

**Twentieth-Century Fiction**  
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**Lecture - 43**  
**Ulysses - Part 5**

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A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hoo! Not a budge out of him. Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him. Dead animal even sadder. Silly-Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a daisychain and bits of broken chainies on the grave.

The Sacred Heart that is: showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything but pleased. Why this infliction? Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.

How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After



So, hello and welcome to this NPTEL course entitled Twentieth Century Fiction where we were looking at James Joyce's novel Ulysses. So, in this particular section we talk about the very interesting mixture of flippancy and profundity in this novel; especially when it comes to machines, so we look at the relationship between the metaphysical understanding of mortality, immortality and the very flippant material understanding of the same issues at hand.

And the section that we look at today is obviously, I mean this is set in a graveyard, this is a funeral ceremony which is taking place where Leopold Bloom is attending and then you know he is having a chain of thoughts in his mind; thoughts range from mortality to machines to flippancy to different kinds of sentiments which are very interestingly mingling with each other in very curious combinations.

So, as I mentioned already in one of my previous lectures about Ulysses there is a lot of stream of consciousness in this novel, but then at the same time it is not entirely about profound epiphany, it is not entirely about mystic epiphany; the mysticism and the

profundity of these emotional experiences are always mediated through very flippant material markers. And the material markers are very vulgar in quality, they are very earthly in quality, they are very immediate and local in quality. And the vulgarity, the immediate quality, the automatism of these markers - it does not really belie the metaphysical profundity of thoughts, it actually accentuates it and at the same time complicates it.

So, how does, how do you human beings, we human beings think in terms of our negotiation with machines; how can machines help us not to bring us down, not to reduce us into different forms, but also to accentuate us as human beings. So, this whole engagement with machines becomes a very important issue in modernism in particular.

Right if you take a look at I mean we have already talked about Eliot's wasteland and also some of his early poetry; we have seen already how machines have become a very recursive feature in those kinds of poems where the entire idea about consciousness, memory, thought processes they become mediated and marked by machines. And, the marking of machines become very very important and in this section we will find out you know exactly how Joyce does in this novels.

We have things about we have sentiments about mortality, immortality; you know the fact that everyone's going to die, imminent death in Dublin and then all these are sort of mixed together. And they inform different kinds of all the sentiments through certain machinic markers, the gramophone being a very interesting metaphor of machines over here, ok.

So, this is being gazed at by Leopold Bloom, this should be on your screen; a bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present aldermen Hooper gave us. Hoo, not a budge out of him. Knows there are no catapults to let fly at him. Dead animal even sadder. Silly-Milly burying the little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a daisy chain and bits of broken chainies on the grave.

The Sacred Heart that is showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything, but pleased. Why this infliction? Would birds come back and then peck like the boy with the basket of fruit, but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the

boy. Apollo that was. How many! For these here once walked around Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we, right.

So, this almost becomes so unstable, and he sees a little bird on the branch and he knows the bird is very certain of his you know life at the memory, because there is no catapults thrown at him, or it and the references are dead birds dead animals around his room and it suddenly becomes very spectral in qualities; it is almost like a dead people, dead animals, dead organisms having voices of their own and speaking with the living people at this point of time. So, it becomes a swarm stable like sequence or the dead speaking with the non-dead.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well the voice, yes; gramophone. And this becomes interesting bit, where machines come in as a marker of memory right and you know memory becomes mediated through machines or the materialization of machines; the machines become the material markers, material reservoirs, material containers of memory as it were. Yeah well the voice, yes; gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house.

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dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather.  
Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark  
awfullygladseeagain hellohello amawf krpthsth. Remind  
you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the  
face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after  
fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some  
fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop!

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some  
animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt,  
moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he  
knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the  
plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hidingplace for  
treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert  
Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight,



After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old great grandfather Kraahraark! Hello hello  
hello awfully glad kraark awfully glad see again hello hello awful krpthsth. Remind you  
of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise it cannot remember

the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Now so, the gramophone and the photograph over here they emerge as interesting preservers of memory. So, you know these become acts of say preservation to a certain extent. So, again this is something which we saw in Eliot's early poetry as well especially in the wasteland, where the gramophone had appeared as a marker of automatism, as a marker of numbness so to say. If you remember that scene where the typist, you know she puts a new recording of gramophone where it had automatic hand moves for gramophone and a half thought passage through our brains that; obviously, became a metaphor of numbness, metaphor of stillness which was part of the dehumanization that Wasteland was depicting and dramatizing.

