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意味的生成と再生の場としてのJoyceのUlysses

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Ulysses: A Site of Perpetual Significatory Generation and Regeneration

Katsuaki TAIRA

It may seem rather strange that the syncopated accumulation of half and quarter sentences in James Joyce's *Ulysses* gives rise to an experience that is unique in the annals of English literature. But the truth is that as the reader goes along with the sing-song, ceaseless flow of the narrative he is struck with the sensation that the essences that exude from the inner core of the narrative permeate the fictional space and reach the most intimate being of his self, most likely unbeknownst to himself. The pleasure, in essence, of accompanying the narrators in the story (there are presumably a number of them) is that most mundane, as well as subtle and profound, sentiments float off the physical print of the text to the spatiality that is being constructed at the meeting place between all the parties involved, be it the mind actively participating in the deciphering process or the characters that take shape all so seamlessly out of the interaction between the former and the text through the obvious intercessory being embodied by the adjudicatory and creative agent dominating the whole structurality. Be that as it may, the process of involvement by all the active building blocks in the narrative promises to spawn variegated strands of signification, and possibly a multiplication of a unified signification even, and allowing the reading self to be carried along with the flow of the narrative while at the same time actively engaged with the minutest details that concretize in the conscious and physical landscape within the narrative frame pullulating with such generative significatory possibilities opens up a new interpretative opportunity to move even deeper into the core of the story, if a unified graspable nucleus at all exists in this transmogrifying narrative. Skepticism does not conduce to any productive engagement with such a fascinating story as *Ulysses*. Granted that it is an avant-garde masterpiece, it ever offers a tantalizing promise that it never ceases to assert that status even after nearly a century of its circulation around the globe. If by merely accompanying the narrator and participating in the perambulatory divagation of one of the heroes of the story, albeit hopefully willingly and synergistically, the reader can hope to partake of and give rise to the special fictional spatiation only an accomplished and especially skillful craftsman can initiate, then it may be all the more worthwhile to follow the footsteps of our hero, in this case rather serendipitously chosen I might add, named Leopold Bloom. With his suggestive given

name, echoing even Leopold Mozart, and ethnically connotative surname, which eventually is amply demonstrated to be ethnically charged, the hero cum narrator-actor-interpretor omens to be an auspicious generative promulgator of narrative significations derived from, among many other factors, the disjunctive structurality that mirrors the thought patterns and flow of the central actors populating *Ulysses*.

Let us start then with a scene where our hero runs into a woman friend of his in the mundane setup that makes up the physical backdrop of the narrative throughout the story. As subtle as ever, the eye seizes on the aging dress the woman is wearing, coloring the ambience the two are wrapped in, as well as the environment the narrative at this particular juncture is set in. The person that interprets the information is quite matter of fact and nonchalantly blasé about the cruel ravages time has apparently wreaked on the lady's self, an effect which is conveyed by way of the garment the lady is wearing and which is obviously metonymically treated in the relevant passage.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. Shabby genteel. She used to be a tasty dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly. (p. 158)

The modest indirection Bloom is known to indulge in increases the sense of old shabbiness and helplessness the then younger and fresh and now past her prime character exudes. The understatement that underpins the general tone, albeit rather trite, further nuances the subtlety with which the metonymic person is treated here. The first sentence could as well be transformed to signify that the flesh and body of the woman is losing its tony coloration just as the dress, which represents what it encloses, is showing signs of discoloration. Just as the reader expects to hear more graphic rendition of aging, a particularized representation of gerontological concretization succeeds in a manner that is both discreet and piquant. A very image of elderly woman who has passed her prime, and thus who is neglectful of her aesthetic worth, is craftily coalesces in "wispish hair." Note how diminutization of the word "wisp" renders the image all the more emphatic. As soon as the line is passed the reader registers the vast discrepancy the person of the woman presents between the two points in time. The effect accomplished here does not exclude the residues of the memory that inserts the identity of the person into the current scene; however, the cursory metonimization that takes place through the ingenious phrasing our narrator employs here brings to the fore the temporal cacophony to such an extent that the difference, rather than the identity, dominates here. As if to make the point even more explicit, the narrator gradually

sheds his subtlety and turns markedly patronizing. He is after all observing the woman before him and evaluating the minutest details the person presents to his eyes, just so the reader can share the experience together with the flow of his thought. Once the mind has entered the analytical evaluative phase, the narrator cum hero merges with the readerly consciousness as he becomes decidedly offhanded and, at least for a fraction of a moment, completely detached from the dialogic other. The reader is ready to laugh at the woman with the narrator who does not mince his words about the brave and simple effort of the woman who manages to present her genteel self and yet which cannot help betraying the shabby reminder/remainder of her former self. But the seemingly obtuse evocation of the fall from the heydays of the youthful past simply yields to a lugubrious reflection on the ravages of time.

Time is also a reminder to shift the readerly focus to the reality that contemporaneously surrounds the interlocutors. That is, time expanded as including a complex of sentiments the woman's compeers feel toward her. In this case, it takes a rather brutal form and the narrator duly takes notice of the passer-by who tellingly makes it clear that the passage of time has been rather unkind on the woman our hero is facing at the moment. "See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel. Unfair sex." The momentary comment that crosses the mind of Bloom is so explicit even in its disguise that no careful reader could miss the point implied in the series of evanescent conscious reflection. The first line emphasizes the fact that "passing" cold eye the person casts on the interlocutor is unmistakably malign, albeit (which is also obtrusively and repetitiously appended) the passer-by barely establishes as a reified character in the actual setup where the conversation has been taking place. What lingers in the hero's, as well as the reader's, mind is the reverberative impressionistic one word line, "Cruel." Bloom viscerally knows that the woman who passes them by devalues the femininity of the woman in front of him, which not coincidentally echoes the exact sentiment he as been manifesting throughout the encounter. If bringing in a Freudian insight does not seem too outdated, the following double-entendre incidentally (although the casual remarks that seem fortuitous are in fact never as such in this extremely skillfully structured narrative) encourages psychoanalytic interpretation as the remark, "Unfair sex" tries to ramify into multitudinous significations refracted by readers' differential inclinations. The phrase not only refers to the unfairness of the compeers but also foregrounds the ugliness—regardless of the actual physical pulchritude of the woman who passes by as well as the past-her-prime aesthetic value of our hero's interlocutor—of the mind of a person who exhibits such unsavory response to her ilk. But needless to say, the pseudo-conscious exclamation (perhaps the best excuse Bloom

could come up with when and if he was confronted with the politically correct thought police would be that it is merely a slip, a Freudian one, but which again redounds to his guilt) may as well reflect on Bloom himself as the remark can easily be construed to indicate his mental reflex on observing the lady in front of him. If the passer-by has been assigned the kind of malign response noted above, it might as well have emanated from the core of our hero's intuitive self facing his old acquaintance he happens to run into in the middle of the city.

However, the solipsistic interpretation is momentarily checked, as our hero casts his eye at the receding woman, who is contextualized in the external reality in the very act of distantiation. The sentiment expressed in the current sequence is manifestly directed at the other, who is objectified as a separate entity as a broader perspective is introduced to the scene: "He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent." But the distantiation here employed is Bloom's cue to dwell on his inner world as well, which by the way is both internal and external in link, as it turns out. An obtusely introduced sentence shifts the reader's, as well as our hero's, attention away from the character moving away into the distance to the occurrent condition either inside his head or whatever causes him to suddenly hunger for "mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny." The abruptness with which the narrative shift occurs almost takes the reader off his interpretative balance and leaves him unsure about the direction the story is turning. Is it the smell that arises out of nowhere, possibly someplace in his memory, or the splotch on the lady's dress he has been observing for some time now that gives rise to such association? Either way, the conscious flow takes the reader's mind along with it and will not release it until they merge with the impressionistic reportage on the "[f]lakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress." Regardless of the absolute connection of the smell to the mock turtle mulligatawny, the resultant imagery is somehow linked to the condition of the leftovers on the interlocutor's dress. Or, more accurately, the reader is led to construe them in juxtaposition with the dialogic condition the two interlocutors are placed in the narrative. The transition, or rather the association, is made more plausible by the intercessory interjection "I'm hungry too." The short copula, which is in fact a terse sentence that functions as a copula, pushes and melds the sentences that immediately surround it into each other and allows an opportunity for the reader to make some sense of the obtusely introduced line as a signifiatory part of a larger, holistic unit. (As the narrator does not supply specific directives as to the intended authorial signification, the reader is free to strategize to arrive at a contextually justifiable sense, as long as each unit or component dovetails into another more or less organically without much stretch of imagination.) Note how

greedily and sensually the gustatory condition of our hero is portrayed in the proceeding observations. The eye that is both the eye of the narrator and vicariously that of the reader, is microscopically attached to whatever it is focused on. The tactilely charged bits of expressions further foreground the irresistibility of the smell, taste, and texture of whatever is placed before it, and by extension whatever is associated with those sentient qualities in the narrator's mind. The deliberate slow-moving rhythm helps give rise to the condition our hero is in at the moment, "daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek." The gustatory images crescendo and overflow into the reflection on a past episode, which somehow eludes tangible grasp on the part of the interpretive mind as our hero lets his mind wander over a range of names and events presumably (only) known to him and his close friends.

