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THE MONEY QUESTION AT THE BACK OF EVERYTHING: CLICHÉS, COUNTERFEITS AND FORGERIES IN JOYCE'S "EUMAEUS"

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Mark Osteen

THE "EUMAEUS" EPISODE OF JOYCE'S *Ulysses* marks the beginning of the Nostos, or return to origins. Likewise the reader, after the dizzying transformations of "Circe," begins the sixteenth episode with some relief: we seem to have returned to recognizable novelistic prose and to a homely world of sandstrewers, brooms and cups of coffee. Along with this apparent realism the narrative is also imbued with the economic ideology of realism—a bourgeois economism in which all objects carry price tags (Vernon 67). Indeed, the narrator foregrounds economics as both form and intent, finding "the money question . . . at the back of everything" (.1114) in a dual sense: habitually employing economic terms to explain behavior, the teller also relies (perhaps unwittingly) upon homologies between money and narration in hopes of discovering a stable economy of meaning.[1] The reassurances these homologies promise soon dissolve for, beneath the appearance of realism, beneath the narrator's bourgeois ideology and entrepreneurial plans, a counternarrative emerges that challenges conventional economies of meaning, subverts stable identity and undermines the belief that money explains and stabilizes value. As part of the Nostos, "Eumaeus" is also much concerned with origins and originality. In this regard, too, the very homologies that seem to reassure actually problematize the relationships among origins, value and authenticity: here money and narratives are counterfeit; identities are

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genuine forgeries; charity is just a disguise for profit-making. These tensions in the economy of "Eumaeus," then, expose tensions in the concepts of originality, genuineness, ownership, and value upon which the money economy and the economy of realism are based. In addition, these problematic relationships ultimately shed new light on both the relationships between the narrator and the protagonists and the relationship between Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom.

I. Coining Words

The episodes of the *Odyssey* that correspond to "Eumaeus" depict narrative as deception and disguise. In Book XIII Odysseus is finally taken home by the Phaiakians, his ship laden with the treasures he has received in exchange for his colorful tales: his narratives have earned substantial returns. Profoundly asleep when he lands, the awakened Odysseus fails to recognize both Ithaca and Athena, the latter appearing to him disguised as a boy and telling him where he is; asked to identify himself in return, Odysseus contrives an elaborate fiction of origins that identifies himself as a wandering, ragged Cretan. As in the "Cyclops" episode, here Odysseus responds to a request for identification with a lie, thus implying the unreliability of such narrative identification.[2] Praising him—"you play a part as if it were your own tough skin" (239)—Athena transforms him into just such a ragged old man (244), thereby making his lie true. Then in Book XIV Odysseus approaches the hut of his swineherd Eumaeus, who fails to penetrate his disguise but welcomes him anyway. Though Eumaeus is dubious of travelers' tales ("wandering men tell lies . . . for fresh clothing"; they can "work [a] story up at a moment's notice, given a shirt or cloak" [251]), he asks the Cretan to identify himself. Once again Odysseus responds with a narrative disguise, embellishing the tale he told Athena and offering a story that parallels his real history at several points. Despite his skepticism, Eumaeus credits the entire narrative—all but the true part in which the Cretan claims that Odysseus is alive and will soon return to reclaim his *oikos*. One of his stories (about receiving a cloak from Odysseus) earns the Cretan a warmer cloak. Here, then, narratives are cloaks, false skins, truthful lies by means of which tellers earn return gifts. Narrative is a medium of exchange whose value as currency depends not upon veracity or proof of origins but upon fictional credibility. Joyce's "Eumaeus" likewise treats narrative as counterfeit currency, as disguise and deception; however, in Joyce's reworking of the tale, money is also subject to the deceptions inherent in narrative.

Just as the *Odyssey* portrays Odysseus's attempts to return to his place of origin, so "Eumaeus" charts the beginning of Bloom's return. Joyce's schema gives the episode's "art" as "navigation," but it might better be dubbed "circumnavigation," so as to refer not only to the

voyages of Bloom, Odysseus and the yarnspinning sailor Murphy (Odysseus Pseudangelos), but also to the prose style. In this episode paragraphs wander from their subjects only to return by incommodious vicuses of recirculation; sentences tiptoe with delicate circumlocution around sensitive subjects; clichés circle each other in uneasy mutual orbits. The teller's circumnavigations also chart Bloom's. Thus as Bloom considers whether "Murphy" is authentic, his mind wanders to his own travel plans (.500ff), then to possible tours he might arrange for Molly, to prospects for vacation enterprises, and finally back to Murphy (.600). Murphy's tales of circumnavigation prompt Bloom's mental travels, which entertain ways of making ends meet both psychically and economically. Similarly, when the denizens of the cabman's shelter discuss Parnell, Bloom, although he deems "a return highly inadvisable" (.1311-.1312), nonetheless makes a return himself, remembering the same events (Parnell's adultery, his fall, and the *United Ireland* incident) two different times (.1358 and .1552). In contrast to Bloom the narrator of "Eumaeus" is never quite able to make ends meet, to balance the competing demands of clarity and finesse, to decide upon what economic ideology he espouses, or even to remember precisely what the topic was.

As if mirroring Bloom's compulsive recycling and mental circumnavigation, the narrator, like Murphy a disguised or composite figure, recycles the commonest phrases and utterances. Reusing clichés, stereotypes and received opinions, he aims not to be original but rather to express what everyone already knows. Straining to sound impressive, he sometimes employs a pretentious foreign and Latinate diction, but elsewhere ingratiates himself to an implied audience of bourgeois novel-readers by adopting colloquial expressions and earthy proverbs. But although the narrator labors to produce what Bakhtin calls "ennobled discourse," which attempts to stretch a single "respectable" linguistic cloak over the diversity of social life (384-385), the style, like his ideology, is inconsistent. Seemingly middle-class and English, the narrator nonetheless plumps for Ireland, and as he unthinkingly spews out stereotyped phrases, his dogged lack of originality produces cliché collisions that sometimes achieve a hilarious originality.

Given his desire to please, we might expect the narrator to practice a conventional realism. He fails to do so, but not, as Gerald Bruns claims, because he cannot "redeem . . . content by means of style" (364); rather, he fails because he tries too hard to redeem it. In striving for a model realism, the narrator violates nearly every one of the strategies realism uses to encourage the reader to read the text referentially.[3] Though the world of "Eumaeus" may be "rich," the narrator impoverishes it by placing all behaviors into prearranged slots shaped by the received phrases he employs; he undermines his capacity to transmit information about the world by depicting a plethora of lies, dubious stories and false histories; his ineptness as a narrator constantly calls attention to itself.

Nor does he efface himself in the fashion of realistic narrators. Indeed, his garrulousness and handicapped style constantly thrust him into the reader's attention. And if one of the prime functions of realism is to provide a clear description of events, here the narrator is hopelessly lame, obscuring simple events by compulsive qualifications: "it was a warm pleasant night yet wonderfully cool for the season" (.1461). Is it warm or cool?[4] If often the language offers an embarrassment of riches, in these cases it truly "beggars description" (.599).

