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Joyce's Fire and Ice: the Reader of "Ulysses" between Involvement and Distanciation

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Making critical use of Shklovsky's term *defamiliarization* and Mukařovský's *actualization* in conjunction with recent critical trends (Jakobson's *literariness of literature*, Barthes' *espace littéraire*), the author discusses the strategies used by Joyce in alternately involving and distancing the reader of *Ulysses*, enumerating and categorizing, as well as demonstrating how they function on examples from the novel.

«Upside down, boy, you turn me, inside
out and round and round . . .»
(a pop tune)

The Thesis

Contemporary critics nowadays often distinguish between transparent language — mainly denoting the style of objective or classic realism pretending to use language as a window through which the reader can look at the world — and opaque language which goes beyond objectivity, draws attention to itself and thereby distanciates the reader.¹

Opaqueness may seem a vague, ambiguous, and therefore dangerous word. It points, however, at numerous other terms indispensable for a stylistic study of Joyce and of modernism

¹ I am thinking here in particular of two recent books on James Joyce: Hugh Kenner, *Joyce's Voices* (Faber & Faber, 1978) and Colin MacCabe, *James Joyce & the Revolution of the Word* (Macmillan, 1978). Significantly, the former has a chapter entitled "Beyond Objectivity", and the latter has one entitled "A Radical Separation of the Elements: the Distanciation of the Reader in *Ulysses*".

in general: artifice, mannerism, *espace littéraire*, poetic language, irony, parody, self-consciousness and, coming closer to linguistics: foregrounding, de-familiarization, signifier — signified. In my thinking about the discourse of *Ulysses* I have therefore, decided to use it in this context and to examine it somewhat more closely, mainly from two points of view: the forms it takes in the text of the novel and the effect it has on the involvement or distancing of the reader.

I started from a suggestion, made by Hugh Kenner in his book *Joyce's Voices*, that *Ulysses* begins as a homage to objective realism, but proceeds to kick it to shreds.²

In a review of this book,³ Shari Benstock remarks that even the very first sentence of *Ulysses* — “Stately, plump Buck Mulligan” — isn't too objective, implying that a standard of objectivity simply does not exist, either in the novel or in the world outside. Perhaps so, yet I still believe it is rewarding to look at *Ulysses* as set against the background of the realistic tradition in fiction (which is difficult to define, but certainly exists) and see how it concurs with or diverges from it.

When writing *Ulysses*, Joyce certainly relied on many literary traditions, realism among them. But it is also probably true that he kicked every single one of them to shreds — before reassembling and recombining their parts into the unique, inimitable literary structure which is *Ulysses*.

Sticking to Kenner's metaphor, I detected the first strong unexpected kick against the bastion of realism early in the novel, on the sixth page of the first chapter, in the passage which begins with a quotation from Yeats' poem “Who Goes with Fergus” and continues with Joyce's text

*And no more turn aside and brood
Upon Love's bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.*

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide . . . Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open . . . (pp. 15—16)⁴

² Kenner, *op. cit.*, p. 94.

³ *Modern Fiction Studies*, Summer 1979, pp. 81—83.

⁴ All quotations from *Ulysses* are from the Penguin edition.

Reading the first sentence of the description, starting with *Woodshadows* I found it quite normal, unobtrusive, "transparent". Then — sometimes direct experience helps — I remembered seeing Stephen's Mantello tower in Dun Laoghaire. There are no woods, and therefore no woodshadows there. And then also, or was it before?, I remembered the remaining lines of "Who Goes with Fergus"

*And rules the shadows of the woods
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars*

This meant that Joyce had in fact been cheating. Without any previous preparation, taking us by surprise as it were, he introduced a cuckoo's egg into a nest of swallows. The woodshadows flow so vividly, that for him they have apparently become a part of reality. Yet Joyce has not prepared us for this, he has given us no signal. The woodshadows are sprung at us as if out of ambush — the ambush of another convention.⁵ I can't be too emphatic in stressing Joyce's slyness at this point. In the novel this seems to me to be the first clear sign that Joyce does not play by the old rules and that the text of *Ulysses* is in fact a stylistic minefield: we never know when we are going to fly into the air or be rammed into the ground.

Let me quote the sentence again: *Woodshadows floated silently through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed.* On one possible level of analysis this sentence seems quite transparent. The morning peace, the stairhead and the sea belong or refer to the "real" world outside; the woodshadows belong to Stephen's inner world; they are not woodshadows of the world but woodshadows of the mind. At the same time they are woodshadows of literature: their primary source is neither outer nor inner reality, but a Book, and they are, moreover, placed into the text as a clearly literary sign, obstructing our view of reality.

Both as rendered experience and as written text the woodshadows are intruders. They break a code, and shatter the convention of stylistic unity — in this case the convention of

⁵ It is interesting to note that Kenner also refers to these woodshadows. He does not, however, refer them to Yeats, but to the use of free indirect style. About the same passage he says rather ambiguously: "These thoughts of woodshadows floating are not Stephen's, not quite, but the sentences that brush them in absorb Stephen-words and Stephen-rhythms, moving us imperceptibly into Stephen's thoughts." (*Joyce's Voices*, p. 71.)

what, lacking a better term, Kenner has called objective realism. Metaphorically speaking they are twice removed from the objective World — extracted from a book, refracted through a mind.

This example is an instance of opaqueness. Moreover, it is emblematic of the *two types of introversion, the two movements away from the World*, which are both typical of modernism, but cohabit in a unique relationship within *Ulysses*. One is the psychological shift, the voyage inward, into the Mind. The other is the formalist's enclosure into language, the voyage from the World into the Book.

In this paper, I have used the concept of opaqueness rather broadly as subsuming all the devices by which a text departs from the general (and necessarily abstract) norm of realistic transparency derived from the notion that literature is 'mere' mirroring or imitation of life. In a more formalist sense, I have relied on the definition of realism as "the representation of experience in a manner which approximates closely to descriptions of similar experience in nonliterary texts of the same culture".⁶ This definition offered by David Lodge in his *Modes of Modern Writing* seems especially helpful with Joyce. Realism is, namely, so often defined by the subject matter prevailing in realistic novels: recognizable, ordinary, everyday events, especially unpoetic, trivial or unpleasant events: in that regard no novel is more realistic, even naturalistic than *Ulysses*. Its discourse, however, tells a different story.

Although Lodge's critical approach is an interesting elaboration of mainly Jakobson's theories, he draws from various other formalist and structuralist sources, arguing that

Formalism is the logical aesthetic for modernist art, though not all modernist writers accepted or acknowledged this. From the position that art offers a privileged insight into reality there is a natural progression to the view that art is not concerned with reality at all, but is an autonomous activity, a superior kind of game.⁷

Characteristically, Lodge quotes from Roland Barthes as well

modern literature is trying through various experiments, to establish a new status in writing for the act of writing. The meaning or the goal of this effort is to substitute the instance of discourse for the instance of reality (or of the referent) which

⁶ David Lodge, *Modes of Modern Writing*, Edward Arnold, 1977, p. 25.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 48.

has been, and still is, a mythical "alibi" dominating the idea of literature. The field of the writer is nothing but the writing itself, not as a pure "form" conceived by an aesthetic of art for art's sake, but, much more radically, as the only area (espace) for the one who writes.

