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## Ulysses における内面・外面事象と全体的 narrative との関係

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Diversive Narrative Possibilities within the Presumpositional Gestalt of  
*Ulysses*

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What is characteristic about Joyce's *Ulysses* is needless to say its unflagging stream of conscious flow. Whenever the reader enters the world of the fictional space, the layers of liminal movements greet his consciousness and they inevitably engross and wrap his mind with subtle and yet inescapable sheathes of secondary signficatory elements, which in time tend to coalesce as subterranean narrative possibilities that impatiently try to evolve into autonomous parallel plots. Since the layers of wobbly seeds of narrative semes do not stay stationary, which would be tantamount to the suicidal annihilation of their very being as they thrive on and need spontaneous expansion of consciousness, they are not to be easily pushed into a facile observable framework in which they are to be comprehended and analyzed from any fixed perspective, such as a reader is expected to supply in a traditional hermeneutic experience. Rather, the transmogrifying elements that constitute the narrative of *Ulysses* need to be experienced and gone along with so that the dynamic metamorphic significations can be in any way traced and made any sense of as they give rise to unlimited narrative possibilities, at least in their combinations that result from the willing cooperation of the deconstructive and reconstitutive subject. Needless to say, the untrammelled subjectivity, both on the side of the accompanying subject and that of those who play out their existence in the narrative confines of the story, could lead to an uncontrollable interpretative chaos. But considering that the techniques and the syntax employed in *Ulysses* are those that exceed the limit of normal narrativity and traditional fictive communication, the disorder that is foregrounded may as well be interpreted as a state, in which normal expectations of signficatory makeup is broken up for the sake of fluid combinatory, and also aleatory, constitution of senses. The hermeneutics that arise and expected to take place there would be that of potentiality where the conscious subject, if willing, is to reach out for the senses and significations that even merely suggest to his interpretative mind and on which he applies his creative self to attain the ultimate oneness with the artificer-cum-narrator-cum-hero of the episode he happens to be meandering through. However, the sad circularity is that the multi-dimensional self that is navigating and reporting from the fictional space does

not necessarily cooperate with the conscious self that is located outside of it. On the contrary, the fictive self is utterly indifferent to the accompanying interpretative mind as he constantly shifts and turns in his narrative evolution with his mind and eyes ever on the unfixed and disjunctive objects and people who in their turn seamlessly dissolve into the scenes and backdrops that do not necessarily constitute a meaning whole in any conventional sense. The slipperiness of narrative senses and escape from facile signifiatory grasp of the interpretative self are perhaps the attributes that best characterize the sequences I deal with in this essay. Amid the jumble of words that give rise to variegated conscious states and external circumstances, which mutually circumscribe and interact, not necessarily in any conjunctive manner, with each other, the best way to grapple with the narrative is to accompany the characters and the voices that ring out from the depth of the narrative space and experience the bylines and subplots the idiosyncratic narrative senses describe. If it is parallel subplots that arise from the attempt, allowing them to evolve from the adventures of the quixotic hero of ours, Leopold Bloom, may be the best way to grasp the story in toto. The scene I plunge into is the one where now that Bloom is gone to take care of his physiological urge the comic characters in the bar leisurely discuss our absent hero and the related, and unrelated, subjects ensuing from that topical center.

The scene in fact opens a floodgate of hearsays and tattletales with which the reader is initially taken aback, especially after such a long and sustained monologic conscious flow that has persisted through the preceding narrative. Everything, as I indicated, follows from the ceasing of the footsteps, "the sound of his boots." The conversation that erupts among the characters, who happen to be fortuitously congregated in the bar from the narratological point of view, is unexpectedly conventional, with the initiator thereof inquiring if the person just disappeared is the one who he thinks he used to know. The identifier that sets the as yet anonymous and in fact well-known figure as the definitive topical focus is, not strangely enough, his occupation. Thus ensues the simple and trite question, "What is this he is?" The textual manifestation of that which both the interlocutors and the reader incline to feel inquisitive about is rather obtuse in that it resonates with earthy regionalism, which strikes the intentional onlooker as rather brusquely unsubtle, especially in comparison with the variegated shades of nuances the conscious divagation has been imbued with; however, the sense that arises from the line fully compensates for the jagged edges that momentarily appear in the interstices of the hermeneutic horizon, as the sequel to the initial dialogic manifestation signalizes the particular line of work the said person is associated with. The sudden break from the preceding conscious narration, overall, sets

in motion a narrative energy that is uncontrollably spontaneous and rhythmically entertaining, which coalesces as a question haphazardly thrown by Davy Byrne. Although it is quickly modified and corrected by Nosey Flynn, who true to his name seems to be more than adequately equipped with the knowledge of various circumstances of many personages in the city, the rather humorous-sounding injection of fresh knowledge concerning the unseen hero of ours merely increment the “objective information” both the readerly mind and the acting personas can share via the fictional space they inhabit.<sup>1</sup> Now that the reader has sufficiently recovered from the initial jolting of the syntactical, tonal, and topical shift, he is ready to readjust to the situational semes that seamlessly take shape beyond and within the liminal horizon of both the reportorial voice and the consciousness that pervasively and yet invisibly works on the gestalt narrative structure. The conversation and topics introduced at this juncture therefore conveniently function both as a dialogic cushion and both empirical and meta-empirical signicatorial supplier for all the parties concerned with the story. The incorrect information under the circumstance becomes a referential point to the past and to the present, as it briefly and yet significantly alters the view the reader holds on the person of Bloom and his profession, while it presents a continuum to the current one, “canvassing for the Freeman,” simultaneously forcing the reader, both unconsciously and automatically, to fill in the intervening and interconnective moments. However, the process during which all the modifications take place inside the readerly psyche is so brief that the ensuing ripostes coalesce as if no tangible mental reaction had happened that could affect beyond the private hermeneutic realm. After all, the characters given rise to through the authorial mental, as well as imaginative, exertion can and do remain indifferent to the extra-fictional incidents that break out in the corners of the readerly psyche. Davy Byrne, despite his initial wrong assumption about the invisible protagonist, in the meantime, persists in defining and redefining the man as he presently strikes him, as compared to what Bloom seems to have appeared in the past. Conceding his obvious mistake in his judgment about the man’s occupation,

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<sup>1</sup> The function of the readerly mind, as far as its positionality is concerned, may be in fact hard to define, particularly in a work like the current one. Julie Sloan Brannon, in her *Who Reads Ulysses?*, implicates the argument Roland Barthes made about the readerly reconstitution in the way the latter weaves the objective version of the plot that emerges, or rather is let emerge, out of the multiple possibilities streaming out of the narrative landscape. Whether indeed the text is truly up to the reader to reconfigure or reconstitute to make any sense out of it, regardless of his pre-political-historical-psychological neutrality, however, may be moot; and so is the degree of power and prerogative he putatively possesses to make sense of the story. See Brannon, *Who Reads Ulysses?* pp. 20-22.

however, he takes a different tack, “Is he in trouble?” The innocent-sounding remark sets off a gossipy talk based on the apparent condition the focal point of the conversation is in as far as the interlocutors involved in the current scene can judge, “I noticed he was in mourning.”

The seemingly suspenseful remark develops into a circumlocutionally bathetic dialog, which interestingly enough separates the two directly involved in the conversation apart into comedically discrepant roles, in which one is reduced to a rather imaginative and yet simplistic dialogic player and the other developed into a recondite and yet ambiguously cogitative philosophic character.<sup>2</sup> The one that brings out the clownish side in Byrne is Flynn by throwing his thought process out of synch with the real conscious flow manifested in the current scene. The dialogic cacophony that results from the two discrepantly and heterogeneously positioned and dispositioned characters is quite simplistically set up. With complete innocence the latter juxtaposes two seemingly related pieces of information, which, however, may or may not be related in any causal manner, “So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home.” The simple combination, which is in fact straightforward enough in structure, turns out to be anything but unambiguous, as it bifurcates in signification and leads the receptive interlocutor to assume that both the condition the disappeared personage has been assumed to be in and the domestic reference just been made in the single breath are to be constituted and reconstituted without signifiatory inflection and deflection—a sort of rhetorical legerdemain that is alien to a simple mind like Byrne, at least as he has manifested so far. Not that Byrne would be the only person who would be taken in by the phrase Flynn employs in that particular combination. As it turns out, the signification that arises from the entire riposte is made up of a number of possible strands of nuances that decipherment thereof is not as easy as the conversation initially indicates. If the gist of the line seems to suggest one strand of meaning rather than others, then it simply signifies that others have nevertheless have the potential to come forward and take over the one that appears to have superseded the rest. No wonder our

