

Lyric on the Lips: Death upon the Tongue

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In "The Fictional Technique of *Ulysses*," Schutte and Steinberg view the "Telemachia" as

in many ways the most closely integrated portion of *Ulysses*: each episode concerns itself more narrowly than the preceding one with the mind of Stephen, to the growing exclusion of the interests and thoughts of other characters; each gives us a view of the world more selectively focused through the prism of Stephen's consciousness; each relies more heavily on the stream-of-consciousness technique.¹

Distinguished by its concision, Schutte and Steinberg's insight would not likely startle a Joycean soul today. As one looks through the lens of "Proteus," *the prism of Stephen's consciousness* spectacularly bends all light. The narrowing the scholars identify reaches its pitch; in lieu of the world one views the words streaming through Stephen's thought. Tracing these words' evolving routes, Ellmann notes that "Proteus" "begins with Stephen reading, and it ends with his writing a poem, adding his signature to the signatures of all things."² This *writing a poem* caps a similarly sweeping progression. What startles and stirs a Joycean soul aloft in the "Telemachia" is Stephen's lyric—not the feeble, vampire-inspired quatrain later to surface in "Aeolus" (*U* 7.522-25),³ but the would-be poet's lyric-infused, *propective carried-away-ness* with language.⁴

By *lyric* one ought to denote something more specific than the neighboring, polysemous *lyrical*, often appearing in writing on Joyce. Ellmann's preface to the Gabler edition of *Ulysses*, for example, includes *lyrical* last in a lengthy enumeration: "A whole galaxy of new devices and stances and verbal antics, extravagant, derisive, savage, rollicking, tender, and lyrical, is held in Joyce's ironic dominion."⁵ Lawrence, in turn, makes consistent use of the adjective in characterizing "The Dead," *A Portrait*, and *Ulysses*;⁶ describing the "literate, formal, poetic language" of the "Telemachia," she shifts grammatical category in identifying "Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed" (*U* 1.242-43) as "a narrative statement that 'borrows' Stephen's lyricism."⁷ Yet Kenner's twin use of *lyrical* in the slender *Joyce's Voices* leads discussion closest to the idea of *lyric* proposed above.

Kenner initially selects *lyrical* to describe the imaginative flights of Mr. Leopold Bloom. Bloom's mind, contrary to Stephen's, is given to lexical near misses, and these instances of periphrastic searching extend, Kenner argues, to the congenial character's "lyrical fantasies."⁸ To evidence their coincidence, the scholar quotes from among the early lines of "Calypso":

A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches me from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky, moon, violet,

colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of those what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass. (*U* 4.93-98)

Characterizing the "Telemachia," Kenner again selects *lyrical*, here in the context of narrative technique. Joyce, Kenner asserts, "commences *Ulysses* as a sort of duet for two narrators, or perhaps a conspiracy between them."⁹ Of the duettists in "Telemachus," one "attends to the chapter's housekeeping" and is "better informed about stage management," while the other, "a more accomplished *lyrical technician*," weaves passages of sonorous magic.¹⁰ Kenner chooses the following—the initial sentence of which Lawrence cited above—to evidence this duettist's music:

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings, merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide. (*U* 1.242-47)

This duettist's *Wavewhite wedded words* evince expression not, at the very least, prototypically narrative; the offices of prose stand briskly overshadowed by a burst of lyric energy. Yeats's *White breast of the dim sea*,¹¹ whose *two by two* stressed monosyllables thump at either end of the quoted phrasing, initiates, with the disappearance of finite verbs, a spectacular acoustic eddy along the episode's narrative stream.¹² The second duettist's signalling *A hand plucking the harpstrings*, moreover, recalls in the passage quoted previously the twice named *strings twanged* and *Strings* of Bloom's *what do you call them: dulcimers*. Both passages allude and, in the linguistic terms specific to them, aspire to a music; both evoke mockingly the music of the lyre; both intimate lyric along the lines of prose.¹³ The section to follow—"His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air" (*U* 3.401)—sets forth a model for Stephen's lyric-infused expression, after which evidence of its presence in the "Telemachia" stands under the subsequent heading "Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!" (*U* 1.278).

"His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air"

One ought to begin the making of a model for Stephen's lyric with a disclaimer: it would be consummate foolery to affirm that, after more than two millenia of debate and productive disagreement, such complex phenomena as *lyric* and *narrative* will be definitively, or even partially, resolved here. Rather, the model below—to which evidence later adduced may be compared—establishes lucid parameters for the lyric expression identified. Taking the cue from Senn's inductive precepts and subtle wit, the purpose underlying inquiry "is not to say anything new but to subsume, under a specific focus, part of what we already know."¹⁴

As lyric typically appears cast in lines of limited length grouped in stanzas of limited number, more than the mere typographical arrangement of words on the page informs the model to follow. Having dismissed the typographically visible, however, one is drawn to the pronominally patent: lyric, whose *sine qua non* constituent since the Renaissance is individual, subjective utterance, posits an *I* pointing to its presence in the world. Jakobson, a keen observer of poetic language, asserts that, if reduced "to a simple grammatical formula," lyric implies "invariably the first person of the present tense."¹⁵ Yeats, in what Vendler terms "one of lyric's most

joyous self-proclaimings,¹⁶ simply announces: “I am I, am I . . . /All creation shivers/With that sweet cry.”¹⁷

Jakobson’s formulaic mention of *the present tense* draws attention to notions of time, crucial to the discerning of lyric along lines of narrative prose. Lawrence, distinguishing in “Proteus” two contrasting species of literary time, finds the “retrospective narrative voice of a conventional novel . . . replaced almost entirely, so that ‘plot’ changes from a form of narrative memory to a rendering of ‘the very process in which meaning is apprehended in life.’”¹⁸ This shift from *a form of narrative memory* to a present rendering, occasioned in “Proteus” by interior monologue, yields an eclipse of narrative’s sequencing of events recalled. Kenner views these eclipses—those owing to interior monologue and those attributable to the free indirect discourse of his *lyrical technician*—as “installed in a pocket of time outside the scene’s time clock.”¹⁹ When an *I* speaking in the present inhabits *a pocket of time* in the “Telemachia,” two of the three requisites for lyric stand fulfilled.

