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Ulyssesにおけるリズム、ユーモアと比喩・音韻の流れ

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Rhythm, Humor and Meta-Structure in *Ulysses*

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The way *Ulysses*, without doubt James Joyce's masterpiece, develops and progresses towards the end of its narrative structure is rather enigmatic until you bring in the concept of rhythm and humor into the story. The novel does not evolve along a set narratological plotline or auxiliary timeline—a time-honored and easy-to-recognize reference point for the readers of most creative works. Rather, the story expands in indefinite and unpredictable directions simultaneously in a manner that exhibits randomization which defies the law of traditional organicity to such an extent that more often than not it seems to be plunging into a dissipative disorganization where every bits of choppy sentences and verbal items merely fly around without teleological principles to control them. In a way the story forces the reader to come up with an interpretative wherewithal to grapple and come face to face with the narrative structure until one realizes a need for a guiding light that will hopefully get him through the apparent labyrinthine chaos of logorrheic jumble.¹ In this paper I propose and present dual conceptual hypotheses to deal with the seeming *huis clos* and let their potential heuristic functionalities maximally come into play to achieve the organic linkage that tends to be hidden beneath the surface of apparent narratological and cognitive indirectionality. I do not claim to have discovered the new and exciting roles these two conceptual tools play in this postmodern work but they may as well be resurrected because there may still be a space where they can be further utilized to expand the signifiatory horizon of Joyce's extremely creative work. They could possibly suggest why certain cognitive sequences, or description of which, are strung together when the sequentiality could only be determined, or rather undetermined, by

¹ The resistance *Ulysses* poses for most readers may be interpreted from the perspective of active metamorphosis Joyce's text undergoes in the unique narrative space, or what Colin MacCabe describes as "constant displacement in language." According to MacCabe what is accomplished in the story is not a traditional fulfillment of representation but rather its opposite, a concept conveyed by his rather over-comprehensive notion of representational destruction. MacCabe also seems to suggest the easy transmutation between liquid subjective expansion and growing subjective assertion, thus guaranteeing the imaginative divagatory realm I am delving into in this paper. See Colin MacCabe, *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* (Macmillan, 1978) pp. 2-4.

the whim of the author and nothing else. What if the syntactical and signficatory concatenation, or a series of such concatenations, can be explained and logically followed through until all the dissipatory elements are grouped together and made into another bit of signficatory chunk, which in its turn can be utilized to shed new light on other aspects of the story? What if the two heuristic conceptual interpolations combined lead to a different signficatory plane where an as-yet unexplored narratological nuances are brewed and give rise to other conceptual handles to further orotund the narrative space demarcated by the title *Ulysses*? It is an exciting possibility, which in itself seems worth pursuing. In this paper I intend to delineate the importance of rhythm and humor as they play out in *Ulysses* and trace the path of signficatory and associative expansions that are refracted by the two, which our author craftily and unbeknownst to the careless reader effectively embeds within the framework of the narrative. They are mostly immanent and unobtrusive and inherently neither self-extrictative nor self-explicative, but as long as we are patient and persistent, paying close attention to the hidden and oftener-times-than-not camouflaged conjunctivity of phrasal and structural constituents, I am sure we will be able to trace the organicistic content and details of the structuring of the story. For that purpose, albeit the task promises to be filled with tedium, I propose to work item by item as the story is presented to the reader along the temporal line, which may sound paradoxical but nevertheless inevitable. Needless to say, since the ever-expanding conscious and narrative evolution cannot but be inscribed within an ineluctable unitary framework, my methodology and choice thereof to explore the creative space of *Ulysses* may be justified.

The scene I target will be the sequence that directly proceeds from the newsroom segment where a collage of images and impressionistic conversations obtrudes from the rather rarefied reality-impacted fictional space. As soon as the narrative escapes from it, the tone shifts a little more towards a rhythm and contextually driven one appropriate for peripatetic exploration of our hero's conscious realm. The manner in which the current section begins, however, does signify an autonomous tendency the story has been manifesting from the outset. Let us look at the line closely. Rather abruptly it begins, "Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch. A sugarsticky girl shoveling spoonfuls of creams for a Christian brother" (p. 151). As the names of the sweets are reiterated in the hero's mind, an indescribably pleasant sensation fills it that can be almost tasted on his tongue and as he imaginatively savors the colorful sweets they exude the cracklingly coruscating blissful sense of well-being

that sends Bloom on an associative journey, which at this point is yet to be concretized.² But what reverberates most at this juncture is the musical jouissance the sentence and the constituent phrases suggest our hero enjoys. The consonants, such as “k,” “l” and “r,” fill the line, indicating our hero’s conscious and both deliberate and deliberative attachment to the musicality they create while the overall effect the example contributes is the condition in which Bloom allows himself to be carried away in bliss and self-indulgent playfulness. In the midst of the liquid and yet crackling sensation dashed with rollicky mischievousness Bloom recognizes, or which might as well be what his mind wills him to reconstitute, “a Christian brother” waiting for “scoopfuls of creams.” The joyousness and amiability of the whole scene balloons from the short descriptive sketch rendered here, which may be a fit sequel to the hectic newspaper room where Bloom confines himself daily, although the previous scene gives rise to a poetic as well as creative space involving a gamut of characters who, while remaining shadowy, are at the same time starkly and distinctively individuated. Notice that in the seemingly innocent phrase, “a christian brother,” the phonetic resonance makes itself thematically associative. Not only the preceding “scoopfuls of creams” as well as those verbal manifestations of playfulness that precede it try to weave a prosodo-thematic pattern, perhaps unbeknownst to the reader, but also they turn out to be a prelude to the occurrence as well as appearance of “a Christian brother.” Does that mean that the Christian brother is noted at this juncture because of the dominant sound that seemingly prepares for a phrase which corresponds to the phonetico-thematic scheme being developed in this segment? Is his presence merely an auxiliary one that lacks absolute necessity except that it fulfills a contingency purpose, if we can call a thematic necessity a contingency? This surmise seems suddenly all too plausible when the readerly mind meets a fortuitous interjection, “Some school treat.” Aside from the chances of a factual association that has possibly some empirical foundation relating to our hero or his emotions derived from the whole scene that constantly develops before his eyes, the Christian brother increasingly becomes a sympathetic presence that owes its existence to the sensations occurring within our hero on the spur of the moment. But in the meantime Bloom continues his

² The dilatory and associative tendency Bloom demonstrates could be tied to what Terence Hawkes terms the auto-referentiality any literary work manifests in its unique aesthetic space. Although Hawkes develops his argument from semiotics, the way each word sets off unlimited reveries within the phenomenological world of our hero in *Ulysses* indeed suggests the breadth of signary/significatory autonomy each term possesses in this highly imaginative work. See Terence Hawkes, *Structuralism and Semiotics* (UCLA Press, 1977), p. 140.

phenomeno-phenomenological excursion along the same phonetico-thematic line.

The answer, in his mind needless to say, to the interjection, "Some school treat," is rather officious and expressive of a chuckling concern for those who consume too many sweets, "Bad for their tummies." The train of thought generated by the sight of the girl scooping out appetite enticing creams sets our hero's mind drifting further into the rhythmical escapade that simply feels good to him at the moment. There is no defining associative link between what causes the current reverie and what ensues from the immediate external scene. If there is, it is the sound and the signficatory associative one Bloom happens to find interesting and in synch with his peripatetic mind-set. Following upon the sweet, delectable treat a young man receives from the refreshingly sightly maiden, our hero invokes a line that is ubiquitously imprinted on almost all packages of products deemed decent to be consumed by worthy people of Ireland, a country blessed with a neighbor both benign and patronizingly controlling. The line does not seem to have any further connotation than what it is connected to the scene that develops before Bloom, except that it inevitably evokes the kind of sentiments Mr. Daedalus and others are full of, as indeed amply demonstrated in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. I will not get into that here for the reason that too much politics and vituperative subjective entanglements with the contemporary issues of Ireland is likely to lead to a literary quagmire which eventually results in limited purviews that should be more than a little upsetting to the readers of *Ulysses*. (By the by, the desire for the objective distance that enables aesthetic potential to expand may perhaps be the very reason why our author chose Bloom, a Jew, to represent the complicated narrative we are dealing with, albeit, needless to say, he is merely one of the representative perspectives that allow the readers to enter into the often cacophonous world of *Ulysses*.) Note how the words, coming out rather intermittently, flow almost reflexively, as if they are an element that does not need any particular ratiocination on the part of the subject or rather in spite of the conscious control Bloom apparently possesses over the selection of scenes and aspects of his consciousness he lets us readers eavesdrop on. The lozenge and comfit manufacturer, which is good enough to dedicate its products to the King, of course, evokes a patriotic refrain familiar to any British subject. Although the mixed emotions of the Irish are bound to intervene here, Bloom makes the implied non-musico-reflexive strains conspicuously redundant—which means the issue might come haunting the readers with a vengeance—and limits himself to the automaton-like reprise, "God. Save. Our." Bloom concludes the eruption of the "noble," refreshingly patriotic sentiment—which Virginia Woolf notes in her novel as something that fills the air and every nook and

