Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space
Staging James Joyce’s *Ulysses* as a Spatial Practice

by

May Tina Treuhaft-Ali
Class of 2017

A thesis submitted to the
faculty of Wesleyan University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Degree of Bachelor of Arts
with Departmental Honors in Theater

Middletown, Connecticut
April, 2017
Table of Contents

Acknowledgments ........................................................................................................... 2
Introduction ..................................................................................................................... 3
“Thought Through My Eyes”: The Ineluctable Modality
of Active Spectatorship ............................................................................................. 6
Reading Space: Every Story is a Travel Story ............................................................... 10
“no damn fear”: Identity in Ulysses ............................................................................ 14
“Theirhisnothis Fellowfaces”: Connecting Across Difference ............................... 30
Afterword: From a Reading Space to a Playing Space ............................................. 42
Notes ............................................................................................................................ 47
Appendix: Production Script for Through Everchanging
Tracks of Neverchanging Space .................................................................................. 51
Bibliography .................................................................................................................. 95
Acknowledgments

First and foremost, to my advisor, Cláudia Tatinge Nascimento. Thank you for lending your director’s eye and your brilliant mind to this project. You have challenged me to interrogate the assumptions, fears, and motivations with which I make theater, and I have grown so much because of it. You are one of the most extraordinary artists and scholars that I have ever met, and I am so lucky to have worked with you.

To Richard Roundy, whose James Joyce class at Hunter College High School changed my life. Thank you for giving me a lifelong love of *Ulysses*.

To Marcela Oteiza, the design advisor for this production, and my academic advisor. Thank you for introducing me to many scholarly works on site-specific theater, and for helping my designers and me to transform Olin Memorial Library.

To Kim Weild, whose Directing II class served as my initial period of experimentation for this project. Your feedback was extremely helpful, and much of what I discovered in your class laid the groundwork for my whole rehearsal process.

To Robert Seidman, co-author of *The Ulysses Annotated* and renowned Joyce scholar. Thank you for traveling to Wesleyan to attend a rehearsal, have dinner with the creative team, and offer insightful comments on our script. We are very grateful that you shared your enthusiasm for and remarkable knowledge of *Ulysses* with us.

To Dawn Alger and Rebecca Foster for facilitating the logistics of this production, and for working tirelessly to support your students.

To Dan Cherubin and the staff of Olin Memorial Library for allowing us to break “the social construct of silence.”

To the friends who supported me in countless ways. In particular, to Kaitlin Chan, Rachel Sobelsohn, Haenah Kwon, and my housemate, Susannah Clark. You are my family away from my family.

To the Center for the Humanities fellows, for expanding my intellectual horizons on a weekly basis.

To my sister, Layla, and my mother. From you, I’ve learned—and continue to learn—how to translate, teach, listen, and love. You make me a better artist and person, and your unwavering faith in this project has meant the world to me.

To Samuel Morreale, who did so much more than stage manage this production. You were at times my sounding board for new ideas, my closest artistic collaborator, my voice of reason, a leader, and a wonderful friend. I could not have asked for a better co-pilot on this journey. Without your many contributions, this production would not have been nearly as special as it was.

And to my father. This play was always for you.
Introduction

Nothing extraordinary happens in *Ulysses*. James Joyce’s novel follows three unremarkable people—a young artist named Stephen Dedalus, a middle-aged Jewish man named Leopold Bloom, and his wife Molly—as they live their lives in Dublin on June 16, 1904. Joyce transforms a day like any other into an epic journey by superimposing the structure of Homer’s epic poem onto this day’s mundane events. Each hour of the day corresponds to an episode from *The Odyssey*, and the three main characters, Leopold Bloom, Molly Bloom, and Stephen Dedalus, loosely correspond to Odysseus, Penelope, and Telemachus respectively. None of these Dubliners are particularly noteworthy, and yet they unknowingly play the roles of heroes and heroines. Joyce shows his readers that the extraordinary exists within the everyday, and that any person, event, or place, no matter how ordinary, has the potential to spark an epic journey.

By the end of the novel, the reader is intimately acquainted with the main characters’ likes and dislikes, memories, fantasies, secrets, quirks, hypocrisies, flaws, and multiple (often conflicting) identities. The more the reader learns about their rich complexities, the more they understand how impossible it is for Stephen, Leopold, and Molly to communicate their thoughts and desires to one another. Molly and Leopold, and later Stephen and Leopold, seek love and companionship from each other, but fail to bridge the many gaps in understanding between them. In a novel of approximately 265,000 words, too much is left unsaid. If individuals are too fractured and self-contradictory to communicate themselves to each other, then *Ulysses*
identifies the journey from the self to communion with another as a difficult, courageous odyssey. How, the novel asks, might individuals make this journey?

Perhaps when they share space and time, when they physically journey through a story together, they may generate a heightened potential for establishing connection. The desire to test this possibility led me to adapt *Ulysses* into a play called *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* and direct it as a site-specific theater piece.¹ My aim was to create a play that destabilized the boundaries between the spectator and the actor, such that their relationship changed throughout the performance. I intended for this performative telling of the novel to respond to and expand upon Joyce’s portrayal of identity as a journey that necessitates change and fluidity. I elected to stage the piece as a site-specific production because *Ulysses* investigates how the extraordinary manifests itself in familiar places, in the actions of people who are not particularly special, in days that are uneventful. Mapping *Ulysses* onto Olin Memorial Library at Wesleyan University, a public space students use every day, aided my interest in blending the fictional with the real as I investigated how everyday spaces have the potential to bring forth the extraordinary. My hope was that these conditions would invite spectators to experience a space that they use on a daily basis as extraordinary. *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* was a laboratory experiment: I used it to test the hypothesis that when bodies experience a fictional narrative as a physical journey through an everyday space, their simultaneous awareness of the fictional and the real heightens their sensitivity to the people and environment around them, and can therefore open up an extra-daily connection among them.
This essay brings various theoretical frameworks on Joyce criticism and performance studies into dialogue with each other, and shows how I applied them in creating *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*. First, I argue that seeing is a creative act, and I show how the creative team encouraged spectators to actively use this kind of creativity during the performance. Next, I examine the semiotics of space. If space, like language, is a semiotic system, then one reads a space when one uses it. To read a space, then, is both to interact with it and to interpret its meaning. Engaging the act of reading space in both performance and analysis is especially poignant because *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* took place in a library. A library is by definition a “reading space,” a physical space devoted to the act of reading. From there, I move into a literary analysis of the numerous identities that Joyce’s characters perform (either consciously or unconsciously), subvert, and complicate. After recognizing the many social, cultural, and political boundaries that separate the characters from each other, I address the unique ways in which site-specific theater can effect temporary oscillations in its participants’ identities and allow individuals to connect with each other across differences. This model of connection does not require participants to ignore or minimize their differences, but invites each of them to experience the play on their own terms. Throughout, I bring in examples from the rehearsal process and performances of *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, to demonstrate how the ensemble developed a specific relationship with *Ulysses* over time, and how this process informed the ideas we chose to put forth in our production.
“Thought Through My Eyes”³: The Ineluctable Modality of Active Spectatorship

In “Proteus,” the third episode of *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus observes the “Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signature of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs.”⁴ Stephen refers to the objects around him—the “seaspawn and seawrack,” “nearing tide,” and “rusty boot”—as “coloured signs.” In doing so, he suggests that people do not see objects; rather, they see “coloured signs” and interpret them as objects.⁵ In the preceding sentence, Stephen identifies these objects as signatures for him to “read.” A signature or sign has no substance or meaning in and of itself, and viewers must interpret its meaning based on their previous knowledge or imagination. Human beings do not simply take in visual information; they “read” this information in order to make sense of it. The “ineluctable modality of the visible,” then, posits that not all human beings read visual information the same way. The word “modality” implies that different people construct different meanings or narratives out of the same visual stimuli. By this logic, seeing is an inherently creative act. Consciously or not, when we look, we tell ourselves stories about what we see.

In his essay “The Emancipated Spectator,” Jacques Rancière argues that active spectatorship is necessary for true intellectual equality to exist between actors and audiences. He argues that performances too often set up a dichotomy in which acting is active and watching is passive, a power dynamic between the actor and spectator that is much like that of a schoolmaster and pupil. Rancière is interested in how theater performances can make use of their different roles without reinforcing
this power dynamic, i.e., how theater can emancipate its spectators from the position of the pupil. He comes to the conclusion that

emancipation begins when we challenge the opposition between viewing and acting…. It begins when we understand that viewing is also an action that confirms or transforms this distribution of positions. The spectator also acts, like the pupil or the scholar. She observes, selects, compares, interprets. She links what she sees to a host of other things that she has seen on other stages, in other kinds of place. She composes her own poem with the elements of the poem before her.⁶

Rancière’s claim that “viewing is also an action” resembles Joyce’s idea that seeing is reading. According to Rancière, theater artists can use the active nature of viewing not by trying to transfer their understanding of a play to the spectators, but by inviting them to make meaning out of it on their own terms. In *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, I invited spectators to enter and position themselves within the actors’ journeys as they pleased. At the beginning of each performance, I made a pre-show announcement in which I stated that there was no offstage and no backstage in this piece, and that spectators should feel free to move around throughout each scene to view it from different perspectives. Many spectators took me at my word: they unfolded paper flowers and read them, read books over the actors’ shoulders, or wandered into stacks to peruse books. One spectator watched a scene from a floor above everyone else. Although the play followed a pre-determined route and spectators had to follow it in order to grasp the whole story, the creative team did not prevent them from deviating from it. No one forced the spectators to see the play from a certain point of view, or even to see the whole play. By allowing them a somewhat active role in determining their spatial relationship to the actors, I
attempted to give spectators permission to take partial control over how they read this play.

Erika Fischer-Lichte argues that spectators do not simply observe actors, but respond to them, and the actors in turn change their performance based on the audience’s actions:

The actors act, that is, they move through space, gesture, change their expression, manipulate objects, speak, or sing. The spectators perceive their actions and respond to them. Although some of these reactions might be limited to internal processes, their perceptible responses are equally significant: the spectators laugh, cheer, sigh, groan, sob, cry, scuff their feet, or hold their breath…. Both the other spectators as well as the actors perceive and, in turn, respond to these reactions…. In short, whatever the actors do elicits a response from the spectators, which impacts on the entire performance. In this sense, performances are generated and determined by a self-referential and ever-changing feedback loop. Hence, performance remains unpredictable and spontaneous to a certain degree.\(^7\)

Fischer-Lichte describes the phenomenon in which actors and spectators respond to each other’s actions as an “autopoietic feedback loop.”\(^8\) Autopoiesis is a biological process by which an organism continually reproduces or renews itself. Similarly, a performance can bring itself into being in new ways based on who is in the audience, their reactions to the performance, and how the actors react to their reactions. When actors make use of the autopoietic feedback loop, every performance of their play is different from all others because its energy is contingent on the energy that the audience brings to it. Each performance is unpredictable and uncontrollable, because the actors do not know who will be in the audience or how the play will affect their behavior.

When performances make use of the autopoietic feedback loop, both the actor and spectator oscillate between being each other’s subject and object:
A constant exchange takes place between the perceiving subject and the object perceived, which dissolves the fundamental subject-object opposition that philosophy and the history of ideas so ardently insist on. Both autopoietic feedback loop and perception permanently glide back and forth between subject and object positions. “Subject” and “object” no longer form an opposition but merely mark different states or positions of the perceiving subject and the object perceived which can occur consecutively or, in some cases, simultaneously. While such shifts may be part of our daily perceptual processes, we only become aware of this circumstance through the particular attention we grant performances. Here, in the act of perception, we experience ourselves as actively perceiving subjects and simultaneously pervaded by the perceived; we become subjects and objects alike.9

Thus, the experience of performance has the potential to destabilize the distinction between the actor and the spectator: neither has a fixed identity as a subject or object in relation to the other. Each participant’s role continually shifts: at times they are a subject, an object, both, or neither. Performance adds an element of modality to our perception of and relationships with each other and ourselves. Even though at the end of the performance, participants return to the roles they play in their daily lives, performances that heighten the oscillatory game between object and subject leave a long-term impact on them: they show that it is possible to live in a state of everchangingness. Furthermore, they show that the boundaries between the self and the other, and between the real and the fictional, are not as impenetrable as they seem.

According to Fischer-Lichte, performance aims “to transcend rigid oppositions and to convert them into dynamic gradations. The project of the aesthetics of the performative lies in collapsing binary oppositions and replacing the notion of ‘either/or’ with one of ‘as well as.’ It is an attempt to reenchant the world by transforming the borders established … and opening them up into thresholds.”10

Active spectatorship sets the autopoietic feedback loop in motion, and the autopoietic feedback loop opens up the “borders” that separate participants into “thresholds.” The
next section explores the semiotics of space. By showing that individuals can interpret space in infinitely many ways, I argue that spaces, like the “coloured signs” Stephen reads in “Proteus,” have an inherent quality of “ineluctable modality.” This claim serves as a theoretical foundation for my argument that site-specific performance can harness active spectatorship to enliven the audience’s experience of an everyday space.

Reading Space: Every Story is a Travel Story

The title Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space draws on the connection between reading language and reading space. Although the text of Ulysses and the geography of Olin Memorial Library are fixed and “neverchanging,” there are infinite ways to read, interpret, and make meaning out of them. Therefore, the meanings of both the performance text and space are “everchanging.” In the same way that a written text is fixed, but different individuals read it in many ways, a place can be used and understood as many different spaces even if its geographical and material features remain the same. I staged the language of Ulysses as a physical journey through space, in which the actors and spectators moved through the library for the story to progress, because I am interested in how actors and spectators navigated this text, and the various meanings they constructed out of it. My hope is that the audience came away from this performance with the understanding that there are many “tracks” one can take through both Ulysses and the library.