The thoughts diverted to the private realm resurface in the form of a directive and, not so paradoxically, in the semi-public realm as well. Although the tone is decidedly bathetic, which is quite congruous with the dialogic strategy our hero announces he is to take, the actual conversation that materializes is seamlessly unchanged as before, that is before the thought interruption occurs in *medias res*. The mundanity and mere formality of the conversation between the two interlocutors are almost overwhelming, threatening to send the reader's mind off to somewhere else than the actual site of the dialogic activity, "Do you ever see anything of Mrs Beaufoy?" The off-hand, the conventionally structured response makes one wonder if he had, even momentarily, fathomed the most private realm of the inner psyche of our hero before the present conversation actually took place. As if to respond to that potential discontent, or hopeful fulfillment, reifying in the inchoate mind of the befuddled reader, the thought of our hero travels back to the putatively unshared moment when he was at "Playgoers' club." Willy-nilly the readerly consciousness is synchronized with the moment of the hero's mind for the uninterrupted second without actually comprehending what the referents in the line actually signify. It turns out what correlates in the effervescent recollection to the actual conversation taking place now is the resonant "yes" the interlocutor utters. The reader is conveniently inserted between the apparently disjunctive two phases as an accessory to connect the recollective moments in the inner world of our hero and the external bathetic dialogic riposte. The discrepancy that occurs as a result of the heterogeneous dis/con-junction gives rise to comedy, which needless to say is not shared by everyone concerned in the conversation. The party that can possibly appreciate the irony is the one who has to figure out what our hero is referring to. In a way everyone could be a butt of the narrative joke and at the same time every one is a necessary constituent to make up the spatial signification that gives rise to the

situation rife with signifiatory multivalency.¹ As if she were independent of such narrative gestalt, Mrs. Breen continues her mundane topic in all the seriousness she could muster. It turns out the topic is the lightest and the most formulaic our hero could have expected. To the “horrendous” news his interlocutor announces, Bloom responds in the most calm and mater-of-fact manner that verges on indifference. He manages to convey understanding sympathy with the poor creature who is bed-ridden for three long days without being able to rid herself of a baby, whom, our hero hints, she and her family already have too many of. Without actually rising to the surface, as was the case a mere number of lines preceding the current one, the situational significance coalesces as a very toned-down and politically discreet response our hero makes to an emotionally charged comment on the poor bed-ridden woman uttered by Mrs. Breen: “I’m sorry to hear that.” The tongue clicking may perhaps be a reader’s cue to fathom the real sentiment, or for that matter no concern, on the part of Bloom. Despite the contrary narrative follow-up, “His tongue clacked in compassion...Dth! Dth!” the potentially ponderous dialogic topic is merely deflated and subsumed under the narrative flow that mercilessly carries the formulaic conversation along the situational dictate, which may or may not be either humorous or ironic, after all.

Be that as it may, the serio-comic potential of the current topic is as easily upturned as the contingency of the moment erupts in the form of an almost nondescript and unnoteworthy passerby. The cue for the woman of the change in topic is the gesture our hero manifests as he touches her by no other than the “funnybone.” The distinct anatomical reference directs reader’s attention to the ironic potential the situational signification assumes. Perhaps the idea of distantiation is also an indicator that the whole passage is to be taken with a grain of irony as well? The comedic slant is further magnified as the passerby turns out to be a “bony form” barely shuffling along a particular part of the street which our hero humorously identifies as “outside the lampposts.” The idiosyncrasy of the man refocuses the readerly mind on the particular descriptions the narrator heaps on the unnoteworthy bony man, which incrementally add to his oddity. What initially seems to have been an unnoteworthy man gradually

¹ Apropos of multivalency, the plethora of dithering significations that arise from the narrative space of *Ulysses* may, at least partly, occur because of the insecure textual ground the reader is obliged to tread on as he constantly endeavors to cull the fine nuances the novel seems to engender. According to Colleen Lamos, the narrative is rife with uncertainties that reside in the middle ground between “meaningful, willed purposes and mere mistakes, random accidents,” which inevitably give rise to “a wandering text ungoverned by authorial orderings” (p. 118). See Colleen Lamos, *Deviant Modernism: Sexual and Textual Errancy in T.S. Eliot, James Joyce and Marcel Proust*, published by Cambridge University Press in 1998.

assumes clownish markedness that obstinately sticks to the readerly consciousness, even as it tries to synchronize with the flow of the story. In fact each action in the passage becomes odder, the more the reader's cogitation is engaged with the target segment. The man, appearing out of nowhere, stares mysteriously and vacantly "into the sunlight." An action in itself rather peculiar, or mysterious depending on the interpretive mood of the moment, strikes one almost risible as the description is followed by a trailing appendage of a characterizer, "a heavy stringed glass." As if that is not enough to invest the passerby with the needed clownish properties, the narrator adds a detailed description that is guaranteed to render the man eccentric, to the degree that he makes the reader almost leave the two central interlocutors behind in the evanescent readerly memory. For a short duration of time the narrative focus is completely shifted to the peculiar man with a hat that fits as tightly as a "skullcap." The comedic personification reifies even more tangibly as the man is transformed into a stick of an automaton now worth being gazed at with his "folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride."² The noteworthiness is actually made a point of by none other than our hero as he, obviously unbeknownst of its consequences, directs the reader as well as his interlocutor to the very man being focused on at the moment. At this juncture his eye becomes the eye of the reader that has been following the odd man in the preceding passage and the characters in the narrative setup converge with the readerly mind as they are equally led to identify and inquire into the idiosyncratic behavior of the man.

Mrs. Breen takes her cue first and shows her resonance with the readerly consciousness as she modestly asks, "Who is he if it's a fair question...?" As if to prepare for a bathetic guffaw on the part of the reader, she continues with deadpan seriousness, "Is he dotty?" To which our hero answers with rather obliging politeness, "Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell." The lengthy name cannot help eliciting a very simple and yet effective comment from Mrs. Breen, "Denis will be like that one of these days." The palpable risibility would have overwhelmed our hero's

² In spite of many a misdirected arguments to the contrary, *Ulysses* is full of comedic interludes and humorous and insightful observations that as a whole not only enlivens the novel but also, at least to the well-attuned reader, amply demonstrates the linguistic and psychological mastery the author possessed. Despite the apparent cacophony and disorganization the novel strikes the uninitiated with, it has proved to be an irresistible reading fare for a countless number of people, probably not least because it depicts "the twists and turns of people's minds as they go about their daily business...more accurately, minds and bodies: explicit details of sexual thoughts and activities, of the physical needs and experiences that traverse our daily lives..." (p. 5). See Derek Attridge, ed., *James Joyce's Ulysses: A Casebook*, published by Oxford University Press in 2004.

interlocutor had it not been for the physical interruption in the form of her husband in the distance. The conversation has reached *huis clos* and the two would have been left wallowing and bantering in a dialogic limbo. The husband's apparition could not have happened at a more auspicious moment. As if admitting to the fact that the brief conversation that had transpired between the two were nothing more than a mere formality, she departs with a hasty reminder that she will ever be our hero's, as well as his wife's, best friend. The ripples she makes among the crowd is so inconsequential that the only imprint she possibly hopes to make on the deep psyche of our hero is likely to be as evanescent as a desultory mind of our hero could allow, as he tracks the movement of the receding woman on her way to reunite with her husband. As soon as the woman has become one with her husband, our hero's mind is focused on the familiar figure of Denis Breen in his "frockcoat and blue canvas shoes." Without putting undue emphasis on the passing image of Denis Breen, who hugs heavy tomes under his arm, the narrator manages to foreground the seemingly nondescript image, as if to presage important implications of the scholarly man in the evolving saga of our hero, in the conscious horizon of the readerly mind. The watching eye of our hero relentlessly reports the silent scene which gradually takes on a tone of comedic oddity, as the man is described incongruously, or depending on the perspective, congruously, stilted, "He suffered her to overtake him without surprise." Needless to say, the inflated tone is immediately punctured as the man is brought to the bathetic level and bunglingly responds to his wife, as indicated in the final observation in the passage, "[he]... thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly." The potential for risibility is realized, or seems to be realized, as Bloom gives utterance to his private thought, which may or may not be intended to be clearly deciphered by the reader.³ What does the two-component expression signify? Are they in fact to be linked to the ridiculous visage of the man our hero is observing? Or at least to any emotional response the man has indirectly elicited from Bloom? There are many possibilities as to the true significance of the expression that proceeds from the voyeuristic glimpse our hero takes of his old friends in the distance. Perhaps the expression is meant to remain private in the realm of inchoate, undifferentiated depth of our hero's psyche, which only he can truly differentiate and decipher in any