Now obviously, over here it is more carnivalesque in quality; by carnivalesque I mean it is more playful in quality. So, bloom over here is having an epiphany about mortality and immortality, and he realizes that one way of preserving memory, one way of preserving the voice is from the gramophone; just like the photograph is a preserver of images, preserver of faces so you know that becomes interesting you know marker of preservation, self-preservation etcetera.

So, again what we have here is a very interesting entanglement as it were between something material, something earthly, something flippant and then something metaphysical - it is just memory. And if you remember this can be connected to some of the earlier discussions we had specially in the last lecture, where the whole idea of metempsychosis, where the Bloom and Leopold Bloom and Molly bloom are talking about the entire transmigration of the soul; how the soul actually passes on from one body to another body and so it never really dies.

How that was immediately interrupted and how that entire sequence cut into the overcooked kidney, how the kidney was being transformed into something overcooked. That shows how the very spiritual metaphysical understanding of migration was very quickly you know aligned with a very interesting culinary migration that was taking place for the burnt kidney which is almost inedible in quality by the time bloom managed to rescue it from the stove.

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes. An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager; great grandfather; he knew he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hiding place, a hiding place for treasure

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fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop!

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hidingplace for treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse.



Who lives here? Who lives here? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, was not he? Making his rounds. So, he takes a look at all the graveyards, of the graves of different people over here. Tail gone now. So, again look at the way in which this gaze which is about dead people about mortality about deadness is being a mediated through this very quickly moving mouse.

And this scene reminds me especially the scene in in hamlet; the grave digging scene in Hamlet, where Hamlet the great procrastinating prince, the philosopher prince he is ruminating about life, about mortality, about immortality, about language etcetera in a very pseudo comical way, in a very darkly comic way and that dark comic quality of the in the graveyard scene in Hamlet is something which we see here as well as Leopold Bloom takes you know a look around the graves and you know finds out different connections and he is getting interrupted by mice and thoughts about gramophone.

Tail gone now. So, again the movement of the mice, the mouse in this particular case is very very important, it is a very shifting signifier of meaning the tail is gone. One of

those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad.

So, again this very vulgar and corporeal understanding of the human dead body is interesting over here; because you know in one hand we have this entire discussion about metempsychosis, about the transmigration of souls or souls shift from one position to another position and on the other hand we have a description of the corpse, the dead body is meat gone bad. So, there is this cannibalistic quality about memory which is being projected over here. So, this cannibalism in the thought processes is something which is being talked about; but it becomes something more relevant or something more important as we will see in a moment.

A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what is cheese? Corpse of milk. So, again cheese something which is seen as you know marker of nourishment and delicacy and ties with human consumption is again connected with rottenness. So, rottenness is very much an embedded condition in most human interaction, most human consumption that something which is being projected over here, right. So, corpse, the dead body's meat gone bad, cheese is corpse of milk, it is milk gone bad etcetera.

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*Ulysses*

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Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds. Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is the pleasantest. See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. Can't bury in the air however. Out of a flying machine. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Underground communication. We learned that from them. Wouldn't be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Flies come before he'll be dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the



I read in the Voyages in China that a Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague.

So, again the whole idea of cremation becomes interesting, because you know on the one hand the priests are against it, the catholic priests are against cremation they are they; obviously, they advocate burial and then suddenly we are cut into, we cut into this sort of idea that of commerce behind cremation or the Dutch oven dealers. The wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime feverpits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds. Earth, fire, water.

So, we have different kinds of images of mortality over here, images of deadness over here and reference to the Persian Parsi tradition or the Zoroastrian tradition of keeping the dead bodies at a tower where birds come and peck at them that is also being referred to over here. So, we have different kinds of almost carnivalesque description about deadness, about dead bodies which is obviously, been done in a way to talk about mortality in a pseudo comic and pseudo philosophical way, right.

Eaten by birds. Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is a pleasantest. See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. Cannot bury in the air however. Out of a flying machine. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Underground communication. We learned that from them. Would not be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Flies come before he is well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They could not care about they would not care about the smell of it. Salt white crumbling mush of corpse; smell, taste like raw white turnips.

