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Introduction – Homage to the liberal Joyce

In the beginning of a long chain of critics of *Ulysses* was T. S. Eliot, who left the following problematic and provocative words:

In using the myth, in manipulating a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity, Mr. Joyce is pursuing a method which others must pursue after him. They will not be imitators, any more than the scientist who uses the discoveries of an Einstein in pursuing his own, independent, further investigations. It is simply a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.

(177)

Eliot's skill lies in his casual juxtaposition of the two words, shape and significance, which are not necessarily the same. Only for those who love forms and shapes, they can have some significance. But with Joyce, they are only superficial. So the perplexing title and the plausible headings of the episodes he finally obliterated out of the text were all masks which enabled Joyce to achieve his ideal of refining himself out of existence. In addition, they function as a means of insuring Joyce's immortality, because "parallels that never meet" (Levin, 71) only bring about never-ending swings of criticism between the defense of contemporaneity and that

of antiquity. Once Joyce said arrogantly, "I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries arguing over what I meant, and that's the only way of insuring one's immortality" (Ellmann 1983, 521). But on the other hand it means that Joyce knew to the full that the themes and human characters of his novel were embedded in the frame of reference of the period and would never be permanent. All that will remain in the future will be enigmas and puzzles.

Joyce was really a tough customer. He could twist his intimate critics and friends around his little finger with ease. Fifty-six years after the publication of *Ulysses*, Hugh Kenner reconsiders Joyce's tricks:

It is behind Valery Larbaud and Stuart Gilbert and Frank Budgen that the artist disappears, nail-file in hand. It was they, at his behest, who equipped the great affirmation of meaninglessness with meaning.

(1978, 63)

They were all the eagerer to equip the text with meaning for its meaninglessness. In order to obfuscate the meaninglessness, Joyce had recourse to a variety of styles. For the rest of his life, the problem of style continued to be his only concern. Joyce seems to have come to the realization that all was style, living, writing and all that. When he was asked by his younger brother Stanislaus about fascism, he answered impatiently, "For God's sake don't talk politics. I'm not interested in politics. The only thing that

interests me is style" (Ellmann 1983, 697). For Joyce, all is style, all is surface, and all is mask.

In *Ulysses*, a great masquerade, Joyce played roles with styles. By adapting stylistic idiosyncrasies to the peculiarity of the person he was playing, he obtained stylistic masks behind which he could hide his own actual existence. But to achieve this end, he had first to abandon his own proper style established through *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* together with his autobiographical double, Stephen Dedalus. Thus Joyce introduced another character, Leopold Bloom, to make him execute the mission above-mentioned in his place. In the course of time, Bloom's style gradually comes to overwhelm Stephen's and preside over the whole text. However, it is not Bloom but his wife, Molly, who ends this novel. We cannot attach too much importance to this problem. But all we can say in this place is that Joyce was careful to the end.

Ulysses is a stratified text: it is polysemous and polyphonic, full of opposing meanings and values and crammed with obscure figures and events. Inspecting all the stages Joyce went through in writing *Ulysses*, Michael Groden finds out that "Joyce wanted *Ulysses* to be a record of all the stages he passed through and not a product of the last one" (203). So we must revisit it as we do an old city in compliance with the advice of Edmund Wilson (169). As Joseph Frank says, "Joyce cannot be read — he can only be reread" (19). Only by rereading, we can attain a unified spatial apprehension of the world of *Ulysses*. But this apprehension never brings about one and only interpretation: it is only an external comprehension of the perspective. When we live inside the text, we will be faced not with a shape and a significance but with anarchy and meaninglessness. We must first approve of the meaningful insignificances of everyday life in order to live the city-like text true to everyday life. Then we will struggle through this chaotic text only to meet ourselves instead of finding a royal road to interpretation.

Of course, every interpreter feels bewildered

for a moment in the face of the vast conglomeration of words in *Ulysses*. But Joyce, who was much interested in the activities of critics as contributors to his immortality, took a liberal attitude to a variety of interpretations. Once Joyce told Arthur Power of his frank feeling as follows: "Though people may read more into *Ulysses* than I ever intended, who is to say that they are wrong: do any of us know what we are creating?" (Power, 89). Encouraged by this calculated liberality, we must take a brave step into a huge maze of *Ulysses* just like a number of predecessors.

Morning of Contrast

I Stephen: A Shape That Can't Be Changed

That day begins with a pretentious appearance of Buck Mulligan on top of the Martello Tower:

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing-gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him on the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned: — *Introibo ad altare Dei.*

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:

— Come up, Kinch! Come, you fearful jesuit. (1.1-8)¹

This third-person narration consists of the carefully chosen words lined up in a carefully chosen way and gives a vivid impression according with the sky of June in North-West Europe and suitable for the technique called "narrative (young)" (Gilbert, 97). Then with the unwilling advent of Stephen, a modulation begins: the cheerful tone gradually gives way to a gloomy one. All through the day, the latter always reflects the ruling mood of Stephen, which is rather differ-

ent from his exalted mood in the last chapter of *A Portrait*. There Stephen declared to Cranly that he would not serve and was on the point of leaving for Paris, full of ambition. But here he, who was forced to come back from Paris by a telegram saying, "Nother[sic] dying come home father" (3. 199), is bothered by the ghost of his mother before whom he refused to pray on his knees while she was dying on her bed. Bound by the past full of frustration, Stephen finds no hope in the present and in the future.

With such a change of Stephen's situation, the narrative stance has also changed: in *A Portrait*, Joyce adopted a sympathetic viewpoint on Stephen and used a third-person style which, much affected by Stephen's consciousness, developed according to his growth, but in the first episode of *Ulysses*, he rather separates the narrative viewpoint from Stephen's consciousness, and only occasionally approaches it for a short time. "Though Stephen's nature has not radically altered," Harry Levin says, "Joyce's characterization throws new light upon it, and examines it for the first time 'in mediate relation to others'" (Levin, 81). Thus his typical melancholic feelings are described by free indirect discourse:

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed the fraying edge of his shiny black coatsleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

(1. 100-15)

After all Stephen is never free from this depressing ghost all this day, and his mental paralysis gradually corrodes the narrative itself. Once again, as in *Dubliners*, the paralytic atmosphere

covers the pages of the text. According as Stephen strays into mental paralysis in the first three episodes ("Telemachiad"), the narrative corners itself into a deadend consciousness of Stephen.

In the paragraph quoted above, it is difficult to distinguish between the narrator's voice and Stephen's, for "Stephen exists, for us readers of words, in a zone of interference between 'his' habits with words and the practices of James Joyce" (Kenner 1987, 68). Especially, as André Topia points out, the free indirect discourse "establishes an unstable intermediary zone allowing the narrator to operate on two levels of discourse at the same time" (104). Though in his essay Topia limits these two levels to the text and the quotation without quotation marks, it is possible to extend them to the characters' discourse and the narrator's. So it is the interference of Stephen's interior monologue with the narrator's mode of writing that orients the narrative in the "Telemachiad." The result is that the three staples of the narrative mode which consist of interior monologue, free indirect discourse and dialogue diminish into Stephen's interior monologue with minimal objective descriptions. His interior monologue always tends to converge upon the moment of epiphany that recapitulates political, economical and personal situations and retrospectively gives significance to the scrupulous descriptions piled up to that moment; and this moment is revealed only through Stephen's mind to the reader. But Joyce has exhausted the resources of the epiphanic mode of writing in *Dubliners*. So, we can say that, just like Stephen closed in his mental paralysis, Joyce's novel-writing has come to a stalemate.