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<sup>2</sup> The bathos that occasionally erupts from the fictive space of *Ulysses* may be connected to what Stephen Sicari considers “the novel’s inability to depict ideals and values, an inability that is not at all accidental but part of its very nature.” The dialogues and disjunctive non sequiturs that fill the narrative of Joyce’s work may indeed be just a testament that the author indeed was cognizant of the limits and boundaries of the device he happened to choose in depicting the ordinary, or seemingly desultory, thought processes of a canvasser on a certain fixed day in the beginning of the last century. What Joyce achieves in the end, Sicari adds, is the “truth” that is enabled not necessarily through clear textual manifestation but subtle adumbration. See *Joyce’s Modernist Allegory*, pp. 5-29.

interlocutor willingly seizes the one proffered, or seems to have been proffered by Flynn. Not all for naught, however; or rather, all for the good of the situational comedic expansion, as the current interlocutors provide immense pleasure to the reader who is accompanying them on an evolving narrative journey. Then the red herring, “You’re right, by God. So he was.” It does seem to encourage the interpretation Byrne is obviously inclined to make, as the affirmative phrasing can easily be taken as a sign that what he has presumed is merely to be extended in order to attain the final truth Flynn is about to unfold. The retroactive confirmation is and becomes, by the absence of specific negation, a tacit approval of the thought process our gullible character is entering into. However, the truth is more divergent than Byrne is accustomed to comprehend. At least, what two have made of the phrase are not identical, with some overlapping areas in signification, to be accurate. What Byrne comes to conclusion and the reason that he makes the phrase a jumping off point for an incremental dialogical expansion is and is premised upon the fact that the domestic reference would be entirely irrelevant unless it was not to be impacted upon the condition our hero seems to be in. Flynn, however, is totally unbound to that contextual restraint, if there is any at all, that is. He, for one, does not see any continuation between the current statement he makes and the circumstances in which his interlocutor perceives he is obliged to utter it. Thus arise the widening narrative expectations between the two, if we count the indifference Flynn displays as one. This discrepancy translates into a low-key comedy, which nevertheless is immensely entertaining to the reader, as the two unbeknownst to themselves carry on a cacophonous conversation that nevertheless makes sense at diverse signifiatory levels.

The “humanely” uttered commiseration in the following riposte only makes the gap between the two interlocutors all the more prominent, as Byrne matter-of-factly and discreetly readies himself for the worst the said personage has suffered, “I never broach the subject...if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way.” In fact, he is not only gearing up for the tragic crescendo but he is already in mourning, at least in sentiment, for the sake of the brave one who pays due tribute to the late spouse of his, as far as Byrne can see from his attire. The potential tear jerking climax, which happens, or about to happen, in the mind of Byrne, threatens to plunge the accompanying reader into an untrammelled commiserative emotional outburst—that is, both in sympathy with the poor suffering soul and in heartfelt approbation of the courageous restraint our simple-minded character displays at the moment. The momentary emotional abandon reaches its peak with the extremely considerate remark, “It only brings it up fresh in their minds.” What presumably strikes as a perfect empathy is turned topsy-turvy in

its emotional impact, as the following statement even does not admit the compactness of pathos Byrne forces into the previous statement. In fact, while the gullible one's empathy is manifested, the thought of the other is afloat not quite in conjunction with the mind of Byrne's but somewhere independent of the dialogue the two have been supposed to be engaged in. The insouciance with which the riposte comes, "It's not the wife anyhow," brings the contrast between the two in their comprehension of the "objective" truth to the clear. Regardless whether Flynn is aware of the situational comedy he himself is placed in, he may as well be accepting the role he is playing at his own cost. For the eavesdropping readerly consciousness, however, the effect is doubly humorous, as the superiority Flynn demonstrates by his putative prerogative over the objective truth merely readjusts his position to the level that is, at least qualitatively, on the par with that of his interlocutor. The discrepancy which he instinctively feels exists between the two turns out to be an illusion fed by his misconception, or rather more accurately his non-conception, about the stratified and multiple perspectives that are embedded in the structuration of the narrative, which in turn yields Flynn's clownish disorientedness in the dialogic situationality with all its concomitant narrative significations. Perhaps, it may be more correct to note that Flynn is merely innocent of all the implications of what his remarks entail. He simply continues, "he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry Street with a jar of cream in his hand." In contrast with the emotionally-charged understatement Byrne makes in light of the funereal attire our hero is garbed in, Flynn is content with delineating what he considers is a piece of objective fact that may or may not be used to constitute a holistic situation that really prevails around our hero. Objective or not, however, Flynn, strictly speaking, is neither as reliable as his clownish counterpart, as the statement he makes is based on the subjective observation he happened to make when he was near the "Irish farm dairy" the said personage's wife putatively manages. If there is a difference between the two, Byrne's deduction is perhaps one degree removed from Flynn's in that he arrives at his conclusion from the suggested implications, which, however, are not necessarily intended the way they are to be interpreted. In fact, the dialog may as well be running in parallel to each other's conception of what is actually verbally transpiring, where the uttered words do not necessarily denote what the other assumes they do. The divergence could increase or remain intact as the conversation continues. The more it continues, the greater becomes the potential for the comedy of incoherence.

The comedic element is in fact enhanced by the jocular idioms the interlocutors employ. Once again, the two presently engaged in the conversation may not be aware of

the facetiously off-putting conversational rhythm their talk conveys to the readerly consciousness, but the unique strain the Irish locution fills the fictional space with cannot help striking the accompanying consciousness as rather pleasantly out-of-the ordinary. (The contemporary, or even the present-day, counterparts of the narrative characters may not register the conversation as particularly noteworthy or humorous—that might lead to drastically divergent observations than the one that follow in this essay.) The succession of expressions, both regional and traditional, hardly pulls the interpretative direction in any way other than comedic. Aided by the momentum engendered by “his better half” and “the well-nourished...plovers on toast,” the narrative flows unstoppably till the reader senses that some comedic explosion might be inevitable. The well-nourished condition, which makes a neat and timely contrast with the state inferred by Byrne, of the wife, who a moment before was on the verge of extinction or even passed the point of resuscitation, is transformed into a suggestive state of embonpoint, perhaps both fleshy and succulent, that is comparable to that of “plovers on toast.” Although the quality attributed to our hero’s absent wife may merely be presented whether in conjunction or disjunction with the food (later) served or invoked, the imagistic contrast and convocation are so opportune that it is not at all a stretch to constitute them as somehow mutually impacted. Combination of the two elements here is not at all fanciful; or rather it is encouraged if we take the racy locutionary significations into consideration, such as the one that is more than nebulously rounded out by the situational down-to-earthiness the interlocutors concerned exude, attractively full-breasted. What is surprising and simultaneously aids readerly obsolescence about what might have prevailed moments ago was that Byrne, who has been the one that almost decided to go into a divergent thought process, merely takes the cue from his interlocutor and initiates the tack indicated by Flynn, asking “And is he doing for the *Freeman*?” At this point, however, the reader does not know or cannot tell which way the conversation tilts. The following pouting image, if there is any indication, merely recognizes the fact that it could go anywhere. The futility with which the reader precognizes the drift does not exclude the fact that the dialogic evolution is not only unpredictable but untrammelled in that it is not limited by any expectations either the reader or any one of the interlocutor has about the outcome of it. All the better for the narrative autonomy (that is, if there is, strictly speaking, such a thing), for the pouting gives way to a line filled with idiomatic regional expressions, modifying and enriching the signification nuances that develop in the gestalt fictional space. It turns out that the gesture that precedes is a recognition of fealty our absent hero pays to the said secret society he is, according to Flynn, a member of, or in the

latter's words, he is "in the craft." In approval, perhaps. But in immediate retrospect, the facetiously light-hearted expressions coalesce in the readerly conscious horizon that in all tends to militate against the positive note the allusion to the secret society initially struck. Does Flynn, on the contrary, suggest the cheapness of a kind like Bloom, who is after all a Jew, albeit settled in the city of Dublin for years, as far as everyone knows, when he involves the absent hero in the overarching picture of the "special" order, which Flynn may or may not really approve of? The line indeed could connote the derogatory nuances, if read in conjunction with the following one, "[h]e doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You can make bacon of that." The cheapness arises from being the fact that the race he belongs to shuns anything derived from pork. He's a Jew, and thus he, the wandering hero of our narrative, shuns bacon and could be made a butt of interlocutorial joke. The facetiousness implicit in the combination of the idioms Flynn employs simultaneously turns the sentiment that arises from the conversation into something dubiously uncertain, or even more accurately multivalently vague, as the concomitant colloquial signification suggests one possibility while it, in combination with the cultural and syntactical framework, ineluctably recurs the readerly consciousness to the otherness, and Jewishness, of Bloom. The ensuing talk centered around the secret order concurrently evokes the story of the alienated race, in spite of the fact that the latter is not specifically mentioned by either of the interlocutors. The parallel narrative, however, does cling to the topic being dealt with by the two because the absentness easily runs in parallel to the secrecy the society is preeminently known for, if the conversationalists are to be believed. At this point, every recondite remark they make becomes susceptible to double entendre.