So, again I mean look at the constant mingling of the edible and the inedible between the positive and the negative between the pleasant and the unpleasant and mortality and immortality I mean are talked about in very flippant terms across a stream of consciousness, random thoughts processes associating one with each other. The whole idea of you know dying in wind, the whole idea of being eating by birds, the whole idea of the crumbling mush of corpse which is also smelling it has a soft white appearance etcetera and it tastes like raw white turnips. So, you know a corpse tastes like raw white turnips.

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Can't bury in the air however. Out of a lying machine.  
Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is  
let down. Underground communication. We learned that  
from them. Wouldn't be surprised. Regular square feed  
for them. Flies come before he's well dead. Got wind of  
Dignam. They wouldn't care about the smell of it.  
Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw  
white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the  
world again. Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer  
every time. Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral.  
Poor papa too. The love that kills. And even scraping up  
the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to  
get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running  
gravesores. Give you the creeps after a bit. I will appear to  
you after death. You will see my ghost after death. My  
ghost will haunt you after death. There is another world



The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the world again. So, back to the world again obviously, becomes the message of liminality, right. So, the whole idea of shifting between the reverie world and the real world is something which happens across the novel Ulysses. So, that is something which we must never lose sight of; the whole in the transitions between the lived world, the experienced world and the imagined world, the reverie world, the dream world.

Back to the world again, enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time. Last time I was here was Mrs. Sinico's funeral. Poor papa too. The love that kills. And even scrapping of the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores. Give you the creeps after a bit. I will appear to you after death. You will see my ghost after death. My ghost will haunt you after death. There is another world.



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after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely.

Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton, John Henry, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in his office. Mat Dillon's long ago. Jolly Mat. Convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars, the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias. Why he took such a rooted dislike to me. Hate at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree, laughing. Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.



After death named hell. I do not like the other world she wrote. No more no more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live you know feel live warm brings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me in this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life.

So, the whole passage over here becomes an affirmation and a demand to occupy life, to inhabit life, to experience life, to get away from any metaphysical understanding post life. So, the whole idea of post life, what happens after life did you go to hell etcetera those thoughts are being sidelined in favour of the immediate reality, immediate lived reality which is the embodied reality; the reality available to us through our senses, through our embodied engagements, through our affective engagements to the world around.

And that affective embodied quality is something which is constantly foregrounded and hence the very sensuous quality about the narrative which was also a shock given the time in which it was written, ok. Martin Cunningham emerged from a side path, talking gravely. Solicitor, I think. I know this I know his face. Menton, John Henry, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in the office. Mat Dillon's long ago. Jolly Mat. Convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars, the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out that evening on the bowling green because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias.

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Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton, John Henry, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in his office. Mat Dillon's long ago. Jolly Mat. Convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars, the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out that evening on the bowlinggreen because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias. Why he took such a rooted dislike to me. Hate at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree, laughing. Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

—Excuse me, sir, Mr Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

—Your hat is a little crushed, Mr Bloom said pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.



Why he took such a rooted dislike to me. Hate at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree, laughing. Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

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—There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also. John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

—It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment.

—Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards the gates. Mr Bloom, chapfallen, drew behind a few paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round his little finger, without his seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning!



■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably. Excuse me, sir, Mr. Bloom said beside them. They stopped. Your hat is little crushed, Mr. Bloom said pointing. John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving. There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also. John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out of dinge and smoothed the cap the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head

again. It is all right now, Martin John Martin Cunningham said. John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment. Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards gates. Mr. Bloom, chap fallen, drew behind a few paces. So, as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round his little finger, without his seeing it. Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him over him that way. Thank you. How grand we are this morning!

So, the entire conversation over here, again looks look at the transitions that have been made over here between the banal, someone have a someone having a crushed hat to the profound and political and metaphysical in quality which is these borderlines they are very very blurry thought Ulysses, ok.

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old grey rat tearing to get in.

#### HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT

Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body,  
admiring a glossy crown.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my  
country. Member for College green. He boomed that  
workaday worker tack for all it was worth. It's the ads and  
side features sell a weekly, not the stale news in the official  
gazette. Queen Anne is dead. Published by authority in  
the year one thousand and. Demesne situate in the  
townland of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnahinch. To all  
whom it may concern schedule purgant to statute  
showing return of number of mules and jennets exported  
from Ballina. Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly  
Pat and Bull story. Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots.  
Country bumpkin's queries. Dear Mr Editor, what is a



And now we come to this point where the entire image of Ireland comes up in a very interesting and political way and we get to see Bloom's you know ignorance about the country, the fact that he is never going to see the country except of Dublin and this is what is on your screen at the moment.

Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for college green. He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth. It is the ads, side features sell a weekly, not the not the stale news in the official gazette. Queen Anne is dead. Published

by authority in the year one thousand and. Demesne situate in the town land of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnahinch. To all whom it may concern schedule pursuant to statute showing return of numbers of mules and jennets exported from Ballina. Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story, Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin's queries.

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*Ulysses*


good cure for flatulence? I'd like that part. Learn a lot teaching others. The personal note. M. A. P. Mainly all pictures. Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double marriage of sisters celebrated. Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish.


The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no-one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head.

—Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is

Planet PDF





Dear Mr. Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence? I would like that part. Learn a lot teaching others. The personal note. M. A. P plain. Mainly all pictures. Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double marriage of sister celebrated. Two bridegrooms laughing heartily at each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish.

So, we have a series of different kind of random images over here which obviously, different kinds of advertisements in newspapers and you know the whole idea of advertisement the fact that Bloom is so close to the advertisement industry in Dublin is quite symbolic; because the whole idea of advertisement is so disseminate signs that is the whole purpose of advertisement. So, stylized signs, to disseminate signs, to control signs, s i g n s signs.

So, the sign system is being stylized through advertisements and you know the whole idea of you know being an insider to the advertisement makes it is like a hyperlink text. So, because the entire novel Ulysses can be seen as an advertisement for different kinds

of thought processes, right. So, the fact that Bloom is an ad man or very close to the ad industry is striking; because that obviously, makes him someone who is controlling narratives, someone who is in charge of controlling narratives, someone who is obviously, aware of the control narratives that the advertisement industry wields, ok

The machines clanked in three four times. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralyzed there and no one knew how to stop them to clank on and on the same, print it over and over up and back. Monkey doodle the whole thing. Want a cool head, right. So, again the whole idea the automatisms of printing is interest is celebrated over here the automatism of production is celebrated over here and that is how the entire advertisement industry works. So, you know everything is imprinted and disseminated and spectacularly dished out.

Well, get it into the evening edition, councilor, Hynes said. Soon be soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him, they say.

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print it over and over up and back. Monkeydoodle  
the whole thing. Want a cool head.

—Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor,  
Hynes said.

Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is  
backing him, they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a  
corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He  
handed the sheet silently over the dirty glass screen.

—Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

Mr Bloom stood in his way.

—If you want to draw the cashier is just going to  
lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb.

—Did you? Hynes asked.



The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet silently over the dirty glass screen. Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

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—Mm, Mr Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.  
—Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.  
He hurried on eagerly towards the *Freeman's Journal*.  
Three bob I lent him in Meagher's. Three weeks.  
Third hint.



#### WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK

Mr Bloom laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk.  
—Excuse me, councillor, he said. This ad, you see.  
Keyes, you remember?  
Mr Nannetti considered the cutting awhile and nodded.  
—He wants it in for July, Mr Bloom said.  
The foreman moved his pencil towards it.  
—But wait, Mr Bloom said. He wants it changed.  
Keyes, you see. He wants two keys at the top.  
Hell of a racket they make. He doesn't hear it. Nannan.



Mr. Bloom stood in this way. If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb. Did you? Hynes asked. Mm, Mr. Bloom said. Look sharp and you will catch him. Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I will tap him too. He hurried on eagerly towards the Freeman's Journal. Three bob I lent him in Meagher's. Three weeks. Third hint.

So, you know you can find that in Ulysses there is a lot of money lending which takes place and that is obviously, very symbolic in quality, people owe each other; different kinds of you know you know gratitudes, different kinds of helps. And this non-repayment of money is obviously, quite symbolic in Ulysses; because this is part of the gaps in Ulysses, the gaps in communication, the crisis in communication, the gaps in positions, the gaps in human relationships that is obviously, being conveyed to us very symbolically because of this flow of money which is not never returned.

So, we have Buck Mulligan who owes money from Stephen Dedalus, Dedalus owes money from Buck Mulligan, the milk woman owes money from everyone and over here Bloom and Hynes they there is a lack of there is a you know lending of money and the not return of money here as well. And that is obviously, quite symbolic in quality, that obviously, makes it the entire subtext of crisis of communication even more poignant in quality, ok.