In this place, we should examine how the epiphanic mode of writing deals with Stephen. Each scene that ends the first three episodes is epiphanic in each sense. One of the examples is the end of the "Telemachus" episode where Stephen, robbed by Mulligan of the key of the Martello Tower and two pence for a pint, leaves him and his English friend Haines at the

Sandycove Harbour and goes to Mr Deasy's school:

He walked along the upwardcurving path.

Liliata rutilantium

Turma circumdet

Iubilantium te virginum.

The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round.

Usurper.

(1.735-44)

The Latin prayers for the dying, inseparable from Stephen's memory of his dead mother, haunt him at some crucial moments in this day. Here the last epiphanic word, "Usurper," definitely fixes his miserable situation and achieves a sudden manifestation of the essential reality of both the life of Stephen and Ireland: Haines the conquerer who has intruded upon the Martello Tower is representative of the Englishmen who have usurped Ireland; and Buck Mulligan the gay betrayer who has usurped the key of Stephen is representative of the Irish intellectuals who only criticize the out-of-dateness of their mother country, waste their intellect on useless arguments and unwittingly betray Ireland.

Still even this disgusting recognition never drives Stephen into any positive action, and the fact remains that he is just "a servant of two masters, . . . an Englishman and an Italian" (1. 638). In the second episode, he must reluctantly serve a third master, Mr Deasy, and, trying in vain to give vent to the humiliated and resigned feelings, he coldly repudiates Mr Deasy's progressivist view of history:

— History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirling whistle: goal. What if that nightmare gave you a back kick?

— The ways of the Creator are not our ways, Mr Deasy said. All human history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

— That is God.

Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

— What? Mr Deasy asked.

— A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

(2. 377-86)

But it is not history itself but clichés of its interpreters that Stephen repudiates. Mr Deasy's stereotyped expression, "All human history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God," is repugnant to Stephen. Similarly Haines' irresponsible words, "It seems history is to blame" (1. 649), seem to Stephen too easygoing. So he says, "I fear those big words . . . which make us so unhappy" (2. 264). He has been several times deceived by his Greek name into believing himself to be a descendant of the old artificer and knows to the full the awful anaesthetizing power of big words. Such a repugnance makes Stephen fall into communication breakdown with garrulous people around him. However, as it is impossible even for him to awake from the actual history he was born into, he struggles at least for the freedom from the hackneyed words with which people interpret history as they please. It is an irony of fate that Stephen's words are suitable for "Haines' chapbook" (2. 42), and, often quoted by critics, have now become clichés. He is given a nice back kick by history. All through the day, most of his words are monologues that are never understood justly by others. Even when he talks to other people, it can seldom be called a dialogue. It is also a version of monologue. Therefore the "catechism" with Mr Deasy in the "Nestor"

episode inevitably fails:

Stephen raised the sheets [i.e. Mr Deasy's letter for the press about foot and mouth disease] in his hand.

— Well, sir, he began . . .

— I foresee, Mr Deasy said, that you will not remain here very long at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think. Perhaps I am wrong.

— A learner rather, Stephen said.

And here what will you learn more?

Mr Deasy shook his head.

— Who knows? he said. To learn one must be humble. But life is the great teacher.

(2.399-407)

Mr Deasy cannot understand the self-torturing nature of Stephen; Stephen is too self-absorbed to accept Mr Deasy's words obediently. There is no cordial communication between them. This is Stephen's situation as usual. His words are self-contained and anti-communicative. He is exiled from Dublin's everyday life and driven into a spiritual labyrinth, where, monologizing in his incommunicable, esoteric words, he wanders purposelessly.

In the third episode, his interior monologue, dominated by the past, never develops, never makes progress: it only goes around and around in circles. He himself is conscious of his own labyrinthine soul in which he is locked up:

You find my words dark. Darkness is in our souls do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamed by our sins, clinging to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more.

(3. 420-23)

His consciousness is out of joint, caught between the ambivalent feelings toward *amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive. We can say that he is intoxicated with his own narcissistic monologue and with his own illusion of being the self-

determining center of his world.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? . . .

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

(3. 424-36)

In a word, he is alienated from the exterior world and introverted without restraint. As long as he is trapped in such introspection, he cannot read signatures of all things he is there to read. As long as he is bound by the past — the reminiscences of Paris and the history of Ireland, he cannot "[h]old to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past" (9. 89). The vagueness which covers the last scene of the third episode represents Stephen's helplessness:

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship.

(3. 502-05)

It is impossible for Stephen to decipher silent objects. A threemaster which sails out of reach of his interpretation symbolizes the phenomenal world whose signatures he cannot read at all. After this the scene shifts to the kitchen of the Blooms, leaving Stephen alone on the Sandycove strand.

Stephen is a closed system: he "has a shape that can't be changed" (Budgen, 107). Though he says to himself, "God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain" (3. 477-79), he is really in fear of

such an arbitrary transformation at bottom. He adheres so much to his own unchangeable soul, "form of forms" (3. 280) that he is rather reluctant to resign himself to the everchanging flow of life. Colin MacCabe says about Stephen's plight as follows:

Stephen will not admit the existence of the random, for like the movement of the signifier, it threatens his position as self-determining centre of his world. But, in one of the major contradictions of the text, it is only the acceptance of chance that will allow him to write, because his fixed position is incompatible with writing itself.

(118)

It is now evident that Stephen's fixed and sterile interior monologue is the obstacle to the continuation of writing *Ulysses*. Though he still reluctantly serves three masters — England, the Catholic Church and Mr Deasy, he no longer serves the author. He is, as it were, a prodigal son of a father who is an artist: he denies the lineage by saying, "Paternity may be a legal fiction" (9. 844). To be sure, at a certain time of his career, Joyce needed the epiphanic mode of writing that was inseparable from Stephen's sensibility, but this methodology now got to a point where no development could be expected. It is true that the epiphany, "the most economical way of exposing the most considerable amount of that material" (Levin, 31) served to apply the poetic mode to the novel-writing and then to "convert narrative into short-story," but what Joyce intended to write now was an extended novel. It is high time for Stephen to make way for Mr Leopold Bloom, who is expected to add to the novel the elements of rambliness and down-to-earthness Stephen lacked. At the same time, it is time for Joyce to abandon the mode of writing based upon epiphany. From now on, the ultimate goal of *Ulysses* is to eliminate Stephen, Joyce's lifelike and unalienated self-portrait, out of the novel-world. And in

order to achieve this, the author had to abandon his inherent "voice" preserved as a property of Stephen. Thus Joyce devised Mr Bloom, another self-portrait, this time, the distanced and alienated one.

