

# 琉球大学学術リポジトリ

## Ulysses における Consciousness と意味空間的拡がり

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*Ulysses*: What Runs Beneath, Beyond, and In Between?

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One of the joys of reading James Joyce's *Ulysses* is poring over the interstices of the legible lines and finding conscious and semantic expansions that are ellipses left to be deciphered by a careful reader. The process I just described may sound rather offputting to casual readers, but to those who are finely attuned to the metrical and syntactical nuances of Joyce the Joycean textual space is in fact compacted with significations that tend to elude simple linear explanation. That being said, even the space rife with complex signifiatory structuation needs to be properly expounded upon in order to be analyzed and fully appreciated. In this paper I try to follow the thought processes of one of the protagonists named Leopold Bloom in this seemingly whimsical work and fathom the delicate phenomenological vicissitudes that ensue the *mélange* of peripatetic situations that occur both within and without Bloom's mind. Because the mind space that opens up in this narrative is uniquely atemporal and asynchronous (although the reverse could be said to prevail as well) I try to accompany our hero as closely as possible as he ambulates the town putatively analogous to the whole geographical expanses adumbrated in the original *Odyssey*. The constant attention we will pay to the literary substantiation of our hero may not be a wise strategy, considering his desultory thought pattern and the extraneous details that incessantly bombard him, causing his mind to further wander off to the phases that may be only tangentially related to the present event. But that is the essence of *Ulysses* as Joyce tries to grasp the minutest ephemeral nuances that chameleonically shift at the slightest provocation. Because the legible marks, including interstitial spaces, that implicitly concatenate each syntactical units (granted that most of them are egregiously fragmentary) are so easy to be elided as the reader hastily attempts to make sense of the narrative, they need to be carefully salvaged and appositively injected with semes as they overflow and spill out from the container, which the narrative text constitutes. Despite the danger such extreme proximity to the protagonist might entail, I dare relive each narrative moment to trace the conscious trajectory, which often translates into lacunae that coalesce between syntactical units. Nothing might come of this attempt, but if that is any indicator of where our protagonist' thought process is moving then it might alone be worth confirming. After all there is no empty space in this narrative

completely devoid of constitutive meaning that potentially sheds light on the way our hero's mind works. The particular section I focus on is the familiar peripatetic segment soon after Bloom leaves the funeral service where his mind has feasted on the variegated situations of his friends and others while the somber ritual took place.

As our hero saunters along the street of Dublin, the familiar sight reappears and impresses him with the letters that had tickled his mind into imaginative action. On this occasion, the letter that materializes before his eyes/mind is what is described as "apostrophe S" (p. 155). If one did not pay much attention to the probable circumstances under which the encounter takes place, the event would quickly pass by as another of the weird and odd inconsistency that populates the narrative space of *Ulysses*. But once one stops and ponders on the processes that lead to the coalescence of the event one cannot help wondering why and how the eventuation comes to concretize. Another question due would be whether the said S is really the actual letter that had popped up along the way, or is it simply the person that personifies the letter symbol? Or even, one wonders, whether Bloom is in fact referencing the lettering he had seen moments before. All these doubts and questions bear upon the following fragmentary mental interjection, "Rover cycleshop" (p. 155). The appropriate name that floats within the phenomenological horizon of our hero's cogitative mind prods the reader's imagination in every wavering direction. Does the name coincide with the actual physical engagement the advertisers had been involved in, or if the person that emerges before our hero happens to reify all those advertisers represented and epitomize the concept that seems to reside at that exact moment in Bloom's mind, because the name mentioned in fact impinges upon our hero's senses and establish its tangible presence both within and without our hero's mental horizon? And extending the fairly simple question I just hinted, does the interjection, "Rover cycleshop," have any causal and inevitable relevance to the occurrence that is described as taking place? For instance, if the name mentioned here has only tenuous relation to what is conceptually abstracted from what is suggested through the odd figure of the person representing the apostrophe? Or, even it has no relevance to the person or what he epitomizes at all? What does all that indicate and, over all, how should it affect the way the reader goes about interpreting the given episode? All the preceding conceptual inquiries are contained and congealed into the textual space that is neither devoid of syntactical significance nor semantic. However, whatever the relationship between the two sentences the third one is obviously dependent on the preceding mental statement, although the subtlety that infuses every one of them defers significationally indefinitely. The roving man·Rover·cycleshop·race concatenation leads to recollection on

the part of our hero of a scheduled event that apparently grabs the interests of his ilk in town. But this immediate event merely functions as a copula to let our hero's mind wander off to the long-gone days and indulge in the memories thereof that may or may not be contingent upon the bike race, which, to make the situation even more indeterminate, does not necessarily derive from the initial visual apparition textually manifested as the apostrophe S and its embodiment.

The obtuse insertion (or abrupt occlusion, depending on your perspective)—“How long ago is that?”—makes the syntactical connection even more tenuous. What does the person in question referencing? Is it really something that logically arises from the preceding images and associated cogitation? If the train of thought is linear, the mind of our hero is seizing on nothing other than the immediate stimuli, both the physical concretization of bicycle and what it gives rise to on the phenomenological level. At least, the reader's mind soon finds itself yielding to the possibility that the current sentence and the signification overflow from the previous interjection are related. Granted that they are dovetailing with each other in one way or another but the exact condition in which they relate to each other is never transparent. It gives rise to a suspicion that the mind that is at work is not sure what it sets out to pursue. The thought that is suggested by the cycleshop-races may perhaps have triggered the initial jump into recollective cogitation but once the threshold is crossed the subject is at a loss how unitarily to connect the current thought with the preceding one, if at all the latter can be considered anything preparatory for the former. A crucial indicator, among so many befuddling signi-syntactical minutiae, is the obvious time signature the target sentence presents. Regardless of the nature and directionality of the copula the sentence holds vis-à-vis the preceding ones, one certainty that strikes the reader indubitably clear is the pastness of the cogitative expansion that is developing in the mind of Bloom. The attention at this juncture shifts to the chronological referential markers themselves, rather than the thing referenced, leaving the impression that the virtual center, at least so far, on which the mind turned dithers and loses its concentricity in the minds of the readers. What is important, in a way, becomes relativized and narrative strands, if the expression is appropriate here, diversify to the degree that the readers are given alternatives among which to prioritize the narrative trajectory.<sup>1</sup> Regardless of the concomitant uncertainly factor involved at this juncture,

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<sup>1</sup> The multiple strands that pervade throughout the narrative at any particular moment may not be unrelated to what Robert H. Bell calls the “polyphonic” consciousness of our hero, which is capacious enough to enfold and interact to the “clash and din of myriad voices” that constantly assail our hero as he walks down the street of Dublin. What is significant here is that the polyphonic consciousness of our hero leaves

the abrupt interjection, “How long ago” etc., initiates a certain cogitative motion, which sequentially affects the way readers interpret the choppy, disjunctive sentences. Whatever has happened, as referred to in the previous sentence, is developed and becomes a central kernel on which to base the significatory clue to comprehend the matter-of-fact reminiscence, at least as far as the recollective mind is concerned, that blatantly skips the “obvious” referent around which the elliptical line circulates, “Year Phil Gilligan died.” While the second one, that which corresponds to the initial associative idea that pops up in synch with the preceding interjection, continues the homogeneous stream of derivative strands spawned by the visual and psychological stimuli the character is exposed to at the moment, the choppy syntactical entity once again suggests possible derivative significations that ramify from the absence of clear referent, a node that is at one point deemed to be overdetermined by its intimate layering with subjective entirety that constitutes Bloom’s mind as a whole. The immediate question that lets the reader ask himself is, “Who is Phil Gilligan?” As the name has not registered with the readerly psyche heretofore (at least not clearly if it has at all cropped up in the narrative horizon) the person momentarily assuming a mysterious persona tries to occupy the reader’s attention. However, the stream that is constantly flowing through the story carries with it the sedimented and derivative semantic signals that deter too wayward interpretations that may become jaggedly heterogeneous. As the next sentence sequentially supplies the clear referent, in this case a named subject, “we,” the abruptly inserted name recedes a notch to the distance and simultaneously incorporated as a chronological marker that helps fix the point in time of the incident referenced relatively concretely. The subject’s concern with fixity in time and place continues as Bloom wonders if the incident he is attempting to identify truly took place under the circumstances he thinks it did. The mental detective work does not run in a straight line, obviously. It often needs thorough revamping and often certain modifications. That is what ensues here. One clear indubitable evidence, which arises as Bloom recollects particulars of the past, of his occupying a traceable timeframe is a congeries of adumbrative details that in all circumscribe the central event (although by now the centrality of the event has become rather defocused) and give existence to the epiphenomena, which only his mind can recuperate. The fact that he “was in Thom’s” and that he “[g]ot the job in Wisdom Hely’s year we married” undoubtedly and

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the myriad cacophonous bits of reality, or the multiple strands as invoked in the current essay, as they are, giving way to the world that is prolific in its possibility and multiplicity. See *Jocoserious Joyce: The Fate of Folly in Ulysses* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1991) p. 50.

so tantalizingly points to the central nucleus Bloom is searching. As in Marcel Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, however, keywords to Bloom's search is indirection and associative reverberations, in which one thing leads to another but not in a manner that necessarily derives from and result in a particular memory or incident directly related to the other.

