyes knew their years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh.

—Who has not? Stephen said.

—What do you mean? Mr Deasy asked.

He came forward a pace and stood by the table. His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly. Is this old wisdom? He waits to hear from me.

—History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I



He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again.

Dying, he said again, if not dead by now.

His eyes opened wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted.

A merchant, Stephen said, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, Jew or Gentile, is he not?

So, Stephen's very meek defence is interesting over here. He says they are all businessmen, it does not matter the Jews or Gentile, a merchant is someone who buys cheaply and sells dearly. It is profit making enterprise, it does not matter who is Jew and who is not.

They sinned against the light, Mr. Deasy said gravely. And you can see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day. So, again the whole idea of the persecution of the Jews is something which is seen as a rightful retribution for having disobeyed the God, and as a result of which they are wandering even today, right. So, this is very mainstream, very institutional articulation of anti-Semitism which is being said over here.

And then of course, the whole idea of history is you know given in a very quasi half chopped logical way with knowledge used very strategically and the response to which Stephen says, history, Stephen said is a nightmare from which I am trying to wake. This is a very oft-quoted line from *Ulysses*. But this is obviously, part of the you know the entire historical narrative that *Ulysses* is trying to present. It is the very deeply political novel, and we have different kinds of narrative strains at play over here.

And obviously, if you read the entire novel you find the irony over here and the reason why it is so political is because the protagonist in *Ulysses* happens to be a Jew, Leopold Bloom is a Jew, an Irish Jew and that obviously, forms part of his identity in a very massive way. So, he is someone, Bloom, we will come to Bloom later in the next lecture. We find that Bloom is obviously trying to navigate his way through a very anti-Semitic Dublin which makes his entire identity quite political in quality as well, ok.

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Ulysses

From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirling whistle: goal. What if that nightmare gave you a back kick?

—The ways of the Creator are not our ways, Mr Deasy said. All human history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

—That is God.

Hooray! Ay! Whirrwheel!

—What? Mr Deasy asked.

—A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Mr Deasy looked down and held for awhile the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers. Looking up again he set them free.

—I am happier than you are, he said. We have committed many errors and many sins. A woman brought sin into the world. For a woman who was no better than she should be, Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks made war on Troy. A faithless wife first brought the strangers to our shore here, MacMurrough's wife and her leman, O'Rourke, prince of Breffni. A woman too brought Parnell low. Many errors, many



From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirling whistle goal. What if the nightmare gave you back a kick?

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Hooray. Ay. Whrrwhee.

What? Mr. Deasy asked.

A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

So, the whole idea of God is being described in a very interesting way. Stephen said that God happens to be a shout in the street. God is an act of randomness. God is an act of accident sometimes. God is an act of joy, a shrieking of joy in the streets which is completely the ontological opposite, of any institutional understanding of God and you know the whole idea of deification which is embodied by this institution over here, ok.

And then of course, Mr. Deasy goes on to say I am happier than you are, he said. We have committed many errors and many sins. A woman brought sin into the world. For a woman who was no better than she should she should be. Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years of Greeks made war on Troy. A faithless wife, first brought the strangers to our shore here.

So, again a reference to Helen is interesting and the reference of the faithless wife is also interesting, because we find there is a faithless wife here as well someone who is being unfaithful to her husband, you know, Molly Bloom over here who is who is modelled on the entire idea of Penelope, the original and Greek narrative, the Greek myth that is being mimicked over here. So, the whole idea of faithlessness is being parodied, especially if it comes from a you know someone whose embodiment of institutions such as Mr. Deasy, ok.

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Ulysses

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failures but not the one sin. I am a struggler now at the end of my days. But I will fight for the right till the end.

*For Ulster will fight
And Ulster will be right.*

Stephen raised the sheets in his hand.

—Well, sir, he began ...

—I foresee, Mr Deasy said, that you will not remain here very long at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think. Perhaps I am wrong.

—A learner rather, Stephen said.

And here what will you learn more?

Mr Deasy shook his head.

—Who knows? he said. To learn one must be humble.

But life is the great teacher.

Stephen rustled the sheets again.

—As regards these, he began.

—Yes, Mr Deasy said. You have two copies there. If you can have them published at once.

Telegraph. Irish Homestead.

—I will try, Stephen said, and let you know tomorrow. I know two editors slightly.

—That will do. Mr Deasy said briskly. I wrote last



So, I will just wind up now.

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Ulysses

DEBENU



cattletraders' association today at the City Arms hotel. I asked him to lay my letter before the meeting. You see if you can get it into your two papers. What are they?

—*The Evening Telegraph* ...

—That will do, Mr Deasy said. There is no time to lose. Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin.

—Good morning, sir, Stephen said, putting the sheets in his pocket. Thank you.

—Not at all, Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. I like to break a lance with you, old as I am.

—Good morning, sir, Stephen said again, bowing to his bent back.

He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees, hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield. The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate: toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

—Mr Dedalus!

Running after me. No more letters, I hope.

—Just one moment.

—Yes, sir, Stephen said, turning back at the gate.

Mr Deasy halted, breathing hard and swallowing his



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Ulysses

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—I just wanted to say, he said. Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the Jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

—Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

—Because she never let them in, Mr Deasy said solemnly.

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

—She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That's why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen. bluesilver. rust: coloured sims.



With this section coming to an end where Stephen obviously, does not want to engage with Mr. Deasy anymore. So, he goes off running errands for him and as he is about to depart, this real drama takes place. He finds Mr. Deasy coming after him in order to say him tell him the right finishing line, the signing off sentence what would that be.

I just wanted to say, he said, Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which has never persecuted the Jews. Do you know why? Do you know that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

Because she never let them in, Mr. Deasy said solemnly.

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging it after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That is why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

So, again look at the coin imagery in the end which stands for the signifier greed which is normally associated with the Jews over here and he obviously is transferred over here to the anti-Semite in a very symbolic kind of a way. And also this entire idea of the cough, the phlegm, the congestion is part of the disease metaphor that Joyce is trying to describe over here.

So, the real disease lies in anti-Semitism not in the Semites over here, which is quite clearly which is quite clearly apparent over here. And obviously, you know Stephen does not want to engage with him because he is an employee, a lowly employee in this institution. But Joyce, the narrator over here is very clearly telling us that entire disease of anti-Semitism is what pervades Dublin at this point of time and the final image of dancing coins is obviously quite symbolic and it is a bit of a tell away, a giveaway to the entire idea of greed which is located not in a Jew, but in the anti-Semite as embodied by the headmaster of this religious institution.

So, I stop at this point today. But this is a very short section, but which nonetheless it gives a sense of the political picture of Dublin in that point of time, the racist picture of Dublin that point of time, in which navigates central protagonist Leopold Bloom with which we will begin the next lecture.

Thank you for your attention.