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Leopold Bloomと意識のMonologue

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Bloom and His Imaginative Prowess

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One of the joys of reading Joyce's *Ulysses* is tracing the conscious flow that ceaselessly continues both below and above the liminal realm. Because the conscious representation takes place regardless of the readerly convenience, or consideration thereof, the twists and turns of the narrative line that entail from the conscious manifestations are quite quirky and abrupt. So much so that occasionally even the initiated into the Joycean avantgardism find it difficult to make out exactly what is transpiring at any given moment. But my intention here is to follow and trace the liminal trajectory that arises from the textual landscape carefully structured by whoever is behind the scene throughout the narrative of this quixotic and outrageously humorous work—the someone who could easily be indentified with the figure that is foregrounded sometimes, but other times quite apart from any of the characters depicted in the scenes being developed. The oscillating relationship the meta-narrator maintains with the narrative personas makes the work extremely hard to decipher oftentimes, but it is undeniable that his presence is the one that greatly contributes to the joy of the readerly interpretative subject, who willy-nilly walks along the peregrinating narrator in ascendance at this juncture when the present author of this essay attempts to delve and enter the inchoate world comprehended by the seemingly off-putting narrative title Joyce somehow mysteriously found apt. A window into the jumble of all too ego- and ec-centric world we explore is none other than Leopold Bloom. Because of his fertile imaginative mind and voracious appetite and curiosity for the world that incessantly offers shifting minutiae of reality-impacted particulars, he is an ideal channel for the reader to reconstitute and vicariously experience both the physical environ of Dublin at the turn of the twentieth century and the mind-world, which must necessarily reflect the city in variegated ways just as the latter geographical location impinged upon the neighboring isle and the larger world and vice versa. The essence the reader hopes to ultimately absorb lies in the fluidity of a mix of constituents that in their totality make up the narrative gestalt. The task, therefore, is not easy, as the attempt to fathom and grasp the joys and gist of the story is implicated in the constant process of signficatory generation and regeneration and requires locating the relational site that can be measured through the interconnection of numerous happenings and

ingredients that more often than not simultaneously come together in a whirlpool of signification fusion. The issue of how to separate and combine all the elements and make sense of each scenic segment becomes extremely complicated, and even arbitrary, in a situation where anything could be related to anything else, which may or may not be inherently associated and associatable. But in the strange world of conscious continuum distantiation lapses between items treated and recalled are easily overcome and even disregarded for the sake of the fun and phantasmagoric world of the narrative voice that dominates the story. The best bet for the reader to cope with the confluential narrative of *Ulysses* is to embed with the mind of the hero-cum-narrator and be carried along with the flow of the narrative energy. In the murky, and occasionally impenetrable, conscious world, implicit belief in the narrative directionality guides the readerly mind no matter what befalls in the process. The scene we pick up is where our hero-cum-narrator ecstatically muses about the kind of distinguishing tendencies artistically-minded people—as opposed to ordinary and prosaic ones—externally manifest.

The observation Bloom makes at the inception of the current scene could be interpreted as an outright misogynistic comment or, more subtly and probably, a loaded fetishistic manifestation of erotic desire that is putatively suppressed in his psyche. Since his desires tend to erupt in unchecked verbal expansion, the latter interpretation is nothing exorbitant, or rather a reading, which is more likely to contain truth about his state of mind at this uncalled-for juncture when two personages enter his conscious realm abruptly. The eye (once again) that attaches unduly to the segment of the woman's body is inordinately intense and erotogenic, "her stockings are loose over her ankles" (p. 166). An objection to Bloom's misogynistic interpretation would be launched by foregrounding the placement of his attention on the part that obviously protrudes from the garment of the woman—a part that is usually hidden and the exposure of which is considered completely inadvertent, and perhaps somehow indecorous, as our hero-cum-narrator slightly too emphatically insists it is. But the thought process that is manifested by Bloom premises upon the fact that the indecent exposure redounds to the nature of the woman, rather than to the erotic desire, or at least the desire, the viewer harbors and heaps upon the anatomical zone of controversy. (In other words, is it the intentionality that is concomitant of the interpretative process that is to blame, if we take a rather naïve and puristic view of the passage, or is it the act, or rather the happenstance of the dropped stockings per se that is fundamentally to blame under the circumstances, regardless of the involuntary nature of the incident as a whole?) The strong emotional outburst, which is seemingly uncalled for except that it might satisfy

the narrator's sense of decorum, rather brings the reader's attention to the hidden motivation on the part of the narrator himself, a regular Freudian reading that was already hinted above. The imbalance between the objective comment spoken seemingly reflexively by the narrator and the emotional outburst immediately followed suggests there is something more than meets the eye that takes place under the liminal surface. The hidden motives, if there are any at all (of course, there is no knowing what is absolutely intended by the narrator, or for that matter, meta-narrator, even if the reader delved deep into the psyches of the narrative characters constructed through subtle structuation of relational situations), are hard to ascertain, but the situational gestalt that is evoked by the candid admission of narrator's true sentiment, at least what is deemed spontaneous self-exposure of inner psyche, certainly encourages multivalent reading of the story that is evolving in the narrative.¹ The erotic delirium the narrator potentially experiences either has to take a hopelessly carnivalesque path, leaving the reader completely at the mercy of the narrator's instinctive abandon, or seamlessly give way to further cogitation on vegetarianism and artistic proclivities.

It so happens that the direction the thought process of the narrative cogitator takes is the latter, allowing the reader to further explore the deep recesses of the imaginative mind of the divagational narrator. The line spoken by the narrative hero (which, in fact, takes place in the realm of consciousness, as I already reiterated many a time) constitutes a linear extension of the sensual stimuli Bloom perceives in the shape of the woman and her anatomically focused parts, "Those literary ethereal people they are all." The half-sentence, which is in fact a complete sentence as well (depending on the perspective one brings in to the narrative scene), reminds the reader that the narrative subject is still moored to the erotogenous zone while at the same time lets his mind roam freely over potential ramifications of the personalities he thinks he recognizes in the ethereal artistic personages in front of him. The line he utters may be taken as spiteful caricaturing the narrator inserts into the thought process at this juncture. Or is it? Is the conjunction of "literary" and "ethereal" meant to foreground the nobility of the personages manifested and metonymized by the definitely unorthodox wearing of socks, or is it intended to show mostly the narrator's view on the dreamy type who becomes forgetful of their personal attire? Perhaps the two interpretations

¹ The inexorable multivalent strands one inevitably encounters in the work may have something to do with what Enda Duffy describes the resistance the novel poses despite its seeming loquacity. The center, which is identified as silence (or a collection of them) by some critics, may as well be the generator that ceaselessly gives rise to innumerable delineations to the story. See Enda Duffy, *The Subaltern Ulysses* published by University of Minnesota Press, 1994, p. 11.

need to be fused together for the reader to arrive at the full signification of the line, although signification certainty is often a concept that is as alien in this narrative as any genre-crossing is in traditional fiction? These and many more questions accrue in a short instance when the reader skims over the line on his way to reach the proceeding ones that as a whole, hopefully but without any assurance, provide some indubitable signification fixity to each and every divagational minutiae and events that crowd the novel. What materializes in the mind of our hero on the heels of such fluid potentiality related to the philosophical type is the attributes that inevitably result from his observation of AE and his disciple, "Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic." Conveniently enough, however, they give him food to further expound on the alimentary-personality relations he has gone over shortly before. If they are such an insubstantial bunch (at least what they are focused on daily suggests a rarefied tendency that is akin to the aeriality furthest apart from physical reality), then what they are inevitably arises from what they consume, or so Bloom surmises. In other words, the intangibility the two personages remind our narrator of at this moment merely represents their essence and it is something they cannot do anything about as long as they adhere to the vegetarianism Bloom envisions they must necessarily uphold. At this point, the value judgment our hero made implicitly previous to the current line becomes involved with another argument he develops pertaining to physical workers, the former's antithetical counterparts. Unlike the ethereal couple, who could be either hopelessly unrealistic or superbly refined aesthetically, the sweaty policemen our hero referred to earlier are incomparably reality-impacted, exuding earthy self-confidence and exhibiting animalistic appetites for anything that satisfies their hunger for existence, or simply being alive. But their promising recall at this juncture is merely auxiliary to help complete the picture of the aesthetic couple Bloom is observing and musing upon at the same time. The policemen are neither better nor more useful than the two personages when it comes to producing artistic oeuvres. They may excel in earthly consumption (in return giving rise to a metabolic end product), but in terms of poetry they deserve nothing less than categorical dismissal as being totally clumsy as well as irrelevant, "you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of [them]." It is after all their essence that does not allow them to either create or appreciate, or even make themselves amenable to, poetry, "Don't know what poetry is even."