³ The phenomenological conscious flows that manifest variously in the narrative may actually be never decipherably comprehended. As Sean P. Murphy notes, and Joyce himself iterates, the textual resistance the reader experiences is there intentionally in order to "sabotage" the attempt by the latter to come to grips with the ideas that float off the textual space. More on the textual resistance *Ulysses* presents, see Sean P. Murphy, *James Joyce and Victims: Reading the Logic of Exclusion*, published by Fairleigh Dickinson University Press in 2003.

cognizable manner. Or is it a ploy to tantalize the reader and yet never allow him to concretely grasp the true intent and extent of signification? Regardless of what is called “the authorial intent,” a nuanced image floats off the target line that obstinately grabs the reader’s heart and will not release it easily without forcing the nagging process all over again once the reader tries to resign to the impossibility of reaching the definite authorial meaning. Perhaps the narrator is ridiculing and lampooning the bombastic gesture and image the man accompanying the woman conveys to his mind. The substandard, private language and taking recourse to it may be an announcement and self-revelation that our hero has entered a realm that twists and bends the normal syntactical and grammatical order of language—a realm that is catered to scooping up the idiosyncratic nuances which otherwise would not fit in any textual space. With the sound and visual conceptualization of “Meshuggah. Off his chump” Bloom’s thought merges with the flow of contingencies that incessantly demand his wavering attention as he enjoys his peregrination in the city of Dublin.

What grabs his attention this time is, not surprisingly, a man that looks more than vaguely familiar to the reader. It turns out our hero has immediately recognized the man as the passer-by who seemed to have been destined to be left in the limbo of narrative detritus. Whoever he is he becomes a further catalyst for our hero to ruminate on the images that have obsessed him for a while now: U.P. What do the simple initials mean and what do they signify for Bloom as he continues playing on them and savors what they generate. This time they are specifically linked to the names that reify in the head of our hero as they, the initials, are somehow attributed to the imaginative personages mentioned in the process. Belying a grandiose expectation, which might have arisen in the mind of the reader, the process does not evolve in any meaningful manner except that the initials that have become the occasion for the current ratiocination are merely combined with the occasion that transpired in the past in an uninspiring locale tied to the postcard and an oyster-eyed man identified here as our hero. Vaguely and yet somehow tangibly, the way the sentences run on, reflecting the conscious flow of our hero as he perambulates and peeks in the show window on the street, encourages one to amalgamate the images that increasingly accumulate in the mental reservoir of the reader participating in the narrative divagation. However, abruptly, and as naggingly as ever, a mental pendulum swings back again. Are the oyster eyes really meant to be attributed to our hero and not to the person referred to and evoked by him? The latter reading becomes even more plausible when the reader keeps harkening back to the conundrum·cum·pun·cum·poem signaled by U.P. As if to sweep away the cobwebs that try to hamper the readerly effort to come to the real gist of

the situational signification, the narrator intervenes and inserts a contextual indicator to help the reader get his bearings once again with some certainty. But the signpost that corresponds to the physical existence of the building named *Irish Times*, provides only a momentary solace, if that is indeed what the reader is craving at this particular juncture, as the conscious flow overtakes the narrative landscape and takes the reader deep down into the mental quagmire (or merely a conceptual word play?) wherein Bloom is entrapped at the moment. He starts *in medias res*, as usual without permission and due regard for the readerly ratiocinative momentum and inclination, and idiosyncratically goes over a rigmarole that is played back in the narrative mind as soon as its satisfactory answer reifies in the narrative consciousness: "There might be other answers lying there." In a fraction of a second before the reader registers the continuous series of lines that are hardly linked and yet nonetheless that gradually transmogrify into a subtly indicative signifiatory whole, the lines indicated combine and recombine with what seems like related components and then shape and reshape in a manner that is not quite expected at the beginning of the short process. The end product, at least one version of the interpretative products, is what seems like an argument related to the criminal code of justice. At least taken together, they do tend to form a staccato image that subtly urges the reader to construct a gestalt signification, represented something like, "answers lying...answer them all...system for criminals...code" (p. 160).

The underground cogitation that takes place inside the mind of our hero becomes too subtle for the reader to follow for the moment when a little breather surfaces in the form of a contextual descriptor, "At their lunch now." Is it supposed to be taken as transpiring at the Times, or has the scene already shifted to somewhere else as the hero perambulates through the section of town he is located at this juncture? The contextual descriptor, contrary to what the name is supposed to portend, leaves more than a modicum of doubts as to the clear physical landscape the current *mise en scene* is to be constituted of. Simultaneously, the eye of the hero is traced by the detached narrator, who clandestinely disguises as the voice of our hero and which reifies as another contextual marker, divulging to the reader what is taking place at a locale, which the hero perceives as the place of his interest. With the announcement of the lunching clerks, the narrator-cum-hero (the two have merged by now) lets his mind whimsically dwell on the employees who work at the place, if that is indeed the specific location it is concentrating on at this moment, without involving any derivative sites that may or may not be related to the direct point of discussion—sites that are often thrust into the narrative context merely because of their associative, be it rhythmic or

significatory, potential. Whatever the case, a naughty aspect of our hero, which is simultaneously reflected upon the clerks who work there, comes to the fore while he at the same time gains further inspirational energy to let his mind wander through a momentary literary escapade that is derived from the phrases and the sound of every single word born of his own fertile imagination. As so often happens in this unconventional narrative, the actual occurrences are a mere incentive for our hero to leap into the realm where he can indulge in images and rhythms that are entertaining enough in and for themselves. On this occasion they happen to coalesce in association with what he refers to as "A.E. (Mr Geo Russell)." Whether or not the center of the present coalescence is on our hero or what he refers to as Lizzie Twigg does not signify much as the last observation ends with a blasé insouciance that characteristically redounds to the hero of our narrative as another self-revelatory comment on the mood and the person of the descriptor-cum-peregrinator, "No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry" (p. 160). The humor and the good natured commentary know no bounds at this juncture as the narrator/hero continues to depict the locale and intuitively responds to his well-accustomed experiential sphere in a verbose and yet aphoristic blurb that is meant, perhaps in a skewed manner, to demonstrate his way with words, "Best paper by long chinks for a small ad." What does he exactly mean? Perhaps no more than what the well-cadenced syntax signifies and no more and no less. Or does the line function as more than a reification of Bloom's bravura with words in that it might perhaps mark a trap to draw the reader's attention to, which will not release it without forcing him to recognize the specificity and the uniqueness of the talent Bloom exhibits here? As the sentences run on in response to the perpetual mobile flow of the conscious move demonstrated in the narrative, the uniqueness and the arcane nature of the conscious manifestation almost lose readerly comprehension. But just in time, which may be a fraction of a second perhaps, the copyrighting and commercial nature of the situation thrusts itself with the recurrence, or rather the continuation and resumption, of the rhythm and the word flow that has announced itself at the outset of the current sequence. Although definitely staccato in rhythm and truncated in syntax, the telegraphic continuation splices itself into the preceding blurbly aphorism. The readerly consciousness and the comprehending mind are now abreast with the conscious movement of the narrator/hero. The bits of information strung together, "Got the provinces now...Cook and general, exc cuisine, housemaid kept," etc. are part of the professional occupational exercise that is prosecuted, or has possibly been prosecuted and manifested in a tangible form, in the mind of our hero.

An instinctual desire wells up in the heart of our hero as he passes by an

counter or whatever suggests to the mind the wellspring of vitae, which gives rise to a staccato truncated imagery that in a way continues the professional jargonese. The quick-minded hero searches and sees one image after another concretize and recognizes what he considers is the need of a "live man for spirit counter." A little ingenuity is the key that abruptly strikes our hero, and the reader by extension, as the essential ingredient to amass a fortune in this competitive world. What, however, is the link between the passing images before the hero's eyes and the "Six and a half percent of dividend" that pops up amid a congeries of particular mundanities that surround our peregrinator? The only link, if there is any at all, is the professional tone that has been predominating the narrative space for some time now, which sets our hero's psychological inclination and turns his thoughts to a venue where he can hopefully leave a mark in a tangibly fulfilling manner while breathing the mundane and sensuously teeming air. Appetite and suggestive pleasures that float along our hero's consciousness are just that, a mere backdrop to the possibilities and temptations that he himself could enjoy and partake of, given the opportunity and the wherewithal. In the meantime, the narrator/peregrinator is free to imagine and perceive and recreate the external stimuli in the images he reflectively perceives as most conducive to his metaphoric needs and gestalt desires. Venality predominates for the time being. The association incepted by the dividend profits leads our hero on in the same vein and hooks him to the enormous profits the party referred to is reaping in the opportune deal. It does not matter whether the deal is of ethical nature or not as long as it is of lucrative and timely kind, or so goes the hero's ratiocination. The party focused on by Bloom seized the moment and bought the shares and an entity, named here "Irish Field," and converted the enterprise into an enormously profitable one. Regardless of the ethical implications of the venture, our narrator cannot help evincing an emotion similar to envy, as he strings together jocular clipped references to a sundry of events and persons via the nexus that hinges upon the business deal. As it happens, the person that is targeted by the fecund imagination of our hero segues into an image marked by "vicereine," which strangely and timely enough, merges with the venture initially linked to the cunning man identified as James Carlisle. The vacillating images and personages here spluttered by the narrator-cum-hero across the range that is somehow indefinably subtle and yet specific, at least in the mind of Bloom, recur and succeed one after another, giving an impression that the totality of them is infinitely blurred while surely showing a certain directionality that corresponds to the flow of energy our hero demonstrates. With a wry allusion to the familiar figure of "Lady Mountcashel," which in fact is mixed with ludicrousness only the well-attuned man like our hero can