The bidirectional potential, which suggests both digressional and directional possibilities of the adumbrative statements, indeed arises from the multi-valency the empty lacunae between each sentence, which is merely a derivative of the entire textual space, gives rise to.<sup>2</sup> The unsaid space, which seemingly nullifies ambiguity, actually induces increasing cogitative possibilities as the reader tries to splice variegated strands of possible plot lines into one as he attempts to keep abreast with the flow of phenomenological energy the narrative space generates. As if to corroborate one line of thematic flow, Bloom supplies another elliptical syntactic block in the midst of others, “[g]ot the job in Wisdom Hely’s year we married” (p. 155). The obvious connector is the time frame the present sentence provides. Whatever is being argued in the mind of Bloom has some relevance to the year he secured a job with the place mentioned—although the place indicated still leaves doubts whether it is an actual employment site or a larger unit within which the former can be subsumed, such as the location it can be associated with—and the target year is linked to his marriage, opening up other recollective possibilities, whether they are derivative or digressive. As the adverbial line is immediately pursued in the next interjection, chronological connection and the question of timeframe, and an attempt to fix it, becomes a dominant concern of the readerly mind at this juncture. As if the author has calculated that move by the comprehending mind, the reading strategy temporarily adopted by the reader is further encouraged by a more specific indicator that, not coincidentally, neatly corresponds to the previous statement. By using an exegetic trigonometry, the reader is now fairly confident that all the abrupt verbal surfacing of the hero’s mind redounds to constitution of a certain interpretive directionality. However, the directional setting is neither straightforward nor unadulterated. The hints our hero’s mind drops are ever

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<sup>2</sup> The multivalency noted here is indeed a key notion in tackling Joyce’s work. Meanings that are oftentimes not easily fixable arise and compound themselves in a manner that confounds the traditional notion of narrative signification. They do not in fact remain the same even during the course of an episode as the transmogrifying consciousness that comments and perceives the “external” elements constantly reflects/deflects and refracts the meaning that has coalesced. Colin MacCabe, perhaps from a more comprehensive stance, sums it up, “with Joyce [reading] becomes an active metamorphosis, a constant displacement in language.” See *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word* (Macmillan, 1978) pp. 2-4.

open to further interpretation and reinterpretation. When one directionality is proposed other options pop up indefinitely. Only that the reader is forced to choose and set the appropriate course he deems best adapted to grasp the underlying narrative energy flow. In the present passage an attempt to fix the timeframe becomes almost an exclusive concern of our hero and ramificational incidents that have any relevance to that enterprise push the narrative forward regardless of the thematic continuity. Or, it may be fairer to say that the pure joy of revisiting the moments of past landmark events overtakes in importance the direct cause of our hero's traveling through personal epochal scenes. When the joy overflows, which is bound to happen as Bloom makes himself deliberately susceptible to whimsies of the moment, the narrative runs in an ever unpredictable direction. Circumstantial memories jostle with each other and try to populate the narrative space and turn the multivalent narrative line ever so deconstructed. One incident spawns another and for the moment the narrative development follows the logic that is as unbound as the spontaneity our hero allows to reign.

For the moment the joy of dwelling on the memorable events dominates the direction our hero's mind wanders. The narrative structure allows the meandering syntactical line that has been a characteristic signature of the story. A spotty interjection follows one after another, "Six years. Ten yeas ago: ninetyfour he died, yes that's right, the big fire at Arnott's" (p. 155). The fossilized and yet readily retrievable past rushes through Bloom's imaginative mind and our hero simply indulges in the gush that continues as if it has nothing to do with the initial physical stimuli Bloom received. While he is engaged in recollection of the past, the reader is allowed to eavesdrop on the monological conversation, which results in an insight into the most mundane private thought one can ever hope to penetrate. Incidental information gives rise to increasing number of private associative memories and in their turn they further offer opportunities to recuperate their ramificational significations. As has happened before, the lacunae between the statements subtly and yet decidedly influence the way each one is interpreted and to be piled up on another. The staccato juxtaposition of "Six years" and "Ten years ago," which are separate but obviously continued by the sentence structure common between the two, indicates that the former is to be read in the same vein as the latter. Or rather, to be piled up on top of the other so that the meaning, whatever the first one engenders, heaves upon the latter and the overall effect is in a sense inflected by the space between the two. In a sense, the hiatus, which once again is not a vacuum devoid of any meaning, redounds to the overall structure and supports the idea that the hero is not merely unsure of the exact year he is seeking but also he is

abandoning himself to the joy of chronological searching per se. In other words, thematic interest that becomes etched out in the wavy syntactical whole shifts to the process of searching rather than the fixity on which the initial endeavor seems to have focused on.<sup>3</sup> The proof lies in the dithering Bloom's mind manifests in the passage. The original tendency to move along chronology gives way to incidences and their derivatives and the phenomenological dynamic entails so much gusto that the reader's mind and the hero's synchronize, albeit for fleeting seconds. Such extraneous information as "the big fire at Arnott's" and induction of Val Dillon to lord mayor gives a chimerical vision in the reader's mind that he too is witnessing the moments as they are enumerated and reminisced about by the central mind at the center of the episode. The very contingency of the referents being evoked, paradoxically enough, increases the intimacy the reader feels toward the hero being developed in the fluid narrative. The sense of coexistence facilitates a construal under the given contextuality, which apparently arises from the syntactical structure, of the disjunctive breaks between sentences that makes sense of the whole narrative which is congruous with the newly acquired intuitive identification between the two parties. As the signifying copulas increase in number the abrupt manifestation of "[t]he Glenree dinner" is magically embedded in the syntactical flow to form a meaningful part of the recollective passage the reader is registering. In itself the piece of information is utterly idiosyncratic, perhaps exclusively belonging to the circumscribed psyche of the narrator; however, once it is involved in the cycle of sympathetic interpretation, it becomes a catalytic element to give depth as well as breadth to the recollection Bloom is engaged in at the moment. That does not mean, however, significationally conjunctive possibilities each bits present are in any way limited. The dinner here specified may or may not be directly related to the said lord mayor or his induction to the office. It may simply be a new tack and the incident and occasion suggested preceding the specific dinner is merely a preamble to yet another phase to delve into the reservoir of his memories, which are not necessarily logically connected to the seemingly incipient memorable incident. Although this possibility is quite disconcerting as the reader tries to comprehend the story in some meaningful entirety, the deconstructive approach suggests multivalency that is

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<sup>3</sup> Thematic interests and meanings in *Ulysses* arise from the ever-shifting balances in various narrative elements that ultimately derive from the totality of the work. It may be useful to quote a passage from a work by Stuart Gilbert relevant to the issue.

The meaning of *Ulysses*... is not to be sought in any analysis of the acts of the protagonist or the mental make-up of the characters; it is, rather, implicit in the technique of the various episodes, in nuances of language, in the thousand and one correspondences and allusions with which the book is studded.

See *James Joyce's "Ulysses": A Study* (New York: Vintage Books, 1955) pp. 8-9.

inherent in the *Ulysses* that is inseparable from the strategy of experiencing the whimsical peripatetic (phenomenological) adventures of our hero. After all, nothing should be precluded as the reader grapples with the narrative and intertwines his self with the maddeningly fertile and unpredictable mind of the narrator.