In “Spatial Stories,” Michel de Certeau makes a distinction between place, which he defines as the fixed, immobile distances between objects, architecture, and
geographical features; and space, or “the effect produced by the operations that orient [the place], situate it, temporalize it, and make it function in a polyvalent unity of conflictual programs or contractual proximities.”¹¹ Space, in other words, “is a practiced place.”¹² One’s experience of a space is a result of how one enters it, uses it, interacts with its features, and exits it, in the same way that the context and intention with which one says a word change how its speaker and listener understand it. In his book *Site-Specific Art*, Nick Kaye compares the relationship between place and space to that of *langue* and *parole* in Ferdinand de Saussure’s linguistic philosophy: *langue* refers to the abstract meanings of words and sentences according to dictionary definitions and grammatical rules, and *parole* is language as individual speakers use it.¹³ A place is to a space as *langue* is to *parole* in that, in both cases, the former is a theoretical system governed by rules and patterns, and the latter is a practice that often deviates from or undermines these rules. Space, like language, is a semiotic system, in which a tangible sign, like an object or a room, can signify many different histories and ideas.¹⁴ People endow spaces and words with individual meanings on a daily basis simply by using them.

By writing Dublin, Joyce uses language to turn the city into a space. *Ulysses* depicts the city of Dublin in such vivid detail that, in Joyce’s words, “if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book.”¹⁵ The streets, pubs, cafés, and various other locations in which the novel’s fictional events take place are all real and Joyce describes them exactly as they were (or are) in real life. If using a space is an interpretive act, Joyce’s reading of Dublin highlights that it is a city under a colonial regime, and articulates a vision for that city’s
postcolonial possibilities. The years in which Joyce wrote *Ulysses*, from 1914 to 1922, spanned critical moments in the Irish fight for independence. In its portrayal of Dublin, *Ulysses* criticizes both colonial stereotypes of Ireland and the chauvinistic nationalism that characterized Irish culture during these years. The novel searches instead for more inclusive visions of what a decolonized Ireland might look like. Joyce uses a variety of narrative and literary styles for different episodes to demonstrate what Enda Duffy describes as “the text’s own perplexity about how to tell of an anticolonial struggle.” The fact that one city and one day encompass so many different types of language—a catechism, a harlequin romance, a musical fugue, and a play, to name a few—suggests a model for how Ireland might construct its national identity: not as a singular and exclusive culture, but as pluralistic, diverse, and even self-contradictory.

If *Ulysses* tells “of an anticolonial struggle,” then the novel’s preoccupation with Dublin’s spatial landscape is anticolonial in its nature. *Ulysses* is the first novel in the history of literature to portray Dublin. Joyce very consciously intended to place Dublin on the map of world literature: in a letter to Grant Richards in 1905, he wrote, “I do not think that any writer has yet presented Dublin to the world. It has been a capital of Europe for thousands of years, it is supposed to be the second city of the British Empire and it is nearly three times as big as Venice.” Joyce does not spend any time trying to convince his reader that Dublin should be taken seriously as a capital of Europe, but simply assumes the city’s significance by writing about it. In presenting Dublin to the world through the eyes of Irish colonial subjects, Joyce lays claim to his city and contests the British Empire’s authority over it. Even though the
British Empire controlled Dublin politically and economically at the time when Joyce was writing, his lifelong familiarity with Dublin’s spatial topography empowered him to endow the city with meaning, and no empire could take that power away from him.

To assert that a colonial city and the people living in it are worth representing through art places a special value on this city—a value that is not related to the city’s political or economic attributes, but is aesthetic and non-pragmatic.

Because Joyce wrote Ulysses while living outside of Dublin, he could only use Dublin, and hence make meaning out of it, through written words. In conceptualizing Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space, I knew that the relationship between space and language would play as central a role in this production as it does in my understanding of Ulysses. Over the course of the rehearsal process I came to understand that, in order to emphasize the spatial dimension to Joyce’s storytelling, I had to treat Olin Memorial Library with as much attention to detail, playfulness, and imagination as Joyce treats Dublin in his novel. De Certeau draws on the Greek word metaphorai, a term for public transportation in present-day Athens, and the root for “metaphor,” to suggest that stories are forms of transportation. De Certeau uses this word to propose that the purpose of a story is to transport the listener from one place to another, and that “every story is a travel story—a spatial practice.”18 In The Odyssey, travel is Odysseus’s long journey from Troy to his home in Ithaca, and is a means to an end rather than a process. Unlike Odysseus, Leopold Bloom begins and ends the novel in the same place: his home at 7 Eccles Street. He traverses Dublin over the course of the novel, but he ultimately does not travel from one place to another. Ulysses is truly a travel story because travel is
not a means to a new destination, but an end in itself. Travel is the story, and Bloom’s physical journey through Dublin structures the way he thinks. In *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, the audience walked as a group from one scene to the next. This structure highlighted travel as an integral part of *Ulysses*, and encouraged the audience to develop a heightened awareness of—even relish in—how the physical act of walking facilitated their understanding of the text as a travel story.

“no damn fear”¹⁹: Identity in *Ulysses*

In this section, I shift my focus to the intersections of gender, colonialism, and nationality in Leopold, Stephen, and Molly. I primarily discuss Joyce’s novel rather than my own production; in doing so I hope to position myself as an active interpreter of the text who reads it in a contemporary context. Although I do not turn my attention to *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* until the end of the section, the reading of *Ulysses* that I offer here informed the themes that I prioritized in my adaptation and staging of the novel. After exploring what I find to be the most compelling political and cultural ideas in *Ulysses*, I will provide examples of how the actors in *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* mediated the characters’ identities through the embodiment of these roles.

In *Ulysses*, Joyce frames the body as a site of ambiguous and conflicting identities. He criticizes both English subjugation of the Irish and Ireland’s exclusionary, narrow-minded nationalism by showing how these systemic forces restrict individual self-expression. The novel also demonstrates how individuals can,
in their everyday actions, quietly challenge these forces. In “Ulysses and the End of Gender,” Vicki Mahaffey argues:

In designing *Ulysses*, Joyce first identified what the socially conditioned reader is most likely to want and expect from male and female characters of different ages, and then he provides his readers with characters who frustrate and implicitly challenge that desire. The bewildering friction that results is designed to expose the gender system itself as an arbitrary and inadequate fiction, to measure its isolating mechanisms against the urgent complexity of personal desire.20

This characterization of how Joyce exposes and challenges social expectations of gender norms applies to his treatment of many different categories of identity. For example, though Leopold is Jewish, the first thing he does in *Ulysses* is eat a pork kidney. Stephen is a writer, but he has not written anything. Molly is a married woman, but, unlike Penelope in *The Odyssey*, she puts her sexual desire before marital duty. All three are Irish, but feel alienated from their own nationality. If the three protagonists set up the reader’s expectations that they will comply with assumptions about their race, gender, and nationality, their thoughts and actions “frustrate and implicitly challenge” those expectations. Through these characters, Joyce shows that there is a difference between the identities that society reads onto an individual’s body and if or how the individual performs such identities.

The English used emasculation and racial feminization to subjugate Irish men. For example, renowned nineteenth-century scholars Matthew Arnold and Ernest Renan wrote deterministic accounts of how the Celtic race was inherently feminine.21 Joyce scholar Christine van Boheemen-Saaf writes that the Irish male has “a double relationship to the feminine” because “as an individual male, his masculinity is in oppositional contrast to the femininity of the female of the species; but as an Irishman
he is feminized in contrast to the English.” She compares this double identity to W.E.B. DuBois’s concept of double-consciousness, as introduced in *The Souls of Black Folk*, to explain that colonized subjects have a fractured sense of self: just as African Americans see themselves through their own eyes as well as through the eyes of white Americans, colonized subjects experience themselves both as subjective entities and in comparison to the colonizer’s expectations of who they should be.

For the Irish male, then, the performance of masculinity is a retaliation against English expectations as much as—if not more than—it is an expression of self. At the turn of the twentieth century, Irish nationalist sentiment produced a cultural imperative for Irish men to compensate for colonial emasculation by constantly proving themselves masculine. As a result, Joyce grew up in an environment where anticolonial resistance demanded the performance of hypermasculinity.

Leopold and Stephen both fail to perform this hypermasculinity, which inhibits them from fully participating in Dublin social life. Leopold and Stephen are pitted against the hypermasculine rivals Blazes Boylan and Buck Mulligan, respectively. Blazes Boylan is Molly’s lover, and June 16, 1904 is the day of their first sexual encounter. Buck Mulligan is Stephen’s roommate and a so-called friend whom Stephen sees as an insensitive bully and a “Usurper” of his talent. Boylan and Mulligan are confident, assertive, wealthy, successful in their careers, well liked by most men in Dublin, and sexually desirable to most women; Leopold and Stephen have none of these traits. Boylan and Mulligan execute perfect performances of masculinity by nineteenth-century European standards, and the fact that Leopold and Stephen cannot live up to these men’s examples emasculates them in their own and
other characters’ eyes. This feminization-by-comparison functions as an embodied double-consciousness of male identity. The characters define themselves not only by who they are, but also in relationship to those to whom they cannot measure up. In episodes from Leopold and Stephen’s point of view, the narration exhibits double-consciousness by seamlessly alternating between third-person narration and internal monologue with no distinction between the two. How these men subjectively experience the world and themselves is inextricably linked to how others see them.

Stephen’s inability to perform masculinity in the way that Mulligan does results in shame and self-loathing. Even more unsettling to him is that he has a feminine side: in “Proteus,” he remembers a time when he was “delighted” to try on a female friend’s shoe. Stephen associates this memory with Oscar Wilde’s euphemism for homosexuality, “Wilde’s love that dare not speak its name.” This line implies that Stephen is afraid to enjoy his femininity, because his enjoyment could possibly extend to his sexuality. Bloom, on the other hand, is comfortable with and even excited by his femininity. To briefly list a few of many instances when Bloom displays femininity, he makes his wife breakfast in a society where men customarily never entered their kitchens; he “is able to sympathize with women’s hardships without sentimentalizing them”; he has a sexual fantasy in which he is “unmanned” and develops a “vulva”; and, when he returns home at the end of the day, Bloom finds his way through his darkened house using “the surety of the sense of touch in his firm full masculine feminine passive active hand.” Even his name, Bloom, connotes the androgyny of flowers. In short, both Stephen and Bloom
demonstrate a gender ambiguity that alienates them from Irish masculinity norms. Having a feminine side is shameful for Stephen, but empowers Bloom.

Given that Stephen and Leopold are far more empathetic and fleshed-out characters than Mulligan and Boylan, *Ulysses* invites the reader to be critical of Ireland’s hypermasculine culture. The novel presents Leopold Bloom as “a finished example of the new womanly man” who does not conform to this culture. Still, Bloom’s enjoyment of his femininity as a man is not the reductive racial feminization of colonialism: ultimately, “the new womanly man” is far more dangerous to imperialist logic than machismo could be because it dismantles the idea that women and womanly men are inferior to “real” men, or that there even is such a thing as a “real” man. Whether consciously or not, Bloom seems to have come to terms with the reality that gender and sexuality exist on a spectrum, and one can move “through everchanging tracks” around that spectrum. The 22-year-old Stephen, who has not matured into manhood as Bloom has, is yet to accept this possibility. According to *Ulysses*, then, a possible step to growing into a mature adult is learning to embrace the everchanging nature of gender identity.

Joyce draws on his understanding of Jewish tradition in constructing Bloom’s attitude toward masculinity. Joyce was aware of prevalent pseudoscientific theories of his era, such as those in Otto Weininger’s 1903 book *Sex and Character*, which presented Jewish men as feminine degenerates. However, instead of confirming such bioessentialism, Bloom’s gender ambiguity serves to illustrate the confluence of two opposing models for masculinity: a masculinity born out of the Jewish scholarly tradition that promotes pacifism, compassion, and intellectual diligence; and the
hypermasculinity of nineteenth-century Western Europe. Joyce derived his understanding of Jewish cultural and moral principles in part from reading selections of Jewish scripture and contemporary Zionist thinkers, but primarily from informal interviews with his Jewish friends. Though he was not acquainted with any Jews in Dublin, he befriended many assimilated Jews in Trieste, Zurich and Paris, including Italo Svevo, Ottocaro Weiss, Moses Dlugacz, and Paul Léon. These men perceived themselves as culturally Jewish, but did not actively practice the Jewish religion. Thanks to their insights, in Neil R. Davison’s words, Joyce was “acutely aware of the psychological or temperamental impact of Judaic culture on Jewishness—even on Jews who were assimilated….“ In other words, Joyce believed that even if Bloom did not practice Judaism, elements of Jewish thought and ideology would have influenced him. In particular, Bloom’s father was a practicing Jew, so it is plausible that Bloom derives his understanding of Jewish values concerning masculinity from having grown up around a Jewish adult male who exhibited them. Davison lists a few of Bloom’s characteristics that Joyce attributed to a “Judaic worldview,” including:

- a passive colonial resistance and empathy toward difference; a psychosexual courage and recognition of androgynous impulses; … a respect for all sentient life based in what appears for Bloom to be a quasi-mystical sense of interconnection; … and an insistence on the role of a nurturing, gender-mediating paternalism beyond the hypermasculinity of nationalist-imperialist Europe.