appreciate, the narrator turns the theme of money connection reified in high dividends into that of a woman obsessed with racing, albeit there is a tempting allusive detour that harkens back to the obstetric interlude introduced by his old friend, Mrs. Breen. The very personage alluded to by our hero is completely recovered from whatever entails from the “confinement” and manifests a tendency that can only be described as energetic. In fact, her vitality is so prominent that Bloom finds it difficult to disentangle his imagination from the images of her riding a horse and playing around equestrian creatures, unlike a wimpy Joe, who would sooner swoon than ride a horse untamed. She is indeed an Amazon who needs no “sidesaddle or pillion” and enough of a woman who can easily beat an average man in any equestrian prowess.

The image of a powerful “vicereine” evokes a long-distant memory of our hero’s encounter with another woman, a “Divorced Spanish American,” who was so pronouncedly liberated that all the memories our hero has of the woman are curiously connected to the detailed erotica described here as “old wraps and black underclothes” he bought from her in the Shelbourne hotel. The sultry air almost overpowers the reader, as well as the narrator-cum-protagonist, when the latter resorts to a light-hearted interlude filled with more situational comedy with bathetically entertaining props and slapstick actions, “High tea...Mayonnaise I poured on the plums thinking it was custard.”⁴ The jolly imaginative mood continues in sync with the perambulation of our narrative hero. The thoughts of our hero are directed to the external stimuli, as I time and again mentioned, while his mind is directed inward, despite and because of the stimuli coming from outside. The direct correlation may not be easy to determine but the flow of the imaginative energy ceaselessly eggs our hero on to the inner trip that is obviously so pleasing to himself. Whether or not the person identified as Mrs Purefoy is associated, or even overlaps, with the Spanish divorced woman is uncertain at this stage but the abruptness and matter-of-factness with which the present woman is introduced makes her somewhat more than familiar to the readerly psyche as well, and thus the proceeding peroration on the husband and all the other details evolving from the woman intrude upon the readerly consciousness without undue breakage and resistance. The rhythm and the signficatory flow is so bathetic that in its triteness one

⁴ The comedic slant of the narrative has been much talked about, despite many arguments that unilaterally tried to persuade the reader of the profundity of the story. Even that redoubtable Ezra Pound could not help commenting on *Ulysses*, intermingling a bit of profanity, that *Ulysses* “was in its author’s mind a mine of rich comedy, not a crucifix set in a chapel or a bag of saint’s bones to be worshipped...that the book is really damn *funny!*” On the importance of language and humor in *Ulysses*, see Fred Miller Robinson, *The Comedy of Language: Studies in Modern Comic Literature*, published by University of Massachusetts Press in 1980. The quote is from page 25.

cannot help seeing geniality and candidness with which the narrator enters into the readerly psyche. One is willing to forgive the jejune attempt at self-satisfaction because by now the reader is ready to identify and merge with the narrative voice to such an extent that whatever comes out of the mind of the narrator-cum-hero is hardly distinguishable from his own. The juxtaposition of the named woman and her "Methodist husband" has no inevitability, but because the playfulness of the narrator is spliced into the open-ended surrender by the reader, as far as narrative development is concerned, the sequentiality assumes a type of inevitability that, to the observant and comprehending readerly mind, is completely believable and organically quite justified. Dalliance of the mind exhibits in a curiously literary manner as well, albeit the literary resonance that comes out of the text is indirect and just barely perceptible. The literality played upon in the sequence takes a course that is both funny and suggestively significant that the proceeding line, "Saffron bun and milk and soda lunch in the educational dairy," almost assumes a status beyond its cryptic staccato presentation warrants. Only the following mechanical image helped by the stopwatch relieves the readerly mind of the signifiatory quest that would have been squandered on the pseudo-profound reference to the mandibular, pending or not, action at an unexpected locale. The mechanical imagery gets out of hand as the Methodist/methodic husband of Mrs. Purefoy is shown to be punctual to a ridiculous degree, "Eating with a stopwatch, thirtytwo chews to the minute." The disdainful attitude our hero exhibits toward the man, by extension to the couple, sets the tone for the rest of the sequence. Despite the man's greedy, avaricious punctuality, which simply exemplifies the voracious appetite of a well-fed man, he does not deserve any special attention except for the ridicule and disproportionate sensuality our hero heaps on and attributes to the man by a sly and to-the-point remark, "Still his muttonchop whiskers grew." A Methodist/methodic man as he is, the personage is decidedly a target of our hero's well-intentioned and good-humored farcical pursuit. Bloom's over-agitated quick mind immediately connects the pampered figure to the family tree that indicates the inevitability of erosion in moral integrity and practical savviness. Only a well-connected fool would act the way the man is recalled to do in the narrative mind at the moment. As if to show how well the man's genealogy is documented, at least in the mind of the narrator-cum-hero, a proper name pops up almost out of nowhere, only to impress on the readerly mind the familiarity with which the current subject is treated and shared between the participating minds. Without hesitation the hero drops the informational clue as he lets his mind wander through the conscious realm that is almost concretely traceable in the readerly mind, "Theodore's cousin in Dublin Castle." Indeed a well-connected cousin he

probably is, if what is referred to and imaged by our hero is perfectly reflected and reimagined in the mind of the hero's intimate sharer. Perhaps, the contextual residue, or another intentional cue, could supply further information. The next line, "One tony relative in every family," almost certainly indicates the relationship between the personages that has been in fact presaged in the abrupt and most teetering manner possible in the previous line, as if the remark made in the preceding line is syntactically detached from the proceeding or further preceding lines, if not contextually but possibly on a personal associative level which only the whimsical inchoate sentiment of the narrator-cum-hero could possibly decipherably shed light on.

It turns out the one being discussed in connection with the poor fertile woman is the complete opposite of the man touted as the genealogically affluent scion of the well-connected family our hero remembers so clearly at such unexpected and short notice. Even the present, if his memory is correct, can be represented by the "hardy annuals" that may withstand the elements well but do not necessarily convey grace and class, which the other side of the family connection might as well epitomize. The family tableau as the father and his son come out of or walk at "the Three Jolly Topers" gives a sorry pitiable state, which only the pecuniary condition they are in can, as far as our hero is concerned, explain, "marching along bareheaded and his eldest boy carrying one in a marketnet." The risk of unchecked desire, that is what our hero possibly alludes to here, manifests in the rate of fertility and, as a consequence, the size of the family. Although one conspicuous symptom of such prolific begetting may be the hard life, of which our hero tirelessly reminds the reader throughout the passage, of the family focused on, the vividness with which the process and the outcome of unchecked procreation is portrayed and represented, with all its undesirable ramifications, can only be mapped on the body of the woman for the quality to be truly of tangible kind to the accompanying readerly consciousness. Precluded by an elliptical interjection, "squallers," and a syntactically rather unmoored remark, "Poor thing," the narrator-cum-hero projects his inner desire-sentiment on the familial situation that has been developing around the man and the wife, particularly on the child-rearing act reified as the lactating mother feeding the hungry babies. Giving birth to children year after year, like the perennials our hero referred to in the line previously, does not and cannot afford them to live in wine and roses. Such prolific couples belong in an entirely different stratosphere than our hero's own and only guarantee squalor as the offspring eat away the precious little the parents have accumulated. Notice the unrestrained sentiments Bloom allows the reader to take a glimpse at when he splutters choppy undisguised lines starting with the "squallers [*sic*]." It does not take

an exceptionally observant to notice the double entendre the narrator compacts into the word. Just imagining the wailing babies in a parsimonious household is enough to give shape to the neologism that popped out of the fertile mind of our hero. The word almost succeeds in giving piquancy to the situation before the readerly mind is reminded of the facetious overtone that loosely and yet stubbornly defines the mood of the character in motion. In this light the next line is no more than an imaginative play on a pack of pups who suck on the mother's teats as they constantly stave off hunger. Thus the line, "Selfish those t.t's are." Is the narrator disdainful or is he just merely being overwhelmed with the metaphoric possibilities of the image his mind gave birth to? He does not say in so many words, but if the trite expression is any indication of what is going through the mind of our hero, then he is surely indulging in the lampoonist nuances the seed of the procreator gives rise to in connection with the numerous descendants he is leaving behind him, or in the middle of producing thereof with his partner at this juncture as the narrator scan the whole wide possibilities the marital bliss promises the narrative as a whole. The pleasures, both on the part of the reader as well as the party concerned with churning out the fecund narrative complications in his mind, are liltily exquisite and rhythmically dovetailable with the scope our hero brings to the narrative, as he wishfully muses (or it might as well be an actual tea drinking scene) that he is waited upon by a fastidiously dressed waiter, who solicitously asks whether the patron needs a lump of sugar. Actually, the situation, if it had indeed reified in a concretized real setup, may need to be reformulated in such a manner that the one concerned about the sugary desideratum is the one who needs to be served sugar, rather than the waiter who patiently caters to the whim of the man past his prime. The snobbish addendum, "if you please," with its smug superiority and high class overtone, indicates both possibilities, signifying either interpretation would do as long as the narrative fullness explodes in the mind of the reader, opening up variegated signification possibilities that will then be impacted on the person who perambulates the streets of Dublin.