From the stylistic point of view, the "initial style"² of the first three episodes provides us with a sense of the real world of the novel and functions as a narrative norm,³ which will be violated completely in the latter part of the novel. But the shrewd Joyce has made in advance strategic move for the afternoon. In this sense the following long quotation is important:

Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke.

— I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*: the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone loud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church,

Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.

Hear, hear! Prolonged applause. *Zut! Nom de Dieu!*

— Of course I'm a Britisher, Haine's voice said, I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.

(1. 645–68)

As Hugh Kenner points out clearly (1987, 97–98), what seems to be Stephen's interior monologue actually exceeds the time span between Haines' two speeches: it is impossible even for Stephen to say to himself so many things in such a brief time. Thus it is a deviation from the flow of time which we assume is corresponded with a sequence of the events in the ordinary novel. We understand that it is a built-in outside space inside the novel, a lawless zone outside the range of the narrative rules. In the latter part of *Ulysses*, by making most of this post-Newtonian elastic space, Joyce tried to develop his imagination as memory⁴ freely and break the deadlock of the novel.

The time is ripe for the introduction of Bloom as another hero. A symbol of the mechanical and the commonplace, he is charged with a secret mission of driving the Stephenian elements out of the novel.

2 Bloom: An Overshadowing Figure

Mr Leopold Bloom appears modestly without realizing or making us realize the significance Joyce attributed to him in predicting, "As the day wears on Bloom should overshadow them all" (Budgen, 118). It is still early in the morning, but this converted Jew is busy in cooking breakfast for himself and his wife Marion Bloom. The first scene of the fourth episode introducing Bloom is hung over by the down-to-earth atmosphere which contrasts with the abstract one over-

shadowing the last of the "Telemachiad." With the advent of Bloom, the counterpoint is also introduced. As a result, the way of reading *Ulysses* depends as much upon how we interpret the counterpoint of Stephen and Bloom as upon how we interpret the Homeric parallels. Many critics present various interpretations. For example, as early as in 1931, Edmund Wilson, introducing the theme of citizen and artist, wrote assuredly:

As for Stephen, unresponsive as he has seemed to Bloom's interest and cordiality, he has at last, none the less, found in Dublin someone sufficiently sympathetic to himself to give him the clue, to supply him with the subject, which will enable him to enter imaginatively — as an artist — into the common life of his race.

(163)

Ten years later, Harry Levin brought about a fissure into the coalescence of the citizen and the artist:

There is just enough of the frustrated artist to draw him[Bloom] to Stephen, and Stephen in turn is drawn to Bloom by these very frustrations, since Bloom has accepted so much that he has rejected. He is seeking a father; Bloom has lost a son. They are complementary figures, and each is one-sided and maladjusted so long as he abides alone. Yet the attraction of opposites is not enough to produce a synthesis.

(83)

Just as "the relation of the *Odysseus* to *Ulysses* is that of parallels that never meet," so is the relation of Stephen to Bloom. Or rather the phrase Gilles Deleuze used in his dialogue with Claire Parnet, *une évolution a-parallèle*,⁵ is much fitter for such a relation. To the question whether or not this relation will achieve a synthesis in the future, *Ulysses* as *opus apertus* doesn't give any

definite answer. So those who seek for a final solution, a denouement, are bound to feel disappointed as in their real lives. Joyce only gave a flat refusal to such people, saying with confidence, "If *Ulysses* isn't fit to read, life isn't fit to live" (Ellmann 1983, 537). That is, in *Ulysses*, Joyce tried to bring the fiction as close to real life as possible. And this burdensome task is performed with the help of Bloom, who represents and accepts life as it is. The selective Stephen is not suitable for the task. The role Joyce allotted to Bloom is that of relativizing the exclusive presence of Stephen and providing the novel with a wide range of reality: Stephen and Bloom are the antipodes between which the world of the novel is established.

In many respects, Bloom is set in opposition to Stephen. For example, Levin points out plainly as follows:

Bloom is an exile in Dublin, as Stephen is a Dubliner in exile. (84)

Stephen starts as an individual and becomes a type; Bloom starts as a type and becomes an individual. One by critical precept, the other by awful example, mark the distance between culture and philistinism. (85)

Such strained relations between the two are the main factors of the prolongation of the story. Stephen gradually ceases to be a working principle of *Ulysses* and gives place to the tireless and tiresome Bloom, "a mind that loses nothing, penetrates nothing, and has a category for everything" (Kenner 1955, 167). For the first time Joyce parted from his autobiographical double and devoted himself to contriving an alienated self-portrait with fictitious stylistic idiosyncrasies. To be sure, Bloom partakes of Joyce's own peculiarities, but the loose verbiage of Bloom's interior monologue can never be attributed to Joyce as an individual. Bloom is the product of

Joyce's fictionalization of himself. Moreover, Joyce parted with his characteristic voice together with Stephen and devised another voice as a mask. Bloom's presence itself functions as an alibi for the author. This mask is the first step toward the refining of the artist out of existence. Joyce steadily elaborated the character of Bloom from the fourth to the sixth episode. The fourth deals with Bloom in his family, the fifth Bloom in the city, the sixth Bloom alienated from the natives of Dublin. These three episodes are extended enough to set up the stylistic norm for Bloom. Since, as Hugh Kenner says, syntax is "a function of role: of character," Bloom's style must be differentiated definitely from Stephen's in the first three episodes. Although the ingredients of the style are free indirect discourse, interior monologue, dialogue and objective description as in the first triad, Bloom's interior monologue certainly has different characteristics:

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly the little black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

— Milk for the pussens, he said.

— Mrkgrnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too. Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

— Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

— Mrkgrnao! the cat said loudly.

(4. 21–32)

Compared with Stephen's monologue about a dog at Sandymount strand, this passage shows unique features. In the "Proteus" episode, Ste-

phen imaginarily transforms the dog into a buck or a panther according to his own inner system of metaphor. Here Bloom's observations of a cat are associative and peripheral. His thoughts continue to reel around the little object, scanning its characteristics and behaviour.⁶ But it is a partial value-judgment to say that, whereas Stephen is logical, Bloom is associative. Instead, following David Lodge, we have only to say that, whereas Stephen's consciousness is metaphoric, Bloom's is metonymic (140). Stephen's deep mind gives depth to the novel; Bloom's limitless associations provide the novel with spatial extent. Therefore it is by dint of Bloom's concrete associations that the world of *Ulysses* can keep up the real spatiality. Unlike Stephen, Bloom doesn't indulge himself in introspection by breaking off the metonymic contiguity to the outer world. No doubt he lives in the world of contiguity. So his typical stream of consciousness goes contiguously:

Pray for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody really? Plant him and have done with him. Like down a coalshoot. Then lump them together to save time. All soul's day. Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave. Ten shillings for the gardener. He keeps it free of weeds. Old man himself. Bent down double with his shears clipping. Near death's door. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Who kicked the bucket. More interesting if they told you what they were. So and so, wheelwright. I travelled for cork lino. I paid five shillings in the pound. Or a woman's with her saucepan. I cooked good Irish stew.