The comparison between the aesthetes and the merely flesh and blood creatures redolent of sweat leads to the recollection of the pseudo-poetry that had resulted from the avian creatures in the particular environment they had been set against. There may not be an inevitability of the revisitation of the mood that gave rise

to the target lines in the first place, but the “waves”—an image that accrues as Bloom here enigmatically resorts to a scientific metaphor and is potentially alluded to the mental waves of the non-poetic laborers our hero recognizes in front of him—conveniently chimes with the part of the verbal component the couplet is made up of: “The dreamy cloudy gull/ Waves o’er the waters dull.” With the concretization of the “dreamy” lines, the reader is momentarily dazed and becomes uncertain as to their provenance. He is not even sure if the said lines are indeed the reiteration of the poem that had actually congealed in the mind of our hero minutes or hours before.² As the recollective fogginess tries to set in, the hero-cum-narrator is left to somnambulistically dwell on the ineffable drowsiness the lines leave in their wake. In the meantime, the meta-narrator picks up the narrative inertia and propels the story forward by giving the reader the geographical handles by which to physically locate the *mise-en-scène* that is developed in the narrative. As soon as the meta-narrator butts into the narrative interstice and makes himself a prominent presence to direct the way the story is configured and, from the perspective of the reader, interpreted, he recedes into the penumbra of the inchoate inner core of the narrative structurality and seemingly merges with the narrative subject that dominates the current scene. Or, from the point of view of the narrative effect the reader perceives transpiring at the conscious level, the two presences gradually become fused and identified as the mind of the subject proceeds on to his desultory conscious interaction with the surrounding particulars. Perhaps the protrusion (or, intrusion depending on the perspective one adopts here) is meant to be overridden in the mind of the reader, or, which in fact comes to the same thing, the brief authorial appearance disguised as a meta-narrator merely foregrounds the ubiquitous and pervasive nature of the control the mind exerts over the conscious realm of *Ulysses*. What cuts through, or dovetails into, the conscious flow and continuity is the contingent nature of the focus of the narrator’s attention in the present segment. The objects he observes and the circumstances in which he presumably finds himself are randomized eventuality that can only be structuralized in the continuous conscious flow, which does *not* discriminate between causality and contingency, or relevance and peripherality. Appropriately enough then, it so happens that he “crossed at Nassau street corner and

² The signifiatory indeterminacy, or uncertainly here exemplified, is a hallmark of Joyce’s work, as noted by many critics including Clive Hart. Hart, in his essay on “Wandering Rocks,” points out that “Joyce’s controlling structures are in constant tension with the reader’s sense of their indeterminacy” and the structurality that arises from the narrative construction by no means imposes absolute control over readerly signifiatory interpretative strategy he employs to comprehend particular narrative lines. See *Joyce’s “Wandering Rocks,”* edited by Andrew Gibson and Steven Morrison, published by Rodopi in 2002, pp. 17-18.

stood before the window of Yeates and Son.” When he stands “pricing the field glasses,” the situation merely exists in mere fluidity and is by no means fixed and determined. It neither calls forth a series of eventualities that are underpinned by some inner logic nor leads on to another situation that is inherently related to the current one. As soon as the mind of our hero is focused on the merchandise in front of him, he envisions a hearty chat with a young man he finds, rather fortuitously under the circumstances, extremely promising. The wavering narrative line is a symptom of the thematic dithering the story manifests and promulgates constantly. At this juncture when the narrator-cum-hero stands where he defines himself as located, he lays out a number of choices he could be making simultaneously, and yet they function only as a fraction of possibilities that give rise to actual occurrences that are tangibly connected to the physical reality that surrounds the narrator. Without the inevitability that dictates the direction and the combination with which the events should fall into place in the narrative entirety, all the whimsicalities that multidirectionally increment the narrative line become the force to propel the story forward and enrich the existential experience both the narrator and the reader gain through their involvement in the textual space.

Out of so many possibilities, then, the mind of the narrator chooses to hearken back to the optical shop that was mentioned in connection with the geographical location Bloom happened to be at as he crossed the street at Nassau. Rather obtusely, as the suggested image of a man taking a lunch break has obviously nothing to do with the optical shop except that Sinclair may vaguely remind the readerly subject of Goerz because of the tripartite and yet seamless transition from the one to the other with the phonetic and imagistic intercession of “glasses,” the mind of the narrator recurs to the optician, or more accurately the narrator’s needs to have his glasses repaired at Yeates and Son. For the moment his mind roams over the shop and its ramifications, as if all the essential cogitation he has been engaged in were somehow centered on the locale. Contrary to the dangled promise, or rather conforming to it in a way, the thought process that is manifested on the textual surface involves the origin of the lenses Bloom is interested in and the exact prices thereof, “Goerz lenses, six guineas.” Once that derivational and commercial imprint was made in the mind of the narrator, the rest seems to follow automatically without much refraction or reflection. The innocuous observation, however, seems to resonate with the nationalistic sentiment the hero surreptitiously displayed in the previous segment when he referred to the sorry state Irish politics and economy were in due to all the exploitation it had been historically subjected to. Although the previous comment was definitely intended to be taken with

layered nuances that are to be carefully activated by each interpretive subject, the current one is a much subdued statement that may or may not be multivalently charged to make the conscious realm fully come to life on a signficatory level without distorting and disrupting the conscious flow/ intent. Regardless of the conscious intent that is salvageable from the brief statement that appears at this particular juncture, the lopsided nature of the trade imbalance does remind one of the susceptible nature of Irish economy vis-à-vis any power houses that come barging on full-tilt wherever they deem profits are to be made. In this case, the direct reference happens to be to Germany, a totalitarian centripetal entity that tries to overwhelm any obstacles to its ambitions on its path to mercantilian prosperity. Although the actual name recalled here is “Goerz lenses,” the name can, without undue stretch of imagination, be taken to indicate a metonymic representation of the totalitarian corporeality for which, our hero inclines to think, it stands. What makes the nation/corporation so characterized dominant, the mind of the narrator continues, is their cut-throat business practice, which Bloom succinctly calls “Undercutting.” It is nothing unique to Germany or Great Britain, needless to say, to exploit the market conditions of the locality and drive competitors out of, in extreme cases, business, but the thoroughness and efficiency, with which the juggernaut entity pursues business, are something our hero cannot help but admire.³

As soon as he is impressed by the gigantic struggle for supremacy Germany (by way of the commercial entity) is engaged in, he swerves back to the self-interested mode to imagine a state in which he fortuitously comes in possession of the lenses—a veritable symbol of cold-blooded calculation and hegemonic contest and victory.⁴ The idea upon which the cogitational transition turns on is embroiled with a gamut of sentiments that involve envy for something one hates because of what it signifies in the cultural context and the admiration he feels for the inherent excellence the product stands for. Concomitant of the various shades of nuances is a shrewd utilitarian opportunism our hero-cum-narrator brings into the signficational gestalt. He wishes

³ The colonial element that occasionally surfaces above the textual facade is minutely discussed by Enda Duffy in his work, except that the conflict Ireland experienced vis-à-vis England is driven under the “homologous isolation” the novel expresses throughout the narrative, which the postcolonial and modernist textual strategies coopt to bury under an uncharacteristic universalist tendency attributable to any contemporary angst-ridden humans. See his argument on the issue in *The Subaltern Ulysses*, pp. 1-10.

⁴ The imperialistic subtext may perhaps just keep evolving, albeit in a subtler form. M. Keith Booker, for one, reiterates Frederick Jameson’s point that *Ulysses*, unlike others, is a manifestly colonial work, whose peculiar structuation merely attests to the indelible mark imperialism vestigially leaves behind. See *Ulysses, Capitalism and Colonialism: Reading Joyce After the Cold War*, published in 2000, pp. 1-5.

that someone had left a pair of Goerz glasses at a public place, such as a train station, and that he could be the one who would reap the benefit of what he might be tempted to consider the fruit of civilization by one of the most technologically, or commercially perhaps, advanced nations in the world. At this point his thoughts fly in an apparently unrelated direction and fill the narrative space with details that are essentially independent of and yet at least partially contingent upon the lost-and-found image evoked immediately before. For a brief moment his mind roams over those who lose, or might have lost, their belongings on the train, or at stations, obliging the conscientious, like our hero, to follow them and hand over what they had not known they had lost. Just as our hero recalls such an incident, which putatively happened just the previous year, he is filled with the self-righteous gratification, which may or may not justifiably redound from the act he presumably considers exceptionally admirable. The underhand sub-current of self-centered self-aggrandizement becomes partially manifest when the narrator-cum-hero interjects in disbelief, "Unclaimed money too." The revelatory desire concomitant of the line, seemingly nonchalantly thrown out on the conscious level, leaves an unmistakable residue in the mind of the reader that forces it to align properly with the true intent of the narrative mind, whether or not the persona and his consciousness are attuned to the signification implications of the venal statement. The part that overflows from the conscious stream on the signification level immediately (or reflexively depending on the conscious state of the readerly mind) threatens to overwhelm the narrative impetus when Bloom recurs to the thematic line that gave rise to the lost-and-found episode and its ramifications in the first place. The mind of the narrator pulls the readerly mind forcefully and yet subtly to synchronize with it and thereupon the focus shifts on to the narrator himself as he expositoryly indicates the physical object, which he deems apt for testing out the imaginary glasses, "There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by." Although the glasses here referred to are a virtual pair, the moment an actual physical object is introduced augurs a different level of existential and interpretative strategy.