cranny of London street with a sharp sensation, linking all gamut of people as a unified whole of Her Majesty's subjects—with a bathetic sequel that is both emptied of meaning and humorous to the degree that the words used and yanked together represent merely the signature that is associated with a manufacturer and the products it produces and nothing more. The stop our hero's mind puts to the continuous series of words and phrases with the imagery that is prominently congruous with the current scene developing before and around him makes the line almost farcical. His Majesty the king of England and Scotland etc., bedecked in his august self, is ironically combined with the image of some petty infantile personage sucking "red jujubes white." Despite the emphatically non-political slant of our hero (at least so far) the cursory deprecation of the head and symbol of the great empire cannot help hinting at other aspects of the story that are far more profound and layered than mere rhythmical and associative progression of the story suggests. But our purpose for the moment is not to delve into the deeper implications of such occasional revelatory moments but to pursue the flow of Bloom's mind as it seizes on the external stimuli and develops webs of associative links based on them, although the obvious linkage is often extremely tenuous.

The next pointman, as it were, who plays a significatorily prominent role in the mind of our hero is a "somber Y.M.C.A. young man," who may or may not be identical with the "christian brother" but now seemingly inextricably endowed with the flavors of "pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch" via the "sugarsticky" girl. Against the backdrop of quite unsombre, colorful and flavorful joi de vivre, the brother passes our hero a pamphlet, which conjures up a variegated range of emotional and conscious reactions on the part of Bloom. Without any circumstantial footnote the mind of our hero plunges into a state that is appropriately rendered by the one-liner, which obviously is a caption he reads on the "throwaway." It is slightly offputting, however, when the reader encounters the line in his hurrying moment to concatenate ever-scattering passages that seem to grow every second (or rather in this spatio-temporal synchronic work, seem to expand simultaneously on the narrative canvas). Interestingly enough, the "heart to heart talk" is transposed to an actionable plane while Bloom communicates and identifies with the message and its sender and originator and processes the encoded signal and acts upon it according to the whim of the moment. At the same time he lets on that his mind is seizing the prominent words and phrases that can be processed in a manner that suits the peripatetic momentum he is enjoying. It suggests a possibility that the first line he brings to the reader's attention becomes reified because it serves the mind's purpose to utilize it and turn it into a link to further phenomenological rambling. Regardless of whether the following

word actually begins with Blood, as reader is likely and hurriedly to come to the conclusion, it is meaningful in that the word suggested here is evocative of his own name, Bloom, which is rather humorous and reflective of the character of our current narrative hero, and at the same time functions as a connective and associative element to urge the hero's mind to go further on a mystical and possibly futile and of course humorous discovery of the significance of the then and now and the contingency of his being there and handed out a flier. The next line, "Blood of the Lamb," obviously another one that echoes the phrase in the "throwaway" and the one that carries over the farcical connotations opened up in the previous line, sticks to Blooms' mind and sends him off to another mental journey to work on its deeper significance. At this point, an authorial interjection, a descriptive one, intervenes, shifting the reader's attention to the act of Bloom focusing on the flier. But what is actually taking place, which may be rather unhinging and in that sense redoubles the bathetic slant of the narrative, is that Bloom is merely and desultorily looking for hints to let his mind fly in every which direction. No wonder his feet are noted to be "slow." That is what actually happens when one's mind is seemingly on one thing but in fact preoccupied with other more absorbing things. In response to the sermon-like rhetorical questions, our hero deliberately opts to answer or not depending on the message they convey to him. In other words, how the sermon can be made to ramify in Bloom's mind determines the degree to which the original flier content is foregrounded. But as the process of conscious selection and creative imagination takes ascendancy over the literal interpretation of the flier, its content is constantly in danger of being bent and overtaken by the mind intent on satisfying its musico-thematico-logo-centric whimsies.³

Such in fact is the case as Bloom lets his mind loose on the theme opened up by the flier. As he walks down the street, just as it happens in *Mrs. Dalloway* by Virginia Woolf, the words and phrases that particularly attract his attention are turned and twisted in a manner that most entertains his inner psyche. (In this context, reference to his members as the locomotive organ, which they are in fact, is noteworthy in that his mind and the rest of his body are not particularly involved in the act of peregrination but the "slow feet," which are preeminently instanced as the means of locomotion, are

³ It may be rather overdue to introduce a comment made by none other than a potentate of literary criticism, William Empson, in connection with the musicality that is persistently noted in this paper. Although he may not completely agree with the points I am asserting in this writing, he at least stated that music "one of the few serious positive arts" in the novel. The relevance of the comment, once again, may be moot but the possibility of the prominence of music in the work of Joyce cannot be iterated enough. See William Empson, *Kenyon Review* (18: 31, 1956), p. 151.

solely and independently responsible for the somnambulistic moments our hero enjoys here.) In this passage the key is the "blood" of God that is turned into many layered signifiatory take-off points. The initial line, "All are washed in the blood of the lamb," is likely to be a literal reiteration of the message contained in the flier, although there is always a chance that some of it may well have been already transmogrified via the fertile mind of our hero. Regardless of the literality of the initial line, it performs as a cue for the mind to interpose and digress into any musico-thematic divagations. With his typical humor and bathetic comic slant, Bloom changes the seemingly sacrosanct theological line into something that impinges upon a pagan sacrificial ritual, "God wants blood victim," and he smugly finds metapho-transmogrification rather satisfying at that particular juncture. Upon the heels of that outrageous/comic interposition/interpretation comes the concatenated terms and phrases somehow related to the key word blood. The juxtaposition of these terms is not singly and solely laid out in their relevance to the word blood, rather, they are there to spontaneously (as it were) suggest the possible mental processes and inclinations that surface vis-à-vis and through these terms despite the subject who assumes nonchalance, at least externally. In the mind of Bloom the cue line, "All are washed in the blood of the lamb," comes to signify variegated layers of meanings as it is modified and modulated according to his mood at the moment. It can be morphed into a pagan ritualistic blood sacrifice, however the twisted blasphemous connotations may be inflected on the sanctified time-honored theological imagery. But, as it turns out, our hero is not exactly in a mood to pursue pagan ramifications at the moment. Rather he seizes the blood element in the sentence and enlarges on it in the following manner, "Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burnt offering, druid's altars." The spontaneous reaction of the mind, with its quirky conditional and unconditional response to the blood (sacrifice) is no other than its primordial unmediated and visceral response to the concept blood or what it is made to signify.

With its concomitant humor, as well as potential profundity and superficiality, the text takes the reader along a sequence of images that are indicative of the ubiquity and relevance of blood in every aspect of human life. But whatever bathetic and comical effect that is packed into the passage comes tumbling down from the verbal plethora that is thrust into the reader's narrative horizon. Some of the images that float from the passage almost overwhelm the reader as they evoke biological genesis and the general complexities arising from the condition of being human; however, on the other hand, they simultaneously generate insouciant laughter and farsicalness and, which in fact may be well calculated on the part of the narrative controller behind the

scene, risqué overtones that try to overturn the official and sweeping grandiosity the vast historical frame desperately tries to maintain. Regardless of the direction the narrative controller sets over the overall flow of the passage, which however is half-hearted at most allowing many conflicting conscious and interpretational trajectories to cross each other, images that let the reader seize on as the authentic representations of the narrative mood are the ones that go counter to the ethos the flier obviously and literally should convey both to the reader and the hero. Even a careless reader should realize the ticklish and salacious interest the self takes in the derivative overtones the keyword elicits from our hero. Juxtaposition of birth with hymen is not the work of someone who is intent on hagiological interpretation of the words obviously contained in the flier. The downward trend of the subject is continued as the mind drags the louche concatenative reverberations further down to the imaginative sphere where playfulness and mischievous smugness join and produce even more facetious grotesqueries.⁴ The outrageous course set by the initial two words is somewhat promisingly readjusted and yields quite serio-orthodox-sounding terms, "martyr, war." However, the momentary hope in orthodoxy merely gives rise to other concatenative offshoots, one of which, a primitive autochthonous blood hungry ritualistic pseudo-mythical one, takes ascendancy and fixes the associative direction our hero's mind is to take. Once the faux-notations of the keyword pan out the by now familiar bathos sets in that is attributable to the discrepancy between the original message and the exegetic interpretation developed in the fertile mind of Bloom. The flight of imagination our hero displays here turns the grandest patriarchal imagery into something pettish on the par with any other pagan rituals as the "kidney" is yanked together with "burntoffering" and the "foundation of a building," typified perhaps by the hills of Rome, is invoked with an accompanying "ritual" that is completely uncalled for. The series of concatenated images only lead to the epitome of paganism flourished in the British Isles before the dawn of civilization that happens to coincide with the arrival of the Romans. At this point our hero's mind recurs to the line perhaps directly related

⁴ The imaginative expansion seen in *Ulysses*, particularly in connection with Bloom, is echoed by Robert H. Bell, all the more relevantly as Bell resorts to a musical analogy:

Even when nothing special is happening to him, Bloom's inner life seems full, rich, and bustling precisely because he is foolishly playful, constantly entertaining himself with perceptions, curiosity, and speculations. His very consciousness is polyphonic, the clash and din of myriad voices; here too the fool sacrifices integrity for possibility, unity for multiplicity.... Has any character perceived banality with more beauty and dignity? Bloom achieves this transformation by selfless immersion in the stream of life and a kind of sympathetic imagination.