In the tantalizingly tenuous connections that seem to be implanted and scattered across the syntactical structure of the narrative, the reader can once again recognize the gustatory link between the dinner and the next sentence, "Alderman Robert O'Reilly emptying the port into his soup before the flag fell, Bobbob lapping it for the inner alderman." The relational link may be one thing, as far as the current recollective interposition is concerned, but the referential signification may be quite another. Is the first half intended to be chuckled over, or is it something to be ramified into something else and based on that to be developed into a significatory chunk, which is to be diversified ad infinitum? The image suggested here is certainly iconoclastic as well as incongruous. If the situation referred to is an official one the boisterous manner the said alderman has putatively demonstrated is indeed laughable and out of character for someone who occupies such an office. But is he truly the kind of person suitably preceded by the title? What if that itself is a mere narrative ploy? What does the flag refer to? How is it to be embedded in the overall situational context and to be significatorily constituted in conjunction with the odd behavior attributed to the alderman? The latter half of the sentence does not help, at least not immediately, to shed light on the idiosyncratic significatory encapsulation either. A breakthrough, if there is any, would be the odd phonetic suggestibilities that float off the sentence in such word as "Bobbob" and direct correspondence between Robert O'Reilly and "Bobbob." Could the "Bobbob" be in some way to be combined with the obtusely introduced word, "lapping"? However odd it may be, the juxtaposition of the two induces the reader to take them together and exegetically operate on them in tandem. Although that operation does not necessarily solve the mystery right away, significatory possibilities do arise, which otherwise might be remotely possible and leave the reader completely uncertain in the ever complicating phenomenological webs. Then the next sentence further supplies a clue to the circumstances in which the flag, referred to in the previous interjection as somehow related to Alderman Robert O'Reilly, or the occasion in which he mixes port in his soup, is encouraged to be coupled with the band performance, which Bloom assumed could have hardly registered in his psyche. Overall, the occasion indicates some ceremony that took place in the past and which left an indelible image of the said alderman in the act of some idiosyncrasy, provoking spontaneous recollection. The choppy sentence is reciprocated by the next one, at least

in gist, as it almost incomprehensibly befuddles the reader on the first encounter. Although that is indeed the actionable meaning of the sentence, it takes some time to dawn on the comprehending mind. In itself the sentence, "For what we have already received may the Lord make us," is a fragmentary one that does not complete itself, making you wonder if you have read/heard it correctly. If the reader is inclined to reiterate the sentence or, if possible, identify with Bloom and ask the interlocutor to repeat the sentence, that is indeed the directive being adumbrated by the narrative. In a way the blank spaces that punctuate the choppy sentences allow the reader to shift them around to readjust the syntactical and significatory flow that is moving along with the fast and randomly paced narrator. At this juncture the sentence that seems to have already slipped past gives rise to another possibility all of a sudden. The previous one, "Couldn't hear what the band played," may not mean what the syntactical façade suggests. What if it is not the band that is inaudible but the conversation that is supposedly carried out between Bloom and the person indicated? And the band the cause of disruption? Although the syntax seems to resist such interpretation, the preceding sentence encourages more phenomenological reading that is contextually linear, which may or may not be paradoxical. In other words, the mind content expressed through the choppy sentences aligns itself as the reader catches up with the flow of the phenomenological energy that constantly issues from the narrative space in a manner in which the words act as the most reliable indicator of what is situationally taking shape.

Regardless of the functionality of the elliptical sentence, it marks another jumping off point for further ramificational search for the nucleus of the time frame Bloom has put himself in through reminiscence. This time the elements that cluster around his recollective mind are those intimately related to his familial circumstances. As a perfect reference to gauge the chronological lapse, he focuses on his daughter, nostalgically redefining her as someone who was just "a kiddy then." The clear and vividly graspable memory, however, does not guarantee that the syntax echoes the certainty the perspectival transparency promises. On the contrary, as the blank interstices and more sentences accumulate through the loquacious narrator cum the mind of our hero, a temporal dilution, which is a result of the physical chronological layering that lies between then and now, reduces the syntax increasingly prone to murky disjunction, causing grammatical elisions and significatory ambivalence. The initial quasi-intelligibility of succeeding interjections merely testifies to the mind's unmediated wandering as it tries to navigate through the uncharted waters of the past while it maintains literal and figurative anchoring on both ends of the chronological flow.

What makes the multivalent string of sentences susceptible to one interpretation rather than another at any given reading may not be so easy to explain. But the accumulative elements in this instance clearly encourage the reader to opt for one direction rather than another. The direction here taken is the continuous search for the nucleus of that very experience Bloom is trying to delineate and fix in his mind and its circumstantial derivatives that our hero considers are conducive to fleshing out that mysterious zone ever eluding his grasp.<sup>4</sup> But the concrete details keep piling up. The time Milly was small, the very dress Molly wore on that outing, complete, imagistically speaking, with the nuances evocative of color, texture and touch. And as happens invariably in this centripetal narrative, one thing leads to another and in this instance the vicissitudes (at least a reference that is suggestive of it) that resulted in the “elephantgrey dress with the braided frogs.” The “elephantgrey dress” further pans out as what Molly considers a cause for a faux pas Bloom made on the day she wore the very same dress. It is at this juncture that the memory, or rather the act of evoking it, transforms the detailed reminiscence to something after all recreated with a hindsight, with bits of information glued together with uncertainties and murkiness, a sign that they did not necessarily materialize or occur as our hero suggests they did. However, it is not the only interpretation that can legitimately be made. The significatory wavering that manifests here may, on the other hand, be perhaps because the referenced incident and details are so ingrained in the narrator’s psyche that they no longer need to be syntactically integrated. In the present instance, the occasion that is tied to the misstep perhaps cuts across time and felt still without any chronological intervention despite the years that in fact passed between then and now. The sense of immediacy, if indeed that is the case, does emerge as actionably expressed through the slightly off-putting incorporation and concatenation of the phrase “she wore choir picnic at the Sugarloaf.”

The wavering of significatory focus leads to broadening of interpretational possibilities as Bloom continually modifies and expounds on the information already

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<sup>4</sup> Continuity is a key concept in this work, indeed. As in Harry Levin’s words, the work of Joyce is in a way a reflection of reality in flux, with every single aspect of life ceaselessly impacting the way characters [re]act and think and reflect. Let me quote a passage.

The imitation of life through the medium of language has never been undertaken more literally. *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.

See *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (New York: New Directions, 1960) p. 87.

provided with each passing mental interjection. The compact sentence represented by the phrase I just alluded to functions as a cue to further allow our hero to wallow in his private memories and salvage chunks of phenomenological blocks that may or may not be related to the nucleus he is purportedly in pursuit of. The elliptical sentence, "As if that," is a very contextually dependent one that, however, tries to escape the influence the narrative flow attempts to impose on it. The result is again the pulsating sensation the reader experiences as he grapples to reduce it to a meaningful bit that obviously has concatenative relationship with the surrounding syntactical units while the phenomenological flow does not necessarily guarantee any definitive relationality with anything in particular. But in this case, if the reader concentrates on the subject position as it establishes in the flow of the sentences and allows in the circumstantial incidents that are linked to the scene, a general picture emerges that not only aligns the target interjection in one possible way but also reflects the narrator's recollective stance as he engages in the moment. The narrator purports, at least one strand of complicated narrative signficatory weavings indicates, that whatever connection Molly made between her dress and the ankle sprain, which she attributes to the coincidence of the picnic and first wearing of the dress on that occasion, is unfounded and is a result of misplaced logic. But that is not the only signficatory spectrum that the extremely clipped sentence presents to the reader, not necessarily through the calculated syntactical strategy on the part of the narrator but quite possibly for the lack of it. As the sentence/interjection makes itself susceptible to many interpretations for its grammatical containedness, it gives rise to the interpretation that is plausible along the line I indicted above, that is, the one focused on the subject position that remains stable for a span of narrative passages; simultaneously, as the interjection invites the interpretation that reflects the ocurrent attitude of the very interlocutor now in focus, the reader can legitimately insert a gamut of multivalently nuanced narrative semes to make sense out of the situation. As the elliptical and initially enigmatic interjection is about to reveal its well/thinly disguised signficatory contents, the following sentence jumps to the reader's interpretive horizon, each modifying and coloring the other, "Old Goodwin's tall hat done up with some sticky stuff." The latter, in itself somewhat resistant to reader's interpretation for a fraction of a moment, establishes a relationship with the former and helps contribute to a vivid and detailed image of the past that gradually coalesces as a sharable detail within the mind of the reader as well, despite the fact that the narrator ostensibly gives utterance to a purely private thought. It may be a pure coincidence but the word "sticky" resonates in the mind of the narrator and, almost reflexively generates a morpho-phonetic concretization represented here by

“Flies.” Whether or not the word is a reciprocative concept that answers back to the stickiness suggested in the previous sentence, a neat apposition strikes the reader as he tries to unravel the intricate workings of the nuanced mind that is engrossed in the act of reminiscence. Since the context appears to be static throughout the segment of the passage we are dealing with, the construal and interpretation we are bringing in to the narrative at the moment seems to be touching upon at least one strand of the webs of signification that are embedded in the ephemeral and yet emotionally charged narrative linked to the picnic scene that is recuperated from not so distant past in our hero’s life. As if to emphasize the redundancy of construing contextual stasis, Bloom returns to the topic of dress, which initially caused his mind to hopelessly wander away from the urgent need to fix the definite date of the races. This time, however, the outer garment that wraps up the living body turns his attention to the person herself, who becomes a voluptuous entity that tries to overtake his concern with the circumstantial events and the incipient interest to fix the chronological details. His mind’s eyes focus on the loci of the body that somehow evoke erotic sentiment and instinctive biological vitality as the syntactical sequitur follows up with his wife’s bodily transformation, “Just beginning to plump it out well.” As the significance of the body becomes foregrounded, the “rabbit pie” in the next sentence assumes an importance that is both ambivalent and more than its usual share of denotative signification could invest in the word. What could it really mean? Would the narrative mind want the reader to generate a contextual potential that is somehow tied to the corporeality of the hero’s wife and thus catalyze it to throw the pie into the realm of a magic charm? Or could the rabbit pie mean as it is, without any signifiatory intervention except for the evocation that usually accompanies the word? Or all the preceding nuanced interpretative processes to be accounted for before one can arrive at the optimum reading best suited for the occasion? At this juncture, the each lacuna punctuating the syntactical units in the target passage and the proceeding sentence nudge the reader’s mind in a certain direction to color the narrative space dominated by the flesh, “People looking after her.”