Curiously enough, as soon as the eye of the reader is directed to the distant and imaginary "watch" and the spectacles pointed to and focused on by the narrative hero, the action reflectively turns on to itself and involuntarily coerces the readerly mind to delve into the mind of the hero as candidly as perhaps rarely happens in this intensely phenomenological work. The descriptive part that immediately follows the deictic gesture throws the narrative focus back on the narrator himself and the objectivity that exudes from the passage suggests a momentary glimpse into the true self of the narrator-cum-hero that is mostly wrapped up in a resilient layer of irony and

nonchalance, which makes the person of Bloom extremely hard to assess in any reliable manner. The perspectival distance incorporated in the passage makes the current meta-narrative observation particularly revelatory because the traditional syntax, suddenly materializing in the middle of the choppy manifestations of the conscious flow, makes its uniqueness markedly pronounced and strikingly memorable. The imagistic residues born of the traditionalism rubs the readerly consciousness rather stridently and allows the sentence to linger and amplify significationally at manifold levels. The eye, once again drawn onto and here metaphorized through the “lids,” becomes a gateway to the inner psyche of the persona, who is usually more than adept at keeping the reader at bay as to what constitutes his true intent or what interpretative rules to apply to gauge the chameleon-like conscious flow of the narrative character. Could such a simple and matter-of-factly dropped sentence in fact promise a vast treasure-trove of layers of meanings? The mind of the interpretative reader is immediately seized with skepticism while simultaneously tantalized into generating nuances that seem to merely lie hidden in the interstices of the syntactical units. As if to discourage (which might as well be seen as an inducement to seek an ever-increasing signification source of determinacy, on the contrary) further signification muckraking, the mind of the narrator-cum-hero recoils onto itself and seemingly attempts to foil the nosy mind from attaining the fixity that could underpin all the divagational proliferations that would fill and expand over the conscious realm of *Ulysses*. The reminder to refocus on the dominant consciousness that dictates the flow of the story is as abrupt and succinct as ever, “Can’t see it.” Whatever has transpired in the mind of the reader is immediately swept away and the residual image that is left in his mind melds with the very scene in which Bloom tries to locate the actual “watch” in vain. Once the vast gamut of interpretative space has been traversed, the readerly mind now is more inclined to seize the narratorial sentiment, which is again similarly rendered in a traditionally structured manner, more as a comical manifestation than anything else. The futility that characterizes Bloom’s search for the touchstone of vision inevitably results in a comment, “Can’t see it.” Whether or not it is because of his eye-sight or the lack of a pair of spectacles, which laid a path to his imaginary quest for the German lenses in the first place, does not matter at this stage. His public display of facial and other gesticulations distances the readerly mind from the latter’s quest for the fixity of the narrative persona (on which basis to interpret and ascertain his being and existential nuances he bestows on the things he interacts) and at the same time the buffoonery, which may be too strong a word to characterize the situational comedy the current string of details give rise to, adds another signification dimension to the narrative persona as the

comedic element draws forth the spontaneous reaction from the reader when the latter brings his interpretative strategy into play in his unconscious attempt to merge with the conscious flow that dictates the narrative direction.

If it is the situational comedy that prevails in the current scene, the gesticular moment continues the momentum as Bloom plays on the optical theme, “He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm’s length towards the sun.” The self-absorptive moment once again draws the reader’s minute attention to the inner core of the narrator, allowing the former to reflectively accompany Bloom while he intensely engages in monologic conversation. Although the true intent and signification value of the following self-interjections are hard to ascertain, they tantalizingly offer an opportunity for the reader to glimpse into at least a certain aspect of the narrator-cum-hero. Not surprisingly, our hero is attracted to things that are not necessarily out of the ordinary, which in fact verges on mundane. He becomes excited over an act and what he considers a delightful discovery of testing out his vision, which in fact is merely utilizing his hand and fingers to cover part of his eyes to view the object he targets as an ideal point to gaze at. The result of his inspired experiment is so lopsidedly satisfactory that he further pursues the optically-driven monologic inner narrative with renewed vigor and verve. The joy of slightly mischievous act is obviously unadulteratedly spontaneous to such a degree that the lines that arise from the fertile mind of the narrator are markedly staccato and choppy and yet substantive, “Wanted to try that often... Yes: completely.” Needless to say, they tend to bar full comprehension by cursory readers, which may or may not be so problematic at such a late stage in the narrative venture. But the meta-narrator accommodates and provides a traditionalist approach to explain the gesticular situation that is unraveling at the narrative locale. As it turns out the alternating syntactic strategies between impressionism and conventionalism dominate the way the scene and the sentences are developed and laid out. Immediately after the mind of the narrator is bared for the readerly mind to look at, the situational comment in the form of narrative addendum follows, “The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun’s disk.” What the line accomplishes is that it supplies overall nuances with which the personalized monolog is to be interpreted. And at the same time the choppy substantive lines are lifted out of the merely private realm and made shareable by the readerly consciousness, which conveniently, as well as somewhat paradoxically, enhances the level of depth at which the latter delves into the mind of the narrator-cum-hero as he reveals what lies smoldering in his over-charged psyche in response to the external details. The dual approach gives zest and rhythm to the textual space by generating impetus to further boost the conscious flow. Being embroiled in the

narrative forces that are constantly regenerated and augmented, the readerly mind becomes ever closer to identifying with the narrative mind as he attaches his attention to each distinct and yet flowing lines. Without actually grasping the entirety of the signification the line “Must be the focus where the rays cross” exudes, for instance, the readerly mind floats across the narrative interstices, feeling content and epistemologically stable. The underlying sentiment is that as long as the one is embedded with the other, keeping the interpretative distantiation minimum, some sort of entente and interpretative understanding inevitably loom in the corner of the mind. With that ephemeral hope in mind, then, let us continue to trace the footsteps of the urban peregrinator.

What help invigorate the scene are the elliptical and pseudo-elliptical components that nonetheless project themselves onto the textual space and make their presence felt without specifically being mentioned. Curiously enough, the intensely private talk being uttered in the mind of the narrator emerges with distinct signifiatory edges despite the fact that they are syntactically mere interjections, or bare minimum units that verge on inchoate formless sentiments. Although the alternating deictic and physical references garbed in traditional sentences aid the reader in comprehending the overall signifiatory gestalt, the readerly mind, nevertheless, is forced to salvage the unmanifested sentiments and nuances that are carried along by the inertial force derived from the fundamental conscious energy underlying the narrative. The reader, for that reason and others, pauses a moment as he attempts to process the next line, “If I had black glasses.” It might be an apt observation if the sun and the optical experiment were immediately subsumed as a conceptual foundation on which to incorporate the current elliptical sentence—a mental strategy which the readerly mind indeed is allowed to rely on under the narrative dictates. But, regardless, there is an element that slows the readerly momentum with its enigmatic obtuseness, which does not easily reconcile with the foregone signifiatory gestalt, at least not completely. The more one pays attention to the line, the more defocused the line becomes, as if it had gained a renewed vigor to generate dithering signifiatory valencies on its own. Does the fact of owning “black glasses” have anything to do with the way the narrator can fix the point where the “rays cross”? Or, does the lost-and-found theme in connection with the German lenses somehow inevitably give rise to the seemingly idiosyncratic sentiment reified as the target line? Or, is the current line completely disjunctive of anything whatsoever that preceded it, at least on a syntactical level, and does it constitute its signifiatory whole independent of the sun and optical theme, even threatening to spawn a plethora of meanings based on its

abrupt and momentary positionality?⁵ The next line is not at all encouraging for the reader intent on configuring the signficatory gestalt, except that it further compacts the implicit multivalency through syntactical ellipsis. Simultaneously, however, spontaneous effusion of smug contentedness with his own thought connection puts the narrator on a new plane of narrator-reader entente and understanding, revealing a portion of his psyche that rarely surfaces so candidly in the interpretative sphere. As it so happens, the enigmatic line and a short staccato follow-up conduce to a more fully rounded thought flow-cum-revelation, providing a tighter and more directive channel through which the readerly mind is to assess the narrative situation as well as (which in fact comes to the same under the circumstances) the thought flow at this juncture, “There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west.” The semi-scientific gist of the memory associated with the solar imagery accelerates the directive speed with which the conscious flow is pulsating. As the scene progresses, there seems to be no stopping the explosion of scientific associations that are derived from a point in his conscious life dating back to the moment when he was somehow preoccupied with the “sunspots” and ramifications of new discoveries and theories related to the solar system. The thought of the narrator turns to subjects of blotting out the sun and “irides” when Bloom remembers, rather conveniently, that “[t]here will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.” The ocular association made by way of, and in connection with, the astronomical conjunction brings the mind of the narrator back to the business of specular metaphor, which simultaneously, as well as immediately, forces the mind of the narrator to recollect the contrivance set up to tell the time of the day at Dunsink. The time the contrivance announces to the world and the electric wire used to drop the ball to achieve that end converge in the mind of the narrator as an epitome of scientific mindset, which he obviously and proudly possesses. This is exactly at this point when our hero reveals his desultory tendency and shifts his focus to a relational theory that pertains to human society, particularly to a snobbish class-ridden one. If the narrator could be proud of his proficiency in scientific speculation and theorizing, then he could as well be adept at demonstrating his deepest insight into human psychology. The gloating self-satisfaction in imagining a situation where he pays a visit to elicit unctuous and complacent pleasures from the self-importantly

