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UlyssesのConscious/Unconconscious に見られるFacticityと音楽的パターンについて

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Facticity, Music and Poetry of the Unconscious in *Ulysses*

Katsuaki TAIRA

James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a masterpiece known all over the world, is reputed to be an abstruse work that demands an extraordinary amount of effort and concentration on the part of the readers. Most of the difficulties, granted, arise from its structure and the way it deals with the flow of consciousness that expands ceaselessly in multiple directions without apparent cause or intentionality. If a writer is traditional enough to rein in his rampant imagination within the expected range of epistemological fluctuation that is usually considered translatable through the agreed-upon *modus operandi* fiction writers possess, then the supposedly nebulous and inchoate conscious world must necessarily congeal as something that is inherently graspable and intelligible no matter how convoluted the rendered world might be. In Joyce's case, however, the matter is not that simple, or at least does not appear to auto-divulge itself in a manner that is ultimately intuitable to the recipient of the signficatory messages without any overdue mental exertion on the part of the latter. It may be rather otiose to repeat an observation that has been iterated and reiterated many a time before but upon closer inspection of the author's work a time-honored, albeit slightly simplistic, remark turns out to be quite on the mark. The epic narrative of this Irish genesis does require a different set of tools and mental construct in order to take advantage of its force and its implicational amplitude and other signficatory ramifications and allow them to sink in the readerly psyche for the latter to appreciate the full scope of *jouissance* reading of this masterpiece is meant to entail. Needless to say, the book overflows with endless semiotic and semantic puzzles and each puzzle, once congealed tend to spawn more of them even before they are fully resolved and so on. The reader cannot be expected to figure out the full gamut of the signficatory possibilities in one sitting or even after considerable digestion of the whole corpus. Let alone an analyst who endeavors to describe the inner workings of the intricate work in order to solve the arcane semantic and syntactic puzzles to salvage the layered nuances and meanings purportedly hidden beneath the surface. My ambition is rather modest. It is to trace the conscious workings of the characters as they appear in the story and broaden the ken of understanding that tends to be repulsed by the intricate and seemingly randomized directionality in which the conscious sphere unpredictably evolves.

Indeed, the key to underpin my investigative search is to seize the organic, which therefore by definition is spontaneous and non-linear and layered, flow of the inner and outer workings of the mind as they are traced by the linear, fixed text in a thick tome. There is so much to discover and so much to unravel. I am almost dazed by the nearly infinite number of twists and turns in semio-phonetic-syntactical congealment even a fragment of a pseudo-paragraph promises to present and imply.

The scene we are going to examine is near Sir John Rogerson's Quay as Bloom perambulates rather introspectively and, which is rather common in this extremely layered story, at the same time perfectly attuned to what is happening around him. In fact Bloom enjoys the views that develop before his eyes so much that what causes the correlative interaction between the inner world that resides within his psyche and the world that lies outside himself as a tangible entity and ordinarily conveyable through the senses is for the moment only triggered by the ever changing scenes every flowing second brings to his consciousness. The way the seemingly objective narrative suddenly and abruptly shifts to the inner voice of Bloom is certainly unsettling but it plunges the reader into the seemingly inchoate, randomized sphere of the mind unprepared and for that reason all the more in a state that is amenable to the *modus operandi* with which the inner world is liminally concretized.¹ Now, the line without the explicit subject, "Could have given that address too," is apparently an instance of abrupt surfacing of the unconscious. The ungrammatical structure of the sentence may be a giveaway but what is the ungrammaticality performing in this context? Well, the performative ungrammaticality may sound a little obtuse, or perhaps as odd as the ungrammaticality of the sentence I am addressing at this moment. But if you take a close look at the semio-semantic functionality of the sentence, along with all the referents and nuances thrown into the interjection, the headless sentence not merely stands there to be deciphered but you will perceive that it is allowed to perform beyond its mere stationary signifying function something that evolves and develops on its own for the very lack of the head, curiously enough. What is it then that the sentence

¹ The seemingly persistent internality of the narrative struck the earlier Joyce critics that the work was hopelessly interlaced with solipsistic disintegration of human relations characteristic of modern world. Paul Elmer More, for one, noted in 1928 that in Joyce's work "the emphasis on contemplation, on the study of the individual soul—...or rather...the individual 'stream of consciousness,'... —has led to a kind of resignation in regard to the world at large, in fact, to that discouragement of the will of which Yeats is always talking....The heroes of [Joyce] never act on their fellows, their thoughts never pass into action." See "The Demon of the Absolute," in *American Literary Criticism 1900-1950*, ed. Charles I. Glicksberg (NY: Hendrick House, 1951), 285-286.

accomplishes, or at least what are the possible implications of the interjectional feature we are foregrounding here? The answer may be easier rendered in generalization than in full exhaustive details. But, as I have already indicated, the heterogeneity of the sentence puts it on a different narrative plane than the one that precedes it. The reader, who is confronted with the jarring cacophony, must necessarily have a difficult time smoothing out the obvious gap that the sentence performs to create in the narrative linear structure. He is, if not on his own volition, is likely to be forced to grapple with the irregularity and narrative fault that lies within the inner architectonic of the narrative corpus. That is enough to jolt the conventional preparedness the reader brings in as he reads a story but also, significantly enough, the reader is made aware of the simultaneity of the conscious phase that is pushed to the surface by the marked sentence in question. The conscious phase is chronologically neither before nor after the descriptive passage that textually precedes it: it in a way is simultaneous with the occurrence that leads to the irruption of the conscious phase. Only that it exists on a different plane and therefore threatens to disrupt the semiotic orderliness, which in its totality constitutes an intelligible, or rather conventional, narrative. So the irregularity performs, among other things, to create an unsettling lacuna and performs to disrupt the neat and orderly parallelism that may have rather orderly and hierarchically established between the inner and outer/ objective voices through narrative history. If we focus on the headlessness in a sentence then the next one as well is likely to be categorized under the same heading, "And past the sailors' home." Only that it seems to function slightly differently than the one before it. While the previous one is strongly marked by its interjectional nature, declaring a break from the previous groups of linearly concatenated sentences, the current one is more like a conscious response to what is taking place externally, or vice versa. Granted that it is a continuation of the conscious plane but what it purports to convey to the reader is the actual locale Bloom is passing through, or more accurately, what the consciousness perceives to exist in that particular corner of the town Bloom is passing through. Either case, the information it provides is directly linked to that yielded by the group of narrative-oriented sentences that initiated the present scene. In a way, the second conscious voice seems to perform a dual and transitional function between the solidly conscious voice and a somehow tentative one, leaning both toward the chronological, descriptive and the transcendent, non-linear.

A similar fluctuation in the actual location of the voice as it relates to the narrative takes place in the proceeding sentences as well. The next one is more or less an objective narrative voice that describes and tells the reader where the character in

question is situated, "He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street." But the next one onward the transcendent, non-linear conscious voice obtrudes, first gradually and then completely. Let me pick up where the abrupt interjection of the transcendent voice almost takes the reader by surprise despite the gradual shift in perspective. The line goes, "Tell him if he smokes he won't grow." What does the seeming interplay between the direct conscious voice and the other more putatively neutral one indicate? Or, *mutatis mutandis*, what does the shift in perspective tell of the narrative signification that is not made explicit? What in other words is achieved through the use of this layered perspectival approach? For one thing, obviously, the spontaneous response, which the conscious interjection at any rate impresses the reader with first and foremost, is a correlate of Bloom's response to what he construes as establishes between the boy and the girl ostensibly linked to the boy. It is a curious situation, once we think about it because a man here happens to pass by and happens to see a girl and a boy locationally juxtaposed with each other and simply based on that fortuitous contingency the central subject proceeds to impose intentional reconstitution upon the whole tableau while the seemingly objective voice recedes to the background for the moment, which by its absence becomes an accessory to the signifiatory abrogation on the part of the conscious voice. As the conscious voice resides on a different plane than the objective voice, as I have argued before, the former tends to assume autonomy of a kind that can be quite independent of the rule that applies to other parts of the narrative. That is granted. However, the process involved in signifiatory reconstitution here indicated takes place so quickly and smoothly that it tries to evade the supervision of the readerly consciousness as well. That may be a little too much, although that more often than not actually happens. What is then actually taking place? Objectively speaking, recognition of a boy and a girl somehow seen side by side, with particular prominence given to the youngness of both, which is, rather tautologically, a concomitant part of a youth. But in fact, what is seen and tangible submerges under the growing importance of emotional values the mind of the protagonist attaches to the supposed relation that exists between the two youths. Here the objective part blends with the reconstituted significations derived from the protagonist's mind, which nonetheless are equally "objective" to the unconscious voice. Since the conscious voice abruptly takes over the narrative space for the time it is in ascendancy, the subjective elements, which may or may not be objective, are served to the reader as of equal value. So here another interesting narrative situation arises. In order to "make out of" the context appropriately, the reader is not only actively involved in the story, although there is a choice that he choose not to, but also the actual