A shapely, rounded shape of Molly sends the mind of our hero onto the recollection of another body of a woman, this time that of a girl begotten by none other than himself. The reminiscence he indulges in does not necessarily involve erotic abandonment, which he later succumbs to, but rather the kind that manifests passionate engagement with instinctive vitality, be it *jois de vivre* or praise of the body or ecstatic yearning for womanhood, in a variety of manifestations. Note that the pure emotion Bloom admits to comes by way of domesticity—a happiness that is derived from familial bliss, “Happy. Happier then.” A moment when Bloom feels rest contented from

the sense of having reached a recollective oasis where he can suspend, albeit momentarily, the ceaseless quest for the very essence and nucleus that derives from and correlates to the incipient stimuli, a bike shop and the associated races. But even the coziest of the domestic sensation he associates with his wife and daughter is not unmingled with the bodily sensations that are intricately interwoven with the image he evokes in the shape of the lathered daughter. Not coincidentally he admits and succumbs to the mode in which he lets his unconstrained imagination reel out a jumble of tenuously related or unrelated incidents in a ceaseless succession, an idea our hero cleverly (and in a way rather tritely) encapsulates as "Stream of life." The syntactical elision becomes ever more pronounced as the textual trace hurries on to catch up with the "stream" of thought, "What was the name of that priestylooking chap was always squinting in when he passed?" Of course, it can never concur with the occurrence of the bits of ideas that float off the deepest recesses of the hero's unpredictable and disorganized imaginative center. But the disjunctive concatenation that reveals the syntactical fault lines here and there does at least attest to and give indication of the dynamic processes taking place at the origin that resides in the narrative mind. The kind of break that is reflected on the syntactical level also manifests on the significatory level as well. Who is the person being recalled, the person who is referred to as the "priestylooking chap" (in other words, a person who cannot determinately be named at the moment, an indefinite someone who to Bloom is associated with a priest) and strikes our hero, even after a considerable lapse of time, as a person who possesses/possessed an idiosyncratic expression, especially the way he "squinted" his eyes? An odd sensation, a type of defamiliarization, the reader feels as he cursorily passes over the target sentence is that the person who is referred to here may in fact be a mere passer-by for our hero, an image the final note lingeringly deposits in the reader's mind.

The next sentence does not help in determining the identity of the "chap."<sup>5</sup> Or rather, it further contributes to obfuscating the person being depicted, as if the target character is never to be placed in the center of consciousness except as a blurred blip that ever eludes our hero's clear comprehension. Is the interjectory sentence, contrary to expectations, to be grasped as falling away from the context sustained by the preceding sentences rather than continuing the stable narrative flow, as the traditional reading

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<sup>5</sup> The idea of indeterminacy in Joyce is an age-long issue that has been, for instance, made much of by a critic like Jean-Michel Rabate, who goes a long way to include the prevalent scientific notion of indeterminacy and uncertainty promulgated by epoch-making German physicists and others in the argument about the ever-shifting signification and situational meaning that characterizes *Ulysses*. See *Joyce upon the Void* (London: Macmillan, 1991) p. xi.

obviously encourages in a situation like this? What exactly is “Weak eyes, woman” to be interpreted? The more one delves into the enigma, the more ambiguous the sentence becomes, spawning a plethora of possible meanings that seem to be valid under variegated circumstances. Does the “woman” refer to the characteristic exhibited by the idiosyncratic man, raising a possibility that the squinting is a manifestation that is emblematic of effeminacy, which Bloom, or for that matter the contemporary society as a whole, perceived as such? Or is the word to be taken as signifying a condition that resulted from the man’s habitual relationship with women or as a defining disposition the man supposedly manifests vis-à-vis women? Both nuance the interpretation differently and yet simultaneously impact the way the reader comprehend the situation as the narrative ever develops. As if to contain the blurring lines of the character from becoming unmanageably obfuscated, Bloom supplies a circumstantial clue, which he thinks contemporaneously fits into the same chronologico-topographic time slot, “Stopped in Citron’s saint Kevin’s parade.” Bloom’s effort to pin down the timeslot, however, meets an obstacle, which he blames on the time that had intervened between then and now. Despite the irreversible passage of time, he makes a faltering attempt to transcend time by identifying the person he thinks he has entrapped somewhere in the recuperable past. The name sounds tantalizingly familiar and concrete. He plays with the sound that has coalesced in his mind, which however is not quite the complete identifier he is looking for. His valiant and yet futile attempt to arrive at the final truth yields only half truth, if at all, as the sound signifier develops into one Pendennis, which he quickly discards as a mismatch with what he envisaged with his mind’s eye. As with anyone else in similar circumstances, Bloom hedges and blames the destructive force of time as the cause of his failure to narrow down and define the person that appears at the moment as a crux in his search for the secret of existential mystery. When a chronological factor alone does not satisfy he is ready to blame his failure on something that seems merely tangential and, at most, merely contingent, “Noise of the trams probably.” As if any causal effect can be established between the two by resorting to an abstruse syllogistic legerdemain! At this moment a piece of information that vaguely, and yet naggingly, hearkens back to the unresolved character referenced by our hero a number of passages before reifies. It may or may not be related to the father-priestly figure that has occurred then, but the sudden recurrence of the godly figure, by association at least, jerks the reader back to the moment when he felt the enigmatic shock grabbing him by the hindlock. Could the person referenced here the same one Bloom cursorily mentioned previously? or is it a mere coincidence that he resorts to a character in the same holy order as our hero struggles to come up with the name of the

person to fix the centrality of the moment, from which the present phenomenological circle initially started. The private argument that takes place in his mind bifurcates and obfuscates without actually clarifying the issue, which motivated him to pursue the desultory quest in the first place, just as Bloom disarmingly softens the blow from his inability to evoke the right name and simultaneously mull over the contingent and circumstantial details to narrow, most likely unbeknownst to himself and to the entertainment of the readers, the circle of search down to the center of the mystery.

Duly Bloom turns off to an offshoot of the same chronological search to focus his attention on a man who seems to stick out in his memory, particularly because of the man's relation to our hero's wife. Needless to say there is no inevitable logic that the preceding reminiscence gives rise to Bartell d'Arcy. Each disjunctive syntactical unit is a guarantee that the mind of the hero, or the narrative itself, divagates without constraints in a way that transcends traditional sequentiality. The thematic feature that is foregrounded at this juncture is d'Arcy's musicality as it neatly matches with the aspect of Bloom's wife that has been amply foreshadowed in our hero's desultory reminiscence. The romantic implications that grudgingly come out through our hero's oblique description irresistibly resonate throughout the short passage. Is it the name attributed to the tenor that subtly influences the way the reader processes the situation adumbrated between the beau and the then attractive chanteuse, tropologically speaking that is, whose name the reader has come to know as Molly? Is the name itself inflected by the hardly disguised jealousy our hero still feels toward the man? Regardless of the truth of the matter, d'Arcy cannot escape from being embedded in an Austeneque romantic context because of its suggestive overtones. If nothing is gratuitous, in the sense that no element can be discarded without the whole being affected in some way, then reading intent and motivation behind the casual evocation of the man by the name given could certainly endue the conscious realm of our hero with breadth as the narrative allows the reader ample opportunities to dally with the inner psyche of the characters being etched out in the virtual space. As it happens, the reader's expectation is satisfied as the narrator continues his jealous note in the proceeding sentences. What he attaches his mind to in particular at his moment is the insouciant playboyish feature of the man he is tackling, "Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache" (p. 156). The undiluted emotional outburst manifests here on the textual surface and the image that concludes the sentence more than subtly inflects the previous statement in the manner the reader has suspected happened. The act of the man to see his dear wife home, indeed, is not only the historic reminiscence that is purported to be imparted to the reader but, as it is seen as a recursive ramification of

the sentiment expressed in the preceding statement, the present one becomes a reflection of Bloom's attitude to the man after all these years of chronological intercession. Here a casual remark brings in a vivid and sharp-edged phenomenological insight into the mind of our hero. The spontaneity that is becoming a keyword in this supposed digressive work erupts into a form that is all the more expressive of the inner emotional intensity because of the pure, abstract mode our hero switches to in spite of himself, or for that matter because of his overwhelming mood. The moment he recalls the title of the song, which is tantamount to bursting into singing, albeit on a phenomenological level, is the one when Bloom ever more directly gives vent to his true sentiment. In other words, *Winds that blow from the south*, is a cue for the reader to pick up the strands of Bloom's psyche that are to be relied upon to configure a narrative person needed to make out a narrative along a more or less traditional line, which may sound paradoxical when we are dealing with a deconstructive work like *Ulysses* but in fact quite helpful in keeping the autonomous characters alive in the spontaneous narrative confines.