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his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage *Alleluia*. *Shema Israel Adonai Eloheinu*. No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher. And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Practice makes perfect. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps. Better

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Now, we have this image of Bloom going out in the streets and walking into Dublin which obviously, becomes very cinematic in quality we talked about the relationship in modernism and cinema already quite often and the person that I recommend you should read it is someone called David Trotter, he has got a book called *Modernism and Cinema* published by Blackwell, it is a really interesting book and very helpful as well. Now here we have Bloom passing out and walking down the streets of Dublin.

Mr. Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery onto the landings. Now I am going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out perhaps.



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phone him up first. Number? Yes. Same as Citron's house.  
Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

#### ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something I forgot. Just to see: before: dressing.



Better phone him up first. Number? Yes. Same as Citron's house. Twenty eight. Twenty eight double four. Once more that soap Only Once More That Soap once more that soap. He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over those walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there.

So, again the sense becomes important over here, the entire olfactory expressions olfactory experiences become important because that obviously, helps to navigate through his surroundings. He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned into the hip pocket of his trousers.

Now, obviously the soap metaphor becomes useful, because obviously, there is a cleansing metaphor, something which is used to clean things and obviously, that becomes the inadequate form of cleaning because Dublin is so dirty and you know and so you know gritty and so unclean. So, the soap becomes the metaphor of the attempt to clean Dublin, attempt to be hygienic; which obviously, belies the spectacular lack of hygiene that people have in Dublin which is being dramatized over here by Joyce.

So, what perfume does your wife use? I could go home still tram something I forgot. Just to see: before dressing.



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those works. Lukewarm glue in Thomas next door when I was there.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something I forgot. Just to see: before: dressing. No. Here. No.

A sudden screech of laughter came from the *Evening Telegraph* office. Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is.

He entered softly.

ERIN, GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA

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No. Here. No. A sudden screech of laughter came from the Evening Telegraph office. Know who that is. What is up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is. He entered softly. Erin, green gem of the silver sea.

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*Ulysses*

Planet PDF



—The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane.

Mr Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly:

—Agonising Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

—Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way, tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest zephyrs, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper. How's that for him?



The ghost walks, professor Mac Hugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane. Mr. Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly. Agonizing Christ, would not give you a heartburn on your arse? Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on; or again, note the meanderings of some

purling rill as it babbles on its way, tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest zephyrs played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. What about that, Simon? He asked over the fringe of his newspaper. How's that for high?

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Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

—Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way, tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, 'mid mossy banks, fanned by gentlest zephyrs, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest. What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper. How's that for high?

—Changing his drink, Mr Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees, repeating:

—*The pensive bosom and the overarching leafage.* O boys! O boys!

—And Xenophon looked upon Marathon, Mr Dedalus said, looking again on the fireplace and to the window, and Marathon looked on the sea.



Now, again look at the way in which language is used in Ulysses. So, language over here is never an innocent performance; it is a performance in the first place, it is very performative, it is not really a passive category, it is a performative category. Now also language is used to you know correspond to certain emotional registers, emotional intellectual registers. So, certain kind of languages they use deliberately a stylized system of signification to convey certain emotions and that is why again I go back to my previous point.

The advertising agency becomes a very symbolic presence in Ulysses; because entire culture, the entire business of advertisement is to control signs. The sign system is being controlled, stylized, navigated, played with and a playfulness of signs is something which advertisements have historically always done in stylizing certain things; that becomes very much part of the main narrative, the nested narrative of Ulysses as well, ok. And then of course, the whole relationship of drinking and language is mentioned in some details.

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—That will do, professor MacHugh cried from the window. I don't want to hear any more of the stuff.

He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and, hungered, made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. Bladderbags. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see. Rather upsets a man's day, a funeral does. He has influence they say. Old Chatterton, the vicechancellor, is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle. Close on ninety they say. Subleader for his death written this long time perhaps. Living to spite them. Might go first himself. Johnny, make room for your uncle. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days. Windfall when he kicks out. Alleluia.

—Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.

—What is it? Mr Bloom asked.



And then consumption, the whole act of consumption comes back. He ate off the crescent this is professor Mac Hugh. He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and, hungered, made ready to nibble the biscuit in this other hand. High falutin stuff. Bladderbags. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see. Rather upsets a man's day, a funeral does. He has influence they say. Old Chatterton, the vice chancellor, is his is his grand uncle or his great uncle. Close on ninety they say. Sub leader of his death written this long time perhaps. Living to spite them. Might go first himself. Johnny, make room for your for your uncle. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days. Windfall when he kicks out. Alleluia.