(6. 931–40)

After the funeral of Patrick Dignam, walking among the graves in Glasnevin and reading their epitaphs, Bloom is deep in thought. His thoughts develop arbitrarily one after another as if in proportion to his walking pace, and his

discursive associations seem to be limitless. But we must note that only a little stimulus would be sufficient to stop this flow of thought. Most of the second triad concerning Bloom is the collaboration of stimuli and responses: Bloom is just like a black box through which a certain stimulus produces a certain response. Bloom's self-consciousness doesn't seem to intervene in this process at all.

So Bloom's reason for being consists not in his meandering flux of spontaneous associations but in his oblivion of the patterns of his own associations. The early Hugh Kenner, who, if anything, took a less favorable attitude toward Bloom, presented a position like this:

Bloom's mind, if he could manage to do something with it, is far more inventive [than Stephen's]. Bloom, amid his associative driftings, is ironically oblivious to the patterns in which his thoughts are cast.

(1955, 199)

Oblivion is also an ability, however. It saves Bloom from the labyrinth of self-consciousness Stephen has fallen into. Bloom, who never stays at a fixed point amid his associative driftings, can avoid the trap which language sets: he can shift sideways the metaphorical or vertical power of language which has drowned Stephen in a limitless sequence of metaphors and has driven him into morbid introversion. Bloom's associations proliferate *nacheinander* and *nebeneinander*. Bloom has a knack of playing with words without making his own self-consciousness a victim of the system of language. At first sight, Stephen seems to be a master of language and Bloom a servant of it, but, in reality, Stephen is a prisoner in the patterns of language he himself has formed out of his own mazy consciousness, and Bloom can be a jailbreaker of the prison-house of language.

Still, Bloom is virtually a prisoner in the structure of *Ulysses*, which will exploit the presence and the personality of Bloom so drastically in order to go beyond Stephen's epiphanic

mode of thinking and the paralytic world of the first triad. *Ulysses* depends for its constitution so much upon the existence of Bloom that the distortions of its structure for the most part press upon Bloom. It is quite an "assault upon character." This is part of the title of a study of *Ulysses*, and its author, James H. Maddox Jr. regards as assaulting agents a variety of styles that obfuscate the plot and the characters. It is more appropriate, however, to say that the characters are assaulted by the very structure of *Ulysses*. Especially, Bloom's memory is like a colony squeezed freely by Joyce. As a consequence, such a phenomenon as F. K. Stanzel points out takes place:

The function of memory in the first-person narrative far exceeds the ability which is conventionally attributed to memory, namely the ability to visualize and vividly present that which is past.

(215)

Bloom's mind to which Joyce gave too much capacity for memory is to swell extraordinarily and eat holes in Bloom's character. In the eighth episode, his memorizing capacity reaches a saturation point and the holes excavated in Bloom's mind almost corrode his bodily presence in spite of his feelings of such bodily desires as appetite and lust. He becomes a mere consciousness like Stephen in the third episode. By sacrificing Bloom's personality for the prolongation of the novel and at the same time using the black hole of memory in him effectively, Joyce tried to exorcise his autobiographical double, Stephen, out of the world of the novel. But the black hole of associative memory in Bloom swallows up not only Stephen but also Bloom himself.

Apart from his peculiar style, Bloom has another important function: the function of reintroducing the would-be artist into his native city. For Stephen, Bloom is a door to modern city and contemporary culture. Contrary to Bloom, Stephen's father, Simon Dedalus, who is

"a praiser of his own past,"⁷ represents the dead city preserved in the illusions of words.

The tide of the new century roars in the street. Simon wills to become a garrulous shade. In *Ulysses* he is part of the background; in the foreground, innocently embodying a new world he knows nothing about, is Leopold Bloom, who remains a good man.

(Kerner 1955, 23)

What characterizes a Simon Dedalus is the estrangement of the world of language from the world of facts, from the living city of Dublin itself. Simon Dedalus is an unquiet father wandering in the dead world of language, where Charles Stewart Parnell and other legendary heroes are still alive:

The mourners moved away slowly without aim, by devious paths, staying at whiles to read a name on a tomb.

— Let us go round by the chief's grave, Hynes said. We have time.

— Let us, Mr Power said.

They turned to the right, following their slow thoughts. With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke.

— Some say he is not in the grave at all. That the coffin was filled with stones. That one day he will come again.

Hynes shook his head.

— Parnell will never come again, he said. He's there, all that was mortal of him. Peace to ashes.

(6. 917-27)

The ghost of Parnell will never leave Dublin, and most of the Dubliners will be bound by their pasts all through their lives. Among such people, Stephen remains a Dubliner in exile and Bloom, who has an unacknowledged modern mind, remains an exile in Dublin. In the first half of the "Hades" episode, Bloom, Simon and others

travel in a carriage from the late Dignam's house to Prospect Cemetery in Glasnevin along the conventional course. On the way, Simon says, "That's a fine old custom . . . I am glad to see it has not died out," but a modern mind, Bloom, has a progressive plan:

— I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the parkgate to the quays, Mr Bloom said. All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats.

— Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite right. They ought to.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said, and another thing I often thought, is to have municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan, you know. Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage and all. Don't you see what I mean?

— O, that be damned for a story, Mr Dedalus said. Pullman car and saloon diningroom.

— A poor lookout for Corny, Mr Power added.

— Why? Mr Bloom asked, turning to Mr Dedalus. Wouldn't it be more decent than galloping two abreast?

— Well, there's something in that, Mr Dedalus granted.

(6. 400-14)

Time is on the side of Bloom, who, though appreciating Mr Dedalus' tact of expression,⁸ refuses to live retrospectively in an affected world of language. This amateur city-planner feels like reforming the out-of-date systems of Dublin.

The remarkable point in the sixth episode is that Bloom occasionally recedes into the background. The scenes where Bloom is absent are sometimes inserted. A typical scene is this:

Martin Cunningham whispered:

— I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom.

— What? Mr Power whispered. How so?

— His father poisoned himself, Martin Cunningham whispered. Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis. You heard him say he was going to Clare. Anniversary.

— O, God! Mr Power whispered. First I heard of it. Poisoned himself?

He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed towards the cardinal's mausoleum. Speaking.

(6. 526-34)

The whispers exclude the presence of Bloom, and this scene presages the change of emphasis from the individual figures to the collective situations. In this process, we witness the miserable conditions of Bloom and Stephen which contrast remarkably with their autonomous spirits. Bloom's mind is a mirror reflecting a cityful of facts, and, led by it, the city of Dublin gradually comes into view. Bloom is a bridge for both Stephen and readers to go over toward the living city full of unrecognized signatures, and Stephen must get from Bloom a key to modernity as his theme in order to write something in ten years. But he, like Joyce himself, is too much a Dubliner to become a true metropolitan. In addition, Dublin in 1904 was all too premodern. But an exile in Dublin and a Dubliner in exile must meet in the city of Dublin whether they like it or not. Thus, in the late morning, the city itself begins to work, leaving Bloom and Stephen as cogs in the machine.