It may be interesting to follow the drift of the conversation to scoop out what is not overtly suggested or signified. (An attempt to delineate and trace the parallel narrative, which may or may not be a shadow of the overt narrative, could trigger a violent knee-jerk reaction from some of the readers, but this essay is an empirical kind that tries to fathom and discover all the signification nuances that arise from hermeneutic experience of the accompanying consciousness that narrative expansion, either in the form of narrative constitution and reconstitution, may as well be hazarded at any cost.)<sup>3</sup> The intentionality of the narrative is further muddled by the facetious

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<sup>3</sup> How much the readerly consciousness is entitled to infringe upon the controlling influence of the narrator-cum-meta-voice, is a nagging question that may not be resolved for as long as the story of *Ulysses* is being read and reinterpreted. Many critics seem to be in agreement in at least one sense that there are phases of the narrative that allow for complete freedom of the readerly reconstitutive power and other times when the meta-narrator complicity, or clandestinely and yet surely, guides the readerly and

gesture made by Flynn before he actually gets to his point that directly pertains to the secret identity of the hero. The deliberateness of the juggling motion manifested at this point not only cushions the ensuing deliberation but also adds seemingly meaningful preamble to the conversation that proceeds. Not, perhaps, in a tangibly inflectional way, but somehow vaguely suggestive manner, which the readerly consciousness is encouraged to interpret to constitute the holistic picture of the significationality, which is also born of the general narrative layout that prevails at the moment. Therefore, without being unduly snagged by the significationally dithering gesture, it may be best to parenthesize it to be left somewhere in the corner of the readerly consciousness, and hurry on to digest the recondite nuances and “truths” that lie behind the casual remarks exchanged between the interlocutors. Now back to the issue of Jewishness that may be implicated in the smooth talk being developed in the narrative horizon. The moments when Flynn reveals the nature of the “craft” Bloom putatively belongs to are filled with references that may be read on divergent hermeneutic levels. As I already mentioned, the society Flynn brings up may be comprehended by the abstracted and subjective adjectival coloration of phraseology, such as secrecy, loyalty, love, light, etc., which also, and possibly, hearken back to the Jewishness compacted into and at the same time developed in the Holy Book, which a catholic nation like Ireland may as well have been well versed in as almost a part of its national consciousness. As it turns out, the “light, life and love” is simultaneously connected to the idea of “ancient free and accepted” and the ambiguity is expeditiously made to bear upon the idea of conspiratorial nexus, the society-cum-race implicitly understood among the patrons in the bar. The emotional outburst (or it could be a rugged statement merely idiomatized), “they’re as close as damn it,” which can be constituted to derive from the exclusivity of the group, can be an undiluted spontaneous emotional expression, such as simple unsophisticated patrons of an Irish bar might give rise to, or it may as well reflect a complex of reactions that can be impacted on divergent entities being adumbrated through narrative structurality.

But another possibility suddenly suggests itself, which is not necessarily relevant to the Jewishness of our absent hero or the society he putatively belongs. The conspiratorial tone listlessly gives way to the boredom, with which the general atmosphere of the bar has been invaded with for, in retrospect, some time now, and the

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hermeneutic agent to arrive at a certain “objective” assessment that is somehow predestined. The two strands of approach hinted at seem to be echoed by David Hayman when he says, “[f]or all the minutiae in *Ulysses*, and despite the completeness of Bloom’s characterization, mercifully, much is left to our imaginations,” and so on. See Hayman, *Ulysses: The Mechanics of Meaning*, pp. 37-39.

seemingly tense moments are enervated by the “smiledyawnednodded,” as aptly expressed, “all in one.” It turns out that the conversation the two and possibly more are engaged in is nothing more than a passing entertainment, the outcome of which does not particularly alter the way the narrative spatiality is constituted among the interlocutors except perhaps in an aleatory manner. The sequence of the talk, however, does pick up the strand of the “free mason” narratology the interlocutors have managed to weave out of the hearsay and the passing hints they barely recalled. The connective point that link the present yarn and the preceding one, which has been interrupted by the mighty expression of ennui, “Iiiiiachaaaaaach,” is the woman, who in turn enable them to gather together the arcana and secrecy of the men’s society. The episode Flynn introduces here does not necessarily transform the direction the narrative faces, but it injects a facetious vivid air into the tale that has already threatened to become stale while the hero has remained invisible, and thus seemingly stationary, in the cloistered location. The bathetic interlude so produced merely adds momentum to the tale that has already become fit for a slapstick flourish. The woman in a closet, being found out what she was up about, and for the lack of better measure was entered into the “noble society” of masonry—merely educes another guffaw, or yawn from Byrne. The tone that prevails through this section of the narrative is beginning to deteriorate to assume that of a lackadaisical ennui, as the textual transcription of the inner feeling of the character gets elided and yet significationally matter-of-fact, the eyes that are “tearwashed.” As the flow of the conversation seems to go automatic, or perhaps overdrive?, a sudden enigmatic phrase comes up and takes the readerly consciousness by surprise, that is if the latter is attentive enough to pay minutest attention to the subtlest change in perspectival nuances, or the signification transmogrification that arises from the way one looks at a given (narrative) situationality. Is the perspectival nuance that takes shape at this juncture, or a combination of them, due to the bleary vision induced by the “tearwashed” eyes of Byrne’s? Or the phases of the signification perspective must necessarily congeal regardless of what condition the interlocutor finds himself in? Is our hero presumed to be “quiet” because, as he is pledged to the secretive society, he is supposed and understood to be reticent, especially when it comes to the organization (race) he belongs? Or the quietness he apparently manifests himself with merely a façade, behind which lies the true, whatever it means, self which our hero cleverly and clandestinely hides? If he does hide the unknown side that is even modicumly dissimilar to what he outwardly presents himself as, then the phrase, “[d]ecent quiet man he is,” assumes parallaxal aspects that are to be comprehended at once in its entirety, which becomes a rather daunting task that is simultaneously wavering and sanctioned by the

situational abruptness the surrounding sequentialities seem to encourage.

As the abruptness of the phrase presumably encourages the readerly mind to jump to one phase of the signification phraseology, the interlocutor in focus proceeds to seize the seriousness of the absent hero, who can possibly be trusted for anything he pledges to. If the man, according to Byrne, will never go over the "line," even if the party he is involved in, becomes hectically self-effacing, partly and perhaps largely, due to the alcohol everyone consumes. Flynn expounds on the instinctive reaction of our hero under such circumstances and cannot help admiring his rectitude and adroitness, even under enormous pressure from imbibing companions Bloom has been seen to have been surrounded with. The bifurcate assessment Flynn exhibits at this point is indeed consistent with the parallaxical perspectives characters in the narrative apply toward the hidden hero. On the one hand, Bloom is completely clear-headed and trustworthy when others are not, "God Almighty couldn't make him drunk," while he is somehow suspicious and never entirely ingenuous, as far as the assessor is concerned. Therefore, the one attribute of Bloom is constantly negated, or at least modified, by the other and the entity who is constituted as an "honorable" member of the secret society is simultaneously undermined by an element that is not quiet secure, or by a quality that is heterogeneous to an average Irishman like Flynn or Byrne. The disconcerting aspect of the man in question is further elaborated upon by the interlocutors as they focus on a minute "idiosyncrasy" of Bloom. Flynn notes that when a situation becomes rather precarious for Bloom, with an innocuous urging like "have a drink" for instance, he mysteriously becomes preoccupied with his watch and starts fiddling with it, pretending to be, as so it appears to Flynn once again, choosing the right drink for him at the moment. But the incongruity, which the two interlocutors immediately seize and interpret as some inevitable clue to represent Bloom as his duplicitous acme, dissociates our hero from the rest of the figures congregated at the bar (us the authentic Irish) and further neutralizes the descriptive words referred to Bloom by obfuscating and deconstructing the signification nuances conventionally associated with them. The wavering signification definability is further manifested by the dithering emotional evaluations the interlocutors manifest in the lines sequel to the focal parallaxical statement just quoted. The duplicitous gesture and the incomprehensible and sinister statement our hero makes in conjunction, rather disjunctively, give way to an assessment that is, in itself at least, admirable and trustworthy which redounds to the person of the Jewish race the conversationalist have been adumbrating about.<sup>4</sup> With a