As expected from the readerly cue supplied by the timely placement of *Winds that blow from the south*, Bloom's mind expands and dilates over the incidents that opportunely and must necessarily take off from the fortuitous title he recollected in connection with the beau and his wife. The noteworthy lengthy and forcefully concatenated sentence runs on considerably, as if the recollective mind is in a hurry to impatiently brush away the impure energy that has resulted in the evocation of the undesirable interaction between the tenor and his heart's desire. It may be worth quoting the entire length before I can dissect it to capture the essence of the gushing phenomenological outburst: "Windy night that was I went to fetch her there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's concert in the supperroom or oakroom of the Mansion house." In a short span of time the narrator manages to put the ad hominem emotional complications regarding the man in question in perspective and in his stead places another personage on the foreground (which, however, may as well be an extension of the same beau our hero has been dealing with for some time now) while populating the phenomenologico-narrative landscape with the unique circumstantial details that immediately threaten to overtake the thematic interest the reader has come to get acclimatized to. The concrete meteorological information that leads off the sentence eases the transition into a new phase of the narrative experience that is woven out by the fertile mind of our narrator. Because of the connective link provided by the nature of the preceding episode, this sentence also functions as the same reminiscence about his wife and memorable episodes centered on her, possibly

involving man/men amorously drawn to her. Another noteworthy feature that is obvious in this sentence is the light-hearted cause of the occasion for which the said meeting is convened or at least which becomes a part of the agenda of the whole meeting—to discuss lottery tickets. This facetious occasion becomes, not surprisingly in this somewhat unpredictable work, a condition under which a music-related incident is introduced and transmogrifies into an old man memorably framed in a very detailed mundane setting that promises to be another expansive tale verging on farce. By the time the reader has gone through the twisted and elliptical observation about the circumstances under which the gossipy meeting took place, he is all willing to follow along the whimsical tack our hero/narrator takes in his voluble quest to get to the bottomless bottom of his chronological adventure. As the narrator/reader has it, the situation ever slips into the realm of balderdash as the narrator indulges in the minutest details of the occasion at which the complications involving his wife arose. The initial interjectional comment that is hardly sufficient to comprehensively delineate the convoluted phenomenological setup, “He and I behind,” takes the reader by surprise as he is not a little nonplussed about the identity of the person being referred to here. However, because of the narrative momentum that is being dammed up due to the syntactical oddity, the energy that is carrying on the reminiscence drives the humorous nuances home with a vengeance, as the situation presented adumbrates itself with an unmistakable pettiness, “Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against the high school railings.” The discrepancy between the reader’s expectations of what the scene would entail and the actual envisaged sequentiality forces upon the reader the quirky paths the narrative is always ready to unpredictably take gratuitously. The least the reader can do at this juncture is not to make a fool of himself and heartily laugh at the comic situation that is woven out in the recollective mind of the narrator. A consolation that can be found in the syntactical structure is the abridged sentence that is interpretable in a number of ways, although it may in the end define itself for the sake of narrative coherency. Regardless of the narrowing significatory circle pertaining to the sentence in question, it unfailingly impacts the comically set up situational image, as the response to the pseudo-emergency resulted from the blown off music, which would have been either ripped or lost for good, heightens the sense of risibility, “Things like that spoils the effect of a night for her.”

If a dire situation is equated with a precariously positioned music, as well as the narrator himself, a sigh of relief he breathes upon its retrieval, and the putative cause thereof, cannot be all that serious. In fact the dire situation that would have turned into a disaster proves to be merely a jumping off point to further explore the

comical possibilities the image of the said professor offers to our hero in retrospect as well as concurrently with the actual incident presumably taken place in the past. The comical strand that is interwoven at this juncture is the kind that needs to be enjoyed per se and at the same time as a concomitant part of the psychological revenge Bloom takes upon the professor for the latter's seeming amorous attempt on his wife. The emotional manifestation that emerges from the passage is in a way both risible and reflective of the subterfuge serio-masochistic tendency Bloom exhibits in spite of himself. Because of the unconscious streak that characterizes the self-expository passage that develops in the narrative for a number of concatenated sentences, the reader is allowed a rare opportunity to delve into the unusually well-camouflaged psyche that is not only complex but fluid as it constantly escapes from definitive compression. The malignancy, which however does not foregrounds itself as such, makes the narrative somehow comical, as it elides into the ridiculous figure of the professor as he is seen "linking her in front." The emotional outburst continues as the sharp-edged memory ceaselessly supplies the image of an old man, who is barely able to keep himself erect and somehow desperately tries to entwine his life with someone who is, at least to Bloom, inequitably charming and dashing young. The comment our hero makes is almost cruel and without reservation, "Shaky on his pins, poor old sot." Had it not been for the perspectival objectivity that is derived from the chronological pastness and the narrative setup, the reader would certainly be tempted to identify with the hero and heartily appreciate the ludicrous predicament the old professor is reduced to. Nonetheless the concatenated sentences that move along the vituperative mood do allow the reader to indulge in demagogic complaisance. As our hero gives vent to his pent-up instinctive sexual revenge, he cannot help but wish the end of the old man's career and along with it possibly his presence before him and his dearest, "His farewell concerts." And Bloom is quite emphatic about this point, which further sheds a light on the relational conflict that exists between the three on both the structural and reflexive level, "Positively last appearance on any stage." To clinch the emotional point Bloom adds, "May be for months and may be for never."

An emotional correlative to cleaving the relational boundary between our hero and his partner and the other is his recollection of very nuanced personal moments when gusty winds render Molly the tenderest creature he can possibly protect in the contingency-ridden reality. Note how the exclusively nuanced tropological images are identified with the person toyed by the cold winds and her partner who had felt precariously positioned because of the appearance of a doddering and yet musically inclined professor. Could it be merely what he calls the memorable "gust" that makes

him shiver with onomatopoeically emphatic “Brrfoo”? Is it not rather the complex derivative sentiments that arise from his assessment of the relationship, which he presumes develops between Molly and the old one? The proceeding sentence seems to point to the latter as the recollective mind of our hero focuses on the youthful rollicking of Molly by way of her skirts and boa she wore and contrasts her exuberance with the withered stick of a man the wishful musician represents, at least to our hero. The jealous vengeance the sentence exhibits would be almost laughable if not for the cruelty it suggests, “[the cold wind] [b]lew up all her skirts and her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin.” The picture it evokes is so devastatingly embarrassing for the professor that anyone with a modicum of imagination could hardly miss our hero’s point. As in anything human parity counts, particularly in affairs of men and women. If the old professor had wanted to avoid any humiliation, he might as well have excused himself from any actions that would have been construed by our protagonist to be encroaching upon his proprietary amorous arena. After all this recollective sequence he is entitled to have the final laugh. After a complicated psychological skirmish like that, nothing is more soothing like reascertaining the youthful domain and decisively separating themselves from the encroaching gerontological menace by retiring to a cozy bedroom, preambled by an image of vigorous and sanguine maidenhood, “She did get flushed in the wind.” Nothing is like having an intimate moment with your beloved, especially when the urgent aim is to leave the menace behind in a realm that is teeming with mundane strives, one of the consequences of which is jealousy. The erotic element becomes particularly pronounced in this segment. The familiar body of our hero’s female partner becomes delectably and defamiliarly voluptuous, as if Bloom vitally needs fleshly satisfaction on an instinctive level. The detailed description of what ensues in the boudoir, an intensely private enclosure so to speak, foregrounds the hiatus that is proportionate to the menace the old professor presented to our hero’s relationship between himself and Molly. It may be therefore requisite to assess the erotic abandon Bloom indulges in if we are to fathom the intensity of the passion concomitant in the struggle with the uninvited enemy our hero waged unbeknownst to others.