Lodge points out that, although Barthes is carefully discriminating between his views and those held by "the old symbolist modernism", there is a clear continuity between them and the modernism's departure from mimetic realism, in particular the stress it lays on the importance of language, not just as ornament, but as "the only area" of writing. Here is Barthes again:

these facts of language were not readily perceptible so long as literature pretended to be a *transparent expression of either objective calendar time or of psychological subjectivity*, that is to say, as long as literature maintained a totalitarian ideology of the referent, or more commonly speaking *as long as literature was realistic* (italics mine).⁸

At this stage Barthes' attitude towards the transparency of realism was certainly derogatory. It was only later in *S/Z*, as Lodge also points out, that Barthes became ready to admit that realism also had a style. The same attitude can be detected in Colin MacCabe's controversial book *James Joyce and the Revolution of the Word*. The central argument of the book is an attempt to see Joyce from a position combining Marxism and psychoanalysis and obviously biased against the transparency of representational realistic writing which is dismissed as a "meta-language"!⁹ In his opinion Joyce's language, on the contrary, refuses the very category of meta-language and becomes an object-language containing obscurely figured truths, thereby defying the division between World and Word. A "classic realist" text, George Eliot's, for instance, reflects the "conviction that the real can be displayed and examined through a perfectly transparent language". Fielding, on the other hand, "placed his fictions as fictions", bringing into the foreground, as Joyce later did himself, "the play of the language". Hugh Kenner presents a similar argument, applying it directly to Joyce's work. It runs as follows: in *Dubliners*, Joyce had kept his language transparent on the whole — a medium through which we perceive the goings-on — so that

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 60. Both passages are from Barthes' paper "To Write: An Intransitive Verb?", *The Structuralist Controversy* ed. R. Macksey and E. Donato, Baltimore 1972.

⁹ Cf. MacCabe, *op. cit.*, Ch II ("The End of a Meta-Language: From George Eliot to Dubliners").

we are able to comprehend them as the characters are not. Joyce, Kenner continues, begins *Ulysses* with this in mind, plus interior monologue, his "chief new device".

But with the eleventh episode, called "Sirens", something changed, that the author's staunchest advocate, Ezra Pound, was dismayed. (Would these events really lose, Pound wrote to ask, by being told in "simple Maupassant?") For no longer do we see the foreground postures directly, in order to see past them perhaps to Homer. Our immediate awareness now is of screens of language, through or past which it is not easy to see.

The language is what we now confront (italics mine).¹⁰

Language through which we see, screens of language — along with Barthes and Lodge, Kenner is also in fact speaking about transparent and opaque language, about the techniques of realism, the illusion of reality. Instead of "classic realism", which McCabe pinned, derogatorily, on George Eliot, Kenner talks about "objective realism", which he pins, with only qualified praise, onto Swift — as the first in a line of writers who based their narrative on scientific observation and experiment, tending to equate experience with the discrete reports of the senses.

The two movements away from the World — into the Mind and into the Book — are somewhat less precise and more metaphoric ways of denoting what John Fletcher and Malcolm Bradbury have called the introversion of the modernist novel, its two introversions in fact. One of them tends towards subjectivity, the flow of consciousness, in so many cases that of the author as writer himself; the other tends to stress the novel as an artificial game, a kind of substitute reality. The result of both "is a progressive fading of that realism which has long been associated with the novel; *Language ceases to be what we see through, and becomes what we see.* The novel hangs on the border between the mimetic and the autotelic species of literature, between an art made by imitating things outside itself, and an art that is *an internally coherent making*" (italics mine).¹¹

Or, as Hillis Miller has formulated it "there may be a new way a narrative is a product of a desire on the part of its author to create a supplementary reality. Present . . . is one form or another of the opposition, fundamental in literature, between mimetic realism and some conception of a narrative as a fabric of language generating meaning from the reference

¹⁰ Kenner, *op. cit.*, p. 41.

¹¹ John Fletcher and Malcolm Bradbury, "The Introverted Novel", *Modernism* (editors the same), Penguin, 1976, p. 401.

of words to other, anterior words . . ."¹² By drawing our attention to the Word, Joyce occasionally makes it possible for us to interpret passages and aspects of *Ulysses* in terms of Thomist "wholeness, harmony and radiance" and in terms of Cassirer's and Jung's idealism, or Northrop Frye's monad which allows for complete metaphorical identification. On the other hand these instruments of artifice also enable us to see *Ulysses* as a self-conscious novel. *Ulysses*, however, is not self-conscious in the strict sense most clearly represented by Diderot or Sterne, but in a wider sense formulated, for instance, by Robert Alter:

A self-conscious novel is one that *systematically flaunts its own condition of artifice* and by so doing probes into the problematic relationship between real-seeming artifice and "reality" . . . A fully self-conscious novel is one in which from beginning to end, *through the style*, the handling of narrative viewpoint, the names and words imposed on the characters, the patterning of the narration, the nature of the characters and what befalls them, there is a consistent effort to convey to us a sense of the fictional world as an authorial construct set up against a background of literary tradition and convention (*italics mine*).¹³

With one possible emendation: Joyce does indeed flaunt his artifice, but hides behind it as author-narrator. Instead of seeing *Ulysses* as an authorial construct, could we not, therefore, rather see it as a monument to impersonality written by the language itself? As Gérard Genette says: «L'écrivain est celui qui ne sait et ne peut penser que dans le silence et secret de l'écriture, celui qui sait et éprouve à chaque instant que lorsqu' il écrit, *ce n'est pas lui qui pense son langage, mais son langage qui le pense, et pense hors de lui.*"¹⁴

Each of the two introversions tends to use its own techniques: The stylistic devices used by the first include interior monologue and/or stream of consciousness, the breaking up of chronologically ordered narrative nad syntax, leit-motifs, "spatial form" and "poetic" devices such as figures, tropes, sound effects etc — mostly in a psychologic function, that is, as functions of some character or his consciousness. The second introversion is not psychological as a rule, but, rather, "literary" (Jakobson talks about the "literariness" of literature!) and formalist: in *Ulysses* it is marked by irony, use of cliché, pun, allusions (very complex) and quotations,

¹² Hillis Miller (ed.), *Aspects of Narrative*, 1, 1971.

¹³ Seymour Chatman, *Story and Discourse*, Cornell University Press, 1978, p. 250.