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<sup>4</sup> The signification dithering that is manifested throughout the story of *Ulysses* may in large part arise from what John Porter Houston calls "peculiarities of grammar and

pun, at least what appears to be one to the readerly consciousness, Byrne seizes upon a strand of nuance that is compacted into the situational signification that is made to arise from the preceding description, that Bloom is constantly on the guard when he is urged to drink to excess, and then he matter-of-factly interprets it in a way that enables him to conclude, “[H]e’s a safe man, I’d say.” What Byrne means obviously is that Bloom is indeed a dependable man with incorruptible moral rectitude, if he is able to be circumspect in a situation where most men would cave in under the pressure, especially if there is any alcohol involved, and accede to the request, perhaps a demand, to carouse until they lose all their self-control. But at the same time, perhaps as I mentioned, apart from what is explicitly denoted under the circumstances, the hermeneutic self could salvage a significatory aspect that hearkens back to the Jewishness of the absent hero as the word is embroiled with the safeness, or trustworthiness, of the hero and ineluctably leaves residues of racial overtone, which is implicitly, and ultimately, derived from the mental dichotomy between usness and otherness.<sup>5</sup> With this insight into the conversation that unravels, the following riposte by Flynn, “[H]e’s been known to put his hand down too to help a friend,” disingenuously sounds rather patronizing. What Flynn adds on the heels of the statement could further undermine its positive side as our absent hero is given the benefit of the doubt, as it were, “[G]ive the devil his due.” He is further qualified as someone who would never sign his name in vain, or rather opts out of “it” either unconditionally under ordinary circumstances, “there’s one thing he’ll never do.” Is this aspect of our hero meant to reflect on his obstinacy, which in turn may be modified to redound to his iron-will that never yields under the most demanding and compromising situations? Or is the former aspect intended to eclipse the latter in spite of the fact that the two are inseparably mixed and the one cannot hope to arise without the other attribute? Or perhaps are both aspects so intermingled invariably to pervade the emotional landscape of the interlocutors as it is impacted upon and

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punctuation,” which tends to give rise to narrative defamiliarization that is discursive and yet not necessarily a natural one, or rather, as an end product, a narrative that is seemingly organic yet nevertheless each constitutive parts, syntactically and grammatically, elaborately constructed through purposive thematization. For more on the subject, see Houston, *Joyce and Prose*, pp. 17-62.

<sup>5</sup> The dichotomy expressed through the racial concept Bloom dangles before himself, or rather represents by his own reification in the narrative, mirrors the dilemma the post-modern (colonial) story of *Ulysses* presents to a reader like Jameson by way of Keith M. Booker. According to the latter, the fact that its presence, as well as the author’s, within the dominant western society complicates its narratology because it is simultaneously and at the same time ineluctably imbricated with the ethos of the dominated for being the product of both. See Booker, *Ulysses, Capitalism, and Colonialism*, pp. 1-8.

contaminated by the one presumably identified as the heterogeneous other? The positive quality and its opposite constantly jostle each other as the interlocutors involved try to define the absent hero, albeit the emotional nuances exhibited throughout the interlude may not be immediately clear to the men carrying out the actual conversation in the narrative space. The uncertainty, either concerning the identity of the person of Bloom or the signification surrounding the whole episode being developed, is prolonged and specifically and textually foregrounded as Flynn admits, “[n]othing in black and white.” The inability to pinpoint the univocality of identity and signification relevant to the person and the overall episode is infinitely and most opaquely fused with the suspicion the secret society and the racial markedness of our hero evoke among the interlocutors. Regardless of the mystery surrounding the absent hero and the pertinent and not so pertinent episodes generated from the centrality of the hero by the chatty patrons of the pub, what amounts to and what underlies the current scene is the suspicion and uncertainty the otherness of our hero and the heterogeneous quality the interlocutors find in him give rise to. When the dichotomous undercurrent threatens to become too ponderous and, perhaps, diffusive, however, jolly fellows enter the scene to, it is hoped, change the narrative direction and distract both the narrative characters and the reader away from the absent center, at least for a while.

For the first time in many lines the scene promises to be straightforward and undiluted for the readerly consciousness to be eavesdropping on, or so it seems. The characters bounding in for the moment prove to be as entertaining as any average pub patron you could expect in the city of profuse drinks and untrammelled gambling. The one figure, who puzzles the reader for a moment is Tom Rochford, who comes in as if he were a mere addendum to the group, and rather significantly, he enters “frowning.” The fact that he brings up the rear and he exhibits himself as a particularly noteworthy figure becomes a vexing thought, as the readerly consciousness tries to grasp the whole scene, now involving the newly arrived. Are the marked condition, being the last and seems to be emphatically so, judging from the syntactical structure of the line, and the additional physiological (physiognomic) expression that inevitably lingers in the mind of the reader—are they intended to be processed in a specific way so that they can be impacted on the outcome of the episode one way or another? Or do they signify a non-verbal cue that encourages, albeit subliminally perhaps, the reader to link the current phase of the episode to the “enigmatic” and absent figure the interlocutors have been preoccupied with for the preceding moments, the person himself and the gamut of significatory nuances he engenders among the pub patrons? Regardless Rochford,

another alien-sounding name, legitimately becomes the focal point to give rise to a whirlpool of undercurrents or not, the ensuing dialog dashes any uncertainty that tries to obscure, or diversify and dither, the narrative flow, which has been diverted and amplified ad infinitum short while ago. But there is still that opacity which lingers to rechannel the flow in a different direction. What if the initial greeting, "Day, Mr. Byrne," is uttered by the man who has been threatening to cause so much signifiatory diversion? Does the expression insert another piece of new insight into the man, as well as to the narrative that is unraveling? Does it complicate the flow even further, allowing the readerly consciousness to shift his perspective ever so little and yet with unlimited possibilities? But, once again, the dialog has started and with it an unstoppable force that is generated by the teetering continuum of the interlocutorial equilibrium and disequilibrium. Thus, the greeting is reciprocated by the proprietor, most likely, "Day, gentlemen." The dithering motions that have been hinted through the present and preceding sequences appear suddenly dispelled, or at least carried forth, by the torrent of humorously loaded expressions and exchanges developed among the conversationalists. If Paddy Leonard means what the readerly consciousness intuits he does, weaving double entendres into the nonchalantly thrown line at the proprietor, or for that matter at anyone who is willing to reciprocate his good humor, then the line, "who's standing," surely sets off fireworks of nuances that bring on smiles on the faces of the characters in the pub. For one thing, the matter-of-fact signification that underlies the line cannot fail to grab the hearts and minds of the participants with its ludicrously banal literality, as the interlocutor actually remains standing, and at the same time, its pecuniary innuendo, which may be perfectly understood and expected among the old-time companions of Leonard's, strikes a chord even with Flynn that the latter cannot help humoring the interlocutor with a response, "I'm sitting anyhow," which is similarly banal and perfectly synchronous with the off-beat question.

The upside down interlocutory riposte gives rise to a rather unexpected, and disappointing to Flynn as well, order from none other than the man in question, "Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water?" But Rochford's sober order comes on the heels of another one, "I'll take a stone ginger" from Bantam Lyons, which almost exasperates his companion, Paddy Leonard, for a non-alcoholic beverage at an establishment where they are located is the last thing Leonard imagined his friend would have. The emasculate order, coincidentally, resonates with the ploy our absent hero is supposed to have been employing on numerous occasions in a situation similar to the one that is evolving in the pub, only that the latter, according to Flynn, resorts to a more "cunning" maneuver, which can be best characterized as evasive, perhaps as opposed to pure and

simple watery in the case of one of the threesome. Not surprisingly, then, the proprietor cannot be blamed for the shock, however mild and unmanifested it may be, he experiences at the unmannerly (unmanly) order the newly introduced visitors place. It is definitely not Irishman-like, as opposed to characteristically Jewish, to shun alcohol where its consumption is matter-of-factly expected. The sentiment is obviously shared by at least one of the newly introduce when Paddy Leonard cries, "Since when, for God's sake?" The outburst of candid emotion merely leads to a fresh bathos that is textually manifested by Flynn, "How is the main drainage?" The remark is in fact so trite that the characters in the pub cannot but let it splice with the incident that happened underground, involving a number of sewage workers, some of whom almost died and others actually did. The tragic reference, which in itself is rather incongruous with what is evolving at the locale, diverges into an image of a man swilling the aquatic substance, or rather the metonymous organ itself, which allows passage of the non-alcoholic beverages to enter into the body, and then imperceptibly shifts to the suffering man, who unselfconsciously presses "his hand to his breastbone," not to cough but to hiccup. The serio-comic nature of the reference gives way to an unexpected and uncalled for indignation from the more manly member of the threesome. He, obviously, does not foreground his disagreement with the two out of true resentment with their choice of drinks, but merely to turn the occasion disproportionately grave, for instance, viewed from the masculine perspective of a true Irish pub frequenter the Irish are all presumed to be—at least they are. The characteristic Irishness, which happens to be identified with hard liquor, perhaps, at the moment, seamlessly transitions from mock resentment on the part of Leonard to betting, the kind emphatically involving horseracing. The transition thus annuls the force that may have been momentarily invoked and at the same time makes redundant the choice between alcoholic and non-alcoholic consumption that sets masculinity apart from effeminacy, which so tantalizingly brought the readerly expectations up for a confrontation of the primeval nature. All for naught, as the overexcited mind of Leonard suddenly finds exquisite delight in cursing the "bloody horse up" he, whoever he happens to be, has "up for his sleeve for the Gold cup." (In fact, there is a lingering indefiniteness about the he Leonard refers to in his excitement. It could be one of them, or considering the singularity of the pronoun, it may as well be the absent hero of the present narrative episode.) In fact, the line gives a sense of someone drunk both with the excitement, perhaps figurally which the ambient concomitants combined happen to offer, and literally, as Leonard imbibes the liquor which he blames the others for shying away from and which is on a textual level somehow augmented by the prosodic rhythm Leonard in his passionate outburst helps

to give rise to, most likely unbeknownst to himself. The short follow-up to the “bloody” forerunner is indeed apropos, in that it expounds the sense that proceeds but also keeps the sibilant bouncy musicality alive, opening up a horizon that may be far more comprehensive than the mere alcohol-non-alcohol dichotomy guarantees.