Note the tone of domesticity as Bloom appreciatively reminisces about the seemingly trivial details, which he obviously invests with preponderant emotional values, “Remember when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her supper with the Chutney sauce she liked.” All the items and actions enumerated here conjure up the layered nuances that are shared by the immediate partners concerned. The more details are evoked, the more handles Bloom generates with which to build walls to shun unwanted influences and presences and

isolate themselves in a cocoon that is at least invasion-resistant for the moment. The fond memory alarmingly becomes mawkishly uxorious as Bloom tries to identify carnal and gustatory desires with the connubial bliss. In his rush to share the precious moments with the reader our hero becomes oblivious to the fact that he might be running the risk of exposing his banal side in spite of himself. The wolfish appetite, in which the two almost become one even before the actual sexual consummation, only enhances the reader's sense that despite our hero's effort to distance himself from the aggressive, or more accurately what appears to Bloom overeager, professor, our hero reveals himself as eager to wallow in the fleshly paradise as, given the opportunity and the requisite youth, the old professor would to unite with the youthful Molly. At this point the key word is cozy fleshly indulgence, as Bloom continuously evokes the images that bring back the immediacy of those moments when youthful couples abandoned themselves and had unadulterated sheer joy of being one in each other. The description that follows upon the previous quote challenges the reader to come and enter the extreme private realm only to salivate after the two wallowing in the sensuous delectation. The evocation becomes increasingly undisguised and graphic, "Could see her in the bedroom from the hearth unclamping the busk of her stays: white." If the narrative self were intentionally being exhibitionistic, this passage would easily be taken as an invitation and tantalizing stimulation for both to add zest to the exquisite moment our hero had at that juncture through reinvocation. The voyeuristic element that is intertwined here gets foregrounded in spite of and regardless of the readerly disposition of the moment as the narrative voice emphatically separates the moment of uncovering from the preliminary pseudo-objective documentary portion of the sentence. The discrepancy in nature of the chromatic declaration that pertains to the flesh of our hero's partner from the preceding portion makes the colon delineated surprise "statement," which might as well be an understatement, glaringly tactile. The calculated response from the reader is the warmth and irresistible sensuality that stops the narrative flow and punctuates the bracketed fraction of the moment as an eternal copresence/copresent. Time both explosively expands and shrinks to nullity simultaneously as the narrative mind lets the reader in on the most intimate of emotional denudement. It is an ecstasy intensely private and at the same time shared as the narrative mind obviously and almost perversely delights in allowing the others to vicariously take pleasure in the body of his beloved. The erotic titillation is without doubt enhanced by the suggestive procedural details that also comment on the watchful eyes that are glued on the cynosure of narrative and erotic *jouissance*. The erotic pleasure and the familial bliss, as often happens in ordinary marriage, seamlessly

combine with each other as Bloom completely lets himself transport and transpose to a different dimension that is only retrievably gone beyond the present realm. The frisson, palpable even to the eavesdropping reader, becomes even more vivid and immediate as our hero delves even deeper into the private revelatory moment, which appears more tangible and of the very moment that took place, the wider the crevice that separates the now from the then. As the metaphorical and metonymic stay-cum-flesh of his beloved comes to approximate the lapsed ecstasy, the unsustainability of the climactic tension becomes all the more evident without the already pseudo-graphic description giving way to actual disrobement of his beloved. Note how the incremental images, beginning with the "soft flop her stays made on the bed," threatens to explode into a passion that is both engendering and all-consuming. The prelude that is rife with suggestive details is merely that, a preamble leading to the inevitable consummation, "Always warm from her. Always liked to let her self out. Sitting there after till near two taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse." Except that the lapse of time intervenes in the form of narrative structure and physical transposition, allowing a chance for others in the same narrative realm to intrude into the now of the narrator where our hero is putatively located, the now that also gives him the perspective from which he has been revisiting the past memorable moments as he is suddenly and brutally reminded of, much to his chagrin.

A standard and traditional dialogue between Bloom and a woman past her prime is a fresh draft of air after a long tunneling through the intricate psyche of our hero, albeit the conversation that pans out is, not contrary to our expectation, rather superficial, to say the least. Considering the over-climactic fantasy Bloom has allowed himself in for what seems like eternity, the change in subject, as well as tone, is almost mandatory and ineluctable unless the author meant to go beyond the ordinary bounds of expectations the reader implicitly asks from a stream-of-consciousness narrative like this. As the platitudinous greetings start, the insubstantial formality strikes the reader as too familiar to require any undue delving into the minds of the characters that are depicted at this juncture in the narrative. However, even the mere formalities become in this work jump-off points from which other intricate psychological minutiae develop. Unless the reader is completely somnolent and oblivious of the interweaving of the layers of emotional and psychological workings of the protagonist, the multivalent voices would be always there beneath the surface even when the façade indicates otherwise. With that object lesson in mind, let us fathom the various strands of significations that can be picked up in this dialogic segment between an overweening ego and an old chatterbox. The conversation takes place under no uncommon

circumstance, which seems to be echoed by the initial how-do-you-do's. Except for slight character exposition, the encounter promises to be deficient in any surprises. For that reason, the nuanced revelatory remarks shine through from the interstices of the conversation as if coruscating jewels were scattered nonchalantly among clots of earth. The detailed character exposition is indeed so prominent in this segment that the reader cannot help noticing almost a deliberate attempt by the author cum narrator to focus on the circumstantial and gratuitous exchanges that could have been omitted without any damage to the narrative as a whole. The formality that persists throughout the conversation, however, makes the possible redundancies into an opportunity for the reader to decipher the internal workings of the characters that are necessary to add nuanced layers to the narrative at the same time. Interestingly, from the narrative architectonic point of view, the rude artifacts that momentarily try to obtrude and impede the flow of the conversation, contrarily keeps it buoyant and helps the flow run smoothly without stagnation. Granted that the chatty woman gratuitously brings out the topic of Bloom's wife, but because of the congruity the reader recognizes in that very act the scene develops complications that are assuredly beneficial for spontaneous and organic evolution of characters in absentia. But as quick repartees succeed one after another, the reader notices divergent strands of significations gradually take shape, which run in parallel to the surface delineation of actual conversation between the two and simultaneously weave in and out of it without interrupting the physical flow of the dialogue.

No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

In the pink, Mr Bloom said gaily. Milly has a position down in Mullingar, you know.

Go away! Isn't that grand for her?

Yes. In a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?

All on the baker's list, Mrs Breen said.

How many has she? No other in sight.

You are in black, I see. You have no ...?

No, Mr Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee. Who's dead, when and what did he die of? Turn up like a bad penny.

Oh, dear me, Mrs Breen said. I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

Dignam, Mr Bloom said.

(pp. 156-157)

In the end, however, what takes precedence is the timely asides Bloom cum narrator manages to insert into what seems like a tight-knit conversation. While the chatty and meddlesome character of the dialogic partner of our hero spontaneously jumps out of the textual context, the delineation thereof and the nuanced indirect indications thereof become merely engulfed by the significatory expansion our hero's phenomenological comments create. Soon, the reader realizes that what he is following is the detached perspective Bloom's mind provides to the entire picture. It even occurs to the reader that what is shaping as a conversation here is merely a metaphor of the act of reminiscence the mind is engaged in at the moment. The interpretation of the kind would completely change the way the reader comprehends the narrative presented at this juncture. But the fact remains that the seemingly momentary manifestation of the hero's mind at work disproportionately endues the narrative texture with the phenomenological chromatization of the narrator that is hard to expunge. As a result, the situational concretization that is manifested as Mrs. Breen becomes dashed with layers and colors that are tellingly inflected by the idiosyncratic mindset and perspective constructed through narrative coalescence. Rather than appreciating the simple drollery the lady presents at this juncture, the reader is led to fathom the indirect description of the character, the source of which actually resides in the psyche where the multifarious and incessant asides are generated. Therefore, let us gauge our hero's mind at work as it confronts the chatty woman who happens to materialize on our hero's way back from the funeral. However, no sooner is the simplistic solution presented than a complicating autonomous issue crops up. Granted that the woman described is merely a reflection of the mind engaged in reminiscence, but the spontaneous vivification of a woman who organically assumes a living entity in a narrative space is hard to ignore either. Perhaps the two presences are something that persist inseparably once the mind of our hero-cum-narrator gives rise to a presence as autonomous as Mrs. Breen, even though the latter is constantly brought back to the phenomenological confines of our hero.

