

琉球大学学術リポジトリ

Ulyssesにおける多面的流動性とその展開と表出

メタデータ	言語: 出版者: 琉球大学教育学部 公開日: 2010-04-19 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: Taira, Katsuaki, 平良, 勝明 メールアドレス: 所属:
URL	http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12000/16468

The Sinuous Slippery Mind of the Imaginative Artificer-cum-Interpretative
Consciousness

Katsuaki TAIRA

Ceaseless significatory and situational conscious evolution—that is what most dauntingly confronts the reader as he tackles the redoubtable book by James Joyce called *Ulysses*. As soon as he thinks he is abreast of the conscious flow with all its “delimited” significatory expansion, the reader is bound to be disappointed when the containment he saw take place in his conscious horizon turns out to be no more than an illusion, which is destroyed the moment when the vehicular narrative content that usually stabilizes the interpretative mind of the reader overflows and runs over the neat damming up of the significatory boundaries, which the reader is wont to assign to a fictional space. Indeed, tackling the difficult and slippery story of Joyce’s *Ulysses* is no more or no less than incessantly going beyond the traditional boundaries of significatory limitations, which, the reader notices, are all too easy to be inadvertently imposed on his interpretative attempt as he tries to make any sense at all of the fluid work that constantly transmogrifies in the conscious sphere of the interpretative subject. If the fluidity is the defining feature of the work, then, how is it to be handled and significatorily fixed for the reader to be able to respond and assign any sense to the experience he obviously undergoes as he processes the bits of new scenes and phases the novel presents to his mind? Or, is it to be taken for granted that the process of reading the work is a participation in another, and ever receding (which, paradoxically, seems ever so reachable), stage of indefinable quest for the fixed centrality the work tantalizingly presents to the reader? The chimera of significatory dissolution one puzzlingly copes with is a striking characteristic of the story Joyce wrote scores of years ago. An amazing thing is that it still generates and regenerates meanings that either elude or channel the interpretative mind into an unpredictable direction, generating ever shifting significations that threaten to overturn the facile significatory stability the reader thinks he has fortuitously reached.¹ The slipperiness and unexpected turn of

¹ The unstable significatory foundation on which the story of *Ulysses* is built can be attributed to the fact, if we concur with the observation Eugene H. Peterson makes, that the narrative we are dealing with generates “the infinity of meaning within the limitations of the ordinary person in the ordinary day.” If the seemingly matter-of-fact personality and events surrounding him turn out to be worth an infinite amount of

situational and signficatory evolution and the quest thereof is the theme of this essay. I intend to pursue the desultory psychological inflections and reflections of characters, which are the mainstay of this narrative obviously, with the protagonistic observing mind always in the center, and view whatever transpires in the fictional space through the centrality of the observatory consciousness with the expectation that the perspectival anchoring point at least moors the interpretative mind to the reliable fixity with which to maximally objectify the turn of events, be it phenomenal or phenomenological or conscious, that occur in this least signficatorily stable narrative that came out of early 20th century Ireland. The scene I plunge into is where Leopold Bloom hurriedly exits the sordid restaurant, which with its bestial and unmannerly guests has repelled our narrative hero, forcing him to gasp for fresh air once he has left the demeaning pub behind.

Once outside, our hero-cum-narrator feels so relieved that he cannot refrain from reiterating (and appreciating) the narrow escape he has made from the carnage committed against the animals consumed in the restaurant, or the potentially deadly struggle fought out among the consumers of victuals in order to survive the “killing field,” which the eatery, metaphorically as well as literally, presents itself as for a fleeting moment.² Or could it be that Bloom is directly impacted upon by the area he passes through which, as the following details suggest, evokes the memories of the bare-minimum seediness that is personally linked to the once existed abattoir, which gives rise to inexplicably convoluted images that do not seem to be in any way related to the immediate surroundings—or, do objective remainders of the structure and the ambience thereof perhaps have nothing to do with the imaginative expansion he allows himself to indulge in?—? Either way, the succeeding reminiscences and the conscious images cannot avoid being implicated in the emotional upheavals our hero undergoes in a backlash to the messiness he reflexively exhibited in the restaurant just seconds before. Regardless of the connectivity and connectibility to the following line, however, the overlying ethos remains the same as he comments, “All trotting down with

comments, then the non-fixity of the signficational core of the work is merely a reflection of its unboundedness. See *Under the Unpredictable Plant* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing, 1992), pp. 124-125.

² The exaggerated view of life's sordidity often evoked violent reactions from the readers of *Ulysses* since its publication. Richard Aldington, for one, criticized Joyce for deliberately focusing on the “aspects of existence, which most writers foolishly [meaning, common-sensically, and thus wisely] ignore,” and self-righteously leading us to believe that “life is less attractive than we had thought, even in our most depressed moods.” See *Literary Studies and Reviews* (Ayer Company Publishers, 1977), pp. 199-203.

porringers and tommycans to be filled” (p. 170).³ Does he imbricate the concomitant emotions and sentiments with a temporal element so that the seemingly helpless condition envisaged through the “porringers and tommycans” coalesces as a pathos intermingled with a nostalgic overtone that may not necessarily be desirable and yet still perversely enjoyable just to reminisce about? But the sweet allusive quality that is sentimentally entertained at this juncture, however, is immediately dashed by the brutal negater thrust into the conscious stream, “Devour contents in the street.” The bare minimum revelation of the objective side of our narrator brings the readerly mind in line with the reality that prevails (or prevailed) here. The unadorned interjectionary line tempts the dormant sentimental appreciator of the reader out of the pale murky past the previous lines managed to evoke in his independent imaginative mind, and then rushes him through the onslaught of juxtapositionary items that are linked to a number of concatenated images related to Parnell, Trinity, and a sequence of people, who are in their turn made to impinge upon the disgraced politician. Needless to say, the people mentioned in this phase are derived from the seedy beggarly memories our hero recalls in the preceding lines, but how they increment and produce rippling circles of accumulative nuances and significations is not immediately clear. Perhaps, the progression the conscious flow manifests as, spawning variegated characters, is to be foregrounded by its transmogrifying force and seen as a dynamic narrative ingredient that gradually ramifies and at the same time coalesces as a signficatory block, adding nuances and structural balances necessary to build a decentering narrative, which is yet solid and stable as a whole. Or, which may come as a shockingly bathetic revelation to some readers, the plethora of items that are juxtaposed with each other within a space of few lines at most—are they automatically activated as a response to external views that creep up from the corner of our hero’s eyes while he pretends to be concentrated upon the internal landscape, which ceaselessly transmogrifies with the slightest stimuli bubbling up from the inner core of his mind?

The idea of auto-response may not be as attractive and interesting as other possibilities I listed and hinted upon here, but it is a way to grapple with the bare sensory ingredients of reality, which most of the time spawn further narrative complications and unexpected conscious convolutions and evolutions that make the

³ The uncertainty any of Joyce’s syntactical elements give rise to may be related to what John Porter Houston calls Joyce’s tendency to disturb and shun “automatic, utilitarian” reading. Granted that the typical syntactical order that arises in *Ulysses* is definitely not ordinary, Houston develops an argument that such syntactical methodology tends to lift the story, which after all is (tautologically speaking) constituted of an aggregate of non-ordinary phrases and sentences, out of “the domain of the familiar.” See *Joyce and Prose* (Bucknell University Press, 1989), pp. 17-29.

reading of this desultory narrative so much more exciting. It turns out that at this stage the intricate turn of possibly arcanelly private significatory accumulations yield to an external description that is as undilutedly plain as one can hope for in this story. If we believe what our narrator claims where he is—provided, of course, that his conscious realm neatly corresponds to the physical environ from which Bloom constantly derives his incessant imaginative inspirations—then we can safely trace the locational perimeters to posit where our hero is situated at this moment based on the following line instanced in the present narrative scene, “From Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans’ dwellings, north Dublin union, lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in a bathchair.” But the locational indicators here inserted do not necessarily imply that the narratorial mind is occupied with the physical environment that surrounds and evolves around the central consciousness at the moment. In fact, it is most likely that the mind of the narrator is in transition between various imaginative states, which, conveniently enough, opens up an opportunity for readerly participation in creation and recreation of narrative landscapes, which textually materialize around the narrative psyche.⁴ The line, for instance, “My plate’s empty,” seems enigmatic initially, but the resultant evocation seamlessly inclines the readerly consciousness to grasp the totality of the narratorial mindset, which in turn (aided by the readerly reconstitutive imaginative tendency) influences the way the sequences of the penumbra of conscious elements to align themselves in the textual space. In this segment, the first step the interpretative mind takes would be to connect the preceding famished cue of miserable downtrodden populace with the miserable sordidity our hero-cum-narrator may have experienced in the past—an experience, which is, as already suggested, inalienably tied to the locale he imagines he can safely identify as the vicinities of where he is passing through—or, even vaguely, overall hardships the denizens of Ireland underwent one time or another. The image invoked here is so satisfactorily powerful that Bloom does not drop it cursorily, as he often does, to dither away to other channels of thought process, but pursues it with another cryptic line, which is most likely to be imbricated

⁴ The plethora of images, or circumstantial significations, the interaction between the environment and the protagonist-narrator supposedly entail may actually be impacted on the concept of alterity—the otherness and errancy which Colleen Lamos dovetails into, rather mystifyingly perhaps, the feminine and homosexuality, and in this case represented by the otherness of the Jewish status our hero holds. The clever argument developed by Lamos equates the abundance of textual errors with the otherness (errancy) derived from the excluded, but if the imaginative leap is somehow acceptable, then, the phenomenon of significatory and imagistic multivalency manifested in the narrative can certainly be linked to Lamos’s argument with the same degree of legitimacy. See *Deviant Modernism* (Cambridge University Press, 1998), pp. 118-120.