The rhythmicality and the finer and more suggestive nuances it imparts than mere casual remarks of the place seem to promise is prolonged by the pure music of a name of a horse, “Zinfandel”—“is it?”—supplied by none other than Flynn, describing a roundel or a musical chain that is constituted and contributed by each one of the company at the establishment, as it were. With the mention of the name, however, the rhythmic flow of the narrative finds its climax and reaches a point where either the bathetic multi-layered signficatory value or the singularity of the emphatically Irish slant of the latest thematic outcrop threatens to inundate the fictional landscape when the eye of the narrative perspective turns to a matter-of-fact occurrence that coalesces in the condition of the one associated with the drainage (cleaning). With a line reminiscent of the symptomatic manifestation of Rochford’s, the reader is brought back to the beginning of the circle of the episode, which is simultaneously the now and then of the narrative circumstance evolving around the theme of drainage and its associated public knowledge. This time Rochford is not merely “coughing and hiccupping,” but actually demonstrating the exacerbated condition he has been reduced into, with a visual proviso that the state he is in has become chronic and stable. Thus he “spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.” The demonstrably telltale sign of his “debility” threatens to force, or manages to reroute the expected plot direction into one that coincides with, a description that is tinged with the somber mood resonant with the condition the drainage worker is brought to the fore at the moment. To make the image eminently prominent, Rochford accompanies the action with a remark, which no one around him could fail to overhear, “That cursed dyspepsia.” The emphasis give to the condition of Rochford, therefore, does not or cannot, go uncommented. The setup of the narrative is prepared in such a manner that the particularities of seemingly non-essential incidentalities accumulate and gain force, which in their turn tend to cause others to react to them one way or another. The ineluctability of the interaction between diverse and discrepant elements within the narrative frame surfaces as an automatic comment by Davy Byrne, “Breadsoda is very good,” a response which for its very nature is tentative and incidental. The subcurrent of the drainage episode, therefore, merely flows, either accumulating a modicum of force whenever the energy that runs through it happens to gain strength or losing the force whenever there is no supply of necessary contributory reminders that give rise to the

essential energy propelling the narrative flow.

With the remark that forces the readerly attention on the déjà vu of the horseracing, the chronic condition, or the centrality of Rochford is quickly forgotten, all the more so for the meteoritic rise of the subterranean episode to the fictional surface. Or, perhaps, the dyspeptic condition that has been foregrounded may be none other than out of sheer pleasance the narrative presence/person finds with the musicality and the imagery concomitant of the underground episode dovetailed into the consequent malaise Rochford is putatively experiencing which is also resonant with the metaphoric rhythmicity the participating interlocutors are instinctively feeling, as the word that recurs without any preamble, that is vis-à-vis the chronic and traumatic timbre of the previous interlude, is mere music, albeit directly indicative of the horseracing and the pertinent betting the characters have been busy engrossing themselves with, “Zinfandel.” The word is so resonant in its implications that it is about to inaugurate another spell of episodic aleatory discourse when no other than the absent hero of ours unveils himself before the current interlocutors.<sup>6</sup> But there is even a chance that while Bantam Lyons and others engage in the most secretive of conversations, they, or at least Lyons, is cognizant of the hidden hero, as he winks at others, as if speaking more than the immediate gesture seems to indicate. Or, the winking that takes place simultaneously with the name mentioned merely signals the greed and insularity in which Lyons intends, and wishes, to guard the name of the winning horse that promises to reward those who are in the know? Whether coincidentally or not, the simultaneity of the remark and the appearance of Bloom in the periphery of the interlocutors’ vision conduce to the legitimacy of the juxtaposition of the two in some constitutively meaningful way, regardless of the conscious utterance and the intended signification the interlocutors are willing to grant to the particular discourse and the situationality that surrounds it. In response to the utterance, in the meantime, Paddy Leonard cannot help but seize on the clue and get to the bottom and confirm the validity of the information—such a crucial one for everyone concerned at the bar and everywhere in the city, “Tell us if you are worth your salt and be damned to you...Who gave it to you?” Is it too much to say that certain desperation gives the line a sense of urgency, or could

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<sup>6</sup> The randomness and incoherence that dominate the fictive space of *Ulysses* may indeed be, as John S. Rickardo points out, a determining factor that underpins not only the existential landscape of *Ulysses* but also the generalized human existence the story perhaps, at least in one aspect of the narrative, attempts to explore. If we accept the schematic Rickardo’s exegetic approach to *Ulysses* implicitly gives rise to, then, all the disjunctions and chance events that abruptly coalesce in the narrative might as well have arisen, it can be argued, both logically and ineluctably. See Rickardo, *Joyce’s Book of Memory*, pp. 2-6.

it be merely part of the fun the interlocutors are having, complicity and perhaps out of the implicit sense of roll-playing each has learned to assign to himself? The argument is momentarily diverted to the presence of the hero who is passing by, but the force and energies that have accumulated among the interlocutors do not necessarily dissipate with the intrusion of the other, the mason, and the son of the diasporic tribes. On the contrary, the intrusion and the mere passing-by of our hero cause the intensification of the curiosity that gathered around the information, for the pursuit of which the thematic inertia has been pushing the interlocutorial concern inexorably in and out of narrative structurality, and seemingly independent of all that circulates around the personages in question. In a way, the appearance of Bloom is a breath of fresh air for the discursive setup that was about to exceed the limit of readerly imaginative expansion to synchronically accompany what is taking place among the friends of the pub-owner and others who happen to be at the pub.<sup>7</sup>

Momentarily, the attention is drawn to the Jewish hero of ours and Bantam Lyons admits, albeit in a clandestine secretive manner, “That’s the man now that gave it to me.” With the word, the focal point is suddenly dashed, and the discursive interest shifts to the emotionality and the visceral reaction Paddy Leonard—and others—feel toward the source of the precious information they had been so anxious to ferret out. In disgust and in response to all the complicated (and perhaps bigoted) conceptualization that has been formed around the person of Bloom, Leonard cannot help but give vent to an instinctive and yet significatorily quite multivalent “Prrwht!” What does the manifested reaction actually mean and how does it visibly impact the contextuality in which the narrative is to be interpreted remains rather opaque, but the overall effect the expression and the line that ensues produce ineluctably turns the eye of the reader to the magnitude of the historical detritus that has accumulated over the ideological premises, upon which a man like Leonard founds his evaluations when he is confronted with the other, or, for that matter, when he finds out the source of the information, which, ironically, has seemed to dangle so much hope for pleasure and aleatory

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<sup>7</sup> The significatory latitude the work allows the reader to wallow/play with may have something to do with what Cheryl Herr calls the semiotic pseudo-comprehensiveness that fills out the fictive space of *Ulysses*. But, regardless whether the semi-permeability of the work really grants the readerly consciousness a chance to grasp the narrative in any satisfactory manner or not, or the work as a totality merely presents what the poststructuralist used to typically call self-reflexive aporiae, it may be important to recognize and keep in mind that the Joycean work does undergo change in response to the readerly desire, or rather that the former works on the latter to induce such significatory/significant change. See “Art and Life, nature and Culture” in *Joyce’s Ulysses*, edited by Robert Newman and Weldon Thornton, pp. 18-20.

satisfaction. The desperation that is manifested by the aggregate of elements does not and cannot stop at the expletive that pushes out of the mouth of Leonard. After all the multivalency simultaneously indicates the inchoate emotionality the phrase is only capable of producing, which is for that very reason runs a danger of not quite mirroring the full content of the psychological impact Leonard obviously, consciously or unconsciously, intends to impart. The disjunctive content-vehicular parallelism exhibited with the utterance of the phrase, therefore, must necessarily give rise to a more direct and simplistic expression in order to regain some kind of equipoise between the emotional landscape developing inside Leonard and others like him and its visible textual (and at the same time symbolic) referent. The readerly expectations are not betrayed when immediately after Leonard takes recourse to hard liquor by naming it, or rather tries to vicariously abnegate the bitter aftertaste the not quite perfect and satisfactory match to his inner core and content has at least derivatively generated, "we'll take two of your small Jamesons." But the psychological revenge the half-cooked attempt to dash the discontent by liquor is immediately halted by the correction Davy Byrne inserts at this juncture, "Stone ginger." The interlocutorial force and equilibrium that is established between the two sides teeters on the brink of yielding to exasperation by one party, except for the civility with which the calm correction is put forth by Byrne. In fact, he is almost completely indifferent to the kind of drinks each one of the patrons consumes in the pub. Alcoholic or non-alcoholic does not count much as long as they contribute to the narrative flow, which their seeming desultory conversation without a doubt constitutes an important and integral part of. (Needless to say, it does not mean Davy Byrne is necessarily conscious of the conversational signification as it dovetails into the holistic structurality of the narrative, or the hermeneutic functionality of the discursive segment that evolves rather centripetally, narrativistically speaking.) The fireworks manifested in the proceeding line promise to culminate in a higher note of emotionality when the story itself veers off to a new phase of Blooms adventure as it simultaneously surfaces as a physical desultation and psychological wandering.