Still, the narrative presence betrays an obsession with money congruent with the bourgeois ideology of realism. Both Joyce's notesheets and the episode itself are highly seasoned with economic terms and phrases, some of which Karen Lawrence has discussed in her fine recent essay on the episode ("Beggaring" 367). As she observes (361), the narrator even transforms socialist and religious concepts into bourgeois platitudes, so that revolution must come on the "due instalments plan" (.1101) and hell is run like an insurance plan (.642-.643). In the teller's eyes, Bloom too seems thoroughly bourgeois: he defends Jews for economic reasons (.1124) even as he disclaims his own Jewishness; he warns Stephen against Buck Mulligan while admiring his ability to "draw . . . a handsome fee" (.291); he worries about robbers in this seedy part of town (.117-.126); he admits an ambiguously "cordial dislike" for the police (.82). As Bloom explains his belief that each person should have "a comfortable tidysized income" of $300 per year (.1134)—far more than either he or Stephen earns and far more than any welfare plan could feasibly provide—it is transformed into a commonplace according to which "you can live well . . . if you work" (.1140). Although Bloom (according to this narrator) desires to "do good and net a profit" (.800), here Debit and Credit overwhelm his charitable impulses. The tentative and vacillating prose thus reflects the confused ideological allegiances of the Irish middle-class: attempting to serve both God and mammon, both Ireland and England, and to unite nationalist idealism and "English" pragmatic economics, they fail to satisfy either side, and instead only paralyze themselves in impossible conflicts.

Curiously, although economic terms obsessively worm their way into the apple of discourse, when the narrator is forced to mention actual cash transactions, he resorts to Latinate euphemisms such as "pecuniary emolument," or "highly remunerative" (.1840, .522), as if embarrassed openly to discuss such vulgar matters. Though he cannot talk about money baldly, he cannot not talk about it. Thus in keeping with his desperate and insecure middle-class principles, he finds "the money question . . . at the back of everything" (.1114-.1115), a belief that both drives him to mercenary postures and condemns those postures in others. However, the episode's verbal economy violates the narrator's expressed bourgeois principles. As Robert Bell notes, his prose constantly makes "expenditure that is too large" (115), perpetrating redundancies, wasting

words, and repeatedly saying what is "needless to say" (for example, .1264). Ironically, even as the narrator habitually defends the bourgeois values of prudent economic management, the narrative economy engages in a "squandermania" (.87) that eludes that management. If he celebrates regulation and regularity (Lawrence, "Beggaring" 366), nonetheless he cannot regulate his own prose. In terms of both ideology and style, then, "Eumaeus" is not realistic but anti-realistic, its realistic facade only more thoroughly subverting the conventions it seems so anxious to follow.

One obvious way the narrator tries to manage events is by resorting to clichés, a tendency upon which many critics of "Eumaeus" have commented. Its proliferating platitudes give the episode the appearance of a huge verbal pawnshop, a receptacle for sixteenth-hand formulae borrowed or stolen from public discourse. The handicapped style of "Eumaeus" is a "hackneyed run" (.1850), a limping narrative of cobbled clichés, an unwelcome gift to the reader, a kind of verbal Trojan Horse.[5] The recycler of this hackneyed prose is thus a hack (derived from "hackney"), a lame stylist, a kind of lesser Philip Beaufoy who writes only for and about money. Behind the clichés lies a long history of linguistic coinage, an enormous verbal marketplace in which messages and phrases circulate, like commodities to be bought and sold. Clichés, however, demand no "change" from their "purchasers," and instead sail along automatically, circulating effortlessly without stopping at the brain. Thus if the teller is one of the "intellectual debtors of society" (Herring, *Notesheets* 395), his creditors are not single authors but rather the entire linguistic community. If he is a hack, he is not even a very good hack, because he deals in easily available merchandise, cannot keep a good inventory of his stock, and has stolen most of his wares.

Clichés are recognizable verbal formulae, tired or worn out metaphors that have lost their figurative power and become frozen into a unity, "failed aphorisms" that no longer seem pithy (Levine 118; Sabin 13, 22). Originally a printing term like its English equivalent stereotype, cliché was an onomatopoeic word coined to imitate the sound of a new style of mechanical printing that used a solid plate or type-metal cast taken from a forme, rather than the forme itself. That is, cliché or stereotype printing uses not an original plate to make copies, but a copy of the plate; what it produces are thus copies of a copy. Metaphorically, then, clichés are mass-produced phrases, verbal coins that have circulated so long they have lost their stamp and thus their value. As W. J. McCormack notes, clichés "stand on the frontier between language which is produced through known human agencies . . . and language which is produced by machinery" (27) and therefore display the effects of industrial capitalism on language. Mass products themselves, clichés level all discourse into collections of commonplaces, and in so doing reconstruct human subjects into "types" (Lawrence, *Odyssey* 174).[6]

Clichés thus exemplify Walter Benjamin's famous observations that the age of mechanical reproduction has eliminated the "aura" of originality attached to artworks (852), thereby generating a "sense of the universal equality of things" (858). Therefore it is pointless to search for the origins of a cliché: just as the etymology of the word leads only to replication, so clichés are by definition worn-out coins, terms whose origins have been lost or effaced by constant circulation.[7] And yet, even as a reproducer of clichés, the narrator of "Eumaeus" is fatally flawed: by misaligning his clichés (Kenner 130), reproducing them inaccurately or heaping them up in excess, he manages not only to remind us of their origins, but accidentally achieves originality. Thus, for example, when the narrator informs us that Stephen and Bloom decide to "put a good face on the matter and foot it" (.32), the collision of connotations creates the image of a foot smashing someone's face, thus restoring the original picturesqueness to phrases that have long since lost their metaphoric power. The misuse of clichés restores their origins. A marvelous longer example of such cliché collision occurs during Bloom's musings on the adulterous history of Irish political leader Charles Stewart Parnell:

> First it was strictly Platonic till nature intervened and an attachment sprang up between them till bit by bit matters came to a climax and the matter became the talk of the town till the staggering blow came as a welcome intelligence to not a few evildisposed, however, who were resolved upon encompassing his downfall though the thing was public property all along. . . . Since their names were coupled, though . . . where was the particular necessity to proclaim it to the rank and file from the housetops, the fact, namely that he had shared her bedroom which came out in the witnessbox on oath when a thrill went through the packed court literally electrifying everybody in the shape of witnesses swearing to having witnessed him on such and such a particular date in the act of scrambling out of an upstairs apartment with the assistance of a ladder in night apparel . . . a fact the weeklies . . . simply coined shoals of money out of. (.1364-.1379)

This hackneyed run stumbles over its own feet as metaphors mix (attachments spring up, downfalls are circular), repetition fails to create balance ("matters" misplaces its plural), and sentences get dizzy with excess information (a ladder escapes from a window wearing a negligee); metonymies run amok, as someone yells "it" (unspecified) from housetops to a group of soldiers, a courtroom gets electrical power and witnesses (or their shapes) are electrocuted, and witnessboxes take oaths. Of course the circumlocutions and euphemisms about sex betray Bloom's anxiety about adultery, as his circumnavigation edges delicately around the real topic, as if commonplaces will disarm and depersonalize his pain: they didn't have sex, they merely "shared" a "bedroom"; they didn't "couple," only their names did (his "P" and her "O"? His "Chas." and her "Kitty"?). No wonder "all seemed a kind of dream" (.1401)! Inadvertently molding these shop-worn terms into fresh images, the narrator resembles a verbal pawnbroker earning a profit by recycling

used goods. Strangely, the passage achieves originality through the sheer barrage of commonplaces; the narrator does not produce fresh concepts, but instead coins new words and phrases by reusing the inherited linguistic capital of his community, creating surplus value simply by gathering worthless linguistic currency. In this passage old coinages are newly minted as counterfeit clichés.