situation and the voice that marks it as such and the conscious voice that rises from various characters foregrounded are all balanced out as players to contribute to a reality that constantly ruptures the kind of reality traditional novelists have been accustomed to. So what is salvaged from the cursory conscious remark Bloom makes regarding the two youths? Let us capture the signification that overflows from the situation. Focusing on the "chewed fagbutt," Bloom lays out the tough family background the two youths putatively come from. Bloom enjoys the obvious distance he feels toward them, a distance both chronological and social, "Tell him if he smokes he won't grow." It is as if he is pitying the two for their hopeless economic situation, which he from his longer perspective can sympathize with but not necessarily sentimentalize about. The aloof and blasé attitude, which characterizes Bloom at this point, leads him to reconstruct a desperate household burdened with a father who exacerbates a pecuniary condition of the household by his habitual drunken sprees, which invariably infects the boy in the blighted years to come. Bloom revels in his imagination, or so it begins to sound if the reader mixes his own voice in the picture being developed, as he sets up a drably homely interaction between the boy and the father in a tavern, "Come home to ma, da." The whole imagined situation is so bathetic that it almost makes one wince except that the consciousness being also laid bare at this moment makes the reader aware of the kind of reconstitutive power Bloom possesses.² Could he be just stringing together the situational "facts" which happen to be congenial to himself at the moment? Is the emotional layer that is embedded in the previous remarks simply a reflection of his character, or more grandiosely his being, rather than part of a factual statement to be absorbed by the reader as such? That suspicion, spliced with the jocular musicality of the phrases Bloom utters toward the end of the passage, threatens to turn the reader's attention (which may be the intended narrative unraveling from the author's point of view) exclusively to Bloom's craving for the drinks obtainable at such a venue he has been facetiously describing as the prerogative of the degenerate. And another signifiatory strand still lingers that he is simply deploring the hopelessness of

² What the consciousness reconstitutes, or more accurately what gives rise to such reconstitutive moments, directly or indirectly, in this remarkable narrative are the most trite incidents and affairs that are somewhat reminiscent of the kind which the Russian Formalists had made much of in their heyday. The transmutational process that obtains in the schema is perceptively summed up by George Orwell in his "Inside the Whale," *The Collected Essays, Letters and Journalism of George Orwell*, eds. S. Orwell and I. Angus (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970) I, 542. Reflecting the non-traditional nature of the work on what actually transpires in the narrative, Orwell argues that what is most modernist about *Ulysses* is that the work delineates and adumbrates "a new world not by revealing what is strange, but...[what is] familiar."

a da who cannot wait to quench his thirst until an appropriate hour. But the line "won't be many there," suggests otherwise, or to be more precise, more than one meaning.

The conscious response, which is a correlative of the actual physical environ at least to a certain degree, continues along the perpetual mobile temporal axis without actually resolving the ambiguity the narrative itself gave rise to. The next segment is chock-full of interlacing and interacting perspectives, allowing the ever-changing mental as well as physical scenery to develop with the passage of time. The instinctive reaction the segment causes in the reader is something that is inextricably reminiscent of motion and rhythmic move, perhaps corresponding to our hero's perambulation. The descriptive part within the passage also helps to contribute to the perambulatory motion as well, as the reader is constantly directed to the physical landscape of the town seen through the oscillating sources of consciousness that actually register the objects first-hand. The sentence, "He crossed Townsend street, passed the frowning face of Bethel," is clear enough. However, the perspective shift to the next one, "El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth," entails something that is quite unexpected (unexpected from the ordinary more traditional fictional context) which seems quite redundant and almost militates against the descriptive utilitarian functionality of the traditional fiction. What is happening here in response to the physical environ the consciousness of our hero is supposed to be registering is a mental process that is almost facetious and may or may not be related to the direct visual stimulus but definitely stimulated by the musical and poetic possibilities the names and places around him suggest to our hero. So what Bloom is currently engaged in, for possibly a fraction of a second or even an unregistrable epiphatically illusory moment perhaps, is semantically located on a different level than the one where the previous descriptive passage seems to establish in the reader's mind. Or at least it seems more reasonable to think that there exists at least a different strand of signification constituent to the sudden interjection that correlates to the mental process Bloom is engaged in right now than the one that is appropriately deemed to pervade in the previous one. This sudden jerkiness is a major cause of heterogeneity and multivalency that is evolved throughout the story of *Ulysses*. But for the moment let us focus on the particular signification and functional uniqueness exhibited by the phrase in question. First, the musicality of the "frowning face of Bethel" gives rise to a mental amplification, which is none other than conscious, or more accurately subliminal, *jouissance*, here represented by the bareness stripped of its grammaticality, "El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth." It is a sheer private interjection, completely unconscious of the extraneous interpretation (which, however, is rather

paradoxical for the presence of the voyeuristic reader can never be denied in a narrative setup), leaving the signification strands to be unraveled by the reader, if the latter is at all interested in such a seemingly unrewarding task. Regardless of what is compacted into such a short, and possibly enigmatic, sentence, one feature suggests itself as a possible candidate for what is possibly happening here. Among the heterogeneous strands that almost repel readerly comprehension when a semiotic possibility congeals in the readerly horizon the inherent music and poetry the mind perceives as reside in the juxtaposition of words thrust themselves to the foreground. The musicality and poetry per se threaten to suffice unto themselves even in the semantic context that the reader has a vague sense that the putative third-person voice is in complicity with the droll, fluid mind of Bloom. The private and the public realms, in a way, threaten to rupture the boundaries of traditional expectations by confounding the line that usually separates the two. At this point the interpretive consciousness is forced to realign itself with the perspectives that are present in the story, particularly in regard to the dominant one that is the focus of the narrative at present. The arbitrariness and whimsicality, which are the prerogative of the private mind of Bloom's, assert themselves as the interpretive yardsticks that rule the moment and to which the reader has to bend his view in order to fathom the realms that are otherwise beyond his ken. In other words, unless the reader appreciates the sheer musicality and poetry of the reification of the mental process exhibited by Bloom there is no hope that the reader can explore the mental peregrination and an often interactive collection thereof which is comprehended by a fictional space named Ulysses. It is this sheer revelry in music, among other things on different semantic layers, that causes the pat transition from Corny Kelleher in "Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged that job for O'Neill's" to the Corney with somehow louche as well as farcical suggestive possibilities. More to the point, the phonetic association between the two gives rise to the pure jollity trailed by "inspired" lines, which Bloom finds uncontrollably funny and apropos of the mood he is in. The hilarious overreaction of Bloom becomes such an overriding one that even the thought associated with the burial of his friend is rendered as a material for music and poetry, although whether the song Bloom sings remains subliminal or literally rises above the liminal is only left to the reader's imagination. Given the completely abandoned joy involved in the passing mental process, the reader might as well join in and sing the song that cannot help but resonates with his readerly imagination.

The next sequence presents a rather consistent unifying element that despite Bloom's desultory, digressional thought process pulls conscious direction along a more or less predictable line. The first sentence explicitly identifies the location where

Bloom is standing. His mind seizes upon the words Oriental Tea without any particular reason except that they evoke the spontaneous emotions that are allowed to bubble out of the deepest corner of his mind. Perhaps the indirect way the name Oriental Tea Company works its way into his mind is meant to foreground the duality between the mind/conscious/subconscious/unconscious layer, on the one hand, that is partially separable from Bloom and yet at the same time inseparable because the constituents of the layer are ultimately derived from the subject himself and, on the other hand, the person identified as Bloom, an objective entity that is observable from the narrative perspective. The distance here defamiliarized becomes a key to appreciating the randomization of incidents and the overall centripetal teleological power that are at work simultaneously. The first thing that is concretized as a sentient reaction to the name is warmth. Despite its peculiarly strong impression Bloom feels it leaves on his unconscious level, his mind simply wanders off to other things that are derivatively related to the idea the company name evoked. As the chain of associations continue the direct link to the first impression seems to wear off until Bloom remembers the projected funeral that happens to be the backdrop against which he can gain access to the person from whom he can cadge some tea. The ordinarily emotionally charged ceremony, however, does not plunge our hero into a completely absorbing soul searching and appropriate reminiscences. It is just an occasion to be made a link in a chain of mental process that has been set in motion *ad infinitum*. Another narrative voice intervenes, "While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair." And to our mild surprise, previous remark about the warmth turns out to be a ploy to intentionally, or unintentionally, obfuscate the referent of the abrupt interjection which Bloom makes while facing the window of the tea company. Given the situational context it is rather reasonable to infer that the remark is somehow related to a set of emotional expectations the name raises in the reader's mind. However, the sudden recursive repetition, "Very warm morning," forces to modify the signification formation and foists a more appropriate reading of the interjection, which occurred a couple of sentences previously. It becomes a case of retrospection. The reader is egged on to recogitate hot-warm dichotomy. Not the former but the latter? That question should have played a more prominent role before when the reader encountered the passage for the first time. But the sentence, again a headless one technically speaking, dovetailed neatly with the context, without causing alarm-triggering signification strain. As the reader wonders about the importance of the conscious reiteration, which may as well be unconscious, modification of the signification remodification becomes due.