Just as the previous interlocutorial sequence bluntly took over the narrative scene, which had been dominated by the innerscape of our hero's, the conscious monologue that evolves before the readerly consciousness is disjunctive, haphazard and, in a way, true to life. The thought process Bloom plunges into, which in fact is *in medias res* from the perspective of the eavesdropping reader, is so compacted into bits of extremely private abstruse musings that the very references our hero obviously makes while engaged in the inner monologue tend to elude hermeneutic grasp. But not entirely, which would be tantamount to intentionally driving the narrative force to mar the very

source which gives rise to it in the first place, as discreet hints of concrete images are embedded in the line that help the readerly consciousness to pick up the bare minimum significatory clues and allow him to constitute a gestalt framework in which to make sense of the current sequence. The thought that unravels in this passage has something to do with the residue of the food Bloom tries to brush away with his tongue, “his tongue brushing his teeth smooth,” or is the act so demonstrated has nothing to do with the greenish item that is specified in the proceeding segment, which in its turn, by its mere association in the mind of our hero, presumably causes the brushing abruptly manifested in the new phase of the narrative? The juxtaposition of “something green,” “spinach,” and “Rontgen rays searchlight” both encourages the gustatory association and disconnected dispersive one, as the real content of the thought being treated here remains opaque, which therefore becomes susceptible to a myriads of contingent interpretations that can be further permutated innumerable. However, the gustatory image lingers not least because the way it harkens back to the pub and all that transpired there, but also the context, if contextuality has to be forced upon the seemingly random syntactical structuration currently emerging, and the order in which the three items appear tends to encourage the ingestive element to be inserted into the sequence. As it so happens, our hero registers a terrier “choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobblestones.” Thereupon, the gustatory imagery and what suddenly arises in his mind, which is not necessarily related to the items that he may or may not recognize in the pub, jostle each other, which both gradually give rise to the “invention” vaguely interlinked to the mandibles that for the time being prevail over the conscious horizon of our hero. In fact, the reference to the invention is so obscure that the readerly consciousness hardly registers what the entire episode is all about when the anatomical-gustatory references persist through what seems like a narrative penumbra that engulfs the eavesdropping consciousness, in spite of his best effort to be focused on the minutiae of the textual details that arise from the depth of the narrator’s unchecked psyche. As if to make fun of the intense and desperate effort on the part of the readerly consciousness to go current with the imaginative flow that is precipitously rushing through the fictive space, the narrative mind that pervades the fictive horizon challenges with staccato segments of sentences that are merely indicative of how the humor of our hero lies at any given moment, which is at most an instance. Granted that Bloom is not mocking the effort of the hermeneutic consciousness to arrive at the best assessment of what the situational signification obtains there and then, the tone and nuances each particular concretization of words and phrases, which is a mere reflection of our hero’s whimsical sentiment at most, nevertheless overly and unilaterally

foregrounds the exuberant joy our hero feels at the sound and rhythm each utterance gives rise to, which is to the chagrin of the attempting hermeneutic subject may not necessarily tied to the immediate textual significations the given phraseology is usually associated with. In fact, there is even a possibility that the suggested significations are emphatically severed from what the disjunctive manifestations of phrasings tantalizingly indicate. But the poor accompanying mind of the reader has to look for any sign or clue that most promisingly offers a piece in the puzzle which not only allows him, even a possibility, to go concurrent with the flow of the narrative but also help him, somehow magically perhaps, to realign and reconstitute the bits of textual elements so that they can be meaningfully impacted upon the holistic and gestalt totality of experience which the wandering of our hero so suggestively presents before the accompanying hermeneutic mind of the reader.<sup>8</sup>

Unfortunately for the reconstitutive consciousness, the materialization of the words that coalesce in the fictive space at this juncture merely depends on the contingency of the now the energy and forces of the whimsical mind of the hero give rise to, or more accurately at topographic interstices where all the convoluted fortuitous imaginative forces come together as both the visible sights and intangibles that pop up and issue without any necessity or causal inevitability at all. But, perhaps, the aleatory nature of the narrative whirlpool the readerly consciousness is involved in may be a good thing, for the unrestrained imaginative play that asserts its dominance at the perpetual now merely feeds the curious insatiable hermeneutic mind of the reader with the elements that can be divided and at the same time incremented ad infinitum, bringing on a tantalizing possibility of textual nuances that may be repeatedly revisited and amplified without diminishing the intrinsic value of the characters who present and inject themselves into the narrative totality. The plethora of logorrheic spewings is merely a declension and rhythmic interposition of the transmogrifying mind of our hero, who does not feel bound to any logical consistency or linear logicity, but rather merely exists in and enjoys the moment that generates the iridescently suggestive bits of phraseologies and disjunctivities which, however, are smoothly (or perhaps seemingly) incorporated into a total syntax. Savoring the moment that prevails explains, or does

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<sup>8</sup> The totality, as opposed to each constitutive episode, may be in an oppositional, as well as complementary, relation to each other. If we regard the work of *Ulysses* legitimately (post)modern, as Jameson does by way of Booker, the argument that the totality of meaning needs to be grasped in balance (in the tension) between the centrifugal constitutive episodes and the controlling and significatorily transmogrifying whole, or the energies that shape the former into some orderly meaningful entity, comes to drastically, and legitimately, impact the way the narrative is to be interpreted. See Booker, *Ulysses, Capitalism, and Colonialism*, pp. 80-85.

not explain for that matter, why Bloom suddenly relapses into the musical mode, in which he tries to recall bars from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The accumulated logical force does not matter, or counts less than what the momentary exuberance of energy engenders in the shape and sound of disjunctive jigsaws and cacophonies, which allows our hero to change the course of his thought process any time and any place that suits his whim. Except that the musicality that runs through the preceding meditation and the capricious interplay with what the environs barely suggest to his fertile mind does give a hint and appearance of inevitability to the resultant verbalization that takes the form of, "*Don Giovanni, a cenar teco/ M'invitasti.*" It is, indeed, sheer emotional jubilation and pleasance that coalesces as a rhythmic impulse which gives way to the force and flow that propels our hero to keep imagining and interacting with the visible and the invisible around and inside himself. There is no wherefores and definite inevitability why he whispers and sings the phrase at this moment in his desultory wandering through the town. He merely feels the impulse to keep reciting and prolonging the joy and well-being which wells out of his being that may or may not necessarily have been initiated by the convivial atmosphere in the pub and all the imaginative expansion he underwent there, including during the moments when he was actually invisible and away from the scene. But, as the sense of *non sequitur* at the level of signification and narrative continuity is about to overwhelm, or rather seamlessly carry the readerly consciousness along a ceaseless stream of conscious diversionary flow, the sequentiality asserts itself when the reader recognizes the same that is contained in the lyrics just introduced in Italian, perhaps in a state similar to some fruit with thick rinds. The passage just recalled is no more or no less than an invitation Giovanni offers to his archenemy in a moment of reckless overconfidence, which unfortunately to the hubristic Morzartian hero results in his death at the hand of Il Commendatore by way of hellish fire that engulfs him. The key to combining all the loose ends perhaps is the food and drinks both our hero and Giovanni plus his guest enjoy before the horrific, and for Bloom rather uplifting, sequel, which our hero envisions and savors as the remnants of the aftertaste which he still feels lingers in his mouth and mind. In spite of the strong imagery that must necessarily be associated with the operatic hero, however, our hero is increasingly content with the causal elements that entailed, in the case of Giovanni in a way that is best described as contingent at best, the resultant state which is utterly both centrifugal in that his mind wanders off from the aleatory association he has just made with the Morzartian opera and centripetal in that he is recursively obsessed with the state he finds himself in as a direct result of the experience he had at the pub. But either course of tendency that is etched out and hinted at at this juncture follow each

other as the diversionary mind flow cannot completely get rid of the significationary echo suggested through the fateful encounter Giovanni had with Il Commendatore. The euphoria emphasized by the initial outcropping of the thought flow, “feel better,” can as well convey the overconfident pleasance Giovanni must have at least momentarily enjoyed in his encounter with his mortal adversary. However, the false hubristic courage the overweening self-confidence/burgundy induced in him is exactly that, the kind that merely picks him up, “good pick me up,” in order to obliterate, or rather counterbalance, the opposite state of mind, not unlike what Bloom considers one of the functions of burgundy, which is to let one forget, albeit momentarily, “the blues” through “Dutch courage.”