Too much conscious picture overwhelms the reader when a narrative indicator shows where exactly the hero stands at this moment. He happens to be located at "Fleet street crossing" and about to cross when the narrative strand dips into the liminal realm and the stubborn image of tea recurs. In fact, the staccato emphatic reification of his desire makes the image almost unforgettably obtrusive. A move that diverts the obstinately obsessive energy away from the one concentric image is the following somehow enigmatic and yet on second thought bathetic reminder both to the hero and the reader, "I forgot to tap Tom Kernan." Unless the person referred to is a very personal

friend of our hero, he may not be entirely relevant to the reader's imagination at this moment. Or is he somehow to be imbricated with the professional reflex our hero exhibits in the line previous to the present one? The brief self-expositional remark about how hungry our hero is and what restaurant or, at least, what culinary venue he thinks he prefers if he were to sit and eat and drink in the comfort of an convivial atmosphere, or even better for the bargain price of "[a]n eightpenny," which ultimately, and presumably, determines Bloom's choice in the end, seems to indicate the recursive nature of the context that is extractable from the target segment we are dealing with. The instinctive reflex calls forth another image that is simultaneously fundamental and at the same time uncontrollably funny to our hero. In fact, the mere action of bringing back the image that has been amply played upon in a number of segments before calls attention to the obsessive nature of the image the obstetric moment transmogrifies into in the mind of Bloom. The appreciation of, or more accurately the reflexive response to, the moment of birth exemplified by the woman he recollects is a sign that the various manifestations that develop in the mind of our hero in this segment are the purest coalescence of the divagatory and bathetic humor he divulges to the audience despite and at the same time because of the way the narrative is structured. Reintroduced by onomatopoeic staccato concatenation of "Sss...Dth,dth,dth," the hard labor and its consequences our hero depicts in the mind of the reader are coarse but somehow ineluctably piquant as the child tries to come out of the mother without being able to quite slip out through the opening.⁵ No one knows if the obstetric imagery accumulated here is entirely in fun or there is something more fundamental and human as the passage incessantly runs from one moment to another. Although it is true that catching up with the flow of the conscious move manifested, or rather textually inscribed, in this narrative and remaining completely synchronized with the mind of the narrator may be well-nigh impossible, or at least a task left only to a chosen few, it is undeniable that the recurrent textual picture that arises by way of "a vinegared handkerchief round her forehead...Child's head too big: forceps" does leave an emotional effluvium that gradually builds up inside the depth of the readerly soul and erupts into something quite visceral. But one-sided view often entails incomplete comprehension of the whole

⁵ Grammatical challenges Joyce's prose poses are frequently mentioned since the publication of *Ulysses*. John Porter Houston, for one, focuses on the adverbial-adjectival jostlings that surface in Joyce's writing and summarily concludes that ultimately "grammatical relations are left to the reader to construe" (p. 65). The staccato sentences, which establish themselves as half sentences and quarter sentences (grammatically speaking), are, according to Houston, governed more by prosodic laws than ordinary narrative dictates. See John Porter Houston, *Joyce and Prose: An Exploration of the Language of Ulysses*, published by Bucknell University Press in 1989.

picture. We might as well follow the conscious flow and take in whatever comes willingly out of the textual frame.

Visceral or not, a comedic tone thrusts itself into the passage simultaneously as the narrator goes a little too graphically about the obstetric business, "Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out." Could it be that a salacious intrusion manifests here while the hero supposedly concentrates on the sacred process of childbirth merely a coincidence that happens to coalesce in the manner that is almost vivisectionally naked and tangible? The saving grace dawns on the narrator as well as on the reader when the pain of childbirth is empathized, despite our hero being a man, and shared by the same ilk. It is the type of pain Bloom's wife would have experienced, except that in the latter's case the labor was short and painless, "Molly got over hers lightly." Whatever the degree of hardship their labor entailed, the essence of childbearing is partaken of by both women referred to here and in that sense it is universalized and thus used to divert the graphically vivid and yet viscous energy from further penetrating the readerly psyche and preventing the lurid seed of lascivious desires from sedimenting on it. However, the divagational possibilities are constantly there, encouraging the reader to attribute so many different thought processes to the narrator-cum-hero while the text only manifestly tells one line of story at any given moment. Multi-faceted story potential is the hallmark of this narrative and the premise upon which the story of *Ulysses* should be read. At least such an approach promises to invest it with infinite signification as the reader engages with the mind at work in the center of the narrative universe. If the alternate readings are embedded, or for that matter lost, in the darkest narrative universe, then the next line, "They ought to invent something to stop that...Life with hard labour," suggests the presence of an eclipsed sphere of signification that may not necessarily be as important as the manifested portion of signification but nonetheless as essential for the constitutive meaning of the entire narrative segment. The eclipsed portion does redound to the contextual gestalt because of the ramifications and impact it has on the explicit thought process our hero manifests here. The flow of our hero's conscious move becomes somehow obstructed and diverted by the unsaid portion of the signification context and the louche undercurrent becomes sublimated into an emotion that is perfectly acceptable as a socially paternalistic view on improving women's as well as familial conditions. Before the narrative mind allows mental overflow that is sharable with the readerly mind, it takes recourse to a penumbral concept which may or may not be lucid enough for a typical reader. What is the "twilightsleep" that happens in "Twilightsleep idea: queen Victoria was given that"? Is it tied to the idea of mitigating the miseries of

the women who give birth to a passel of children over the course of their lives? Perhaps. Then is it referring to a condition or even a medical procedure that induces such philanthropic goal? Perhaps all of the above that let one have a soothing and pleasant sleep that can be compared to a “twilight idea”?

Regardless of the definitive directionality of the significations that derive from, or for that matter expound on, the term here made a lynchpin of the conscious flow, the mind of our hero has already shifted to the number of, and the miseries of such a woman burdened with, as many as nine children, “Nine she had.” Note the wonder, sympathy, unbelievability our hero manages to compounds into the expression in a nutshell. The said personage, who knows but the reference to the queen is only tenuously made in the context, is instantaneously bedraggled with all the implied attributes Bloom implicitly conveys to the readerly mind. The image is so overwhelming that the shoe our hero evokes assumes all the qualities of social difficulties that need to be dealt with by all the decent men like himself with the urgency which only the conscious tone of “gassing” could give rise to. In other words, the serio-comic heterogeneous militating elements in the narrative immediately put the reader on an unsteady footing as soon as the sentiment, however genuine it may sound, or perhaps the more genuine it sounds the more unhinged the readerly stance becomes, is exuded through the quasi-exuberant outburst of social consciousness on the part of our hero. Note how poetic and off-handed our hero waxes as the present sentiment is indulged in and expounded and prolonged by the narrative voice—as if the overabundance of sentiment is only to be expressed through the tenuous, diaphanous rarified means that aptly translates into our hero’s creative and Preraphaellesque “pensive bosom of the silver effulgence.” It may not be only I to recognize here that there is a pettyish ring to this exercise in composition. No wonder the next line obtrudes as a backlash to the cloyingly mawkish imagery the previous train of thoughts has entailed, “Flapdoodle to feed fools on.” The nebulous imagery cannot withstand the hard-edged reality-impacted reasoning, here represented by a series of logically sequential calculations, and the reader is overwhelmed and restanced by the suggestion of real contribution each can make in terms of shillings and pounds to ameliorate the situation our hero deems deplorably inadequate for the civilized welfare of childbearing women. The effort suggested in passing does not take a Herculean one but only a modest amortization by each and every conscientious individual as the narrative mind flowingly demonstrates the beautiful simplicity of the compounded effects of the contributions. Not that our hero is unnecessarily mawkish. He discards the stillborns from his calculations from the outset. Being practical is the motto Bloom lives by, which at the same time gives rise to the paradoxes and ironies the

narrative generates as the reader struggles to fathom the true intent of the voice, which our hero happens to represent as one of the many agents in the narrative. Practicality and mundanely blasé indifference to the mawkishly miring complexities of reality, that is what makes the story more significant and more vividly alive to the sentient mind of the reader.