The warmth that has been evoked in connection with the tea company after all is still valid as the train of Bloom's thought is entwined with the magical name all tea lovers cherish. A third variation on the meteorological comment, "So warm," sets his mind off to the distant land with all its tropical charms and flavors that are imagined to be the antithesis of what his city and country represent. The magical name, representative of quality tea (at least in Bloom's mind) elides into the east, or what it is supposed to symbolize, as the mind immediately merges the two together on its way to the scenes out the enchanted imaginative casement: "...choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. The far east." Once the magic image is recalled, the mind of our hero lets itself carried away to the paradisiacal never-never land (which is very much reminiscent of Tennyson's lotus eaters) that is never meant to be for Bloom and others of his ilk in the frigid zones. But what is it that runs through the momentary reverie his mind immerses itself in which is even tenuously connected to the stimuli the immediate environment provides or, *mutatis mutandis*, what is the element that can be explained to bridge between the seemingly random evocation of images and the physical details that are part of the town our hero is passing through? As I have already indicated, it is the unusually warm weather that unconsciously lets Bloom smooth his hair and lets him become uncontrollably sensuous about the smell the hair oil gives off in spite of himself. And not only the independent condition of the rising temperature that sets his mind drifting off to the tropics and all their languid sensuality but the combination of the presence of the tea company Bloom happens to pass by in a way determine, without any inevitability, the course his mind pursues for the moment.

The reverie in a sense is gratuitous for the mental images that flow from Bloom's idle mind do not have to be the kind actually manifested in the narrative. But in the phantasmagoric and inchoate world of the conscious and unconscious nothing is gratuitous as everything is enmeshed in a web of *jouissance* that is the very dynamo of the narrative as a whole. Note how the mind is working on the level of music and poetry. Let us go back a little to the passage where the current reverie starts in earnest and the conscious and unconscious world effloresces. After the repetitious interjection, "So warm," mind's monologue picks up with a staccato collage of images triggered by the warmth and the warm/hot East, "choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands." After a nonchalant cursory glance, which may not be immediate and which perhaps arises recursively after the readerly mind has reached the end of the mind's monologue in the current segment, a realization occurs that the randomized sequence of impressionistic terms that bubble out of Bloom's mind in fact manifests a certain order that is beyond reductive reason but instinctively moored to something

inherently and universalistically human. The realization may be delayed but it comes almost hauntingly and inexorably, drawing the reader further into the unconventional and ever-evolving world of *Ulysses*. As I have suggested, the layer that grabs the readerly mind here is constituted of variegated elements but one strand that comes to the fore is the rhythm and musicality the line exudes. The first interjection establishes a two-beat prosodic, as well as monologic, theme. The following phrases in the line quoted reciprocates and reiterates the two-beat motif and then immediately surrender to and merge with a catchy rigmarole, which obviously sound good to our hero, before the ultimate and penultimate words repeat the thematic and prosodic features that neatly dovetail into those already manifested in the line. Bloom obviously enjoys the ditty-like quality his own thought process holds. But this process, although I, for argument's sake, noted as Bloom's conscious thought process, it may as well be unconscious and subliminal, which Bloom is simply made to reflect as his response to the external stimuli. What if it is conscious and what if it is not? Does it make any difference? Yes and no. If the thought process rendered here is presumed to be under Bloom's control then the whole oddities and peculiar quirks spontaneously taking place are ultimately and circuitously attributable to Bloom himself. However, if the thought process is in fact subliminal and taking place free of Bloom's mind somewhere in the mental space transcending Bloom's intentionality and volition then it is presumed to reflect a particular, or rather narrative, or even more grandiosely, architectonic, inclination of the overall author.³ The latter scheme, interestingly enough, inserts a distance between the minds at work and contained within the text and the interpretive, and often collaborative, consciousness of the reader, as the structural intentionality of the author tends to be laid bare once the "inner voices" of the characters are released from their control. After all, all the voices, whether or not they are seemingly floating in empty narrative space, need to be tied to subjects that are made to play active roles at various stages of the story. One feature that endows inner voices with life and character is music and inherent poetry in the spontaneous and often unorthodox concatenation of phrases. In the line quoted above prosodic and rhythmic possibilities try to determine, or more accurately gives breadth to, Bloom that would not, for all

³ It may be apropos to throw in another perspective on the issue here. Hugh Kenner argues that it is language per se that dominates the narrative space with its autonomy and reflexivity and independence. Language, Kenner maintains, sets the course of the narrative and traces its self-sufficient trajectory therein without necessarily establishing any ties to the extra-lingual objects that lie outside the liminal sphere: "All the book, the book [insists], is words arranged, rearranged." See *Joyce's Voices* (Berkeley: UCLA Press, 1978), 49.

probability, exist without the inchoate unconscious/conscious part whether or not it is actually apart from Bloom the subject. Suppose it belongs to Bloom or a combination of Bloom and the behind the scene author, which all the more increases the chances of the latter abrogating the subliminal territory of the story. Either case what does the given line add to our hero, or by way of him the ultimate author, or vice versa? The answer to that may not be as simple as one wishes it to be, but simplistically put, what the subliminal interjections and coagulation of phrases redound to is at least partly what musicality and prosody and signification implications and amplification give rise to as far as they pertain to the characters to whom they are obviously reflected upon. Then what does the line selected, "So warm...choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands," signify or give rise to, if I repeat what I have just iterated? Obviously the author of the voice is someone who revels in use of words, not only in mere words but enjoys putting them to use, what they produce and what the autonomous words at play cause to effect. Why autonomous, one might ask? Because, as I have already mentioned, the subliminal sphere and the subjective sphere as the one where a subject carries on his objective existence, are potentially separate and independent of each other in this untraditional narrative, although the direct control over the words that engender the different signification strands may not necessarily be decisively identifiable.

Because of this possible autonomy the inherent music and rhythm have a large role to play in expanding and concretizing the invisible and fluid inchoate world that underpins the visible and traditionally linear world usually manifested through narrative characters. With that in mind let us pursue the mind's voice made audible in the same passage. Resonating with the staccato, yearning tone of the initial line, the monologic voice continues the wish-fulfilling imaginative journey beyond time and space.

The far east. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on, cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing around in the sun, in *dolce far niente*. Not doing a hand's turn all day. Sleep six months out of twelve. Too hot to quarrel. Influence of the climate. Lethargy. Flowers of idleness. (p. 71)

The music and prosodic pattern that lies under the text essentially remains the same. The two-beat reintroduction of the geographical location repeats the pattern set in the line quoted above. The sentiment that accompanies the "far east" amplifies and enlarges upon the nuances exuded by the previous line. The part that proceeds from the geographical identification also rather neatly corresponds to "made of the finest Ceylon brands" in rhythm and signification relation to its precedent. Both of them manifest

four-beat staccato prosody and explain what each precedent can possibly be interpreted to ramify in the unconscious realm. In fact “interpreted” is a key here. Who is interpreting and transmogrifying the posited pseudo-themes into a certain type of rhythmic and musical antistrophic rhapsody? The question might seem rather irrelevant but seeing that the narrative is teeming with possibly evolving subject positions we might as well further inspect the liminal and subliminal manifestations that render so well to prosodic/music/poetic patterning. A two-beat pattern forces itself out of the text with the reiteration of the tropical theme with a twist, “the garden of the world.” The theme is developed into concrete images that gradually form a fluid pattern, “big lazy leaves to float about on, cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them.” Despite its unconscious/conscious origin the line obviously formulates an intentional patterning which can open up to a curious space where the subject behind the voice becomes tantalizingly indefinite. On one level, as I already hinted, the line manifested is a reflection of the subject who is actually observing the external scenery that ever changes as our hero shifts his physical and conscious position in the temporal universe. The luxuriant and verdant tropics, the languid air, sensual lassitude, prickly flora that is definitely not of the frigid north and at the same time in every way suggestive of the vigorous instinctive masculine almost procreative force, and pampering heady luxuriance that is linked to the sensuous, sinuous exotica and all that which the enchanting tropics seem to promise to the populace in their antipodes—all these images are wishful compensations for someone who is convinced of his drab existence and frigid monotony of his daily lives. In other words, the spontaneous concatenation of images is a mere extension of our hero’s thought process, which rather paradoxically is not exactly as spontaneous as one thought when he encountered the line. But on further inspection other possibilities suggest themselves when the line evinces an artifice that is not quite identifiable with the character we are pursuing but somehow detached from him and yet at the same time linked in a way that the artificer both precedes and proceeds from him. The shadowy presence here detected is in a way not only tied to the character but also to the voice that immediately precedes the interjection of the character—the voice that smacks of the authorial presence and seems to supply a fixed and reliable point of view. The target interjection, for one thing, abounds with architectonic residues which without the intentionality of the invisible presence would be too prosodically effective to be passed on as simply occurring in the fertile mind of an artistically talented journalist. The liquid, leisurely pace set by the decidedly deliberative and sensuously self-reflexive rhythm and tempo (the italicized consonantal values in “*lazy leaves to float about on ...flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them*”