Regarding the third, Kenner observes that, “taking note of sequential happening in the way of all narrative,” *Ulysses* complicates the procedure in more than temporal ways, for “what happens in plain sight is sometimes so sparsely narrated we must piece its epiphenomena together, and is sometimes almost concealed by *linguistic energies that are affirming motifs of their own.*”²⁰ These concealing *linguistic energies* constitute a final parameter for Stephen’s lyric-infused expression. Attuned to Joyce’s “orchestration of acoustic, echoing and mating sounds,” Senn characterizes these *energies* as “a choreography of signifiers that clamour for attention”;²¹ Jakobson’s detailing of *poeticity* yields a schematic understanding of their dance. Engaged in “promoting the palpability of signs,” poeticity does so by heightening the incidence in proximity of equivalent items.²² Seeking to identify “what kindred grammatical or phonological categories may function as equivalent,” Jakobson reaches the conclusion that “on every level of language the essence of poetic artifice consists in *recurrent returns.*”²³ In the pages to follow, identification of recurrent returns, whether syntactic, morphological, lexical, phonemic or prosodic, informs the third characteristic of Stephen’s lyric.

Before applying the model above, under the heading “‘Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!’” to Stephen’s inspired evocations of death, one might conduct two trial runs to verify the model’s applicability and fine-tune its accuracy. Mirroring the linguistic self-reflexivity evident in the prior *Wavewhite wedded words shimmering*, the two trial runs pertain to Stephen’s evocations of language; the second, where the tooth-troubled poet’s *lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air*, announces the arrival of his vampire-peopled quatrain. The passage to follow, in which *wavespeech* sounds, constitutes an initial, sustained lyric excursus lending itself to analysis:

In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing, chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, oos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling. (U 3.453-60)

The prosodic returns above are relatively minor when compared with other acoustic procedures, yet uninterrupted sequences of accented syllables

nonetheless catch the ear, particularly in the *two by two* stresses of *flowed full* and *wavespeech* and in the longer, percussive series *slops: flop, slop, slap*.²⁴ Apart from these drumbeats, rhythm, when demonstrating pattern, tends to descend, as in the superabundant twelve present participles, ten of which are disyllabic. The imperative *Listen*,²⁵ deeply significant due to its introducing the singular *fourworded wavespeech*, similarly descends, as do the moment's concluding words *purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling*, all trochaic disyllables, with the exception of *unfurling*, an amphibrachic trisyllable lengthening the close. Such rhythmic regularity giving way to ending variation may suggest the rippling movement of surf.

This, in itself, pronounced prosodic play is all but overshadowed by the passage's extraordinary phonemic returns, initiated in the opening sentence by the alliterative *long lassoes* and by the consonance echoing in *flowed full*, in *Cock lake* and in *greengoldenly lagoons*, this last phrasing almost luxuriously engaging in acoustic iteration. Midway through the moment and onward to its close, phonemic returns again overwhelm, consonants standing out in *rearing horses, rocks* and *bounded in barrels*, assonance and consonance sounding in: (1) *rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap*; (2) *spent, its speech ceases*; and (3) *flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling*. Such density of acoustic iteration recalls Senn's identifying a *choreography of signifiers* clamorously calling attention to its heightened, self-referential energies. When to these *signifiers* one adds the semantically empty *seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, oos*, an onomatopoeic rendering of *wavespeech* indeed, one is undeniably in the midst of what might be named *the writing of sound*.

The writing of sound introduces significant fine-tuning to the model for lyric proposed above. "Etymology," Senn asserts, "is the unveiling of past Protean shapes,"²⁶ and lyric's *past Protean shapes* lead straight to music. Derived from the Greek *lyra*, lyric may be distinguished from its generic counterparts—narrative or epic and dramatic poetry—by virtue of its retaining "most prominently the elements which evidence its origins in musical expression."²⁷ Clearly one no longer expects to hear lyric sung; the melodious strains sweetening the air would likely hold the effects they held for the Duke in *Twelfth Night*: ". . . surfeiting, / The appetite may sicken, and so die."²⁸ Neither is discussion advanced by facile, mystic confusion of music and language, for each organizes the air in decidedly differing ways. Elements evidencing lyric's origins in music, rather, lie in phonological patterning, in rhythmic and phonemic iteration, in echoing attention to how words, alone and in combination, sound. Foregrounding so the acoustic properties of language, lyric, more intensely than any other species of verbal art, engages in the equivalence inherent in poeticity.

In recurrent returns at the level of words, the *wavespeech* excursus demonstrates similarly dense iteration. Lexical identities double in the present participles *passing* and *flowing* and in the plural noun *rocks*, while polyptoton outstands as the passage's dominant trope, linking the grammatically various *water, waters; flowed, flowing, flows; float, floating; pass, passing*; and the oblique *wavespeech, speech*. Attention to grammatical categories, moreover, draws the eye to finite verbs, which move from the past (*flowed*) to the future (*will float, shall wait, will pass on*) to the present (an elided modal in *Better get*, the imperative *Listen*, and *slops, ceases, flows*). The passage, particularly in its temporal transformation and movement to an enduring present, thereby engages in the second parameter for Stephen's lyric set forth above.