As if to avoid being dragged into the abstracting metaphor the childbearing suggested to the protagonist, he pulls the accompanying mind back to the instinctive visceral realm by introducing the comparative rotundity of the bellies of the women Bloom happens to intimately know and happened to be sure of somehow related to each other, although separated by a considerable time lapse. The wonder, at least the kind our hero manifests in spite of himself, is that such a marvel of work, which only God seems to be involved in, comes to naught as soon as the fetus is delivered, in the manner that "Phthisis retires for the time being, then returns." The flattened tummy is completely unexpected and yet biologically predicted once the womb is emptied of its content. All the miracle and historicity implicated in the eternal human activity is subsumed by the contented eyes of the mothers, whom indeed our hero reflects upon and beholds in his mind's eyes. They are in their turn the true Madonnas who dote on their babies and glory over their foibles and mischievous animal behaviors. Some of them, in our hero's eyes, inevitably turn rather ridiculous, like old Mrs. Thornton, "The spoon of pap in her mouth before she fed them," but the curious transformation is itself a sign of holy connection those who are close to their offspring make to the future of their clan and humanity. The unconditional love often translates into a puerile babble, but it is again merely a statement in disguise that how profound love and sentiments are generated through the interaction between the two. Self-sacrifice is an expression that cannot be expressed unless the visible indication is somehow extraordinarily rarified or, on the contrary, ineluctably mundane and ludicrous, "Got her hand crushed by old Tom Wall's son," which to the delight and laughter of our narrator-cum-hero, has indeed transpired in the life of the said lady. The occasion is so preciously comical that the reader cannot help but partake of the pleasures the narrator underhandedly conveys through a slapstick joke that nonetheless encapsulates the nuanced sentiments both the metaphoric and literal moment exudes. However, complications of reality intrude into the possibly pristine picture of childbirth and the adoring mothers looking on and at the same cuddling their precious treasures. No sooner than the labor is over, then, the doctor who assists and are supposed to help the suffering female bodies start complaining about the miserly and poor families who are barely able to cover the cost of childbirth. If they are so destitute, as if he were caught demurring, they should not go

through the ritual. After all, what entails is the cost and debt the poor families incur as a result of parturitional pain and suffering. That is one way of looking at the sacred process of bringing offspring into the world. But our hero-cum-narrator has to take another point of view and for the moment is obliged to disagree.⁶ In spite of the fact that there is indeed a chance of those promiscuous couples engaging in an act that results in engendering more offspring, a point rather cogently expressed by the doctor through the pointed cursoriness he resorts to in getting his view across, “People knocking them up at all hours,” Bloom defends the penurious and yet nonetheless prolific couples who blindly and obediently follow the sacred decree, “Increase and multiply.” He cannot help but choose to be the defender of those who are in “throes” of labor, out of sheer entertainment he hopes to derive from the oppositional dialogism and simultaneously, and possibly quite ingenuously on the part of our all too humane narrator-cum-hero, out of spontaneous response to the despicable stance the doctors putatively assume in the relationship our hero depicts in his imaginative head. Note the increasing degree of invective nuance the concatenated and alternating dialogue displays as the reader eavesdrops on the inner conversation developed in the short passage we are following here. The structure is simple in which one party merely follows the other and ripostes, “People knocking them up at all hours...For God’s sake doctor...Wife in her throes...Then keep them waiting months for their fee...To attendance on your wife...No gratitude in people...Humane doctors, most of them.” Of course, our hero has to have the final say. Those who conclude the conversation, after all, win. At least for the moment.

Suddenly and as expectedly, the view shifts to the external scene in front of a very recognizable landmark in the city. Once the eye is focused on the edifice before it, the totalized surrounding image impinges upon it and creates a figure which is almost reminiscent of Yeats’ birds at Inisfree. Round and round and spiraling out and into a fluttering flock of quasi-symbol—that is what strikes the readerly mind for the moment. As soon as the image is configured, however, it dissolves into a mundane scavenging act, as pigeons are wont to, “Their little frolic after meal.” At this point, the liquid and flowing image of the flock of birds becomes too precious to simply be vanished from the

⁶ Perspective change, inclusive of stylistic multiplications, in the story is much discussed about, in fact. The varying point of views that threaten to leave the readerly mind behind in the narrative flow, according to Marilyn French, for one, conduce to no certain knowledge about the way things really stand in reality-cum-mise-en-scene in the narrative, weakening the epistemological foundation on which everyone involved presumably pursues signifiatory reconstitution. On the murky nature of language and fluid styles Joyce employs, see Cordell D.K. Yee, *The Word According to James Joyce: Reconstructing Representation*, published by Bucknell University Press in 1997.

mind of our hero and instead, it is turned into an occasion, both figural and literal, to recoup the past frolic our hero had indulged in with his friends. The present and the past, in this imaginative process, are fused together and transformed into interchangeable reference points with which Bloom allows himself to have maximal *jouissance*. The present in the shape of a nondescript presence, except for the black garb, becomes an occasion to recollect the events from the past, which may or may not deserve to be combined with the present sight that develops before the hero's eyes, which, however, he finds exquisitely apropos in the compositional structure the birds' view suggests as pigeons in reality (or supposedly, depending on the perspective) look down on the man in black. As if Bloom had turned into a bird himself, he imagines the wonder of being in the air, or at least off the ground even by merely ten feet or so, and scoops up the past mischievous moments condensed in fraternal bonding by splicing the then with the now with all their concrete and mundane details.

Who will we do it on? I pick the fellow in black. Here goes. Here's good luck. Must be thrilling from the air. Apjohn, myself and Owen Goldberg up in the trees near Goose green playing the monkeys. Mackerel they called me. (p. 162)

Of course, the bird's eye view is always a pseudo-reflection of what is actually happening in the birds' brains as they look down on the street and—picking out the one in black as our hero notes—decide or imagined to decide (once again here is the moment when the two parties inseparably merge, allowing the reader to join in the bipartite scheme making it a tripartite one) to drop whatever is droppable, including what physiologically results after their “meals.” In any event, the emotional product that redounds from the fluid viewpoint is sublimated into the pleasance that is very much akin to the *jouissance* the narrator-cum-hero experiences while he himself becomes the primary party to giving rise to the whole metapho-anthropomorphic mischief.

The laughter and the comic momentum from the bird's eye view overflows into the goose-stepping constables, who happen to have “debouched from College street.” Food imagery is continued as they are described as “Foodheated,” which is, to our hero, obvious from the way their faces are bloated and puffed out from satiety. The contented ones are the mirror image of the avian crew our hero momentarily identified himself with. Note how the eyes of our hero are drawn to the parts of the body that seem to typify the category human (or in this case policeman) on the par with the winged species. They not only indicate the jolly constables enjoying their daily routines but the bodies that are entrapped and engaged in the instinctive mundane reflexive acts mediated and symbolized by the mouths (debouche), faces, heads (helmets), bellies (belts), etc. Some of the parts visualized in the passage are merely indicative of the body parts, but through

clever transference our hero manages to evoke the anatomical elements that are certainly congruous with the instinctive nature of the birds that had cleverly been led to fuse with the tree-climbing recollection of the hero's younger days. What develops from the metapho-metonymic transference is a very appropriate bathetization of the mundane and routine rituals of the policemen in front of our hero. The automatic reflexive conscious move is easily construed as a backlash to the humane, philanthropic indulgence our hero let his mind wallow in a moment ago pertaining to the poor childbirthing women. Introduced by the frolicking pigeons the goose-stepping policemen who debouche from the eatery are an appropriate image of our hero's mindstance—one that has obviously become satiated with the meek, ingenuous sympathies with the poor prolific women, who despite all the obstacles dare follow nature's directives without so much as mental reflection, as it were. In contrast to what Bloom perceives as the women's difficult circumstances, the policemen's lot is essentially comparable to that of the happy-go-lucky pigeons. They merely live for the joys life offers for their very survival. What pleases them is the air they breathe and the incidentals that arise from the routine contingencies that comprise their lives and define their beings, however paradoxical the juxtaposition of the two words may sound. In a nutshell, our hero observes, "Policeman's lot is oft a happy one," as if it were any different than the lot of the avian creatures that shortly before described figural images in the air, expressing their sheer joy of being existent. The policemen are not any different and the hero is reflexively emphatic about the coextensive nature of the squad on the ground as his eyes follow and register their group behavior, which is in spite of his supposed shifted perspectival angle eerily similar to that of the birds, "They split up into groups and scattered, saluting towards their beats." The implicit comic entendre saturates the line and it is hard not to notice the gregarious, conditional and almost instinctive, moves these policemen present to our observer-narrator. After all the minutiae have been followed through, they are "Let out to graze," a rather pat flourish on the heel of the flock image our narrator has been pursuing. (The flock instinct is hard to be discarded, especially coming at the heels of the actual avian crew and their simulacrums now let loose after a filling meal.) The vulnerable moments have arrived, or so the hero surmises and lets his imaginative power loose on the supposed opportunities that can have a comic implication for the narrative line. If the birds had been merely following their instinct, and making themselves susceptible to the ploys and traps any mean-spirited ones might hatch against them, then their metaphoric brothers could certainly be made a dupe of similar circumstances only if the right moment were seized and turned into an occasion to deliver a slapstick blow and punch—perhaps during

mastication and ingestion, or so the mind of the narrator-cum-hero busies itself on the possible developments one contingency leads to another on to an ever-widening circles of incidental eventualities that result from the synecdochical association. In spite of the abstruse and possibly profound discovery the constant associative viewpoint promises to the expectant readerly mind, however, the direction the narrative in fact takes is not at all circuitous or evocative of a universality that simultaneously resides in and shared both by policemen and pigeons. With the reemergence of the desultory and concrete names that have been referred to back and forth for the past few passages, banality sets in and a grandiose speculation pertaining to both species is suspended, at least for the moment, and the reader is left to trace the trajectory of the hero's mind as it describes the movement of the squad on its way to "receive soup," perhaps.