and emphatic accented sound values given to “float *about or*” and “*snaky lianas*,” for example) must necessarily point to the redundancy the situation which the moment in time gives rise to tends to exclude. However, this is not to be taken that the line in question totally negates a possible direct link to the subjective presence of our hero. Notice the somehow oxymoronic images that may or may not derive from the familiar features located in our hero’s realm. For instance, the elision Bloom makes between the “far east” (China, for example) and India/Ceylon, as identified as the locale where the finest tea in the world is produced, and yanking together of flowery meads, the latter certainly evocative of the northern clime such as England and Ireland rather than the luscious tropics India/Ceylon and the far east are associate with in the mind. But the mere effort of combining the reified images that arise from our hero’s wish fulfilling conscious move with the concrete objects that are moored to his empirical sphere signifies a sign of liminal entity that is simply allowing his conscious substrata to congeal in a legible form. Thus the redundancy and the incompleteness traceable in the line not only potentially negate each other but also possibly amplify the room for multivalency of the subject that can be attributable to the voice.

The interjections that follow also point to the subjective multivalency. Let me quote.

Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing around in the sun, in *dolce far niente*. Not doing a hand’s turn all day. Sleep six months out of twelve. Too hot to quarrel. Influence of the climate. Lethargy. Flowers of idleness. The air feeds most. Azotes. Hothouse in Botanic gardens. Sensitive plants. Waterlilies. Petals too tired to. (p. 71)

The first sentence is both a question and comment on the images the voice itself delineated of the magical tropics in the preceding line. Regarding the subject position it may or may not directly correspond to the voice that manifested in the preceding liminal cogitation. Some of the features the sentence manifests seem fairly obvious. Because it is an incomplete sentence, in a sense that it is grammatically idiosyncratic, the sentence draws the reader’s attention to its structural “lack.” Once the lack is perceived as such by the reader, he proceeds to interpret it to fill in the gap that seems to lie between distinctive voices before investing the sentence itself with appropriate meaning. Needless to say, the process is not necessarily straightforward. It is, on the contrary, rife with ambiguity, indeterminacy and signifiatory resistance. All these features that tend to amplify multivalency on various levels recursively turn readers’ attention to the incompleteness the sentence itself manifests. It is after all a cyclical process that perpetually attempts to hold back the stratified messages the sentence

supposedly contains. The sentence, because of its lack, also tries to identify the subject to whom the liminal voice arising from it belongs. As the lack becomes the prominent feature in the readerly mind, the latter proceeds to locate some signifiatory elements with which the lack is somehow combined and meaningfully concatenated. As the lacuna is satisfactorily connected to the subjective matrix, the readerly mind concludes that the sentence performs a declarative role and proceeds to link it with the appropriate subject. It is again a cyclical process that involves the reader as well. However, even while the features noted above tend to emphasize the univocal subject to which the voice manifested is connected, it does not preclude the possibility of subjective multivalency from occurring. The possibility of multivalency seems to arise, or rather proliferate, in the nebulae of intervocal connections, which in this instance is manifested by a concatenation of syntactically indeterminate sentences.

The second sentence in the quote in a way expounds on the comment made in the preceding sentence. But contrary to the impression of immediacy the sudden interjectional sentence evokes, the second one cannot avoid snagging a variety of extraneous elements that may or may not be immediately perceived as spontaneously arising from the liminal sphere. The elaboration of the kind textually manifested must necessarily indicate the temporal extension, which the first sentence somehow circumvents for its presumed verisimilitude to the subconscious. If the subjective multivalency proliferates, it is this temporal expansion which the reader perceives as occurring in the narrative space that gives a chance for the invisible hand to loom behind the scene. One element, as I have already touched upon, that is inevitably brought to the fore when we discuss temporal expansion/extension is the inherent musicality the liminal interjections possess. The first word, "wonder," in the perambulatory context, projects in the reader's mind certain buoyancy, which the two-beat interjection repeats. The somehow comical "Cinghalese" enhances the rhythmic imagery and mood established already and at the same time reinvokes the exoticism the far eastern and tropical motif brought in. The buoyancy is continued as the actual physical movement is introduced by the three-foot descriptive reiteration, which is amplified by a similar prosodic structure overladen with tropical exoticism, "dolce far niente." The following comment, "Not doing a hand's turn all day," almost diverts the reader's mind further into the tropical fantasy the subject, from whom the voice is coming, is reveling in at the moment. Because of the distance from the obvious narrative voice that appeared a number of lines above the present interjection tends to develop its autonomy, leaving the voice and the readerly mind in the imaginative world that is ever widening. The apparent laziness the image impresses the reader with and

the concomitant yearning for such a pampered state sends the narrative mood far apart from the northern climate this story is set against. The overall "laziness" theme is reiterated in the following interjection, "Sleep six months out of twelve." But because of the developing revelry and the distance from the ostensible narrative voice that is clearly identifiable a number of lines preceding the current one, the hand of the invisible controller once more zooms out of the murky background to the liminal ken, which the reader shares with the players in the story. For one thing the paired interjections seem to exude a sense of redundancy, which I touched upon previously. The initial elaboration, which the first part of the current pair partially performs, gradually melds into overelaboration as the second part obtrudes as a possible redundancy. It is a matter of time and consciousness. The more conscious events cram into a fleeting expanse of temporal flow, the more constraints the entire narrative setup seems to impose on the readerly psyche. In other words, as the narrative events are translated into a descriptive textual form, the reader has a more difficult time believing in the authenticity of the psychoscape that is opening up before his eyes and all the more so as the events referred to become overcrowded in the textual space. When the redundancy is recognized as such, as possibly taking place in conjunction with the current pair, then the artifice of the supposedly organic line comes to the fore and the invisible presence which the readerly mind has been registering someplace in his liminal substrata leaps beyond the textual space and imprints its signature upon every single manifestation of the mind even though it may belong to an independent other. The suspicion of a supra-subjective presence that nags the reader becomes even more troubling as the next interjection adds more gratuitous comment. If the ungrammaticality is any indication, the interjections that pop out of the current subject's mind are completely aleatory, the order and content of the sentences dependent only on randomized whimsicality that sways the moment's psycho-physical state. It is also curious that the randomization and incompleteness of sentences allow for different order of voices to enter into the inter-narrative realm as the readerly mind tries to decode various vestigial signs upon recognition of the redundant iterations that are underpinned by the peculiar receptivity of the sentences marked by randomization and incompleteness. Needless to say, two features just mentioned are also an indicator of a different level at which those interjections are to be seized and processed by the readerly mind. The completeness and definite directionality with which the authoritative narrative voice is invested are easy demarcators for which literary tradition gives full sanction. That aspect, as I have time and again noted, is a concomitant part of the narrative strategy and undeniably so. However, what disturbs the pure and simplistic vocal and subjective

differentiation is the shades and resonances of musicality and prosodic vestiges that cannot be easily disentangled from the artifice of the authorial subject, or what could be termed as authorial intervention in autonomous character development.