¹⁴ Gérard Genette, *Figures II*, Editions du Seuil, 1969, p. 22.

references to various spiritual disciplines (religion, criticism, philosophy, science, esoteric lore etc.), imitation of literary styles and genres, mostly in the form of parodies and pastiches of English writers, or of catechism, dramatic dialogue, journalistic etc.). Each of these have been frequently discussed by critics. Not enough has been said, however, about their interrelationship within the text and the extent to which they both reveal and hide the World through the literary forms they create. Commenting on Ortega y Gasset's theory of the dehumanization of art, Fletcher and Bradbury remind us that in modernism "the form is not simply an enabling means of handling the content, but in some sense it *is* the content; experience generates form but form generates experience, and it is in the delicate intersections between the claims of *formal wholeness and human contingency* that we find some of the central aesthetics and tactics of Modernist fiction" (italics mine).¹⁵ How does this function in practice, in the text of *Ulysses*? And how do these mainly divergent claims of formal wholeness and human contingency affect the reader?

Simplifying very much, we might state that the first introversion tends to involve the reader and further his identification with the characters, their problems and emotions, while the second tends to distance him. This is a very important distinction, which in fact lies at the root of one of the greatest feuds among Joyceans. The first tendency is used as the starting point by those readers and critics (and they are legion) who in spite of everything see *Ulysses* primarily as a novel of human fate, an epic of man's body and spirit, a novel about the City, about the Artist, about Common Man and Woman. The other tendency would answer for what John Gross has called "the element of icecold detachment in the book as a whole".¹⁶ In my belief it is essential for our understanding of the novel to see *Ulysses* as the supreme example of the co-existence rather than the fusion of these opposites. Through one of them, Joyce is religiously using the Word to strengthen the illusion of reality, "to recreate life out of life". Through the other, he is continually debunking it — with tongue in cheek, potato in pocket and, as Kenner wittily remarks, forty stylistic variations "in utero" in one chapter alone, *Oxen of the Sun*.

¹⁵ Fletcher/Bradbury, *op. cit.*, pp. 397—398.

¹⁶ Quoted by Maurice Beebe in *Ulysses: Fifty Years*, Indiana University Press, 1974, p. 181.

Critics have remarked that *both* tendencies can be traced back to the heritage of impressionism and symbolism: "Literary impressionism is, not surprisingly, a matter of linguistic techniques, the attempt to make language the act of perception rather than analysis of the act, to make language *experiential activity* rather than *description of activity*" (italics mine).¹⁷ This is what Henry James meant when he said: "Don't state, render". This is what Ezra Pound had in mind when, talking about Shakespeare's "dawn in russet mantle clad", he said in *A retrospect*: "There is in this line of his nothing that one can call description: he presents." On the other hand, impressionism had its solipsistic, self-reflexive side which stressed the process of artistic composition, and the religious aestheticism of the symbolists was also tinged by irony. Along with other influences, it is this latter aspect of impressionism and symbolism that went into the making of Joyce the parodist, the self-conscious ironist and cold artificier and, we might add, the distanciator. On the one hand, language as experiential activity, on the other language as artifact: *Fire and Ice*. On the one hand the author involves us, draws us into his artifice, and, through it, into the character's psychology and the recreation of experience; on the other, he keeps us at bay, plays, ironizes, hides behind his devices.

But it is not as simple as it seems. We all know that interior monologue, which is supposed to recreate the inner life of the characters, prevails only in the first third of the novel, and that in the remaining, much larger part of the novel, direct access to the human contingency of the characters is impeded by distanciating techniques. In spite of that, doesn't Bloom grow in stature as the novel proceeds, just as Joyce had intended him to?

In the remaining two thirds of the novel, referentiality is certainly obscured by "screens of language", by opaqueness. Yet opaqueness is a feature of the early part of the novel as well. The second part of the novel is dominated by the distanciating techniques of irony and parody. Yet — as I shall try to show later on — interior monologue, as well as description and dialogue, are often shown in an ironical perspective and even turned into parodies. When the writer wishes us to "experience" something related to Bloom or Stephen, he often uses "poetic" devices which involve us as

¹⁷ Clive Scott, "Symbolism, Decadence and Impressionism", *Modernism*, p. 222.

a rule; but aren't these devices also a way by which language is drawing attention to itself? Aren't they also artifacts? Does their opaqueness have a different effect on the reader than, say, the opaqueness of parody, and, if so, what does the difference consist of? Before proceeding, one should pay tribute to the advocates of the unity and coherence of *Ulysses*. Unity is certainly there — in its story, idea, theme, mythic reference, structuring of motifs and symbols, dominant ironic tone etc. In many ways *Ulysses* is certainly much more tightly structured than most novels that preceded it. Its two introversions and the extraordinarily numerous, often conflicting, techniques they entail do, however, occasionally act as disrupting forces. From this point of view, the basic division of *Ulysses* into two parts is justified. The first third of the novel is dominated by one type of opaqueness characterized by interior monologue, mainly psychologically motivated, its language is reaching towards the status of experiential activity, and it tends to involve the reader. The remaining two-thirds of the novel are not psychological; they are visibly "made", artificial and cold, they distanciate the reader. In spite of Joyce's irony, in the first part the reader can easily identify himself with Bloom feeding his cat, frying the kidney, worrying about his wife, or meditating on the destiny of the Jewish race. In the second part, Bloom becomes a musical motif (*Sirens*), a grotesque puppet (*Circe*) and a secondary theme of literary parody (*Oxen of the Sun*). He moves from the area of the world into the "area of literature".

This division is useful, however, only as long as we use it in the most flexible manner, allowing for the most unexpected reversals, fusions and confusions. At the moment of our strongest identification with Bloom in *Lestrygonians*, for instance, the hidden author-narrator distanciates us with an ironical device. In spite of the coldness of the catechistic manner of *Ithaca*, Joyce suddenly draws us into an intense human and mythic identification with Bloom and Molly. One and the same "foregrounding" device sometimes serves different ends, while different techniques may be used to achieve one and the same effect. The agglomeration of images characteristic of stream of consciousness, for instance, can at one moment enhance our involvement with Bloom's state of mind; in some other context the same device does not represent anybody's consciousness, but is psychologically completely unrepresentative and becomes the structural intersection of certain motifs and themes summed up by Joyce outside and apart from the characters' minds, (see

example II below). On the other hand, maximal identification with Bloom can be achieved both through a rather transparent and direct and only occasionally poetically charged approach (*Lestrygonians*), as well as pseudo-scientific and mythic references (in *Ithaca*).

Before passing on to the interpretation of individual examples, let me sum up: Each of the two introversions of *Ulysses* is dominated by certain types of foregrounding based on certain stylistic devices. The two shifts from the World into the Mind and the World into the Book are accompanied as a rule by a shift from transparent to opaque language. The reader's respective involvement or distancing usually runs parallel to these shifts, although it can occasionally cut right across them: both types of introversion in *Ulysses* are highlighted in the direction of the "poetic" and the "parodic", that is, the ironic, creating the most unexpected combinations.