As a moment assigned to the sphere of Stephen's evocations of language,

the passage, after its *seesoo, hrss* provection, identifies *wavespeech* as *Vehement breath of waters*, *breath* being the antecedent to the subject pronoun in *it slops* and to the possessive adjective in *its speech ceases*. The passage thereby posits a primary language of nature, echoing both the episode opening “Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot” (*U* 3.2-3) and the previous *Wavewhite wedded words shimmering* in “*Telemachus*.” The first citation, given its emphasis on *breath* and *speech*, and the latter two, given their *Signatures* and *words shimmering*, together present this primary language as a bivalent whole—as sound and sign. The reader hears invisibly breathing *worldspeech*, and objects visible to the eye become a writing to be deciphered by reading.

Not all Stephen’s language-viewing evocations, however, bear lofty metaphysical reflection. In its Joycean conception, the language of nature could not help but envelop the less lofty language of women and men. What more explicit example to cite than the would-be poet’s writing as “*Proteus*” draws to a close. Rhythm plays a part, yet other returns steal the show, in this second trial run:

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablets. Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth’s kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeached: ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy’s letter. Here. Thanking you for the hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. (*U* 3.399-407)

At the passage’s outset, Stephen has received what all poets tune their ears to: inspiration. One suspects the inspired phrasing appears just prior to the deictic *Here*—in the jumbled, macabre “He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth’s kiss” (*U* 3.397-98). Not wishing to lose what has been kind enough to arrive unexpectedly, Stephen seeks to write it down, as Senn interprets the initial *Put a pin in that chap, will you*.²⁹ Yet, rummaging through his pockets in search of paper, Stephen finds only *banknotes* and *Old Deasy’s letter*, on the blank end of which, narrative notes, Stephen *scribbled words*.

The putting of the pin in the phrasing spans the entire moment quoted, resonant with the writing of sound. Phonemic play inheres in: (1) *Put a pin in that chap*; (2) *you . . . two . . . glue*; (3) *tablets . . . kiss . . . Must . . . mouth’s kiss . . . lips . . . fleshless lips*; (4) *moomb. Oomb, allwombing tomb*; and (5) *mouth moulded*. In iteration of lengthlier items, polyptoton stands out, particularly in the six variations on *mouth*,³⁰ the three on *lips*, and the two on *roar*. Simple lexical repetition appears in the abbreviated *em*, *Here*, and *kiss*. Indeed, in *No. Must be two of em. Glue em well*, Stephen affirms one of the several patterns of repetition detailed above.

As Kenner’s *lyrical technician* takes over in *His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air*, one hears a ten-syllable sequence whose opening and close rise iambically. These *fleshless lips of air* allude to the inspired phrasing received; Stephen speaks it to hear how it sounds. Yet Stephen’s recitation fails to reach its second noun, drifting quickly into *moomb*. *Oomb, allwombing tomb* and, taking up again the *unspeached*, then shooting off into a cataclysmic, universe-forming *ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayaway*. To *Ulysses’* resident fledgling poet alighting on inspiration, this is the birth of the writing of sound.

“Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!”

When, after three episodes getting to know Bloom and midway through “Aeolus,” one suddenly views the verses whose origin “Proteus” holds, one is struck by their polished ludicrousness.³¹ The Stephen of *Ulysses*, it is a commonplace to affirm, differs markedly from the Stephen at the close of *A Portrait*; few readers indeed would have foreseen the young, poetic artificer of *A Portrait* setting out to voice “the uncreated conscience of my race” (P 5.2790) producing the lines of verse below:

*On swift sail flaming
From storm and south
He comes, pale vampire,
Mouth to my mouth.* (U 7.522-25)³²

One may be forgiven for not having predicted Ireland’s *uncreated conscience* were peopled by vampires sailing swiftly aflame over stormy seas straight to a lyric speaker’s mouth.

Moving from confident ambition to morose brooding, the Stephens of *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*, Kenner discerns, differ in one particularly significant way—their shifting views of father and mother:

Stephen in *Ulysses* is no longer in search of a father, as he was in the *Portrait*. *He is obsessed by a dead mother* [emphasis added], and as for fathers, living or mythic, elected or adopted, his present instinct is to get clear of them.³³

Implicit in the appeal of a *pale vampire*, hinted at in the previous, rhythmically-sprung *moomb*. *Oomb, allwombing tomb*, this obsession yields Stephen’s inspired evocations of death.

Prominent throughout the “Telemachia,” evocations of death³⁴ fuse with lyric expression in attention to two contemporaries, one anonymous, the other known. The deaths of these contemporaries, by virtue of their repeated hold on Stephen’s imagination, inform the lyric excursus to follow. Verses drawn from Milton’s “Lycidas” in “Nestor” (U 2.64-66, 78-79),³⁵ indicating the elegy’s inspiration in the death by drowning of Edward King in the Irish Sea, echo mention in “Telemachus” and “Proteus” of the anonymous contemporary: a drowning victim whose body has yet to surface. In episode 1 Stephen overhears two men—“businessman, boatman” (U 1.669-70)—speculating about the appearance of the unrecovered body. The latter conjectures: “There’s five fathoms out there . . . It’ll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It’s nine days today” (U 1.673-74). In instant recognition of the death, Stephen’s interior monologue reads:

The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, saltwhite. Here I am. (U 1.675-77)³⁶

Pronounced phonemic returns, particularly of sputtering bilabials, run through *about the blank bay* and *bundle to bob up*, while labiodental consonance underlines *puffy face*, a phrasing aligned semantically with *swollen bundle*. Assonantal emphasis on the search for the body in *sail . . . bay waiting* draws attention to a curious inversion in the passage: the *sail* is anthropomorphized as *waiting*, while the dead body is reduced to a

dehumanized *bundle to bob up*, the verb proper, in the context of water, to fishing and to floating fruit.