(including young children with cups and other utensils) were reduced to in those days when our narrative hero himself might have shared the same fate. The personal reflective sordidity is amplified as the narrator once more salvages the relevant down-trodden images from the past and makes a hideous, emotionally charged reflection on food as the cause and the object of Darwinian matter-of-fact survival of the fittest, the cruelty thereof, that which takes, and took, place in the middle of town, “Harpooning flitches and hindquarters out of it.” Perhaps, the mechanically detached observation, which the narrator-cum-our hero attempts in spite of himself, on the every-day business of food production, may actually take an emotional toll on the narrator as he is inundated with the physical and figural views that develop before him that are subtly colored by the internecine conflict, which may have existed or still exists among the less than fortunate people residing in the town of Dublin (or for that matter Ireland as a whole). Judging from the way the line is structured, without a formal subject and with its elliptical grammaticality, the struggle indicated here, that which is patently invested with much emotionality, may as well be a reflection of frustration both the narrative subject and the targeted populace (risen out) of the cogitative action justifiably share. Either way, the personal concomitant of the emotional reaction to whatever economic undesirability is reifying in the streets of Dublin, or used to which is reflected in his conscious memory, is undeniably woven into the textual sphere, judging from the succeeding comment Bloom drops, which is derived from his experience in the cattle market region he is reminiscing about, “City Arms hotel *table d’hote* she called it.”⁵ (The proper noun present here is an indicator that his mind is wandering about the congeries of memories linked to the days when our redoubtable narrative hero used to reside in the region here referred to and expanded upon.) As soon as the concrete bits of past life are introduced, they are endued with the unmistakable bitterness and emotional complexity that have something to do with class—perhaps that which tends to a reflexive antagonism against those who deem themselves better than others and who adamantly behave accordingly—and in the end the “others” assumes a nuanced connotation that is vaguely and yet ineluctably repellent. As if to mitigate the bitter

⁵ The role of memory is variously interpreted by the Joyce critics. Some, like Robert D. Newman, sees it an infinite building block of a narrative that weaves in and out of itself in a manner that perpetually evades complete signifiatory containment. As each passing moment recedes into the past, contributing its share of the gamut and totality of one’s memory, there is an incessant interchange between now, when the actual conscious development takes place, and the then, which becomes an inevitable and ineluctable reservoir of imagination from which the narrative derives its energy. See a rather deconstructive view of the narrative of *Ulysses* in *Transgressions of Reading* (Duke University Press, 1993), pp. 1-4.

with the pecuniary congregation of beggarly throng and the image reified by the preceding textual line I quoted. The general rabble and the zeitgeistic ambience they give rise to translate into a spirit of communalization of a kind, which at this stage concretizes as a bathetic physical structure in the middle of town, "Philip Crampton's fountain." The dirt and grime that tend to accumulate on the surface of the "fountain" become a fit metonymy for the "microbes" that need to be rubbed off in order to at least make the water drinkable, with or without a cup. The humor implicit in the description is that such microbes merely proliferate when the handkerchief alluded to (in what context may be rather difficult to define, but for argument's sake it may as well comprehend all the parties I have already alluded to, the narrator himself, the poor hungry destitute, or anyone who presumably taints comestibles worse than they originally are, including the waiters in the scandalously noisy and overhectic eatery Bloom has just left) comes in contact with the tiny yet harmful organisms, just as the apron/napkin the restaurant waiters use augment the number of germs in spite of the best attempt on the part of the employees to clean the cups and plates the microbes have presumably attached to. The sordid microbial image, which is a mere continuation of the miserable sordidity our narrator manages to connect with the pecuniary throng he recalls, seems so graphically convincing—at least for the narrator—that he goes on to conflate the dogmatically stolid picture involving Trinity, although it is not exclusively unfacetious with the accumulative sundry crowd pushed into the tight space of one line, with the flock of beggarly crowd beseeching for food. Interestingly, our narrator does not forget to add a potential pun, as he envisages that "Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all."

But while the potential playfulness prevails in the current scene, the narrator does not forget to focus on the grim reality of hunger and economic hardships that brought on sordidity to the region our hero is passing through in the first place. He must be reminiscing about the rowdy struggle for food as he (if we dare extrapolate from what is suggested in the text) could have witnessed the desperate attempt of the poor to obtain what they so humiliatingly came for (with or without a cup), "Have rows all the same." Or is the narrator alluding to the condition he might have been in once upon a time when he used to be hard up and trying his best to eke out his meager existence in the very place where he breathes fresh air at this very moment? Perhaps both? Is that the reason why he drops a rather enigmatic line without much conjectural aid? The short, baffling line is, however, immediately followed by an accumulative signficatory help, which to a certain extent confirms the preceding interpretation, if indeed the current line is to be presumed to reflect the condition the destitute population

taste interclass encounters left in our hero's memory, he enumerates the items that well out of the long gone past (which might as well be the epoch those very bitter tastes are derived from), "Soup, joint and sweet." The very down-to-earth manner in which the staccato enumeration is exhibited on the textual surface makes a telling contrast with the upper-crust phrasing that is markedly elided and yet amply adumbrated by the passage in which the allusion is made. Appropriately enough, the narrator-cum-hero supplies a thought-provoking phrase that can be interpreted ambivalently and yet definitely directed to refer back to the dichotomous relationship he has been expounding upon. The "chewiness" of the food, no matter how tenderly and delicately referred to, however, does not alter the nature of the memories associated with the establishment in question whether one is taking the grumbler's perspective, which needless to say coincides with Bloom's, or the proprietor-server's at the residence materialized through the prowess of our hero's re-creative imagination. Neither the quality of the meat or victuals before consumption nor the messiness of the plates and flatware after consumption result in any substantive difference, regardless whether one adopts the manner and taste of the former or latter. The crux of the matter, as our narrator circuitously intones, is, "who'd wash up all the plates and forks?" The question may be rather off the mark, but our hero has made his point, as far as his desultory mind is concerned. The seemingly pretentious atmosphere of the residence contributed nothing salubrious except that all the food pompously offered therein merely added up to the value, nutritious or not, that was tantamount to what they (including our hero) in those days considered as futuristic and inane, and thus almost worthless, as "tabloids." The benefit of such scientifically-tended product was the "bad teeth" and whatever bitter aftertaste the place and the time period left in his mouth and still lingers after all these years.

The residues of the taste of those bygone days linger so tenaciously that even now what our hero associates with those moments by way of geographical propinquity is the stinkiness particularly exemplified by the smell, which the garlic cloves gave (and give) off, "that vegetarian fine flavor of things from the earth garlic." Needless to say, garlic is not the only thing Bloom recalls as he conjures up the mishmash of the sordid atmosphere and the smell that are derived from the days when he used to reside in the district. In conjunction with the garlic, the sundry of ingredients, which were ordinarily found, or our hero used to find, in the dishes served at the residence during the time period referred to, such as "onions, mushrooms truffles," are transmogrified into a mental image as they are subjected to textual metaphorization, which yields something that is what our narrator describes as akin to, or at least homogeneous with, the

“Italian organgrinders” crispness, whatever that can be constituted and reimagined as in a gustatory and tactile sense. This is where the bitter taste of the past abruptly recurs and becomes conflated with the slaughterhouse recollection, which the mind of the hero assigns to the area where he is actually passing through. The crescendo of undesirable sensations and sentiments derived from both the animals forced to go through the dire experience and the oversensitized subject identifying the fate of the two give rise to a textual coalescence that is both enigmatic and empathic, “Pain to animal too.” The empathy is no antidote to what was in store for poor animals, however, whether they were fowl or cattle. In the case of the feathery creatures, the torture characterized by “Pluck and draw” is the ineluctable fate waiting for them and for the latter, more bloody and somehow instrumentally/industrially cruel, “Wretched brutes there at the cattle market waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open.” The graphical rendition of the slaughterhouse is inherently so abhorrent that the narrator himself cannot help but instinctively react (either vicariously or principally) in sympathy with the direct party involved in the slaughter as well as the calves that were present and were a witness to the horrendous scene. Regardless of the homeopathic sentiment exhibited, however, the resultant anatomical verbal display, which is in fact tropologically connected with an illegal practice and a culinary product, is almost comical, all the more so for its objective slant, adding to the cruelty that has been escalating in degree from the moment our hero started engaging in the recollective exercise linked to the current locale he is traversing. The graphically vivid images that are developed in the following lines are so grotesque that one cannot help but wince a bit before absorbing the whole impact of the meat production scene. The lungs of the slaughtered animals wobbling in the buckets, “Butchers’ buckets wobble lights,” are not for the squeamish, but surprisingly, albeit not so unexpectedly, our hero seems to be savoring the reminiscence, as if the anatomical parts were the very things he hated most and thus were the only things that could counterpoise the loaded emotions some of the images evoke in this section. Despite the vivisectionally textualized picture rendered through the current imaginative phase, it is after all the food by way of the raw ingredients the transmogrified animals give rise to that drives our narrative hero to pursue the recollective path in conjunction with the physical environment—an objective correlative (or an independent external reification) that gave the imaginative impetus in the first place. The combination of the three—the food our hero consumes in the present, the raw ingredients the poor animals contribute to satisfy the needs of the carnivorous stomach, and the particular physical environment that induces imaginative expansion—accrues to further cruel, blood-dripping imagery that materializes in the

current scene, “Rawhead and bloody bones.” As if the bloody “lights” of the moo-moo cows are not enough, Bloom transitions to the “glasseyed sheep hung from their haunches,” which apparently more than ordinarily impacted his impressionable imaginative mind when he used to reside in the area. Could it be that he is describing a scene which he was actually a witness to? That possibility does not seem to be a whimsical speculation as the line is complemented with further vivid images made up of “sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust.” The misery-causing end-product-cum-anatomical accumulation of bits of items being displayed, rather nonchalantly to say the least, threaten to cause the readerly mind to nauseate with satiety of graphical descriptions. No wonder that our hero intervenes to keep the narrative mind from going overboard with a casual comment (which smacks of a lesson learned the hard way), “Don’t maul them pieces, young one,” although the comment thus textualized might as well ramify into another signifiatory catalyst, which is nevertheless modulated by the preceding line, “Top and lashers going out.”