Bloom’s gender ambiguity is connected to his Jewishness, but not as racial determinism. Rather, Jewish thought and values inform his secular life and provide him with an alternative model of masculinity to which his Irish counterparts do not have access.
Bloom’s Irish male peers read his gender non-conformity as an attack on their nationalism. In the episode “Cyclops,” this apparent threat causes The Citizen, a well-known Irish nationalist, to quarrel with Bloom in Barney Kiernan’s pub. Bloom fails to perform his Irishness according to other men’s standards from the start of the episode because he refrains from drinking. The men in the pub attribute this choice to his Jewish miserliness: they assume that Bloom will not let anyone buy him a drink because he would not want to reciprocate the gesture. In fact, Bloom simply prefers not to drink. The men read Bloom’s actions as a display of his racial otherness as a Jew, and thus feel entitled to question his belonging to the Irish nation:

- But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.
- Yes, says Bloom.
- What is it? says John Wyse.
- A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.
- By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.
- So of course everyone had a laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it:
- Or also living in different places.
- That covers my case, says Joe.
- What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.
- Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland…. And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant…
- Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.
- I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.39

This exchange epitomizes the conceptual threat that assimilated Jews posed to nationalism in early twentieth-century Europe. At that time, the Jewish people was unlike most peoples that called themselves nations, because they had no homogenous language, culture, race, political leadership, or state. The fact that the Jews identified as one people despite being so heterogeneous challenged the European definition of a
nation. Thus, when Bloom says that a nation can be “the same people living in the same place … [o]r also living in different places,” he challenges the men’s narrow definition of a nation. He further dismantles their understanding of nationalism when he asserts that he belongs to two nations at the same time, “Ireland” and “a race…that is hated and persecuted.” Bloom exemplifies how assimilated Jews were neither native nor foreigner, and belonged to both the Jewish nation and the nations in which they lived. Bloom’s status as an assimilated Jew prevents him from fully belonging to either the Jewish or Irish nation, but allows him to partially belong to both. The fact that his national identity is not easily categorizable perplexes and angers men like The Citizen, who attempts to throw a “biscuitbox” at Bloom’s head at the end of the episode. The fact that Bloom performs his Irishness differently from the other men, but considers himself Irish nonetheless, suggests that nationhood is not always a fixed identity, but can be partial, alienating, and self-contradictory.

Like her husband, Molly performs gender in a way that does not conform to social expectations, and comes into conflict with her Irish national identity. In 1904 Ireland, the cultural pressure on men to perform nineteenth-century European templates of masculinity accompanied a pressure on Irish women to perform the purity, propriety, and devotion to their husbands that constituted the Victorian ideal for womanhood. Padraic Pearse, the author of the Irish Declaration of Independence and Joyce’s college professor, characterizes Ireland as a mother in his poems. As a mother, this woman is never portrayed as having a sexuality outside procreation, and is placed on a moral pedestal. Molly Bloom—who cuckolds her husband, masturbates, urinates, menstruates, fantasizes about what it would be like to be a man,
and thinks myriad dirty thoughts, all in the span of 24 hours—flies in the face of a motherly Irish nation, the nineteenth-century ideal for Irish womanhood, and nationalist gender constructions at large.

Joyce delights in Molly’s large bodily mass, despite the fact that her body does not conform to the era’s beauty norms. Mahaffey points to the moment in “Ithaca” when Bloom kisses Molly’s buttocks to illustrate how Joyce’s portrayal of Molly’s body presents an affirmation of women:

Where else in literature or culture can we find a comparable instance of appreciation for female corporeality? To a culture that protested raucously against the use of the word “shift” as a libel upon womanhood, Joyce offers an image of Bloom kissing “the plump mellow yellow smell melons of [a woman’s] rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow.” Which is the more misogynist stance, the one that celebrates the full experience of female flesh, or the one that censors even the mention of intimate articles of female clothing? In a culture in which thousands of anorectic young women are trying to melt the flesh off their bodies while amenorrheal from the attempt to eat nothing but “violets and roses,” how can a representation of ample female flesh as something more beautiful than any work of art, something as vital as the earth itself, be considered misogynist?

While the passage she quotes does not void Molly’s buttocks of their sexual appeal, it radically differs from the reductive objectification that too often underlies male treatment of women’s bodies. Joyce ascribes an importance to Molly’s body that is not just sexual, but aesthetic and fundamentally human: in addition to being attractive, it is also “more beautiful than any work of art” and “as vital as the earth itself.” Molly chooses to have an affair because she and Bloom have not had “carnal intercourse” since the death of their son, eleven years ago. In choosing, she displays sexual agency. As a male writer, Joyce neither condemns Molly for her adultery nor reduces her to a sexual object. Instead, his portrayal of Molly seems to urge readers of all genders to accept and celebrate women’s bodily and sexual self-possession.
The formal structure of “Penelope” underscores this self-possession by indicating that Molly does not share Bloom’s and Stephen’s double-consciousness. Their episodes switch between third-person narration and internal monologue, often several times per paragraph. In contrast, the reader sees Molly only from other characters’ perspectives until the last episode, “Penelope,” in which she has a 40-page internal monologue with no punctuation. If Bloom’s and Stephen’s streams of consciousness are inseparable from how others see them, Molly’s words flow unstoppably from her, and no narrative structure or punctuation has the power to interrupt her. In her manifesto for “écriture féminine,” feminist literary theorist Hélène Cixous urges women to “write, let no one hold you back, let nothing stop you: not man; … and not yourself” and also to “write your self. Your body must be heard. Only then will the immense resources of the unconscious spring forth.” Prior to publishing this essay, Cixous wrote her doctoral dissertation on Ulysses, and so she is able to claim in her manifesto that Molly Bloom “carr[ies] Ulysses off beyond any book and toward the new writing.” That said, as a literary character, Molly does not write herself; a man wrote her. Nevertheless, she represents the embodiment of Cixous’s advice, since “the immense resources of” Molly’s “unconscious spring forth” in “Penelope.” She does not let grammar hold her back, and she “let[s] nothing stop” her: the language of her mind and body transcends the grammatical structures and literary conventions that usually restrain language. It is clear why Cixous identifies “Penelope” as the model for écrivure féminine: Molly’s linguistic refusal to be controlled models a unique performance of the female self that transcends and
transgresses against constricting gender templates. In Molly’s words, “theyre not
going to be chaining me up no damn fear.”

Paradoxically, though Molly resists the prevailing notion of Irish womanhood at that historical moment, her performance of selfhood is deeply rooted in an older Irish tradition. For example, van Boheemen-Saaf links Molly’s powerful sexuality to the ancient Celtic goddess of sovereignty, Medbh, who possessed phallic power. Indeed, Molly taps into a masculine element of her sexuality in a manner that resembles Bloom’s fantasies about becoming a woman in the episode “Circe.” She muses in “Penelope”: “God I wouldn’t mind being a man and get up on a lovely woman” and, later, “its well for men all the amount of pleasure they get off a womans body were so round and white for them always I wished I was one myself for a change just to try with that thing they have swelling upon you so hard and at the same time so soft when you touch it.”

Molly’s masculine sexual power is not the reductive masculinity that disenfranchises women and womanly men. Rather, she uses it to affirm others: the repetition of “yes” suggests that she is masturbating as she remembers and affirms her love for Bloom. Molly’s affirmative masculine sexuality parallels Medbh’s phallic power, which she bestows upon kings to grant them sovereignty. As such, Joyce’s choice to write a female protagonist who deviates from her era’s gender norms serves to reinforce her Irishness. In van Boheemen-Saaf’s words, “instead of hiding behind the skirts of the pure, maternal image of contemporary tradition, Joyce, always the son of Mother Ireland, hides behind the skirts of the sexy phallic mother.” By showing that there is room for “sexy phallic” women and the men who love them in Mother Ireland, Ulysses broadens the reader’s
understanding of Irish national identity. Joyce’s construction of Molly Bloom’s sexuality serves as evidence that Irish womanhood may encompass purity, motherhood, sexiness, adultery, loneliness, and all sorts of yonic and phallic powers.\footnote{51}

In short, the three lead characters of *Ulysses* demonstrate the performative nature of identity. The concept has been prevalent in political thought since 1988, when Judith Butler argued that identity is not determined by the conditions of one’s birth, but by a performance that one continually brings forth through a series of actions.\footnote{52} Building on Butler, Fischer-Lichte defines a performative act as one that constitutes its own reality, rather than describing a pre-existing reality:

> Performative acts … do not refer to pre-existing conditions, such as an inner essence, substance, or being supposedly expressed in these acts; no fixed, stable identity exists that they could express. Expressivity thus stands in an oppositional relation to performativity. Bodily, performative acts do not express a pre-existing identity but engender identity through these very acts.\footnote{53}

By trade, actors use performative acts to embody alternative identities. The fictional character lives in the actor’s real body, its movements, biological mechanisms, and kinesthetic reflexes. Therefore, the lens of performance is useful for the exploration of the questions about identity that emerge from *Ulysses*. What cultural or political markers determine how others read our bodies? What identities do we perform, consciously or not? Through our actions, do we reproduce or defy the expectations that society has placed on our bodies?

In *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, the actors do not aim to perform these characters’ identities in a realist fashion; instead, we are trying to perform the daily negotiation of identity. For example: early in the rehearsal
process, we considered performing the play in Irish accents. We ultimately decided to eliminate accents to highlight the fact that we are not Irish, and our bodies do not belong in the world of 1904 Dublin. At the same time, the actors do not look or act like they belong in the library either. Their costumes—all of which allude to 1904 period clothing, and follow a matching color scheme of black, white, and green—set them apart from other patrons of the library. They speak, sing, and dance, breaking the conventions of library behavior. When they speak, their language is much more heightened than that of other patrons because it is scripted. The actors simultaneously inhabit the fictional world of 1904 Dublin and the real world of a library on their college campus, and their participation in both makes it impossible for them to fully identify with either. The actors’ identities exist in both and neither the fictional and real worlds in a way that parallels Bloom’s dual and partial cultural identities as an Irish assimilated Jew, or Molly’s sexuality that encompasses masculine and feminine elements. The actors, like these characters, oscillate between multiple identities.

My theatrical choice to use the Sirens’ point of view to frame the events of *Ulysses* also underscores the negotiation of difference. In *The Odyssey*, the Sirens are sea creatures that sing to lure men and then devour them. In *Ulysses*, the two characters that correspond to them are the Ormond Hotel barmaids Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy. In *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, two Sirens conduct the audience’s journey through the show by leading them from one scene to the next. The play begins with the Sirens, played by Shana Laski and Maggie Rothberg, looking through the pages of *Ulysses* in the Smith Reading Room. They speak lines from the novel aloud, trying out how these words sound in their mouths. It
turns into a game between them, until their voices coalesce in cries of “Who ever anywhere will read these written words?” Then, in unison, they say the first line of the novel and introduce the characters in the first episode, who have been hiding in the room until this point. Whereas the Ormond Hotel barmaids play a minor role in *Ulysses*, the Sirens became the central characters of *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*. Their act of reading frames the performance, and their guiding of the audience from one place in the library to the next presents the act of reading as an embodied journey.

Throughout the rehearsal process of *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, my female-identifying collaborators and I have objected to Joyce’s portrayal of women, even as we acknowledge that his treatment of gender was radical for his time. In particular, the cast took issue with the episode “Nausicaa,” in which Bloom masturbates to the sight of Gerty MacDowell, a young woman whom he notices on the beach. Gerty enjoys and even encourages Bloom’s lust, seemingly because she is disabled, and thus rarely the object of male desire. The actors and I discussed this episode extensively: although the novel portrays Bloom’s and Gerty’s encounter as romantic and fanciful, it was difficult for us, as twenty-first century readers, to see it as anything other than demeaning and sexually exploitative. Given that Joyce was a male writer from another era and culture, it is understandable that not all of his writings from women’s perspectives are sensitive to or speak to our experiences as women. As female narrators of *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, the Sirens feel conflicted about Joyce’s novel: even as they enjoy reading and embodying it, they recognize that it is rooted in the male
experience. Over the course of the play, they struggle to reclaim *Ulysses*’s exploration of gender for themselves. The first lines they recite from the novel at the beginning of the play are “What is that word known to all men,” “It’s men has the fine times,” and “O wept! Aren’t men frightful idiots.” Their repetition of the word “men” problematizes the fact that, for the most part, *Ulysses* is about men in a homosocial world. Then, in the episode “Sirens,” Laski and Rothberg use music to antagonize Bloom at the moment when Boylan arrives at Molly’s door. In “Nausicaa” and “Penelope,” the Sirens side with Gerty and Molly in their narration, and freely criticize Bloom on their behalf: in “Nausicaa,” Laski angrily calls him an “utter cad” and a “brute” for how he treats Gerty. They insert their female bodies, voices, and opinions into Joyce’s story. Laski and Rothberg have crafted characters who actively and critically interpret *Ulysses* as they embody it.

Another strategy that I used to emphasize the performative nature of identity was the decision to cast against gender and national identity. A female actor of color from outside the United States (Rebecca Wei Hsieh) plays The Citizen, the hypermasculine nationalist bigot who does not want immigrants or racial diversity in Ireland. A male actor (Gabriel Brosius) plays Gerty MacDowell. A female actor (Rothberg) plays Blazes Boylan. A Jewish actor (Laski) plays Stephen’s anti-Semitic Anglo-Irish employer, Mr. Deasy. In the novel, these characters are anxious to perform their genders or nationalities according to the social expectations or stereotypes that accompany these identities. If, as stated at the beginning of this section, Joyce’s protagonists demonstrate what Mahaffey calls “the bewildering friction” between social expectations and “the urgent complexity of personal desire,”
then I cast these supporting characters against gender and race to endow their identities with a similar friction. When bodies that do not fit these roles perform them, the disjunction between what Erika Fischer-Lichte calls the actor’s phenomenal body, i.e. their material and biological “bodily being-in-the-world,” and the semiotic information that they convey while performing a character, highlights that the two carry separate meanings but cannot be separated. Through the performative acts of changing their physical appearance, behavior, and vocal traits, the actors can embody alternative gender or national identities. Thus, casting against type underscores that one’s biological reality is not the sole factor in determining one’s identity, and that individuals do not necessarily have to perform their identities according to others’ expectations. When the actors performed identities that were not typically associated with their bodies, they experienced a friction between their phenomenal and semiotic bodies that informed their portrayal of these characters. Sometimes this friction added humor to their performance—spectators were amused that Brosius played both the hypermasculine Buck Mulligan and the hyperfeminine Gerty MacDowell—and sometimes it made the audience uncomfortable, as when Hsieh spewed racist and sexist remarks as The Citizen. By casting against type, I hoped to criticize, question, and poke fun at the seeming stability of these characters’ identities.