What then allows the aleatory authorial intervention to get involved in the linear concatenation of thought processes, which the textual description incorporates by resorting to drastic technical measures almost to the distraction of the readers? It is exactly this chanciness and randomization that characterizes the way those liminal interjections are manifested. What is curious about them is that they can be interpreted as evolving both spontaneously and through a careful and yet seemingly organic structural plan that is attributable to only one ultimate source of the entire narrative. The simultaneity of the subject positions and the creation of space that gives rise to such contradictory presences are the focus of my study now as I further delve and examine the fluctuating and indefinite liminal voices laid bare in the story. The interjection, "Too hot to quarrel," is in a way a recursive statement reaching all the way back to the thematic declaration initially triggered by the sign on the window (=legends seen through the window).⁴ But it also functions as a continuation of the laziness and lethargy the tropics evoke in the mind of the subject now in focus. The idea congealed around the far east/tea/Ceylon/tropics is completely gratuitous that rises from the vacuity of the idle subject who tries to fill it with the *jouissance* he derives from the words that spawn further images of fun and joy, which the subject craves in the first place and vice versa. But in the crack between the "seamless" thought process and the gratuitous and, which may sound rather paradoxical, spontaneous conceptual images the words provide lies the shadow of the hand that tries to disguise itself as part of the organic whole the voice in ascendancy hopefully contains and subsumes. Now the interjection just cited traces a circular move and with it a lapse of time, no matter how small the interval. The process is either conscious or unconscious, or as a factitious alternative exactly what I stated, thematic. In support of both it is significatorily repetitious and prosodically resonant with the preceding interjections I have cited. The ambiguity I embroil the interjection with is simply to emphasize that an unconscious mind tends to grasp and divide an inchoate phenomenon into a certain

⁴ As Hugh Kenner notes in his "Homer's Sticks and Stones," life's tangible objects, however insignificant and ordinary they may seem, count greatly in *Ulysses*. They function adequately for any of the liminal expansions that ensue upon mind's contact with what Kenner calls "cups and saucers, chairs and tables, sticks and stones." On this particular occasion it is the "legends of lead-papered packets" that trigger a lengthy conscious peregrination, albeit the legends may not necessarily be a direct cause of the latter as the subject positions diverge every single second. As for Hugh Kenner's argument, see *James Joyce Quarterly* 6 (1969), 298.

pattern and comprehensible manageable bits before proceeding to the next phase the perpetual mobile temporal axis rushes it. The rhythmic pattern, which merely aids the mind in dealing with the ever-shifting circumstances, both physical and psychical, cannot be more organic in this bio-reflective sense. However, this spontaneous reflexivity for the very reason I just mentioned opens the door to authorial intervention. In the textual world organic reflexivity does not occur unless the ultimate subject designs complete autonomy of the voices that arise in the fictive space. But the act of designing autonomy implies that the author always reserves the right to suspend the very autonomy he putatively grants to those voices.⁵ There is competition between the subjects that are constituted in the narrative space. Interestingly enough, the competition may perhaps appear as an amicable confluence of conscious energy. The target interjection is followed by the two-foot surfacing of the conscious energy, "Influence of the climate." Needless to say, this incomplete sentence has to be filled in by the reader in order to open up the conscious horizon that has been developing for some time in the text. The possibility of supplying the "missing part" is unlimited, as the sentence can be spliced and incremented in numerous ways depending on how the previous sentence is interpreted and how the current and the other interjections are positioned subjectively, etc. In resisting and helping the readerly mind both the "autonomous" subject and the invisible authorial presence are in complicit. Now they are involving the readers as well in the ever-widening circle of signifiatory reconstitution and evolution and development.

Let us then join the liminal textual game to see how each of us stands regarding the highly decentered conscious space that is ever recreated in each other's mind. When the subject thinks, "Not doing a hand's turn all day," he may be verbalizing a state such tropical population is in, an idea which may be expanded as, "It is so hot that they may not have to do even a hand's turn all day." But the incomplete

⁵ Conveniently enough, the author could further recede into a seemingly neutral distance where he merely watches the autonomous characters and consciousnesses evolve through a perspectival and manipulative construct cum active agent, whom James McMichael calls Jamesy. The following is a rather lengthy quotation from his *Ulysses and Justice* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991), 34.

Jamesy is an illusion constructed by James Joyce. It is the illusion of an impersonal, omniscient, debt-free intelligence that is thoroughly indifferent to what it knows. While I do not forget that a person has constructed the impersonal Jamesy..., what Joyce has constructed in *Ulysses'* peculiar narrator is at once so impersonal and so pervasive that it compels me to suspend my disbelief and think of the narrative as *Jamesy's* and not the writer's. Jamesy is the name I assign to my thinking that *Ulysses* issues wholly from an impersonal intelligence and not from the person who constructed him.

sentence might as well be interpreted, as I have already noted, “A hot weather is conducive to such lethargy that they might as well sit around and do nothing.” The ellipsis in the sentence is so indefinite that it spawns other significatory possibilities. The verbalization here may as well be a reflection of the subject’s desire projected onto a distant population. The sentence may be padded out to mean, “I wish I didn’t have to work like a slave. Think of those distant population who just laze around.” There may be another level at which the conscious manifestation may be interpreted. What if the associations of Ceylon tea, tropics, lush vegetation, perpetually blooming flowers, lethargy, sultry air, paradisiacal contentment—all these have been grasped even before they occur in the mind of the presumed character and ordered and elaborated in a manner that most satisfies that overarching subject? A level where randomization becomes not a simple aleatory occurrence but a calculated, aesthetic structuation? Then the incompleteness comes to imply not only the part that is reflective of the subject being created in the narrative space but also of the intent that comprehends everything that arises in the same space. The incompleteness in that sense is a residual trace of subjects in creation. The lacuna left open in the sentences signifies a space for interpolation both for the reader and the author as they try to develop and encode and decode the liminal autonomous intent lying in and under the text. In fact, a variety of possible interpolations each incomplete ones accrue are ever modified as the reader moves on with the narrative. The sentence just dealt with, “Too hot to quarrel,” for instance, does not necessarily entail drinking and eating in the mind of the subject because “The air feeds most.” What is supplied in the mind of the reader is denied for the moment as something that does not coincide with what is presumably conceived in the mind of the subject in question. But the subliminal verbalization that is reified in the text is something that does not have to congeal in the manner indicated unless it is willed as such. A willing subliminal verbalization that is to be eavesdropped on seems full of contradictions. Recognition of the thought process that is being developed and interpolation of incomplete sentences that are constantly modified are concomitant part of the narrative sphere that constitutes *Ulysses*. Let us go back a little to the vestiges of music and prosody that may or may not involve the artificer and the subject being created through him. The concatenation of elliptical interjections presents a certain dittyish effect that is also aided with a somewhat staccato rhythm. Combined with the monotonous recurrent rhythm, which the process of elision helps to augment, the passage gives rise to a buoyant and boisterous humor, which is akin to comedic bathos. A possible pun invoked by “Flowers of idleness” in conjunction with the preceding tropical images cannot help but open up a world of chivalry that is, rather paradoxically

and which is most certainly intended (if I dare say) by the shadowy artificer, underpinned by what the heady tropical flowers epitomize, emphatically not by something spiritual and noble which is nevertheless slightly tinged with barely repressible sensuality. At this point the conceptual parallelism between the paradisiacal south and the frigid north takes a rather absurd turn and congeals in a sentence, "the air feeds most," which, to say the least, is ridiculously funny for the extreme self-smugness it exudes. The bathetic turn continues as riddle-like interjections fill in the narrative space. The word "Azotes" could have been substituted by any other candidate that expresses the sense of tropicality, laziness and lethargy. What this particular term signifies is, or rather selection thereof, is again a matter for interpolation. It could reflect, or made to, reflect on the subject being developed or on the invisible hand that is ultimately responsible for the aleatory (-seeming) selection of words. Whatever the case, "Azotes" does fulfill its function as an evocative term that at the same time brings in smug humor on its tail. Either way, elliptical interjections contribute to complicit development of liminal sphere between the artificer and the subjects involved and also the willing collaborator who interprets and interpolates the narrative.

The humorous strain continues in the next interjection, "Hothouse in Botanic gardens." As in the preceding interjections it contains intertwined sentiments that project both to the elements in the northern climate and literal/tropological references to the tropical sphere. What makes the interjection so bathetically humorous is the manner in which those inherently disparate elements are yanked together. The idea represented by the hothouse, of course, refers to the sultry condition the subject imagines to be the norm in the tropics. But at the same time, it might as well reference the kind of setup that is linked to display and sampling and transplant incorporated as a botanic garden. The idea behind one reading of the interjection is strictly applicable to and almost certainly derived from the environ that is opposed here to the tropics. But the concept contained in the interjection does not necessarily limit itself to the objects associated with Bloom's sphere of activity; rather it can easily comprehend what is tropologically indicated or, from another perspective, what the terms in the interjection could literally mean. The next two-foot interjection functions in a similar manner. At a glance "Sensitive plants" seem to contradict what the lush vegetation implies and almost try to elide into the temperate flora often sung by pastoral poets of the northern clime. But the oscillating imagery turns back to the tropical theme and results in what the hot and humid air of the tropics helps to thrive, "Waterlilifes," although here again the waterlilies imagined might as well be the kind