Regardless of the ramificatory nature of the narrative context, however, the mind of the narrator is fixed on the bloody aspect of the whole recollective landscape linked to the neighborhood he is physically located. This time with a twist, as the mind of the narrator turns to the blood of the slaughterhouse, which is transubstantiated into a tonic liquid that is said to be particularly salubrious, especially for those who suffer from an emaciating condition. The contrast between the cruelty of the abattoir and the sanguinity of the healthy and well-constituted populace then leads our narrator to follow the implications of the blood-cattle-slaughterhouse triad as they spontaneously arise in his fertile imaginative mind with all their incongruities and contradictions, which result, rather humorously as well as disjunctively, in his realization of his own nutritionally deprived state, “Ah, I’m hungry.”⁶ Thereupon he enters Davy Byrne’s pub— a “[m]oral pub,” as he rather enigmatically calls at the outset. It turns out that the establishment is run by a man who conforms to this descriptor and who, as it happens to greatly impress our hero, does not needlessly waste his breath, “He doesn’t chat.” As the readerly mind busies whether or not the fact that the proprietor is reticent warrants the qualitative attribute our hero seems to abruptly employ, the succeeding bits of recollective information, which is supposedly retrieved from the historical past of

⁶ The disjunctive and desultory textual coalescences may be linked to the self-reflexive and self-referential modality, which was forced to accrue such a phantasmagoric as well as patina-encrusted concept as *aporia* and which the poststructuralists made much of in their heyday decades ago. See the related argument in Cheryl Herr, “Art and Life, Nature and Culture, *Ulysses*” in *Joyce’s Ulysses: The Larger Perspective*, edited by Robert D. Newman and Weldon Thornton (Associated University Presses, 1987), pp. 19-20.

our hero, flesh out the moral nuance Bloom wants the reader to invoke abreast of his reflexive sentimental outburst. Not surprisingly, the morality attributed to the proprietor of the pub does not simply derive from his reticence alone; rather, it at least partially arises from our hero's sense of indebtedness to the proprietor. Bloom willingly volunteers more information that attests to the "magnanimity" of the proprietor, which is instanced by a few pennies the latter is known to have contributed to some of the interlocutors in the pub, including our famished hero—the demonstration of generosity, needless to say, does not take place every time the proprietor runs into any of the guests, which would be inviting an unenviable result for his business, but perhaps "in leapear once in four." The accommodating proprietor, our hero admits, even cashed a check for him, albeit that he does not specify when the charitable act actually took place in his life—presumably long gone past. Upon that recollection (otherwise the list of "good deeds" would have gone on much longer than his hungry stomach could sustain) Bloom concentrates on the real business of having paid a visit to his friend's pub. Understandably, he needs to quench his thirst first, or perhaps needs something that makes his meal exceptionably enjoyable, or, even better, an item that functions as both. His mind is already searching for a possibility to provide himself a little buzz when he tentatively draws out a watch to see if it is indeed an appropriate time of the day to indulge in any alcoholic beverage. With a little hesitation he haphazardly settles on "Shandygaff." Just as he proceeds to ponder on the food he would like to consume with the drink, a familiar voice calls his name, distracting him, even for a second, from the immediate business of selecting food. A potentially verbose conversation does not materialize, fortunately for our famished hero; instead the casual greeting allows him an opportunistic jumping off point for real selection of alimentary cornucopia, which he gleefully hopes will pave the way for a felicitous day—a day which is already becoming an imaginatively fruitful one. By lucky coincidence, on the tip of his tongue is the taste of a beverage of his choice, which may or may not be identical with the one he fancied a moment before, that makes our hero contentedly chortle, "a glass of burgundy." Thereupon, or more likely simultaneously, his mind plunges into an imaginative flight that is heavily inflected with puns and derivative comments. The search for further food items to go with the drink he has chosen becomes threatened to be hopelessly diverted at this point, understandably, given the fact that the alcohol he has consumed is already giving him a buzz. The readerly mind has no choice but to accompany the protagonist who frolicsomenly savors the images both pertinent and impertinent to the occasion for which he has arrived there in the first place. Apparently, in spite of the impending physical enervation due to lack of nourishment, our hero can keep his mind excited and

focused on semio-semantic possibilities the given circumstance generates. The initial stimulus comes from the visual cue in the form of “sardines on the shelves,” which reflexively elicits mouth-watering sensation that in turn is transformed into tropological integration (or mishmash?), “Almost taste them by looking.” The sardines, however, are not imagined for their own sake, as the readerly mind almost immediately finds out, following (coinhabiting) the mental path Bloom’s mind takes. That quixotic trajectory, which is typically free and independent of any external cues and limitations, this time leads to a rather trite, and in this case somewhat expected, item, “sandwich.” The insignificant signifier seems hardly a candidate for a causative (or, perhaps more modestly, contributive) agent for the ensuing buoyant wordplay, which is both elaborately clever and ridiculously funny at the same time, especially if you consider the gnawing hunger our hero is putatively experiencing at the moment.

Despite the hunger and the resultant nutritionally deficient condition (which may be short-lasting), sardines indeed occasion an active imaginative exercise in jocular puns on the biblical genealogy and food items.⁷ The overflow that arises from the reflexive mind of our hero is unstoppable as he first seizes upon “Ham” and turns it into a sing-song bouncing board to invoke a line about the epic story of Noah and his descendants while at the same time deliberately drawing a parallel with the possible food items that are to be, or to be able to be consumed, in the place our hero is seated. But for the moment, his imaginative flight takes precedence over the physical environment and the alimentary variety the establishment offers and spawns—including those which arise as mere derivatives of and supplements to the rhythmic meter the imaginative logorrhea gives rise to—and the sheer delight in textual and verbal inventiveness ultimately becomes the main driving force underlying the current parodic wordplay scene. The scintilla of his witticism almost dazzles the readerly mind as our hero indulges in bathetic playfulness, “Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there.” Needless to say, the reference, the most obvious one, at least, is to the biblical story of Ham and his descendants. However, the strategy the mind of our hero pursues, which conflates the object of his heart’s desire (the most reflexive as well as instinctive one, obviously) with a rather complicated story of the Jewish tribe and its curse, is so off-putting that the discrepancy that obtrudes through the

⁷ This passage may be an instance of the profundity of reality that exceeds the textual power to capture its essence, as noted by Fred Miller Robinson. He argues that the funniness that bubbles out from the text of *Ulysses* often results from the discrepancy between the two, the more inadequate the vehicle the author/narrator employs, the funnier the textualized outcome becomes. See further details on the argument in *The Comedy of Language* (University of Massachusetts Press, 1980), pp. 28-29.

juxtaposition of two signficatory strands forces the reader to comply, for the moment, with the imaginative initiative Bloom prerogatively asserts, possibly in spite of himself. If we are to fathom the true intent of the most revelatory mind of the narrator-cum-reporter, we may as well be carried along by the divagatory whimsy of his mind and attempt to decipher even the seemingly most nonsensical, or which paradoxically may be profound, verbal and imagistic development that is revealed in this scene. This may be rather otiose but the line contains a number of ingredients that are directly amenable to alimentary interpretation. Who does not discern the literal and most immediate ham-mustard-bread triad, especially when the empty stomach of our hero is taken into consideration? The masterfulness of the wordplay, however, lies in that the otherness of the strand is so inconspicuously woven into the signficatory layer that is foregrounded and yet simultaneously backgrounded by the way the triad is textually represented, giving emphasis, or de-emphasis for that matter, to both conceptual layers simultaneously.

The razor-sharp witticism, or the force thereof, momentarily dissipates, however—is it merely a sign that our hero is haphazardly responding to the ambient imagistic cues that are merely conducive to his imaginative outburst?—, as our hero shifts his focus to the advertisement in front of him. (Needless to say, the sequence between the ham and the potted meats is too effortlessly seamless, albeit admittedly trite, not to deserve any evaluation and further notice, perhaps.) The triviality of the phrase that is spelled out before his eyes is so blatant he cannot help but repeat the rhetorical question, which is almost too childish as he unconsciously admits, in full, “What is home without Plumtree’s potted meat?/ Incomplete.” The rigmarole-like pattern our hero recognizes in the phrase causes a mental ricochet as he reflexively textualizes the nonsensicality of the “ad” and the context in which it is strung out, “Under the obituary notices they stuck it.” The seemingly understandable reaction, however, becomes a further impetus to deliberate on the derivative and hypothetical development involving the “meat” and the legendary white missionary, which happen to surface above our hero’s liminal and imaginative horizon. The somewhat direct and, at the same time, circuitous imaginative path takes Bloom to the landscape filled with cannibals and the edible flesh, the latter perhaps connected to the “potted meat,” which he found imagistically so satisfyingly bathetic a moment ago. This time the imagery threatens to become almost grotesque, indicating the rollicking and whimsical mental state our hero is in, and turns the literally gruesome into something pleasantly savory on the level of imagistically situational gestalt. The zest added by the ingredients, such as “lemon and rice,” merely enhances the meat-flesh to be consumed except that the