In time, I realized that Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space was not a dramatic adaptation of Ulysses. Rather, it staged the actors’ personal journeys through the novel, and the particular interests and concerns we brought to our discussions of this novel. Each performer brought a specific combination of complex identities to their journey. The ensemble and I had months to share our
different perspectives with each other in rehearsal and contemplate how these perspectives informed our interpretation of the novel. This was not true of our audience. They brought their own histories and biases to their experience of the performance. The ensemble was faced with the challenge of engaging a diverse audience in this story, while still giving each participant space to experience it differently, based on their particular cultural and historical backgrounds. In the following section, I discuss how the creative team addressed this challenge, and how the site-specificity of our production aided us in doing so.

“Theirhisnothis Fellowfaces”\textsuperscript{56}: Connecting Across Difference

\textit{Ulysses} ends with a moment of connection between two near-strangers, Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Earlier in the evening, Bloom coincidentally runs into Stephen, whom he has met on only two other occasions during Stephen’s childhood. At two o’clock in the morning, Stephen is extremely drunk, and Bloom takes him back to 7 Eccles Street to help him sober up. In “Ithaca,” they stand in Bloom’s garden and look at the stars, then they look at each other: “Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces.”\textsuperscript{57} That Joyce describes their faces as “mirrors” suggests a mutual identification: they both see themselves in each other. His use of the word “fellow” in “fellowfaces” implies a sort of kinship or commonality between them. Most telling is the neologism “theirhisnothis,” which combines the collective (“their”), the self (“his”), and the other (“not his”) into a single entity. This combination shows that, as Bloom and Stephen look at each other, they momentarily transcend the boundaries
between the self and the other. Earlier in the episode, Bloom expresses awareness of “four separating forces between his temporary guest and him”: “Name, age, race, creed.” Yet, as they look at each other, a stronger force dissolves these “separating forces” and brings them together as one compound collective-self-other.

This moment illustrates that when individuals gain a heightened awareness of people outside themselves, they can destabilize the boundaries of individual identity that separate them. Bloom’s and Stephen’s one-on-one communion models the spontaneous communitas that occurs when individuals destabilize this boundary in a larger group. In his book *The Ritual Process*, Victor Turner argues that when people participate in a ritual, they shed their individual identities to enter a liminal state. According to Turner’s definition, a person in a liminal state cannot be classified as belonging to a social category, but exists between and outside all social groups, as “a tabula rasa, a blank slate, on which is inscribed the knowledge and wisdom of the group.” Liminal beings are vulnerable because they exist outside all social structures, but powerful in that they destabilize the closed-off divisions between social groups. When a group of people enters a liminal state, they experience communitas, “a generalized social bond that has ceased to be and has simultaneously yet to be fragmented into a multiplicity of structural ties.” In a later work, *From Ritual to Theatre*, Turner expands these definitions to examine how they might apply not only to religious rituals, but also to secular spaces: “in the workshop, village, office, lecture-room, theatre, almost anywhere people can be subverted from their duties and rights into an atmosphere of communitas.” He lists several different categories of communitas, one of which is spontaneous communitas:
a flash of lucid mutual understanding on the existential level. … [W]hen the mood, style, or “fit” of spontaneous communitas is upon us, we place a high value on personal honesty, openness, and lack of pretensions or pretentiousness. We feel that it is important to relate directly to another person as he presents himself in the here-and-now, to understand him in a sympathetic … way, free from the culturally defined encumbrances of his role, status, reputation, class, caste, sex or other structural niche.

Bloom and Stephen’s silent contemplation of “theirhisnothis fellowfaces” resembles spontaneous communitas in that Bloom and Stephen “relate directly to” the other “as he presents himself in the here-and-now,” and see themselves in each other despite their differences. Although this moment occurs between two people and not in a group setting, it supports Turner’s claim that “almost anywhere people can be subverted from their duties and rights into an atmosphere of communitas.” June 16, 1904 is an ordinary day until this moment, when a spontaneous, unexpected, ephemeral “flash of lucid mutual understanding” emerges between two individuals.

As a director, I could not ensure that *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* would generate spontaneous communitas between spectators, actors, or spectators and actors. Instead, I tried to employ what Fischer-Lichte calls the “aesthetics of the performative” as a means to destabilize boundaries between participants. Earlier in this essay, I referred to Fischer-Lichte’s claim that “the project of the aesthetics of the performative lies in collapsing binary oppositions and replacing the notion of ‘either/or’ with one of ‘as well as.’” *Ulysses* is similarly invested in “collapsing binary oppositions,” particularly those between man and woman, Irish and non-Irish, and, ultimately, the self and the other. This common aspiration is my point of departure for *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*: through performance, I hoped to make the “collapsing” of
“binary oppositions” in *Ulysses* tangible and meaningful to a twenty-first century American audience. If, in Fischer-Lichte’s words, performance is “an attempt to reenchant the world by transforming the borders established … and opening them up into thresholds,” then performance is a stretch of time and space in which actors and spectators can leave behind the borders that define their social roles and experience liminality. This liminal state is a prerequisite for communitas. In staging *Ulysses* as a site-specific play, I was interested in turning a series of interrelated borders—between the actor and spectator, art and everyday life, the individual and communal—into thresholds. I devote this section of the essay to exploring how site-specific performance facilitates the transformation of each of these borders into thresholds, and thus makes spontaneous communitas possible.

To create a space out of a place is a performative act. Just as the actions one performs constitute their identity, the actions that unfold in a place generate its identity. A space both shapes and is shaped by the social interactions that take place there. In “The Politics of Space/Time,” anthropologist-geographer Doreen Massey writes that “the spatial is socially constituted. ‘Space’ is created out of the vast intricacies, the incredible complexities, of the interlocking and the non-interlocking, and the networks of relations at every scale from local to global.”64 If social relations determine a space, then that space can reflect, enforce, or subvert the personal and political power dynamics in those social relations. In particular, a space can alter the social relations that people enact there due to what Massey calls the “element of ‘chaos’ which is intrinsic to the spatial”:

Although the location of each (or a set) of a number of phenomena may be directly caused (we know why x is here and Y is there), the spatial positioning
of one in relation to the other (x’s location in relation to Y) may not be
directly caused. Such relative locations are produced out of the independent
operation of separate determinations. They are in that sense “unintended
consequences”. Thus, the chaos of the spatial results from happenstance
juxtapositions, the accidental separations, the often paradoxical nature of the
spatial arrangements that result from the operation of all these causalities.65

In short, spatial chaos describes the unpredictable outcomes that occur when
independent phenomena and operations cohabit the same space. Because spatial
arrangements affect the social interactions that take place there, this spatial element of
chance allows for these interactions to change: “Spatial form as ‘outcome’ (the
happenstance juxtapositions and so forth) has emergent powers which can have
effects on subsequent events. Spatial form can alter the future course of the very
histories that have produced it.”66 In a space’s potential to produce “unintended
consequences,” then, lies its power to cause social transformation.

*Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* maximized its use of
spatial chaos in that we placed our own spatial system, which followed the logic of
our story, inside the already existing spatial system of Olin Memorial Library. If “the
chaos of the spatial results from happenstance juxtapositions,” then the juxtaposition
between the designated purpose of the library and our repurposing of it as a
performance space made it possible for social interactions that do not usually occur in
that space to unfold there. Our play was at odds with both the architecture of the
space, which is not conducive to performance, and the other people in it who came to
study in silence. The potential for spatial chaos arose from “the independent operation
of” these “separate determinations” in the same space. It was impossible for the
creative team to control or predict how “unintended consequences” would materialize
during each performance. This element of chance approximated the spectators and
actors because they were all susceptible to it. The actors continually received and responded to new information in the same way that a spectator does when they watch any performance for the first time. After the ensemble’s first rehearsal with an audience, Rothberg observed that it was impossible for the creative team to manipulate the audience’s emotional response to the performance. She gave as an example the multiple times when library patrons walked through serious scenes and gave the actors funny looks, which invariably made the audience laugh. Rothberg concluded that it was not necessary for us to engineer the audience’s emotions through our acting and staging. Chance prevents the actors from fully controlling the spectators’ experience of the play. It shifts the actor-spectator relationship away from that of Rancière’s schoolmaster and pupil, and toward a power dynamic that continually and unpredictably shifts between all participants.

If space can alter social interactions, then putting a performance in a space not typically used for theater has the possibility to rewrite the social conventions between actors, between spectators, and between the actor and the spectator. Mike Pearson points out that spectators leave their preconceived notions of an audience’s role in a theater behind when they go to a site-specific performance because the site does not look like the theaters they have previously attended:

The institutional fixities and sureties of the auditorium are absent at site. Other displacements of, and relationships with, audience become feasible. Conventions of theatrical prudence and decorum may not apply. Previous experience may not be a useful guide as to how to go on, and preconceptions, expectations and critical assumptions may be dislocated and confounded. In a proscenium theater, there are predetermined and separate spaces for the actors and the spectators. In Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space, as in
many site-specific performances, this was not the case. Because I encouraged
spectators to place themselves wherever they liked, and to move around each space
during scenes, they had a degree of agency over their spatial relationships to the
actors. The spectators shared the playing space with the actors because there was no
space outside or apart from the playing space. Since each scene took place in a
different location in the library, the spectators’ spatial relationships with the actors
changed with each new scene. The spectators’ continually shifting spatial relationship
to the actors caused their social relationship to remain unstable. The spectators were
at times confidantes to whom the characters expressed their innermost thoughts; co-
players in a scene, as in “Cyclops,” when the audience became patrons of Barney
Kiernan’s pub; outside witnesses to whom the Sirens offered commentary; and, as in
Laski and Rothberg’s prologue, sometimes they were simply themselves, the
spectators, whom the actors addressed transparently as actors. It is not that there are
no conventions that govern actor-spectator relationships in site-specific theater.
Rather, the lack of fixity in the audience’s spatial relationship with the actors allows
for negotiable and plastic social conventions. The actors and spectators create these
conventions together as a performance progresses, giving the spectators greater input
into their relationship with the actors than they would have in spaces where the
conventions are already established for them.

The site-specific structure of *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging*
*Space* made actors and spectators equally visible to each other; as such, it demanded
active spectatorship from its audience. While in a proscenium theater the audience
sits in the dark, in a site-specific piece such as *Through Everchanging Tracks of*
Neverchanging Space, spectators are mobile and visible. In a 30-person audience where all spectators were fully lit and in close proximity to the actors, everyone noticed if one of them laughed, winced, held their breath, or responded in any other way to the performance. Fischer-Lichte acknowledges “the transformative power of the gaze directed at another, either recognizing them as co-subjects or degrading them to objects, imposing identities on them, observing, controlling, or desiring them.”68 In proscenium theater settings, “the transformative power of the gaze” is the spectator’s privilege: actors are on display while spectators “recogniz[e] them as co-subjects or degrad[e] them to objects” from their seats in the dark. The staging in Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space attempted to grant “the transformative power of the gaze” to the actor and spectator in equal measure by allowing the former to reciprocate the latter’s gaze. The performance’s spatial arrangements exposed all participants in order to heighten their conscious and unconscious responsiveness to each other. The actors’ and spectators’ shared playing space maximized the autopoietic feedback loop’s role in shaping the performance.

Site-specific performance complicates the distinction between the fictional and the real. In most performances, it is usually possible to identify which occurrences are part of the play’s fictional narrative and which take place in reality. In general, the fictional has been rehearsed ahead of time and the real occurs spontaneously, e.g., someone’s telephone rings, a set piece breaks, or an audience member walks out. The two were not as easily distinguishable in Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space: several audience members asked me if library patrons were plants whom I had instructed on how to respond to the
performance. Even though, as the director, I could always tell which occurrences belonged to the fictional narrative and which belonged to the real operations of the library, I could not filter real occurrences out of my experience of the story. Instead of being distractions or interruptions, they became part of the performance for me. For example, a library employee is always stationed at a help desk in the center of the Microforms room, where the actors performed the particularly rambunctious scene “Oxen in the Sun.” A different employee works there each night of the week. The desk is between where the actors performed and where the audience usually stood, so the audience could not help but see this employee throughout the scene. Whoever the employee was, and however they reacted to the performance, inevitably affected my experience of the scene each time I saw it in this room. Fischer-Lichte observes that performing in a location not originally intended for performance “engenders spatiality as a blend of real and imagined spaces. It identifies the performative space as a ‘space between.’”69 The library employees who sat in the middle of “Oxen in the Sun” exemplified this “blend.” They were very clearly of the real space and not the imagined one, but I could not separate their presence from my experience of the imagined space.

Actors can use this inextricability of the fictional and the real to enhance their performance by incorporating the spontaneous intrusions of reality into the fictional narrative they create. Pearson explains how they might do so:

[Site] is inescapably of and in the real world but it is visited in the extra-daily guise of performance. Being in the real world, it may occasion or necessitate real world responses, but within a new frame of reference—performance—which of its nature may heighten or exaggerate immediate effects. Performers may be ill equipped or differentially prepared to deal with conditions in comparison to those who usually occupy the place—semi-naked without
overalls and goggles in a factory; in street clothes underwater in a swimming pool. It is the tension between this readiness and lack of preparation at the interface of site and performance that generates substance and meaning. In other words, actors must respond to the real obstacles that the architecture, spectators, and non-spectators using the space present. They offer “real world responses” to the obstacles at hand, but they do not suspend the world of the play or leave their characters as they execute these responses. The actors draw on their knowledge of the play and training as performers to heighten their responses to real stimuli. “The tension between this readiness and lack of preparation” that Pearson discusses implies that in a site-specific performance, rehearsed fiction is inextricable from spontaneous reality.