By way of syntax, one notes the recurring absence of principal verbs, with the striking exception of *Here I am*, as emphatic an affirmation of lyric presence as one might desire. Thus distancing discourse from recalled temporal succession, syntax casts as well peculiar light on *saltwhite*, owing to the adjective's odd, comma-prefaced placement after a modified noun. This procedure resembles in sequence what Steinberg identifies as "typical of Stephen's stream of consciousness—the appositive,"³⁷ patent in the sentence "They are coming, waves" (U 3.55-56). Slightly different in grammatical nature, Stephen's delaying specificity above involves a second adjective reformulating a first, thereby conferring heightened ghostly pallor to a *puffy face*.

The brief passage's outstanding returns may be rhythmic, for the three three-to-four stress sequences *blank bay wait(ing)*, *bob up*, *roll ov(er)*, and *face, saltwhite* yield to the concluding *Here I am*. Rhythmically prefigured, *Here I am* enacts identification with the unrecovered victim—a vivid enacting of identity indeed, conjuring the bobbing-up, rolling-over apparition of the corpse's *puffy face* only to see through its vacant eyes. With grim Baudelairean delight,³⁸ the concluding *Here I am* recalls the children's game hide-and-seek, for the child looked for, once found, joyously utters the phrase. This playful undertone of colloquial usage mimics both the literal search for the victim and the larger linguistic, even theatrical play in the passage.

References to *The man that was drowned* multiply in "Proteus," where mention of "The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock" (U 3.322-23) first appears amid Stephen's interior questioning of his own bravery. With acoustically similar principal verbs and admirably juxtaposed gerunds, Stephen reproachfully compares his fear and Mulligan's strength: "He saved men from drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping" (U 3.317-18). Having witnessed Stephen gravitate toward all that is ghastly, one sees him here in a less macabre light; he desires to save *The man*—"The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try" (U 3.323)—yet doubts his ability to do so: "I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft" (U 3.323-24). The lengthy associational sequence in which this first mention stands turns comic before concluding with pathos. Stephen would have saved the victim

If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I ... With him together down ... I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost. (U 3.327-30)

Dehumanized in "Telemachus" as a *swollen bundle about to bob up*, *The man that was drowned* here appears matter-of-factly restored—*A drowning man*—and given piercing vision with the metaphor *His human eyes scream*. Contrasting with the bleached *puffy face* through which, like a mask, Stephen sought to see in *Here I am*, these *human eyes* resist identification, reaching out of horror of his death. No longer mere play, the prospect of dying here delights Stephen less.

Conjuring the moment of death rather than the drowned man's surfacing, the prose above draws on numerous patterns of equivalence. Syntactic parallelism inheres in *his life still to be his, mine to be mine*; the highlighting of stressed, parallel pronouns foreshadows the subsequent, isolated *I ...* and sudden, discordant *her* in *I could not save her*—a clear allusion to the second death haunting Stephen's mind. Lexical repetition stands out in the sole

word *death*, while phonemic returns link *human . . . horror* and the chiasmically consonantal *Waters . . . lost*. Yet rhythm stands out as the passage's principal protagonist.

Attridge characterizes the experience of reading meter as "an onward movement which at times approaches a marked regularity and at times departs from it, constantly arousing and thwarting rhythmic expectations."³⁹ Something similar occurs in the prose above. The passage begins with the rhythmically parallel *If I had land//under my feet*, leaves this pattern only to fall into the equally parallel, counterpointed *still to be his,//mine to be mine*, after which iambs appear in *A drowning man. His human eyes*. Departing from iambic regularity, the prose soon recovers it in the lengthly, concluding *With him together down ... I could not save her. Waters: bitter death*, the phrasing following the ellipsis being a perfect iambic pentameter. The sequence thereby leaves *lost* prosodically—and, by virtue of punctuation, syntactically—alone at passage-end, drawing attention to the stressed adjective's removal from a clear noun modified; *lost* may refer to *her* or may refer to *him*, an ambiguity only resolved by seeing it modify both.

As "Proteus" draws to a close, these previous evocations of *The man that was drowned*, including a verse—*Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor*—lifted intact from "*Lycidas*,"⁴⁰ converge in a striking new one:

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one, he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising saltwhite from the undertow, bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise landward. There he is. Hook it quick. Pull. Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. We have him. Easy now.

Bag of corpse gas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.

A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue. (U 3.470-83)

Previous evocations appear above in the characteristic Joycean recycling of phrasing and scene. The initial *boatman, businessman* conversation is echoed in the identical *five fathoms out there*, in *at one*, recalling *about one*, in *High water*, recalling *When the tide comes in*, and in the imagined dialogue *There he is. Hook it quick. Pull . . . We have him. Easy now*.⁴¹ Allusions to the *Here I am* passage surface in the identical *saltwhite*, in *bobbing a pace a pace a porpoise*, recalling *bundle to bob up . . . a puffy face*, in *There he is*, adapting *Here I am*, and in *snoring to the sun*, recalling *roll over to the sun*. Less prominent, the *Waters: bitter death: lost* sequence's *human eyes scream* prefigure concluding attention to *brown eyes saltblue*.