Our hero has to come to the liminal surface before he can go on any kind of dilatory meditation and expatiation. Although the line separating the subliminal and liminal realms is constantly in flux and labile, to say the least, the mind at work determinedly breaks the conscious surface on occasions, to allow itself a breath of fresh air and provide the readerly mind the wherewithal to get hold of the possible directions the subject is inclined to go on his peregrinatory journey through the town of Dublin, and by reflection where the metaphorical transferential processes are taking the readerly mind at the same time. As it so happens, the narrator-hero "crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger." The narrator-hero is full of allusions and associations as he observes the famed statue of Thomas Moore that stands right above the urinals, oddly and appropriately enough as well. The presumed bombastic and ridiculous piece there mentioned pointedly comes with a finger, which is rather enigmatically characterized as roguish, until one realizes the subtextual undercurrent that supplies the circumstantial cues enlightening the readerly mind on the issue in question. The national poet of Ireland, or so Moore aimed to become as he developed his reputation in the distant land of England, was once accused of committing an unpardonable poetic sin of imitating, translating, and transcribing the lines from the Latin and other preexisting distant sources by a rather colorful priest with a literary bent named Father Francis Mahony. Regardless of the accuracy of the accusation, the shorthand iconic appendage to the statue does the trick to our hero, as the latter admires and makes it an inspirational springboard to dive into long and short turbulent Irish history concretized as a lump of a pseudo-emotive national bard who made his reputation on the neighboring isle. The fame based on the confluence of two rivers, the Avonmore and Avonberg, is appropriately reflected upon "the meeting of the waters," which directs the thought of our hero to the eateries around the statue, or so the imagery at this juncture

lets the reader surmise in a starkly jarring juxtaposition of the maudlin poetry and the smelly urinals-cum-statue. The only thing the hero can do to mitigate the deteriorating flight of imaginative outburst is to hum and evoke the romantic aura the song is supposed to be capable of filling the moment with. At least, the mind of the narrator-cum-hero is deflected away from the sordid reality the Anglo-Irish poet and his ramifications exacerbate. Regardless of the intelligibility of the singer and the song associated with her, or vice versa depending on the reader's familiarity with the topical subject indulged by the narrator, the names and the musical digression keep the narrative from going helplessly putrid in the sentient and comprehending mind accompanying the characters in the narrative.⁷

Thus the change of scene once and for all. Or is it? The mind of the narrator is still somehow lagging behind himself as he watches the "last broad tunic" entering their destination, or for that matter, disappearing into the corner of their destination. They may as well be inside as outside. However, considering the violent and vicious and all too human reaction from our hero, the readerly mind might as well be positioned optimally, if we assign the narrator inside the eatery in the vicinity of the "urinals." The gut-level visceral reaction calls forth a violent image that chimes with the interrogative tactic of a man like Power the elder. Whether or not the significatory nuance influences the conscious flow of our hero is a moot point but the reflexive response Bloom exhibits seamlessly merges with the reification of its conceptual cognate manifested here as a persecutorial potentate linked through Jack Power via "Nasty customers." The conceptual manifestation is one thing but a concrete sequence of events is quite another—especially, if the incident is fleshed out with historical vicissitudes that have sunk deep in the psyche of the Dubliners and Irish as a whole. Juxtaposed with the triviality of the occasion, in which our hero merely despises the customers who happen to be in the same place, the hinted brutality that shaped and defined the actual national history and its relations with its neighboring powerhouse seems, however, exorbitant and more than warranted, thus giving rise to a sentiment that everything entangled with the incident referred to here is totally unreasonable and gratuitous. All the violence and the pain inflicted upon the innocent citizens are well

⁷ The importance of music in *Ulysses* is frequently noted by critics. It helps connect scenes and thoughts that are apparently disjointed but at deeper level organically intertwined. Music could "further the delineation of character and personality by means of stream-of-conscious thought and dialogue" (p. 48). It could also indicate and set "the tone of a character's thinking," thus enabling a more spontaneous and tighter development of a narrative line. See Zack Bowen, *Musical Allusions in the Works of James Joyce: Early Poetry Through Ulysses*, published by State University of New York Press in 1974.

beyond what they, granted that they are as sybaritic and pleasure-loving as our narrative hero is putatively inclined to be, really deserved. Note the possible double entendre in the word the narrator uses to refer to the police. The risibility and ludicrousness that arise from the situation may be easily legible from the metaphoric slip of tongue. Or is it reading too much between the lines? Not to be daunted by too much delving into the finer points of metaphysics, or in this case metaphorization, our hero plunges into the overview of the hubbub which developed in the wake of Joe Chamberlain's visit to Trinity College. The whole picture is rather abrupt for the uninitiated, but because of the brusque nature of the conscious narrative, the reader may be perhaps allowed to immediately grasp the emotional responses and the phenomenological incipiences that break out in the process of reminiscence and recollection. Whatever occasioned the visit and honorary recipience at Trinity is reified at the gut-level outburst as the policeman joins and increments the melee and confusion that has been brewing for a long time. But the confusion is not utterly of ominous kind as our hero injects his analytical cool interspersed with slapstick humor, "His horse's hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street." Not that his personal interpretation dulls the keen sense of danger that was concomitant of the incident being reminisced about. Again throwing in ambivalence that is susceptible to a number of signficatory interpretations, he lets the readerly mind share the relief he felt on escaping the mortal danger in the form of a galloping horse-cum-policeman. But it turns out that the one who suffered the actual injury, a cracked skull, was the one who was presumably pursuing the hero in the cobblestoned alley—or so it seems in the long perspective our hero tries to provide the reader, which despite his valiant effort, however, seems only to be drowned in the incipient confusion and melee that resulted from the visit of the English dignitary, "Wheels within wheels...Police whistle in my ears still...All skedaddled." The strongest emotional response jumps out of the jumble of memories that has already been recalled and yet innumerable transformed and rendered. The cries of the demonstration still reverberate.

Up the Boers!

Three cheers for De Wet!

We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree. (p. 163)

The vivid memories recirculate in the mind of our hero as the scene epitomized and essentialized by the cries of the raw and passionate emotions resurface and force our hero to focus on a particularized jumble of billies and "mob of young cubs."⁸ The lapse of

⁸ Political descriptions and references in Joyce are notoriously few, as Emer Nolan points out, particularly those which were deemed to have serious repercussions in the

time is instantaneously overcome and the then is reshaped into the ragged powerful manifestations of the now that subtly overflow the multifaceted spatiality of the present. As if harkening back to the culinary pleasures the soup kitchen had evoked in the mind of our hero, the tastebud stimulating names jostle each other, which in fact try to divert the readerly mind off to the event of the past and simultaneously the locales and associations that may as well be of the private realm and idiosyncratic value—no wonder the ridiculously and inscrutably excursive imaginative jump on the part of our hero as the totally engrossed youths and protagonists who played such a wildly political role suddenly transform themselves as the circumstances change and force upon them different and more conformist roles in the name of a greater cause, identified later (within “Few years’ time”) as the mother country and liberty and freedom, perhaps.