In rehearsals for Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space, I encouraged my actors to make peace with their “lack of preparation.” I tried to prevent my actors from viewing real world occurrences as intrusions into their performance. Instead, I urged them to view these seeming interferences as legitimate parts of the play and use them to tell their story. If they found a library patron or unexpected object in their playing space, the actors knew not ignore them, but to react to them and interact with them as parts of the performance. For example, after finishing a scene during one performance, Joy Ming King (who played Stephen Dedalus) found that one spectator followed him instead of moving with the rest of the audience to the next scene. King drank from a prop flask and perused books in the stacks for a few moments, then turned to the spectator and asked, “Who are you and why are you following me?” The spectator responded that she wanted to see what he would do. In a moody tone that would be typical of Stephen Dedalus, King
responded, “I just really need some alone time right now,” and the spectator left. He responded to the real spectator’s action as the fictional character of Stephen Dedalus, and brought the fictional and the real together into an improvised one-on-one scene. If “it is the tension between this readiness and lack of preparation at the interface of site and performance that generates substance and meaning,” then the actors’ spontaneous responses to the real world around them became just as integral to the play’s meaning as the story of *Ulysses*.

Fischer-Lichte writes that performances in which the actors and spectators partake in collective action “clearly highlight the fusion of the aesthetic and the social. The community is based on aesthetic principles but its members experience it as a social reality.” This fusion is exemplified by the *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* performances, which provided a new, if temporary, social reality for its participants when actors and spectators performed collective actions: they all sanitized their hands before entering the maternity ward in “Oxen in the Sun,” and, in “Ithaca,” they sat in a circle and drank hot chocolate together while the actors told them a Joycean bedtime story. More generally, participants had the common experience of being different from everyone else in the library. When patrons walked through the performance with confused looks on their faces, or when an actor addressed a surprised passerby, the audience always laughed. There was a pleasure in being part of a group that knew what was going on when many other people in the library did not—it was the pleasure of participating in an extra-daily event alongside patrons who went about their ordinary lives. Participants were both in the library and in a world apart from it, and this betweenness functioned as a version of Turner’s liminality. Their liminal
state emboldened actors and spectators to transgress against library conventions without self-consciousness. Every so often, participants’ collective liminality produced momentary flashes of spontaneous communitas: during the final performance, when Rothberg farted an explosion of glitter in “Circe,” the entire audience broke out in boisterous applause. During a few performances, at the moment when Gerty MacDowell raised her skirt up for Bloom in “Nausicaa,” the audience let out a collective gasp. These moments fostered a social bond that did not last for the duration of the performance, or carry into the participants’ lives after the performance ended, but was tangible for a fleeting stretch of time. In structuring the performance as a collective journey, I hoped to generate a social reality in which it was possible, if not guaranteed, that the participants could transcend the self and attain momentary union with the group.

The immersive nature of site-specific performance denies spectators critical distance, and equips them instead with presence. In a proscenium theater, the audience is outside the playing space and can therefore see it in its entirety. From a safe distance, the spectators can reflect on what they see with detached intellect. A site-specific performance, however, surrounds and immerses the spectators; thus, in Pearson’s words, “it refuses to coalesce, make itself available for total scrutiny. There is no one place from which one can see it all. It is never one thing. It is a field rather than an object.”72 In a site-specific piece, nothing and no one is outside the play. If the play is all around them, there are many perceptual stimuli to which the audience might choose to pay attention, but no audience member can see them all at once. Consequently, no audience member can have the outside perspective necessary for
intellectual detachment. Instead of allowing the spectators critical distance, *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* threw them into its unpredictable field. This total surrender of distance and immersion in the here-and-now paved the way for the “personal honesty, openness, and lack of pretentions” and freedom from “a multiplicity of structural ties” that Turner attributes to spontaneous communitas.

When a group of people collectively relinquishes control and understanding, as site-specific theater invites them to do, they form a social bond based on their mutual surrender. As a result, participants’ individual identities are subsumed in a shared liminality that has the potential to produce spontaneous communitas.

**Afterword: From a Reading Space to a Playing Space**

I wish to reflect on what this project has taught me as a theater artist and scholar, what I will take from it into my future theatrical endeavors, and how it has deepened my larger understanding of theater. I do so in the hope that my findings might be useful to other artists as they pursue their own theatrical productions, site-specific or otherwise.

Directing this play was primarily an exercise in letting go of control. Because each performance was contingent on reactions from the audience and library patrons, unexpected interferences could happen at any moment of the performance. No matter how much I rehearsed with the actors and production team, we knew that the performances would not go as we had planned them. All performances, site-specific or otherwise, are susceptible to chance and spontaneous change, and Fischer-Lichte
argues that the inherent limitations of staging can invigorate a performance. These limitations allow for open, experimental and ludic spaces for unplanned and un-staged behavior, actions, and events. The *mise en scène* provides a strong framework for the performance and the feedback loop’s autopoiesis but is nonetheless unable to determine or control the autopoietic process. The concept of staging thus always already includes a moment of reflection on its own limits.

Indeed, the actors faced several unforeseen events during each performance: every show required them to improvise and solve problems on the spur of the moment. Fischer-Lichte’s words enabled me to see these incidents not as failures of my staging, but as turns in the autopoietic feedback loop that could generate new meanings or increase participants’ presentness. Not all of these unexpected turns affected the performance positively: some spectators used their freedom of motion to make actors uncomfortable and attempt to deter their performances. After each performance, actors told me that several audience members had tried to “target” and “troll” them. Although the ensemble and I did not want or expect these responses from spectators, I did not try to stop them, and I encouraged my actors not to either. I view these turns in the feedback loop not as indications that our planning process was faulty or inadequate, but as valid results of the experimental conditions that I set up through my staging. Fischer-Lichte’s argument that the limitations of the *mise en scène* can be fruitful for a performance has caused me to reevaluate my role as a director. I have come to terms with, and even begun to enjoy, my inability to prepare for every scenario that might unfold spontaneously in the moment of performance.

Once I made peace with the fact that I could not control the performance, I endeavored to equip the actors with confidence in themselves and each other in lieu
of total preparedness. After one particularly tense tech rehearsal—one of the actors accidentally set off an alarm in the library and the team became apprehensive about disturbing patrons—I told the cast they had worked too hard on this play to let fear of the unknown inhibit them from enjoying it. I, too, continually had to overcome my own fear of the unpredictable. I had to learn to have faith that the actors were sufficiently skilled, knowledgeable about the play, and sensitive to each other’s impulses to help each other through any unexpected challenges that the audience or the library posed. In order to let go of control, I had to place an enormous amount of trust in them, and conduct rehearsals in such a way that they trusted each other and me. My newfound understanding of the centrality of fostering trust to directing will inform my methodology in future directing projects. *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* was unlike any other production I have directed: it was my first site-specific piece, my first time adapting a pre-existing source into a play, and the most difficult and ambitious subject matter I have ever tackled. The next time I enter uncharted theatrical territory, I will know how to confront my own and others’ fears of the unfamiliar with bravery and confidence.

*Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* was not as successful as I had hoped in creating a sense of connection among participants. There were, I believe, a few brief flashes of spontaneous communitas, as mentioned earlier. In general, though, spectators seemed to feel connected to the actors, but did not signal that they felt particularly connected to each other for more than a few seconds at a time, if at all. At times, spectators even acted quite selfishly, making sure they had an optimal view of the actors without considering that they might be obstructing other
spectators’ sightlines. There may have been moments of communitas, but there was no sustained sense of community. However, even if the performance was at best partially successful in this respect, it had a different but equally profound impact on the audience’s relationship to the space: the actors’ connection to each other produced a spirit of playfulness between them, and this playfulness was palpable throughout every performance. Their trust in each other empowered them to transgress against the decorum of the library. They took shameless pleasure in singing, shouting, running around, and dancing in a space that is typically associated with serious and silent study. The outcome was that the actors’ tangible joy infected the audience, and the audience became incredibly playful as well. The spectators were able to break with their everyday assumptions about libraries, and about this library specifically, and transgress against library decorum with the actors. Although the performance may not have achieved communitas among spectators to the extent I had hoped it would, it did allow spectators to experience an extra-daily spirit of fun in a place where they do not expect to have fun on a daily basis. Spectators ultimately did experience the extraordinary in an ordinary space, and the extraordinary manifested itself as an exuberant lightness.

I originally intended to transpose the world of 1904 Dublin onto Olin Memorial Library. My initial desire in bringing *Ulysses* to life on the Wesleyan campus was to share my passion for the novel with my classmates and show them why this novel is meaningful today. I believe this production achieved that, but it became as much about the spatial and social environment that produced it as it was about *Ulysses*. The performance did not place the latter on top of the former so much
as it permeated and informed my experience of this environment. If *Ulysses* calls attention to the smallest details of everyday life in Dublin, then *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* heightened my attention to Olin Memorial Library and the students who use it on a daily basis. I was not alone in this experience: many spectators told me that they saw the library with new eyes after the performance, and would never look at it the same way again. Given the central importance of a library at an academic institution, my heightened experience of Olin Memorial Library extends to the Wesleyan community at large. Sometimes this production gave me a positive appreciation for my peers: patrons stopped what they were doing to watch, or listened to the text as they studied, and I was pleasantly surprised that so many patrons willingly engaged with and responded to my work. Other times, I was keenly aware of their negative traits: students repeatedly stole our props while we were rehearsing or performing in other parts of the library, and one of them rudely yelled at my assistant stage manager in the middle of a run. Either way, this play caused me to see—and made my work visible to—a far wider portion of the Wesleyan student body than I encounter on a daily basis. *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space* gave me a chance to contemplate my personal relationship to the larger group of my peers, and how the community that my actors, designers, and production team formed fits into or stands apart from this larger ecosystem.

Many spectators remarked that they did not completely understand the text or the story of *Ulysses* from watching *Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space*, but that they did not need to follow the story in order to engage with the
performance. As one spectator wrote after seeing it, “Even though I couldn’t always make sense of what [the] cast were speaking about, their expressions and body language reminded me that words are often big fronts we erect to both keep people out and trap people closer to us. I thought about what can’t be said with words—what looks do, what kisses do, what grasping does.” That she and spectators felt satisfied with their experience without understanding the plot indicates that this performance had less to do with Ulysses than with the real connections that existed among our ensemble. These connections exuded a ludic energy that engaged the audience.

Paradoxically, the less faithful the creative team was to the novel, the closer we came to articulating what we believe to be its core ideas. If Ulysses is concerned with the distance between the self and the other, and how difficult it is to journey across that distance, then Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space exemplifies how theater facilitated that journey for one group of artists. We had to travel to 1904 Dublin to tell a story about our own small community. In Leopold Bloom’s words, “Think you’re escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home.”

1 The title of this play is a quote from Ulysses. At the end of the novel, Molly and
2 When I refer to the creative team of Through Everchanging Tracks of Neverchanging Space throughout the essay, I mean the actors, designers, music director, stage managers, and myself.
3 Joyce, 31.
4 Ibid.
8 Ibid., 41.
Ibid., 172-3.
10 Ibid., 204.
12 Ibid.
14 Ibid., 37.
18 de Certeau, 115.
19 Joyce, 639.
22 Ibid., 234.
23 Ibid., 224.
24 Ibid., 229-30.
25 Joyce, 19.
26 Ibid., 41.
27 Ibid.
28 Ibid., 45.
29 Mahaffey lists as examples of Bloom’s sympathy with women his sensitivity to Mina Purefoy’s childbirth pains and the discrimination Gerty must face as a disabled woman. Mahaffey, 146.
30 Ibid., 436, 440.
31 Ibid., 551.
32 Ibid., 403.
34 Ibid., 709-10.
35 Ibid., 700.
36 Ibid., 699.
37 Ibid., 710.
38 Ibid., 708-9.
39 Joyce, 272-3.
40 Davison, 680.
41 Ibid., 681.
For a brief period, Pearse taught Joyce the Irish language at University College Dublin. van Boheeman-Saaf, 232.

The word ‘shift’ was Irish slang for petticoats, and here it alludes to The Playboy of the Western World, a controversial play by J.M. Synge. When it premiered at the Abbey Theatre in 1907, riots broke out during performances because a character used the word “shift” onstage. The Irish populace viewed the use of this word in a theatre as an affront on the purity of Irish womanhood. “Violets and roses” refers to a line in “Nausicaa” when Gerty MacDowell reflects that she does not like eating in front of other people and “often she wondered why you couldn't eat something poetical like violets or roses.” Mahaffey, 157.


van Boheemen-Saaf, 221, and Cixous, 884.

Joyce, 639.

van Boheemen-Saaf, 234.

Joyce, 633, 638.

van Boheemen-Saaf, 251.

The fact that Molly, who grew up in Gibraltar, does not completely identify as Irish complicates but does not diminish my argument. When Molly compares the Rock of Gibraltar to Three Rock in Dublin, she refers to “the rock standing up in it like a big giant compared with their 3 rock mountain they think is so great” (James Joyce, Ulysses, 621). Paul O’Hanrahan points out that Molly’s use of “they” and “their” demonstrates that Molly sees herself as outside of or apart from the Irish people. Like Bloom, Molly is both intrinsically Irish and alienated from her Irishness. Like Bloom’s Jewishness, Molly’s upbringing on Gibraltar shows the complex and contradictory nature of national identity. See Paul O’Hanrahan, “The Geography of the Body in ‘Penelope,’” in European Joyce Studies Vol. 17: Joyce, “Penelope” and the Body, ed. Richard Brown (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006), 193.

Fischer-Lichte, 26-7.

Ibid., 27.

Joyce, 40.