So, again human relationships are very mercenary in Ulysses as you can see. So, the whole idea of this very influential great grand uncle is being parodied over here and there is a wait for a windfall to happen when he kicks out, when he passes out. So, he passes away, right. So, the there is a spectral quality about money, this spectral quality about human beings in Ulysses also human relationships - something shadowy spectral and not quite solid. And the lack of tangible quality, the intangibility as it were the intangible quality of human relationships in Ulysses is something which is foregrounded over and over again.

The entire city becomes a city of spectrality, the entire city become city of you know unreal human relationships. And if you can see if you make comparison with this image

from Eliot's Wasteland, who talks about unreal city and the you know brown fog of a winter dawn; something similar happens in Dublin as well, it is very unhygienic over here, it is very dirty over here, full of gritty realism. And human relationship is always stylized and very very spectral in quality and you know the very un-genuine in quality right and that becomes part of the crisis in Dublin; the cultural crisis, the communication crisis. It is very much a part of the system, this crisis of communication that is the main crisis at play, ok.

(Refer Slide Time: 24:57)

*Ulysses*

Planet PDF



The bell whirled again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against Lenahan who was struggling up with the second tissue.

—*Pardon, monsieur*, Lenahan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace.

—My fault, Mr Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a hurry.

—Knee, Lenahan said.

He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:

—The accumulation of the *anno Domini*.

—Sorry, Mr Bloom said.

He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J. O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:



And now we have again the human being's navigation through machines and movements and sounds which are mechanical in quality and again the organic inorganic combination is something with Joyce is playing up very very subtly and complexly and this should be on your screen.

The bell whirled again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against. So, Lenahan who was struggling up with a second tissue. Pardon, monsieur you know Lenahan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace. My fault Mr. Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I am in a hurry. Knee Lenahan said. He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee; the accumulation of the anno Domini. Sorry, Mr. Bloom Mr. Bloom said.

So, again look at the way in which anno Domini of after Christ, the pain of Christ is being used in a very flippant way over here; the accumulation of the anno Domini is

obviously, the reference of suffering and that happens when two people run into each other and one of them hurts the other person's knee, something so minor and trivial has been you know described in very metaphysical terms.

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hurt? I'm in a hurry.  
—Knee, Lenehan said.  
He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee:  
—The accumulation of the *anno Domini*.  
—Sorry, Mr Bloom said.  
He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J.  
O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over. The noise of two  
shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway  
from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:  
—*We are the boys of Wexford*  
*Who fought with heart and hand.*  
  
EXIT BLOOM  
  
—I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr  
Bloom said, about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up.  
They tell me he's round there in Dillon's.



He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J. O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps. We are the boys from Wexford who fought with heart and hand. Exit Bloom; I am just running round to Bachelor's walk. Mr. Bloom said, about this ad of Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he is round there in Dillon's.

Now, if you take a look at this bit exit bloom, this is normally used in theatre productions when you know some, he has been told to us as someone exits the scene, someone who goes away from the scene etcetera. Now obviously, the exit bloom over here something which bloom tells himself in his head and that becomes a very interesting symbol; because obviously, as you have seen in many occasions there is a constant conversation that Bloom is having in his head or Dedalus having in his head, which may or may not be aligned to the conversations around him.

So, we have two different kinds of combinations of conversations; one is the embedded conversation that characters have in their heads and the other of course, is the extended conversations they have with other people, other human subjects around him. And this constant commingling as it were between the embedded order of conversation and the

external order of conversation is something which Ulysses does very very often. So, the different focal points in the novel which makes it such a cognitively complex novel to grasp it; because there is not a single focal point through which the entire story unfolds and there are multiple focal points; even the same character can have different focal points, which makes it very difficult for us to cognitively grapple with what is happening in Ulysses, right.

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*Ulysses*



He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand, suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.

—Begone! he said. The world is before you.

—Back in no time, Mr Bloom said, hurrying out.

J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them, blowing them apart gently, without comment.

—He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

—Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.



He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand, suddenly stretched forth an arm amply. Begone! he said. The world is before you. Back in no time, Mr. Bloom said, hurrying out. J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them, blowing them apart gently, without comment.

He will get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his black rimmed spectacles over the cross blind. Look at the young scamps after him. Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

(Refer Slide Time: 27:54)

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—He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his blackrimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

—Show. Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

#### A STREET CORTEGE

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

—Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry, Lenehan said, and you'll kick. O, my rib risible! Taking off his flat spaug and the walk. Small nines. Steal upon larks.