See Robert H. Bell, *Jocoserious Joyce* (Cornell University Press, 1991), p. 50.

to the flier, "Elijah is coming," which in itself indicates how easily his mind takes flight away from the object that should be his literal and immediate concern to something that may be simply metaphorically linked to the former in his mind.

Because of the expansive and digressive tendency of our hero's the proceeding lines promise to be signicatorily dynamically positioned, but because of a certain tonal shift they foreground intensified literality that is reflected by the jeremiacally vehement arrival of Dr John Alexander Dowie in the area. With a mental fanfare that rings sonorously in the conscious realm of our hero Bloom seizes a thread that is a variant of the one that has been followed through in the preceding segment and focuses on the ramifications of the crusader and the church the latter is purportedly building in the name of the Lord. The words that coalesce in the mind of Bloom at this point are rather curious, and even a little off-putting. As they appear seemingly out of nowhere and with the abruptness that seems to break away from the preceding context, the moment they concretize into a succinct and yet somehow recondite expression, "Paying game," the verbal reification almost shocks the reader with its rude irrelevance. One wonders what the mind is referring to, or even whether it now has taken a wrong turn and led the reader astray into a ken where a completely heterogeneous set of ideas dominate and determine the imaginative direction our hero is to take. But the most orthodox interpretational strategy prevails under the uncertain circumstances and the reader thrusts the next bit of information into the holistic significatory picture in order to make sense of the segment involving the obtuse phenomenological interjection. The second term, however, also turns out to be something completely private to the mind of Bloom, as the names and the implicit context they are embedded in strike the reader rather fortuitous and, to some degree, even gratuitous. A clue to the conundrum presented to the reader coincides with the third term in the current passage as the hero's mind emphatically and scandalously gloats over "polygamy." The names cited here, as if materializing out of the blue, have something to do with marital infidelity, the interpretative self presumes, and putting them in the context of the current train of associative thought process, the reader surmises they are all linked to the church. The initial term then starts to, albeit rather vaguely yet, make sense. The two personages named here are involved in a scandal that is of both pecuniary and ethical nature and they are made a butt of lampoon, at least in the mind of our hero. As they are brought in and reflected upon the standards of what ought to and what ought to have been, Bloom's mind is filled with a farcical bathos that spawns a sordid detail embroiling the wife of one of the personages cited. At this juncture even the sacred icon of Christianity transforms into

an object of pecuniary opportunity, a mere replica epitomizing commercialism. Bloom chuckles over a vaporous imaginative possibility as he imagines the Savior greeting a somnambulist while the latter wanders off to the bathroom. The fertile mind of our hero gives rise to a thought on how to properly and cleanly impale the Lord, "Our Saviour" using specific nails. In itself rather grotesque and baroque, as Bloom himself seems to acknowledge, "...see him on the wall, hanging...[i]ron nails ran in," the description takes a definite turn for the ridiculous as Bloom cogitates the septic means to display the ultimate symbol of sacrifice, and in so doing raising the materiality of the nails to impale the hanging object on the par with, or homologous to, that of the body of Christ. What makes the pseudo-serious cogitation so risible is that the mind, as it concentrates on the minute details of the material aspect of oxidization, seems to be truly entrapped in the chemical aspect of rustification and the ways to prevent it through what Bloom considers is the effective means available. When he rises above the thought process with a eureka he cannot help but congratulate himself on a splendid discovery, "Phosphorus it must be done with." Where is the chemical derived from? he rhetorically asks. When the mind comes up with "codfish" the whole series of ratiocination becomes tinged with dead pan comedy that the only one that is unaware of the bathetic implications is the mind itself, albeit that Bloom himself obviously enjoys the train of thought sprung from the messages contained in the flier as being a rich material to let his imagination work on—which suggests a possibility, without too much arbitrary construal, I hope, that the observer of external events, who happens to coincide with Bloom the hero and pseudo-narrator, and the mind that is totally engulfed in the "scientific cogitation" are somewhat separate entities that need to be kept independent as far as the narrative perspective is concerned, which by the way suggests still another possibility that Bloom the character is in fact a pseudo-representative of the master-narrator that is always lurking behind each character who plays a role in this untraditional work. The phosphorescent anti-rustification agent gives way to a thematic expansion that is related to the nature of the chemical, its color, smell, and other distinct characteristics as well as what once happened to Bloom in the past involving it. (The associative episode that develops from phosphorescent is reminiscent of a dark-room comedy that is well-established in Western narrative tradition and which Chaucer adroitly put to use in his famous tales.) Upon urgent request of his wife Bloom undertakes a portentous journey downstairs in the middle of the night. A malodorous smell of fish smites the olfactory organ of our hero and almost nauseates him. To his surprise, despite his somnambulist state, he finds the smell almost completely filling the downstairs space.

Once the mind, both of our hero and the reader, is reascertained of the purpose of the journey, although the apocalyptic moment in fact takes place both then and now simultaneously, the pettiness of the object of Bloom's quest almost overwhelms the reader with an impending guffaw. As if to further drive home the bathetic nature of the quest, Bloom particularizes an object that has visually concretized in his solipsistic mind by naming it, which not surprisingly sounds as unaugust as "Malaga raisins." The name in its turn sets another phonetico-thematic associations until the mind is filled with ineffable euphoria, which in its turn becomes a fertile ground for imaginative expansion. The concrete name that determines the kind of raisin in the particular object connects itself with a train of thoughts which Bloom almost reflexively finds are unconditionally related to or even part as well as subsumptive of the name, "Malaga raisins." In that phenomenological framework Bloom and his mind jump to the memory of Rudy's birth and the circumstances centered on the epochal event. As if the little jump in memory and narrative plot is not enough to detour the linear framework of the story, the mind, without any reason at all except for the determinant whim it is under at the moment, recurs to the anti-oxidant. It is not the self-same attribute of phosphorescent that has been discussed which the mind is focused on this time but its alimentary effect, although the visual and gustatory aspects of the same substance are phenomenologically interlocked as the mind tries to search for every possible development from the originary key word, which it seized as singularly worth enlarging upon. The choppy expressions of mind's intuitive response to the key word conclude the current segment with a reminiscent sound signature that rings vaguely familiar until one retraces a number of expressive chunks and identifies the phonetic recurrence that, it turns out, dominates the digressive phenomenological/immanent escapade. The variegated methods of attaching itself to a given element, either internally or externally, demonstrate that the mind as it works through the narrative space and impinges upon temporal evolution does not necessarily describes a linear trajectory, moving from one object to another on a certain thematic line or among objects that are somehow conjoined under certain unifying principles, but chooses and prescribes its own rules and principles that are independent of time and place and, conforming to and diverging from those intricate and often nebulous concatenative principles, gives rise to a phenomenological flow that in the end appears dashed with ever so many contradictory and digressive ideas that without any external aid whatsoever, such as the master narrator could supply, the readers would be somewhat lost, to say the least.