The final line of the quoted passage suggests a homology between money and narrative developed throughout the episode: both newspapers and narrators earn their keep with stories, and may even "coin shoals of money" from them. lndeed, clichés and money share the problems of originality and origins. According to Marc Shell, because coins are all "ontologically equal to each other as products of the same die," the first ones "destroyed the aura of individual objects and encouraged a sense of the universal equality of things" (*Economy* 86). At once works of art and exchangeable objects, coins eliminated originality as a measure of economic value and thereby valorized it in the aesthetic register. Clichés are thus to language what minted coins and (to extend the analogy) paper money are to economics. As for clichés, so for genuine currency: originality is inimical to authenticity. Indeed, legitimate currency is intended to exemplify anonymity and authority and must be an exact copy of an original plate. Its institutional sanction derives from that lack of originality.[8] Only counterfeit money is original because, even though counterfeiters aim to copy authentic currency, they never succeed completely. The originality of counterfeits, indeed, is felonious. Like clichés, counterfeits suppress their origins, permitting originality to seep in only through error or poor craft, just as the "Eumaeus" teller's originality arises through his ineptitude. Like a poor counterfeiter who can manage to produce only obvious "originals," the narrator mints imperfect copies, counterfeits of common verbal currency.

II. "Obviously Bogus": Narrative Counterfeits

These homologies exist in part because, as certain nineteenth-century *trompe l'oeil* artists demonstrated, money is not only a subject for art, but is itself art.[9] However, the problematics of originality expose the differences: whereas originality is required for aesthetic value, it destroys the exchange value of currency. Only when art goes on sale does economic value depend upon originality, which then becomes a kind of "gold standard" guaranteeing the circulation of the aesthetic economy (Johnston 10).[10] But what if the gold standard is removed? Revolutionary consequences follow, for both aesthetics and economics. If in some respects coins and paper money depend upon different protocols—coins have some inherent value because they are made of metal, whereas paper money is virtually worthless in itself—in terms of symbolic value both forms of currency are the same: "as money, each consists merely in the

substantiation of the exchange function through a common relation of the interested parties to an objective institution" (Simmel 183). Without a gold standard, all currency rests solely upon the promise that it will be honored as a medium of circulation, which in turn is guaranteed by the institutional authority of a bank or central political power (Simmel 184). The power to coin money or print bills is thus also the power to add value to the material and labor embodied in money (Simmel 210). Without that guarantee of power, counterfeit and genuine currency are identical; moreover, as long as those who exchange the money agree to accept it as such, its origins are moot. As a circulating medium (the symbolic function of money—Goux, *Symbolic* 49), worthless counterfeits operate in precisely the same way as genuine money and can in fact replace "real" money. In this sense, then, the money economy depends upon a form of faith or credit in the authenticity and power of the existing political order, a suprarational standard that resembles both the "aura" surrounding original art and religious faith (Simmel 179).

Real money claims to tell a true story. But the role of credit and belief here also suggests a homology between financial and narrative economies: both depend upon credit, on the willingness to believe in an imaginary gold standard of value and a measure of truth, which paradoxically may only emerge through the fictionality of the narrative. If real money tells a story that it claims to be true, what kind of tales do counterfeits tell? "Counterfeit" derives from the Latin *contra* + *facere:* to make in opposition or contrast to something else. Counterfeit money is therefore currency made in opposition to legitimate banking and governmental institutions.[11] Counterfeits, therefore, are counter*narratives* to the authorized fictions of genuine currency; while pretending to replicate the legitimate power of governments, counterfeits actually claim that institutional guarantees are merely conventional, that one bill or coin is as good as any other. In one sense, then, counterfeits merely extend the revolution in economics that permitted money to depart from the gold standard—they assert that if no gold or no real metallic value stands behind currency, then value is merely a matter of community assent, of willing collective suspension of disbelief backed by force.

Counterfeit currency is indeed a specific type of fiction. As Shell writes, "a coin as money is counterfeit when the stated place of origin does not correspond to the actual place of origin" (*Money* 160). That is, counterfeit money, like Odysseus, tells a spurious story about its origins. Counterfeits efface their true origins in order to make returning impossible; instead they aim to replace these returns with financial returns. If real money presents itself as a "realistic" fiction backed by a gold standard of truth and political legitimacy, counterfeits use a fiction of origin to subvert the tales of "legitimate" currency by revealing that their "truth" and genuineness—and hence their value—is merely a function of narrative faith or credit. More generally, counterfeit money

confronts us with the fact that money, both "true" and counterfeit, is a fiction. This condition is exposed by the work of such contemporary artists as J.S.G. Boggs. Boggs draws American banknotes; after he draws a bill, he "spends" it by persuading someone to accept it as face-value payment for a commodity or service. He then keeps both the change and the item (or token of the item) purchased, upon which art collectors pursue the "original" bills and usually pay far more than face value for them. After they bring the bill back to Boggs, he makes a completed work out of the transaction. The finished work, then, consists of the bill, the change given for the purchase he makes with his "counterfeit," and the object purchased, all collected in a tableau.[12] Thus Boggs's art is not really drawing bills so much as embodying narratives of economic transactions. As economist Robert Krulwich observes, Boggs's economic narratives illustrate "the essential nature of exchanges and money. He forces us to see . . . how it's all a fiction, . . . an act of faith" (cited in Weschler I, 44).

The work of another "artist," the second "Jim the Penman" (the "original" is discussed below), an American counterfeiter who was himself a counterfeit of the original Jim, exposes several ironies in the relationships between genuine and counterfeit money. Like his namesake, a superbly talented crook, this Jim (so dubbed by the *New York Sun,* but actually a Prussian immigrant farmer named Emanuel Ninger [Bloom 44]) painstakingly traced his bills with a camel's hair brush—an artist's implement. So artistic were his works that when he was finally arrested in 1896 (after more than a decade of successful counterfeiting), there was a public protest, and a penmanship expert named Silas Packard wrote to the *Sun,* observing that Ninger's works were commanding prices above their stated economic value, and proclaiming him a genius (Bloom 45-46). Ultimately, then, Ninger's counterfeits transcended their economic value, which depended upon their condition as copies, and became prized for their originality as works of art. One component of this originality was Ninger's curious refusal to copy the words "Engraved and Printed at the Bureau of Engraving & Printing," printed on every genuine American bill at the time. Asked why he didn't copy this phrase, he answered, "with devastating logic," "'Dey didn't make dem'" (Bloom 44). Curiously, then, in an important sense his notes were not counterfeit at all, since their maker refused to lie about their origins. It is possible (although not probable) that Joyce knew of this notorious case, since Ninger's trial was highly publicized and Joyce's interest in the first Jim the Penman has been amply documented. At any rate, the work of this artist exposes the fictionality of money, its reliance on a paradoxical unoriginality, and bears some resemblance to the "Eumaeus" narrator's practice of borrowing from or copying coinages already in public circulation.