Enveloping these revoicings, the lengthly moment surpasses them in iterative design. Lexical equivalence takes over where the twofold repetition of *death* in the *Waters: bitter death: lost* passage left off. In grammatically varying category, *dead* begins, ends, and stands in the middle of *Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead*, thereby constituting an instance of epanalepsis. The word, moreover, is phonemically underscored by assonance (*Dead breaths . . . tread dead*) and by the trippingly alliterative *tread dead dust, devour*, while prosodic highlighting inheres in the superaverage seven stresses amid the sequence's first nine syllables, notably in the uninterrupted *breathe, tread dead dust*. These interweaving iterative patterns are complemented by the polyptoton

breaths . . . breathe . . . breathes, in sharp semantic contrast to the death around it. Stephen, engaging in paradoxical breathing of *Dead breaths*, seeing himself *tread dead dust* and *devour a urinous offal from all dead*, establishes an interwoven unity of being and dying.

Outstanding at the passage's close, lexical returns are prominent at its outset, particularly in the chiasmic *Five fathoms . . . fathom five*, blending the boatman's prediction with Ariel's song in *The Tempest*.⁴² The superabundant alliterative "f's" in *Five fathoms . . . Full fathom five thy father lies* anticipate, in addition, the consonantal, period-enclosed *Found drowned*, whose two stressed monosyllables also engage in internal rhyme. An oblique polyptoton reaching across the greater part of the passage, *saltwhite* winks at *saltblue*. Simple, fourfold iteration of *becomes* just before the instance of epanalepsis strings together a sentence whose rhythmic behavior is striking: *God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain*. Stephen's opening "Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. Acatalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop" (U 3.23-24), while slightly erroneous in the descriptive exactness it flaunts, alerts the reader to instances of rhythmic regularity: the italicized sequence above unites six acatalectic dactyls and a final, expectation-thwarting trochee.

Morphological returns, finally, locate the moment well *outside the scene's time clock*. The present tense conjugations *lies/is/have/becomes/breathe/tread/breathes*, the reported speech *At one, he said*, the six present participles, and the two imperatives transpose the prose from a retrospective *form of narrative memory*, as Lawrence put it above, to a vivid *rendering* of a mind in flight. Phonemic patterning, in addition to that noted above, accentuates the vivid imagining in *drowned . . . Driving . . . drift//fanshoals of fishes, silly shells//Hook it quick//Bag of corpse gas sopping . . . brine//quiver of minnows//offal from all//green grave//and nosehole snoring*. Capping the writing of sound, uninterrupted stresses thump through the concluding *brown eyes saltblue*.

The anonymity of *The man that was drowned* along with the corpse's unknown surfacing allow Stephen the dispassionate distance—exemplified by the Baudelaire-inspired mockery of death as sleep in *leprous nosehole snoring to the sun*—from which to let his mind move at playful ease. This is not the case with the second contemporary to inspire lyric excursus; this death stands Stephen's hair on end. Alluded to in the aforementioned change of pronominal gender *With him together down . . . I could not save her*. *Waters: bitter death: lost*, the death of Stephen's mother, "Mrs Mary Dedalus (born Goulding)" (U 17.952), leaves Stephen "trembling at his soul's cry" (U 1.282).⁴³

Imagining his conception in "Proteus," Stephen singles out his mother's *breath* and father's *voice* and *eyes*:

Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. They clasped and sundered, did the coupler's will. (U 3.45-47)

The phrasing *a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath*, whose sole compound anticipates the subsequent, threefold "Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandle" (U 3.396), constitutes an eerie instance of the Joycean leitmotif.⁴⁴ The distinctive *ashes* previously appear in "Nestor," transformed and amplified along with *an odour of rosewood* in phrasing similarly evoking Stephen's mother's death: "She was no more: the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire, an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes" (U 2.144-46). This image of a burning body, particularly the rhythmically counterpointed,

kinesthetic *trembling skeleton of a twig*, lends intensity and semantic coherence to its *wetted ashes*.

These leitmotifs, to appear prominently amid Stephen's lyric-infused expression, find their first mention early in "Telemachus." The paragraph to follow introduces them and seems so ingenuously narrative as to give no hint of Stephen's shadowy presence:

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coatsleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. (U 1.100-105)

With the omniscient clarification *that was not yet the pain of love*, narrative yields to Stephen's experience as he might articulate it. The distinctive *an odour of . . . rosewood and her breath . . . of wetted ashes*, along with *her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes*, draw unequivocally on Stephen's linguistic resources, as free indirect discourse repeatedly reveals.

Lyric moments inspired by Mary Dedalus's death appear as Stephen's interior monologue does. A first instance follows right on the heels of *Woodshadows floated silently by . . .*, quoted at this essay's outset. The virtuosity of Kenner's *lyrical technician* spills over *Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide* and into the paragraph below before giving way to first-person discourse:

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, wholly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay beneath him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.

Where now? (U 1.248-54)⁴⁵

Recurrent phonemic returns first catch the eye, sounding initially in the alliterative *cloud . . . cover* and unmistakably in the assonantal *slowly, wholly, shadowing*, whose "o's" later echo through *bowl, alone, holding, chords, door, open, and those*. The resonant metaphor *a bowl of bitter waters* reverberates in two directions. Its *bowl* harks back to the previous "A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting" (U 1.108-10). In contrarily forward movement, *bitter waters* nods toward the adjective's lexical repetition in *bitter mystery* and, much further along, to the chastically opening *Waters: bitter death: lost*.