⁵ The multifarious significations (even contradictory and disjunctive ones) the novel keeps generating may indeed have something to do with the “coexistence of numerous discourses—modes of thought, speech, description, evaluation—in *Ulysses*,” which tend to bar the authoritative narrative voice from adjudicating the signficatory issues that pop up in the narratological space of Joyce’s work. See David G. Wright, *Ironies of Ulysses*, published by Rowman & Littlefield in 1991, pp. 15-30.

knowledgeable savant is no other than a reflection of profound understanding Bloom possesses of complex human psychology, particularly that which exists between those who are deemed to belong to differing social classes. The manipulative mind of our hero then concentrates on the possibility of meeting with the savant-cum-professor by the name of Joly and then overwhelming him with the genealogy and titles which may or may not be actually authenticated but are surely guaranteed to please the man beyond his wildest dreams. As the narrator-cum-hero reminds himself, one needs to be “complimented” and without exception is eager to be flattered. That is indeed the tack he would take if given a chance, “Flattery where least expected.” Consequences of not reading minds correctly are indeed unpleasant—an experience our hero obviously has gone through more than a couple of times in his life. The least one could expect from a careless faux pas (which could as well mean an indiscreetly candid remark the other party might not wish to be offended with under any circumstances) would be a polite and yet decisive dismissal, “Show this gentleman the door.”

Then our hero happens to pass by a place rather interestingly named Maison Claire, which in fact is run by a dressmaker. The name itself may not signify anything particular but our hero, being an imaginative personage, cannot help seizing the concomitant aesthetic nuances the name exudes, (or at least suggests to an artistically-inclined mind like Bloom). It cannot be the diurnal time frame that causes him to evoke the day when he meandered through the reclaimed land on a romantic evening supposedly with his wife, for the time span in which he is situated in the narrative obviously falls in the middle of the day. Regardless of the sudden nocturnal development, the reader is seamlessly treated to the mind-world where our hero continuously resides, and which is at the moment rife with rather suggestive imageries and metaphoric double-entendres involving his wife and her suspected beau. The time and date of the evocative scene specifically concretizes as Bloom supplies a temporal signature for the reader’s convenience, despite the fact that the episode being introduced here is an extremely private kind which he putatively does not wish to share with anyone other than his own private alter ego—the self metaphysically posited for the sake of the monologic conversation he has been engaged in— although, which may or may not be paradoxical as being almost inevitable, the imaginative speech he constantly generates while making self-revelation cannot help but be eavesdropped by everyone sharing and occupying the textual space engendered by the meta-narrator. In a sense, the private and the public are consistently and perpetually conjoined (and confounded) while the “innocent” monologist incessantly spills the content of his mind for the sake of the accompanying reader, albeit that state is most likely constituted

unbeknownst to our hero. The well-lubricated internal narrative mechanism makes the smooth introduction of the private episode all the more seamless and titillatingly interesting to the “third-party” reader. The specific locale, appropriately named Fairview, and the very ambivalent evocative imagistic value generated combine to enhance the mood our hero allows himself to be lulled into. The serenity and the potentially seductive ambience against the backdrop of the tidal mudflat beyond the ken of the already reclaimed zone turn the hearts and minds of the strollers to the thought of love. Appropriately, the woman adumbrated here as the presence either (or both, as strange as it may seem outside the mind of the narrator, perhaps) next to him or (and) another man soothingly hums a lyric by that “redoubtable” Thomas Moore, “The young May moon is beaming, love,” which, not surprisingly, our hero alters in a more context-sensitive manner. It is at this juncture that the thought of somehow enviously illicit love overflows from the imagery and the reader is taken deep down into the anatomically-charged realm of the hero’s imaginative horizon. The act and motion, which our hero either wishes or fears had transpired at the moment of the supposed romantic night, however, is both discreetly and indirectly presented through the imagistic and metaphoric lingo/shorthand which presumably only our hero and his ilk can fully comprehend.

Whether suppressed or not, the illicit joy that results from the evocation of “touching” and “fingering” his wife might have engaged in quickens the pace of his breath and gait—a dire situation that forces our hero to slow down his perambulation on reflex to attain the composure he unconsciously perceives he is losing at the moment. The best antidote that he can employ under the circumstances is to recollect himself and infuse the moment with the memories and associations from the past.⁶ Taking in the views that remind him of a character who is trapped into matrimonial shackles is an appropriate reaction both in that the act of invoking a character from a play promises him, as well as the reader, a chance to divagate into more imaginative meandering and at the same time, because of the metaphorical hitching of a character, doubly repeats the theme of sexual intrigue and foregrounds the potential for carnal infidelity. The state of the thought-flow that manifests at this juncture is characterized by intoxication

⁶ The soliloquistic and monologic responses our hero manifests time and again in the narrative merely reiterates the fact that he is merely an ordinary average man who has things he wisely hides from others and those which he reminisces and replays in his private psyche for his own enjoyment. The characteristic, or rather the man such trait is attributed to, which Montaigne famously describes as *l’homme moyen sensuel*, is linked to our hero, in a rather shorthanded way, by David Hayman in his *Ulysses, the Mechanics of Meaning*, published by The University of Wisconsin Press in 1982, pp. 48-49.

that coalesces in the phrase "*cherchez la femme*," whatever it is meant to signify in this context. It is not only the "bottle shoulders" of Bob Doran's but also the "annual bend" M'Coy is quoted as destined to that sets the tone, markedly leaving a vestigial sign that the mind of the narrator cannot quite get rid of the sensual frissons the recollection of the night at the tidal zone had triggered in the first place. Regardless whether the literal signification of the French phrase is to be made much of or not, the sexual connotation lingers as the phrase insinuatingly and inevitably works on the reader, at least secondarily and figuratively, to indicate the naughty consequences men's partners tend to bring on in the lives of fun-lovers and *bon vivants* like M'Coy and Bloom. The figurative sense of the phrase in question, indeed, is picked up in the rest of the sentence and ramified into an often interdicted, and yet intense, carnal pleasure catered by "chummies and streetwalkers." Carnal or not, the pleasures of life evoked along with the memories of Bloom's friend and the circumstances under which the friend is inhabited in the imaginative realm of our hero encourage the latter to seek an environment where he wishes he could himself attain the same bliss—not the whole of the ecstatic excitement and joy his friend had putatively experienced but at least part of them that is amenable through means available in the locale where Bloom is passing through. In that sense, the ensuing interjections, "Yes...thought so," are merely a self-assuring motivator that encourages our hero to seek the direction in which his heart and mind already decided to divagate and meander when Bloom recalled his friend and his *bon-vivant* lifestyle. He duly proceeds to imagine sauntering into Empire. (Or, is it his friend who is imagined to be entering the public house to squeeze joy out of life?) His desire, as he confesses it, is rather modest, "Plain soda would do him good." But he is by no means averse to putting himself in a situation where he can admire the dancing girls in the theater atmosphere while he enjoys all the gustatory delicacies the place could offer. The ensuing lines are thence a mixture of epicurean and verbal delights, as our hero continues to dig deeper into the occasions when he thinks he had actually become intoxicated both with the entertainment and the bathetic fun a dubious man in "pantaloons under his skirt" provided once upon a time. The mood Bloom immerses himself in is that of a carousal, in which "Drinkers, drinking, laughed spluttering, their drink against their breath"—a perfect setup for orgy. The exciting time that our hero wishes to be realized for him at this juncture, however, is merely recalled and is treated in his memory as a product of the long-perspective it enables.⁷

⁷ The concept of memory, as pointed out by John S. Rickard, also gives rise to multifarious valorization of textual significations in *Ulysses*; it is both de-centralized by the uncertain and deconstructed subjectivity it is tied to and also securely moored to the traditionalist fixed idea of subjectivity and sways in between as it is deployed in this

Even in recollection, Bloom waxes slightly didactic and cannot help but append ugly unwelcome images such ecstatic yet ephemeral moments entail, "His parboiled eyes." Reminiscent of the old Anglo-Saxon literary tradition, he adds "Where is he now?" To which he replies, rather wistfully perhaps, "Beggar somewhere."

