ULYSSES, CHPS 4-5

The Wandering Jew’s Wandering Mind: style and voice
is Leopold Bloom a likable, sympathetic, and/or familiar character, or do his thoughts and actions remove him a considerable distance from the reader?
QUIZ

discuss answers to questions
RELIGION

Bloom’s reflections on religion while in All Hallows (a Protestant church): 5.318-462
Mr Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams. Pleasant to see first thing in the morning. Hurry up, damn it. Make hay while the sun shines. She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily to the right. He sighed down his nose: they never understand. Sodachapped hands. Crusted toenails too. Brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways. The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast. For another: a constable off duty cuddling her in Eccles lane. They like them sizable. Prime sausage. O please, Mr Policeman, I’m lost in the wood.

—Threepence, please.

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a side pocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers’ pocket and laid them on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slide, disc by disc, into the till” (4.171-84).
—Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It’s Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

—O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but resisting, began the second. midway, his last resistance yielding, he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read, reading still patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone. Hope it’s not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive. One tabloid of cascara sagrada. Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now. Silly season. He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell. Neat certainly. *Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now.* Begins and ends morally. *Hand in hand.* Smart. He glanced back through what he had read and, while feeling his water flow quietly, he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds, thirteen and six (4.506-17).
Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door of the Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her, searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets. Like that haughty creature at the polo match. Women all for caste till you touch the spot. Handsome is and handsome does. Reserved about to yield. The honorable Mrs and Brutus is an honorable man. Possess her once take the starch out of her” (5.98-106).
Mr Bloom stood at the corner, his eyes wandering over the multicolored hoardings. Cantrell and Cochrane’s Ginger Ale (Aromatic). Clery’s Summer Sale. No, he’s going on straight. Hello. Leah tonight. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Like to see her again in that. Hamlet she played last night. Male impersonator. Perhaps he was a woman. Why Ophelia committed suicide. Poor papa! How he used to talk of Kate Baterman in that. Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon to get in. Year before I was born that was: sixty-five. And Ristori in Vienna. What is this the right name is? By Mosenthal it is. Rachel, is it? No. The scene he was always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognizes the voice and puts his fingers on his face.

Nathan’s voice! His son’s voice! I hear the voice of Nathan who left his father to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his father and left the God of his father.

Every word is so deep, Leopold.

Poor papa! Poor man! I’m glad i didn’t go into the room to look at his face. That day! O, dear! O, dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was best for him (5.192-209).
He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. These pots we have to wear. We ought to have hats modelled on our heads. They were about him here and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those matzoth: it’s that sort of bread: unleavened shewbread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it’s called. There’s a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel. First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. then feel all like one familiar party same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I’m sure of that. Not so lonely. In out confraternity. Then come out a bit spreeish. Let off steam. This is if you really believe in it. Lourdes cure, waters of oblivion, and the Knock apparition, statues bleeding. Old fellow asleep near that confessionbox. Hence those snores. Blind faith. Safe in the arms of kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next year” (5.353-68).
“This does not mean that we are to call him simply ‘the narrator,’ since he exists side by side with a colorless primary narrator who sees to the thousand little bits of novelistic housekeeping no one is meant to notice: the came and wents, saids and askeds, stoods and sat, without which nothing could get done at all. Lounging in this drudge’s shadow, the Arranger may now and then show his hand when Bloom is observed: when . . . the narrative sequence is being responsive to what the character is conscious of . . .” (Ulysses Casebook 25).

He moved a little to the side of M’Coy’s talking head. Getting up in a minute.

—What’s wrong with him? he said. He’s dead, he said. And, faith, he filled up. Is it Paddy Dignam? I said. I couldn’t believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in the Arch. Yes, he said. He’s gone. He died on Monday, poor fellow.

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pug nose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and the peri. Always happening like that. The very moment. Gil in Eustace street hallway Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering the display of. Esprit de corps. Well, what are you gaping at?

—Yes, yes, Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone (5.124-36).
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