One more question should perhaps be considered at this point. In this paper, I keep talking about language, poetic devices, the voyage into the Book, literariness, style, artifice. Is my approach, therefore, formalistic? Am I trying to subordinate the questions of sense, content and meaning entirely to formal analysis?

Discussing Hjelmslev in *Figures II*, Genette reminds us — as does Seymour Chatman in *Story and Discourse* — that Hjelmslev does not oppose form to content but to substance, that is to say to "the inert mass either of the extra-linguistic reality (substance of content), or of the means, phonic or other, used by language (substance of expression)", which are subsequently mutually combined and structured into the form of content and the form of expression. Genette believes that in this way we can bypass the vulgar opposition of form and content understood as an opposition of words and objects, of "language" and "life".

If the pertinent opposition does not occur between form and content, but between form and substance, "formalism" will not consist of privileges given to form at the expense of sense — a meaningless proposition — but will consider sense itself as a form stamped into the continuity of the real according to a design which is the system of language: language has no other way of "expressing" the real but by *articulating* it, and this articulation is a system of forms both on the level of the signified and the level of the signifier.

By analogy, in literature

between the mass of reality which is amorphous from the literary point of view, and the mass of expressive means, which are equally amorphous, every literary "essence" interposes a system

of articulation which is, inextricably, both a form of experience and a form of expression. Formal nodes of this kind could represent the object par excellence of a type of criticism which one could call either formalist or thematic, — if one is ready to give the notion of *theme* a position on the plane of the signifier symmetrical to the one we have just given to the notion of form on the plane of the signified. Formalism, as we envisage it here, namely, does not oppose a criticism of sense (criticism deals with nothing but sense), but a criticism which would mix up sense and substance and which would neglect the role played by form in *working towards sense*. Let us note, that it would also oppose (just as some Russian formalists have done) a criticism which would reduce expression to mere substance, phonic, graphic or other. What it looks for in the first place are those themes-forms, those two-faced structures in which are articulated the choices from language and the choices from existence that linked together compose what tradition has luckily so equivocally called a *style*.¹⁸

Through Joyce's two introversions we get *involved* with the world and *distanciated* from the world, but we never *reject* the world and its meanings. Speaking of form, we speak, or wish to speak, about sense. Joyce's choice from language — which is our primary interest in this paper — is for us equally a choice from life.

The text

Example I

Lestrygonians

(1) Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings. Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all. High voices. Sunwarm silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth of the world.

(2) 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.

(3) Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then.

(4) He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jangling hoofhuds. Perfumed bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass, in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

¹⁸ Genette, *op. cit.*, pp. 18 and 19—20.

(5) Jack, love!
Darling!
Kiss me, Reggy!
My boy!
Love!

(6) His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed.

Men, men, men. Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches (...) Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spat on sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment. (pp. 168-9)

(7) *Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She . . . (...)*

(8) Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. *Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth. Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy . . .*

(9) His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves, curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them library museum standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. (...)

(10) Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass (to the lees) and walked, (to men too they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men lovers, a youth enjoyed her,) to the yard. (pp. 174—6)*

Prevailing in these extracts from *Lestrygonians* is interior monologue¹⁹ alternating freely with descriptions using the third person pronoun, passing through *indirect free style* — sentences grammatically in the third person yet incorporating the voice of the protagonist, or grammatically indeterminate and therefore difficult to pinpoint from the point of view of narration. Thus, for instance, "Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed" (8) or "Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder to go to do" (10) are technically not interior monologue because Bloom is referred to in the third person, although we may suppose that part of the text's expressiveness is Bloom's own. To the constantly alternating narrative points of view are added other stylistic devices which stress the role of language as experiential activity, an instrument of expression. The first passage (1) is suggestive thematically, while syntactically ordered; in it some critics would distinguish between the stream of perception (the first three sentences) and the stream of thought (the remaining three sentences, which do not register what directly surrounds Bloom, but associations and thoughts caused by direct perceptions); passage (2) is not interior monologue, but narration by the third person pronoun, and in this respect set in perspective against passage (1). In it, however, the sentence we have underlined is foregrounded by its word-order. "All him assailed" is even grammatically incorrect, and is therefore not just an example of poetic inversion, as suggested by some critics, but of a more significant deformation characteristic of modernism. Right afterwards (3) the text again reverts to interior monologue which is neither thematically nor formally suggestive, but which summarily registers perceptions and thoughts; this extract might be considered transparent in the

* This and the following quotations are from the Penguin edition of *Ulysses*. Italics mine.

¹⁹ I sometimes use the terms 'interior monologue' and 'stream of consciousness' indiscriminately, although on the whole I tend to use the latter term for presentations of deeper layers of consciousness. The more technical term for both would be 'direct free style', as suggested by Chatman.

sense suggested by Barthes in the passage quoted above. It should be pointed out, however, that this text is actually reversing what is usually assumed about the stream of consciousness, turning it **upside down**: our notion of interior monologue, which so often relies on poetic expressiveness, is here either completely neutral (3) or just thematically suggestive (1), while the poetically most strongly charged and linguistically and syntactically most strongly foregrounded passage is in fact the "narrated" one (2): "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." The entire text from *Lestrygonians* is in fact psychologically motivated, in accordance with the traditional demands of character drawing, creation of atmosphere and plot-structuring. Central to it are Bloom and his feelings and thoughts, rendered and recreated so as to get under the skin of experience, become its verbal equivalent. *Perfume of embraces all him assailed*: language is here trying to merge with experience, and experience to flow into the images, rhythms, assonances and the syntax which is as mixed up as Bloom is at that moment. The covert narrator "recreates life out of life" (renders, presents, gives us the feel of something that lies beneath and beyond consciousness, coming thus perhaps even to the threshold of unformed, inchoate states of being). In this second passage, the sentences become opaque, artificial. However, they direct our attention to their elaboration primarily in order to draw us into the experience rendered, to involve us, to force us to commit and identify ourselves. And the same happens in the last passage in this series (6), although the scene is unpleasant and disgusting.