In the teetering balance between autonomy and the overpowering narrative/recollective control, the reader is decidedly reminded of the ever-potent structuring mind that obtrudes to the fore at a moment's notice. Between the interstices of the conversation, which in fact is incessant as the mind is free to float at any significatory and phenomenological level it pleases while the actual conversation takes place, the reader is reminded of the ultimate locale of the generative principle that is at the base of the narrative stream, which constitutes the realistic encounter such as the one currently occurring. The most prominent obtrusion, among others, is the gratuitous

ditty the narrator cum the thinking mind of our hero abruptly forces upon the reader.

Your funeral's tomorrow  
 While you're coming through the rye,  
 Diddlediddle dumdum  
 Diddlediddle ...

(p. 157)

The narrative mind not only wanders off to a distant realm but it is obviously ready to metamorphose anything that offers it an occasion to pamper its imaginative prowess into an impetus to indulge in masturbatory drollery. Thenceforward the apparent realistic conversation assumes an phraseology that is increasingly reflective of the mind that is tuned to and active on multiple tropological levels. It is not the woman/ Mrs. Breen who speaks "Sad to lose the old friends," but her "womaneyes." That may as well be because her expressive sympathy towards the loss of Bloom's close friends should resonate throughout her self, particularly on the exterior, or rather a window on her interior psyche, which in turn allows others to peek into her mind, if they are perceptive enough like Bloom. Nevertheless, the metonymic capture of the place of her vocal sympathy does encourage the reader to focus on the central role the mind is playing in the putatively regular conversation in the street. The mind, in other words, shapes the way the narrative develops. As if to corroborate it, the phenomenological voice whispers to itself, as well as to the reader, that the mind decides and directs the course in which the conversation runs. Cheap emotional ties may be gratifying for a moment but not when they threaten to become mawkish, "Now that's quite enough about that." And it gives the reader a privilege to eavesdrop on the private directive, "Just quietly: husband." In a pointedly facetious tone the narrator-cum-our hero asks, "And your lord and master?" The seemingly spontaneous question is nothing out of the ordinary except that all the preambles that precede it have predisposed the reader to look at the situation multidimensionally, just as our hero has by now convincingly revealed to us the omnipotent directive role he plays from the very inception of the current sequence. The mind that reads and interprets has its sight set on something else than the mere surface conversation that continues ad infinitum. Nothing unrelated to the surface occurrence, however, but definitely that which could potentially give rise to a dimension that could develop into an autonomous signficatory metaphorical expansion. Following upon the previous focus on a bodily part of his interlocutor, Bloom once again seizes the ocular signature element of the lady in front of him as a reminder of her past youthful glory that is still prolonged despite the reasonable lapse of time deemed enough to wither the most princessly charms of a former enchantress. The pat return to the

moments shared by Mrs. Breen and our hero, as well as the woman's husband, in the mind of the narrator also transmorphoses into a sequence of facile images wrapped up in trite expressions that come out of the mouth of the woman almost ready made. The flimsiness, symbolized by the utterance almost devoid of real substance, or is it the mind that opts to waver that gives rise to such an impression in the reader, leaves our hero once again distracted, opening up an opportunity to divagate. As if to reemphasize his mind's commitment, or rather non-commitment, to the concurrent conversation Bloom is engaged with Mrs. Breen, it explores the olfactory landscape that evolves from the appetizing smell apparently floating off a pastry shop nearby. The associative thoughts that coalesce privately inside our hero's phenomenological realm foreground the yearning and gushing desire layered by the diachronic history of our hero that is expressed through his idiosyncratic shorthand, "Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jampuffs roly-poly poured out from Harrison's." With the manifestation of the very private thoughts that have been suddenly given immediacy by the use of the idiosyncratic shorthand, the emphasis definitely shifts toward the inner realm that has been continuously in existence throughout the episode, regardless of the external framework in which the narrative has been presented to the reader. Rather than the mediated perspective, the reader has been granted a direct insight into the inner landscape of the protagonist's psyche, and the playful, rollicky idiosyncratic rendition of the heart's desires that gush out of the depth of our hero gives rise to an empathic identification on the part of the reader with the very sensuous corporeality that becomes etched out in a narrative phase that is for that very reason distantless. When Bloom's afternoon appetite is stimulated it is neither his "gullet" alone that is tickled, nor ours alone either, but the entire figural and corporeal and intestinal desires are being aroused, "The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr Bloom's gullet." The very private appetite becomes a sharable one that is felt and evoked universally.

Because of the private emotions that are made sharable the reader finds the flow of potentially idiosyncratic as well as enigmatic thoughts perfectly intelligible. The perspective that is in fact distant becomes merged with the reader's and the gut reaction and mental regurgitation that derive deep down from the very historical/histrionic person of our character seamlessly dovetail into the comprehending psyche of the reader. Once the converging process is complete, however, the reader is humorously reminded of the essential crevice that separates the heterogeneous empirical entities that have chanced to momentarily position in parallel to each other in disparate realms, although the reader almost obliterates in the temporal interstices the distance that separates the two except for the residual recognition that the other is

possibly an unconscious reflection of his own self. As soon as the deepest of the private realm is fathomed, the reader is thrust back to the actual situation that is established between the two characters fortuitously brought together near a pastry shop, which in fact circuitously ramifies into the diachronic sensuous reaction, in which the gullet of our hero is tickled. The thought, "Or is it from her," is a marker that signifies the multitudinous levels on which the narrative is being played out. With mere sputtering of the short words, the actual dialogic scheme raises its head and seamlessly weaves into the phenomenological mind flow of our hero.<sup>6</sup> The alternating heterogeneous narrative planes produce an illusion that the narrative is both outside and inside the mind realm simultaneously. The reader, fortunately, is allowed a rare opportunity to experience them in tempo and in situ. The door opened up to the external description further leads to the circumstantial picture that develops around the scene. A poor soul, who happens to be standing near the shop putatively sniffing the appetizing aroma of the pastry, "A barefoot arab stood over the grating, breathing in the fumes." The interstitial punctuational blank between the pseudo-sentences facilitates the free transmutation of the perspectival and signification values of the narrative content and what results in the current one is a presumed reflection of what our hero desires is the fulfillment of his gut reaction to the irresistible smell of the pastry. The bare-minimum unit of human response is let resonate with our hero's inner leaning while the situation presumably requires him to be fully engaged in a conversation with a chatty woman. If the gut response is substituted by the transparent manifestation of the momentary and yet our hero's transposed reaction to the olfactory stimulus via the street "arab," then the verbal reaction, or rather correspondence, to it is expected to be also instinctively visceral, "Deaden the gnaw of hunger that way." With the manifestation of the empathic gut-reaction the reader is led to refocus on the phenomenological processes of the hero, as the latter traces one phonetic-significatory cue after another. Needless to say, the interstitial blanks here do not directly help the reader to make out what syntactical and relational links are being built, as the words, which are not conventionally attached to any particular narrative entity, weave out a string of appositional attributes somehow vaguely referring to the character now being recognized by our hero. The fact that the reader is able to endow the passage with

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<sup>6</sup> The word phenomenological may connote the separation that sets the realm of our hero's mind apart from the actual physical actionable ken, a barrier which Edmond Wilson notes makes Joyce's fictional world hopelessly frustrating as it tends to prohibit coalescence of actual personal interactions and relations. For more on Wilson's view on the issue, see *Letters on Literature and Politics* (New York: Farrar, Strauss, Giroux, 1977) pp. 150-151.

manageable order and meaning is because the perspectival distance that is ordinarily there between the two subject positions has been momentarily been annulled or at least greatly reduced. The otherwise chaotic, orderless jumble of words shape themselves into an intelligible block and give rise to a verbal landscape that is dotted with pseudo-puns, significations and images that are all born of the playful fecund mind of our hero. Obviously the author of the playful images is pleased with the product of his imagination and the endless string of phonetic and imagistic concretizations continues as a diachronically charged impetus feeds the inertia ad infinitum. The following lines, beginning with "Pleasure or pain is it," not only delve into the corners of the remembered and associative pool of tenuous tidbits from the experiential past but also express the definite joy of linking together the images and sounds just for the fun of their suggestive *jouissance*.