If counterfeits are narratives, it would seem also that twentieth-century narratives are counterfeits. The withdrawal of the gold standard for currency in fact parallels the decline of literary realism, which depends, like the gold standard, upon a naive version of semiosis that valorizes referential representation. As Jean-Joseph Goux shows, these changes in banking and aesthetic practices were historically synchronic, and both exemplified a revolution in attitudes toward symbolic exchange ("Banking" 23). Thus if the nineteenth century was the "golden age of counterfeiting" money (Bloom 137), the early twentieth century was the golden age for counterfeit texts (Gide's famous novel is only the most obvious example). Joyce, like Ninger, copies from and borrows from extant fictions in circulation to create his own "unoriginal" one. What is *Ulysses,* after all, but a counterfeit classic, a copy of an epic that both lacks a Ulysses and fails to live up to its face value and stated origin? In reproducing an earlier text, in repudiating originality, it thereby becomes original; in this sense "Eumaeus," a counterfeit of a tale about counterfeit identities and exchanges, is typical of the entire novel. Moreover, twentieth-century novels such as *Ulysses* are also counternarratives, stories produced in opposition to nineteenth-century narratives of the gold standard; they inscribe the shift in symbolic exchange also illustrated by changes in currency. These texts are counterfeits that subvert the economies of meaning assumed by realism, just as paper money revolutionized the condition of economic exchange by withdrawing its foundation in metal (DiPiero 9). They expose the economy of realism as nothing more than a convention, a fiction, an act of faith. *Ulysses* is thus oppositional in a number of ways: not only does it repudiate nineteenth-century realism by counterfeiting it, but it also challenges the concept of symbolic exchange and mimesis upon which realism is founded. In offering itself as a counterfeit, in effect it claims that all narratives are at once original and unoriginal, genuine and counterfeit.

We have navigated rather far from the cabman's shelter, so let us return. The connections established in "Eumaeus" between money and narrative are best illustrated by two incidents. The first is Stephen's encounter with "Lord" John Corley, one of the "Two Gallants" from the *Dubliners* story by that name. Like Odysseus, Corley uses a story as a medium of exchange, hoping to wheedle a loan from Stephen by pleading that he has "not as much as a farthing to purchase a night's lodgings" (.145). As the two talk, Bloom tries to recall Corley's suppositious genealogy and, after inconclusively attempting to remember whether he is descended from nobility or kitchen help, finally wonders whether the "whole thing wasn't a complete fabrication" (.153). If Corley's aristocratic origins are counterfeit, a dubious communal fiction, likewise his new tale of woe is "hardly deserving of much credence" either (.174-175). Nevertheless Stephen, moved perhaps by a newfound sense of charity, perhaps by the recognition of his own likeness in Corley,

or perhaps by a desire to get rid of "the other parasite" (.231), lends him some money.[13] Digging in his pockets, he comes up with "what he surmised in the dark were pennies" but which turn out to be half-crowns (.192-194). The "counterfeit" pennies are actually worth more than their face value, unlike Corley, who is worth less. Indeed, the man who could once extract gold sovereigns from slaveys (see "Two Gallants") with flashy talk is now reduced to begging for small change. In any case, Corley's counterfeit tale earns actual cash; its dubious provenance is irrelevant to Stephen's act of faith and credit in Corley's narrative currency. The origins of Stephen's coins are, however, mysterious, since both he and we have believed that he gave all his money to Bloom in Bella Cohen's brothel (see 15.3600-.3615). Nor do we know how many half-crowns he has, although we could hazard a guess by carefully calculating the expenditures he makes after "Oxen of the Sun," where he claims to have $2 19s (14.286-.287) left from his wages of $3 12 (2.222). But it would be only a guess, because we would be forced to assume not only that Stephen's accounting is accurate (a dubious proposition), but that the half-crowns he finds here and the money he gave to Bloom in Nighttown are both left over from his wages. None of these propositions can be proven. By effacing some realistic details and rendering others indeterminate, Joyce again demonstrates his flouting of the economy of realism. Instead *Ulysses* is realism's counterfeit coin. Nevertheless, the Corley episode demonstrates both how narrative operates as a medium of exchange and a substitute for labor, and how exchanges proceed even when the money and narratives exchanged are counterfeit.

The homologies between counterfeit money and counterfeit narration are best illustrated in Bloom's responses to the dubious tales of D. B. Murphy, Joyce's inexact copy of the counterfeit Odysseus. This "red-bearded bibulous" sailor (.377) regales his audience with anecdotes about his circumnavigations. Sporting an unoriginal name, Murphy is a stereotype as well as a probable counterfeit: the postcard meant to confirm his veracity actually does the opposite, since it is addressed to an A (Antonio?) Boudin, not to somebody named Murphy (.489).[14] Bloom's thoughts about Murphy's stories consistently use monetary metaphors and thereby suggest the shared economies of money and fiction. For example, Murphy first claims to know a Simon Dedalus who is an expert marksman (a counterfeit Simon?), but Bloom can "neither make head nor tail" of this narrative coin (.385). After listening to him for a while, Bloom believes he is "not likely to get a great deal of change out of such a wily old customer" (.625): Murphy's counterfeit narratives neither inspire credit nor bring genuine money in return. Along the way Murphy claims to have seen "queer" sights (.464), which may be true: just as Murphy's adventures are probably apocryphal, so in thieves argot counterfeit bills are called "queer money."[15] Later Bloom opines that there is "something spurious" about Murphy (.833); "spurious" is used only

one other time in *Ulysses,* and there refers to the "spurious coins" distributed during Bloom's Mayoral fantasy in "Circe" (15.1574). Finally concluding that Murphy is "obviously bogus" (.1045)—fittingly, since "bogus" is a word derived from the name of a device used to make counterfeit coins—Bloom surmises that "the lies a fellow told about himself couldn't probably hold a proverbial candle to the wholesale whoppers other fellows coined about him" (.846-.847). Communal counterfeits—like the fictions behind money or the legends of heroes like Parnell—are more extravagant and more dubious than personal tales of origins. If other people coin tales and sell them wholesale, Murphy seems content to solicit attention with his coinages. But even wholesale whoppers or counterfeit stories may operate as exchangeable currency: as a sign of his audience's interest, Murphy is provided not with a quid, or pound sterling, but with the token payment of a "quid" of tobacco (.468). Hence, while several critics' arguments that Murphy is Joyce in disguise seem as dubious as Murphy's own stories, in a sense they are right: the sailor's counterfeit tales are a paradigm for all those in the episode, including those of the narrator. Murphy is thus an exemplary counterfeit teller, an Odyssean disguiser of origins.[16]

It seems, then, that in "Eumaeus" all narratives are counterfeits, spurious tales of dubious provenance, and therefore that the episode problematizes all assumptions about truth value and representational authenticity. In a deeper sense, however, counterfeits themselves rest upon a belief in mimesis, upon the notion that the "real" (even if it is merely the "symbolic" or "imaginary" reality of money) can be represented (Vernon 205), that cleverly faked money can be taken for real currency. That is, the idea of a counterfeit remains parasitical upon the existence (or the faith in the existence) of that which it "counters"—something not counterfeit. Thus beneath the practice of counterfeiting lies a belief in the possibility of exact replication, of reproduction that would ultimately eliminate the need for representation. Ultimately, then, the aesthetic philosophy behind counterfeiting, like that of nineteenth-century conservative economists, is what Walter Benn Michaels calls a "goldbug" aesthetic: like gold fetishism, counterfeiting seeks to withdraw entirely from the money economy paradoxically by adopting its assumption that perfect representation is possible (Michaels 162, 165). In this sense counterfeiting only extends the reach of the money economy.