Thus the very descriptive and traditional narrative indicator in the next line,

"From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk." As soon as Bloom looks over the external scenery he recollects and somehow associates it with Dedalus' daughter. The rest of the passage is constituted, at least up to a certain point, with images and linkages derived from the Dedalus-daughter-scenery triad that establishes at the inception of the segment. The way the mind works is inscrutable but here there is certain logic to it, albeit none too rational or the kind used in mathematics or the discipline called by the same name that is entrenched in Western tradition. The first line in the current passage, "Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auctionrooms," not so incidentally supplies the circumstantial evidence which the reader can use to splice together other contingent details that pop up throughout the narrative. This line, along with what is a natural sequitur from the external scenery that is developing before Bloom's eyes, ineluctably leads to the person of one of his friends' daughter. The sequence of lines thereafter is just incremental details concerning her, albeit they are provided rather elliptically, as an indicator perhaps that what is taking place textually is mere mirroring of what is fluidly and loosely forming in the hero's mind. Just when her person is being montaged together with bits of information, which nevertheless may be neither accurate nor inaccurate coming from the fertile mind of our hero, Bloom lets his mind expand in ever enlarging circle of imaginative reverie. The thought process may be divagating but the fundamental thematic line that runs through the passage is unitary, at least so far. As the daughter is likened to her father through her physical characteristic, "Knew her eyes at once form her father," she is made a platform on which to consider the familial division that led to her current employment as an income earner/supplementer. The officious and rather intrusive cogitation is a rather pleasing as well as absorbing pastime for Bloom that he keeps letting his imagination run along the same theme for the rest of the passage. Without much circumstantial explanation, which of course is redundant, as the mind is ostensibly talking to itself, it concludes that "Home always breaks up when the mother goes." Although there is no additional information to corroborate the inferred situation that Bloom suggests establishes at his friend's home, the reader is at least encouraged, for lack of other conflicting evidence, to extract a certain amount of objective and lingering facts from the hero's surmise. Inevitably, which is interesting as well as ironic if we consider the eventual outcome that materializes, the reader finds himself reading along with our hero, often identifying with him unbeknownst to himself, as the latter unrestrainedly looses his imagination over the presumed condition of the Dedaluses. What ensues is Bloom's smug inference about the household and by extension his view on the religion they supposedly uphold,

or rather more accurately and in view of the actual episodic ramifications that entail, our hero's prejudice against the religion that is generally practiced in the land of shamrocks. Note how humorously Bloom pursues the jocose and comedic mental banter on the theme of "Increase and multiply," which, in his view, Dedalus faithfully and literally practices, begetting more than a dozen offspring as a result. Although there is no concrete evidence to contradict Bloom's estimate, there is no objective supportive information that corroborates his view either. As outrageous as the number may seem, our hero is relentless in his pursuit of having an optimally pleasant time harping on the same theme, that is, making his friend and family a butt of his rhythmico-thematic facetious cogitation. Bloom counts backward the number of years they have been married and tally it with the number of children they had so far and concludes, rather scandalously, which is simply a smug way of cajoling himself on his clever statistical manipulation/calculation, "Birth every year almost." Bloom relishes the resonant significatory coincidence, which in fact he himself brings about, in a phrase that ensues upon the previous one, "that's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution." In its redundancy, the ultimate and the penultimate words, of course particularly the former, foreground the euphoria Bloom experiences. It goes almost without saying that the state in which he finds himself, unbeknownst to himself most likely, is a spontaneous materialization of his essential being, with all the whims and peculiarities and inclinations, but the gratuity which comes out almost marked to the reader as he skims over the descriptive passage on his way to the next conjoined phrase/segment redelineates the rhythmico-thematic progressive slant that underpins the thought pattern which emerges from our hero's desultory mental excursion. It is therefore by no means a coincidence that a pat phrase like "Increase and multiply" occurs on the heels of the previous line, which is also riddled with redundancy.

Gratuity, which is underpinned by a definite rhythmico-thematic tendency that arises from the meandering and collage-like conscious labyrinthine lucubration, directs the way, albeit not necessarily unconditionally or with absolute constraint, our hero's mind works as it projects its influence over the objects it attaches to, somehow limiting the range within which the mind tropologizes the metaphorical, as well as phonetico-lingual, coincidences. Bloom's mind continues along the same line as he harps on a ramification of unconstrained begetting. In half pity and half patronizingly comedic abandon he philosophizes the consequences of overpopulation, as it tips over the balance between supply and demand, only in this case it is related to food and household economy, "Eat you out of house and home." A rather neat phrase, which

Bloom obviously finds rather expressive of the situation involving his friend and his family, eggs our hero on to further elaborate on the same theme along the rhythmic-thematic and tropological line. This time the key term is "the fat of the land." The fat of the land is unconditionally linked to whatever provisions available to the family at the moment and the idea immediately leads to the "butteries and larders" of the family in Bloom's mind. Once the bounty of the land is introduced to give insight into the pecuniary as well as deficient condition of the family Bloom makes up a somewhat hypothetical situation that aptly contrasts with the family's current plight. The contrast he delineates is not only economic, as well as nutritional, in nature but also something that delves deeper into the religio-cultural foundations upon which two characters are presumably narrativistically built. Not that Bloom drags his friend into a stolid and profound civilizational conflict where every bit of humor is lost in the all-too serio-tragic hegemonic combat. Rather Bloom just puts his friend in a hypothetical bathetic situation where the latter is apportioned a strict ritualistic diet appropriate for someone who does not earn much and expends disproportionately more because of the supernumerary offspring he has propagated. Here paganism obviously pays off, as our hero broadens the scope of his argument—if we can call the monological ratiocination that happens strictly "phenomenologically" an argument comparable to those that take place in a more traditional setup such as among a number of interlocutors facing each other—far beyond a mere alimentary economic issue which the initial segment of the passage tends to let the reader believe being dealt with (albeit the badinage, which our hero's facetiousness is merely an indicator of, is never perceived as other than that as the reader follows the flighty associative mind of Bloom). Bloom accordingly chuckles over the prospect of Dedalus and his family engaging in what he calls a black fast, "I'd like to see them do the black fast Yom Kippur." Whether or not feeding on "crossbuns" constitutes the severest of diet as Bloom presumes it is moot, but at least in our hero's mind that prospect alone is enough to rectify the imbalances and inconsistencies that beset his friend's life at the moment. After all both the real and presumed conditions that prevail in his friend's life and all those related to him occur centered around our hero's fertile mind to such a degree that any differential ideas and sets of issues can be juxtaposed with each other and logically dealt with until they are reduced to manageable bits as long as they provide food for thought for our hero. Bloom sets his mind on the current phenomenal and phenomenological issue and continues to elaborate on it in a manner that is most pleasing to him. The next sequence picks up the image of his friend starved and helpless (and a Catholic into the bargain) and being transposed to a Jewish context

(which in fact is an abridged cross-transposition that can be conveniently retransposed and back and forth between the two domains at a moment's notice) kept barely alive, "One meal and a collation for fear he'd collapse on the altar." What comes out on top and is foregrounded is our hero's imagination that concretizes the fluid situation into various instantiations of the whim that has given rise to the imaginative fluidity in the first place.

All the derivative images Bloom plays with refocus on the presumed real picture that appears before his eyes, an underfed girl in tatters. After all, the untraditional narrative syntax cannot afford to wallow in the expansive and multidirectional rhythmico-thematic domain forever. It inevitably comes to the surface on occasions and allows both the reader and our hero moments of unitary respite for the narrative as a whole to hermeneutically congeal properly. However, narrativistic constraint seamlessly lapses into a pace dominated by rhythmico-thematic divagation, paving the way for Bloom to dwell on the aspects of the girl that afford him an optimal opportunity to imaginatively indulge himself, "Good Lord, that poor child's dress is in flitters." The actual presence of the girl who is putatively out there in the visible external world sends our hero back to the significatory associative realm that is derived from the condition of the girl before his eyes. It is no coincidence that her physical appearance reflects what has transpired in his mind regarding his friend and his household. Bloom obviously congratulates himself on the corroboration that meets his eyes in the person of Dedalus's daughter, who is underfed and malnourished. His surmise regarding the outrageous procreation and its consequences has been, as he perceives it, more than amply substantiated and Bloom in a self-congratulatory mood uncontrollably repeats the rhythmically significant phrase, "Potatoes and marge, marge and potatoes." Nothing saves money more than a simple, subsistent diet like "potatoes and marge," which may be cloying but at the same time, Bloom's mind works, the only combination an economically depressed households like Dedalus's can afford. The idea of reckless family planning, which is underpinned by their, not his, religious teaching, is so conspicuously manifested by the girl that, combined with the rhythmical sing-song quality the set of words supplies, Bloom cannot help enlarging upon it with more extraneous sequiturs which do not necessarily augment any significatory breadth but certainly add comedic and narratological flavors, deepening reader's insight into the state of our hero's at the moment. Note how the actual phrase that is supposed to follow upon the initial conception, "potatoes and marge," is inverted in his moments of "inspiration" as the second phrase that corresponds to the first is found out to be also alimentary and

might as well be the kind Dedalus's may or may not consume. In his urgency to express delight and cleverness that he mentally connects with his verbal inventiveness, or legerdemain, he hurries on to suspend the phrasal continuity in favor of euphoric spontaneity, "It's after they feel it. Proof of the pudding." In the process he almost leaves the reader behind, which, however, may be part of the strategy on the part of the master narrator to let the joy and farcical humor, which is merely a concomitant part of *joi de vivre* for a character like Bloom, explode over the reader's conscious imaginative horizon.