The divigatory sequence of images merely spawn aleatory thoughts, which in turn may or may not force the mind of our hero to the condition he was in just merely seconds before that, not oddly enough, struck the readerly consciousness with its obtuse and abrupt disjunctivity. As it so happens, the rhythmically delectable remnants from the Mozartian opera bring the mind of our wandering hero to the very mindset in which he somehow associated the surgical/roentgen ramifications with all the series of fantastic internal phenomenon, which conveniently enough was dovetailed into the evocations the actual physical scene provided to Bloom’s fertile imagination. This time, the actual physical element that is needed to generate the centrifugally diffuse chain of imageries is no more enlightening than William Miller, the sanitary contractor, who happens to disturb our hero’s visual purview with the “the bare clean closetools waiting in the window.” In fact, logically speaking, there is nothing to concatenate the nondescript objects in the window Bloom recognizes with what follows in his mind in spite of/ because of the momentary visual contact he makes with the unedifying particulars. Nevertheless, the force of the conscious flow that has been pulsating throughout the episode, or for that matter throughout the narrative, allows for no significant interstice which can be even modicumly interpreted as an unbridgeable hiatus that defies readerly believability of the literary kind. The gap, if there is any such in this deeply conscious and de-constructive work, merely asserts itself, and while doing so enables the reader to automatically close it with the information that is immediately obtainable from what ensues. The transition is simply too seamless. Before the readerly conscious is fully aware of what is textually transpiring, he is involved and dragged into the rigmarole our hero plays in his head, and has been playing since he was reinserted into the refreshing air of the street of Dublin, which, in a nutshell, jolted the readerly expectations of what was logically possible to comprehend about what was occurring inside the mind of a man with an unbounded and transmogrifyingly nebulous

imagination. The initiator of the second phase, or the continuation of the one and the same ever flowing pullulating imageries that bring the scientific and the emotional to clash and push into one curious idiosyncratic imaginative process, or rather signpost thereof placed for the convenience of the hard-pressed hermeneutic consciousness, coincides with the "They could." It is in fact a rather odd demarcator, as the phrase easily redounds to the immediate physical descriptor that precedes, which for its abruptness encourages the readerly consciousness to find its sequitur, which, unfortunately for the latter, however, most likely proves futile, resulting in either redoubled confusion or perhaps mystification. Except that the mechanical aspect hinted at, or which the readerly consciousness somehow, with some momentarily heroic mental exertion, could make contextual sense of, seems to promise an organic development, which might augur the retelling of the scientific, metaphoric accounting of the wonders of human physiology, interspersed with, or rather interleaved with, the integral medical wonder that can see through the human body. Either the syntactical and significational crevice that is hopelessly unbridgeable exists or not, the internal itinerary of the "thing" through the tracts of human digestive system does imitate that of our hero, as he minutely reconstitutes, or imagines to do so, the foreign object traveling through the vast expanse of the organic terra incognita, or cognita depending on the familiarity one feels or our hero inclines to feel toward the map he is mentally drawing. As it so happens, the trajectory of the pin, which traverses the incredibly laborious distance over almost a historical duration of time, is traceable through a duct that reaches out into the interstices of the human terra incognita, which not so coincidentally resolves the mystery (if there is such a thing being developed during this episode in the narrative) that involves the foregrounding of William Miller, the plumber, and the ensuing cacophonous and abrupt seeming imageries describing the movement of the pin down the bile, spleen, livers, and other organs thanks to the conduit that in fact consists of a series of pipes. At this point, the readerly consciousness for the first time realizes the pun and fun our hero has been (unconsciously) having with the catalytic tune and scene Giovanni provided so fortuitously once he has left the pub. Or, it might be that even the Morzatian theme is also woven into the metaphoric integration involving the plumber and the roentgen-cum-itinerant object through the duct inside the body. Or, even the entire set may be inseparably tied to the idea of wandering our hero is demonstrating in person, as well. If that is the case, every conscious manifestation is ever interlinked with all sorts of reifications all the time and simultaneously, and there may not be such a thing as contingency in this narrative. Everything may happen ineluctably even, and for a reason. That is rather limiting when

all the way through the fictive space of the novel has been presumed to be aleatory and driven by a centripetal and disjunctive force. What would be the consequences, hermeneutically speaking? Complete reorientation?

As if to reassert the trend our hero-cum-narrator set initially to foreground the minutest impetuses to keep him springing into imaginative action, the rhythm, almost a meaningless one except that it emphasizes the exuberant mood Bloom is demonstrably in, sways him to a series of thoughts that are linked to both the music and the business he is obviously associated with. The transition between the Morzartian theme, or all that derives from Don Giovanni, and what the nonsensical, “the rum the rumdum,” thrusts him onto is in a way not completely disjunctive, as the one, with which our hero is not quite satisfied in that the tonal or prosodic delineation it represents does not quite correspond to the image he has of the line he recollects from the opera, gives rise to a reflexive, “Doesn’t go properly,” which for some reason makes him think of the “keys,” whether or not that may be the only element that renders his version incongruent with the real one our hero assumes to be the case. The natural consequence, the congruity that exists through the naming of the cause of the failure to grasp the right texture and ambience needed to recreate the operatic dramatization involving Il Commendatore and Giovanni, seamlessly transitions into a thought process that is related to the immediate concern of Bloom’s, the one that is mundane and utterly pecuniary. The impetus to speculate about the pecuniary consequences of cunning canvassing strategy does not remain unidirectional, however, as the idea of the thematic complications involving the Morzartian characters recurs in spite of the force of the narrative flow our hero brings with his sudden inspirational jump into the enumeration of his business profit. All the wily aspect the present linkage of future accumulation of wealth, if and when the “plot and plan” he hatches succeed, has a tendency to hearken back to the involvement and denouement the operatic evolution brings to the fore. The two do not necessarily coincide, it is true, but the juxtaposition of the one and the other linked by the crucial, and rather otherwise mystifying and abrupt, “keys” smoothes the possible and available transition into the musical and dramatic development as all the more apropos as well as plausible. In fact, the keys here incurred may as well be employed to transpose the narrative strain onto a level where our hero-cum-narrator freely indulges in the thought of pecuniary and by extension, through the conscious and imaginary leap, a resultant excess which renders the leisurely activities, such as the recreational one attainable through the joy Bloom deems shareable with Molly. The idea of a present, which innocently enough is the first idea that coalesces in the mind of our hero, strikes him as something natural in that it

inevitably blends with the color of the “garter” Bloom apparently savors on the body of his wife. The consequent, or rather concurrent, titillation he feels brings out a sensation that is hardly to be contained at the moment when he self-consciously reminds himself that delaying of gratification is always necessary and inevitable, “Today. Today. Not think.” What he desires is not immediately available for one reason or other—pecuniary and temporary reasons among the primary causes perhaps—and if that is indubitable, then, desisting the temptation is the natural response, or for that matter, best policy available for our hero. The sublimation, or attempt thereof, however, does not divert him from the gratifying dream he has been developing in his mind’s eyes, as Bloom is drawn to the idea of a self-indulgent trip to the south, a destination that can be comfortably identified with such places as “English wateringplaces.” For a fraction of a second, his mind is filled (and charmed simultaneously) with the siren voices that float over the waves and through the calming atmosphere our hero imagines such marvelous places offer and are naturally plenty of. The enticing imagery is immediately tied to the romantic ambience the moonlight and the lulling air gives rise to in his mind. The desire that is initially connected to his love is transformed into a voluptuous sensuality—which even with Molly might have existed side by side with her flesh and garments she might wear—and the unchecked emotional and sensual desideratum, which he nevertheless tries to restrain in vain, becomes amplified into something only the generalization of the sultry atmosphere, such as that of the south (albeit the south in our hero’s imagination only reaches down to the extremity of the British Isle), could fulfill in the shape of perhaps bouncy “seaside girls.”