The counterfeit thus exemplifies a conservative economy grounded upon the belief that beneath all copies lies something that is not a copy, some universal form of value. With this in mind Baudrillard contends that the counterfeit was "the dominant scheme of the 'classical' epoch" and has now been superseded in the twentieth century by pure simulation (135). It is no longer possible to distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine because such recognitions depend upon a clear distinction between authentic and bogus origins. Instead postmodernism has adopted

what John Johnston calls the Nietzschean or DeLeuzian schema, an economy not of stable origins but of modulating differences (Johnston 40; Baudrillard 139).[17] In this economy there is no "true recognition but only creative misrecognitions since every representation is always a displacement and a disguise" (Johnston 21). Rather than counterfeits, we have only what Baudrillard calls simulacra, "the generation by models of a real without origin or reality; a hyperreal" (166). With the loss of the gold standard of mimesis and truth, narratives can be understood not as departures from truth, not as lies or counterfeits, but as simulacra, mass products modeled after other copies whose originals never existed. In this sense "Eumaeus" is not realist but "hyperrealist," its subversion of narrative credit, identity and truth creating an infinite regress of reproduction, of fleeting and modulating difference. And yet most readers detect some stable foundation in "Eumaeus" beneath the play of counterfeits: perhaps a real Bloom beneath the narrator's obscuring bourgeois commonplaces and mercantile ideology, perhaps a realistic (if one-sided) depiction of the relationship between Stephen and Bloom, perhaps a smiling Joyce behind the narrator's solecisms. It may be more accurate to say, then, that "Eumaeus" oscillates between the model of the counterfeit, where the absence of the original or standard implies its presence (so a typographical error turns Bloom into "L. Boom" [1260], but does not wipe him out), and the model of the hyperreal, in which no original is recoverable (Murphy may be bogus, but we have no idea who he "really" is). Such an oscillation places the two economies in a dialogical relationship. No matter which model we adopt, however, the episode presents a series of homologies between narrative and monetary economies that illuminate not only the nature of fiction, but also the interpretive strategies with which critics attempt to explain it. By implying that narratives are counterfeits, "Eumaeus" suggests that we critics are also counterfeiters: as tale-tellers who offer as currency our explanations of origins or behavior, we exchange discourse that imitates or counters the narrative economies represented within the text. If so, then we counterfeiters must acknowledge the provisionality of our tales, or risk being duped into our own univocal readings, our own goldbug aesthetic.

III. Genuine Forgeries

If the nineteenth century was a golden age of counterfeiting, it also seems to have been a "golden age of forgery" (Cole 5), and such crimes still occupied a significant place in the popular consciousness in 1904. Thus as Stephen and Bloom converse at cross-purposes about the word "soul," Bloom contends confusedly that many biblical passages are "genuine forgeries," like those pretenders and forgers of Shakespeare (.781-.782). Stephen, who in "Scylla and Charybdis" forges a usurious, Shylockian Shakespeare as another stage in forging his own artistic

destiny, is himself one of these forgers.[18] Genuine forgeries: this oxymoron provides another way of approaching the deceptive textual and financial economies of "Eumaeus." Unlike counterfeiting, which aims to reproduce currency, forgery works upon checks—money that has already been abstracted not only from gold, but from banknotes as well. Thus, forgery may be even more pertinent to the deceptions of "Eumaeus" because it is more clearly a textual crime than counterfeiting. Forgers defraud not only banks but also the individual persons who deposit money in them. Thus whereas counterfeiting is primarily a crime against the authority of governments and institutions, forgery is essentially a crime against individuals. If counterfeits are original pieces of currency that aim to replicate copies (i.e. "genuine" bills), in contrast, forgeries are copies designed to pass as originals. Most importantly, forgery is a crime of fraudulent identity, and identity (Murphy's, but also Bloom's and Stephen's) is one of the major conventions that "Eumaeus" puts to question. Like counterfeits, forgeries are narratives; as Sonia Cole notes, a forgery is "a document which not only tells a lie, but tells a lie about itself" (18): a forgery misrepresents its own origins. In this sense the Odysseus who returns home to Ithaca is himself a genuine forgery, a fraud who exposes truth through trickery. Several such forgeries lie behind the events of "Eumaeus," and serve further to challenge and illuminate the concepts of ownership, identity, textuality and authority.

The forgery motif lurks first of all behind the characters' foggy anecdotes and cloudy memories of Parnell, the fallen "uncrowned king" of Ireland. Bloom twice recollects the story of Parnell's adultery and fall, and also considers the likelihood that the keeper of the cabman's shelter is really Fitzharris, the man who drove a decoy getaway cab during the Phoenix Park murders. This notorious incident occurred when a splinter group of radical Fenians stabbed Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new chief secretary of Ireland, and Thomas H. Burke, an under-secretary in Dublin Castle whom they regarded as the architect of the "coercion policy," which aimed to ensure Irish compliance with English law by restricting civil liberties (Gifford 94). In early 1886 several letters were "discovered" linking Parnell with the murders. These letters were actually forgeries perpetrated by Richard Pigott, a seedy and impoverished journalist-publisher whose newspapers were failing and who was desperately in need of money. Parnell's own penchant for disguise fueled the rumors that he may have been involved: he was often "not his old self" (.1301), and went "under several aliases such as Fox and Stewart" (.1322-.1323). Parnell himself, then, was frequently a genuine forgery. "The money question" can be found at the back of these forgeries in at least two senses: first, Pigott committed them for money, and was reportedly paid over $600 for the letters (Lyons 369). Second, according to Kitty O'Shea's account, when Parnell read the forged letters in the *Times* of London, he did not get angry, but instead made a joke and

then retired to spend the next few hours with his experiments in extracting gold from his stock of minerals (Abels 279; Lyons 375), as if to prove that he could distinguish fact from fool's gold and earn money at the same time. Parnell was aware of the truth, the gold standard according to which the charge was counterfeit. In contrast, Pigott's testimony, during which he was caught repeating the error in spelling "hesitancy" found on one letter, departed from that gold standard. In his second day of testimony, Pigott claimed he had forged only some of the letters; one of the authentic pieces, he alleged, was "the facsimile letter from which the whole strange history derived" (Lyons 421): this one, at least, was supposedly a genuine forgery. After a searing cross-examination that utterly discredited his testimony, Pigott fled to Spain where, just as he was being apprehended, he put a gun to his mouth and killed himself (Lyons 422). Ironically, the Pigott heirs were then given a different surname so that they could not be traced to the disgraced author, thereby becoming Pigott's last forgeries (Abels 302).

Himself the son of a diehard Parnellite, Joyce knew of this spectral component of the legendary Phoenix Park murders, a phantom event that implicates Parnell in the forgery theme.[19] But if Parnell measured these forgeries against the gold standard of truth, later assayers have been less perspicacious, as the Parnell apocrypha circulating throughout "Eumaeus" proves. A second legend also figures in the episode: Bloom twice recalls Parnell's return in 1890 to recapture the newspaper *United Ireland*, which he had founded as his mouthpiece. According to Bloom's memories, when Parnell lost his hat in the crowd (thus literally becoming "uncrowned"), Bloom himself returned it (.1336; .1513-.1516). Though this anecdote may also depart somewhat from the gold standard of "strict history" (.1514), at least it bears some resemblance to other contemporary accounts. Katherine Tynan's version typifies the florid tone of most such accounts; she describes Parnell's face as "ghostly pale, save only that on either cheek a hectic crimson spot was glowing. His hat was off now, his hair dishevelled, the dust of conflict begrimed his well-brushed coat" (qtd. in Lyons 536). The trajectory of Parnell's hat thus presages his own impending fall; like his hat, he later rose again, but only as a legend in Irish popular mythology. Despite Bloom's belief that he "broke up the type" of the newspaper (.1501-.1502), Parnell could not break out of the "type" of Irish heroism, a pattern of betrayal and martyrdom that profoundly influenced Joyce, and that he believed also applied to himself. Thus in the "Eumaeus" accounts Parnell seems less a recognizable person than a stereotype, a cliché, an Irish wish-fulfillment more "insuppressible" than the newspaper of that name. Indeed, the real Parnell bears about as much resemblance to the legends created in his name as Pigott's letters did to Parnell's own handwriting; these later narratives transformed Parnell into a forgery less genuine than his own pseudonyms.