item in question belongs to, or rather is identified with, the body of the “white missionary,” which happens to be marred by its “too salty” nature. The mental and imaginative correlative and the product that reifies through the ad is so well counterbalanced that Bloom cannot help but drop a comment that is almost gustatorily as fulfilling as the cause of the whole series of current imaginative flight, “like pickled pork.” Regardless of the impact the phrase has for the readerly mind, Bloom is not merely content with the simple absurdity and crudity, as well as cruelty, it suggests. He needs to impact it with a bit of salacity that is exemplified by the exquisite “parts” hinted in the target phrase, which inexorably channels the readerly thought process in a manner the narrator calculates the phrase, ineluctably guided by the textual and imaginative circumstances, surely will, “the chief consumes the parts of honour.” The risqué slant the phrase is invested with is further foregrounded by the ensuing comments, which quickly succeed one after another. What is supposed to be “tough”? the readerly mind is tempted to ask for fraction of a second, which soon turns out to be merely a rhetorical one, allowing even the most seriously-minded to chuckle with the encouraged double-entendre. Needless to say, the missionary who roams through the wide tropical forests, savannas, and deserts is without doubt “tough,” as the conscious mind of our hero reflexively presumes—but at this juncture the specific referent garbled (without much success, I may add), or rather open-endedly and playfully implied, overtakes the imaginative consciousness of the narrative mind as it resonates with the readerly expectations, which are evocatively adumbrated in the succeeding line as, “his wives in a row to watch the effect,” his wives—a primitive chief here envisioned is, not surprisingly, a polygamist—of course being those who benefit the resultant sexual prowess the chief is to acquire from the consumption of such piece of “tough” flesh. The image evoked here threatens to become a little too hectic for the facetiously-inclined mind of our hero to entertain when he refocuses his attention on the possibly anecdotal episode concerning the reverend Mr MacTrigger per se and buoyantly recollects a vague memory from the distant, or not so distant, past involving an incident that is opportune under the imaginative circumstances he more than half created himself.

The anatomically charged motif comes back with a vengeance, however, as the narrator-cum-hero is irresistibly drawn to the happy consumption of the part emphasized in the primitive encounter in a Conrandian melee and conflict between the light-bringing white missionary and the native muscularly personified force of Africa. The savory appendage and repetition of the localized anatomical particularity, “an abode of bliss,” merely attests to the momentum the image carries in the mind of the rollicky hero, who feels he struck a vein of tropical gold in the manichean

combination of the white flesh and the black cavernous mouth devouring the flesh. The meaty flavor lingers in the mind of our hero so strongly that he needs to exercise his mind over various concoctions that are likely to result in the kind of food he has been exciting himself over, or at least resembling something that partakes of the gustatory quality such chiefs of the primitive tribes he evoked could have tasted amid the adulation and admiration of all the viewers—especially those who were expectant of his newly invigorated masculinity—crowding around him. In the meantime, his mind unconsciously undergoes a transition needed for, and preliminary to, actual ingestion of food to assuage hunger—the primary business for which he entered the current eating establishment in the first place—from first working on derivative, as well as causative, images that led to his smug creative satisfaction as a craftsman of words and then escaping from and recurring to the original impetus that culminated with the “tough” flesh while gradually mulling over the consequences of the sanitary condition of the “food” suggested by the original imagery that yields to cogitation over Kosher food, possibly as a backlash and precaution against infection and food-related illnesses, “Hygiene that was what they call now.” What one eats is indeed so essential that whether the party who consumes the part of the body referred to in an episode just introduced (which is also an encounter between the enlightened aggressor and the primitive defender) decides on “peace” or “war” might legitimately depends on the taste, or aftertaste for that matter, of the chunk he ingests, especially in a situation as tense as the one invoked here. In that sense, the seemingly divagatory imaginative coalescence around the episode of Yom Kippur is after all not as irrelevant as it initially suggests to the readerly mind, as the historical connotations of the Judaic reference not only conduce to the sacrificed-sacrificer duality but also give rise to sanitary implications, which our hero here textualizes as “Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside,” whether or not the accuracy or consensus regarding the statement may be unanimous.⁸ The ensuing one-word reification of the narrative concept, which again may signify more than one idea as usual, seems to reemphasize the meeting of the confrontational opposites through the medium of the intrusive white missionary (at least from the perspective of the African natives) while bringing to the fore the historical (imaginary) status of the narrative consciousness in its relationship to the

⁸ The divagatory imaginative coalescences achieved in this section may perhaps be partly due to Joyce’s avoidance of headlong freefall of “narrative denouement.” The author’s hectic attempt to draw attention to language per se in this segment in fact gives rise to a doubt that one of the main objectives of *Ulysses* might have been to rebut linear narrative movement in favor of its deconstruction by such means as stylistic bravura and wordplay. See the related argument in Vincent B. Sherry, *James Joyce’s Ulysses* (Cambridge University Press, 2004), pp. 4-5.

other being devoured. That is why the surreptitiously foregrounded word plays such a decisive role in the mind-world of our hero, as he without hesitation proceeds to the next statement, "Christmas turkeys and geese," all the elements expressed in this staccato line reflecting the continuous thought process and the gustatory theme that has been gripping our hero throughout this scene since, and even before, he arrived in the eating establishment hosted by the man he has known for a long time. The sacrificial image, slaughterhouse memory, and the food that accrue thanks to all the cruel and intricate processes that precede before Bloom can lay his hands on the latter and consume—all of them crash and hurtle through the mind of our hero while the gustatory craving intensifies in the intestinal depths of his organs. Despite the conscience he feels for all those who are put to death for human consumption, "[s]laughter of innocents", the natural urge that becomes ever stronger by the seconds proves a little too much for the salivating hero, who increasingly imagines and craves tangible edibles that are immediately available in the present surroundings, albeit the fertile imagination constantly supplies cues and derivative metaphorical effloresces and flourishes either directly or indirectly tied to the food he considers for actual consumption, until he finally inquires, "have you a cheese sandwich?"

By now the gustatory momentum has built so much that Bloom cannot help but focus on the items he is about to consume. The crisp savory salad is the one that catches his fancy at the moment and he duly proceeds to ready himself for a kind of Italian vegetable fare complemented, or rather constituted by, the dressing he thinks he has tasted courtesy of, or in some manner made possible by, Tom Kernan. Consciously or unconsciously, as usual, he simultaneously starts on a verbal revelry that smacks of Italian or Latin in sonority, a coexisting and concurrent mental process which is obviously overwhelmed by his desire for food, as each word is inevitably dashed with the freshness and succulence derived from the alimentary images that spontaneously well out of the condition our hero is in at this moment. As if to keep the situation apparently amenable to conversation, his friend interrupts with a question, which is in fact a mere formality, "Wife well?" Regardless of the real intent of the interlocutor, however, our hero continues to be adept at words, even in throes of hunger. He reflexively returns a riposte, "quite well, thanks," which is merely an inane quid pro quo, to be exact, but nonetheless an innocuous device to keep the friendly and possibly routine-like conversation aflow. With a minimal attention paid to his interlocutor, however, his mind remains unwaveringly focused on the food he has determined he would devour in the eatery in the friendly company of the loquacious busybody who inquires about their mutual focal point of interest (needless to say with differing degrees of closeness and

intimacy with it). The actual order that verbalizes is, not surprisingly, “a cheese sandwich,” with a definite Italian twist, as he insists on Gorgonzola, which textually takes the form of an inquiry, “Gorgonzola, have you?” To which, to the delight of our hero, the waiter replies in an (expected) accommodatingly cheerful manner, “yes, sir.” Inevitably, a conscious undertone surges to the fore and the readerly mind is let in on the inner workings of the conscious response, which leads to the ensuing observation of the narrator-cum-hero. The mind that surfaces in action is as immediate and undisguised as the body that is exposed through the dissecting mind of the narrator. Although often crude and cruel, which is expected when the one who is observing is perfectly cocooned in his protective solipsistic world of private psyche, the vividness with which the anatomical features of the interlocutor are captured and rendered is completely relivable by the reader, “Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear.” The hilarity that overflows from the phrase is so hearty that the readerly mind is more than adequately prepared for the following mock-treatment of the man as someone completely devoid of any musical interest except for his own pretension to being an appreciator of fine music—presumably the kind practiced by the beloved wife of our hero—, “Knows as much about it as my coachman.” But our hero is accommodating enough not to disrupt the conversation midway, perhaps just to humor the man, however. He has learned better than to spoil the joy of companionship by disillusioning his friends. Being a utilitarian, Bloom chuckles, “Free ad.”

Without delay Bloom pampers the man next to him with recondite and yet rather exaggerated news of his wife’s supposed concert. After all, he has nothing to lose, as he himself admits; on the contrary, he has everything to gain from a bit of embellished fabrication. As he speaks, his attention happens to waver and his mind wanders off to a man who has obviously been already served, focusing on the “curate” who has finished his business in the eatery and is ready to pay and leave the establishment. The momentary shift to the passing figure does not dissolve on the spot, however, as our hero continues to pursue the images that coalesce around the initial and actual figure of the curate who has been present in the restaurant. The offhand musing that proceeds is the kind that exceeds the limit of literality, as it were, and something that runs along the line of meter and figurality. If the reader is pressed to find the bonding point that rationally resolves the discrepancy between what is expected and what actually materializes, then it has to be the musicality that ineffably and irresistibly arises from the depth of the narrative psyche and that takes the shape of a metaphoric pattern centered around the imagined persona of the curate who is about to depart from the current scene. The series of lines that become textualized is

neither pompous, unless hilariously so, nor rigid, as they spontaneously fall into place and entertain both the narrator himself and the reader at the same time.