3 A Citizen and an Artist

In his essay on Charles Baudelaire, Walter Benjamin writes about "the obliteration of the individual's traces in the big-city crowd" (43). In the crowd of Dublin, a man in the mackintosh pops out of nowhere. He circulates in Dublin without any proper name, without any traces. The word, "M'intosh," passes for his proper name in the list of the mourners of Dignam's obsequies Hynes has made. In it are also included

"C. P. M'Coy and Stephen Dedalus B. A. who were conspicuous, needless to say, by their total absence" (16. 1263-65). Moreover, Leopold Bloom is changed into L. Boom. All these show that proper nouns no longer maintain their proper functions, and that they are incorporated into the arbitrary system of signs. There a kind of chaos naturally results; and Joyce seems to have positively incorporated such a chaos into *Ulysses*. About its chaotic world Marilyn French presents an original view:

. . . the recitation and repetition of place names, names of actual people, the actual geography of Dublin, all provide the reader with a firm concrete base, a sense that there is a reality similar to one's sense of one's own world. Most literature imitates nature only in details; it imposes on those details an order that is not to be found in life. Although Joyce did the same thing, his method was to produce the illusion of chaos, to appear not to select, to include insignificances, enigmas, and incertitude such as exist in life.

(26)

The agent is Leopold Bloom. This obscure guide to Dublin plays the role of the cracked looking-glass reflecting details of the city with distortion even at the expense of his inner self. He is a mask behind which Joyce concealed himself. Thus the chaos Bloom's mind introduces is perfectly controlled by Joyce, who shuffled the reality of Dublin through the eyes of Bloom. Chaos always calls for a commander.

With the opening of the seventh episode, we stand in the heart of the Hibernian metropolis. We hear Dublin tramway Company's timekeeper bawling hoarsely. The bumping of dull-thudding barrels rolled by grossbooted drayman and the clanking in threefour time of the printing machines form the rhythm of the city. The "Aeolus" episode is founded on the balance of Bloom, Stephen, and their concomitant circumstances:

these three alternately come to the foreground. But to write the episode in such a way, Joyce sometimes had to keep a distance from Stephen and Bloom, and this involved a danger of discarding masks and manifesting the presence of the omnipotent privileged author. It didn't go well with Joyce's ideal of refining the artist out of existence. So he had to make another elaborate mask which could effect the distancing of the author. In the seventh episode this mask manifests itself boldly with boldfaced headlines. David Hayman names it the arranger (88-93), but as early as in 1955, Hugh Kenner recognized its existence and called it "the omniscient showman-narrator":

The omniscient showman-narrator in *Ulysses*, "paring his finger nails," is one of the most extraordinary masks in literature.

(1955, 46)

Although this arranger reflects an aspect of Joyce as a great master of language, it is impossible as well as useless to reduce it to the personality of Joyce, for the arranger always consists of plural elements. We should not regard the arranger as any particular individual with a fixed character. From the "Aeolus" episode, the roles of the arranger continue to multiply and cease to presuppose a homogeneous existence with a definite personality. Just as Bloom loses the "cellular integrity" (Scholes, 165) in proportion to the multiplication of mental activities, the arranger loses the foundation of a definite personality. In the seventh episode, the scene is set in a newspaper office. A newspaper is a collective discourse, and therefore cannot be reduced to an individual author. There it matters little who really speaks, and this situation is the most suitable to obliterate the transcendental voice of the privileged author.

The "Aeolus" episode throws the two isolated characters into the *Gemeinschaft* of Dubliners, where the exclusiveness of social relationships reveals their conditions as outsiders in

the community. But to our surprise, Bloom's mind has its own way all the more cheerfully because he is alienated into devoting himself to his solitary routine:

Sllt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Sllt. Almost human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt.

(7. 174-77)

In the polyphony of the city where everything speaks in its own way, however, Bloom's inner voice plays just one part. It is ineffectual and helpless in remarkable contrast with the efficiency of his business activities. As soon as Bloom gets out of the newspaper office to canvass for the advertisement of Alexander Keyes, tea, wine, and spirit merchant, Stephen enters there with Mr Deasy's letter about foot and mouth disease. He is made much of by the Dubliners gathering there. The editor Myles Crawford is one of them:

The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.

- I want you to write something for me, he said. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. *In the lexicon of youth*

(7. 615-17)

Hearing them admire the past feat of a newspaper-man, Ignatius Gallaher, however, Stephen says to himself, "Nightmare from which you will never awake" (7. 678). In his eyes, they also belong to the circle of Simon Dedalus in that they try in vain to resume "LINKS WITH BY-GONE DAYS OF YORE" (7.737). They have nothing for Stephen to learn, and he is rather fascinated by the yelling of newsboys, "a shout in the street." "Dublin, I have much, much to learn," he thinks (7. 915), and then he impro-

vises an anti-climactic cynical story against the flowery and specious oratory of John F. Taylor which is praised unconditionally. The story is about two Dublin vestals, who climbed up Nelson's pillar with brawn, four slices of panloaf, and ripe plums, and at the top of it, eating those plums, spit the plumstones out between the railings. He calls it *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* or *The Parable of The Plums*. This anti-story has the same principle as *Ulysses*: it is a parody of the past masterpiece (here, Old Testament) and has no crucial climax within itself. It is also Stephen's parting word to the Dublin journalism and a prologue to his solitary lecture on Shakespeare in the National Library. On hearing this, only professor MacHugh smells out the self-torturing decadence in Stephen:

- You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of Gorgias, the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble and a bond-woman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

(7. 1035-39)

Stephen's bitterness against himself distorts his spontaneous intention and, as a result, his tale becomes difficult and incommunicable. All the day, he is driven into alienation by such a propensity for self-torturing.

Next time we meet Stephen, he is isolated in the National Library with such literary figures as John Eglinton, George Russell (AE), and Richard Best. Here he still continues to weave the wind. After he has broken of his own will the promise of meeting Mulligan and Haines at the Ship and put his declaration of non-servitude into practice, he is more eloquent than usual. In *Ulysses*, the "Scylla and Charybdis" episode and the later "Oxen of the Sun" episode mainly focus on Stephen's talk. The former deals with the problem of paternity; the latter the problem of mater-

nity. Both episodes relate their respective problems to the secret of artistic creation. Here, in Stephen's lecture, there are two main themes: (1) All literary works are always more or less autobiographical: an author always plants his own autobiographical facts in his works implicitly or explicitly; (2) Paternity is a legal fiction, and the belief that the author plays the role of the father toward his works as his sons is also groundless. These two seem contradictory to each other, for, as long as literary works are autobiographical, the works should be ruled by the author as autobiographer. For Stephen, *Hamlet* is a key to the solution of this contradiction.

First of all he presents the following question:

— What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners.