The rather significatorily-rife remark, "The harp that once did starve us all," both unexpectedly and inevitably gives rise to a philosophically rueful counterpoise to the wild-oat debauchery he intensely savored and still yearns for after so many years past his prime when he used to romance with Molly. It is at this juncture, indeed, that the subcurrent that runs both latently and yet conspicuously beneath the narrative flow rises to the conscious surface of both the reader and the narrator (albeit the conscious fluxes that multifariously influence the thought pattern of the narrator-cum-hero at this point may not be clearly recognized by the latter) and every comment and remark that actually coalesces in the textual space assumes a tangible significance that is much more than mere univocal signifiers themselves are entitled to within a limited conventional artistic construct of a narrative. Notice the shift in emotional energy that is manifest in the simple comment that begins with, "I was happier then." Granted that the reflective tendency that is exhibited in the current segment is a result of the preceding sybaritic and epicurean associations Bloom made in conjunction with the life's teeming pleasures the town of Dublin in general (or the particular segment of the town) is invested with in the mind of the narrator, but the wistfulness and thematic divagation the subcurrent contributes to engender, while itself being amplified by dint of the ambient perception the reader is enabled to make as he accompanies the narrative hero, surely shed light on a gamut of emotional conditions our hero undergoes almost simultaneously and in a manner that is both drastically different from and yet inherently homogeneous with the one exemplified in the preceding section when he grapples with the significance of time as it affects different aspects of him in a setup that relationally transforms the world around him. If the first line of the segment is an indicator of a changed mental as well as emotional state, then the second one is a much subtler and more in-depth metaphysico-philosophical self-repartee from the private mind of our hero. If the sentence contains no routine typographical error, then the line and the proceeding one combined indeed open up a world that has not (or more accurately rarely) been deeply delved into in this uniquely psycho-reflexive text. What does the narrator actually mean by self-transposition, both spatially and temporally, that is achieved by, "Or was that I...Or am I now I?" Is he merely distantiating from his

uniquely subjective and fluid work. See Joyce's *Book of Memory: The Mnemotechnics of Ulysses*, published in 1999, pp. 3-21.

alter-ego, which resides in a particular space-time that develops at this juncture in the mind of the hero? Or is he trying to compare the I-ness of the present self with that of the past self and attempting to surpass the space-time barrier that supposedly separate the two? The whole cogitation threatens to become uncontrollably abstract, potentially leaving the reader in a quagmire of self-doubt and self-obfuscation. Inevitably, a simpler time-frame is supplied, which allows the reader to narrow down the perimeters in which to operate the search for universality and truth our hero thinks he is inching toward in his monologic conscious horizon. As it so happens, the narrator himself is helped by the temporal and spatial identifier, which he serendipitously recalls, to focus on the search for the very "something" that he has determined sets the course of his life from that point in the past. The life's mystery for both the reader and the hero unexpectedly reveals itself from the dark corner of the times past and propels the inquiry into the why's and wherefore's of our hero forward to let him bare the very private quirky side of his history.

However, the secret aspect of the hero's private life does not reveal its mystery in its entirety or in a glaring light to the reader—even to the by now boon companion who has been keeping his company every step of the peregrinational as well as phenomenological way through the psycho-narrative our narrator has been engaged in. But the message, hidden or not, does come through the depth of the murky mind-world our hero develops through his act of telling and verbal reification. We might as well keep synchronized with the psychological pulsation that beats through the narrative, then, and fathom the intent and cogitative struggle that takes place at this juncture as our hero tries to grasp the thing that strikes him most pertinent to his search for the key to life's mystery in general. Taking the cue from the crux of the sequel of events that led to "the change," or that something that tellingly reminds him of the now and then and the divisive breakage that separates the self that preceded the crucial point and thereafter, we might as well focus on the life's cataclysmic event that made him so hesitant about looking back beyond the time when the terrible incident occurred related to Rudy. What is he specifically referring to, though? That may be a legitimate question, especially if the reader has not come across the fateful name before. Perhaps his death, one might hypothesize as he hurriedly passes through the moment (which is merely a continuation and perhaps a transitional bonding point of the past with the present) with a lingering sensation that is given particular eminence when the iteration of temporal-spatial monologic inquiry lends piquancy to the narrative tone. Or, perhaps the particular circumstances under which the strong emotions evoked in relation to Rudy may not be so relevant after all to the overall abstract, philosophical question the

segment as a whole poses, or seems to pose, to the reader. What comes out of the narrative text at this moment may simply be a transitory exercise in metaphorization *per se*, rather than the origin from which the reader is led to derive the ensuing argument, which is a string of lines that crops up above the conscious horizon of the narrator in connection with the significance of time. Regardless of the many possibilities that the current segment could give rise to textually, the issue of time rises above the rest as a question that inexorably grabs the mind of the narrator. That uncontrollable and unstoppable something which passes one by and leaves one alone and completely helpless—that is the circuitous concept Bloom is trying to pin down but cannot. The least he could do to approximate the nuance and the shape and ambience of the very thing is to hold his hand, metaphorically more than literally perhaps, and refer to it by “Like holding water in your hand.” Of course, you cannot completely succeed in the attempt, at least not for a long time, and the sense that somehow tantalizes our hero is that of the very missed chance to come right at the target where the long-sought essence resides. An attempt to recuperate that missed opportunity to come to real understanding with the emotions and complications, which the past experience seems to offer, and delve into the answers to the why’s and wherefore’s that lie under the phenomenal outcroppings of the particular incidentalities may be perhaps futile at this point.

However, our hero does not easily give up. If the core of the narrative exists in the ever-flowing conscious stream that arises from the divagatory mind of the adventurous and inquisitive hero of ours, then the valiant attempt to dig ever deeper into the contingent subsurface of the phenomenality is not at all surprising. In riposte to his own inquiry, which is rather rhetorical as noted, “Would you go back to then,” our hero takes a slightly different tack than he has preceding to it and allows himself to be wafted through reminiscences, which are in a way an invitation for the reader to empathize with the very emotional condition he has evoked himself in. The next interjectional question renders itself rather vague as it can be interpreted to be addressed either or both to the person just referred to in the preceding line or/ and to the person our hero presumably shared the time period with and experienced the death of. But the poignancy exuded by the rest of the lines make it rather coincidental with the proceeding line, which is seemingly directly addressed to the man who for some reason deceased at the moment invoked by our hero, not necessarily in its signification entirety but more on a personal emotional level, “Are you not happy in your home, you poor little naughty boy?” The gut-wrenching elegiac our hero proposes to enter into feels genuine for the moment, particularly when Bloom connects the

memories associated with the "boy" with domesticity, which he rather ambivalently describes, "[he who w]ants to sew on buttons for me." Does it in its turn refer to the cozy atmosphere the image perhaps evokes? Or, which is more likely because the description is dovetailed into the painful circumstances under which the death of the boy has presumably taken place, does our hero hint at some suppressed frustrated energy that was somehow blocked from finding its fullest expression and which eventually culminated in the tragic death of the boy one way or another? The enigmatic line does not directly answer the reader's legitimate question, but the following line, which is again syntactically elliptical, does seem to respond to the question, not necessarily in a logical rational way but at a level where emotional outburst of one party inexorably gives rise to a sympathetic sphere in which the reader hopes the narrator co-respond to his sensibilities regardless of the teleological narrativity the meta-narrator intends the conscious flow to have at this juncture. Perhaps Bloom means to enlarge on his experience pertaining to the tragic incident and the emotional and other turmoil that ensued at a locale where he can assuredly retrace and record in the most literary noble manner possible, "Write it in the library." But, of course, there is no guarantee that the preceding interpretation resonates with what is actually passing through the ephemeral mind of our hero. Most likely, it is merely one of many possibilities that are simultaneously arising in the mind of our hero in the narrative space that is itself constantly transforming itself under the influence of actionary and reactionary minds that occupy it.

The time is ripe for another set of visual and auditory stimuli after such a sustained exercise in metaphysical abstraction over the meaning of time and life. Appropriately, the street our hero arrives offers a gay array of "awnings" that are quite pleasing to his "senses" as well. In fact the current segment is full of colors and textures that force sensory review on the mind of the readerly consciousness, "Muslin prints, silk, dames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoofhuds lowringing in the baking causeway." The rhythmic element so intoxicates the narrator that the singsong flow that comes out from the compounded words, or rather the entirety that includes the hitched words, not so subtly affects the accompanying readerly psyche.⁸ The supposed onlooker and eavesdropper enters into the mind of the narrator and skips along with him in response to the frolicsome mood the narrator is obviously in. Or rather, the

⁸ The narratological action on the reader, needless to say, is interactive. As Cheryl Herr argues in "Joyce's *Ulysses*: The Larger Perspective," the work presents differing signifiatory aspects according to the varying experiential phasets of the readerly consciousness. See *Art and Life, Nature and Culture, Ulysses*, edited by Robert D. Newman and Weldon Thornton, published in 1987, pp. 19-24.