Acoustic equivalence does not end here. From the internally rhyming *bay . . . lay*, assonantal *deeper green*, and alliterative *house, holding* one moves to pronounced prosodic patterning. Stephen's singing of "Who Goes with Fergus?," lexically foregrounded by the polyptoton *song/sang*, receives rhythmic emphasis in the counterpointed *Fergus' song* and in the percussive *long dark chords*. In by turns binary and ternary groups, rhythm rises through *A cloud began to cover the sun*, descends in *slowly, wholly, shadowing*, and rises again through *the bay in deeper green*. A repeating pattern throughout is of rising sequences that fall at their ends, manifest in *a bowl of bitter waters//Her door was open//she wanted to hear my music//and I went to her bedside*. These sequences suggest death as descending breath and prefigure the descending, syllabically expanding *love's bitter mystery*.⁴⁶

The lyric moment above ends with the question *Where now?*, whose elision yields ambiguity, and whose adverb shifts discourse into the present. The question at once asks where the dead Mary Dedalus has gone and, in light of the prose that follows, where Stephen continues to find her: in his mind's eye's memories, particularly its soul-piercing images unveiled in dreams. These images *In a dream* inform a final lyric moment whose opening free indirect discourse holds the leitmotifs identified:

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

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

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

No, mother! Let me be and let me live. (U 1.270-79)

Morphological equivalence stands out above as it has not stood out before. Recurring infinitives of purpose, to begin, accent the dream's explicit reproach. One knows from Mulligan that Stephen refused to kneel at his dying mother's bedside.⁴⁷ The dream above dramatizes the moment in which Stephen refused to do so: *Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down.* Just as the infinitive of purpose *to strike me down* reveals why *Her eyes stare*, the previous *Her glazing eyes, staring out of death*—eerily evoking an opaque glow—hold a similar motive: *to shake and bend my soul.*⁴⁸ These three infinitives—complemented by a differently behaving fourth one in *The ghostcandle to light her agony*—stand intensified by the syntactic doubling *On me alone . . . Her eyes on me*. Prosodically highlighted as well, their rhythm rises in iambic, reproving vigor.

Other morphological returns stand out. After the opening paragraph's *had come to him*, conjugated verbs disappear, yielding to the infinitives above and to the present participles *giving off, glazing, staring, and rattling*. In each case, the participle is semantically supercharged: the first modifies the compound *graveclothes* and has as its direct object the leitmotif *an odour of wax and rosewood*; the second and third modify the eerily luminous *eyes*; the fourth onomatopoeically mimics *hoarse loud breath*, sickly breathing that accords with the prior *loud groaning vomiting*.

Lexical equivalence yields the twofold presence of *odour, eyes, breath, let* and the complex polyptotons *ghostcandle to light . . . Ghostly light*. These repetitions, together with the Latin prayer's *Liliata rutilantium*, foreground the dream's attention to sight and scent. Attention to sound inheres in the passage's own *choreography of signifiers*, particularly in the consonantal *hoarse . . . horror*, in the alliterative *graveclothes giving//breath, bent//let . . . live*, and in the assonantal *odour . . . rosewood//glazing . . . staring . . . shake//soul . . . alone . . . ghost//Ghoul! Chewer*.

Underlying rhythms, moreover, pulse beneath the phonemic soundstream. The iambic infinitives of purpose extend their rhythmic pattern to contiguous phrasing, as in: (1) *to shake and bend my soul. On me alone*; (2) *while all prayed on their knees*; and (3) *Her eyes on me to strike me down*. Instances of counterpoint are prevalent. Ternary counterpoint opens the passage—*In a dream, silently*—and anticipates the subsequently counterpointed, binary *Ghostly light on the tortured face*. The rhythmic patterning in *The ghostcandle to light her agony*, no less regular, is more

challenging to characterize; the iamb *to light* serves as a hinge uniting two identical sequences. Percussive stresses, finally, beat through the uninterrupted sequences *loose graveclothes giv(ing)//hoarse loud breath rattl(ing)//and the monosyllables Let me be (and) let me live*.

Woven together, these myriad patterns of equivalence compose elevated lyric expression. Yet as the passage draws to a close, syntax signals a shift. The phantasmagoric, affirming fragments of Stephen's *dream* give way to a sudden, exclamative negation: *No, mother!* In the parallel imperatives that follow, Stephen, capable of the fine lexical precision inherent in *Ghoul!*, semantically gains little in repeating *Let me be and let me live*. The repetition owes to acute emotion, yet it also gives the lie to a *Ghoul!* outside his mind. Morose brooder, *Chewer of corpses!*, would-be poet of meager verse, Stephen, *obsessed*, as Kenner observed, *by a dead mother*, is sunk in what the scholar terms "anguished unbelief."⁴⁹

" . . . ineluctable modality of the audible"

Hopkins wrote, describing the lengthly reflection leading to his metrical innovations: "I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm."⁵⁰ To the reader of *Ulysses*, Joyce's unfolding words on the page leave a similar haunting of the ear. Something ineluctably audible inheres in the writer's selecting and sequencing of signs.

This ineluctable audibility is as difficult to pin down as it is easy to perceive. For uncanny echoing in *Ulysses*, Senn observes, extends even to the portrayal of a minuscule Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, whose brief appearance in "Wandering Rocks" (*U* 10.1121-74) yields "a kind of temperamental tune that we intuit much better than we could accurately describe."⁵¹ If the fleeting presence of an orphaned adolescent stands dignified in Joyce's acoustic cosmos with *a kind of temperamental tune*, one might well listen for the music of a Stephen or a Bloom.

The passages in the "Telemachia" examined above, occurring amid the silence of scene, on the one hand, and the silence of reading, on the other, move sonorously through the mind if silently through air. The paradox points to a principal facet of Joyce's genius: the writer's words, like *A Portrait's* "drops of water in a fountain falling softly in the brimming bowl" (*P* 1.1847-48), overflow and spill with sound. The paradox lends strength to the conviction that, in setting lyric on Stephen's lips and death upon his tongue, Joyce leaves before the eye writing for the ear.