As the smug victory Bloom enjoys relevant to the images connected to the girl, and via her to her family, dissipates, he moves on to explore other phenomenological possibilities that open up from subtle interplay between his internal mental landscape and the external physical landscape that surrounds him. The visible images that jump into his eyes at his juncture are those which evoke patriotism and concretize into an alcoholic beverage and which simultaneously sever and combine two national entities, Ireland and England. The first of the sequence reifies in the form of smoke as Bloom strolls down O'Connell Bridge, "a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet." Immediately he identifies it with a barge loaded with beer and bound for England, "Brewery barge with export stout." Note how the export item, which is without hesitation tied to the plume of smoke via barge, is evoked with a sentiment that is somehow pronounced in its embroilment with the destination identifier "England." In the short space of time in which the syntactical subtleties begin to congeal a gamut of emotions and sentiments, which is to be surmised and yet palpably felt floating off the narrative interstices, threatens to overflow and blanket the phenomenological landscape when Bloom steps back a little and desists crossing the line or going into a diatribe; he merely drops a comment that is simultaneously off the mark and true to the emotional valence that establishes between the two nations involved. It may be because of the convoluted and inflected undercurrents which may be too emotionally-charged at his point to be enlarged upon that our hero divagates from what he presumed to have promised and sets off to explore a very matter-of-fact imaginative ramification that is derived from the barge laded with stout and proceeds to caricaturize himself salivating after drinks. At this point the overall narrative tone, which a moment ago was about to turn into a more serious politico-economic kind, recurs to the one dominated by bathos and humor. Bloom the comedian revives and the reader is allowed to share jocose and comedic efflorescence while the hero gluttonously hungers for an opportunity to tour the brewery/distiller and quaff quantities of porters and let himself be merry. The syntax also helps for the reader to fully savor the exact

tastes and atmosphere of the place where the aqua vitae abundantly flows. But the ambience of *joie de vivre* and the experience of it is symbiotic for the moment. It may be enough to extrapolate the culmination of the imaginative bacchic abandonment as Bloom metaphorically wets his lips with his tongue to evoke the satisfaction and yearning he feels after the imaginary vitae coursing down his gullet, "Vats of porter, wonderful." What sets the tone of the rest of the passage is the assonance that significatorily and rhythmically foregrounds "vats." Bloom finds the rhythm extremely fortuitous and the momentum it creates lets his mind afloat to meditate on the rats getting bloated and satiated on spirits. Note the passage that ensues upon the fortunate contingent occurrence of a pair of words, "vats" and "rats," which in a way epitomizes the buoyant mood our hero is in at the moment, "Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating." It is a metapho-metonymic transference of the ideas and images that would apply to a person like him who would rather be floating in the ocean of beer and porters instead of seeing bloated rats imbibing and enjoying euphoria. Just as the euphoric possibilities open up in our hero's imaginative realm, the narrative thread abruptly recurs to the religious theme that has been temporarily played out in the juxtaposition of his friend, inclusive of his family, and himself, a Jew. The dimensions that might potentially be enlarged upon to embed extra-comedic nuances in connection with a religious divagation is quickly abandoned to refocus on the phonetico-lingual slant of our hero, but not before a profane pseudo-religious aside is verbally sedimented in the reader's psyche, "Drink till they puke again like Christians." Bloom then quickly shifts the tone and relocates his emphasis on the rhythmic value the phonetic pairing of "vats-rats" purportedly presents. The deeper implications, with all their emotional ramifications and fine nuances involving ideological twists and turns (if there is any to be located in this instance at all) are left to our hero's transmogrifying and shifty mind to decipher and develop in spite of his recondite and yet blasé admission, "Well of course if we knew all the things." Only the assumed chuckles float in the traces of untraceable deeper consciousness of our hero. Everything ultimately is left to the hermeneutic mind of the reader after all, or its symbiosis with the former.

Our hero's mind once again rises above the liminal realm as he looks around him and finds gulls flying rather poetically before his eyes. Reminiscent of the Romantic ethos, the scene evolves as an instantiation of the mind half creating what it perceives. Or, to put it another way, the passage reflects a process of his mind leaving the inner landscape out toward the external one as it wheels round and round over the quays in synchronization with the repetitive flapping of the gulls, "Looking down he

saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quay walls, gulls" (p. 152). As the phonetically resonant set of words at the end gradually and at the same time revelatorily lures the mind to the phenomenal incidents, Bloom shifts his attention to something that is derived from the immediate occurrence which seems to have been talked about in recent days, or at least stuck solid in his memory as something tenaciously fresh as those occurred recently. The starting point is the rather stormy weather our hero is experiencing, "Rough weather outside." As soon as the phrase is formed in his mind, an episode and the images coalesced around it rush into his fertile mind. It is about his friend, or most likely his friend's son, and an extraordinary incident that happened to the latter involving the water and, which is now a ubiquitous element in the episode pertaining to our hero, the vitae. At this point Bloom, rather than dwelling on the circumstances or the cause that putatively led to the faux pas, reminisces about an incident in which Reuben's son fell into the water and quaffed quantities of sewage. Just as the reminiscence starts abruptly, the image of the son falling into the dirty water suddenly fuses with the gulls nonchalantly wheeling round and round over the water, providing Bloom with an inordinate amount of pleasure as he indulges in imaginative miseries of a drunken son that are all the more pronounced in their juxtaposition with the indifferent gulls. The image of the son is metonymically transmogrified into that of imbibing as our hero focuses on the consequences that might, or rather must necessarily have, ensued upon the accidental fall off the quay. What was left in his stomach, inevitably, was a "bellyful of that sewage," instead of what he could have ingested with more money at the tavern. But, as it turns out, the most likely reason that led the son to such an awkward predicament, on the contrary, was the excessive spending of money on the second cause of man's fall, "One and eightpence too much." If Reuben J's son had abstained a little, he would not have ended up risking his life wallowing in the water, or so Bloom construes. But as the narrative develops, his construal up to this point concerning Reuben's son proves to be a story produced by Reuben himself. At this juncture Bloom reflects one more time upon his imaginative reconstruction of the episode involving the gulls, quay walls, drunken son and sewage as they relate to the originally narrated version by his friend. What he recognizes is that the entire episode may or may not be a fictive story merely produced through the mediation of a fertile mind of his friend, a process, interestingly enough, he realizes, he himself is going through as he intuitively reacts to the weather and the overall surroundings as they impinge upon his own imaginative mind. Bloom becomes a receptacle of a story while he himself becomes a mediated agent of a reduplicated version of it. Consciousness that seems to be completely isolated in his

being, it turns out, is somehow continuous with another being's in a subtle and yet very essential way. Upon realization of this primordial and arcane role of the mind, as it relates not only to phenomenal objects but also to immanent imaginative processes, Bloom chuckles over the droll camaraderie that exists in the creative realm. After all both know, if not both but at least Bloom does at this point, that it is a mere figment of imagination that results in purveyance of an image of someone wallowing and swilling the dirty sewage water. His conclusion is rather convincing that he/his friend "[k]nows how to tell a story too."

The wheeling gulls, interesting enough, tease Bloom away from the imaginative realm into the phenomenal reality that exists around him after they have pulled him into the phenomenological domain and let him indulge in imaginative escapade that may or may not be related to the gulls in the air. In a way he completes a narrative circle by breaking it as he throws a crumpled paper ball at the birds in his attempt to interact with the direct agent of his contemplative *jouissance*. But as it stays suspended in the air for a fraction of a second on its way down to the water, another thought intervenes, which is in fact dashed with religious overtones that had contributed to much joyous occasion in the form of a flier announcing the upcoming sermon by a putatively well-known preacher. The imagistic, as well as conceptual, intervention that takes place in that fractional moment is neatly incorporated into the scene as the actual flier handed over by a Christian brother is mysteriously fused with the slow-motion description of the falling paper ball, which is in its turn translated into a pseudo-scientific (or pure Newtonian, depending on the perspective) equation. The reality that emerges from the narrative, however, is rather drab as the ball, once touching on the dirty sewage water, merely bobs up and down, almost ridiculing the fantasizing attempt of the mind. The gulls in the air, in the meantime, continue their grasp on the imaginative psyche of our hero (like the haunting image of albatross in Coleridge's *rhymes*) and influence the course of his thought process while Bloom, on the other hand, mulls the intelligence of the avian adversaries/cooperators, leading to his concession that they are not after all as gullible as their eponymous status seems to indicate, "Not such damn fools." Our hero is particularly and retrospectively struck by the fact that the avian creatures are not fooled into swooping down onto the inedible object that floats under the bridge, as he thought they would. This trivial manifestation of gulls' intelligence evokes an incident of long time past involving a stale cake he threw down from a boat, promising an expansive imaginative space where the birds will once again play an eminent role. At this juncture, however, the time frame is suddenly twisted out of shape and concurrent episodes are homogenized

as if they were outside the diachronic time flow. The only element that keeps them in perspective is the gut instinct of the birds that know how to survive, or in our hero's words, who know how to "Live by their wits." An almost Yeatsian imagery recurs as Bloom perceives the wheeling pattern being described in the air, which, not coincidentally, brings a thought of music and rhythm and, along with them, prosodo-tropolo-thematic expansion to the mind of our hero.⁵