movement that is so rhythmical and the mood that infects the accompanying mind resonate in the depth of the latter's core and triggers the sympathetic vibration which is the emotional foundation of the *esprit de corp* that has been established between the two. The jingling sway that is evoked through the concatenation of rhythmic words, however, does not lull the senses of our hero; rather, or if so, the momentum created by the bouncing motion contributes to further whetting his appetite for the sensual images women's bodies offer—not necessarily entirely in an ecstatic self-absorbed manner but in a way that results in a bathetic delight Bloom usually derives from any encounter with external as well as internal objects. The possibly fetishistic exploration of the woman's feet he either physically observes in front of him or merely imagines he sees in the garishly gay street he just entered gives way to a comment that is definitely funny and humorous, "Thick feet that woman has in the white stockings." Is he referring to the indelicate damsels who vainly attempt to pass themselves off as adequately disguised to qualify as ladies? Or is he concocting a wry joke at the expense of the woman in front of him? The truth may not be gauged so easily, but the "beefy" imagery associated with the woman's feet proves effective in that it allows our hero to wallow himself in the esemplastic world of humor where anything is possible as long as mental divagation is entertaining enough for our hero, and possibly for his audience the reader as well. The good humor leads on to some meanness on the part of our hero as he surreptitiously wishes that their "daintily" put on stockings get soiled in the miry street. Has he suddenly turned misanthropic at the sight of the women in the fashionable street? The comment, at least if taken with a modicum of seriousness, strikes one as excessively caustic. The next line does not help either to soften the tone as the narrator-cum-hero resorts to the gut response which he reflexively converts to the language deemed appropriate for the woman in question, "Country bred chawbacon." (Or, if not specifically targeted at the woman in front of him but at least at the kind the woman is supposed to typify in the mind of Bloom.) Regardless of the specificity of the person our hero has in mind, the following comments that transpire subconsciously do shed light on the way our hero views the woman and her class in general while his observation simultaneously likely gives insight into the mindset of the woman by way of the external hints, which are foregrounded through the very subjective eye of our hero. The beef imagery continues, in the meantime. It may be the literal beef, or, as I suggested before, it may be merely the rhythmic, metaphoric suggestivity that propels our hero to cling to the thematic cogitative excursion. The clumsiness of the feet and its connectivity to beef finally ends with a reference to his wife's condition, which perhaps is meant to be conjoined to signify that Molly is also in the same class with the woman

and her ilk when it comes to shapeliness? Perhaps the whole divagatory thought process is eventually linked to domesticity, or at least under its constraints one way or another?

For the moment Bloom is overwhelmed with the sheer colors and fabrics, as he passes by the “windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers.” Seemingly, the abundance of sensual and sensory cornucopia in front of him drags him into the space-time world that is rife with suspended moments of ecstasy, which our hero often experiences in the middle of his conscious narrative. The joy and ethereal-physical surrender he undergoes at the moment can only be simulated by the flowing and spreading images our narrator lays out in the textual space, “Cascades of ribbons,” “flimsy China silks,” and a more full-blown effusion, “A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood.” Whether or not the sensuality that is conveyed through the series of imagistic lines culminates in excessive abandon, the reader feels the unchecked and exuberant joy the narrator suddenly succumbs to at the sight of the silky display in front of the said merchant’s window. The emotional overflow, however, yields to a historical meditation (Bloom being a rather intellectual kind) as he allows his mind to recollect the origin of poplin production in Ireland, which may or may not be utterly contingent except that the following divagation somewhat logically ensues once he introduces the poplin-Huguenot connection. But the promising and profound implications the historical tack dangles before the reader do not actually materialize except that the Huguenot’s episode merely links the blood hue of the poplin our hero observes in the window to the religious cruelty that had been perpetrated at the price of the sectarian lives in historical time, giving way to the spontaneous “*La causa e santa!* Tara tara” in the textual and conscious horizon of the hero in the historical present on the street of Dublin. As soon as the historical insight is introduced, the mind is transposed to a different mode where it celebrates the rhythmic and aesthetic values of the historical detritus transformed into a German opera sung in Italian, or at least popularized in the latter language. It turns out that even the “chorus” our hero remembers from the opera is ephemerized and merged with the diffusive and expansive picture the blood of the Huguenots and the bloody hued Huguenots-introduced fabric evoke in his mind’s eyes. Conveniently enough, the fluidity of the gestalt figurality the two combine to present renders itself to the process of washing the fabrics by rainwater, or into the rainwater itself, which not by any stretch of imagination is conjoined, imagistically as well as prosodically, with Meyerbeer, the operatic composer. The transformative and transmogrifying consciousness and conscious flow give way to the rhythmic frolic Bloom enjoys at this moment that textually expresses as “Tara: bom bom

bom.” The nonsensical jubilation the reader shares with the narrative protagonist overflows into a concrete object that resonates with the idea of domesticity Bloom had started the current segment with as he invoked his wife and the youthful vicissitudes they experienced in the remote past (which in fact is simultaneously transformed into the present past in his mind). The “pincushions,” which he rather humorously mentions that he has been “long time threatening to buy,” work on a level that is both realistic and bathetic in that they are indeed introduced to play upon the idea of domesticity insofar as the pincushions, in combination with the pins (a catalyst), swell in signification and implication, as they are implicated with the matrimonial situation in which both the narrator and Molly are putatively placed. The significatory configurations that arise from the mere pincushions and the pins to be pricked into manifest differentially and ever shiftingly as they are injected into the standing condition while the hero reminisces and remembers about the long-pending promise he thinks he made to his wife.⁹ But the reality-impacted reference is not merely circumscribed by his promise to his wife only; rather the pincushion and the accompanying pins our hero makes so much of, at least in his humorous expansion upon the domestic theme, are made into a significatory pun (albeit it is ever tangential upon the theme being traced by the hero) that ever accumulates implicational values to the extent that the suggestive subtext seems to “threaten” to supplant, or at least vie with, the nominal significatory value of the lines because of its metaphorical possibilities. Although the direct implicative signification that the reader is enabled to cull from the cushion and pin imagery is that which is related to a momentary amorous escapade, or even just a possibility thereof, the mere suggestivity and potentiality the metapho-metonymic interlude offers is enough to keep the implicational window wide open for the accompanying reader to be tantalizingly entertained. However, by the end of the segment the idea of domesticity reasserts its thematic dominance with all its literal connotations, and upon verbal coalescence of the idea of domesticity, which happens to take a rather precise and yet abstruse imagistic turn textually (“Needles in window curtains”), the course of the conscious flow seems to be set, at least for the time

⁹ The dithering significations the reader might experience at any given moment while he grapples with the narrative of *Ulysses* could very well be generated by what John Porter Houston calls syntactical and grammatical anomalies the text presents to the interpreting subject. On close scrutiny, Houston notes, most of the sentences contained in the narrative space where Bloom resides are very often dashed with “the slight formality or unfamiliarity of literary constructions often seen but rarely used,” and they tend to break away from the rules, or “principles,” that usually bind conventional, or non-literary, language. See *Joyce and Prose: An Exploration of the Language of Ulysses*, published by Bucknell University Press in 1989, pp. 17-23.

being.

The concretized imagery and the directionality the last line conveys to the reader set the tone for the proceeding interjection, "He bared slightly his left forearm." The tactile sense the image evokes, it turns out, is derived from the closeness Bloom feels to the other presence-in-absence who is intricately interwoven with his life. Even while he observes the almost healed injury on his forearm, his thought eventually merges with that of his wife, although the cause of the itinerary that brings him to the location where he imagines he can purchase the needed "lotion" may not necessarily be identical with that which leads him to remember the important day he will be celebrating for the sake of the domestic "Mary." But the fact that he does place apparent emphasis on the crucial day indicates that the other half that is present in absence is and does always remain on his mind, which merely proves how much domesticity is involved in a situation that develops in the seemingly solipsistic world of Bloom. His mind works busily, harkening back and forth and suggesting the promises he might have dangled before his dear wife, "Nearly three months off." Indeed, the number of days to the momentous occasion is so closely monitored, at least in his most private psyche, that creating a portmanteau word is definitely warranted, or so the mind of our hero forces on the readerly mind. The concatenation of the bare minimum thought flow, which is meant to mirror the inchoate and for that reason direct thought processes of the narrator perhaps, is both elementary and humorous as the reader tries to come to grips with the lengthy word which is more of a raw concept than a word. What strikes the reader as prominently peculiar, as I already suggested above, is that the date indicated here coincides with the traditionally celebrated birthday of Virgin Mary. Is the coincidence to be taken as a metaphorical cue to spread out the attributes more equally between the two holy ladies? Then the imagery abruptly and yet expectedly returns to the pin pricking Bloom associated with the pin cushion. This time he focuses on the undesirability of giving and receiving the pins (and thus his unwillingness to do so) because, according to the commonly held view which Bloom apparently shares, they could destroy the precious sentiment that glues lovers together. But as soon as, or rather while, our hero entertains that metaphorically clever imagery, and its implications, he is bedazzled by a display which evokes the sensuality only the feminine body can give rise to. It is true that the line, which is intentionally set off from the main thought flow, is meant to be interpreted as expressing the offhand and side-glance perception our hero makes at the crucial moment, but the very parenthesized status the line is given endues it with a significance that is more than

just ephemeral and cursory.¹⁰ In fact, the immediate subconscious reaction that is verbalized reveals the carnal desires of the narrative hero bared in uncontrollable response to the sensuous display of the fabrics in the window. What is curious is the textual interlude that comes between the trigger and the seemingly delayed reaction, which happens not much later. Perhaps the mind puts up a show of rational disregard for the objects that are after all a mere display of outer coverings divested of the inner flesh, “Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.” As it turns out, however, the mind’s resistance to the tingling fetishistic temptation is both futile and brief as the mind is drawn back to the particularized manifestations of the corporeality, which heat up the overactivated imagination and sensually reverberate throughout our hero’s body. Not coincidentally, what our hero hears in his imaginative ear are “High voices,” “Sunwarm silk,” and “Jingling harnesses.” They inundate his senses, as if they were the ones Bloom craved most from the primordial core of his self. Notice the auditory and tactile frissons the images evoke before the mind of our hero plunges into the idea of domesticity and womanness and the flesh they hearken back to. He is drowned in the scene and smell and everything the display suggests to him while he gradually relinquishes the will, even for a fraction of a second, to resist the urge to let himself go. His mind is filled with fanciful and mysterious pleasantries the exotic words and names represent and are meant to refer to and which are inscribed in the textual space as, “home and houses, silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.” Whatever the penultimate term actually signifies may not be so important as long as it is combined with the opening up of the window of desires the last significant appendix unlocks. Once the desires are loosened there is no limit to the carnality our hero lets his mind wallow in. The indescribable ecstasy that culminates with the tactile sense of the flesh is overwhelming and readily allows the reader to go through the frissons Bloom himself savors at the moment. At this point, both parties are at the mercy of the sensual magic only a primordial nature is capable of fully experiencing. The sensually suffocated brain of our hero obviously has no chance of resisting the “warm human plumpness” settling down on his entire being, and neither does the reader who is panting under the heady image almost touching its extremity. It is no coincidence that the narrator-cum-hero admits in his soliloquistic manner that his