Mr Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips. *Mr MacTrigger*. Easier than the dreamy creamy stuff. *His five hundred wives. Had the time of their lives.* (p. 172)

The only reverberations left of the imaginative expansion pertaining to the holy personage would be the smug contented chuckles, albeit silent perhaps, both the reader and the narrator indulge in except that the brute force of reality, here reified as the voice of a solicitous waiter, abruptly interrupts, "Mustard, sir?" The call of the waiter could not have come timelier as the bread is "studded" with "blobs" of mustard before it is munched on by the famished hero. While his mouth is busy eating the savorily layered toast/bread his mind is allowed to continue imagining the harem-surrounded pastor who is about to leave, or just left, the scene. Regardless whether or not he is well-respected by so many countless number of followers, our hero conjectures imaginatively, nothing prevents him from having a fun household of companions, which can be repetitiously described as "Their lives...It grew bigger and bigger and bigger." Needless to say, the metaphoric line figurized here does not necessarily exclude other signficatory renditions that could easily result from the juxtaposition of physical mandibles with over-excited imagination in action textualized through the ceaselessly engaged central consciousness, which is the *sine qua non* and the essence of our narrator-cum-hero. The inexorable drive of the phenomenological force is interrupted by the similarly forceful cropping-up of the very mundane, which is related to "shares and profits." As soon as the bathetic nuances win over, at least momentarily, a luridly naked imagery thrusts out of the textual surface to the readerly consciousness in a manner that is both subtle and obtrusively direct, an image that is transposed and translated into the hand scratching the groin. The concomitant humor and semi-nonchalance detectable in the line are enough to jolt the metaphorically inured mind out of his subtlety-dominated somnolence and force him to face the grime-and-sweat world of reality resided by a man like Nosey Flynn, who definitely does not engage in a polite conversation devoid of gritty colloquialism—an instance with the latter tendency, needless to say, actually develops among the current restaurant patrons. The shock of watching Flynn exhibit an indecorous behavior, as the reader has hoped the narrative mind's trajectory to describe, causes a sudden physiological reflex from the depth of Bloom's bowels when, as it turns out, the gas fed by the generously daubed mustard on his bread forces itself out of the orifice and, simultaneously, threatens to give our hero a heartburn. Even faced with such a potential emergency, however, our hero is unfazed, or rather he merely takes his time to take advantage of the newly given window of

opportunity to look at the clock in front of him. Not surprisingly, the “bilious” color that corresponds to that of mustard, and perhaps the taste of the heartburn it is causing at the moment as well, waft off the face of the clock and translate into a shape, which, rather fantastically in a way, indicates the time of the day.⁹ The physiological backlash, however, inexorably rises out of the gustatory tract of our hero and causes him to heave in a manner that perilously resembles a precursor to what the reader fears most. The gradual crescendo to the worst, “His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly,” fortunately, merely results in his desire for “wine,” a cordial, as he describes it, while he still bears the excruciating effect of mustard. The bite he carelessly took of the sandwich was admittedly too large, but considering that he is in no position to undo what he has done, the best remedy for now would be a dosage of wine, or for the lack thereof, perhaps at least a sniff of the bacchic drink as he “smellsipped the cordial juice.”

Once the initial tormenting burning sensation is overcome, our hero immediately regains his composure to assess the interlocutorial circumstances. He sets his eyes on the man in front of him and smugly becomes convinced, “No, fear. No brains.” The rather insulting remark, if it is indeed taken to mean issuing from the fertile mind of our hero, does not offend the sensibility of the readerly mind, however, as it rings so lighthearted and true to the character of the narrator. On the contrary, the humor the comment exudes tends to fill the mind of the eavesdropper on the inner workings of the narrative mind and threatens to infect the former before the descriptive eye shifts to the actual physical development that is transpiring on the person of Nousey Flynn. Not surprisingly and as if to corroborate the comment Bloom casually dropped a fraction of a second ago, the momentous event that takes place in front of our hero turns out to be both bathetic and petty as Flynn “snuffled” and reaches for the part of his body that irritates him at the moment, possibly the same location Bloom imagined the man scratched not long before. Another metaphor-literal coincidence occurs here, not necessarily coincidentally, needless to say, when Bloom attributes the cause of the irritation, or at least the cause of the scratching action, to the “good square meal” fleas

⁹ Time, according to Stephanie Nelson, plays a crucial role as it is implicated in our hero's relation with his beloved. As it advances inexorably, the distance between the two hopelessly widens, leaving our hero all the more isolated in a cocoon of solipsistic conscious chamber. Perhaps the only antidote our hero possesses in the face of the unfaithful wife would be to imagine and reimagine the circumstances he is in, such as textualized before the clock, which unfortunately turns itself into a mustard colored eyesore. See an argument on the significance of time in “Calypso's Choice: Immortality and Heroic Striving in the *Odyssey* and *Ulysses*” in *Literary Imagination, Ancient and Modern*, edited by Todd Breyfogle (University of Chicago Press, 1999), pp. 79-80.

enjoy. The bifurcate double entendre both dissipates and gets further incremented as the mind of the hero pursues the odd as well as expected behavior of the interlocutor in front of him. While the mind of our hero is focused on the trajectory of the “dewdrop,” which threatens to drop into the glass the man is holding (not that he is particularly concerned about the sanitary condition of the man), however, the reader is ineluctably swayed by the seemingly extraneous cue to pay attention to the extra-lingual circumstantial bits of information the man provides by way of his sloppy mannerism, which, because of the inevitable interpretative eye that intervenes between the reader and the source itself, may or may not reflect the true state of the man’s being. (For that matter, the “objective” signifiatory situational gestalt may or may not be what the reader arrives at throughout this deconstructive story,¹⁰ although the “meaning” he obtains does not coalesce without the meddlesome intervention of the analytical mind of the hero, which for that very reason could be both an obstacle and an indispensable interpreter.)

At this juncture the topic of the conversation turns to something completely irrelevant except that the aleatory nature of the about to drop dewdrop from Nosey Flynn’s nose seamlessly ties the preceding observation of our hero to the Irishmen’s passion that is nonchalantly developed among the two and more of the interlocutors who are introduced in this section of the bar scene. The conversational topic dealt with does not augur for an ennobling experience one might expect from straightforwardly serious writers’ fiction, for example, but the happy coincidence of desultory details manage to inject droll element to the endlessly flowing and shifting story, which the cacophonous disjunctive story *Ulysses* definitely is. The content Nosey Flynn brings out through his conversation is utterly inconsequential and private, but it allows the reader a chance to overhear (perhaps willy-nilly for some) things that are likely to pique his interest, further incentivizing him to reconstitute the story being told in a manner that makes any sense at all, even to an unconcerned bystander or someone who has no vested interest in the outcome of the talk itself. (Needless to say, the outcome and the sequential development the seemingly insignificant details, which the man gives out, promise to give rise to do matter on a narrative level, as each constituent part, however rambling it seems, adds to the narrative whole, aiding and encouraging the reader to

¹⁰ The deconstructivity of the story may be simply characterized as a modernist manifestation, which is shed of conventional narrative plots, linear structuation and noticeable actions that passively impart expected interest to the story. The modernism in this context is also defined, according to Peter Faulkner, as full of contradictions and paradoxes, which hopefully galvanize the ossified narrative tradition to become adequate for the age we exist. See the pertinent argument Faulkner develops in his *Modernism* (Methuen, 1977), pp. 47-49.

comprehend and make a meaningful entirety of the constituted whole in the framework of the *Ulysses*.) The conversation Nosey Flynn engages in centers on a betting someone (whom the reader has no need of knowing in detail) was presumed to have placed on a certain boxing match. The sooner the topic is broached than it threatens to dominate the scene when the eye of the interlocutor opportunely turns to the very someone in the man of Davy Byrne, who fortuitously emerges from behind the bar in the least prepossessing and promising manner one can imagine. Thereupon, the conversation, which Nosey Flynn started unsolicited, turns to the same general topic and yet involving different creatures, "Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup?" With or without the pun intended, Flynn draws his friend in on the topic he is sure Byrne knows best, if, that is, the memory momentarily recalled regarding the boxing match is at all trusted. To the reader's dismay, Byrne declines to be interested in the conversation, not immediately at least, intoning that betting of various kinds, especially those centered around equine creatures, have ruined many a man, and he is not to be put in the same category as those who fell. The grave-sounding talk, however, fails to elicit full attention of our hero (except that the talk does after all reach the depth of his psyche thanks to the desultory and wavering nature of his mind, paradoxically enough, perhaps). In the meantime, our hero is continuously occupied with the food he has ingested and its consequences, which, either fortunately or unfortunately, forced him to quaff wine in a hurry and in quantity. As he busies his mind, he pertinaciously cogitates upon the function and the effect the mustard and the subsequent wine he drank apparently have on his physiognomy, without, obviously, forgetting the palliative and tonic role it played at the critical juncture when he almost suffocated from the "feety" and heart-burning mustard he put on his sandwich. After all, our hero is not at all averse to the bacchic drink, which admittedly tastes "fuller this weather with the chill off."