Yet if we read passages 1—5 in unbroken succession, as they appear in the novel, we become aware of a countercurrent running through them as well. Subversion follows immediately after passage (2). We could paraphrase Shelley here and ask: "In Joyce, when the sublime is here, can the sordid be far behind?" Even within the seemingly compact group (2), doesn't the last phrase, "he *mutely* craved to adore", allow for ironic interpretation in its comically intoned context? Besides, all these four sentences are certainly set into ironic perspective by the short, clipped, laconic interior stage-directions immediately following (3). Passage (4) also operates on a diminishing scale: kissing is lovely in deep summer fields, but looks less attractive in trickling hallways of tenements and on creaking bedsprings. The reader's

involvement gets progressively deflated like a bicycle tyre: pfff! Another deflating device are the five exclamations (5) (remembered or imagined and presumably recorded by Bloom's stream of consciousness). *Who* are Jack and Reggy? And what vulgar names! How separated on the page, not "streaming" into each other at all! I do not think we can get involved here. Not knowing who Jack and Reggy are and if they exist at all, we are missing an important psychological motivational link. These persons are not *really* present. Their exclamations have something of the gratuitous "dialogues" in *Circe*; they undermine our involvement, clip the wings of our illusion, they are artificial and distant, they leave us cold.

On the whole, however, recreation of experience still prevails in *Lestrygonians*. A famous example of this is the sentence: *Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawksih cheese.* (7) Who is the narrator of this sentence? Is it a recreation of Bloom's sense impressions from the inside, or a presentation from the outside? The sentence is syntactically unformed (distorted, incomplete). Characteristically, there are no pronouns, and what are the verb forms? Could they perhaps all be past participles? In that case we might consider this sentence as evading the clutches of point-of-view compartmentalization and trying to transcribe an experience, an experience lying much deeper than words, certainly not interior monologue, perhaps a stream of the senses, the words, devoid of rational and syntactic links, being rolled in their unstructured liquid sentence like bits of food in liquid saliva. And then, after a page of interior monologue which is rather transparent and matter-of-fact, without too many poetic devices, the sentences: *Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed.* (Notice how ungrammatical — who swallowed? — the subject is missing!) *Crushing in the winepress grapes of burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory. Touched his sense moistened remembered . . .* Undeniably there are changes in pronouns here which do matter for the narration, although I am not suggesting that they are of primary importance. Yet they contribute to our impression that Joyce is working his theme both from the inside and the outside, trying to achieve some sort of impossible unity of language and experience, turning each of them **inside out**. In the sentences we have underlined, Joyce seems to have reached **the climax of expressiveness involving the reader in the personal fate of the protagonist with interior monologue as the central technique**. As in the previous example, however, here again we find

devices running in the opposite direction, and distancing the reader. After about one page of text, Bloom, the lover, must go to the toilet (10). Here irony does not seem enough, and Joyce resorts to parody, perhaps of Hamlet (to go to do not to do) or perhaps of Pythia's "ibis redibis . . .". Furthermore, he employs an entirely misplaced mock-heroic cliché (does one have to be *a man and ready*, to go where Bloom has to go?) followed by another similar equally arbitrary cliché (*drained his glass to the lees*). The episode closes with thoughts that bring us back to the Goddesses in passage (9) while, quite anti-climactically, Bloom exits into the yard. From the point of view of narration, this passage (10) is stupendously muddled. The first sentence is third person and the end of the second one is probably an insert from Bloom's stream of consciousness. The text in between is narrated by the covert narrator-author, but there is no point in calling him omniscient. He is the artificer playing with language, using irony, parody and cliché which do not futher the progress of Bloom's story; they add nothing to the motivation of his character. Joyce here is throwing the ball directly at us, bypassing Bloom, and telling us: "see, I am *Making* all this." And this attitude marks the other introversion, the shift into the Book.

In dealing with these extraordinarily rich, varied, complex and quite undisguised shifts in literary technique, we should perhaps remind ourselves of two, concepts used by older formalist and structuralist criticism and certainly applicable in the analysis of Joyce's devices: *actualization* or *foregrounding* and *de-familiarization* or *making strange*. Actualization is a term introduced by the Czech structuralists in the thirties and defined by Mukařovský as the "aesthetically intentional distortion of linguistic components". In a revealing and critical interpretation of this term, Jiří Veltruský warns us of the danger of using it as a general aesthetic criterion mainly because it lays too much stress on the concept of deformation as a constitutive element of the artistic.

The concept of actualization was vague in itself as well as ill-defined in its relation to that of deformation, and its content kept shifting. On the one hand, in accordance with the formalist view, actualization was opposed to automatization, which precluded an aesthetic effect, and was therefore defined as the deautomatization of an act. In this sense, living poetic language was opposed both to the language of communication and to poetic language automatized by tradition. On the other hand, actualization served to describe the relations which stood out or predominated were deemed actualized while the others were not (Mukařovský, 1932b). The ambiguity of the term has created a revealing problem for those translators who feel that it is not acceptable

in English: Garvin's felicitous "foregrounding" (Garvin, 1964) eliminates the first sense, while "de-automatization", preferred by Burbank and Steiner (Mukařovský, 1977, 1978) and sometimes also used by Mukařovský himself, eliminates the second.²⁰

It is interesting to note that Lodge takes over the concept only in the sense of *foregrounding*, giving it another little twist in the direction of opacity: "Any item of discourse that attracts attention to itself for what it is, rather than acting merely as a vehicle of information, is foregrounded."²¹

Veltruský also draws our attention to the similarities between Mukařovský's concept, especially in the first sense (de-automatization) with the concept of *ostranenie*, translated as (*making strange* or *defamiliarization*) which was used by the Russian formalists and most systematically expounded by Viktor Shklovskij, who wrote as far back as 1917: "The technique of art is to make objects 'unfamiliar', to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception, because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object is not important."²² In the same essay from which Veltruský is quoting, *Iskustvo kak priem*, Shklovskij also says: "And it is for this, to recapture the feel of life, to be able to feel things again, to make a stone a stone, that the thing we call art exists." This is analogous to Stephen Dedalus' wish to "recreate life out of life". It asks for "enhanced effects", for expressiveness and involvement. Yet Shklovskij also stresses that "poetic idiom is a constructed idiom"; it is deformed. He further defines involvement. Yet Shklovskij also stresses that "poetic idiom is *tion*".²³ Shklovskij is in fact already speaking of artistic opacity.

Actualization in the sense of foregrounding might, however, be of practical use for us, if only in a limited and modified way. A foreground always implies a background — linguistic or other — against which it is highlighted. Ignoring the aesthetic value of the foregrounded item as such, we might use the term to denote any significant shift in technique, tone

²⁰ Jiří Veltruský, "Jan Mukařovský's Structural Poetics and Esthetics", *Poetics Today*, Winter 1980—81, p. 135.

²¹ For a discussion of 'foregrounding' Cf. Lodge, *op. cit.*, pp. 2—6 and later.

²² Veltruský, *op. cit.*, pp. 134—135.