collected as a sampling for display by those who are curious about the Other. The predominant one-, two-, and three-beat interjections seamlessly layer dual and triple signifiatory harmonies and allow the readerly mind to somnolently take in their content as if what is taking place is the most natural thing in the narrative context. However, the thematic development manifested in the passage does allow revelatory moments in which the shadow of the artificer that is almost indistinguishable from the subject being developed here forces itself onto the conscious horizon of the readerly mind. It is subtle but nevertheless detectable insofar as the elliptical interjections have a layer that is ever, by definition and rather tautologically in that sense, interpolatable. Let us interpolate then. What is "Hothouse in Botanic gardens" made redundant of, or what is the part that needs to be filled in by the readerly mind? In one sense, the interjection may appropriately be read to mean, "It must be like a 'Hothouse in Botanic gardens.'" At another level, it could be interpolated and read as, "Azotes reminds of a 'Hothouse in Botanic gardens.'" At still another level, the ellipsis may be rounded out to constitute a sentence like, "An apposite image to supply in conjunction with the preceding images would be a 'Hothouse in Botanic gardens.'" Or the signifiatory range might stretch to something like, "it may be silly but it is somehow fun and funny to invoke a 'Hothouse in Botanic gardens' at this juncture." Or even, "for no particular reason let there be a 'Hothosue in Botanic gardens' and it seems and let it be congruous with the rest." The whole gamut of possibilities manifests a variety of subject positions that are often overlapping and other times diverging and, at one level, the two occurring simultaneously.⁶ It is in this signifiatory and interpolational parallax that one could trace the structural intent which is well-hidden in the presumed textual autonomy. For one thing, the missing parts edge out the reiterative rhythm and bares the artifice that are spliced into the liminal processes and at the same time amplify the thematic flow that is becoming ever so comedic, self-consumed, and yet

⁶ The undefinability of the subject or subject positions has been pointed out time and again. Expounding upon the slippery paternity of the liminal interjections, Andre Topia develops a following argument:

Bloom takes over and reactivates discourses formed outside him, for which he takes responsibility—up to a point...the Bloomian utterances, even when they are of his own 'creation', take on an aspect of collective crystallization, of cliché. The properly Bloomian discourses and the exterior discourses are finally all equivalent in a sort of unstable equilibrium... The most personal utterance may take on an aspect of cliché, and the most shopworn stereotype often finds itself promoted to the rank of an original formulation. See "The Matrix and the Echo: Intertextuality in Ulysses," trans. Elizabeth Bell and Andre Topia, in eds. Derek Attridge and Daniel Ferrer, *Post-structuralist Joyce: Essays from the French* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 108.

detached and off-hand. These features are carried onto the next interjection, "Petals too tired to." The insouciant and smug imagery invoked here is enough to give momentum to the comedic reverie that has been sending the subject and all those linked to him on an imaginative and interpolative journey for quite some time, which in fact is an instant that may or may not be registered by the minds of all the actors involved without the intervention of the ultimate artificer. But what does the interjection mean, or how is it to be interpolated? As in the previous examples, in a variety of ways. First, continuing the idea that runs through the passage, the interjection, "Petals too tired to," is meant to epitomize, or even symbolize, the sensual lethargy the "tropics" unfolds. In that light, the ellipsis can be fleshed out to signify, "in the lethargic atmosphere even the petals of flowers rather stay still to save and savor the moments." Of course, there can be no definitive interpolation to give a fixed direction where the mental energy should flow, inclusive of the mental energy of the subject directly referenced and of the reader and of the ultimate artificer as well. The unfixability may be an advantage in the narrative context because the potential off-handedness tends to get transmogrified into a comedic strain that is in its turn finds its way to persist and permeate the liminal space that is developed triangularly. This time the bathetic humor, which sounds ever so detached because of the nonchalant tone that is amplified by the rhythmic staccato repetition, results in self-deprecation, or more like in a state where the subject does not commit himself to the verbal manifestation of the thought process being developed here.⁷ At this point, the tropical theme initially triggered by the sign on the window has been diluted to a mere tangential association, which may or may not be actually related to the initial catalyst, and the strain that mostly arises from the substrata of the mind/textual interjection becomes languor, or desire for it that might as well be interleaved with a more entertaining sensuality evoked and recreated by the images of comedic value.

The series of interjections, from "Petals too tired to" to "Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel," indeed foregrounds the process of transcending, or sublimating the initial catalytic incident as the mind incessantly works on it until the initial incident

⁷ It may be apropos, albeit rather belated, to add that Joyce himself considered *Ulysses* "fundamentally a humorous work." Failure to see it as such by most readers mystified and even exasperated him. Confer Arthur Power, *Conversations with James Joyce*, ed. Clive Hart (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), 89. Richard Ellmann also has an interesting insight to offer into Joyce's view on *Ulysses* in *James Joyce* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1959, rev. 1982).

The pity is the public will demand and find a moral in my book, or worse they may take it in some serious way, and on the honor of a gentleman, there is not one single serious line in it. (pp. 523-24)

becomes almost a reflection of the imaginative prowess of the subject involved in it. But it is the subject that is involved that should be the object of our investigation at this point. The search for the subject position brings us back to the issue of supplying the elliptical interstices with appropriate contextual signification, no matter how divergent it may be. As I already pointed out, there is certain cocky smugness as the liminal chunky interjections are manifested. The sentiment almost overwhelms the initial associations for its own sake and lets the subject revel in the play on whatever verbal effluvia that rise from each preceding imaginative association. Because the tropics are associated with ever-blooming vegetation and because the Orient is overwhelmingly conflated with nirvana-Buddha-China-Ceylon and waterlilies (it goes the other way round, needless to say) the ideas that congeal from all of these are transposed to lethargy, languor and motionless fulfillment, "Petals too tired to," which at this point suddenly opens up a satori-enlightenment-like horizon in the subject's mind. Out of many layers of signification, one layer that foregrounds lethargic association is continued onto the following interjection, "Sleeping sickness in the air." But one signification possibility does not exclude the other more mystical one. It might as well be interpreted as spliced into whatever the philoso-religious strain might entail, such as meditation. But these layers are also laid in a more comprehensive setup that is constantly decentered by the inherent flippancy the tone implies. Indeed, there is a voice that does not take the ideas that reify in each interjection as worth being pursued.⁸ The sequential priority is rather overturned and the signification possibilities the conscious reification gives rise to each time the chunky staccato images are formed are seized for their own sake and drowned in bathetic humor. Note how the liminal interjection, "Walk on roseleaves," both connects to the preceding imagery and diverges from it in that the present one does not strictly adhere to the tropical flora. In other words, it is in some sense independent of the former and develops and expresses the subject's imaginative flight as he reacts and interacts to what the preceding images suggest to him as well as to what the moment in time opens up for him. The ideas suggested to him now may or may not be strictly related to what went before, or for that matter what goes after.

⁸ The jilting and jilted non sequiturs that are so often displayed in *Ulysses* neatly contrast with the white-heated rarefied imagination that is put to service in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London: Grafton Books, 1988):

The instant of inspiration seemed now to be reflected from all sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstance of what had happened or of what might have happened. The instant flashed forth like a point of light and now from cloud on cloud of vague circumstance confused form was veiling softly its afterglow. O! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. (p. 196)

The imaginative horizon that is constantly evolving and expanding may perhaps be more complicated than a single sequential subject involvement could allow. Rather, it may be more logical to suppose that the conditions and situations that reify are a result of varying subject positions which in their turn kaleidoscopically and subtly change and influence each other. A case in point is the following interjection, "Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel." It is something that takes one by surprise for its abruptness and seeming lack of sequentiality. However, the mere surprise factor should not deprive the continuing subject of the right to wander around in his conscious "ratiocination." Indeed the changing scenery each passing moment provides could easily "distract" the subject into something else than what he has been pursuing in his mind, or the current imaginative expansion may possibly be tangentially related after all to whatever the tropical theme epitomized. But could there be some other factor that is vestigially found to be investing the whole narrative space with randomization, tone and obtuse abruptness that nevertheless determines the way liminal development is concretized? What is it that could possibly bridge the apparent gap between the interjection, "Walk on roseleaves," and the sentence, "Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel"? Is there any causal relation between the two, or anything that could explain the transition from one to the other? Seemingly there is none, at least as far as each considered as a significatory chunk complete to itself and on its own. The transition between the two is obviously as abrupt as anything that should surprise the reader, who may or may not be well prepared for any narrative contingencies. One thing that strikes one, however, is the sentence structure of the latter. It is, technically speaking, imperative, with a verb preceding the rest, and grammatically complete, with no structural elision recognizable. The grammatical shift, if it is of any indication, coincides with the apparent change in thought process, as the subject cuts himself off from the dominant tropical theme that has been evolving all the way from the sign on the window and strikes off to a somehow enigmatic gustatory exploration. The flippant humor that has been entertaining and at the same time mystifying the readerly mind perhaps gives license to the subject to distance himself from the flow of the linear mental and imaginative energy and seize on a theme, or non-theme perhaps, that threatens to become as arbitrarily idiosyncratic as the imaginative mind currently in ascendancy wills. It is not a visible sign that overwrites itself on the presumed liminal façade of the implied subject but the crisscrossing of mental energies that permeate the liminal space being depicted which cannot help but reveal the teeming nexus of subjective currents that lie hidden under the textual stasis. But once again, as I have mentioned this many a time, the multivalent subjective positions, or rather its potential,