¹⁰ All the seemingly transient and subtle nuances that underlay the work of Joyce may perhaps attest to the vestigial impatience with the reductionist tendency the author saw prevailed in contemporary fiction, particularly that which coalesced in its typical narratological methodology. All the minutiae that seem to deconstruct the usual narrative form and structure may be merely a backlash to such a trend. See Stephen Sicari, *Joyce’s Modernist Allegory: Ulysses and the History of the Novel*, published by University of South Carolina Press in 2001, pp. 1-10.

“brain yielded”—an admission which is almost redundant by now. Olfactory and tactile nuances conspire to lure the still-moored minds, if there are any left, off to an exquisitely indulgent state, from which there is almost no return to the beaten track, “Perfume of embraces all him assailed.” The best one could do, perhaps, is to devour what is most succulently delicious, “With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.”

Somewhere and sometime in one’s life metaphoric devouring and actual eating must necessarily come together. It happens at Duke Street for Bloom when he is seized with the irresistible urge to eat and drink. Duly he turns “Combridge’s corner” and heads toward the destination of his choice. Curiously enough, he still feels “pursued” as he hurries down the street. (Does he feel so famished that he finds his footsteps inexorably quicken or is he feeling the feverish clutch of desires that will not let him go free of the mysterious panting he has been experiencing? Perhaps both?) Our hero attributes the cause of the persecutorial obsession to the “jingling hoofthuds,” to which he alludes a number of times as he indulges in the womanly warmth the imaginary flesh exudes. Although I cursorily identified the hoofthuds as the footsteps of the ladies who try to pass themselves off as such in their vain attempt, at least in the mind of our hero, to show themselves off to the best of their ability, they may as well reflect the overexcited heartbeats of Bloom’s, which he somehow vaguely recognizes pulsate both through his physical and anatomical being. (Needless to say, the hoofthuds may as well indicate the literal hoofthuds that might resound in a busy street such as the one our hero is traveling through at the moment.) The figural inner reflection the hoofthuds produce becomes foregrounded as our hero revisits the murky and steamy carnal recollection he experienced, or perhaps wishes he had, at a paradisisally rosy past time, which may be an unreachably distant past or a past that nearly coexists with the present, or even both. The taste of the ecstatic bliss comes back with a vengeance. The same heady scent that is reminiscent of the fleshy, carnal encounters with the women he had known in the past (or wishes he had intimately known) overwhelms our hero. The full voluptuous moments slice through his body and send shivers down his most intimate parts, “Perfumed bodies, warm, full.” All the craving and desires he felt seconds before rush back to him and the imagined bodies he devours and caresses assume corporeal shapes, as if they were tangibly present right beside him. The sexual crescendo is so powerful that there is no denying the emotional and physical culmination both the reader and the hero experience with the pulsation of the text, “All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.” At this point perhaps the only thing possible,

both emotionally and textually, is to gasp and call each other with their primordial monikers in mutual panting.

Not that our hero has forgotten his hunger in the meantime. Needless to say, the animal desire to fill his stomach can coexist with other desires that occur either as responses to external stimuli or spontaneously without any logical trigger either internal or external. Our hero barges into a restaurant of his choice with his heart still “astir” from all the phantasmagoric images he had engendered and got himself excited over. As soon as he is inside, the bathetic and sordid reality hits him and all the feverish thoughts vanish as he recollects himself and assesses where and how he stands vis-à-vis a concrete scene that inexorably offends his over-refined sensibility, “Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens.” The first metaphorization that coalesces in his mind is, rather cruelly and extremely candidly, “See the animals feed.” As if he is ripe for a backlash from the overindulgent sensuousness he enjoyed seconds before, he takes in all the bestiality the place offers to his eyes. (The reaction is, as has already been noted, similarly primordially instinctive.) The sheer porcine appetite the men inside the bar exhibit both scandalizes and fascinates our hero. His eyes are focused on the bodies and mouths and animal features of the people present in the place, which are metonymized anatomical references that are immediately translated into more than what they stand for and at the same time exclusively transduced to signify the bestial functionalities which the men perhaps possess first and foremost. The initial observation is seemingly emphatically on the mandible orifice that mechanically and in(non)humanly moves merely for the purpose of keeping and expediting food, both solid and semi-liquid, through the digestive tract. It does not take a very imaginative person to see a dinosaurian primordial metaphor being developed here, “swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches.” As far as our hero is concerned, the intelligence level of the men he encounters in the bar is as low as, if not lower than, the gigantic creatures that roamed the face of the earth millions of years ago. The only difference, which actually makes the situation even worse, is that they are presumably residing in a modern age and sitting at tables and ordering “for more bread no charge.” The modern weapons they possess are the forks and knives wiped by a “pallid suetfaced young man” who cleans, or rather uncleanes, them with his supposedly unsoiled napkin. Our perceptive and cynical hero punctiliously adds that the young man merely increases the number of batches of microbes that have originally been on his napkin alone. The restaurant scene, indeed, is filled with the sordid physicality that is almost diametrically opposed to the sensuous bliss our hero savored preceding to it. The instinctive backlash to the ecstatic self-forgetfulness reifies as grimy sordidness

exemplified by each and every singular movement restaurant customers make at the site. The observant eyes of the hero magnify the groveling animality men inside present and enact, "A man with an infant's sauce-stained napkin tucked round him shoveled gurgling soup down his gullet." (This particular individual is not only reduced to the infantile level, intellectually, but also to that of a low-level creature that behaves in a manner completely ill-befitting a civilized milieu.) The rhythm concomitant of the line and underpinning the syntactical makeup foregrounds the unconscious sheer joy the man depicted experiences as he reveals primordially that is epitomized by the "gurgling" noise, which may or may not be synchronous with the soup passing through his "gullet."

The abhorrence our hero feels toward a man and the behavior he manifests (his own occasional indecorousness notwithstanding) knows no bounds at this juncture as Bloom becomes obsessed with the minutest hints of crudity everyone around him exhibits. Granted that what our hero considers an egregiously, and unpardonably, aberrant mannerism is indeed as such, the man under the protagonistic microscope is nevertheless disproportionately and relentlessly depicted as the most wretched soul who has ever set his foot in a civilized environment, "A man spitting back on his plate: half-masticated gristle: gums: no teeth to chewchewchew it." What makes the man so miserably subhuman is not only the uncivilized manner with which he attacks his food but also the very gaunt and decrepit condition he is in, both physically and possibly spiritually, if, and which the author abundantly makes clear, the man's observed anatomical features are to be trusted to indicate and reflect his untold private stories. A man without his teeth munching on a tough and yet juicy meat is a picture that is simultaneously comic and ridiculous, to say the least. That is exactly the sentiment our hero harbors at this moment as he turns and looks around him. The hilarity he is experiencing drives the momentum and the jovial and comic mood that infects the whole atmosphere translates into a syntactic rhythm that surfaces as "Chump chop from the grill." From this point on the rhythm-dominated lines succeed one after another—mostly those which suggest a rhythmic frolicsome mood of the narrator indulging in revelric disgust. The next line is an imagistic nuance in action, almost, as the multivalent phrases jostle each other in the textual space to both induce the exact comedic/revulsive state of mind Bloom is in and allow the untrammelled playfulness to overflow simultaneously, "Bolting to get it over." In such a state our narrator-cum-hero cannot hide his superior status and the vantage point he holds, from which he can look down on the downtrodden and the damned social outcast with pitying eyes and commiseration as he nonchalantly, and as if matter-of-factly, comments, "Sad booser's

eyes.” Eyes are enough to tell a thousand stories to a perceptive mind like Bloom and based on that he can smugly assume that the man in question went in for more than he was capable of handling—a pseudo-philosophical generalization he dogmatically and patronizingly makes without a second of self-reflection. Or so it seemed when he suddenly turns back on himself and starts a self-analysis, “See ourselves as others see us.” The unexpected introspective move does not last long, however, as our hero takes advantage of the pseudo-introspective momentum and allows it to give rise to further occasion to develop clever wordplay, “Hungry man is an angry man.” The rhythm concomitant of the string of words that constitute the rigmarole-like wordplay immediately brings back the dinosaurian image that panned out fleeting moments ago. The realistic image evoked by his neighbor is enough to foreground the similarities between the giant creatures of the yore and the boorish creatures of the present who sit at the tables in the bar/restaurant. Despite his civilized unconscious wish to see more refined manners exemplified by the modern-day customers of the restaurant, Bloom cannot help giving a free rein to his fertile imagination, which seizes upon the instinctive behavior of the people around him and develops it into an ancient tale about a coarse and yet noble king of mythical and pagan Ireland. But the association made in reference to the Irish king is not entirely devoid of the gustatory allusions and eating behaviors the modern-day denizens manifest at the locale our hero is situated at this moment. Or rather, the main link that connects the current scene with the primordial and grandiose saga of the mythical figure is the food he allegedly choked on, which simultaneously gives rise to the absurdity of the uncouth eating manners of the modern day bar/restaurant frequenters and the overarching generalization one can make about the important and grandiose role any single item of food, and the manner with which it is consumed and the consumption thereof, could entail.