²³ Retranslated from Croatian translation in Viktor Šklovski, *Uskrsnuće riječi* (Resurrection of the Word), Stvarnost, Zagreb, pp. 48—9 and 50.

or attitude to be found in a literary text. And it is the quality, nature and effect of these shifts, and especially the frequency of these shifts, producing in *Ulysses* its unique, extremely puzzling blend of human contingency and literary artifice, that constitute the central concern of this paper. *Ulysses* could thus be seen as a heavily foregrounded novel, destroying one type of foregrounding as soon as it has been created, then replacing it by another. In the course of this process, the foreground becomes background which again reappears as foreground and recapitulates the cycle, always with new variations. Veering between the psychological and non-psychological function, flouting nearly every single traditional rule of verisimilitude and decorum, pushing the strain between unity and diversity to the extreme limits of the humanly acceptable, *Ulysses* might perhaps profitably be described and interpreted as the most heavily foregrounded novel in the history of literature.

Example II

Nausicaa

(1) Short snooze now if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat long gone. Not even the smoke. *And she can do the other. Did too.* And Belfast. I won't go. Race there, race back to Ennis. *Let him.* Just close my eyes a moment. Won't sleep though. *Half dream.* It never comes the same. Bat again. No harm in him. Just a few.

(2) O sweetly all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon señorita young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next in her next. (p. 379)

Circe

(3) Bang fresh barang bang of lacquey's bell, horse, nag, steer, piglings, Conmee on Christass lame crutch and leg sailor in cockboat armfolded ropepulling hitching stamp hornpipe through and through, Baraabum! On nags, hogs, bellhorses, Gadarene swine, Corny in coffin. Steel shark stone onehanded Nelson, two trickies Frauenzimmer plumstained from pram falling bawling. Gum, he's a champion. Fuselue peer from barrel rev. evensong Love on hackney jaunt

Blazes blind coddoubled bicyclers Dilly with snow-cake no fancy clothes. Then in last wiswitchback lumbering up and down bump mashtub sort of vice-roy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Baraabum! (p. 515)

True to his *upside-down* looking-glass world, Lewis Carroll created a new animal, the mock turtle out of which mock-turtle soup can then be made. The examples in this section show that, along with genuine stream of consciousness, Joyce has similarly produced a mock version of it.

We have stated already that interior monologue (stream of consciousness) in *Ulysses* is by definition related to psychological presentation which mostly draws us into the character's experience. These examples above, however, seem to tell a different story. The first passage above from *Nausicaa* (1) may be denoted as a standard, rather transparent example of interior monologue. The second passage seems to differ ever so subtly from the first. In it we are supposedly facing what is passing through Bloom's mind while "snoozing" off. However, in the crowded density of its motifs, this passage strikes us as more visibly constructed than the previous one: by analogy with earlier examples, one would expect that imitating Bloom's "drowsy numbness" Joyce would create more fully the illusion of reality. In contrast to previous examples (*Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory.*) one wonders whether the imitative reconstruction of the flow of the mind has not been forgone here in favour of extremely free linguistic structuring only partly motivated by psychology. I should say that construction has here imposed itself on psychological motivation instead of the other way round. Owing to this, the passage strikes us as a psychologically arbitrary sum of motifs, more important as part of the thematic structure of the book than as the expression of an individual state of mind.

It is particularly interesting to study the passage from *Circe* with this in mind. In *Ulysses*, as in other modernist novels, such agglomerations of motifs are usually a signal that we are dealing with stream of consciousness. The convention of *Ulysses* in fact only allows such sentence organization when rendering pre-verbal, pre-rational states of mind. The example from *Circe*, however, is not stream of consciousness: Stephen has not heard the bell in front of the auction room, and we know that the image of the cod-doubled bicycler is Bloom's image, not Stephen's. Critics have suggested that this passage

might represent some kind of collective stream of consciousness. Even if we accepted this possibility, the passage would still strike us as extremely artificial, primarily owing to the quantity of animal allusions it contains. These allusions cannot be fully justified by the psychological context of the novel. They must also be seen as part of the deliberate and undisguised literary design of the novel (Homeric parallel, metamorphosis theme), symbolically and obliquely rather than psychologically related to the characters.

To sum up. The stream of consciousness technique in *Ulysses* is preeminently psychologically motivated. It ranges from fairly transparent forms to poetically strongly foregrounded ones and functions as one of the preeminent vehicles of language as experiential activity capable of involving the reader. As a result of the novel's affair with artifice, however, the mind sometimes disappears as the background of this device. What remains is a tangle of images and motifs, a grid, often coloured by irony and parody, estranged from psychology, disengaging us from the fate of the characters, relevant for the overall thematic structure of the novel, bringing the Mind to the side of the Book.

Example III

Cyclops

(1) In Inisfail the fair there lies a land, the land of holy Michan. There rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept, warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the gunnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut, the gibbed haddock, the grilse, the dab, the brill, the flounder, the mixed coarse fish generally and *other denizens of the too numerous aqueous kingdom to be enumerated.* (...) Lovely maidens sit in close proximity to the roots of the lovely trees singing the most lovely songs while they play with *all kinds of lovely objects* as for example golden ingots, silvery fishes, crans of herrings, drafts of eels, codlings, creels of fingerlings, purple seagems and playful insects. (p. 292)

(2) And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old sheepsface on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it. When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld the

chariot wherein He stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld Him in the chariot. (...) And they beheld Him even Him, *ben Bloom Elijah*, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness *at an angle of fortyfive degrees* over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel. (p. 343)

Circe

(3) They pass. Tommy Caffrey scrambles to a gas-lamp and, clasping, climbs in spasms. From the top spur he slides down. Jacky Caffrey clasps to climb. The navy lurches against the lamp. The twins scuttle off in the dark. The navy, swaying, presses a forefinger against a wing of his nose and ejects from the farther nostril a long liquid jet of snot. Shouldering the lamp he staggers away through the crowd with his flaring cresset.

Snakes of river fog creep slowly. From drains, clefts, cesspools, middens arise on all sides stagnant fumes. A glow elaps in the south beyond the seaward reaches of the river. The navy staggering forward cleaves the railway bridge Bloom appears flushed, panting, cramming bread and chocolate into a side pocket. From Gillen's hairdresser's window a composite portrait shows him gallant Nelson's image. A concave mirror at the side presents to him lovelorn longlost lugubru Booloohoom. Grave Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the stare of truculent Wellington but in the convex mirror grin unstruck the bonham eyes and fatchuck cheek-chops of jollypoldy the rixdix doldy.

At Antonio Rabaiotti's door Bloom halts, sweated under the bright arclamps. He disappears. In a moment he reappears and hurriers on.

BLOOM: Fish and taters. N.g.Ah!