The cogitation that ensues is almost a meta-narrative argument Bloom makes on the very thought process he has been involved in for the time being. It is about the nature of music, prosody and thematic enlargement he perceives Shakespeare and other great authors have been able to accomplish in their work. Although on the façade he, the conscious self, assumes a naïve being who is unaware of the consequences of the argument pertaining to imaginative creation, what he ultimately reveals is so self-reflective of what is taking place in the narrative per se that the passage involving Shakespeare and prosody comes out of the entire story as an attempt to interleave narrativistic and meta-narrativistic voices. The presumed emphatic naiveté exhibited by Bloom strikes one as all the more suggestive of what might be actually happening in the entire story. In his ignorance, however, one aspect Bloom foregrounds in his deadpan ratiocination is the flow that connects a chunk of imaginative ingredients and lets each correspond to another in a somewhat thematically meaningful manner. The imaginative string does not have to be logically congruent as long as each constituent of the chunk is either explainably derived from or contingent upon another so that when all the elements are juxtaposed with each other they altogether strike one as somehow flowing coherently. The series of concatenated interjections manifested here merely exemplify the conscious flow indicative of the meta-narrative operation: "That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn." Unfortunately for Bloom, however, what comes out of his fertile imaginative mind does not attain the solemnity that has purportedly been achieved by Shakespeare, "Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit/ Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth" (p. 153). What coalesces as vestiges of an imaginative

⁵ In connection with musicological nuances interspersed throughout the work, it may be slightly pertinent to note the tangential, and analogous, role *Ulysses* plays in Jameson's argument about dialectical development of Schoenberg's twelve-tone music. Although Joyce's work may have merely been cited to foreground the inevitable, as well as organic, path such evolution takes, the Marxist critic's focus on music may as well encourage further investigation into the inherent prosodico-metrical tendency manifested throughout the work. See Fredric Jameson, *Marxism and Form: Twentieth-Century Dialectical Theories of Literature* (Princeton University Press, 1972), pp. 30-42.

mind—perhaps a resonance, if there is at all resonance for something that originates in our hero's consciousness—even that is muffled as the narrative strand is spliced into the mundane and rather bathetic scene that develops before our hero's eyes.

Appropriately enough, Bloom is brought back to the external reality with the cry of a peddler, "Two apples a penny! Two for 'a penny!" For the moment he is absorbed with the cognitive possibilities these visible objects present in the form of unseasonable fruit, allowing his mind to reflexively work on the ramifying significations of the apples "glazed...serried on her stand." (Note how the Shakespearean theme is unconsciously expanded in this short line as well. He recognizes that poetry typically consists of rhymed and musical formation of concatenated words. Some, like Shakespeare's, could present exceptions to the rule. However, no matter how randomized and non-metrical poetry seems Bloom readmits in this fortuitous passage, what makes poetry of true worth is its inherent rhythm and natural prosodic flow, which after all are instinctively undisguisable.) In his exuberance to enlarge on the theme of apples he goes all the way to fathom the process of producing the shiny, dappled, commercially presentable fruit, which includes wiping and polishing with "a rag or a handkerchief." He is just about to plunge into the behind-the-scene tricks and efforts to make apples, marketed ones at least, what they are when the rambling and busy mind is redirected to the thought of the now familiar birds. At this juncture, the reality in the form of the apple seller and the birds with all the derivative images and emotions imbricated with them in our hero's mind thrusts to the fore as Bloom buys "from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey" (p. 153). Immediately a metapho-metonymic space opens up that is both tangent to the actual scenery before his physical eyes and reflective of the desire that resides in the viewer.⁶ The image presented here is the one that neatly corresponds to his suppositions and expectations as he had watched the hungry birds circling over the water: they swoop down from the heights and pounce on their "prey," finally. That is as it should be, as far as Bloom is concerned, but at the same time the birds, which respond to the crumbs dusted from Bloom's hands in the manner he expects them to,

⁶ In his interaction with the apple woman, and others for that matter, the city indeed becomes a space in which "a shared experience" reifies in a materialistic sense, as described by Jameson. Although the interaction that takes place in the mind world of our hero does not necessarily ensue or derive from physical contact between individuals, the effect such interactions bring about in the narratological space is indeed analogous to the one implied by Jameson. See Jameson, *The Political Unconscious: Narrative as a Socially Symbolic Act* (Cornell University Press, 1981), pp. 180-181.

are metaphor-metonymically embedded in a rhythmico-poetic structure in which they feed our hero's imagination further and help him accomplish an imaginary as well as imaginative expansion. As they engage in a mysterious conversation with our hero, the birds become a dialogic counterpart to Bloom's ego as well, filling a reciprocal position where they respond to our hero's interlocutory needs and help him get entrenched in his imaginative dilation. Bloom, on the other hand, takes their semi-conscious response as a correlative to his mind's ever-widening freedom to engage in creative cogitation involving both the internal and external elements which he regards are impinging upon his senses and confluencing with his inner being at ever evolving moments. The consequent dialogic exchange beginning with "They never expected that" etc. merely foregrounds the phenomenological development his mind space undergoes inflected by the interlink between the hero and the gulls. In the meantime his thought runs along the same line for the moment. One of the predominant tones that emerges from the fictive space is once again the tropologico-music kind which textualizes as "fishy flesh," "sea birds, gulls, seagoose," "Swans from Anna Liffey swims down here sometimes to preen themselves," and so on. Our hero's mind looses its imaginary energy on the external imagery concretized as gulls and nearly simultaneously the phenomenological pictures derived from them expand just like the rings of water that move dynamically from the center, as if initiated, perhaps, by a dropped stone in the middle of a pond. In a way, the swans from "Anna Liffey" do not seem to have any tangible relevance to the gulls flying before Bloom's eyes except that they are also avian creatures with strong affinity with water. However, what coalesces, on a tropologico-musical level, is not necessarily a phenomenological narrative structurality that requires unitary concatenation of thematic elements but an imaginative spatiality that manifests centrifugal, divagatory tendencies where the predominant comprehensive framework is the inherent figurality and music that can be generated via the mind of our hero.⁷ It may be because of this expansive nature of the narrative we are dealing with that Bloom's current cogitation gives rise to, or rather descends into, a trite expression, "No accounting for tastes," on the tail of a seemingly serendipitous digression from gulls to swans. The expression

⁷ It may be pertinent to note that some critics, such as Andre Topia, draw upon the topicality of the sentences that self-propagate further ratiocination in dilatory reveries that seem to continue endlessly, whether or not they are logically concatenated, upon a merest of external and internal phenomenal and phenomenological provocation. On Topia's argument see "The Matrix and the Echo: Intertextuality in *Ulysses*," translated by Elizabeth Bell and Andre Topia and published as part of *Post-structuralist Joyce: Essays from the French* (Cambridge University Press, 1984), pp. 107-109.

and what it suggests to our hero, coincidentally, neatly resonates with the phrase he has invoked in the previous passage, "Proof of the pudding." As in the previous example, the current phrase functions as a transitive figural that simultaneously hearkens to the swans' taste for dirty sewerage water that flows under the bridge and, recursively, to its own taste, that is swan meat, which, rather farcically, Bloom suspects a man like Robinson Crusoe must have consumed on a lonely island in the middle of nowhere.