(9. 147–49)

In his opinion, *Hamlet* also reflects the sundering which must have existed between Shakespeare and Ann, and in it Shakespeare himself plays the part of the king's ghost:

Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words to his own son's name (had Hamnet Shakespeare lived he would have been prince Hamlet's twin), is it possible, I want to know, or probable that he did not draw or foresee the logical conclusion of those premises: you are the dispossessed son: I am the murdered father: your mother is the guilty queen, Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway?

(9. 174–80)

Ann Hathaway is "a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself" (9. 259–60), and Shakespeare is a man "overborne in a cornfield first" (9. 456). He

could never sublimate this old sore of his heart in his creations. Although "he left her and gained the world of men" (9. 254), "[n]o later undoing will undo the first undoing" (9. 459):

He goes back weary of the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old sore. But, because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father.

(9. 474–81)

The actual life of Shakespeare overlaps the drama of *Hamlet*: the ghost of Hamlet's father is Shakespeare; his unfaithful wife Gertrude is Ann Shakespeare; and his brother Claudius is Shakespeare's brother, Edmund or Richard. But the most important thing is that what fundamentally supports the drama of *Hamlet* is a particular sort of father-son-relationship. The ghost of the father is absent for all the characters except Hamlet: he stands between the inside and the outside of the text. He can appear in the text only by haunting the disrupted mind of his son. He is a presence based upon the fictitious relationship of paternity. Stephen has at last got to the heart of the matter:

— A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world, macro and

microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. *Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son?

(9. 828–45)

The fictional and abstract quality of paternity has supported the patriarchal institutions from time immemorial; the concreteness of maternity has been always threatening to the patriarchal laws. At the same time this fictitiousness of fatherhood drives the son into seeking after the more concrete relationship with his mother, "*Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive," and that causes the vague antagonism between fathers and sons, which finally crystalizes into the Oedipus complex:

The son unborn mars beauty: born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases care. He is a new male: his growth is his father's decline, his youth his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy.

(9. 854–57)

But sooner or later the son born into a patriarchal society must give up the desperate identification with his mother and be incorporated into the patriarchal society, into the symbolic order. Concurrently the father comes to play a symbolic role of the patriarchal law as the Name of the Father. He is no longer a rival to the son but an abstract ruling principle of his society, "the father of all his race" (9. 868–69). Stephen identifies this figure of the Father with Shakespeare as a dramatist:

When Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare or another poet of the same name in the comedy of errors wrote *Hamlet* he was not the father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race, the father of his own

grandfather, the father of his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was born, for nature, Mr Magee understands her, abhors perfection.

(9. 865–71)

Hamlet's father is a ghost by absence, and as absence he governs the text. The figure of the Father governing the text as absence overlaps Shakespeare as an artist. Artist must also rule the text as a kind of absence. In order to rule it, he must first efface his own individual traces out of the text and refine himself out of existence into a sort of ghost. This is the ideal of Stephen, an immature artist, and therefore of Joyce, a mature artist. An ideal artist can deconstruct his personal life in his creations and makes it impossible for the reader to reconstitute his personality as an absolute center of the text that integrates all interpretations. Stephen at least believes Shakespeare could do so:

Judge Eglinton summed up.

— The truth is midway, he affirmed. He is the ghost and the prince. He is all in all.

— He is, Stephen said. The boy of act one is the mature man of act five. In *Cymbeline*, in *Othello* he is bawd and cuckold. He acts and is acted on. Lover of an ideal or a perversion, like José he kills the real Carmen. His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor in him shall suffer.

(9. 1017–24)

To be all in all, he must be the void upon which the text should be founded. An ideal artist, like a ghost wandering between both worlds, exists between the reader and the text, belonging to neither and governing both. By disseminating pieces of his biographical facts in his creations, he deconstructs his personal integrity as an artist. He doesn't govern directly as a father the text as his son but reigns as an abstract and omnipresent presence just because he is a ghost-like existence

floating between the inside and the outside of the text.

At the last part of his argument, Stephen again begins to fall into a deadlock of self-consciousness. The conclusion of the discussion about Shakespeare is predictive concerning Stephen's future:

He found in the world without as actual what was in his world within as possible We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love, but always meeting ourselves.

(9. 1041-46)

Such a morbid egocentric view of the world urges Stephen to a kind of self-conscious decadence, which only makes him aware of his helplessness in the actual society and of the impossibility of fulfilling what he expects to do. So when John Eglinton asks Stephen if he believes in his own supposition, he cannot help answering no. The no here transmits all the sufferings Stephen kept to himself. "If Socrates leave his house today he will find the sage seated on his doorstep. If Judas go forth tonight it is to Judas his steps will tend" — these words of Maeterlinck's come across Stephen's mind. Even if Stephen leaves his native city as an exile, he will only find the dull and darkish Dublin in 1904 in his mind. Joyce's life proves this supposition. It will also be a nightmare, if a man who goes to "encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience" (*A Portrait*, 257) only finds his old stable ego which remains fatally bound to the past and the native city.

The numbed Stephen after the discussion says to himself, "Life is many days. This will end" (9. 1097). This day is just a day in the life, and may not have any crucial significance. Viewed from some future point of time, this day will be the same as the previous or the following: every past day will be called "one day."

One day in the national library we had a discussion. Shakes. After. His lub back: I followed. I gall his kibe.

Stephen, greeting, then all amort, followed a lubber jester, a wellkempt head, newbarbered, out of the vaulted cell into a shattering daylight of no thought.

What have I learned? Of them? Of me?

(9. 1108-13)

It can be said that he has learned of neither, but what matters most is that he has acted anyhow. On 16 June 1904, Stephen has, as it were, acted speech. Accompanying Mulligan, an eyesore to him, Stephen goes out of the library into "a shattering daylight of no thought," into a world of everyday life. Then as if to break the futile relation between Stephen and Mulligan, an obscure figure of Bloom passes between them. He is one of the signatures of the conglomerate city still unknown to Stephen. Here, however, Stephen does not even try to read Bloom's unwitting message that man shall not live by thought alone, art alone, or language alone.

Immediately before visiting the library, Bloom has roamed about the city for lunch. The "Lestrygonians" episode, which can be called the sibling of the "Lotus-Eaters" episode, focuses on Bloom's thinking in walking and eating. Most of the episode is occupied by Bloom's associations. The so-called arranger seems to hold its breath behind Bloom's almost endless flow of inner voice, but in reality his mind is exploited cunningly and stealthily by the arranger. Therefore, as is said before, his capacity for memory is extraordinarily swollen. It is as if all gossips and rumors in Dublin were stuffed into the head of Bloom. The very length of his interior monologue makes us hesitate to cite an example. Here is a scene where Bloom, entering Davy Byrne's "moral pub," gives an order:

— Hello, Bloom, Nosey Flynn said from his nook.

— Hello, Flynn.

— How's things?

— Tiptop . . . Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and . . . let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. *There was a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the reverend Mr MacTrigger.* With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. Kosher. No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mity cheese.

— Have you a cheese sandwich?

— Yes, sir.