does not exclude the possibility of abrupt shift in mental process as one reading of the passage obviously suggests. The structural change introduced by the imperative sentence quoted above certainly signals a sequential tendency that is distinguishable from the one that prevailed in the preceding interjections. The next sentence surprises the reader with its structural conformity to what he has expected it would take. With its prosaic unsingularity this one almost turns the imaginative world he has been constructing since the inception of this non-linear and non-traditional work topsy-turvy and, which is rather paradoxical, disorganized. The shift in direction of thought process is reiterated and the randomization evident in selection of events made by the subject is reconfirmed as the subject obviously forces the direction the mind is going further away into an aleatory path, "Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere?" The contingent nature of the way the thought is evolving in the subject's mind is evidenced by the non-committal tone the sentence evokes. Instead of the idea brought out with the coincidence of the sentence, anything else could have been manifested at this particular juncture. That suggests a possibility that the ideas associated with one subject could as well be associated with someone else. What are the subject positions that allow such fluid positionality? They may as well have something to do with the way liminal development is structured and the way the ultimate author inserts himself into the narrative, albeit ever so subtly and almost always embedded with the subjects that have presumably established an objective existence in the narrative.

The following interjection momentarily takes the readerly mind back to the tropical theme because of its evocation of the heat, leisurely exoticism and cultural otherness. But the link to the previous tropical reveries turns out to be tenuous and arbitrary, at the most. Evocation of the Dead Sea scenery merely functions as an interlude for the subject's mind to revel in smug imaginative contentment. If the previous sentence, "Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere?" was one of the concatenating links for the mind to explore unlimited imaginative possibilities that are dependent on contingencies, then the current one is also characterized by such aleatory attribute that arises from and result in no absolute mental path, which nevertheless determines the way the liminal world is developed. The casualness with which the liminal world is manifested is indeed echoed by the bathetic humor, nonsequentiality (or rather casual sequentiality) and facetiousness with which the rest of the passage is filled. An elliptical sentence forces the reader back into the inchoate, spontaneous liminal phase of the subject. The *non sequitur* that is indeed the salient feature of the mind world developed here gives the subject a certain prerogative to be

non-sequentially arbitrary in the way his mind works.⁹ But the randomization reified here is not a total one. There is certain logic and directionality to it, if seen from a certain perspective. The non-committal and interpolative interjection, "Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt," does follow from the previous interjection without much stretch of imagination, although the relation between the two is not necessarily inevitable. (The same argument can be made about it as the one I employed previously to prove the non-sequential nature of concatenation between many of the links in the passage.) However, when it fulcrums as a further "ratiocination" point non-sequentiality obtrudes to the point of absurdity. The immediate evidence appears in the following sentence. Starting with a rather rigid formulaic tone, the sentence promises to overwhelm the readerly mind with its learned profundity until the pettish nonsequentiality rips apart the rigid pseudo-scholarly surface and forces the mind to come to a grinding halt. The absurdity concomitant in the bathetic imaginative efflorescence is ready to burst into a guffaw when the subject puts a stop to it, "Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the." But the mind persists and pursues the course it has been taking for some time. It takes recourse to a higher law that can subsume all the ramifications and concretizations that are predictably derived from it. No sooner than the scholarly exercise has been attempted, however, the mind jumps back in time to the high school days when vivid memorable events took place, including those involving Vance. Despite the memorability of the scenes the phonetic values the subject attaches to each word associated with the scenes are given prominence and the thought process that is in full swing, as it were, is expedited through the euphoria and the music the subject

⁹ Conveyance of the world out there or inside the mind, with its concomitant fluidity and potential rupture of temporal linearity, through the medium of ineluctable language has been seized as an essence of the story for years. I will quote extensively from *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (New York: New Directions, 1960), xi-xii, by Harry Levin, which also suggests the pervasive presence of a viewpoint that keeps Joyce's work from possible disintegration:

Ulysses ignores the customary formalities of narration and invites us to share a flux of undifferentiated experience. We are not told how the characters behave; we are confronted with the *stimuli* that affect their behavior, and expected to respond sympathetically. The act of communication, the bond of sympathy which identifies the reader with the book, comes almost too close for comfort. The point of view, the principle of form which has served to integrate many amorphous novels, is intimate and pervasive. Joyce's efforts to achieve immediacy lead him to equate form and content, to ignore the distinction between the things he is describing and the words he is using to describe them. In this equation, time is of the essence. Events are reported when and as they occur; the tense is a continuous present. (p. 87)

himself enjoys and hears in his ratiocination.¹⁰ The “cracking” fingerjoints leads to “college curriculum” and the latter gives way to “cracking curriculum.” The music that the subject lets permeate the narrative space infects everyone involved in it and the absurd/giocoso humor carries the conscious stream along uncontrollably.

The overabundance of liminal energy and inertia of it has to be somehow contained in order to give shape to a seemingly disintegrating inchoate liminal world. The ultimate controller in the form of a third-person objective voice intervenes and provides a signpost in an attempt to moor the wandering minds to the tangible, linear sphere, “He turned away and sauntered across the road.” (Note that the call for conscious realignment is even accompanied by a formal paragraph indentation.) But the very public declaration is followed by an extremely private thought, whose reference almost eludes the readerly mind, leaving him more or less puzzled. The one following upon the heel of the enigmatic interjection is also in the realm of the private. The balance between the public and the private soon breaks down and the energy that pushes the narrative along leans toward the public realm when all-seeing objective view intervenes and describes what transpires, “As he walked he took the folded Freeman from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg.” It is again a mere contingency that results in producing a newspaper out of his pocket and it being rolled up to be held as if it were a sword cum stick. Unless we count it as symbolically important, which may as well be for its reference to the title and with its connotative importance as a formation of a modern epic, the sequence that is being depicted is another aleatory realization of non-event that would not be worth foregrounding except that it leads to the next interjection, which grows potential links to a number of thought processes that precede it. One of the obvious links would be to the speed of a falling body, which in its turn is made a copula to the subject’s college days by way of Vance. Another association that can be made with the air being reinvoked is the lethargic, stagnant and sultry air the tropical theme is ramified into. But one of the curious and interesting features of the narrative we are dealing with is non-sequentiality and randomization of incidents and thought processes that may or may not correspond to what went before them

¹⁰ In fact the question of music, tropology and prosody found in the work could also open up another issue of what Robert H. Bell in his *Jocoserious Joyce* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1991) calls polyphony, which not coincidentally is linked to bathetic humor, or general comedic slant, in *Ulysses*.

The terms and puns aptly characterize Joyce’s encyclopedic work, a receptive host to many different voices, so that its world is polyphonic, “allincluding” and “chaffering”—which picks up the farraginous implications of chaff and includes the old meaning of teasing, jesting, or bantering. (p. 2)

temporarily or structurally. On this occasion it assumes a slightly odd signifiatory importance in that the air in the target interjection, "Careless air: just drop in to see," is not easily identified as to whose subject position it is issuing from, or for that matter, whose subject position the entire interjection is moored to. Unlike the preceding liminal interjections it is patently ambiguous, particularly as it tries to evade perspectival definition the readerly mind tries to impose on it. If it were issuing from the subject who is walking toward the post office, the interjection being verbalized is naggingly redundant and even awkward. But if it were meant to be interpreted as issuing from the obtrusive author, then, the present interjection does not conform grammato-syntactically to the formulation that has been the implicit norm of the "invisible" artificer. What if it does not belong neither to the one or the other? Where does it belong properly? Or is it to be regarded as belonging to them both simultaneously and yet at the same manifesting a characteristic that is outside of them both? Or is the interjection meant to assume all the potential signification being hinted here and furthermore capable of eliding and sliding into an actual conversation with the clerk at the post office? That is, it takes place both under and above the liminal ken simultaneously? The following iterative phrases further baffle the circumscribing attempt by the readerly mind as the phrase, "per second," dashes any hope of making sense of the situation, of which the post office has to be a part, or so the mind is naturally led to construe. Instead of painting an image that is based on the present moment, the phrase necessitates the readerly mind to draw back on the preceding image that is associated with the weight of the body cum falling object cum high school days cum Dead Sea. The redundancy and the recursive nature of the thought process drag the subject into a rigmarole of tautological circularity out of which he has no hope of escaping and in which he merely lets himself go. Only that the authorial and objective voice is there to remind him of his mission to the post office, "From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice." Unlike the ambivalent subject positions that tended to conflate the different voices assigned to different characters and functions, it is the seeming univocality that strikes the reader as each voice alternately and busily pops up demarcating its own ken of authority here. A staccato rhythm, an unmistakable sign of a mind at work, returns with a vengeance, albeit for a moment. This heavily elliptical series of interjections would be as enigmatic as the other one noted above if it had not been embedded in a structure that limits its signifiatory range to a reasonable degree. The mutual demarcation of signifiatory range suggests that the two are indeed in complicity with each other in order to generate a fluid world that is almost directionless and inchoate unless some signposts are placed at strategic