In the meantime, Bloom's phenomenological activity reaches its pinnacle for the moment and, almost inevitably, the external scene breaks upon our hero's consciousness, punctuating the perpetual flow of narrative time. It is curious and, at the same time, to the point as well that the birds present a figural and symbolic circular pattern as Bloom traces their trajectory with his eyes, "They wheeled, flapping weakly"—the pattern signaling correspondence between two heterogeneous entities presumably located on distinct ontological planes. Bloom continues a dialogic conversation with the avian crew, which on a cursory look appears more like a monologue, "I'm not going to throw any more" (p. 153). After brief dia- monologic meditation on the gulls, Bloom turns philosophical and proceeds to explore the ontological possibilities of gulls' entities. It is not exactly a new direction in his desultory ratiocination; however, on this occasion Bloom grapples with the issue of externality that resides in internality, or vice versa. The phrase he iterated before recurs, "the proof of pudding" etc., but it is not straightforwardly mirrored now as our hero posits a possibility of turning the premise almost upside down and tries to ponder the ramifying nuances that arise from the new perspective he brings into what he considers a rather recondite discussion on ontological essentialism. He starts with a truism, "If you cram a turkey, say, on chestnut meal it tastes like that." In other words, what something possesses as its essential feature imparts that quality to something else that comes in contact with it, thus dominating the entire new being as something that inherits its characteristic and in the end possibly subsuming it under certain conditions. To which Bloom's another voice objects, saying that a substance needs to be taken essentially as is without being "contaminated by something inherently alien to it," or in his extremely truncated and enigmatic expression, "Eat pig like pig." However, the watery expanse that lies before him suggests an idea that his "impeccable" logic is potentially fraught with contradictions. What is essential for fish is to live in the water and those fish that inhabit in the salt water must necessarily inherit an essential feature of salt water, saltiness. But in the process of this arbitrarily simplistic ratiocination Bloom stumbles upon what his empirical wisdom suggests as an

indubitable fact, which is expressed as an interrogative, "why is it that saltwater fish are not salty?" The question sticks out in the flow of his cogitative stream to such a degree that it steers him away from the thought of gulls to something quite abstruse. At this juncture a narrative copula comes to the rescue to prevent possible stagnation a structurally placed hero could very likely face in this non-traditionally framed and yet, textually speaking, time-bound work. In a way, Bloom is in a *huis clos*, as Sartre used to say, out of which there is no hope of escaping without being further entrapped in an ever abstruser circle of imaginative philosophization. A transitional succor takes the form of a concrete object as the gulls fly over the water once more and serendipitously foretell symbolic as well as empirical ramifications that remain within and at the same time transcend the immediate present. As has happened before, a visible presence, which responds and corresponds to the immanent world that develops within our hero's mind, coalesces as a rowing boat swaying on the water, or contextualized from Bloom's perspective, "His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treachy swells lazily its plastered board." Initially, the boat imparts enigmatic "messages" that only seem to pertain to those residing in the very private realm where their connotative significations are current. Fortunately for Bloom, who at least on the intentional level has sent out the initial signal, the returning messages that meet his eyes are as legible as any public signs that are significatorily shared by everyone who happens to be at the locale.

The image that meets the eyes, however, turns out to be as bathetic as any the mundane world could offer. It is a representation of what a capitalist society stands for. In the swelling stream of consciousness/waterflow rocks a boat with "its plastered board," on which was advertised,

Kino's

11/-

Trousers. (p. 153)

The enigmatic message leads to further ratiocination in the mind of our hero, who happens to be adept at copywriting and editing various types of writing. The staccato message encoded in the advertisement chimes with what Bloom has been trained for and lets him gloat over the convenient timeliness with which the visual identification occurs in the sequence of external-internal symbolico-rhythmico-tropological juxtapositions. The first thought that materializes in his consciousness is something that coincides, or at least relates to, the capitalist ethos, "Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation." The mind pursues imaginative expansion along the bathetic line that is antithetical to aesthetic principles such as upheld by Romantic poets. A tantalizingly

faux-aesthetic edifice Bloom promises to erect in spite of his whimsical humor, consequently, comes crashing down once more, as his enlargement upon the commercial implications of the little signboard is further explored. In his pseudo-philosophical suggestive profundity lies a tendency that is ever threatening to waver into a reality-impacted mundanity that is inextricably tied to commonsensical pursuit of profit. However, a pseudo-serious motif that has been running through the narrative and has been developed through the manifestation of phenomenological expansion of the mind-world of our hero and his ilk in the story momentarily foregrounds an aspect that has time and again been embroiled in carnivalesque rupture of deadpan seriousness. Rather enigmatically Bloom murmurs to himself, "How can you own water really?" and the abstrusely abstract question is reciprocated with a statement that reflects the state he has been in and at the same time what has transpired since he reached that particular point in town, "It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which in the stream of life we trace." At the beginning of the sentence, which needless to say occurs in the realm of our hero's consciousness, Bloom seems to be expressing what actually takes place around him; it is simple and straightforwardly transparent enough. However, when the sentence reaches the midpoint, what is simple and seemingly unrefracted by other layers of signification turns into something quite recondite and almost begs for readerly exegetic intervention. Not coincidentally, the ideas of stream and stream of life are exactly what have been narratologically traced by our hero as he walks through town. Nothing in his mind stays stationary as he takes in and interprets and imaginatively expands on the external stimuli on his way to giving rise to a phenomenological creative dimension which is neither exactly shackled to nor completely independent of external particulars, allowing our hero to derive tropological and thematic inspirations from whatever impinges upon his senses. In a logic that is both abstruse and idiosyncratically twisted the chunks of phenomenological ideas are curiously strung together as our hero responds to the world surrounding him, "Because life is a stream. All kind of places are good for ads." It is a syntactical concatenation readers are obliged to take a moment to mull over before coming to an interpretational conclusion, albeit there is always a chance that the narrative meta-voice in fact surreptitiously encourages them to just skim over in order for a larger picture to emerge from the minutiae of observations, which are not necessarily comprehensibly organized in readers' favor. Granted that the target concatenation of interjectional sentences arises from possibly conflicting phenomenological intentional directionalities, the first observation is a rather sweepingly abstract generalization that tends to leave readers somehow mystically convinced of its general truth. However, the second part does not

necessarily correspond to what seems to be implied in the first one. In other words, there may be a logical flaw, or at least there seems to be a non sequitur that is too profound to be comprehended by cursory reading, or so one thinks. Or, one might ask, is the paradox here suggested really the issue at all? A pinch of skepticism may come handy at this juncture. The ubiquity of avatars of "stream" in life may possibly be reduced to apply only to a commercial context in which a rowboat can be turned into a billboard. In that case, rather tautologically, one needs a river to set a boat/billboard afloat. Once the ratiocinational circle is made, the concatenation of interjections, which initially seemed rather recondite and odd, aligns itself not as what it seemed to promise but as an instance of our hero's attempt (and the meta-narrator's as well) to rupture the inflated expectations pseudo-philosophical cogitation gives rise to. The current concatenative instance is in a way a riddle, and a facetious one at that. The seriocomic, or even downright bathetic, overtone resonates throughout the present scene with the second part of the example functioning as a copula.

Our hero is subsequently led on to reminisce about a quack doctor who used to be "stuck up" everywhere, especially, which is rather puzzling at first, in "the greenhouses." The oddness of the circumstance literally dissolves into actual pictures and messages of the said doctor that are affixed to the poles and driven into the ground. Because of their ubiquity, or rather the possibility of ubiquitous exposure such method presents, the quack-doctor cum advertiser juxtaposes perfectly with the rocking billboards cum rowboat floating on the river. The initial hilarity, which Bloom can hardly contain to himself, overflows to the reader and the heartiness with which our hero tells the story belatedly translates into the latter's receptive appreciation for the tropologico-metonymical prowess the former exhibits so spontaneously. The narcissistic self-reflective imaginative gloating of our hero, on the other hand, propels him to further indulge in phenomenological dilation. The ubiquitous ads have now disappeared almost without a trace, he muses, and what is left of them is those which he can recuperate by dint of his imagination. Once the imaginative retrieval is accomplished, his mind reaching out to the now invisible and yet once ubiquitous ads, authorial intervention duly takes place to further solidify the phenomenological ads in our hero's mind before Bloom discards the almost mawkish reminiscences altogether and proceeds to consider more mundane and earthly aspects as well as ramifications of the "quack doctor's venture." On further consideration, our hero reaches a conclusion that the doctor, despite his disreputable epithet before the respect-commanding title, was much more astute than his rather odd enterprise seems to have suggested to onlookers like our hero. The doctor at least knew how to make others work for him, thus sparing

himself the onerous labor and the resultant expenses unlike "Maginnyi the dancing master," who incurred otherwise unnecessary outlays because he had to plan and execute a similar venture all by himself. Although the doctor was not completely successful in circumventing reality-impacted complications, for he after all had to carry on advertising—which was often unscrupulous, "POST NO BILLS. POST 110 PILLS. Some chap with a dose burning him" (p. 153)—with modicum of sweat on his brow on occasions, he was obviously well-rewarded by his venture. Just as the idea of someone taking the dreadful dosage is about to send Bloom back into a nebulous private realm even deeper, which will guarantee our hero ineffable satisfaction, albeit of complacent nature, reality intrudes once again just as inevitably happens whenever he becomes mired too deep in his idiosyncratic phenomenological phantasmization.