Just as the intrusive diachronic intervention thrust itself in the middle of the dialogical setup, the actual visual cue arising from the lady in front of our hero brings him back to the world he and others must necessarily reside, with all the concomitant ingredients that make the multivalent narrative lines possible. This time the focal point, or the organ that lets the reader seize on the inner workings of the mind, is the eye. The reader sees the lady and what is taking place through the intercessionary interpretive view the conscious mind of Bloom grants via the eye, "Opening her handbag, chipped leather, hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things" (p. 157). While the reader sees what is happening between the two the situational signification is always refracted by the meddlesome busy agency that cannot choose but to be placed in the center of the narrative universe. The importance that arises from the situational moment is not the particulars being described, but the inflections that are attached because of the intervening presence of the mind, which never allows the reader's analytic and viewing mind to wander off on its own. The article being recognized, a pin, should be kept in a safe place, not in a bag that might pop open in a crowded tram, for instance, resulting in an inadvertent injury, "Stick it in a chap's eye." A seemingly innocent and innocuous *mise en scène* is never neutral once it is embedded in the histrionic processes of our hero's fecund imaginative mind. Or, it would be more accurate to say that the esemplastic power of our hero's creative psyche does not allow a complete autonomy of the reader's exegetic and interpretive prowess. As soon as the narrator drops a hint, tantalizingly encouraging the reader to take his cue and make of it anything he wishes, the idiosyncratic voice in the narrative piles directive authoritative surmises, or objective selfless comments perhaps, one upon another that the reader is left with no choice but to follow the path dictated by the omniscient phenomenological commentator.

The process involved is so subtle that no matter how guarded the reader may be against an inadvertent surrender to the narrator's will, he most likely ends up acceding to the signifiatory lead the narrator develops. In this passage, our hero lets the reader "objectively" see how the situation is evolving, "Rummaging." A short, concise description of the lady facing our hero immediately forces psychosocial identification of the narrator and the malleable co-conspirator in the narrative development. As the narrator watches the lady "rummaging" in the purse, so does the reader without any reserve. Virtually without any temporal break, except for the textual and spatial one between the initial situational descriptor and the following one, the narrator forces upon the reader an actionable concept that is literally verbal and derivatively imperative. However, the sequitur, or what follows upon it, is not necessarily a literal object the narrator actually watches, despite the fact that neat apposition of the monosyllabic words certainly encourages the reader to interpret it in a continuous organic manner.

Subtly and yet surely, the signifiatory direction shifts more toward an interpretive, subjective mode with the materialization of "Money" and from that point on the confluence of imaginative energies between the narrator and the reader is obvious, which gives rise to a desultory imaginative expansion centered around the fecund phenomenological mind of our hero. The narrative could develop into a situational comedy. Penurious family hard pressed to conserve whatever they have go into a tiff over a sum one of the spouses putatively has lost. (Rather than offering money to me, thus goes a script in the head of the narrator, save it to yourself, for after all money could be the cause of all sorts of trouble. At least one strand that presents itself for the reader to decipher signals its signification.) A predicament like that is the last thing the narrator-cum-dramaturge wants to see result from the very encounter he has with the woman. What would be the consequences of loss of money? The least that ensues would be ("Devils if they lose sixpence") ugly vituperation thrown at each other ("Raise Cain"). Just the bare image of the two confronting each other, actually one aggressively demanding the recounting of wasteful vicissitudes and the other defending her vulnerable and yet quite justifiable position, is so turgidly melodramatic that the thinking mind cannot resist from going into a full imaginative drama.

Husband bargaining.

Where's the ten shillings I gave you on Monday?

Are you feeding your little brother's family?

(p. 157)

All the ingredients are there for a full scale slapstick battle. At least that is what our

hero imagines he wishes until the actual/imagined narrative line traces a trajectory almost Shakespearean, "Soiled handkerchief: medicinebottle." Simultaneously, the reader is diverted from the narrator's phenomenological line and given a perspective that is at once offhand and straggling, helplessly involved with the narrator's creative process. A realistic and objective insight and intrusion wins out for the moment with the observatory comment, "Pastile that was fell." A forceful contingency, a dropping "pastille," sweeps the reader off his dreamy stance, which has enabled him to share the realm presided by our hero's dominant imaginative mind, and plunges him into the reality where force/action/movement counts. The sudden force takes the imaginative mind off its guard as well and leaves him wordless, "What is she? ...," which prepares for the inevitable dialogic topical turnaround.

Not surprisingly, the words that come out of the lady's mouth are tinged with mundanity and even with irrelevance, "There must be new moon out..."<sup>7</sup> Just momentarily, the seemingly unhinged remark leaves the reader at a loss and threatens to force him to go over the line again in search of a signification clue. As if to reflect the puzzlement on the reader's part, the putative dialogue continues with a minimal narrative directive. When the triviality of the reference dawns both on the reader and our hero, both have regained their composure enough to observe the gestural indicators of the lady that might better tell about her than her formulaic conversation beguilingly promises to do. While both the narrator and the reader are bemused, they reflexively follow the gist of the conversation, "Do you know what he did last night?" But the interpretational objective intelligence behind all this is able to observe and analyze the circumstances that contribute to the situational gestalt that coalesces in the fictional space. The participating subject, however, is momentarily off balance, or at least acts as if he were taken aback by an unexpected question. An observant interpretive self, on the other hand, enjoys every bit of narrative moments, magnifying an opportunity in which the interlocutory lady indulges in recounting her marital saga. He is able to go in tandem with the narrative self as the stream of consciousness-cum-narrative asides urges the reader to enjoy the comical situation that evolves within the triangular perspectival setup, which is in fact ontologically heterogeneously constituted. Once the narrative topography is ready, the lady in question resumes a story everyone involved is waiting for, "Woke me up in the night." A

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<sup>7</sup> As Robert H. Bell notes in his *Jocoserious Joyce* (p. 50), banality is a key concept in developing the de-centralized narrative of *Ulysses*. Mundane reifications, however, are never left undelved and undefamiliarized as they become infinite sources of new discovery and conscious and interpretative flight for the reading consciousness that peregrinates in company with the acting mind in the narrative.

suspenseful rendition piques the reader's interest while the concomitant platitude forewarns a bathetic trajectory the saga threatens to take. The realized dialog/narrative and the multivalent take on it simultaneously pan out on the textual canvas, which is masterfully inscribed in a combination of drama and phenomenological shorthand. The actual line the woman utters is worthy of the multi-level perspectives that subtly and yet intricately combine themselves into producing a well-nuanced narrative, "Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs." The enigmatic account shifts the narrative focus back on the actual conversation and the underlying comments and asides that reflect on the mind at work relegate it to the background for the moment. The pseudo-comic strain in the enigmatic line, which vaguely harks back to the serio-comic tradition and more recently to the simple portmanteau nonsensical tradition, prepares for a dramatic event that is almost guaranteed to end in a slapstick upset. Regardless of the overall context, the interest our hero takes in the remark seems genuine, which echoes the same in the accompanying reader, "The Ace of spades!" The momentum builds in the meantime. To make the situation all the more tantalizing, she takes her time to unfold a postcard, which she has produced from her purse. The command that ensues is terse and threatens to be prosaic. If the prelude formulated is transmogrifying into mundanity, the gist contained in the said card reciprocates with its naked materiality that is directly tied to both private and public economy, albeit rather laconically expressed, "U.P." The suspense and tension that has been rising cannot sustain itself anymore and thus the riposte our lady makes is both appropriate and ineluctable, "U.P.: up.... Someone taking a rise out of him." Although an element of ambiguity remains, as most of the lines do in this highly fluid narrative, the signification direction the conversation takes leaves no doubt that the anticlimactic moment predicted previously is materializing as the lady in front of our hero regrettably pictures a projected outcome from the current complication, "He's going to take an action for ten thousand pounds." The bathetic implications the line contains is an indication that the mind that is in control is ready to take a flight and view the reified facets of life's minutiae with their multiple interpretative possibilities.

The narrative in *Ulysses* is indeed constant digressions and divagations that may seem irrelevant to the occurrent actualities but which in fact shed light on the hidden sources of inspirations that make our platitudinous contingent everyday moments interesting and worth their while. The significance of the now with its concomitant jumble of directionless entropic particulars may not be so obvious but the deeper one delves into the narrative corpus, the more convinced one becomes that every nook and cranny of the textual entity that gives rise to such a lively character as Bloom

is filled with life and meaning that synergistically accrues a totality which is more complicated and more significant than their mere aggregate tends to suggest.

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#### Ulysses における Consciousness と意味空間的拡がり

James Joyce の *Ulysses* は作品全体が意味的、叙述的非直線性で characterize される小説である。そのためにプロットや narrative themes という伝統的な概念が deconstruct されているばかりか、直線的な叙述の流れから派生する、あるいはその流れを diverge するような連想・偶然的要素が作品全体の経験的意味を決定している。この論文では各エピソードを構築して定義する大きな要因となっている Bloom の consciousness に着目して、それがいかに外的要素と相互作用しながら fictional space の expansion をもたらしているのか逐次分析して論述する。