Fischer-Lichte, 88.

Joyce, 577.

Ibid.

Ibid., 554.


Ibid., 96.


Ibid., 48.

Fischer-Lichte, 204. See Endnote 10.

Ibid., 81.

66 Ibid., 84.


68 Fischer-Lichte, 59.

69 Ibid., 114.

70 Pearson, 171.

71 Fischer-Lichte, 55.

72 Pearson, 42.

73 Fischer-Lichte, 188.

74 Kaitlin Chan, diary entry, April 14, 2017.

75 Joyce, 309.
THROUGH EVERCHANGING TRACKS OF NEVERCHANGING SPACE
Production Script as of April 15, 2017

Adapted from James Joyce’s *Ulysses* by May Treuhaft-Ali, in collaboration with:
- Gabriel Brosius
- Jacob Casel
- Lucy de Lotbinière
- Rebecca Wei Hsieh
- Joy Ming King
- Shana Laski
- Samuel Morreale
- Maggie Rothberg

CASTING

**Gabriel Brosius**
- Buck Mulligan
- The Pussens
- Simon Dedalus
- Noman
- Gerty MacDowell

**Jacob Casel**
- Leopold Bloom

**Rebecca Wei Hsieh**
- May Dedalus
- Molly Bloom
- The Citizen
- Cissy Caffrey

**Joy Ming King**
- Stephen Dedalus
- Edy Boardman

**Shana Laski**
- Siren 2
- Shopgirl
- Milly Bloom
- Mr. Deasy
- Mina Kennedy
- Joe

**Maggie Rothberg**
- Siren 1
- Blazes Boylan
- Martin Cunningham
- Lydia Douce
- Bella/Bello Cohen

*Image by Haenah Kwon.*
PROLOGUE/TELEMACHUS

(The SIRENS independently study across the library from each other. Each reads from a copy of Ulysses. They make eye contact.)

SIREN 2.
What is that word known to all men?

SIREN 1.
It's men has the fine times.

SIREN 2.
O wept! Aren’t men frightful idiots?

SIREN 1.
The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea!

SIREN 2.
Look at the sea! What does it care about offences?

SIREN 1.
To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter

SIREN 2.
I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me

SIREN 1.
It soars, a bird, it holds its flight, a swift pure cry, the endlessnessnessnessness…

SIREN 2.
I wanted to shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all

SIREN 1.
A thrush, a throstle

SIREN 2.
plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump
obscure prolonged provocative melonsmellonous
SIREN 1.
Come on, you winefizzling ginsizzling booseguzzling existences

SIREN 2.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIREN 1.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIREN 2.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIREN 1.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIREN 2.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIREN 1.
Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

SIRENS 1 and 2.
Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

(The SIRENS each move to a window, and the curtain is pulled back to reveal BUCK MULLIGAN mounted on a gunrest, holding a bowl of lather above his head. It is 8:00 AM, and we are at the top of the Martello tower. BUCK MULLIGAN intones:) MULLIGAN. Introibo ad altare Dei. Introibo ad altare Dei. Introibo ad altare Dei.

Come up, you fearful Jesuit! (STEPHEN enters. MULLIGAN bends toward him and makes rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. He peeps into the bowl, then covers it with the mirror.) For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Silence, all. (He sets the bowl down, props the mirror, and begins to cover his face in lather.) The mockery of it.
Your absurd name: Stephen Dedalus. An ancient Greek. Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor. *(He snatches STEPHEN’s noserag. He wipes his razor, then examines the rag.*) The bard's noserag. A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you? *(He mounts the parapet and gazes out over Dublin bay.*) God. The sea! The sea! Mother and lover of men, the sea. The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. She is our great sweet mother. My aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

**STEPHEN.**

Someone killed her.

**MULLIGAN.**

You could have knelt down, damn it, when your dying mother asked you. I'm as much a pagan as you. But to think of your mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you. *(He goes back to shaving.)*

**STEPHEN.**

Pain, that is not yet the pain of love … *(MAY emerges from the sea.*) Silently, in a dream she came to me after her death, giving off an odour of wax and rosewood.

**MAY.**

The sea, our great sweet mother.

**STEPHEN.**

A dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she tore up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

**MULLIGAN.**

How are the secondhand breeches?

**STEPHEN.**

They fit well enough.

**MULLIGAN.**

*(Attacking the hollow beneath his underlip.)* I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. You look damn well when you're dressed.
STEPHEN.
Thanks but I can't wear them unless they're black.

MULLIGAN.
He can't wear them. Mourning etiquette is mourning etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers. Look at yourself, you dreadful bard. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me?

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

MULLIGAN.
What happened in the name of God?

STEPHEN.
Your mother asked you who was in your room.

MULLIGAN.
What did I say? I forget.

STEPHEN.
You said: O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.

MULLIGAN.
(Blushing.) Did I say that? Well? What harm is that? And what is death, your mother's or yours or my own? Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute. Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

STEPHEN.
I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.
MULLIGAN.
Of what, then?

STEPHEN.
Of the offence to me.

MULLIGAN.
O, an impossible person! Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? (MAY appears.)

MAY.
And no more… turn… aside and brood. Upon… love’s bitter… mystery.

STEPHEN.
Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, on me alone. All prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to strike me down. Where now?

MAY.
The sea, a great sweet mother.

STEPHEN.
No mother. Let me be and let me live. (MAY disappears.) I'm going, Mulligan.

MULLIGAN.
Give us your key. And twopence for a pint. (STEPHEN takes his keys and the money out of his pocket and hands them to MULLIGAN. He exits.)

STEPHEN.
I will not sleep here tonight.

BOYLAN WITH IMPATIENCE
(BLAZES BOYLAN in a flower shop. The SHOPGIRL arranges a bouquet for him. He hands her some roses.)

BOYLAN.
Put those in, will you?
SHOPGIRL.
Yes, sir.

BOYLAN.
Can you send them by tram? Now?

SHOPGIRL.
Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

BOYLAN.
O, yes. Ten minutes away.

SHOPGIRL.
What is the address, sir?

BOYLAN.
Mrs. Molly Bloom. 7 Eccles Street. Send it at once, will you? It's for an invalid.

SHOPGIRL.
Yes, sir. I will, sir.

BOYLAN.
(Looks into the cut of her blouse. She is wearing a red carnation as a corsage. He loosens it gallantly.) This for me?

SHOPGIRL.
(Glancing at him sideways, blushing) Yes, sir. (BOYLAN looks in her blouse with more favour.)

INTERLUDE: MILLY WRITES A LETTER
(MILLY BLOOM, daughter of LEOPOLD and MOLLY BLOOM, writes a letter to her father:)
MILLY.
Dearest Papli,
Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendid. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam. I got mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing. They are lovely. I am getting on swimming in the photo business now. Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs will send when developed. We did great biz
yesterday. Give my love to mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Alec he sings Blazes Boylan's song about those seaside girls. Tell Mr. Boylan silly Milly sends my best respects. Must now close with fondest love.
Your fond daughter, MILLY.
P.S. Excuse bad writing, am in a hurry. Byby.
M.

(MILLY places her card at the door of 7 Eccles Street, where Boylan’s bouquet of flowers is already waiting.)

CALYPSO
(8:00 AM. The Blooms’ home at 7 Eccles Street. Gentle summer morning everywhere. LEOPOLD BLOOM collects a letter and a parcel from the hallfloor.)

BLOOM.
Mrs Molly Bloom. Bold hand. Mrs Molly.
(He kisses a mezuzah on his door frame, then returns to the kitchen, where he is making his wife breakfast.)
Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning. She doesn't like her plate full. Right. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. Ham and eggs, no. No eggs. Thursday: not a good day for a mutton kidney from Buckley’s. Better a pork kidney from Dlugacz’s. (The Blooms’ cat, THE PUSSENS, appears with tail on high.)

THE PUSSENS.
Mkgnao!

BLOOM.
(Turning from the fire.) O, there you are. (THE PUSSENS mews in answer and stalks stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing.) Just how she stalks over my writing-table. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr. (He bends down to her, his hands on his knees.) Milk for the pussens.

THE PUSSENS.
Mrkgnao!
BLOOM.
Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me. *(To THE PUSSENS:)* Afraid of the chickens she is. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

THE PUSSENS.
Mrkrgnau! *(Leopold gets on the ground and puts milk out for the cat.)* Gurrhr! *(She runs to lap the milk.)*

MOLLY.
*(From off:)* Poldy!

BLOOM.
To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. The warmth of her body mingling with the fragrance of the tea.
Yes, yes.

MOLLY.
*(From off:)* Hurry up with that tea. I’m parched.

BLOOM.
*(Puts butter in the pan and unwraps a pork kidney.)* Pepper. *(He sprinkles it into the pan. He places the kidney in it. He arranges the tea on the tray.)* Everything on it? Bread and butter, four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. *(He carries it upstairs and enters the bedroom.)*

MOLLY.
What a time you were.

BLOOM.
The same young eyes.

MOLLY.
Who are the letters for?

BLOOM.
A letter from Milly. And a parcel for you. *(He lays her card and fruit basket on the bedspread near the curve of her knees.)* Do you want the blind up? *(As he lets the
blind up, he sees MOLLY glance at the address card on the fruit basket and tuck it under her pillow.) Who was the parcel from?

MOLLY.
O, Boylan. He's bringing the programme.

BLOOM.
When?

MOLLY.
At four.

BLOOM.
What are you singing?

MOLLY.
La ci darem with J. C. Doyle, and Love's Old Sweet Song. What time is the funeral?

BLOOM.
Eleven, I think. I didn't see the paper. Poor Paddy Dignam!

MOLLY.
And be sure to visit Mina Purefoy in the Holles street hospital. She's three days in labor now.

BLOOM.
Poor thing!

MOLLY.
(Sniffing.) There's a smell of burn. Did you leave anything on the fire?

BLOOM.
The kidney! (He hurries down the stairs on a flurried stork’s legs.) Only a little burned. (He begins to eat his kidney and reads Milly’s letter.)

SIREN 2.
There is a young student comes here some evenings.
SIREN 1.
_He sings Blazes Boylan's song about those seaside girls._

SIREN 2.
_Tell Mr. Boylan silly Milly sends my best respects._

BLOOM.
Fifteen yesterday. Her first birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the summer morning she was born, running to knock up the midwife. Jolly old woman. Lots of babies she must have helped into the world. She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

SIRENS.

_Those girls, those girls,_
_Those lovely seaside girls._

BLOOM.

SIREN 1.
Will happen,

SIREN 2.
yes.

BLOOM.

SIRENS.
Useless to move now.

BLOOM.
Lips kissed, kissing kissed.

SIRENS.
Full gluey woman's lips.
SIRENS.
(The chime of a clock:) Heigho! Heigho!
Heigho! Heigho!
Heigho! Heigho!
Heigho! Heigho!

BLOOM.
Quarter to. Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Heatwave. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which in the stream of life we trace is dearer thaaan them all.

NESTOR
(10:00 AM. A classroom in a wealthy Protestant boys’ private school in Dalkey. MR. DEASY enters with a savingsbox.)

DEASY.
Our little financial settlement. (He opens his savingsbox.) These are handy things to have. (He hands Stephen two notes, two crowns and two shillings.) Three twelve. I think you'll find that's right.

STEPHEN.
Thank you, sir.

DEASY.
No thanks at all. You have earned it. (STEPHEN puts the money in his pants pocket.) Don't carry it like that. You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these. You'll find them very handy.

STEPHEN.
Mine would be often empty.

DEASY.
(Pointing his finger.) Because you don't save. You don't know yet what money is. Money is power, when you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say? Put but money in thy purse.
STEPHEN.
Iago.

DEASY.
Shakespeare knew what money was. He made money. A poet but an Englishman too.
Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?

STEPHEN.
That on his empire the sun never sets.

DEASY.

STEPHEN.
*(To himself:)* Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties. The lump I have is useless. *(*To DEASY.*)* For the moment, no.

DEASY.
I knew you couldn't. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but we must also be just.

STEPHEN.
I fear those big words which make us so unhappy.

DEASY.
Mark my words, Mr. Dedalus. England is in the hands of the jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. And they are the signs of a nation's decay. Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength. I have seen it coming these years. As sure as we are standing here the Jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying. Dying, if not dead by now.

STEPHEN.
A merchant is one who buys cheap and sells dear, Jew or gentile, is he not?
DEASY.
They sinned against the light. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this
day. All history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

STEPHEN.
History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

DEASY.
You're not a believer, are you?

STEPHEN.
You behold in me a horrible example of free thought.

DEASY.
I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me.

STEPHEN.
I am the servant of two masters, an English and an Italian.

DEASY.
Italian? What do you mean?

STEPHEN.
The imperial British state, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

DEASY.
An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. It seems history is to blame. (STEPHEN
starts to exit.) You will not remain here at this work anymore. You were not born to
be a teacher, I think.

STEPHEN.
A learner rather.

DEASY.
Who knows? To learn one must be humble.

STEPHEN.
Good morning, sir. Thank you. (STEPHEN exits. MR. DEASY runs after him.)
DEASY.
Mr Dedalus! Just one moment.

STEPHEN.
Yes, sir.

DEASY.
(Breathing hard and swallowing his breath.) Ireland, they say, has the honour of
being the only country which never persecuted the Jews. Do you know that? No. And
do you know why?

STEPHEN.
Why, sir?

DEASY.
Because she never let them in. (A coughball of laughter leaps from his throat
dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm.) She never let them in, that’s why!

HADES
(BLOOM is on his way to Paddy Dignam’s grave with MARTIN CUNNINGHAM and
SIMON DEDALUS, aka Stephen’s father.)

CUNNINGHAM.
Are we all here now? Come along, Bloom. (A young man clad in mourning walks by.)

BLOOM.
There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus.

DEDALUS.
Who is that?

BLOOM.
Your son and heir.