A street cottage, both smiled over the cross blind at the file of capering news boys and Mr. Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze of mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

Look at the young gutter guttersnipe behind him hue and cry Lenehan said, and you will kick. O, my rib risible! Taking off his flat spaug and the walk. Small nines. Steal upon larks.

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*Ulysses*

Planet PDF



He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands.

—What's that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two gone?

—Who? the professor said, turning. They're gone round to the Oval for a drink. Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall. Came over last night.

—Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Where's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, parting the vent of his jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

—He's pretty well on, professor MacHugh said in a





He began to mazurka in swift caricature across the floor on sliding feet past fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands. What is that? Myles Crawford said with the start. Where are the other two gone? Who? The professor said, turning. They are gone round to the Oval for a drink. Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall. Come over last night came over last night. Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Where is my hat? He walked jerkily to into the office behind parting the vent of his jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his dress desk drawer.

So, again look at the movements over here and there are very casual conversations about going to a pub and getting drunk and then of course, the human movements happening together; but also look at the way in which different micro sounds and micro movements take place a jingle of a key inside a pocket and it is very intensification of something very minor and micro is something which is done over and over again in Ulysses which gives us some magnification, small things which is quite cinematic in quality in his own way, ok.

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*'Twas empire charmed thy heart.*  
The professor grinned, locking his long lips.  
—Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said.  
He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him with quick grace, said:  
—Silence for my brandnew riddle!  
—*Imperium romanum*, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire.  
Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.  
—That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME



Now, it is a very interesting conversation and I will end with this point today; it is a very interesting conversation about the nature and function and the death of civilizations, which is something which we saw already in Heart of Darkness when obviously, Marlow comes back and talks about how this place in London and river Thames was once too a



dark place in the world and now he has been to Congo which is like you know prehistoric London to a certain extent. So, the whole that idea of civilization in modernism is a very complex thing; it is definitely something which is transitional in quality, something which is mutable in quality and the acceptance of the mutability of civilization is something which is painful as well as liberating on certain occasions.

Now, the reference to Roman civilization was it is brought up over here; you know imperium romanum, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounded nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds of somehow of fat in the fire. Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling. That is it he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We have not got the chance of a snowball in hell. The grandeur that was Rome.

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*Ulysses*

Planet PDF



—Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We mustn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome, imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs, pausing:

—What was their civilisation? Vast, I allow: but vile. Cloacae: sewers. The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said: *It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah.* The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.*

—Which that accordingly did do, Lannan said. Our



Wait a moment, professor Mac Hugh said, rising raising two quiet claws. We must not be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome, imperial, imperious, imperative. He extended elocutionary arms from frayed strained shirt cuffs, pausing. What was their civilization? Vast, I allow; but vile. Cloacae sewers. The Jews in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said; it is meet it is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah. The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot on our shore he never set it only his cloacal

obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said; it is meet to be here. Let us construct a water closet

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his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it) only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.*

—Which they accordingly did do, Lenehan said. Our old ancient ancestors, as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's, were partial to the running stream.

—They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also Roman law.

—And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.

—Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molloy asked. It was at the royal university dinner. Everything was going swimmingly ...

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Now; obviously, this is a parody of English imperialism; but it is interesting how the English imperialism is seen as a legacy as a continuation of the Roman imperialism, how both becomes this white man's imperial narratives that something which is highlighted here.

Which they accordingly did do, Lenehan said. Our old ancestors ancient ancestors, as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's, were partial to the running stream. They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also Roman law. And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor Mac Hugh responded.

Do you know that story about chief baron Palles? J. J. O'Molloy asked. It was at the royal university dinner. Everything was going swimmingly.

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*Ulysses*



—First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?  
Mr O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey of Donegal  
tweed, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus,  
behind him, uncovered as he entered.  
—*Entrez, mes enfants!* Lenehan cried.  
—I escort a suppliant, Mr O'Madden Burke said  
melodiously. Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety.  
—How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand.  
Come in. Your governor is just gone.

???

Lenehan said to all:  
—Silence! What opera resembles a railwayline? Reflect,  
ponder, excogitate, reply.



First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready? Mr. O'Madden Burke, tall in a copious grey of Donegal tweed, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered. And then of course, they are asked to come in, the friends come in you know he is being summoned by Lenehan. I escort a suppliant Mr. O'Madden Burke said modestly. Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety.

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How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand.  
Come in. Your governor is just gone.

???