(8. 737-57)

This is a perfectly calculated flow of associations, which seems at once to hide and to reveal the existence of the arranger behind the mask of Bloom's inner voice. The flow of associations contains a pun on the descriptions of Genesis ("Ham and his descendants . . ."), a passage of an obscene song ("*There was a right royal old nigger . . .*"), a reference to the Judaic fast and so on, and ends up with a casual idea of cheese, which in its turn leads Bloom himself to order a cheese sandwich. The flow seems arbitrary on the surface, but it is thoroughly controlled by the

arranger. What is worth noting in this episode, however, is that even on this elaborate surface are found a few conspicuous cracks through which the arranger shows its true nature. For example, it sometimes cuts in only to sentimentalize Bloom too much:

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to adore.

(8. 637-39)

This noticeably elaborated passage reveals the arranger's presence. Here, too, the free indirect discourse functions as a transitional zone, which leads to Bloom's interior monologue, where he is saturated with the sensual memory of his first love-making to Molly on Ben Howth. In the meantime, the arranger effaces its own traces behind Bloom's verbosity. But finally the mask of Bloom proves to be only a makeshift and exposes its defects at the end of the eighth episode. Glancing at Blazes Boylan suspected of being Molly's lover, Bloom gets ridiculously flurried. At the same time, the arranger confounds the objective description with Bloom's interior monologue as if it itself got confounded in sympathy with Bloom:

Look for something I.

His hasty hand went quick into a pocket, took out, read unfolded Agendath Netaim. Where did I?

Busy looking.

He thrust back quick Agendath.

Afternoon she said.

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets. Handker. *Freeman*. Where did I? Ah, yes. Trousers. Potato. Purse. Where?

Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah soap there I yes.

Gate.

Safe!

(8. 1182-93)

After alternating with each other quickly, two independent levels of narration — objective description and Bloom's interior monologue — finally coalesce in the last paragraph but one. This means that the arranger has fused with Bloom, its own puppet. The arranger, affected by Bloom's perturbation, has gotten confused itself. Moreover, it is manifest that here Joyce himself has become unable to keep on suppressing himself behind the double mask of Bloom and the arranger and involuntarily surrendered to his own desire of making fun of the arranger as well as Bloom. After all the arranger is also just another mask for Joyce the skillful artificer, who mends such an inflexible mask every time his writing self exceeds the capacity of the mask of its own making. He ultimately succeeds in making it amorphous. Amorphous because the ultimate arranger elaborated by Joyce is entirely free from a fixed personality. It becomes like an arranging machine which limitlessly multiplies, mixes, and shuffles words, phrases, and sentences. Still the amorphous mask is at Joyce's service, and, safe behind it, out of reach of the writing itself, he works a remote and refined control over the text.

A shattering daylight Stephen goes out into at the end of the ninth episode makes Stephen and Bloom alike only two of many Dubliners. The "Wandering Rocks" episode is peculiarly the episode of Dublin. As regards this episode, the analysis of Frank Budgen the painter who is an expert on dealing with space is still accurate:

The view constantly changes from a close-up to a bird's-eye view. A character is introduced to us at close-up range, and suddenly, without warning, the movement of another character a mile distant is described. The scale suddenly changes. Bodies become small in relation to the vast space around them.

The persons look like moving specks. It is a town seen from the top of a tower.

(126)

The painter's eyes perceive the perspective precisely. In the labyrinthine streets, the outer and inner lives of Dubliners are fragmented, and these fragmentary lives are described by means of interpolation. We are unfamiliar with most of the citizens scattered on the streets: we foreign readers are obliged to see the city from a stranger's point of view. This can be an advantage or a disadvantage. But if we view the city in *Ulysses* from the outside, we cannot but regard the fragments of city lives as chaotic and random, as futile and anarchic.

What we must note here is that it is neither the church nor the state that imposes order upon this immense panorama of futility and anarchy. Both Father Conmee and the lord lieutenant and general governor of Ireland are strangers to Dublin just as we are. They are just passing through the city as ephemeral symbols of order. So Father Conmee, though blaming "that tyrannous incontinence" (10.171) in his mind, does not know what he should do but pray when he comes across a bold young man, Lynch, and his girlfriend who have just had a secret meeting in the bush; and the lord lieutenant, receiving superficial admirations, never notices the hatred and the disregard hidden behind them:

Past Richmond bridge at the doorstep of the office of Reuben J Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage.

(10. 1192-97)

His Excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of

two small schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the prince consort, in 1849 and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.

(10. 1278-82)

A tongue of sewage Poddle river hung out and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers symbolize the deep-rooted antagonism toward British rule. Harry Levin says: "Church and state should enrich the lives of the citizens and impose a pattern on the city, but for Joyce they are tarnished symbols, broken chalices" (35).⁹ So it is a pornographic book, *Sweets of Sin*, that guides Bloom in his wandering about the city, and it is his sister Dilly's miserable condition, not Christian doctrine, that drives Stephen into agenbite of inwit. Joyce had already lost reliance upon such distant orders as church and state; his only recourse was the details of the city. According to Budgen, Joyce wrote the "Wandering Rocks" episode with a map of Dublin before him and calculated to a minute the time necessary for his characters to cover a given distance of the city. Walton Litz writes about Joyce's obsession:

His obsessive concern with realistic detail reveals his desperate need for principles of order and authority. Deprived of social and religious order by his self-imposed exile, and acutely aware of the disintegrating forces in modern European society, Joyce turned to the concrete details of place and character as one stable base for his writing.

(24)

Levin also says simply: "He lost his faith, but kept his categories" (25). For Joyce, details of the city had a certain potential. He piled up details steadily with an expectation that a certain kind of order would loom up from among those details. Unlike the distant order which is imposed upon the city from a temporally or spatially

external authority, the near order should be the product of the natural growth of the city. It should come about from within a complex of the city.

Still, there is only a text lying silently in front of us readers. This text is like a city we can revisit at any time we like. Fortunately we have a good guide to this city-like text. Edmund Wilson is the one:

The world of "Ulysses" is animated by a complex inexhaustible life: we can revisit it as we do a city, where we come more and more to recognize faces, to understand personalities, to grasp relations, currents and interests. Joyce has exercised considerable technical ingenuity in introducing us to the elements of his story in an order which will enable us to find our bearings.

(169)

It is the task of readers to translate the chaotic text into a kind of order by revisiting the text. Then we realize that what is there on the page for us to revisit is words, words, words. As the afternoon wears on, words take up their position in the foreground with the characters for the background.¹⁰ Even the arranger as we have called for convenience sake is reduced to something like a puppet of which Joyce the ventriloquist had a good command. But to push out words to the front, the reduction of Stephen and Bloom to just two of the Dubliners is indispensable. In response to Stephen's request, "Shatter me you who can" (10. 825-26), Joyce reduced the exclusive presence of Stephen into a helpless being who has deserted his mother and has no power to save his sisters from misery. He has no choice but to leave his sister Dilly drowning in poverty.

She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul.

Salt green death.