DEDALUS.
Where is he? Was that Mulligan cad with him?
BLOOM.
No. He was alone.

DEDALUS.
He's in with a lowdown crowd. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks all over Dublin. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

BLOOM.

DEDALUS.
Are we late?

CUNNINGHAM.
Ten minutes.

BLOOM.

CUNNINGHAM.
How is the missus' concert tour getting on, Bloom?

BLOOM.
O very well. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see.

DEDALUS.
Are you going yourself?

BLOOM.
Well no. In point of fact I have to go down to the county Clare on some private business.
CUNNINGHAM.
Who’s getting it up? Blazes Boylan, is it?

BLOOM.
Mrs. Molly Bloom. Twenty past eleven. Up. Doing her hair, humming: voglio e non vorrei. No: vorrei e non. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. Mi trema un poco il. Beautiful on that tre her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A throstle.

CUNNINGHAM.
We had better look a little serious.

DEDALUS.
And then indeed, poor little Paddy Dignam wouldn't grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.

CUNNINGHAM.
The Lord forgive me! Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this. He's gone from us.

DEDALUS.
As decent a little man as ever wore a hat. He went very suddenly.

(Music.)

CUNNINGHAM.
Breakdown. Heart.

BLOOM.
Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day.

CUNNINGHAM.
One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are.

BLOOM.
Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers.
CUNNINGHAM.
Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else.

BLOOM.
Once you are dead you are dead.

CUNNINGHAM.
In the midst of life.

DEDALUS.
(As he speaks, the music stops.) But the worst of all is the man who takes his own life. (CUNNINGHAM becomes visibly uncomfortable.) The greatest disgrace to have in the family.

CUNNINGHAM.
Temporary insanity, of course. We must take a charitable view of it.

DEDALUS.
They say a man who does it is a coward.

CUNNINGHAM.
It is not for us to judge.

BLOOM.
He looked away from me. He knows. That afternoon. The redlabelled bottle on the table. Sunlight through the blinds. Yellow streaks on his face. The letter. For my dear son Leopold. (They reach Glasnevin Cemetery.) No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.

CUNNINGHAM.
(Taking DEDALUS aside.) I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom.

DEDALUS.
What? How so?
CUNNINGHAM.
His father poisoned himself. You heard him say he was going to Clare. Anniversary.

DEDALUS.
O God! First I heard of it. Poisoned himself!

CUNNINGHAM.
How many broken hearts are buried here, Simon!

DEDALUS.
Her grave is over there, Martin. I’ll soon be stretched beside her. Let Him take me whenever He likes. *(DEDALUS breaks down and begins to weep to himself quietly.)*

CUNNINGHAM. *(Taking his arm.)* She’s better where she is.

DEDALUS.
I suppose so. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

*(Music.)*

BLOOM.
Must be damned unpleasant.

DEDALUS.
Can’t believe it at first. Mistake must be:

CUNNINGHAM.
someone else. Try the house opposite.

DEDALUS.
Wait, I wanted to.

CUNNINGHAM.
I haven't yet.

BLOOM.
Then darkened deathchamber. Light they want.
ALL.
Shall I nevermore behold thee?

DEDALUS.
Bam!

CUDDLINGHAM.
expires. Gone at last.

DEDALUS.
People talk about you a bit: forget you.

BLOOM.
Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other.

DEDALUS.
This cemetery is a treacherous place.

CUDDLINGHAM.
Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time.

BLOOM.
Poor papa and little Rudy.

DEDALUS.
Back to the world again.

CUDDLINGHAM.
Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you.

BLOOM.
Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings.

ALL.
Warm beds: warm fullblooded life.
PROTEUS/LESTRYGONIANS

(On the edge of the sea.)

BLOOM.
Stream of life. I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twenty-eight I was. Molly twentythree when we left Lombard street west something changed. Could never like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand. Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you?

STEPHEN.
You bowed to yourself in the mirror. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Books you were going to write, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Who ever anywhere will read these written words?

BLOOM.
Sun's heat seems a secret touch telling me memory. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, you'll toss me all. O wonder!

STEPHEN.
The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't. I could not save my mother. Waters: bitter death: lost.

BLOOM.
Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Joy: I ate it: joy. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

STEPHEN.
Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.
BLOOM.
Me. And me now.

SIRENS
(4:00 PM. The bar of the Ormond Hotel. MISS DOUCE and MISS KENNEDY’s heads peep out of a window and check out audience members, who are standing outside. They are played by SIREN 1 and SIREN 2, respectively.)

KENNEDY.
Is that Lady Dudley?

DOUCE.
Yes, with his excellency.

KENNEDY.
Exquisite contrast.

DOUCE.
Look at the fellow in the tall silk.

KENNEDY.
Who? Where?

DOUCE.
He's looking. Mind till I see. (She makes a flirtatious gesture at a male audience member.) He's killed looking back. (Laughs.) O wept! Aren't men frightful idiots?

KENNEDY.
(With sadness:) It's men has the fine times. (BLOOM approaches.)

DOUCE and KENNEDY.
A man! (They both hide. BLOOM knocks. They open the door.)

BLOOM.
Might I trouble you for a bottle of cider?
DOUCE and KENNEDY.
Come in. (They let BLOOM and the audience into the Ormond Hotel and begin to sing:)

SIRENS.

When first I saw that form endearing
Sorrow from me seemed to depart
Each graceful look, each word so cheering
Charmed my eye and won my heart

BLOOM.
The human voice, two tiny silky cords. Love that is singing: love's old sweet song.
Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Luring. Ah, alluring.
Then tear asunder. Woman. As easy stop the sea. Not yet. At four, she said. At four he.

SIRENS.

But alas, 'twas idle dreaming and the dream too soon hath flown
Not one ray of hope was gleaming, I am lost
Yes I am lost, for she is gone

BLOOM.
Flood of warm jimjam lickitup secretness flows to flow in music out, in desire, dark
to lick flow, invading. Tipping her tepping her tapping her topping her. Tup. Tup. The
joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush,
flow, joygush, tupthrop.

SIRENS.

Martha, Martha, I am sighing
I am weeping still for thee
Come, thou lost one, come, thou dear one
Thou alone canst comfort me

Ah! Martha return
Come

BLOOM.
It soars, a bird, it holds its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene,
speeding, sustained, the endlessnessnessness...
SIRENS.

to me!

(The SIRENS’ song transforms into a dance. Something suggestive of a tango. In this dance, they transform from barmaids into alluring, maneating mermaids—in other words, the Sirens from The Odyssey. Until—.)

(MOLLY is seen at a window, readying herself for BOYLAN’s arrival and singing to herself.)

MOLLY.

Vorrei e non vorrei,
Mi trema un poco il cor,
Felice, è ver, sarei,
Ma può burlarmi ancor!

(SIREN 1 abandons SIREN 2 and approaches MOLLY as BLAZES BOYLAN. They make eye contact. Absolute silence.)

BLOOM.

SIREN 2.
It’s men has the fine times.

CYCLOPS
(In and outside Barney Kiernan’s publichouse.)

NOMAN.
I was just passing the time of day when, begob - (To JOE:) Lo, Joe. How are you blowing?

JOE.
What are you doing round these parts?
NOMAN.
Devil a much.

JOE.
Come around to Barney Kiernan's.

NOMAN.
So we turned into Barney Kiernan's. (To THE CITIZEN:) There he is in his gloryhole.

THE CITIZEN.
Stand and deliver.

NOMAN.
Arrah, I've a thirst on me.

JOE.
Give it a name, citizen.

CITIZEN.
Wine of the country.

JOE.
Three pints.

THE CITIZEN.
What's that bloody jewwy doing? (BLOOM starts to leave.) Bloom! Come in, come on. (BLOOM enters hesitantly.)

NOMAN.
I'm told those Jewies does have a sort of a queer odour coming off them.

BLOOM.
I just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham here.

NOMAN.
So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about a new Ireland.
BLOOM.
You don't grasp my point. What I mean is...

THE CITIZEN.
*(Taking up his pintglass and glaring at BLOOM:)* Sinn Fein! The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us.

NOMAN.
So off they start about

THE CITIZEN.
Irish sport

NOMAN.
and the

THE CITIZEN.
Irish language

NOMAN.
and the

THE CITIZEN.
shoneens

NOMAN.
that can't speak their own language and building up a nation once again.

THE CITIZEN.
But do you know what a nation means?

BLOOM.
Yes.

THE CITIZEN.
What is it?

BLOOM.
A nation? A nation is the same people living in the same place.
NOMAN.
If that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

(Everyone has a laugh at BLOOM.)

BLOOM.
(Trying to muck out of it:) Or also living in different places.

JOE.
That covers my case.

THE CITIZEN.
What is your nation if I may ask?

BLOOM.
Ireland. I was born here. Ireland. And I belong to a race too that is persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant. Plundered.

THE CITIZEN.
Are you talking about the new Jerusalem?

BLOOM.
I'm talking about injustice, insult and hatred. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

JOE.
What?

BLOOM.
Love. I mean the opposite of hatred.

THE CITIZEN.
A new apostle to the gentiles.

BLOOM.
And after all, why can't a Jew love his country like the next fellow? (MARTIN CUNNINGHAM peeks in through the door.)
CUNNINGHAM.
Come along, Bloom. *(BLOOM starts to exit. THE CITIZEN stands.)*

THE CITIZEN.
Three cheers for Israel! *(BLOOM stops and turns around.)*

BLOOM.
Mendelssohn was a Jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a Jew and his father was a Jew. Your God. Christ was a Jew like me. *(BLOOM exits. THE CITIZEN rushes after him. JOE tries to stop THE CITIZEN.)*

Tableau. Then, the actor playing THE CITIZEN exits. SIREN 1 enters, unfreezes SIREN 2, and they sing a medley of “The Croppy Boy” and “Love’s Old Sweet Song”:

SIREN 1.
*It was early, early in the spring*

SIREN 2.
*The birds did whistle and sweetly sing*

SIRENS.
*Changing their note from tree to tree  
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.  

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low  
And the flick’ring shadows softly come and go  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long  
Still to us at twilight, comes love’s old song,  
 Comes love’s old sweet song.*

NAUSICAA
*(8:00 PM. Sandymount Strand. The exact same spot where STEPHEN was in “Proteus.” GERTY MACDOWELL, CISSY CAFFREY and EDY BOARDMAN are there. A little ways away sits BLOOM. This episode is in the style of a harlequin romance.)*
SIREN 1.
The summer evening has begun to fold the world in its mysterious embrace. The last 
glow of all too fleeting day lingers lovingly on dear old Howth and Sandymount 
strand. Three girl friends were seated on the rocks discussing matters feminine, Cissy 
Caffrey, Edy Boardman, and Gerty MacDowell.

SIREN 2.
But who is Gerty?

SIREN 1.
Gerty MacDowell is in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one 
could wish to see.

SIREN 2.
The waxen pallor of her face is almost spiritual in its purity.

SIREN 1.
Why have women such eyes of witchery?

SIREN 2.
And yet and yet! A gnawing sorrow is there all the time, because she will be twenty-
two in November. Gerty MacDowell yearns in vain for the day when she might call 
herself a little wife to be. Her dreamhusband would take her in his sheltering arms 
with all the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long long 
kiss. For such a one she yearns this balmy summer eve.

SIREN 1.
A delicate pink creeps into her pretty cheek. The gentleman opposite is looking.

SIREN 2.
She ventures a look at him and the story of a haunting sorrow is written on his face.

A dream-dance takes place between GERTY and BLOOM. In our production, the 
music for this dance was a mashup of Taylor Swift’s “Love Story” and “Wildest 
Dreams” played on Irish folk instruments. They are wild, untrammelled, free. Events 
of this dance might include:
1. Gerty decides that Bloom is her dreamhusband.
2. She knows he is in deep mourning for something, and comforts him with the 
heart of a girlwoman.
3. *Gerty raises the devil in him/he starts masturbating.*
4. *Gerty decides to raise her skirt so that Bloom can see her petticoats.*
5. *The fireworks go off.*
6. *Bloom has an orgasm.*
7. *The dance is interrupted by —*

**CISSY.**
Gerty! Gerty! It’s high time we went home. Come on. *(GERTY and BLOOM return to their positions from the beginning of the scene.)*

**SIREN 2.**
Leopold Bloom

**SIREN 1.**
(for it is he)

**SIREN 2.**
stands silent. What a brute he has been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul has called to him and, wretch that he is, how has he answered? An utter cad he has been. He of all men!

**EDY.**
A penny for your thoughts.

**GERTY.**
What? I was only wondering is it late. *(To BLOOM:) Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. It is our secret, only ours, alone in the hiding twilight and there are none to know or tell save the little bat flying so softly through the evening to and fro

**GERTY and BLOOM.**
and little bats don't tell. *(CISSY and EDY enter with a wheelchair. She and EDY help GERTY into the wheelchair. They wheel her away.)*

**BLOOM.**
*(Seeing the wheelchair.) O!*

**GERTY.**
Is it goodbye? No. I have to go but we shall meet again, here, and I will dream of that till then.
BLOOM.
Poor girl! Marriage unlikely. Lord, I am wet.

Oxen in the Sun

(10:00 PM. The National Maternity Hospital on Holles Street. Mina Purefoy is in labor. MULLIGAN is waiting to deliver the baby. STEPHEN is there with him to pass the time. They are getting drunk while they wait.)

ALL.
Send us, bright one, light one, quickening and wombfruit. Send us, bright one, light one, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, light one, quickening and wombfruit.
Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!

MULLIGAN.
Before born babe bliss had. Within womb won he worship. (BLOOM enters.)

BLOOM.
Some man that wayfaring was stood by housedoor at night's oncoming. Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared.

MULLIGAN.
And there came against the place a young learning knight yclept Doctor Mulligan. (To BLOOM:) Ye should make merry with us that are here.