And yet, to forge is not merely to fool; the first definition of the verb is simply "to make, fashion, frame or construct." A "forger" is not simply a fraud or copycat, but also an author, and a number of critics have noted that Stephen's triumphant vow to "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (*Portrait* 253) implicates his and Joyce's aesthetic practice in forgery. For example, drawing a line between Stephen and Shem the Penman, the artist-figure of *Finnegans Wake*, John Paul Riquelme notes that for Joyce "aesthetic making" is always associated with "thievery" (33). And it seems plain that in *Ulysses* Stephen's self-making includes an element of fakery or self-dramatization that Buck Mulligan recognizes by calling him the "loveliest mummer of them all" (1.97-.98). Joyce too was a forger, signing his first story, the *Irish Homestead* version of "The Sisters," with the name Stephen Daedalus—a false name that nevertheless alluded to the identity he soon assumed in fiction. Conversely, in writing *A Portrait* Joyce "forges" the conscience of Ireland by cashing in some of his own experiences under that same alias. And of course Shem (whose abode is littered with "counterfeit franks" [*FW* 183.19]) is accused of uttering an "epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit" (*FW* 181.15-16), a cheque which may be the book itself. Thus, as R. B. Kershner argues, Stephen's artists are all "involved in a sort of 'forgery,' a criminal falsification which for Joyce and Wilde is a necessary aspect of art" (226). If good forgers are artists, likewise good artists are forgers, and their works are "genuine forgeries"— tales of origins whose value is a function of their credible fraudulence.

In his speech to Parliament about the Pigott forgeries, Parnell expressed surprise that the *Times* would allow itself to be hoodwinked. Describing his own handwriting as cramped, he noted that in contrast the letters were evidently written by a "ready penman" (qtd. in Abels 280). Equally ready is the narrator of "Eumaeus": a stylist never at a loss for words despite his lack of talent, he resembles Pigott more than Parnell. Thus if Stephen's aim (especially in *Portrait*) is to replace Parnell as the type of the Irish hero, in "Eumaeus" this artistic role has been usurped by a forger. Indeed, the narrator of "Eumaeus" seems to be an early version of Shem the Penman who, as producer of forgeries and counterfeits, is himself loosely based upon a famous forger, the first Jim the Penman. This, the "original" Jim the Penman (real name: James Townsend Saward), led a highly successful gang of London forgers in the 1840s and 50s. The "first to make forgery an organized business, to devise techniques to guard against discovery" that have been used ever since (Dilnot 12), Jim was a highly believable storyteller. He therefore earned a great deal of money from his forgeries, which were successful both because of his ability to imitate others' signatures, and because he shielded himself with layers of deception, including a great many pseudonyms.[20] In a fittingly Joycean coincidence, this man of many aliases

accomplished his first forgery by cashing checks in the name of one J. B. Doe (Dilnot 71), first name John, no doubt. He thus forged a name already nearly anonymous. Saward was ultimately incriminated by a letter to a comrade that fell into the wrong hands and, like Parnell, was eventually betrayed by underlings (Dilnot 31). In a final irony, Jim the Penman, who was himself a barrister, was not represented by counsel during his 1857 trial; though he had made "shoals of money" from his criminal activities, he could not afford an attorney for his own trial (Dilnot 13, 78). Upon conviction this forger was sentenced to the very Odyssean punishment of transportation for life (Dilnot 33).

Both the counterfeiter and the forger named Jim the Penman resemble the narrator of "Eumaeus," although he is a lesser artist than either of them. A craftsman capable of penning a decent facsimile of events but not good enough to be intentionally original, our narrator has the craft to produce only a passable forgery of novelistic style. Because of his resemblance to both Jims and to Pigott, I heartily approve of Robert Bell's decision to dub the narrator with the sobriquet "the Penman" (112, 116). A counterfeiter of the most worthless coins of discourse, and a pilferer of nearly worthless verbal currency, The Penman of "Eumaeus" engages in a form of collective intertextuality that subverts laws of literary originality and ownership, and perpetrates a form of theft also on display in episodes such as "Oxen of the Sun," and "Cyclops." In short, he is what hack writer Philip Beaufoy calls Bloom—a "plagiarist"—even though he more closely resembles that disseminator of "copy," Beaufoy himself (15.822, .824).[21] A forger, The Penman also resembles Bloom, who is accused of being a "forger" during his Circean trial (15.1159). Calling himself an "author-journalist" (15.801), Bloom resembles Pigott (despite playing the Parnellian heroic role in his Lord-Mayor fantasy) and, as forger and plagiarist, seems to fit the description of the narrator I have been drawing throughout this chapter. Indeed, late in "Eumaeus" Bloom contemplates imitating Beaufoy by writing "*My Experiences,* let us say, *in a Cabman's Shelter*" (.1231). These resemblances have led several critics to conclude that the narrator is none other than Bloom himself.[22] But as is clear from such episodes as "Hades," Bloom's treatment of cliché is much different from the Penman's: whereas the latter heaps them up until they become, through sheer excess, original coinages, Bloom always views them skeptically, analyzing their content for buried metaphors and nonsensical implications. Moreover, unlike The Penman, a counterfeit Englishman who calls Shakespeare "our national poet" (.782), Bloom, despite his waffling about his Jewishness and the prudent economic behaviors associated with the English throughout Joyce's works, asserts his Irish nationality several times in *Ulysses.* No, our Penman is not Bloom but a counterfeit or forgery of Bloom—a Mr. Boom perhaps—a near copy who nevertheless departs from the original in small but noticeable ways.

The line of "bitched type" (.1263) that transforms Bloom into L. Boom is thus a genuine forgery that not only underscores the mercantile mind of the narrator as he redraws Bloom in his own image, but that also reveals Bloom's own transformation in the episode. Incapable of appreciating motives other than money, Penman Boom reinvents Bloom as a stereotypically compulsive manager, a Boylanesque manipulator, a Pigott to Stephen's Parnell.[23] His Bloom spends most of the final pages of the episode formulating "Utopian plans" (.1652): ways to create from Stephen's voice ("the rarest of boons" [.1820]) a financial boom for himself. Stephen's assets—his talent and education—will enable Bloom to earn a "profit" from his "interest" in the young man (.1216), as if friendship is merely a kind of spiritual usury.[24] Stephen's gifts are to become investments, opportunities for "a capital opening" (.1853) upon which Bloom-as-Boom can "bank his hopes" (.1659). Thus while Bloom prods Stephen to ingest the protean coffee and bun, telling him he will "feel a different man" (.814), it is Bloom who seems the different man. Just as Bloom pays for the coffee and bun with coins ("literally the last of the Mohicans"—.1697-.1698) that become American Indians, so now Stephen becomes merely a coin in Bloom/Boom's entrepreneurial schemes. The coins which, if we can trust Bloom's final budget (17.1458-.1478), are not even his last, seem as counterfeit as Bloom's generosity.[25]