(He disappears into Olhousen's, the pork butcher's, under the downcoming rollshutter. A few moments later he emerges from under the shutter, puffing Poldy, blowing Bloohoom. In each hand he holds a parcel, one containing a lukewarm pig's crubeen, the other a cold sheep's trotter, sprinkled with whole-pepper. He gasps, standing upright. Then bending to one side he presses a parcel against his rib and groans). (p. 428)

Although the shift into the Book as artifact was signalled by Yeats' woodshadows at the very beginning of *Ulysses* we have pointed out that it begins to prevail more massively somewhere after the first third of the novel. Among the distancing techniques, we must certainly single out parody, not just in groups of phrases, short dialogues or passages as in I (5) and I (10), but in numerous long paragraphs of *Nausicaa* and *Cyclops* or even in entire chapters of *Ithaca* and *Oxen of the Sun*. As a literary device, parody is perhaps least suited to the demands of a story of human contingency. It is, however, the ideal medium for word games and stylistic virtuosity. In *Ulysses*, parody occasionally runs away from the story, but it is usually woven into the thematic or structural framework of the novel. It can be used, for instance, to make fun of the characters (as aspects of life) and styles (as aspects of literature). In the first section of *Wandering Rocks* parody is, for instance, used to make fun of snobbishness (father Conmee meets the wife of Mr. David Sheehy M.P.) and of realistic descriptions in literature ("a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm . . .").

The first passage from *Cyclops* in our example (III/1) has no direct relation to Bloom. Indirectly, however, it is related to the Citizen and all he stands for. Besides, it is an irresistibly funny text derisive of primitive notionalist notions and styles while at the same time skirting the limits of pure nonsense! The second passage (III/2) deals directly with Bloom. His escape from the pub is ironically foregrounded by a parody of the biblical style which is in turn ironically foregrounded by the scientific measurement of the angle under which he ascended to heaven, which is in turn set into ironic perspective by a colloquial phrase ("like a shot off a shovel"). As parody is usually considered to be a stylistic device of the second order, we cannot but admire the varied and important uses it has been put to in this novel.

Parody is rather easy to diagnose. It is much more difficult, for instance, to define the artificiality of *Circe*, to my mind one of the coldest and most distant chapters in the book. Although couched in dramatic form, it is as removed from Aristotle's concept of mimesis as are the parodies in *Oxen of the Sun*. This "drama" consists almost entirely of stage directions which are repulsive, grotesque, often burdened with the most arbitrary, yet pedantic detail (e.g. Molly "atten-

ded by an obsequious camel" being likened to Flaubert's description of Saint Anthony's vision of the Queen of Sheba!!). The descriptions contained in these stage directions do not satisfy the minimal requirements of verisimilitude, not only in the "hallucinated" scenes (e.g. Bloom with Bello), but even in the scenes which are supposedly closer to reality (the descriptions at the very opening of the chapter). Joyce who, when he tries, can catch the colloquial cadence of speech better than any writer in the language, here writes dialogue that no-one has ever spoken or will ever speak. The "speakers" are kisses, wreaths, shorthand and longhand, but they never even remotely come to life. What is more, it is the living characters who appear unreal, dead. Bloom and Stephen are present on nearly all the pages of this overlong chapter. Yet they behave like alienated wooden dolls. We are introduced to disgusting scenes at the very beginning of the novel. When the stench of Burton's restaurant is described in *Lestrygonians* (I/6) we know that it is experienced by Bloom and this motivates the disgust. In *Circe*, experience is rendered in the coldest, most roundabout manner. When the navy "ejects from the farthest nostril a long liquid jet of snot", the stylistic devices are identical to those used in *Lestrygonians*, but the effect is quite different. There is no identification (even if with something unpleasant), this is happening nowhere and to no-one, the action is isolated from the experience of the protagonists, it forms part of an impersonal structure. I should note at this point that I am fully aware that Joyce is doing this on purpose and that my analysis is not a criticism but, rather, an attempt to unravel the distancing techniques used in this chapter. The descriptions in *Circe* are exaggerated to the exclusion of all verisimilitude. The dog is of a different breed each time it is seen, the children from *Nausicaa* appear in improbable roles. Such scenes are often called hallucination. It should be stressed, however, that the dog metamorphosis, even if it were hallucinated by Bloom, has no psychological foundation but is a part of the Homeric pattern. Even when the supposedly psychological link exists (Bloom metamorphosed into a female, Stephen seeing his dead mother as an ugly monster) the characters seem divorced from their emotions in a somewhat Brechtian sense.

In this chapter, the border between reality and illusion is particularly elusive. The reader is supposed to pick out a few things that have "really" happened: Bloom has followed

Stephen to the brothel, spent some time there with him, saved him from the soldiers who attacked him. The shades of fantasy are however, thrown over all of the action: in the passage we are quoting (III/3) is Bloom really stuffing bread and chocolate into his pockets (already containing potato and soap and the "Sweets of Sin"!?) Does he really buy that pig's crubeen and sheep's trotter (sprinkled with pepper? at midnight, on his way to a brothel?). As Kenner remarks of another scene in this chapter: "This is bottomless!" The artificer's subterfuge has reached its apogee.

In *Cyclops* and *Oxen of the Sun*, Joyce has removed the characters from us through parody; in *Sirens*, they have become functions of the "musical" form. In *Circe*, they walk and talk before us as if on stage, but they are estranged from each other and from us; there is absolutely no communication. Characteristic in this respect are the games played with Bloom's name: Bloom stops being a person and becomes a series of sound variations (Poldy, the rixdix doldy!) Transparency has been replaced by the opaqueness of parodic foregrounding. Perhaps *Circe* is a kind of hallucination revealing the shameful corners of Bloom's and Stephen's nature and of human nature in general. In it we must not look, however, for direct psychological motivation and verisimilitude of detail. It is, rather, a stylistic exercise, a distant approximation of experience, both expressionistically hysterical and coloured by *Entfremdung*, willfully, even perversely constructed by the author.

Yet we know that *Ulysses* is a minefield. We know that nothing in it is quite what it seems. There is hardly an aspect, device or motif in the book which can be separated for prolonged inspection without bringing us to its negation, **turning us round and round**. Even in these examples, deliberately selected for the coldness of their artifice, we encounter elements that "humanize" Joyce's approach. In spite of the irony and parody which screens Bloom from us in these later chapters, we can detect in them the usual counter-current. Embedded in the middle of *Cyclops*, for instance, we find the moving scene in which Bloom talks of "love, the opposite of hate". We see him painfully confused when meeting Boylan or thinking of him. Even the parodies of *Oxen of the Sun* give us glimpses of *Meek Sir Leopold* "by love led on" and "woman's woe pondering". In spite of the wandering rocks of artifact the human story stays afloat.

Example IV

Ithaca

(1) In what directions did listener and narrator lie? Listener, S.E. by E.; Narrator, N.W. by W.; on the 53rd parallel of latitude, N. and 6th meridian of longitude, W.: at an angle of 45° to the terrestrial equator.

In what state of rest or motion?

At rest relatively to themselves and to each other. *In motion being each and both carried westward, forward and rereward respectively, by the proper perpetual motion of the earth through everchanging tracks of neverchanging space.*

In what posture?