BLOOM.
And the traveller Leopold said that he should go otherwhither for Mulligan was a man of cautels and a subtile.

MULLIGAN.
But the learning knight would not hear say nay ne have him in aught contrarious to his list. And the learning knight let pour for childe Leopold a draught.

BLOOM.
And childe Leopold did up his beaver for to pleasure him for he never drank no manner of mead which he then put by and anon full privily he voided in his neighbour
glass and his neighbour wist not of his wile. *(He pours his drink into someone else’s cup, preferably an audience member’s.)*

*(A wail from Mina Purefoy.)*

BLOOM.
I beg of thee, leave thy wassailing for there is one quick with child a gentle dame, whose time hies fast. Woman's woe with wonder pondering.

*(Another wail from Mina Purefoy.)*

MULLIGAN.
I marvel that it be not come or now. Meseems it dureth overlong. Now drink!

STEPHEN.
Reserved young Stephen was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead.

BLOOM.
And the meek sir Leopold sat with them for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon Dedalus and to this his son young Stephen. Ruth red him, love led on with will to wander, loth to leave.

BLOOM.
But sir Leopold was passing grave by cause he still had pity of the terrorcausing shrieking of shrill women in their labour and as he was minded of his good lady Molly that had borne him an only manchild which on his eleventh day on live had died and no man of art could save so dark is destiny. And she was wondrous stricken of heart for that evil hap and now sir Leopold that had of his body no manchild for an heir looked upon him his friend's son and was shut up in sorrow for his forepassed happiness and as sad as he was that him failed a son of such gentle courage so grieved he also in no less measure for young Stephen for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and murdered his goods with whores.

*(MULLIGAN bangs on a surface loudly and makes a sound like thunder. STEPHEN jumps in fear.)*

STEPHEN.
A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled, back. Came now the storm that hist his heart.
MULLIGAN.
The god self is angered for your hellprate and paganry.

BLOOM.
(To STEPHEN:) It was no other thing but a hubbub noise that you heard, the discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken place, and all of the order of a natural phenomenon.

STEPHEN.
But was young Stephen's fear vanquished by Leopold's words? No, for he had in his bosom a spike named Bitterness which could not by words be done away. Heard he then in that clap the voice of God. And he saw that he must for a certain one day die as he was like the rest too a passing show.

(An especially long wail from Mina Purefoy. The baby is about to be born. MULLIGAN delivers the baby.)

MULLIGAN.
A happy accouchement! All that surgical skill could do was done and the brave woman has manfully helped. She has fought the good fight and now she is very very happy. Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers, in the first bloom of her new motherhood. (MULLIGAN throws off his doctor’s coat.) Closingtime, gents!

STEPHEN.
To Nighttown! (The men start to leave.)

(To BLOOM.) Yous join us, dear sir?

BLOOM.
No hentrusion in life.

STEPHEN.
*En avant, mes enfants!*
MULLIGAN.
Tention. March! Tramp, tramp the boys are (attitudes!) parching. British Beatitudes!

STEPHEN and MULLIGAN.
Beer! Beef! Business! Bibles! Bulldogs! Battleships! Buggery! Bishops!

STEPHEN.
Absinthe for me, savvy?

BLOOM.
Caramba! Have an eggnog or a prairie oyster.

STEPHEN.
Forward, woozy wobblers!

MULLIGAN.
Baddybad Stephen lead astray goodygood Mulligan.

STEPHEN.
Hurroo! Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil!

BLOOM.
Crickey, I'm about sprung.

STEPHEN.
(To an audience member:) Kind Kristyann will yu help, yung man hoose frend tuk bungalow kee to find plais whear to lay crown off his hed 2 night. (By this point, they have reached Nighttown. BLOOM blocks their entrance with one final attempt to persuade them to leave.)

BLOOM.
Come on, you winefizzling ginsizzling booseguzzling existences! Come on, you dog-gone, bullnecked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed four flushers! (MULLIGAN and STEPHEN step past him and enter Nighttown. He follows them in.)

CIRCE
(Midnight. A constantly shifting complex succession of things seen and imagined. A brothel in Nighttown, Dublin’s red light district. STEPHEN is there. BLOOM has
come to rescue STEPHEN and take him home. The door opens. BELLA COHEN, a massive whoremistress enters. On her left hand is a wedding ring. She has a sprouting moustache.)

BELLA.
My word! I'm all of a mucksweat. (Her eyes rest on Bloom with hard insistence. Her falcon eyes glitter.) Married, I see. And the missus is master.

BLOOM.
Exuberant female. Enormously I desiderate your domination. I am exhausted, abandoned, no more young.

BELLO.
Hound of dishonour!

BLOOM.
(Infatuated.) Empress!

BELLO.
Adorer of the adulterous rump!

BLOOM.
(Plaintively.) Hugeness!

BELLO.
Dungdevourer!

BLOOM.
Magnificence.

BELLO.
(Coaxingly.) Come, ducky dear. I want to administer correction, darling. There's a good girly now. (Bello grabs her hair violently and drags her forward.) How's that tender behind? O, ever so gently, pet. (Starts whipping BLOOM’s tender behind.)

BLOOM.
(Screams.) O, it's hell itself! Every nerve in my body aches like mad!
BELLO.
(Shouts.) Good, by the rumping jumping general! (Squats, with a grunt, on Bloom's upturned face. He horserides cockhorse, leaping in the saddle.) The lady goes a pace a pace and the coachman goes a trot a trot and the gentleman goes a gallop a gallop a gallop a gallop.

BLOOM.
(Stifling.) Can't.

BELLO.
This bung's about burst. (He uncorks himself behind: then, contorting his features, farts loudly.) Take that! (He recorks himself.)

BLOOM.
Not man. Woman.

BELLO.
What you longed for has come to pass. Henceforth you are unmanned.

BLOOM.
Thank you, mistress! Master! Mantamer!

BELLO.
(He bares his arm and plunges it elbowdeep in Bloom's vulva.) There's fine depth for you!

(Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor with a torn bridal veil, her face worn and noseless, green with grave mould. The party stops.)

MAY.
(With the subtle smile of death's madness.) I was once the beautiful May Dedalus. I am dead.

STEPHEN.
Who are you? What bogey man's trick is this?

MAY.
Our great sweet mother! The winedark sea.
STEPHEN.
*(Choking with fright, remorse and horror.)* They said I killed you, mother. Cancer did it, not I.

MAY.
*(A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth.)* All must go through it, Stephen. You too. Time will come.

STEPHEN.
Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men.

MAY.
I pray for you in my other world. Years and years I loved you, O my firstborn.

STEPHEN.
The ghoul! Hyena!

MAY.
Repent, Stephen! O, the fire of hell! *(A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart.)*

STEPHEN.
Shite!

BLOOM.
What?

STEPHEN.
No! No! No! Break my spirit all of you if you can! I'll bring you all to heel! *(He hits his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the brothel’s chandelier. Time's livid final flame leaps. Ruin of all space. Shattered glass. Toppling masonry. Stephen, abandoning his ashplant, flees from the room.)*

*(BLOOM leaves the brothel to find STEPHEN.)*

BLOOM.
Come now, professor.
STEPHEN.
(Laughs emptily.) My centre of gravity is displaced.

BLOOM.
You don’t know what you’re saying. Absinthe, the greeneyed monster. I know you. You’re a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

STEPHEN.
Gentleman, patriot, scholar and judge of impostors.

BLOOM.
Come home. You'll get into trouble.

STEPHEN.
(Swaying.) I don't avoid it. Hamlet, revenge!

BLOOM.
Come along with me now before worse happens. Stephen! (There is no answer. He calls again.) Stephen! (STEPHEN turns on his left side, sighing, doubling himself together.) Well educated. Pity. (BLOOM bends again and undoes the buttons of STEPHEN's waistcoat.) To breathe. (Communes with the night.) Face reminds me of his poor mother.

(Against the dark wall a figure appears slowly, a fairy boy of eleven, a changeling, kidnapped, dressed in an Eton suit, holding a book in his hand. He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page.)

BLOOM
(Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly.) Rudy! (RUDY gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes and goes on reading, kissing, smiling.)

INTERLUDE: RUDOLPH WRITES A LETTER
(RUDOLPH, an old man widower with unkempt hair and a yarmulke, writes a letter to his son, LEOPOLD BLOOM. BLOOM keeps this letter in his home. He found it in his father’s room after he poisoned himself.)

RUDOLPH.
To My Dear Son Leopold:
Tomorrow will be a week that I received... it is no use Leopold to be... with your dear mother... that is not more to stand... to her... all for me is out... be kind to my dog, Leopold, is my last wish... my dear son... always... of me... No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.

ITHACA

(2:00 AM. BLOOM and STEPHEN have returned to BLOOM’s home at 7 Eccles Street. They gaze at the stars in Bloom’s garden. Around them, the rest of the ensemble plays a game of questions and answers. They are telling each other a bedtime story.)

MAGGIE: What spectacle confronted Bloom and Stephen when they emerged into the garden?
SHANA: The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

SHANA: Bloom's logical conclusion?
GABE: That it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not a heavenman. That it was a Utopia.

GABE: What proposal did Bloom make to Stephen?
REBECCA: To pass in repose the hours intervening between night and morning in the apartment of his host and hostess.

REBECCA: What various advantages might have resulted?
MAGGIE: For the guest:
JOY: Security of domicile and seclusion of study.
MAGGIE: For the host:
JACOB: Rejuvenation of intelligence, vicarious satisfaction.

MAGGIE: Was the proposal of asylum accepted?
SHANA: Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully it was declined.

SHANA: Both then were silent?
GABE: Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of theirhisnothis fellowfaces.

STEPHEN.
What is that word known to all men?
BLOOM.
Love. Word known to all men. *(They take leave of each other in separation. STEPHEN exits. The ensemble hums Love’s Old Sweet Song. BLOOM enters his bedroom. BLOOM removes a pillow from the head to the foot of the bed.)*

GABE: What inhibitions of conjugal rights were perceived by Poldy and Molly?
JOY: There remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete. Complete carnal intercourse had last taken place previous to the birth of their second and (only male) issue, deceased January 9 1894, aged 11 days.

*(Then, he kisses 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. This wakes MOLLY up.)*

MOLLY.
Where have you been?

BLOOM.
I’d like you to make me breakfast in the morning. A couple of eggs, and a pork kidney. *(He enters the bed, upside down, with his head at the foot of the bed.)*

SHANA: What moved visibly above Molly and Poldy’s invisible thoughts?
MAGGIE: An inconstant series of concentric circles of varying gradations of light and shadow.

SHANA: In what directions did they lie?
MAGGIE: Molly, southeast by east; Poldy, northwest by west: on the 53rd parallel of latitude, north and 6th meridian of longitude, west: at an angle of 45 degrees to the terrestrial equator.

SHANA: In what state of rest or motion?
MAGGIE: At rest relatively to themselves and to each other. In motion being each and both carried westward by the proper perpetual motion of the earth through everchanging tracks of neverchanging space.

SHANA: In what posture?
MAGGIE: Molly: flexed, fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed.
Poldy: flexed, the childman weary, the manchild in the womb.

SHANA: Womb? Weary?
MAGGIE: He rests. He has travelled.

SHANA: With?
MAGGIE: Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad theFailer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer.

SHANA: When?
MAGGIE: Going to a dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler.

SHANA: Where?
MAGGIE: (As if to say, “We’re in a library!” :) Sssshhhhh!!

PENELOPE

MOLLY.
Yes he came somewhere Im sure by his appetite yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed with a couple of eggs and then the usual kissing my bottom was to hide it anyway love its not not that I care two straws who he does it with though Id like to find out yes because he couldnt possibly do without it that long so he must do it somewhere why cant you kiss a man without going and marrying him first they can pick and choose what they please no but were to be always chained up

SIREN 1.
theyre not going to be chaining me up no damn fear

MOLLY.
I wish some man or other would take me sometime and kiss me in his arms

SIREN 2.
theres nothing like a kiss long and hot down to your soul
MOLLY.
I feel all fire inside I wish he was here or somebody to let myself go with and come again like that or if I could dream it when he made me spend the 2nd time tickling me behind with his finger I was coming for about 5 minutes with my legs round him I had to hug him after O Lord I wanted to shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all only not to look ugly but I don’t know Poldy has more spunk in him yes I suppose it was thinking about me and Boylan set him off well he can think what he likes now Id rather die 20 times over than marry another of their sex of course hed never find another woman like me to put up with him the way I do nobody understands his cracked ideas but me and he knows that too at the bottom of his heart they cant get on without us

one thing I didnt like Boylan slapping me behind though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass am I no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing the ignoramus that doesnt know poetry from a cabbage

ALL.
I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it

SIREN 1.
you wouldnt see women going and killing one another and slaughtering

SIREN 2.
when do you ever see women rolling around drunk like they do or gambling every penny they have

SIREN 1.
yes sure they dont know what it is to be a woman and a mother how could they

SIREN 2.
where would they all of them be if they hadnt all a mother to look after them

MOLLY.
was he not able to make a son our 1st death we were never the same since O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses
SIREN 1.
God of heaven there's nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is

MOLLY.
the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth yes 16 years ago

SIREN 2.
my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a woman's body yes that was the one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is

SIREN 1.
and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldn't answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didn't know of the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes O and

ALL.
the sea the sea

MOLLY.
crimson sometimes like fire

ALL.
yes

SIREN 1.
and I thought well as well him as another

SIREN 2.
and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again
ALL.
yes

MOLLY.
and then he asked me would I

ALL.
yes

MOLLY.
to say

ALL.
yes

SIREN 1.
my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him

ALL.
yes

SIREN 2.
and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume

ALL.
yes

MOLLY.
and his heart was going like mad and

ALL.
yes I said yes I will Yes.

END OF PLAY
Bibliography