In Bloom's imaginary portrait of the artist as master (Bloom) and pawn (Stephen), the latter, like Murphy's tattoo, becomes a mere "pound of flesh," an appendage of Bloom that he can make laugh or cry on command. Of course, Bloom possesses a capitalist side, as evidenced by his civic improvement plans, his occupation (ad salesman), and his encounters with such characters as M'Coy and Hynes; in this sense the entrepreneurial Bloom is a *genuine* forgery. And yet, just as Bloom perceives only one side of Stephen when he glances at his "sideface" (.1803), so the Penman's picture of Bloom exposes only one of his faces. Carefully tracing his obverse face—the prudent analyzer of costs, the calculator of debit and credit—the teller neglects his reverse face, a generous and compassionate face manifest in the gifts Bloom gives to Paddy Dignam's orphans, in his compassion for expectant mothers, and in his paternal feelings for Stephen. The result is a superficially convincing, but one-sided counterfeit. To conclude, therefore, that the Penman "is" Bloom, or that the entrepreneurial Bloom he depicts is the essential Bloom, is to ignore not only the anthology of Blooms we have already encountered—the pacifist and defender of the oppressed, the charitable giver of gifts, the sensitive and loving father, the masturbating voyeur—but also the ways that "Eumaeus" problematizes such questions of authenticity and identity. It is to accept the ragged Cretan's tale as the whole *Odyssey*. Thus the Penman's relentlessly commercial rendering of their encounter, ineluctably shaped by his stereotyping consciousness and bourgeois ideology, is only one possible tale. Just as he is a counterfeit

or forgery of Bloom, so his fiction about the encounter between Stephen and Bloom, the social exchange towards which the novel has been leading, is a counterfeit that we may or may not accept. A counternarrative to the version in "Circe" that framed their encounter as a paternal atonement motivated by generosity, it is equally provisional and deceptive.

In disguising the narrator as Bloom, Joyce plays his own variation on Odysseus's narrative disguises. Thus to buy the Penman's fiction and reduce Bloom to a stereotype is to fall victim to a form of counterfeiting, to practice a goldbug aesthetic of univocal representation in a text that overturns that textual economy on virtually every page. For Bloom's nature is elusive; indeed *Ulysses* presents not an "essential" Bloom, but a series of fictions, of counterfeits or forgeries that may pass for "Bloom" as long as readers accept them as the current narrative medium of exchange. Like a counterfeit, his value depends upon the tales others (both characters and critics) tell about him. Our tale of his encounter with Stephen may see in it a fraud in which one party is duped by a counterfeiter, or as a genuine exchange that, despite its fraudulent and exploitative elements, is no worse than any other exchange involving half-understood identities and partially obscured needs. To expect such an exchange to be devoid of self-interest, of forged or counterfeit expectations, is itself a kind of Utopian thinking. Neither the Circean nor Eumaean reading is by itself sufficient; the reader of *Ulysses* must scan both its obverse and reverse sides in order to navigate through the narrative shoals, to make ends meet, to gain credit by engaging all aspects of the text's narrative economy.

Thus if Murphy's and Corley's tales suggest that narrative is inevitably counterfeit, the Penman's impersonation implies that novelistic narratives are genuine forgeries, fictions at once fraudulent and authentic because their "truth" or originals are irrecoverable. Likewise readers who traffic in these counterfeits or forgeries inevitably themselves become accomplices. In this sense all criticism of *Ulysses* is a kind of counterfeiting or forgery, an exchange of narratives that attempt to copy an "original" that is itself a counterfeit and forgery, but which can avoid prosecution only by acknowledging the provisionality and fictionality of its tales. To proceed otherwise is to risk being duped by that master forger and counterfeiter Jim the Penman, alias James Joyce.

NOTES

[1]Quotations from the "Eumaeus" chapter (16) of *Ulysses* will be cited by line number only; those from other chapters will include chapter and line numbers. Quotations from *Finnegans Wake* will be preceded by *FW* and cited the same way.

[2]For an analysis of the narrative economies of Joyce's and Homer's "Cyclops," see Osteen, "Narrative Gifts."

[3]H. Meili Steele (6) lists the following conventions or assumptions of realism: the world is rich; narrative can transmit information about it; language is secondary to the

real and can copy that real; the messages about reality should be transparent and not call attention to themselves; the narrator must be effaced; the reader must believe in the truth of this information.

[4]The narrator quite often botches the simplest scene-setting descriptions. For example, do Stephen and Bloom make a beeline or do they lag (.100, .103)? Does Bloom give a whistle or doesn't he (.29-.30)? Does Murphy uncork or unscrew the bottle (.927)?

[5]Lawrence ("Beggaring" 362) traces the derivation of "hackney" from a term for a run-down horse, and points out the pertinence of its other meaning for "Eumaeus": it also refers to a cab carriage (the episode takes place in a cabman's shelter) and to a prostitute, one of whom wanders through the shelter.

[6]For an exploration of the various "types" in "Eumaeus," see Mahaffey 173.

[7]Thus I disagree with Levine's contention that clichés generate the "paradoxical situation of a discourse that is totally unoriginal and yet that—because we have already heard or said it ourselves—reminds us of its origins" (113). A user may repeat a cliché without knowing or reflecting on its origins; indeed, the repetition of clichés actually demonstrates a failure to reflect upon their origins. Clichés are precisely phrases that lack origins, that issue from a collective linguistic warehouse that nobody owns and that has no traceable origin.

[8]In contrast, contemporary artist J.S.G. Boggs, discussed later in the body of the essay, claims that each bill is "a unique numbered edition" of a painting (cited in Weschler I, 36). But this is not quite accurate. Actually the serial number that constitutes the only unique aspect of a banknote is not part of the painting. A genuine banknote must be unoriginal, be indistinguishable in every other respect from every other note. Thus, as Goux notes, currency may become a metaphor for "the erosion of distinction" (*Symbolic* 99).

[9]One of these artists, William Harnett, was actually arrested for counterfeiting during the apprehension of the counterfeiter nicknamed Jim the Penman (Weschler II, 90). For accounts of these painters and their work, see Weschler II 88-90 and Michaels 161-164.

[10]Johnston bases his remarks on Goux's insights (*Symbolic* 47-48) about the symbolic, imaginary and real functions of gold in the money economy. For an illuminating discussion of the relationships between the gold standard and aesthetic representation, see Michaels 139-180.

[11]In this regard Simmel notes a Chinese law that punished the counterfeiter who used genuine precious metals more severely than one who used inferior materials, because "the former enters in a more improper competition with the government and infringes [upon] its prerogative more profoundly" (201).

[12]My sources for this account are Lawrence Weschler's two articles on Boggs, who was tried (and acquitted) for counterfeiting in England. Ironically, Boggs himself was once the object of a forger/counterfeiter who drew second-rate copies of currency and tried to pass them off as "original" Boggses (Weschler I, 39).

[13]Day rightly notes that this is "the first act of charity" we've seen from Stephen all day. About giving Corley a half-crown he writes, "Stephen symbolically completes the circle of Irish betrayal with an act of *agape*" (14). Moseley similarly comments that Stephen's loan illustrates how he has "grown in charity" throughout the novel (129). While it is possible that Stephen feels genuine sympathy for Corley, the loan is congruent with a larger pattern of abandonment and extravagant spending that typifies Stephen throughout Bloomsday. By squandering his money, those symbols of "beauty and of power" (2.226), Stephen seems to believe that he can free himself from the "nightmare" of history (2.377). But history gives a back kick, inasmuch as Stephen's spendthrift habits merely replicate his family's and his nation's history of economic insolvency.