While Bloom ponders upon the causative link between wine and the state of well-being he is undergoing, the external conversation evolves on its own rules and dictates. As it so happens, the interlocutor, who has been accosted by Nosey Flynn, sheepishly responds to the question, which has been jokingly put to him by the latter in fact, that the aleatory nature of the games Flynn suggests he used to be adept at made him rethink the consequences of betting on sports, such as boxing and others. He is such a changed man that Flynn's allegation, or rather innuendo, that he has been an avid gambler is, even retrospectively, completely baseless and false, particularly from the perspective of what he is now and wish he had been then. Either Davy Byrne is truly a changed man, or merely pretending to be a sanctimonious moralist, neither perhaps

matters at this point, or either way points to the same thing about the nature of the reborn prodigal son: regardless of whatever takes place on the visible surface what really signifies is that which transpires subterraneously inside the mind of the man, which happens to be only expressible through the conscious flow and its spontaneous manifestations as they impinge upon the readerly psyche via our hero. The external tangibles, or whatever reifies through conversation, text, and what not do not necessarily become foregrounded in this deconstructive avant-garde narrative we are dealing with; rather they become only an occasion to let the readerly mind delve deeper into the minds of the characters referenced and etched out by external cues. The mind of the narrator, however, does not completely break away from what is coursing through the text externally, as Bloom imaginatively remains moored to the actual wine he has drunk while he gives rise to myriads of phantasmagoric images, including that which is related to vintners and gambling, "Heads I win tails you lose." In the meantime, despite the strong thematic and topical undercurrent, which continuously runs through the narrative through the inflective mind of our narrator-cum-hero, or perhaps because of it, the other interlocutors self-absorbedly insist on dealing with the topic that has been broached a second before. (Or, at least the initiator of the topic persists to explore the consequences of betting in horseracing.) After making a concession, which turns out to be a mere ploy, not at all surprisingly, to expedite the conversation on horseracing, "True for you," Flynn meanders through the pros and cons of gambling until he reaches a point where he can safely and convincingly perorates on the safe ways to bet and, hopefully, garner prizes—exactly the kind to sweep aside the timid hesitation Byrne is exhibiting at the moment. The evangelical zeal stoked by the false morality Byrne disappointingly manifests renders Flynn all the more loquacious as he ceaselessly argues and analyzes the details that, however, over all resulted in outcomes less satisfying than he could have hoped for, at least in retrospect. Chiming with the narrator's expectations, or rather to his and readers' bemusement, Byrne answers in a vaguely enigmatic manner, which could be interpreted either as a sign that he is gradually drawn into the tempting world his interlocutor is describing and wishfully setting him up for—or merely a symptom of indifference as he is observed to advance to "the window and, taking up the petty cash book, scanned its pages." Either interpretation may be valid, as the action being interpreted could signify any number of things, especially the mind through which the action textualizes is not necessarily moored to any concrete external event or detail that can become an absolute reference point in readerly evaluation of the gestalt narrative picture.

Regardless of Byrne's indifference, whether pretended or not, Flynn is

completely in the grip of excitement, which he has worked himself up for in fact, with the topic that is obviously so close to his heart. If Byrne's intention is truly to dissociate himself from the kind of world Flynn represents, then, the picture that emerges from the dichotomy and homogeneity the two present and demonstrate clearly reflects the multi-directional energy that constantly flows through the textual space of *Ulysses*—or, more accurately, a bundle of forces that constitute the synergy that tends to surface in the narrative. The synergy seems to involve the subject beyond the framework of the narrative as well, as Nosey Flynn, true to his name (which rings so appropriate on an occasion like this), lays out what he considers are exceptionally valuable insights into the arcana of gambling and the circumstances under which some of the races were won—the details only the initiated might be entitled to comprehend in full. As it turns out, what is referred to, here identified as “Rothschild's filly,” is not a filly at all, but a colt that actually won the Derby in 1904 under the circumstances mentioned by Flynn. A minor point, but a faux pas, nonetheless, that is committed in a drunken spree, or rather overexcited harangue made to impress his friend—which duly becomes a prelude to exhibit his abundant knowledge of horse-racing, a topic that weighs heavily on the minds of Dubliners, apparently. The details do not matter, per se, perhaps, except the force and shades of nuances they contribute, which add impetus as well as amplitude to the story, as the often oppositionally and complementarily placed parties strive to set their own individual agendas to keep strands of (and often contradictory) narrative lines coursing through the text. In the meantime, the speech of our current interlocutor continues, visiting on minute particulars that are obviously engrossingly important for the man but at the same time, and in proportion to the degree that the events and details referred to become all the more specific and personally associated and privately charged, so much more off-putting to the eavesdropping reader that the structural and thematic backdrop is nudged to the foreground, highlighting the crisscrossing of sub-currents, which repeatedly, and ineluctably, dash through the ambient textual space.¹¹ The cue provided by the gambling episode, however, does function as a link to transition into the mind of our narrative hero, as the eye traces the interlocutor's face, which brings the mind of the reader into the inner landscape of the narrator, and the adjudicatory consciousness begins to moralize on the consequences of indiscreet

¹¹ Regardless whether some of the manifestations of the thought processes that are foregrounded in this narrative arise “out of a void of preverbal desire” or the preexisting fictive discourses the characters putatively participated in in the past, references made in this passage occasionally threaten to leave the reader completely clueless as to the proper signifiatory perimeters in which they are to be comprehended. For the discursive preconditions that underlie the thought processes constitutive of this narrative, see Cheryl Herr, “Art and Life, Nature and Culture, *Ulysses*,” pp. 24-25.

investment, "Fool and his money."

But at this point, the dewdrop that has been attributed to the man Bloom has been observing for some time reminds him of a memory, which is associated with a tactile sensation that is clammy, viscous, and definitely sensuous—a sensation that is linked to and coalesces from a tryst between a man and a woman, who perhaps embrace. Immediately, Bloom is transported to a scene where his wife and her beau are pressed to each other, flesh to flesh, and the fluid that oozes out from the encounter not so mysteriously merges with the viscosity of the dewdrop hanging from the nose of the Nosey Flynn—and all these images reflexively, as well as recursively, stimulate our hero to imagine all the more vividly a picture in which Molly the sensuous protagonist and her opportunistic and clandestine partner give rise to a climactic surge in "O the big doggy-bowowsyowowsy!"—an ineffable ecstatic cry that erupts from the depth of both her and his being. Before he is aware of the uncontrollable effervescence of passion that gushes out of his visceral self, a metaphor-metonymic wine takes the center stage, foregrounding the liquidity that is most likely linked to and derived from the imaginary flesh Bloom savors as the two persons, his wife and Boylan, are made to dance in an orgy of orgasmic entanglement.¹² The wine he actually consumes in the bar, however, really does kindle his body and imagination, simultaneously. The overexcited mind of our hero cannot help but turn to the variegated food items it finds in the restaurant and cause them to become an occasion to meditate on the grotesquery of human tastes, twisting the theme of "fool and his money" he iterated in his mind a moment before into something absurd and, as usual, whimsical that surrounds man in his daily life. The item targeted are sea creatures (transmogrified into food), which include that which learn nothing to keep themselves out of harm's way of rapacious humans, who on his part unconcernedly harvest those creatures in carapace and hook finny denizens of the ocean with telltale baits. All the conscious excursion involving colorful and salty items enumerated in this passage, however, leads to the subject of aphrodisiac, which Bloom almost unintentionally foregrounds with the mention of oysters (identified, or rather described as, "a clot of phlegm") and, once the identification is complete, proceeds to denigrate the mollusk for their filthy habit, "Garbage, sewage they feed on." The emotional outburst associated with the shellfish, not coincidentally, leads to an imagery

¹² The influence of wine on Bloom is without much stretch of imagination is tied to sexual potency, which in its turn is impacted upon the Irish passion for alcoholic beverages and gambling. The unlimited imaginative expansion here exemplified may as well be embedded into the psycho-somatic-socio-cultural signification layers wine and gambling constitute in this narrative. See the related argument in Gary Martin Levine, *The Merchant of Modernism* (Routledge, 2003), pp. 173-174.

his archrival in sexual prowess inevitably evokes by way of the oysters harvested on the West coast of Ireland (advertised as the best of its kind in Dublin). Needless to say, it is not the oysters per se that drives our narrator so passionate about human sexuality (such as that which is imagined to be demonstrated by Molly and his secret lover, who conveniently enough was observed by our hero near the restaurant preceding the present imaginative outburst). But that the seafood, orgasm and illicit love all connect in the brief moment when Bloom meditates upon the colorful and the edible.¹³ All for naught, or rather merely on the spur of the moment, however, as Bloom allows his imagination centered upon oysters to ramify into desire, ecstasy and appetite and then turn them into wordplay, which is not necessarily totally severed from the images and items that exist in his purview, while subtly and boldly having them impacted by the wine he consumes.

By now he cannot help but follow the imaginative trajectory the buzz the wine brings on takes him, and he is not at all averse to the leisurely mental trip he is consciously experiencing. One of the pleasures of being in a pub surrounded by the loquacious patrons and the multicolored food items on display is to let yourself float through the atmosphere that pervades through the establishment, not in small part contributed and constituted by the things and people that occupy the place and what they evoke. In the midst of the mindless and directionless self-abandonment wine and the fluid ambience of the restaurant produce Bloom lets his mind wander and allows it to become susceptible to aleatory coalescences of thoughts that may or may not be directly related to the items in the restaurant, or if at all tangentially relevant, merely privately associated with the remnants of memories that are perhaps catalytic to the sensual pleasance Bloom, unbeknownst to himself or, more likely, in spite of himself, sets himself up for in the course of the imaginative and associative reverie. The gamut of the reverie runs from the gratuitously grotesque to the mindlessly irrelevant. However, all the items introduced in the course of the imaginative spree are tied to the sensual and sensuous frissons the fleshy oyster-cum-anatomical parts evoke at the climax of the reverie-revelry our hero eventually reaches in this passage. All the desultory, scattered images that result from the centrifugal and wine-soaked brain of our hero dither from one thing to another, seemingly without any tropological anchor or,

¹³ The apparently sexual portrayal rendered in the novel at this point understandably drew criticism to the story *per se*, which was compounded into the scathing assessment of *Ulysses*, as being antagonistic to what literature stood for, loss of organicity in art work, deprivation of moral value, etc. On the contentious issues of immorality and non-traditionalism in *Ulysses* that cropped up in the early years after the publication of the work (and the resultant deconstructive status it obtained), see Charles Peake, *James Joyce, the Citizen and the Artist* (Stanford University Press, 1977), pp. 110-170.