Lenehan said to all:  
—Silence! What opera resembles a railwayline? Reflect,  
ponder, excogitate, reply.

Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the  
title and signature.

—Who? the editor asked.

Bit torn off.

—Mr Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.

—That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was  
he short taken?

On swift sail flaming  
From storm and south



How do you do? The editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your governor is just gone. Lenehan said to all. Silence! What opera resemblance a railway line? Reflect,

ponder, excogitate, reply. Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the title and signature. Who? The editor asked. Bit torn off. Mr. Garrett Deasy, Stephen said. That old Pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken ?

Again the reference to Garrett Deasy is interesting, because he is the one who has conversation with Stephen about this Jewishness and how Jewishness is obviously, a marker of corruption and degeneration; if you remember one of our earlier lectures in Ulysses how that extensively and also he sends someone to be published to the editor through Stephen.

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*Ulysses*

Planet PDF



*He comes, pale vampire,  
Mouth to my mouth.*

—Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned ...?

Bullockbefriending bard.

SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN  
RESTAURANT

—Good day, sir, Stephen answered blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to...

—O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and I knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the



Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned? Bullock befriending bard. Shindy in well-known restaurant; Good day, sir, Stephen answered blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr. Garrett Deasy asked me to. O, I know him, Garrett Deasy.

(Refer Slide Time: 33:19)

SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN  
RESTAURANT



—Good day, sir, Stephen answered blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to ...

—O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and I knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho!

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks. O'Rourke, prince of Breffni. ☺

—Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

—Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said, his eye running down the typescript. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von



I know him Myles Myles Crawford said, I knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho!

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks. O'Rourke, prince of Breffni. Is he a widower? Stephen asked. Ay a grass one, Myles Crawford said, his eye running down the typescript. Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishmen saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. Do not you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von. Tirconnel in Ireland. Sent his heir over to made the king on Austrian field marshal now. Going to be trouble there one day. Wild geese. O yes, every time. Do not you forget that!

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*Ulysses*



Tirconnell in Ireland. Sent his heir over to make the king  
an Austrian fieldmarshal now. Going to be trouble there  
one day. Wild geese. O yes, every time. Don't you forget  
that!

—The moot point is did he forget it, J. J. O'Molloy  
said quietly, turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving  
princes is a thank you job.

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

—And if not? he said.

—I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A  
Hungarian it was one day ...

LOST CAUSES

NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED



The moot point is did he forgot it, J. J. O'Molloy said quietly, turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving princess is a thank you job. professor Mac Hugh turned on him. And if not? He said. I will tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one day.

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an Austrian fieldmarshal now. Going to be trouble there  
one day. Wild geese. O yes, every time. Don't you forget  
that!

—The moot point is did he forget it, J. J. O'Molloy  
said quietly, turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving  
princes is a thank you job.

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

—And if not? he said.

—I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A  
Hungarian it was one day ...

LOST CAUSES



NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED

—We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor  
said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the  
imagination. We were never loyal to the successful. We  
serve them. I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the



And then there was there are different kinds of quotations done about different historical moments.

Now, what we see over here the entire conversation reason why I am reading out these things in some details is a half-chopped quality of the conversations. And now these together, none of these individually make any sense, but they all come together, these half-chopped conversations and they all become some kind of advertisement rhetoric, where the catchy words are being said to us, these the decisive words are being said to us and catchiness of phrases is something which is being projected over and over again by the different people, different voices who speak together over here; which brings us to the original point that we talked about that Ulysses being a very heteroglossic and polyphonic novel.

There are so many different kinds of voices, spectral voices, dead voices, human voices, voices from the past, voices from the present, voices looking forward to the future and of course, a gramophone, the sound recorder, the machine to record sounds become a very important metaphor of this voiced, the hyper-voiced quality about Ulysses; everything can be recorded in gramophone which can churn out all these voices over and over again.

So, I stop at this point today, but I think the heteroglossia and the polyphony of Ulysses and also the carnivalesque quality of Ulysses; where you know different kinds of things such as death, mortality, profundity, mysticism, epiphany they are all talked about in a very machinic, almost flippant terms which give a dark comic quality to this novel, it is something which we must pay some attention to as we move on.

So, from this point onwards we look at certain very selected passages in Ulysses and wind up in maybe a couple of more lectures or maybe three more lectures in times to come. So, I will stop at this point today, I will continue with this in the next lecture.

Thank you for your attention.