moments and places, each framing and pointing to the other. In this passage the third-person objective remarks and descriptions help the embedded liminal interjections in a manner that is intelligible to the readerly mind and yet not so limited as to be rendered univocal in signification and functionality. The heavily punctuated thought process here manifested as a reference to the previous thought process is made manageable because the movement, both temporal and extensional, gives an appropriate context to the liminal interjection, which would be otherwise enigmatic, to say the least. If I go back a little and focus on the concatenated interjections, "Per second, per second. Per second for every second it means," they are, as I have already noted, given a referential signification that harks back to the previous interjection linked to the overall tropical theme. That is one aspect of the interjectional line that initially shows to the readerly mind. But when the latter reaches nearly the end of the current passage he is reminded of an alternate function the time reference might have in the overall scheme of the narrative. It not only evokes the non-sequential link to the speed of the falling object and all those impinged upon it but also it is made relevant to the business hours of the post office our subject is visiting. Indeed, every second counts as the subject nears his destination and the closing time, he perceives, impends. But the presumed private thoughts that obtrude without any consideration for their comprehensibility to the readerly mind (which is the way they should be if they are to remain strictly private) would possibly possess no tangential relevance to the public realm, which includes everything that is apart from the subject's mind, including the reader and others who are supposed to maintain their autonomous liminal spheres, unless the authorial hand allocates definable signification at strategic points. The seeming alternating voices the readerly mind hears are in fact in complicity in that sense in order to create a meaningful space that comprehends both the public and private realms and allow them to organize themselves in a reconstitutive manner. Without this complicity such concatenation of interjections, "Too late box. Post here. No-one. In," would become too cryptic and elliptical to convey any sense to the readerly mind. Without the situational signification, which gives rise to the context, the complicated nuances that arise from the concatenation would be impossible to enter the public realm and would certainly remain within the boundaries of the nebulous private one. Of course, there is a narrative alternative to strictly limit and suppress the "private thoughts" within the private realm, allowing the inchoate and multivalent signification to seep out to the public realm. Under such circumstances the signification handed over to the other consciousnesses can never become rendered into something that is univocally definable and in that sense truly sharable. Fortunately for the reader, the

author for the moment chooses to make the private thoughts decodable, although not in a limited and self-restricting sense but in a way that indicates the range within which liminal interjections are to be expanded and referenced and reconstituted. With that in mind let us look at the concatenated interjections quoted above.

In the staccato interjection, "Too late box. Post here. No-one. In.," the facticity of the authorial hand and the unmediated spontaneous liminal eruption take place both simultaneously. Following upon the heel of the obvious narrative voice, which explains the circumstances in which the quoted conscious move transpires, the interjection gives a sense of abrupt shift and drastic break from the narrative objectivity that has taken the subject to the current spatial position in the physical as well as narrative coordinates. As it happened before, the objective description circumscribes the unlimited possibilities the conscious interjection holds and gives the reader a means with which to significatorily tackle the target interjection. The cryptic line might pan out, "it may be too late for the box," or "is it too late to open the box?" or other interpolated sentences that may or may not be related to the ones given here. The liminal inchoate condition does not provide pathways through which to reach the core of the conscious signification, at least in a condition where it maintains its absolute autonomy and independence. However, the framed structure in which the present interjection is manifested does allow for glimpses at the significatory chunks with which the total signification could be constituted. In other words, the inchoate conscious sphere is not totally indifferent to the readerly attempt to decode the communicable messages potentially contained in the interjectional conscious reification. Because of the signposts the reader recognizes throughout the passage and the accumulation of the factitious structurality the next line, "Post here," too becomes interpolateable, which otherwise would remain within the orbit of private incommunicability. In a state where significatory bits are both within the private and public realms ambiguity ever remains when the interjections are interpolated. Is the target line to be interpreted as, "here I am finally at the postoffice," or "I can post my mail here," or as a derivative of the last, "I can pick up my mail here," or even something else that is as equally valid and supported under the circumstances? Shorter interjections get shorter in this series. The next one is just a block of structural and syntactical component, which in inauspicious moments would be forever lost in the limbo of significatory indifferentiation. However, the factitious hand thrusts itself into the interpretational circle and allows the reconstitutive process to set in. What is curious about this short interjection is that the staccato rhythm that accompanies the series of interjections now enables the line to ramify into a liminal eruption and an authorial interpolation to

define the state in which the subject is positioned at this juncture—the two processes and resultant conditions that are inherently heterogeneous if we interleave subject positions into the way interjections are interpreted and interpolated. Do they also go in tandem in the present one in that the target interjection simultaneously refers to the moment-to-moment physical movement the subject is supposed to be exhibiting and to the subject's corresponding reaction to it, perhaps with emphasis upon the former? A kind of slow motion coverage of what is taking place? The interjection, "No-one," certainly encourages this reading as the readerly mind quickly grasps and incorporates the proceeding very fragmentary interjection.

By the end of the series of interjections the mind's eye of the reader is seeing the actionable liminal expressions pan out movement by movement rather than the unconscious realm to reach out with its factitious messages attributable to the subject. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that both take place simultaneously with the readerly mind and eyes made quite active. The action that simultaneously occurs with the conscious move is in fact foregrounded with the overcrowding of viewpoints and subject positions. As soon as the mind registers "In," which both announces that there is no likelihood of other people "In" at this late hour and the subject's actual movement that results in his entering the office, an actual conversation takes place, which presupposes another independent presence: "Are there any letters for me?" This is the most normal narrative type that is usually seen in traditional storytelling. A subject asks if the postmistress has something to give to him and the question is putatively reported by a reliable third party, who nevertheless remains unobtrusively hidden behind the scene. The innocent structure, however, brings the vestigial artificer to the fore from where he has been ever implied through the elliptical interjections. In a sense the division between the non-traditional and traditional structures merely sheds light on the ubiquity of the ineluctable presence of the artificer that cannot be completely wiped out from the intricately concatenated episodes comprehended under the title Ulysses. The interrogative sentence is a transparent eruption of the objective presence which we know as a reliable source of the situational reconstituter. The situational definition is continued onto the next circumstantial description appended to the actual dialog. The artificer who intrudes into the narrative as an unmistakable arbitrator of the narrative maintains his subjective valence well into the current passage where the liminal voice and the objective presence of the reliable subject gradually merge and substitute each other in the murky realm of the unconscious/conscious. It is one reason why the next series of apparent interjections, "No answer probably. Went too far last time," both does and does not surprise the reader with its abruptness. The seeming private thought

implied in the interjections are turned into a completely shareable public thought at this stage while the idiosyncratic syntactical ellipsis valiantly tries to evade smooth formalized communication between the subject in question and the mind that tries to impose a significatory shape on the liminal concretization. It is true that the liminal portion is distinguishable from the rest by the rhythm and prosodic patterning embedded in the elliptical interjections but they are no longer significatorily resisting elements, dragging the contained meaning and nuances ever deeper into the private subjective realm. They are rather auxiliary enhancer of communication that takes the readerly mind ever deeper into the liminal depths and yet lets him go back to the objective public sphere where the conscious interfacing becomes possible with ever greater understanding of the inchoate realms of the private minds. It may seem rather curious at first that such odd verbal interjections are at all inscribed to be conveyed to the reader. But what a gamut of liminal and situational nuances can be made sharable by dint of them! That is a magic of the artificer who patiently hides behind the text and yet allows ample expansion of private realms while never in fact yielding the complete sovereignty both over the “autonomous” consciousnesses and the narrative.

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Ulysses の Conscious/Unconscious に見られる Facticity と音楽的パターンについて

James Joyce の Ulysses はその特異な Conscious/Unconscious 描写のため、意味的に含蓄された部分の多い作品として知られている。この論文ではテキストに言葉として明示されない部分に主に着目して、Ulysses の Conscious/Unconscious の流れに何が起こっているのかを叙述部の背後に見え隠れする Facticity や音楽的 (prosodic) パターンなどを中心に分析、そして検証してみた。