for that matter, any predictability that can be foreseen by the reader, except that they somehow merge with sensuous vibrations women's flesh gives off, which is neither inevitable or completely random. The lawless decentralization of imagination—that is what most characterizes the present passage where Bloom exults over and wallows in the relentless outburst of creative energy that takes shape in the most disjunctive associative interlude the power of alcohol, combined with the natural inclination our hero perhaps possesses, gives rise to. It is true that the jumps and skips the imaginative mind of Bloom exhibits and allows to happen at this juncture are often not necessarily sharable and decipherable, at least the logic of their being or genesis is concerned, but the overall flow in which each particular imaginative phase and associative reaction coalesces is entirely genuine enough that the reader, in spite of himself, can empathize with it and let himself float along with it without a modicum of disingenuousness as far as his visceral and imaginative self is concerned. But let us not be complacent about discovering the mysterious oneness and the unity the textual space somehow allows us to experience despite the seeming jumble of disjunctive images scattered throughout the narrative-cum-conscious sphere, as it might as well turn out to be ephemeral, at most. The most genuine identification, if there is such a thing at all, one can make with the ethos built through the structuration of *Ulysses* is to encounter each and particularized phase of our hero's imaginative manifestations and live them in the present of narrative characters that have been given rise to through his conscious force. Therefore, let us pursue our experiential search for the grail, no matter how mundane the exhausted corner of the imaginative self of our narrator-cum-hero may be and no matter how disintegrative and non-accumulative the dangled outcome threatens to be.

The desultory imagination is, however, interrupted by the buzzing flies trying to escape the stifling air of the bar. (Or are they simply trying to breathe the fresh air after the heady fume of the restaurant has almost intoxicated them?) The agony and the tremulous motions of the flies suggest something else, coincidentally, to the wine-soaked mind of our hero—something akin to the frissons he underwent with his wife near the shore in those long-gone days when he was still young and passionate. But there is no doubt that what expedites the tropological transition and the metaphor-impacted sensuous transposition is, and is complemented by, the gustatory and tactile appreciation and revisitation Bloom obtains by way of the coexistence of the memories of the bay with his beloved and the food and drinks that are available in his immediate vicinity at this moment. The taste of wine, matured and ripened by the sultry heat of the sun, in a way, is tantamount to the taste and the crushing sensation our hero savored “under wild ferns on Howth” then and enjoys in the smoking and

cacophonous noise-filled space of the bar now. No wonder he senses “a secret touch telling me memory” (p. 175). Regardless whether he intentionally forces his mind to turn to the memories of the then or the mixed sensations of the omnipresence of the sensuousness descends upon him in spite of himself, the ecstatic moments find themselves before (or rather on his forepart) and within our hero ineluctably and disjunctively, “Touched his sense moistened remembered.” Notice the way the multifariously-layered images jostle with each other, and a palpable sensation somehow comes through the sentence to grip the readerly psyche and forces him to come face to face with the flesh-and-blood orgiastic and visceral experience Bloom undergoes at this moment.¹⁴ The moist tactility, and the sensations accompanying it, which are current vis-à-vis the wine he consumes, is immediately and simultaneously transposed to the touch and ooze that are the inevitable end product of the tryst between him (the other-cum-self) and Molly under the blue sky. The ecstatic moments also translate into the multi-colored phantasy that is almost beyond comprehension and explanation except that the sensuous accentuation in the narrator’s psyche pulsates through the textual space, which simultaneously, and correspondingly, runs through the body of the narrative hero. Needless to say, the colors that change and shift according to the depth of the ocean our hero looks at are of the physical phenomenon, or at least partially so, and reflect the presence of mind Bloom possesses and possessed at the moment when the memories are evoked and were given rise to at Howth near the water. But the eye that registers and recreates the colors shot through the ecstatic chrono-topos is both inward and outward looking, as Bloom senses the flesh and hair of his partner touching his inner being while the couple is revisualized, in the leisurely comfort of the restaurant, to play out the orgasmic moments.

The scene is without doubt translucently semi-pornographic, as some of the early readers noted and made a contentious issue of, but to the degree that the scene is woven into a seamless imaginative metaphor of what could have taken place in the mind of our narrator in consequence of the wine he consumes in the bar, it may have a legitimate place in the desultory conscious process that all in all constitutes the narrative of *Ulysses*. Nevertheless, the pictures evoked here tend to be rather overly stark and vivid (graphic), so much so that some of the descriptions are hard to

¹⁴ The imagistic, as well as signficatory, multivalency resonates with the point Clive Hart and David Hayman make in the Preface of their *James Joyce’s Ulysses: Critical Essays* (University of California Press, 1977). Even though, they argue, the narrative can be treated as a unified whole (presumably with pros and cons on this issue), the story ceaselessly gives rise to “hitherto unsuspected dimensions” and “there is always more to *Ulysses* than meets the eye of any one observer during any particular reading.”

distinguish from those which are specifically designed to arouse pure sensuality. Whatever the true drift of the narrative, or whatever is occurring in the mind of the narrator at this moment, the readerly mind is inclined to resonate with the sensuous frissons each picture evokes in this scene. (No wonder the judge, if I may repeat the episode I iterated shortly before in this essay, was compelled to deliberate the legitimacy of the lurid motifs incorporated in this highly centrifugal and desultory narrative when a US bookseller tried to import the copies of *Ulysses* at the turn of the century, or shortly thereafter.) The titillation and the tactility lurid images produce in the subcutaneous realm of the reader's physiognomy are indeed almost irresistible. The effect (a calculated one, most likely) being as such, no wonder the narrative mind recurs to and revisits the moment of the climactic scene time and again in endless thematic circles. The grass, the nape, the sensual outbursts—they all textually coalesce, in spite of, and perhaps because of, deliberate absences and ellipses of some of the constitutive contextual elements, while the panting hearts of the narrator and the reader fuse in an orgiastic pursuit of the unattainable, which is, paradoxically and metaphorically, momentarily attained. When the orgiastic climax is reached, however, the imaginative slant of our hero becomes all but trite, as he waxes rather bathetically poetic and even predictably sentimental, "O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caresses: her eyes upon me did not turn away." Or, perhaps, does the narrator have no choice before and after plunging into the full savoring of the flesh and the sensual abstraction that is the essence of the tangible womanness reified as Molly¹⁵ but to empty his intellectual self and let the narrative inertia take over in the form of platitude that is characterized by flippant jocularity, which Bloom in fact dangled and promised to the reader as a reward for accompanying him (as if the reader has any choice!) through the sensuous trip of his inner psyche just a moment before? Is the voluptuous centrifugality (or rather a mindless ecstatic sensuality) that is concomitant of the wobbly imaginative expansion manifested in this passage merely a reflection of the puerility the climactic moment reduces our hero to, as indeed the following lines seem to encourage the readerly psyche to construe it as (albeit the zombie-like reader might as well be merely floating through the textual space, numbed by a sensation that is so

¹⁵ Does the description of Molly as developed in *Ulysses* indeed represent an empowered feminine centrality that has been somehow rejected throughout English literature? Or does Joyce simply take advantage of the sensuality and voluptuousness Molly, reified as a feminine flesh, signifies in this heavily multivalent work? The argument, particularly made from the poststructuralist feminist perspective, is instanced in Chirstine van Boheemen's "Language of Flow": Joyce's Dispossession of the Feminine in *Ulysses*," compiled in *European Joyce Studies*, vol. 1, edited by Fritz Senn (Rodopi, 1989), pp. 71-73.

much akin to the one that is derived from pure erotica), “Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed”?

As all the inhibition is legitimately, and conveniently, suspended for the moment, bodily fluid runs freely through the textual space, “Mawkish pulp her my mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy.” For the moment the mouth and the lips of the narrator are intent on the instinctive activity they are designed for. It may not be just a coincidence that both the man and the woman that are revealed through the conscious revisitation at this point are reduced to animal organisms that are sufficient unto themselves as long as they remain unthinking infantile beings—at least the man in the limelight has no objection to being a suckling baby as long as he mouthes and tastes what he instinctively craves. Suddenly, the ear picks up a noise that is not part of the organic whole his sensuous self has been cocooned in. A rather unpleasant surprise, or is it? Just as a smidgen of impurity added to pure joy might enhance the experience of quaffing sensuous felicity, a little distraction is, or may indeed be, what is needed to heighten the keen sense of sexual exultation the two are recalled to enjoy. Everything that is shared may increase in its value while cornering what is coveted by others may in fact be human nature as well. But, as it so happens, Bloom attributes the noise to a “goat” that roams the area overgrown with ferns and rhododendrons. The truth is that he does not care whether it is a goat or pebbles accidentally crackling underfoot. What sways the moment are the horns that irresistibly nudge his rather virile energy outward. Being freed of all constraints, Bloom unwinds completely and willingly lets his instinctive desires take over himself. Molly, not surprisingly, reciprocates and the two are reflexively wrapped up in an ecstatic embrace. But, however enraptured they may be in the moment of sensual outburst, the ensuing lines threaten to be a little too much for the literary and traditionally-minded, who are accustomed to hearing abstract lines devoid of actual corporeality, or if the body is indeed textualized therein, it is likely to be so ethereally metaphorized that one can hardly feel any sentient image being evoked—the descriptions evocative of the kind of narrative that is the polar opposite of the conscious manifestation where the body is tangibly sensualized and heatedly eroticized, as perhaps epitomized by the narrative protagonist for the moment under the ferns near the shore. Or could it be only I who so hectically respond to the scene developing towards the end of the segment, as if the beings depicted are the real corporealities who exude sweat and fluid only overexcited man and woman can in a situation that is intimate but, in fact, has been repeated and replayed countless number of times since time immemorial? Except that the scene

realized in the story is a particularized incident supposedly infinitely intimate and private that happens to be limited to the day and the locale specified by the narrative detail. Perhaps the momentum the story generates is born of the conflict (or synergy) between cacophonous elements that seemingly tend to pull each other apart but, in reality, end up contributing to the totality which is characterized by none other than the inexhaustibility and success of the story of *Ulysses*? Regardless of what goes into producing the force that makes the narrative what it is, the reader is strongly, albeit tacitly perhaps, encouraged to let the momentum carry both his mind and body and surrender himself to what prevails for each moment of his involvement with the novel. However sensuous and even more than slightly pornographic the detail may be, one may as well savor what the constituted picture delivers to his mind and inner psyche and simultaneously keep himself expectant that somehow the literary entirety smooth over the starkly naked particularities that emerge from the ticklishly sensuous scene developing subcutaneously, as it were.