But whose country are they rooting for? That is the moot question. Note the confusion even the supposed person in the know experiences, as he asks, “Never know who you’re talking to.” Amid the conspiracy and subterfuge they are all involved in to some extent, our hero admits that every aspect of Irish history and politics starts looking askew and undefined, depending on the perspective one adopts. No trust either in such dangerously tense milieu. Each and every single one you come across exhibits certain streak of betrayer and betrayal in his eyes, or at least such is the case with Corny Kelleher, whatever relation he is in with regard to our hero, or could he be someone every contemporary Irish has heard of, at least? Regardless of the contextuality and ineluctability of the name that occurs in the mind of our hero, the passage reveals the murky and unreliable positionality the contemporary Ireland offers to anyone who tries to comprehend the irrational and treacherous politico-social landscape of the nation in turmoil. Whoever you happen to be conversing with, or happen to put even a modicum of trust in, could turn out to be a Harvey Duff, who might as easily turn out to be “Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles.” Transformation may not be easy to spot at any given moment, especially when you are in the midst of trusted and trusting engagement, but mere Irishness, the fact that a friend hails from good old Ireland and his ancestry can be traced back to Aran for centuries, is no guarantee that he is absolutely what he seems to be. Money corrupts everyone, our hero ruminates the old saying without actually saying it, “All the time drawing secret service pay from the castle.” Not that our hero himself is

nationalistic arena. In that sense, this particular passage pertaining to the historical demonstrations and their consequences may be an exception in his literary career. But, as Nolan notes, realistic attempts are most often conflated with literary adventures, which needless to say were Joyce’s primary concern. See Emer Nolan, “Terrorism in *Ulysses*” in *James Joyce and Nationalism*, published by Routledge in 1995.

beyond greed and worldly desires, but when the tainted double-minded souls attempt to infiltrate and corrupt those who they target for obvious political advantages or mere salacious adventures then things become truly and gratuitously complicated. They cannot be made a target of enough tropological fun as Bloom indulges in a series of facetious historico-comedic situational bantering involving those who seek low-grade housemaids purportedly in search of useful information. What makes them ridiculous, among others, is their obvious official/officious demeanors that malgre themselves and regardless of their best effort to the contrary spontaneously reveal their true identities. One can almost hear the gloating laugh as the line materializes out of the busily working mind of our hero, "Easily twig a man used to uniform." The politically charged atmosphere in such mishmash of treachery and intrigue somehow degrades into a metaphoric stage where history and metaphoric enactment of cloak and dagger internecine one-upmanship and the Restoration slapstick love game collide and meld into each other, exhibiting a universality that remains constant throughout human history. Desire and sexual needs of both sexes almost supersede other contingent subcurrents when, rather ominously and unshakably, the ugly head of politics raises itself from the amorous mundane exchange and recalls the ever smoldering sentiments that have been in existence ever since the humiliating invasion of Ireland by the neighboring power. Every petty goings-on and mundane carryings-on are merely the prelude to what is to come and the final victory the island nation has been awaiting for centuries, as the thinly disguised dialogue, in more than one sense in fact, reminds.

--Are those yours, Mary?

--I don't wear such things...Stop or I'll tell the missus on you. Out half the night.

--There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.

--Ah, get along with your great times coming.

(p. 163)

The thought of our hero inevitably turns to that of James Stephens', a name more than reminiscent of the protagonististic figure in another of Joyce's narrative. The concentrated frustration with the English rule cannot help but give rise to a concerted physical effort to break away from the pressure and constraint they place us under, as if Bloom's thought process runs, and the best, or at least one of the best counter-offensives directed against the arrogant usurpers of the precious national pride and sovereignty, in recent history is none other than Stephens', or so our hero unconsciously surmises. In a rather cryptic and yet in a manner which assumes that everyone concerned with the national crisis and humiliation should matter-of-factly understand, our hero smugly utters, "Hew Knew them." As to the particular what of the matter Bloom does not

bother to go into, for the mere naming of the name is an indication at the level of the deeper archetypal unconsciousness that the concomitant emotions and aggravations one feels in connection with the name and the history it is embroiled in—an emotional theater where Irishness is pitted against Englishness with all their historico-cultural residues—are to remain both intensely private and public, and simultaneously are to be kept both implicit and blatantly explicit societally. The idea of ambivalence is in fact reiterated as our hero focuses on never-ending circles that enable people within them to reside simultaneously both within and without, allowing the outsiders only a minimal chance of discerning the true identity of the members that constitute the infinite rings of Irish brotherhood. A clever idea, which worked insofar as at least some leaders are in control of the seemingly spiraling organization, but in fact proved quite defective in implementation when a real-life situation arose to test its feasibility and the rings did not respond as well as the top Supreme Council hoped they would. But how romantic every Irishman waxes when it comes to patriotic revolt, albeit the attempt to win back the treasured pride and independence inevitably accompanies ministry of horror and extremes of disciplining. No one, absolutely no one, has the right to turn against the holy warriors of independence without impunity. The price to pay for betrayal, the mind of our hero perversely gloats over the gory fate of the turncoats, is “Back out you get the knife...Hidden hand...Stay in, the firing squad.” Or is it the situation that results in such bloody and sulphurous contingencies that our hero’s mind is wading in rather than patriotism per se? A condition that has been initiated by English intervention to start with? Could it be the reprisals and retributions at the hand of the latter that are being hinted at and brought to the fore as our hero hurriedly recalls the rather romantic escape of Stephen from Richmond? The episode of the buccaneering escape and the ensuing saga of Stephen set the mind of our hero on to the all too famous legendary sojourn through parts of England, which pronouncedly include a hotel appropriately named “Buckingham” as a flourish. The too mawkishly maudlin strain of the saga starts to make the reader squeamish, however, when our hero drops a seemingly enigmatic and yet succinctly expressive name at the end of the line, as it were. What does our hero mean by “Garibaldi,” though? Does he want to evoke the passionate unification movement he stirred up by his sheer will and determination? By so doing drawing attention to the contributions the Irish hero made to Ireland? What then the differences between the two “heroes,” if they are to be conflated and put together in the same category? Are there any? Obviously they were born and raised in different corners of Europe and time periods and eventually fled their own countries, to make an emotional return for Garibaldi, and forever to become the denizen of the New World for

Stephen, at least according to the rather romanticized saga. Despite the overlapping elements between the two, the Italian was a man driven by passion and a man of action, making a daring entry into Naples controlled by his enemies while his Irish counterpart was more of a man of romanticized epitome of national resentment against foreign rule and desire for independence, a figure who excelled in organizing rings of resistance and defense but failed in putting up actual resistance.

Not that it is difficult to find analogous personages in contemporary Irish politics, Bloom reasons, without allowing the reader much time to get hold of the syntactical connection. The well-known name that pops up first without so much as a moment's hesitancy is Parnell. Immediately following him is Arthur Griffith, a suave intellectual who was not much abreast with the working-class and uneducated poor but perfectly in tune with the upper crust of society. The failings of Parnell were utterly forgivable as long as his heart was with the poor and, to his credit, he did actually work to ameliorate the situation of the downtrodden motherland, a point that rather neatly contrasts with the inaction the romanticized figure of Stephen is frequently associated with and raises Parnell infinitely closer to the likes of Garibaldi in his approach to accomplish, or at least envision, a liberated Ireland. Arthur Griffith, on the other hand, is more like Stephen as he vainly and ineffectually intones about the importance of upholding the right venerable cause. But what distinguishes him is his unique political aestheticism. As our hero humorously comments, Arthur Griffith "is a squarehaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob." All he does is just "gas about our lovely land." Even the idea of a ridiculous poet-politician sends the mind of our hero wandering off to a common mundanity, represented by a fare like "Gammon and spinach," which in turn leads to the epitome of ineffectual organ of national independence where the debate is whether or not to revive the de facto defunct national language of Ireland as a first step to cultural independence from the greedy and overweening influence of the neighboring predator. The very strong message, possibly included and definitely implied, becomes involved with the congeries of images that may or may not actually redound to the politics of the contemporary Ireland, over which the mind of our hero has been wallowing for some time now. Unless the particulars iterated in the passage are tied to and derived from the meeting places or such common-level congregations where ideas are tossed and discussed over all too Irish food and drinks, they may as well be desultorily scattered to the thin air our hero has been breathing in the casual and yet randomly ordered realm named Dublin for the numberlessly continuous pages in this unique narrative. The seeming dissolution, thematic and conscious, of the unifying topic and subject and the seamlessly organizing

principle that bundles all the cacophonous elements in the story—these contradictory tendencies ever pull the narrative together and propel it forward in spite of and because of the relentlessly inchoate nature of consciousness, of which this story may be a valiantly faithful manifestation after all. Therefore, there is no end or beginning. The narrative merely goes on and inexorably exists in the continuum of conscious spatiality. No wonder that the jumble of seemingly scattered and scattering images coalesce as Irish nationalism as Bloom intones, “Home Rule sun rising up in the northwest.” That is for the moment. The story continues ad infinitum with its vagaries and unpredictabilities, and of course inevitably with their opposites as well.

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意味的生成と再生の場としてのJoyceの*Ulysses*

Joyceの*Ulysses*では、意識の流れを反映する断片的な統語ユニットを基に、意味的生成や再生が絶え間なく、そして無限に行われている。この論文ではそのプロセスを具体的な状況描写をもとに、Leopold Bloomという一登場人物(character-cum-narrator-cum-interpreter)を通して、追跡、ならびに解析してみた。