We.

Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.

Misery! Misery!

(10. 875–80)

Here, too, Stephen's heart is obsessed with the death of his mother, "Salt green death," associated with her green bile. Here is Stephen as he was before. At the same time, in the tenth episode, we hear for the first time Buck Mulligan's cool judgment on Stephen. It is the first objective judgment on Stephen's state of mind we hear in his absence:

— I am sure he has an *idée fixe*, Haines said, pinching his chin thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. Now I am speculating what it would be likely to be. Such persons always have.

Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.

— They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell. He will never capture the Attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet. The joy of creation . . .

(10. 1068–75)

Answering to Mulligan's prophesy that "[h]e is going to write something in ten tears," Haines says, "Seems a long way off" (10. 1089–91). Ten years are out of range of *Ulysses*, so whether he will really write or not is indeterminable within the text. What is stressed here is Stephen's unchangeability. His repentance and bitterness last for the rest of *Ulysses*. All the day he remains to be haunted by "visions of hell" made by his own morbid compunction.

As for Bloom, while his defenseless open consciousness, swollen by the exploitation of the arranger, is corroding his personal outline from the inside, his fragile personality is effectually reinforced from the outside through the comments of other characters: "Decent quiet man he

is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him — you know, over the line" (Davy Byrne) (8. 976–77); "He's not too bad . . . He's known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points" (Nosey Flynn) (8. 984–85); "He's a cultured allroundman, Bloom is, . . . He's not one of your common or garden . . . you know . . . There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom" (Lenehan) (10. 581–83). Unexpectedly for most Dubliners, Bloom proves to be a subscriber of five shillings for Dignam's bereaved family:

— Look here, Martin, John Wyse Nolan said, overtaking them at the *Mail* office. I see Bloom put his name down for five shillings.

— Quite right, Martin Cunningham said, taking the list. And put down the five shillings too.

— Without a second word either, Mr Power said.

— Strange but true, Martin Cunningham added.

John Wyse Nolan opened wide eyes.

— I'll say there is much kindness in the jew, he quoted elegantly.

(10. 973–80)

We realize that Bloom is a complete man as well — a good man just like Ulysses.¹¹ And we feel easy to realize that both Stephen and Bloom are and will always be what they were before. When we get almost drowned in a flood of words or get almost lost in a maze of phantasmagoric scenes, the two solid characters are a rock of ages we can constantly turn to in our reading journey, just like the rock of Ithaca the wanderer Ulysses longed for. But we must also notice that this solidity is a tragedy for the characters who aspire after a change for the better. Anyhow Joyce had to construct a firm basis of the two round characters in order to begin a free play of language in the latter part of *Ulysses*.

Notes

1. James Joyce, *Ulysses: The Corrected Text*, edited by Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior, with a new preface by Richard Ellmann (London: The Bodley Head, 1986) 3. All references to *Ulysses* are to this edition. After this, references to the book are made by the juxtaposition of the episode number and the line number of each episode.
2. Joyce's letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver on 6 August 1919. James Joyce, *Letters I*, edited by Stuart Gilbert, new edition (New York: The Viking Press, 1966) 129.
3. Karen Lawrence says as follows: ". . . in its seeming fidelity to the details of both the thoughts and actions of the characters it ["the initial style"] provides us with a sense of the real world of the novel. With all its precision and fastidiousness, it functions for us as a narrative norm" (43).
4. Joyce often agreed with Vico that "Imagination is nothing but the working over of what is remembered" (Ellmann 1983, 661).
5. This is originally the words of Rémy Chauvin, a biologist. Talking about the concept of encounter, Deleuze says: "Nous disions la même chose pour les devenirs: ce n'est pas une terme qui devient l'autre, mais chacun rencontre l'autre, un seul devenir qui n'est pas commun aux deux, puisqu'ils n'ont rien à voir l'un avec l'autre, mais qui est entre les deux, qui a sa propre direction, un bloc de devenir, une évolution a-parallèle . . . Rencontrer, c'est trouver, c'est capturer, c'est voler, mais il n'y a pas de méthode pour trouver, rien qu'une longue préparation" (13). From such an a-parallel evolution of the two asymmetric figures, Bloom and Stephen, stems *Ulysses*, which is between the two, outside the two, and which flows in another direction. In the same dialogue, Deleuze also talks about style as follows:

"Je voudrais dire ce que c'est qu'un style. C'est la propriété de ceux dont on dit d'habitude < ils n'ont pas de style . . . > . . . C'est un agencement, un agencement d'énonciation. Un style, c'est arriver à bégayer dans sa propre langue . . . Non pas être bègue dans sa parole, mais être bègue du langage lui-même. Être comme un étranger dans sa propre langue" (10). Bloom, a Jew living among the English-speaking Irish, is a true stranger in his proper language. His style is the motive power of *Ulysses* which is one of the strange novels in the English literature.

6. Marilyn French contrasts Bloom's habit of mind with Stephen's: "Bloom's habit of mind is a cycling one, as opposed to Stephen's dialectical mode. Bloom moves around subjects, stopping briefly in different positions but reaching no final conclusions" (83).
7. James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: The definitive text*, corrected from the Dublin Holograph by Chester G. Anderson and edited by Richard Ellmann (London: Jonathan Cape, 1968) 245. All references to *A Portrait* are to this edition.
8. Bloom admires the remark Simon Dedalus made on hearing that Reuben J, a usury, paid a reward of two shillings to a man who rescued his son from drowning: "Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and eight pence too much. Hhhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things. Knows how to tell a story too" (8. 53–55). On another occasion, looking at fat Father Coffey at Dignam's funeral, Bloom recalls Simon's words: "Burst sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will. With a belly on him like a poisoned pup. Most amusing expressions that man finds. Hhhn: burst sideways" (6. 597–600).
9. Richard Ellmann also points out: "The priest lays claim to an eternity of time, as the king if he could would rule over infinite

space; and against these forces, anthropomorphized in earthly authorities, Stephen and Bloom have to muster their own forces" (1977, 80): But their forces are too small to fly in the face of church and state. So Stephen and Bloom rebel against them privily. Stephen's words, "I will not serve," are not a public discourse but quite a private one. After all, politics and religion are both only personal concerns for these two exiles against expectation. Stephen and Bloom are unacknowledged rebels.

10. This is the constant basis of Hugh Kenner's view on *Ulysses*: "The language of Dublin is the subject; his books are about words, the complexity is there, in the way people talk, and Joyce copes with it by making it impossible for us to ignore the word on the page" (1955, 12); "Again, all is words, words. All the book, the book has been insisting, is words, arranged, rearranged" (1978, 49); "On nothing is *Ulysses* more insistent than on the fact that there is no Bloom there, no Stephen there, no Molly there, no Dublin there, simply language" (1987, 156).

11. Joyce said to Frank Budgen: "I see him [*Ulysses*] from all sides, and therefore he is all-round in the sense of your sculptor's figure. But he is a complete man as well — a good man. At any rate, that is what I intend that he shall be" (Budgen, 17–18).

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