The ecstatic scene cannot be delineated any more vividly in this non-traditional work than the one that materializes in this passage. Using the fantastically orgasmic depiction as a jumping off point, however, the narrator shifts, albeit momentarily perhaps, his focus to the flies trapped, rather comically and oxymoronically in fact since they are in reality not trapped at all, on the window pane. Whether the narrator-cum-hero sees himself in the position of the buzzing flies helplessly searching for the exit or he is merely distracted by the noise the poor creatures are making, he is greeted with a caesura from the hopelessly solipsistic state he has been in for the preceding seconds and gains precious composure and a perspective distance that enables him to view and reassess the surrounding images, which have been pouring through his eyes throughout the scene in spite of his self-absorption. The transition from the "Me. And me now" to the exteriority symbolized and embodied by the buzzing flies could not have come sooner, as his eyes are fed with new inspirational images, which in fact are reinterpreted objectifications of what lies around him, and aid the mind to reprocess them in association and in line with the sensuous voluptuousness that has been imbuing his inner core. At this point, even a simple object like an "oaken slab" assumes a tactility that can be described and invested with the "silent veining" and curvature evocative of the flesh our hero has been savoring by way of his tingling extremity. Only that this time the sheer orgasmic frissons are modified, or in a way dashed with a kind of aestheticism, and diversify into a generalized admiration for feminine beauty concretized as the curves of such well-known deified figures as "Venus, Juno" and other goddesses, which, however, implicitly recur to the encounter and the

luscious figure of his Molly transposed to the body of the then and there on the shore. But apparently sensuality may have been indulged in more than our hero deems appropriate, even under the circumstances, which the preceding passage has amply established; or perhaps now that the sensual climax has been achieved the narrator is inclined to be in a mood to focus on something more ethereal and intellectual. As it turns out, the curvature he concentrates on transitions into that of the statues which used to stand in the entrance rotunda of the National Museum. But here too, our hero has to involve the statuesque beauty of his beloved in the real and virtual picture he perceives and depicts. The statues of goddesses first merge with the mythic figures, who are in turn projected into the plays enacted in contemporary Dublin, and then the ambrosia-consuming figures are translated into the voluptuous carnality of his dear Molly, as he invokes the great-actress-cum-mythic goddess in the role of the reincarnated figure of Galatea. Or, has the mind of our hero already flown past the identification process and become more mindful of the play per se, and proceeded to recall William Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" while Bloom possibly and simultaneously "quaffs" the nectar of gods and goddesses in the comfort of the tavern? The working of the imaginative mind at this point is quite dizzying and opaque; nevertheless, the references our hero-cum-narrator makes to the museum, statues, and mythical figures associated with the plays he has obviously seen before are seamlessly linked to the mood of the establishment and the food and drinks that are available in front of him (which he is most likely consuming as he muses over the past memories), an evolving circular process which mirrors that of the consciousness which plunged our hero into the mindset he is in in the first place. What at least textually emerges in this segment is that the mythical statuesque setup subconsciously, or rather disjunctively and semi-randomly, forces contrastive self-revelation, for all the seemingly spontaneous remarks keep hearkening back to the flesh (of his wife and all the derivative fluidity the encounter suggested) in conjunction with the possibility of Pygmalion-Galatea incarnation and its related (narrative aleatory) development.

Unfortunately, however, the ethereal dream state Bloom has induced himself in does not last very long without a backlash of a sort—which is more like a counterpoint to the revelric state he has been in for some time—, as he is forced to fathom the arcana of scatological physiology, which entails a consequentiality that is directly linked to the consumption of food and drinks he has been indulging himself in and is not in small part catalyzed by his obsession with contrastive exercise between curvaceous deities and the bathetic earthly presence, constituted of flesh and blood and most eminently represented by Bloom himself. In spite of the impending physiological urgency, being

described as arising from the depth of his inner bowels, our hero puts up a brave (albeit vain) fight to courageously resist the nature's urge by tenaciously pursuing a poetically, as well as imagistically, tended carnal vicarious consummation, possibly hoping to further the topological bi-dimensionality he has been concentrating on. Eventually, however, the bravura to go against the inner urge proves futile, as the mind with fertile imagination becomes corrupted and adulterated with the rhythmic tempo of the "bladder" and superseded by the metabolic cycle our hero insinuated a few lines earlier, "Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to do there to do." The dribbling verbal wastage that is ineluctably released from the unconscious of the narrative psyche is inevitably merged with the literal organic matter, in spite of the best attempt of the narrator to metaphorically and diversionally contain the imagery by seamlessly embedding it in the narrative contextuality. He retires to a discreet locale (perhaps not such a discreet location, after all) where he can deal with his own physiological need. The rectal topos is once again fused with orgasmic/organic release and Bloom continuously occupies himself with the union of mythological deities and their human partners, which tantalizingly, and hopefully for our hero, promises an ultimate consummation as the inevitable outcome, "to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men lovers, a youth enjoyed her, to the yard." (The business at hand is so urgent that the accuracy, that which accords with the mythological orthodoxy, is sacrificed for expediency.) At this juncture something unusual happens as the narrative voice is severed from the consciousness of the hero-cum-Bloom and it recedes into an appropriate perspective distance, describing the conversation that develops between the men in the bar in the manner of a conventional narrator in traditional storytelling. The surprising transition, if it might be called a transition, even for a moment, may arise because the private business our hero attends to is so inherently secretive in nature that the narrative might as well plunge into a hopeless bathos without the help of a narrative device that comes to the fore at this point. Be that as it may, the conversation the reader is drawn into is a kind that is most platitudinous which, at least initially, starts as a repetition of and even a summary of the points that have been put forward numerous times in the story. Except, of course, that the simplistic exchange does reveal the nature of the characters who are made to mill around the central consciousness while completing and complementing the being and totality of the canvasser and the central consciousness Bloom. As it turns out, the content of the whimsical talk provides more information about our hero than the reader may have formed a habit of expecting, especially if he has followed the subtlest nuances of the narrative conscious flow, which makes desultory twists and turns a norm rather

than the exception. Or it may simply be that the information presented here is merely the kind that sheds new light on the presence of our hero because the way it is laid out and strung together in the textual space at this juncture must necessarily connote and is premised upon a new perspective, which the receded condition of the narrative voice very much aids to give rise to. In a sense the conversation between Davy Byrne and Nosey Flynn, who have been observed heretofore by the canvasser, delineates and pronounces the shades of iridescently shifting significatory nuances that will spawn seemingly infinite novel approaches to deal with the meanings relevant to defining a conscious and extremely imaginative being called Bloom. Throughout the conversation, however, there are other significatory layers that come out from the interactions between the interlocutors and the implicit presence by way of the narrative voice and consciousness. While one tries to define the other the other (or the subject I) is simultaneously modified and redefined by all the parties that narrativistically surround him. The readerly mind is drawn into the circle of all these elements and players in order to form the best significatory and situational judgment and keep abreast of the gestalt narrative picture that is constantly developing in the story. Following the minutest changes in the conscious response of the narrator—or narrative voice or consciousness for that matter—is just one way of insuring that the totality of the story is being pursued, preventing hopeless narrative disjuncture and collapse in this very subtle and fluid—shall I say chameleonic?—book entitled *Ulysses*.

Works Referenced

- Hart, Clive and David Hayman, eds. *James Joyce's Ulysses: Critical Essays*. Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1977.
- Herr, Cheryl. "Art and Life, Nature and Culture, Ulysses." *Joyce's Ulysses: The Larger Perspective*. Robert D. Newman and Weldon Thornton, eds. Cranbury, New Jersey: Associated University Presses, 1987.
- Houston, John Porter. *Joyce and Prose*. Lewisburg, Pennsylvania: Bucknell University Press, 1989.
- Joyce, James. *Ulysses*. New York: Vintage International, 1990.
- Lamos, Colleen. *Deviant Modernism*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1998.
- Lane, Jeremy. "Joyce's *Ulysses*." *Modernism*. Peter Faulkner, ed. London: Methuen & Co, 1977.

Ulysses における多面的流動性とその展開と表出

Joyce の Ulysses を解釈する上で、絶えずその作品に対峙する subject を悩ませるのが、作品の意味的、統語論的、そして構造的なレベルでの流動性である。ある解釈段階で、少なくとも部分的にしろ、限定的な significance が表出したとしても、それが固定化されて、安定的な叙述的意味要素になるという保障はこの作品においては皆無といっても過言ではない。そこで、この論文では多様な技術的、そして内容的 content がいかに進化し次の意識世界の particularities を構成していくのかを分析し、作品の展開を追究していく。