Listener: reclined semilaterally, left, left hand under head, right leg extended in a straight line and resting on left leg, flexed, in the attitude of Gea-Tellus, fulfilled, recumbent, big with seed. Narrator: reclined laterally, left, with right and left legs flexed, the indexfinger and thumb of the right hand resting on the bridge of the nose, in the attitude depicted on a snapshot photograph made by Percy Apjohn, *the childman weary, the manchild in the womb.*

Womb? Weary?

He rests. He has travelled.

With?

Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer.

When?

Going to a dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler. Where? (pp. 657—8)

In *Ulysses* there is much that is disjointed, fragmented, artificially kept apart. Each theme, tone, attitude, impression and device is destroyed or put into ironic perspective by what follows, then rebuilt and reconstructed only to be destroyed again. The book is pervaded by a great centrifugal

force. Yet, I should like to conclude by commenting upon a passage that seems to me absolutely centripetal. It also seems to unite most elements discussed in this paper and some of those I could not afford to go into this time. It is the end of *Ithaca*, the penultimate chapter of the novel.

Critics have pointed out that this chapter is written in the so-called catechistic manner, a style characterized by a normative rather than speculative nature. From this formal and propedeutic side, *Ithaca* is a parody. On the level of content, it seems to be primarily preoccupied by "objective" data — from the content of the sideboard in the Blooms' kitchen to a treatise on the origin of the water flowing from the faucet. The parodic character of the chapter is underlined by the discrepancy between the apparent aim of the chapter — to give us as much information about the characters as possible —, and the catechistic method which admittedly is not the best vehicle for a meaningful and profound insight into human nature. This is further underlined by the pseudo-scientific content which is imposed on the discourse. In this chapter, Joyce certainly does flaunt his artifice. With a difference, however, because he succeeds in turning it into a most touching expression of human contingency. At the very close of the chapter, the coldness of parody seems to be humanized through a fusion of numerous, apparently disparate elements. Joyce describes Molly and Bloom lying in bed as if he was a Martian seeing the scene for the first time. This sets us at a distance from a situation which would otherwise seem very normal, even banal. It is, however, this very distance that unexpectedly and touchingly reveals their frailty, reminding us that the security of the bed, the marriage bed in particular, is illusory in more than one way. They are individually located and identified in greatest detail as Leopold and Molly Bloom, of 7 Eccles Street, Dublin, in the early hours of June 17, 1904. At the same time, they are just two tiny, nameless atoms, hurtling with their planet through a dark universe.

In this passage, the fusion of contrasting tendencies can be traced down to the smallest detail. The universal perspective tends to dwarf Molly and Bloom. By measuring the angle of their position with respect to the equator, and recording the geographic latitude and longitude of their bed, the author sets them in a comic, even grotesque light. On the other hand, the two of them are travelling "through ever-changing tracks of neverchanging space" thus becoming metaphorically at least part of allspace and alltime. The move-

ment of the text from scientific precision to unintelligibility imitates the movement of Bloom's consciousness while falling asleep. (The last sentence could in fact be stream of consciousness!) Yet this text also connects his personal destiny with the universal, mythic cycle of birth, copulation and death: Bloom lies curled like a foetus in the womb and is weary, Molly is filled with seed; the Joyce-coined composite words seem to combine the helplessness of a child before his birth with the weariness of man on his way to death: *the childman weary, the manchild in the womb*. At the same time, the pathetic, funny link with everyday reality is maintained through the reference to an existing snapshot of Bloom made by someone called Percy Apjohn! Molly and Bloom also find their place in language, in the language and style of *Ulysses*, but also in the oral and written tradition: in the story of Sinbad, the sailor from the Arabian Nights, and the bird Roc (whose egg he finds in the tale) which takes us into the world of fable and legend, of Keats' "perilous seas in faery land forlorn"; in the language of nursery rhyme, counting song and pun (the entire *Sinbad the Sailor* section is a pun veering between wit and nonsense, between the poetic and the ironic). Falling asleep, Bloom loses his identity and consciousness and this is reflected in the sentences, as rational meaning and syntax are dissolved in wordplay. At the same time images allude and suggest, grow into symbols, perhaps even archetypes. *Darkinbad the Bright-dayler* — these names actually combine nonsense with the first terms of Genesis: night and day! The night of the bed is perhaps darkly symbolic, the roc's auk's egg with its small 'r' and its double genitive is tricky and mysterious at the same time, but the language seems to fuse them all into some kind of final metaphoric identification in which Bloom is Odysseus is Sinbad is Roc-and-the-egg is man is child is sleep is the universe is language is the silence following the final unanswered question: "Where?".

Let us remember the text from *Lestrygonians* which exemplified the poetic actualization of the single, individual consciousness prevailing in the early chapters of *Ulysses*, stressing the use of language as a psychological, expressive medium recreating experience and involving the reader. The passages from *Cyclops* and *Circe* which followed exemplified the "cold" techniques of the book as construction, as artifice. Yet in *Ithaca*, the chapter which owing to many of its thematic and stylistic qualities should distance us as well — Joyce has deceived — or enlightened us — again. In the coldness

of the Book, he has reminded us of the fire of Life. For a moment at least, prose has become poetry, the personal has been fused with the general, the everyday with the mythic. Parallel to the key passages from *Lestrygonians*, this example from *Ithaca* is also one of the highlights of the novel, this time creating involvement of a larger, more universal scope.

Ulysses, however, does not end with *Ithaca*. Its end is not marked by silence, but rather by a landslide of words. After the "Where?" which remained unanswered, we are not confronted with the final void; the "Where?" is just one more question in a line of questions and answers which could be prolonged indefinitely. The silence of the end of *Ithaca* is not a sign that time has stopped; it is only a pause, a short respite, after which Joyce resumed his novel and wrote *Penelope*. At the end of *Ithaca*, Northrop Frye's monad, the notion of the final and ultimate unity of all existing things, imposed itself even against our will and threatened to take us too far in the direction of Frye's idealistic vision. Molly's chapter sets us on our feet again. In spite of its apparent lack of rational or syntactic order, its narrative is soothingly, reassuringly down-to-earth. Technically so extreme at first sight, it is in many ways the easiest and simplest to read of all the chapters in *Ulysses*. Joyce has deceived us again, but we do not mind it any more. We know now that, boy, Joyce will forever be turning us **upside down, inside out and round and round.**

STRATEGIJE KOJIMA JOYCE PRIVLAČI
I UDALJAVA ČITAOCA "ULIKSA"

Autor najprije kritički povezuje *začudnost* Šklovskoga i *aktualizaciju* Mukašovskog s novijim, uglavnom formalističkim pojmovima (Jakobsonova *literarnost literature*, Barthesov *espace littéraire*), pomoću kojih se pobliže određuju Joyceove dvije osnovne strategije te se analizira njihovo suprotstavljanje i međusobno ispreplitanje u romanu.