Notes

1. William M. Schutte and Erwin R. Steinberg, "The Fictional Technique of *Ulysses*," *Approaches to Ulysses: Ten Essays*, eds. Thomas F. Staley and Bernard Benstock (Pittsburg: U of Pittsburg P, 1970) 160.

2. Richard Ellmann, *Ulysses on the Liffey* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1972) 25.

3. James Joyce's works are cited as follows: *Ulysses*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Vintage, 1986), cited as *U* plus episode and line reference, and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. Hans Walter Gabler with Walter Hettche (New York: Vintage, 1993), cited as *P* plus chapter and line reference.

4. The phrasing *provection carried-away-ness* appears here in the sense that Senn gives it in "Joycean Projections." Far from belonging, as the scholar puts it, to a select group of "gasp terms" intended to elicit "respiratory indication of reverence," the noun *provection* simply signals "a recurrent, basic, Joycean motion" demonstrating "a tendency to overdo, to break out of norms, to go beyond." See

Fritz Senn, *Inductive Scrutinies: Focus on Joyce*, ed. Christine O'Neill (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1995) 35-58.

5. Richard Ellmann, preface, *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, ed. Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Vintage, 1986) ix.

6. Karen Lawrence, *The Odyssey of Style in Ulysses* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1981) 27, 31-32, 34.

7. Lawrence 42.

8. Hugh Kenner, *Joyce's Voices* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1978) 33.

9. Kenner 67.

10. Kenner 67, 71 (emphasis added).

11. William Butler Yeats, *Selected Poems and Two Plays*, ed. M. L. Rosenthal (New York: Macmillan, 1962) 15.

12. The verse in "Who Goes with Fergus?" just prior to "And the white breast of the dim sea"—"And rules the shadows of the wood"—helps to clarify the passage-opening *Woodshadows*, a self-explaining compound otherwise resisting explanation.

13. *Ulysses'* generic heterogeneity has long caught the eye of distinguished readers. Litz argues in "The Genre of *Ulysses*" that the text, in a prodigious dual act of implosion and construction, takes "the collapse of the genres" as "one of its subjects." Kenner, in turn, affirms that the prose, fusing its heterogeneous conventions, "is the first of the great modern works that in effect create for themselves an *ad hoc* genre." See A. Walton Litz, "The Genre of *Ulysses*," *James Joyce: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Mary T. Reynolds (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice, 1993) 116, and Hugh Kenner, *Ulysses* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1987) 3.

14. Senn 35.

15. Roman Jakobson, *Language in Literature*, eds. Krystyna Pomorska and Stephen Rudy (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1987) 304.

16. Helen Vendler, *Soul Says* (Cambridge: Belknap, 1995) 7.

17. Yeats 156.

18. Lawrence 40. The author quotes Goldberg's *The Classical Temper* at her sentence's close.

19. Kenner, *Ulysses* 98. Evoking axes rather than pockets, Ellmann conceives of these contrasting species of time in light of the limits of Joyce's Homeric borrowing: ". . . at a certain point Homer . . . did not suffice as Joyce's example. The clarity, the movement across seas and years, the *sequentiality*, the Attic light—these were very well, and Joyce sometimes imitates them . . . [Yet] Joyce had in mind another movement, which might be called vertical as against Homer's horizontality, and which would be characterized not so much by progression as by a furling and a refurling of thought" (emphasis added). See Richard Ellmann, *The Consciousness of Joyce* (London: Faber, 1977) 43-44.

20. Kenner, *Ulysses* 98, 19 (emphasis added).

21. Senn 45-46. Senn's striking metaphor springs from inspection of the following sentence in "Ithaca": "He kissed the plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation" (*U* 17.2241-43). "In this sensuous whirl," Senn observes, "abstractions are momentarily suspended. We may experience *mellow* as touching *yellow* and generating *smellow* and squinting at *furrow*. Or we notice how *plump* kisses the distant word *rump* and *obscure* strives to mate with *osculation*. The sounds and shapes of words seem to match the bodily shapes and sensations."

22. Jakobson 70.

23. Jakobson 145 (emphasis added).

24. An uncanny connection links Hopkins' theorizing of "sprung rhythm" and Joyce's use of uninterrupted stressed syllables. Joyce's practice seems to exploit the possibility that, in Hopkins' words, "two or more stresses *may come running*, which in common rhythm can, regularly speaking, never happen" (emphasis added). See Gerard Manley Hopkins, *Poems and Prose* (London: Everyman, 1995) 152.

25. The imperative *Listen* appears as well in Bloom's *what do you call them: dulcimers* moment quoted above. When the reader overhears a character conatively telling himself to listen, one's ears perk up.

26. Senn 136.

27. James Johnson, "Lyric," *The New Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, eds. Alex Preminger and T. V. F. Brogan (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1993) 713.

28. William Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will, The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. David Bevington, 3rd ed. (Glenview: Scott, 1980) 1.1.2-3.

29. "Stephen," Senn writes in "Protean Inglossabilities: 'To no end gathered,'" "tries to fix fleeting thoughts, ideas, inspiration, into the stability of letters" (135).

30. In a footnote to "Anagnostic Probes," Senn identifies a comic link between Mr. Deasy's letter and Stephen's quatrain: "Ironically, Deasy's letter, the part not usurped by Stephen, also contains 'mouth.' Ireland's agricultural threat and Stephen's fictional conceit seem to chime when, just after we read 'Mouth to my mouth,' Professor MacHugh puts his foot in: 'Foot and mouth?' (U 7.527)" (30).