Needless to say, such potential for epic generalization is entertained only briefly as the mind of our hero constantly dithers on multi-valuational associative links (all for his own imaginative delight) and at the same time perpetually responds to the external stimuli that envelop him both in the present and the past. With a momentary historic/histrionic essay at connecting the legendary king and Saint Patrick, who supposedly converted the former, Bloom recurs to the present scene with a residue of a comment that both refers to the suety environment of the now and to the ambient and causal incident that harkens back to the ancient king, “Couldn’t swallow it all however.” Regardless of the ambiguity, however, the external elements intrude upon the consciousness of the narrator, as well as the reader, with the thrust of the interjections extracted from the ceaseless buzz of the scene, “Roast beef and cabbage/ One stew.”

(Perhaps because they are the loudest calls amid the relative hum of other voices.) The reality our hero experiences is too sweaty and smelly that he is almost nauseated with its fulsome human oversaturation that clogs up the air. He does not, in fact, mince his words that the first thing that strikes him is the “[s]mells of men” and it and other elements in the very environment he is situated sicken him as he even begins to focus on the very reality that exists around him, “His gorge rose.” No wonder that what he notices most acutely is the unsanitary exemplifications of the boorish customers who inhabit the same space with him at this very juncture. In fact, once the unsavory aspect of the restaurant becomes garishly clear to the narrative consciousness, the sordidity the reality imparts to the mind gets augmented both in magnitude and number. Notice the spate of itemized list of unseemliness the place exhibits, “Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men’s beery piss, the state of ferment.” Even the rhythm of the line, which the unconscious of the narrative protagonist partly supplies, helps to foreground the enormity of the uncivilized brutishness our hero feels the customers and the place concretize. (Needless to say, the conscious operation that deliberately inserts the sound values that bring out the disgusting qualities is admittedly there too.) The admission, and the confirmation, he makes after all the unsavory imageries is a foregone conclusion, “Couldn’t eat a morsel here.” But what the readerly mind realizes after the string of unsanitary particulars our hero mentions is a possible hint of suspicion that arises in the corner of his by-now torpored consciousness that our hero may in fact be willingly wallowing in the sordidity that is manifested in the bar/restaurant. The seemingly instinctive revulsion Bloom textualizes may be just a façade under which lies a real intent that is perhaps discrepant from the one that is putatively allowed to surface in the demonstratively reflexive emotional outburst. The minutest details that follow only increase the readerly suspicion that our hero is indeed observing to discover new and more glaringly disgusting particulars that stoke the “furor” he feels toward the boorish primordial throwbacks. The potentially eerie and ghoulish picture that emerges from the ensuing descriptions underscores the ambiguity the narrative intentionality and the entire convoluted issue thereof (if there is any in this non-traditional work) thrusts to the readerly horizon, “Fellow sharpening knife and fork, to eat all before him, old chap picking his tootles.” Regardless of the range of possibilities even one line of narrative observation and a momentary manifestation of thought process suggest to the readerly mind, however, the disgust and outburst of emotion exhibited by the observing consciousness is convincingly candid, “Slight spasm, full, chewing the cud”—an observation which nevertheless does not necessarily exclude other signifiatory

possibilities that may be either complementary or opposite to the reflexive one most apparently patent.¹¹ Notice, by the way, the manner in which the eater being observed and depicted by the narrator behaves as he tackles the food in front of him. He is none other than a veritable non-intelligent cow as he is portrayed to bestially react to the food being digested—with spasmodic movement and regurgitation and what not. But the momentary identification, either figuratively or literally, between the herbivore (for instance) and the modern-day restaurant patron is immediately followed by an imaginative meditation on the part of the narrator, which turns the reader's attention away from the primordially of the eaters in the restaurant to the verbal jocularity and the exercise thereof indulged by the imaginative configurator situated in the midst of all that passes around him. Regardless whether it is a slippage by the narrator-cum-hero or not, he happens to insert a fragmentary picture in which even the “beasts” say grace and assert their “humanity,” revealing that they are not unilaterally reduced to subhuman level by the imaginative mind of the observer. (Perhaps it is a slippage, if we refocus on the lines that follow the momentary humanity granted to the voracious creatures in the place, but an intentional one, perhaps.) The imageries that populate the eatery scene, indeed, dither between the two states of the characters who dwell there, as the mind of the narrator constantly maximizes the bestiality of the behaviors exhibited by the eaters in the restaurant and the irreducible remnants of humanity even those behaviors let the readerly mind perceive. The contrast between the two states (which may as well be an internal conflict our hero-narrator subjects himself to at the moment) and the contradictory and frictional energy that results tend to frame the narratological mind-set in which our hero repeatedly monologizes his disgust and, ultimately, decision to desert and flee the bestial locale, which is nowhere near his ideal place to enjoy lunch.

Before that decision is put into action, however, he further visually, as well as imaginatively, indulges in the bestial wallowing his fellow messmates demonstrate as they devour their food. This time (although there is no dividing line between this occasion and the previous one in this perpetually flowing conscious narrative) our hero is more detached from the eaters and their manners of eating per se. Perhaps the divide between the two phases coincides with the loud calls for more orders, which might as well stimulate the sense of externality in the internally-oriented imaginative mind that is our narrator-cum hero at this particular conjuncture in this seemingly post-modern

¹¹ The signifiatory dithering here noted may arise from the jostling among multifarious voices that try to assert their “will” to prevail in the cacophonous stylistic work of *Ulysses*. See Trevor L. Williams, *Reading Joyce Politically*, published by University Press of Florida in 1997, pp. xiv-xv.

work. The calls are, however, as ordinary and mundane as the previous ones Bloom heard not long ago, "Two stouts here/ One corned and cabbage." What is added in this phase of imaginative expansion is humor and overabundant joy of watching the coinhabitants of the circumscribed spatiality nonchalantly prone to consumption of food. It is not the disgust and disdain Bloom reflexively exhibits at the sight of the uncouth characters that is foregrounded but rather the good-natured abandon and his sense of controlled imageries, and the deliberate search thereof, that is emphasized and that irresistibly comes across as the readerly mind desperately tries to remain synchronized with the fertile and evanescent mind of the narrative consciousness. The similarly rendered line as the previous ones is dashed with light-hearted hilarity that is evoked at the expense of the boorish customers who happen to sit next to our hero, "That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depended on it." This descriptive passage would pass as one of the many monologic interjections thrown at the reader except that the final colorful modifier makes the line somehow ambiguously humorous. Even that part might vanish without leaving any memorable impression on the readerly psyche had it not been for the following line, which compares the "art" of eating manifested by the fellows to some sort of sport and impacts and increments the bathetic nuances contained in the phrase, giving rise to the comedic cynicism enjoyable by the reader. Before the reader is aware of it, however, the narrator-cum-hero is busy exercising his imaginative prowess to derive the maximal pleasures from the textual and verbal associations the customers in the restaurant provide to his imaginative mind. Although there is this suspicion of emotional backlash our hero experiences as he engages in almost over-hectic imaginative show of clever wordplay, the sheer delight he manifests as he comes up with numerical prestidigitation and aphoristic references linked to the materials at large in the people of Dublin seems to eclipse, at least for the moment, any other concern the author/narrator even temporarily entertains in the course of the narrative. And so the conscious divagation and wanderings of the over-imaginative hero of ours continue.

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Leopold Bloom と意識の Monologue

常に変化をし、意味的にも補完的そして相反的かつ逆説的な要素を含んだ Joyce の *Ulysses* は断片的視点からアプローチしただけではなかなか全体像を把握しにくい作品であることは、その出版以来の膨大な量の批評書から明らかである。この論文では *Ulysses* のなかで主役の一人として登場する Leopold Bloom に密着して、いかに幾層にも折り重なった意識の流れが時間・空間的 disjunctive な交錯を通して、全体的な（意味的）gestalt を構築、あるいは非構築しているかを検証してみる。