The extremely sensuous images and intoxicating titillation our hero derives from the imagined scene involving the girls and his wife combine to impact on the reality that actually surrounds Bloom. Unfortunately for such a heightened sensibility and sensuality, however, he merely accepts the brute jagged edges the visible scene presents to his consciousness, or rather he has no choice but take in whatever develops before his eyes, no matter how discrepant the particularities of the now and then from what he wishes he had rather been going through. The man he recognizes, “a drowsing loafer,” is indeed disappointing, especially when he is placed by a wine and grocery store like John Long’s. However, it is the image of depressing reality the town of Dublin presents, and because a type of man represented here merely conveys the general sense of what the men in town typically suffer from, the juxtaposition offered here, the dream image of southern England with full of voluptuous girls who might as well let one forget the rugged image of sordid reality with the typification of the downtrodden and the defeated of the underclass of which perhaps the man at the grocery store is merely one,

foregrounds the contrast between the two all the more and the comments, albeit rather fragmentary, as usual, by our hero become more noticeable than the cursory concatenation of the phrases suggests. But the sordidness of the day laborer, or rather someone forced to live day by day on a meager wage, if he is at all able to earn any, comes out of the jumble of words that have dominated the fictive space, regardless of the preceding promises dangled before the readerly consciousness that has identified with the wishful thinking of the hero wallowing in the dream world of his own creation. The desperate situation of the man lingers, in spite of the evanescent nature of the phrases scattered through the butt end of the narrative, and perhaps because of the overly hurried situation Bloom finds himself in. The line, "will eat anything," does not allow the cursory depiction to let it be discarded once and for all; rather it reverberates and fills the narrative horizon with the lingering reality that is merely a reflection of the overall desperation many of the downtrodden of the city find themselves in. Regardless of the physical transposition of our hero that occurs immediately after the phrase has been left behind, the sentiment and the jagged edges the phrase presents to the readerly consciousness continue to make the complex layers of nuances it generates almost automatically in the deepest recesses of the readerly psyche. However, the flow of the narrative simply runs in the direction the narrative voice dictates and the reader is forced to accompany it unless he is hopelessly left discrepant, significationally and otherwise, from what is current in the fictive space. What the reader expects the next scene turns out to be another concatenation in the long series of reality the city of Dublin presents to the hermeneutic and readerly psyche, as the store our hero recognizes proves to be, almost pointedly, a confectioner's and for a brief passing second our hero registers the place has not sold out all its "tarts." At this stage, it is hard not to connect this insignificant information, all the more so because of its negligibility, with the figure of the desperate (and almost fallen beyond succor) man who is most likely nursing his empty stomach outside a grocery and wine store. Could it be because of the recurring significance the narrative voice/our hero attaches to this particular information that the Gray's confectioner's is marked out with its unsold tarts, and not vice versa? Or merely the contingency of recognizing the place perhaps arises, unbeknownst to the narrative consciousness, because of the implicit ideological, or at least socio-political and emotional, layer that underpins the narrative as a whole? It cannot be resolved for sure, but positing such a possibility is an intriguing idea that will surely enrich the experience of accompanying the narrative consciousness. That in itself may be worth amplifying the scene for with as many hints and clues the readerly consciousness can pick up while he lets his mind go along with the flow of the narrative.

Another similar strand tinged with the ideology that divides between the wealthy and the poor runs through the narrative, as our hero seemingly meanders through the streets of Dublin. A strand that is indubitably connected to the bitterness and suffering of the Irish exemplified by the poor jobless man bowed down by all the weighty concerns, or pure penury, he experiences, except that this time the dividing line that splits the narrative and ideological realm is more to do with religion, or the values and perspectives that bear upon the organized entity, of which religion constitutes a large part. As it so transpires, or very appropriately ineluctably, Bloom passes by Reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore. What is recalled at this juncture is nothing cataclysmic, on the surface, but something, in its imbrication with the foregoing details and on a deeper cultural and ideological level, that surely impacts everything that seethes within the national psyche of the Irish as a whole.<sup>9</sup> With the casual refrain of the theme that rings so true to the minds that have been inured to the humiliation by the Other, the phrase reprised in the mind of our hero rings so common and yet so reflective of all the conditions that prevail in the city of Dublin. The simplicity of the conquered, or the assumption thereof, is almost cloyingly fulsome as the sentiment is packed into a mere "Why I left the church of Rome," which in combination with the landscape just being described starkly brings in contrast the implicit dichotomy between the two, which is specifically represented by the ones inducing decamping and those who are identified with pauperism and blight. Because the resonance the idea of the ideological dichotomy leaves is so insistent that the aftereffects, whatever they are, even threaten to affect the scene that develop between our hero and an actual person who happens to emerge before him at this juncture. Not that the blindness of the person so described is totally devoid of contingency, but that the fact of the blind obeisance the Irish were forced to pay somehow cannot help being implicated in the relational metaphor that must necessarily reflect upon the blindness of the one in that situationality. Although the way our hero implicitly responds to the reprise, "why we left the church of Rome," is definitely the one that rejects the idea of blindness, or blind obeisance to the subject race, the propinquity of the proceeding episode involving the blind man trying to cross the street and the cursory expansion centered upon the ideologico-religious undercurrent tends to encourage the linkage between the two in the

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<sup>9</sup> The nationalistic strain of the work is often repeated by critics like Enda Duffy, who claims that since Ireland was part of the British Empire and the first "colony" to gain its independence, both in Europe and elsewhere, from the "tyrannical" shackles of the former, it is almost impossible not to implicate such an Irish work as Joyce's in post-colonial discourse, for which Great Britain is a *sine qua non*. See Duffy, *The Subaltern Ulysses*, pp. 1-2.

hermeneutic consciousness of the reader. The blind man searching his way by his cane seems to further encourage the linear thematic entanglement that results from the nonchalant encounters and remarks our hero makes during this segment of the narrative diverive expansion. (Needless to say, however, that does not necessarily imply that the narrative voice neither dictates nor completely abandons the way the narrative complications are to be interpreted by the accompanying consciousness.) From a superficial point of view the conversation that develops between the two, albeit the one who is actually engaged in the act of speaking is the one who has been consciously discoursing throughout the current episode, which virtually makes the current contingency merely a continuum of the previous dialogical engagement he has been committed to as long as the readerly consciousness can recollect. In essence, the narrative interlude involving the blind man theoretically diverges into the one that is separate from the previous internal dialogue that has been verbally manifested on the textual surface, which since the internality and externality tend to constitute an inseparable unity in the narrative space of the current story almost surely comes to mean the whole that contributes to the experience both the readerly consciousness and the narrative mind have been undergoing—and into another that makes the whole narrative scenes that preceded somehow complicit with whatever evolves centered around the blind man via the verbal plethora of our hero-cum-narrative voice. Either way the hermeneutic experience the readerly consciousness obtains is merely, or for that matter all the more, enriched exactly because of the diverse narrative possibilities the current episode offers to the interpretative agent. If the course of the narrative is not restricted to a limited channel of narrative flow, or the possibility thereof, then the combinatory possibilities of its constituent episodes impacted by, as well as impacting, both the denizens within the fictive space and those who stay outside and yet interact in so many possible ways with the former, could even provide an opportunity for the hermeneutic subject to reconstitute various elements—including discursive and thematic ones refracted by the characters that appear in the narrative who in their turn are cushioned by the hermeneutic intelligence residing both internally and externally to the fictive space—every time he encounters the seemingly self-same descriptions in the narrative. It is that the story almost gives the interpretive subject a free rein to shape the narrative entirety in the image he prefers at any given point in the hermeneutic experience he is engaged in while he accompanies the narrative characters as they evolve throughout the story. However, the reconstitution, or the free rein he is seemingly granted is not unilateral. Since the readerly consciousness is by definition receptive to whatever transpires in the uniquely transmogrifying space of *Ulysses*, he

cannot avoid becoming embroiled with the minutest nuances that arise from the fictive scene, and they in turn must necessarily affect the way the former interacts with the story. It may perhaps be fair to describe that the locus where the story, and its signification, is generated is somewhere in the interstitial space that exists between the two where all the complications in the story flow into and which the hermeneutic consciousness tries to grapple with, to shape them into the form that is comprehensible and which the hermeneutic consciousness tries to fit into the presumpositional gestalt that in its entirety tends to encourage narrative continuum amid narrative discontinuum, or rather constant threat thereof.

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#### *Ulysses*における内面・外面事象と全体的 narrative との関係

Joyce の *Ulysses* においてその内面、そして外面事象というのは絶えず変化し続けている、とっていいほど極度な disjunctivity (断続性・非連続性) に支配されている。すべてが意識の流れを中心に構築されている世界なので突然の統語論的、ないしは叙述意味論的断続性というのは予想される現象ではあるが、この論文では特に *Ulysses* の narrative 全体と個々の事象との間に見られる意味論的整合性・非整合性という観点から登場人物、特に Bloom、を介した意識世界に迫ってみた。