31. The unexpected discovery in "Aeolus" of writing begun in "Proteus" illustrates Senn's notion of reading *Ulysses* as "a halting temporal progression with inevitable glances backward that reinterpret what was apprehended before, in perpetual retroactive resemantification" (75, emphasis added). "No reader" of "Proteus," Senn continues, "could tell what exactly the words are that Stephen records, except that 'mouth' and 'kiss' are probably featured. Revelation has to await a scene in the newspaper office of 'Aeolus' when a bit of paper torn off elicits comment. It is then that we read, this time in Stephen's mind, but arranged as though they were laid out on paper, four neat lines of verse. . . ." (85).

32. It is striking to note that Stephen's quatrain resembles—in syllable count and rhyme scheme—two stanzas in *Chamber Music*, specifically the third of XVIII, "O sweetheart, hear you," and the opening of XX, "In the dark pinewood." It may be that with *On swift sail flaming* . . . Joyce sought to burlesque his own early poetry.

33. Kenner, *Ulysses* 17 (emphasis added).

34. The foregrounding of war in "Nestor," for example, conjures often gruesome imagery, particularly as the episode advances. The grisliest evocation appears amid Stephen's equating the schoolboys' game of hockey and military struggle; while both owe to "the joust of life" (U 2.315), the latter yields "slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain, a shout of spearspikes baited with men's bloodied guts" (U 2.317-18).

35. Gifford documents the verses as lines 165-67 and 173 of the elegy. See Don Gifford with Robert J. Seidman, *Ulysses Annotated*, 2nd ed. (Berkeley: U of California P, 1988) 31.

36. The *sail veering* here vaguely anticipates the *swift sail flaming* in Stephen's quatrain above.

37. Erwin Steinberg, "Characteristic Sentence Patterns in 'Proteus' and 'Lestrygonians,'" *New Light on Joyce from the Dublin Symposium*, ed. Fritz Senn (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1972) 88.

38. Borrowed Baudelairean celebration of the putrid and the rotting surfaces particularly in "Proteus." "Une Charogne," poem XXIX of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, depicts with hideous pleasure a carcass similar to the "bloated carcass of a dog" which, narrative notes, "lay lolled on bladderwrack" (U 3.286). The fourth stanza of "Une Charogne" reads: "Et le ciel regardait la carcasse superbe/Comme une fleur s'épanouir./La puanteur était si forte, que sur l'herbe/Vous crûtes vous évanouir." See Charles Baudelaire, *Œuvres complètes* (Paris: Gallimard, 1975) 1: 31. Something similar to this sky-sighting of a *carcasse superbe* inheres in Stephen's remaining seated "on a stool of rock" (U 3.284) near the dead dog's *bloated* body, in the paronomastic *lay lolled on bladderwrack*, and in narrative attention to the living dog Tatters' inspection of his swollen *brother*: "The carcass lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it sniffing rapidly like a dog all over the dead dog's bedraggled fell" (U 3.348-50).

39. Derek Attridge, *The Rhythms of English Poetry* (London: Longman, 1982) 18.

40. Gifford (65) identifies the verse, previously lineated and italicized in "Nestor" (U 2.66), as line 167 of the elegy.

41. It is curious to note how the verse from "Lycidas" is placed smack in the midst of this imagined dialogue. One would not expect rescuing boatmen to be ready of tongue with elegiac recitation. The placement signals just how deeply the imagined dialogue is infused with Stephen's utterance.

42. In typical Joycean doubling, Prospero's magical conjuring of the storm—and apparent drowning victims—parallels Stephen's linguistic conjuring above. Unquoted fragments of Ariel's song—"Those were pearls that were his eyes" and "But doth suffer a sea change"—prefigure the concluding *A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue*. See William Shakespeare, *The Tempest, The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, ed. David Bevington, 3rd ed. (Glenview: Scott, 1980) 1.2.399 and 401.

43. By Kenner's count (*Ulysses* 152), "Stephen's mother has been dead for fifty-one weeks." Kenner bases his calculation on mention in "Ithaca" of Bloom's "statement explanatory of his absence on the occasion of the interment of Mrs Mary Dedalus (born Goulding), 26 June 1903, vigil of the anniversary of the decease of Rudolph Bloom (born Virag)" (*U* 17.952-53).

44. Litz highlights this stylistic practice: "*Ulysses* contains hundreds of leitmotifs, ranging from important associations to distinctive phrases, and these are repeated, amplified, and transformed to create a feeling of 'musical' development." See A. Walton Litz, *The Art of James Joyce: Method and Design in Ulysses and Finnegans Wake* (London: Oxford UP, 1961) 65.

45. Ellmann records in *James Joyce* the immense significance Joyce attached in youth to "Who Goes with Fergus?" After seeing Yeats's *The Countess Cathleen* performed in 1899, Joyce, deeply moved by the lyric's "feverish discontent and promise of carefree exile," "set the poem to music and praised it as the best lyric in the world." Ellmann further details Joyce's almost liturgical singing of the lyric to his dying brother and mother, the exact circumstances, regarding the latter, evoked above. See Richard Ellmann, *James Joyce*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1982) 67, 94, and 135-36.

46. Mary Dedalus's abovequoted *loud groaning vomiting* is identically rhopalic.

47. "You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked you" (*U* 1.91-92).

48. Despite their different tenor, Stephen's evocations of his mother's death and of *The man that was drowned* share one characteristic: heightened attention to eyes. The mother's *glazing eyes, staring out of death* recall the drowning victim, whose *human eyes scream*. With this common element in mind, Stephen's pronominal lapse—shifting from *him* to *her*—in the *Waters: bitter death: lost* sequence makes more sense.

49. Kenner, *Ulysses* 37.

50. Hopkins 143-44.

51. Senn 70.