The unidirectional linear time stares our hero in the eyes and Bloom perceives the time of the day that is indicated as clear as daylight. But immediately after recognition, his mind sets working on the idea that is derived from the "Timeball on the ballast office," which happens to be down at the moment. This time what causes the imaginative expansion of the subject is the inherent music that the characteristic structure of the timepiece suggests to our hero. The author of the mechanism, which now presents itself to our hero's eyes, is transformed to an author of a book, whose name happens to be recalled as Robert Ball. The transition between the two seems both arcane and, as has been the case before, bathetic. But the apparently incomprehensible logic as well as tropological elision from one to the other comes apropos as Bloom takes time, however infinitesimal it may be, to ponder the abstruse conceptual space the name of the book gives rise to. Inevitably and not so coincidentally, the promising space once again dissolves into a bathetic admission, "I never exactly understood." It is not only an admission to his ignorance of the organic process he is involved in but, from a meta-narrative perspective, also of the role he is assigned to as a self-reflexive fulfiller of narrative evolution. At this moment the thematic motif, albeit a bit carnivalesque one in a way, that was introduced and elaborated on shortly before, is resuscitated momentarily. Bloom, relying on a kind of imaginative legerdemain, verbalizes into existence a priest as a source of intellectual succor, "There's a priest. Could ask him." But as soon as the old motif is dragged into the narrative space Bloom allows himself to be carried away by the *jouissance* music of a given word promises and evokes. This time the key word happens to be "parallax." Because of its unique phonetic value, which at once intrigues our hero and titillates his imaginative curiosity, the word abruptly shifts recollective/reflective focus onto the conversation he once had on the essence of Greekness or general theme relevant to it. Without troubling to define exactly what the

word signifies or what it actually denotes, however, our hero concentrates on a crux where the seemingly abstruse topic converges on a bathetic comedy because of and in spite of multi-faceted musico-significatory activation of the word.

Two inherently divergent currents come together by mere phenomenological contingency and result in a happy tonal dislocation, which could entail thematic and narrativistic failure had it not been for the serio-comic strain that runs through the narrative and the persistent divagatory, and paradoxically enough unifying, imaginative tendency our hero manifests. The reverie contingent upon the Greek terminology ends for the moment with a grandiose terminological counter-proposition relating to "transmigration," which needless to say our hero's adversary dismisses as balderdash. But just as the sound-signification issue is about to be dismissed at the commonsensical response of the adversarial woman in question, a visual revelation that greets our hero's eyes reminds him of the deeper truth that runs beneath and exceeds mere phoneticization of words. Admitting that she is "right after all," Bloom concedes that the words that represent ordinary things do have their place because the phonetic values they possess are intrinsically significant. In a ratiocinative (double) reversal, our hero inclines to concur with the woman on the phonetico-significational issue of parallax, transmigration etc., a congeries of words that are supposed to subserve the denoted significations because of their recondite exotic referential functionality underpinned most of all by their phonetic aptness under the given circumstances; however, in the process Bloom reasserts, in spite of himself, independence of rhythmic and musical nuances that arise from the distinct phonetic suggestibilities and associations one implicitly grants to the terms. The ensuing narrative development foregrounds the inherent complications tropologico-musical possibilities of words give rise to in any communication. Admitting that the said woman's references and ways of pointing toward them are rather "rude," Bloom nevertheless concurs that most of the time what she expresses is what he has in mind, which makes their conceptual correspondence rather eerily close. However, correspondence does not necessarily signify identification, as Bloom recognizes that her wit, as applied to Ben Dollard for instance, could go beyond his own. For a reason that seems quite idiosyncratic on a cursory look our hero finds the reference to Dollard's legs excessively apt and quite satisfactory for its tropological acuity: "He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit?" (p. 154) But the argument for the woman's exceeding witticism, gradually and seamlessly, turns to, or more accurately is conflated with, his own mastery of the kind that in fact exceeds hers and which ultimately differentiates the two. Deriving from the idea of Dollard as somehow related to a barrel,

Bloom extends the metaphor to include an image of him singing into a barrel, which reflexively reminds our hero how apt the metaphor after all was despite his disagreement with the woman. However variegated and differentiating instantiations of witticism tropo-musical nuances give rise to, the final coalescence of metapho-thematic transformation of the initial reference to the beefy man as Dollard, or vice versa, after all demonstrates the inherent overlapping views Bloom shares with the woman on how the mind processes words as they are embroiled with images through metaphor-phonetic mediation.

As the mind of our hero is occupied with producing maximum associations derived from the humorous image of Dollard, a new external stimulus greets him in the form of walking advertisers with sashes hanging from their shoulders. What promises to make the impression all the more vivid is the color of the sashes. Bloom seizes on the garish and eye-catching tincture and connects it with a story he might have read in the past, such as Hawthorn's *Scarlet Letter*, or some such that have eventually accrued to its kind. Regardless of the exact associative provenance, a thought that reifies is along the line that is exemplified by a phenomenological interjection, "we have sinned: we have suffered" (p. 154). But, despite the semi-religious implications the line hints at, what ensues as a result of his response to the external development is a completely bathetic aside, in which one of the men wearing the sash and acting out the advertisement "drew a chunk of bread from under his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked." This comical disjunction in the scene that evolves before his eyes sends our hero off to an imaginative spree once again that is both pecuniary and mundane. With a slight digression (which is atypically simplistic and linear as it is characterized by a continuum between the visual enactment concretized as a disarrayed formation and what eventuates in the act of the hungry advertiser) Bloom enters into an unrestrained conjecture on the tough circumstances that lead to and derive from such lifestyles of the advertisers in question. In the end, he cannot help but conclude that however hard they try their income is limited by the nature of the job they hold, which by any measure only keeps them barely alive, "Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly." Needless to say, Bloom is not at all emotionally involved as he seemingly sympathizes with the clownish bunch; rather, as had happened before, he merely traces the imageries and tropologico-metrico-metonymic ramifications and possibilities the literal values of the advertisers suggest to his fertile mind. It is, in other words, the jouissance of the words *per se* that appeals to and attracts our hero most. We should not forget the jocosity that is thrust into every single verbalization arising from

his phenomenological idealization. Bloom continues the facetious ratiocinative line, "Doesn't bring in any business either," that is, whether the advertisers are working for Boyl or M'Glade. What counts at this moment is the imaginative flight that can cover the gamut of the concretized walking advertisers and their bleak background and the literal associations that may or may not be derived from the external circumstances. After all, the fecund phenomenological impulse of our hero wins out at the end as he proceeds to reminisce about an alternative advertising he had presumably suggested to M'Glade. A surprisingly prosaic recollection cum reverie ensues where the egos of the entrepreneur and our hero clash, yielding a somewhat triumphant estimate by Bloom as to the narrow-mindedness of the entrepreneur. What does not issue from his own mind cannot be accepted by a man like M'Glade, is the conclusion as Bloom fondly reconstructs the aborted scheme. But the recollective segment is not merely a temporal reference to a memorable past or its minutiae. Rather, it is a tribute to the expansiveness of the imaginative power the meta-narrator demonstrates via Bloom. Granted that the current and other ramificational reminiscences and imaginative expansions are occasionally desultory and even idiosyncratically private, they invariably flow and expand ceaselessly in every direction without any apparent caesura. The process neatly corresponds to the seamless occurrence of external stimuli generated by the ubiquitous presences that grab our hero's attention. The gulls, the girl selling sweets, the young churchmen handing out fliers and an elderly woman hawking Australian apples are all part of the external reality that potentially induces phenomenological expansion in the mind of our hero. What is significant in this narrative is the correspondence between the two states as they are often abruptly and even in a seemingly indifferent manner concatenated to mark and even obscure the boundaries of each to foreground the central role the mind plays in both constructing and re/de-constructing reality. However, nothing is truly random in a narrativistically demarcated world where literary and literal production takes place. In connecting one element with another the most important ingredient, which however may not be so conspicuous, is the tropologico-metonymic copulas as they are craftily spliced into musical and rhythmic cadences and measurements that pervade throughout the story. With our hero's ongoing imaginative reverie and associative production it is none other than such connectors that lubricate and keep the ratiocinative jouissance continuously flourishing as long as the narrative subject stays within the conscious horizon of the reader as the latter on his part traces the mind's work develop in tandem with the verbalized manifestations of our hero's consciousness. The process is in a sense symbiotic and because of that the copulas enable the outflow

of metonymic and musical imaginative verbal reverie constant and ceaseless. Combined with the jocosity of Bloom's imaginative slant, the plenitude the reader sees and reads engulfing his narrative space is an outcome that has been almost predetermined at the outset by none other than the meta-narrator himself.

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Ulysses におけるリズム、ユーモアと比喩・音韻の流れ

James Joyce の *Ulysses* はその多方向に止め処もなく流れる意識描写の巧妙さで知られる作品であるが、本論文ではいかにこの作品の主人公の一人である Bloom の意識の流れが論理的、ないしは非論理的に構築、そして生成されているのか文章のリズム、narrative の根底にみられるユーモア、そして比喩・音韻的視点から分析してみる。