[14]As Ellmann notes, calling yourself Murphy "in a land of murphies is like saying [your name] is 'Noman'" (*Liffey* 155).

[15]Thus one notorious nineteenth-century American counterfeiter was known as "Big Bill the Queersman" (Smith 86).

[16]Among those who claim that Murphy is a Joyce-surrogate are Maddox (160), Thomas (136), McMichael (145), and Bell (201), who argues that Murphy is a "satiric caricature of an author," a qualification that seems more accurate.

[17]In "On Truth and Lies" Nietzsche writes, "truths are illusions about which one has forgotten that this is what they are, worn out metaphors that have lost their sensuous power, coins that have lost their pictures [stamp], and now matter only as metal, no longer as coins" (47). This description, which provides the foundation for Johnston's description of simulation as "Nietzschean," also strikingly resembles my argument that clichés are worn-out coins of discourse. In this sense all truths are merely clichés.

[18]For an analysis of the economies of usury and debt in that episode see Osteen, "Intertextual Economy."

[19]Joyce's own account of the case can be found in *Critical Writings* 225.

[20]He would never try to cash the checks himself, instead having a henchman hire messengers who never knew the identity of the ringleader; as an extra safeguard, he would have all of the parties in the transaction followed to prevent betrayal. A man who wrote his checks strictly for money, Jim sometimes took lodgings as Mr. White in Hackney Road—a fitting place for a hack writer. One other striking parallel to Joyce's works crops up in the case: one of Jim's accomplices went under the alias of Hunter (Dilnot 78), which was also the name of the model for Leopold Bloom (Joyce, *Letters* II, 168; Ellmann, *James Joyce* 230).

[21]As Johnston points out, both forgery and plagiarism are instances of "doubling denied": "plagiarism denies and hides the first or original speaker of an utterance by attributing it to a second speaker; forgery denies a second speaker's doubling of an utterance by falsely attributing it to a first" (153). As Mallon puts it, forgery is "plagiarism's more glamorous inversion, in which the perpetrator claims not that what he hasn't produced is really his own, but that what he indeed has created is actually somebody else's " (135). To put it yet another way: plagiarists sign their own name to somebody else's work; forgers sign somebody else's name to their own work.

[22]Kenner (130) and Bowen (67) are among the most recent of critics who have argued that Bloom is the narrator of "Eumaeus."

[23]Riquelme observes that the teller "forges his Bloom in two senses, for 'bloom' refers to a mass of wrought iron fired in a furnace as well as to a flower" (38). I would add that in forging his Bloom by imitating his voice, his signature, he creates a narrow, bourgeois Bloom whose generosity and compassion to Stephen are merely means of potential exploitation. Similarly, McGee observes that the voice of "Eumaeus" "may be intended to be a recognizable forgery of Bloom's voice—in other words a bad forgery that would be one of a number of bad forgeries" in the chapter (151). But The Penman's forgery would seem to be a rather good one, since it has trapped even critics highly experienced in examining Joycean signatures.

[24]This term is borrowed from Shell, who defines spiritual usury as "hoping for gratitude, or some other kind of binding obligation, in return for giving a loan that is otherwise given gratis" (*Money* 75).

[25]Bloom's budget lists his "cash in hand" as 4s 9d (17.1458). Thus the narrator's description is doubly counterfeit: the coins are neither Mohicans nor the last.

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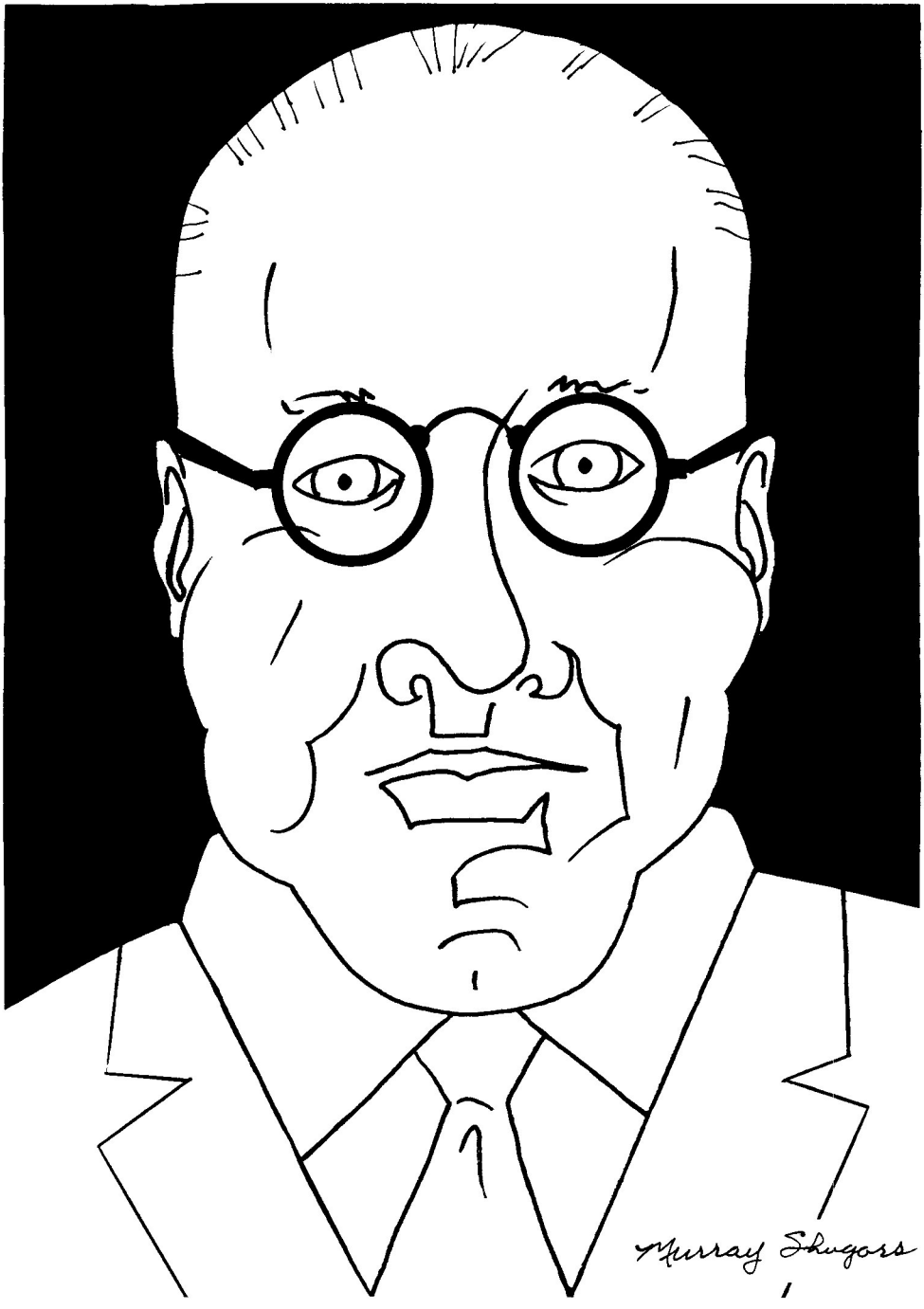
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