

In Pursuit of the Cellar Door

Ulysses Term Paper

blue? you fucking aberrant. the salty sea greenbreeze licking my cheeks gently running itself: windy fingers through a thousand hairs. sun hotbaked sand clinging to my legs was it blue? blue were the waves crashed foam rushing upshore was it blue? pure sunlight emolliating the horizon. marvel at how the ocean looks at the sky: Mamihlapinatapi. what was anything without description—Alexithymia hah—was it anything, was it blue? or just a vacuous space of matter that is, if it matters at all. so what is all of this then? aesthetic eunoia? or a commitment of linguistic apodyopsis hah? language is a dicephalous beast: present in both its presence and its . Write it, damn you, that is what you're good for. **begin:**

In James Joyce's literary masterpiece, *Ulysses*, the diction, syntax, and tone ultimately convey the text's underlying theme that conventional, organizational patterns in the human's existence create order in an otherwise indiscernibly chaotic world.

We will begin with the theme of the novel first, and with the following sections of this essay we will describe how particular stylistic elements further the novel's central idea. In its entirety this theme is rather abstract, but can be put superficially as this: Social Order versus Chaos. With this theme, Joyce is really looking at a lot of issues, but mainly he is searching deep into what it *means to be human* (and more specifically the role that chaos plays in our lives), and he does this by analyzing different types of writing throughout the text. To flesh out this argument I'm going to present you with my own metaphor that seems like a clear way of explaining my thinking. First, let's begin by imagining that we have a beautiful, layered tapestry. As a whole, this tapestry represents human constructs—more specifically human language. The top layer of this tapestry is incredibly detailed, ornate, and well put together. This part of the tapestry is the "Expository" part of our language, which is the most structured part, and the part that complies most with the linguistic norms of a "social order." Essentially, everything here is proper, and follows the rules of social customs. Likewise, expository writing is also very

structured, and formal, and is the most “objective,” and informational type of writing. In addition, there is the least amount of chaos in this writing, and everything is seemingly clear-cut and factual. Underneath that, we have the second layer of the tapestry, which is still put together in a decently organized manner, but it is not as formally composed as the expository layer. This next layer is the “Narrative” layer of the tapestry. This layer is more free-flowing and does not necessarily follow all of the social orders that the expository layer does. As a result, this layer is a bit more chaotic, and there is more freedom in its structure. Narrative writing therefore is more subjective, and can be variable in its “trueness.” Underneath that, we then reach the final layer of our tapestry. This is the layer which is the least ordered, and the most chaotic. This is the “Experimental” layer. This part does not follow social orders at all, and is unpredictable, random, and the complete opposite of the expository layer. Experimental writing is often difficult to follow because the events and language are not straightforward, and can be fragmented, or spatially and temporally nonlinear. Also, experimental writing has the potential to deviate from all previously established writing conventions, and is essentially a catchall for any writing style that is far off the beat and path. So finally, underneath under all of these “layers” is the base upon which the entire tapestry is built upon—the “Chaos.” The Chaos is the most basic, foundational layer and it’s sort of representative of an existence devoid of all human constructs; as we get higher in the layers of the tapestry, we gain further separation from this Chaos, and as a result, our worlds become increasingly more organized and predictable.

So what James Joyce saw, was that the vast majority of human beings fear the Chaos, and want to create as much separation between themselves and the Chaos as possible, and it is

for this reason why some people cling to the uppermost layers of concrete organization. And so as a result of this fear of chaos, almost everyone tends live on the top layer of the tapestry, leading neat, normal, and organized lives, and every now and then you could get some radical individuals who chose to explore deeper layers of the tapestry and venture closer to the chaos. And this was exactly what Joyce was trying to do—Joyce wanted to poke as many holes in the tapestry as he could; Joyce wanted to reveal these deeper layers of the tapestry to the everyday person, and show just what our social structures were built upon. In her book *Joyce's Moraculous Sindbook*, Suzette A. Henke touches on Joyce's desire to extirpate conventional social structures and reveal the raw nature of a being that has been liberated from his social conditioning.

“Although most critics acknowledge the innovative nature of Joyce's stylistic experiments, few have called attention to the radical content of *Ulysses* or to the revolutionary view of consciousness implicit in the novel. The mind imprisoned in traditional thinking is trapped in a sequence of historical events that demand categorical response. To be truly free, the psyche must uproot itself from conditioned experience and move backward and forward in time, with the liberty of four-dimensional vision. Consciousness not only perceives history but completes it through imaginative postcreation. The "world without as actual" is re-created, once again, as "possible" within the landscape of the mind,” (Henke).

As a result of this goal, even though the text *Ulysses* is portraying an average day, in an average life, of an average man, it is presented in—what the reader interprets as—an extremely chaotic, and unorganized manner. This is because Joyce is trying to capture the “average” human condition in its most raw form, without the influence of outside social customs or expectations; Joyce wants to convey what the human is like underneath these things. And as we venture deeper into the characters’ minds and subconsciousnesses, the reader no longer has the conventional layers of the tapestry to help organize what they’re reading, and this is why the

novel can be so baffling. While this chaotic format makes the text unnervingly realistic, it also seems to turn off many readers, because they are not used to following a linguistic manifestation of human nature in such a pure, unstructured manner. Even the famous stream of consciousness writer Virginia Woolf said the book was “an illiterate underbred book; the book of an illiterate self-taught working man, and we all know how distressing they are,” (Woolf). In fact, this new portrayal of the human condition even brought about questions of Joyce’s sanity, and people began to wonder if the man was even mentally stable (which he probably wasn’t). Famous psychiatrist Carl Jung had this to say about Joyce: “It was Jung’s belief that both Lucia [Joyce’s daughter] *and* James suffered from schizophrenia and said the two of them were both headed to the bottom of a river, but James was diving headlong into it and Lucia was falling against her will,” (Conradt).

However, despite Joyce’s questionable sanity, it was undeniable that his novel was unlike anything before it, and created an almost instantaneous polarizing effect on its audiences. While some wrote Joyce off as a lunatic, others championed the idea that he had taken a remarkable snapshot of the human condition and made it available to all that were willing to read it. So how did this ultimate capturing of our nature manifest itself in Joyce’s work? Well, as previously established, Joyce’s main goal is to bring the reader as close to the Chaos as possible, by delving through each of the layers of the tapestry, in attempt to provide a basic, unadulterated view of our human existences. So to reiterate this point, essentially Joyce goes about stripping away each layer of social organization (which is embodied in the expository, narrative, and experimental writing styles) in order to get a raw view of the human being. Although this “stripping” is not necessarily done in a “systematic” manner, the result is a

work that pierces as deep as Joyce can manage to the underlying essence of our human condition. And at the end what we find is astounding: Everyone is connected by the Chaos. Now this is all still highly abstract, so let me bring it back down to earth a bit. Basically, even though over time the different layers of the tapestry change, as it runs through different social customs, time periods, cultures, etc., the one thing that has always remained constant is the Chaos that has forever run beneath our holistic tapestry. No matter where you look in linguistified human civilization, the Chaos has always been present, and will always continue to be present whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. So with the rest of the essay, we're going to be looking at how Joyce's elements of style in *Ulysses* support this idea of the human being's essence being directly tied with Chaos. And as Joyce uses his words to dig his way through the tapestry of our human condition, we as readers simultaneously delve into the content lies at the deepest base of our human nature.

So before we get into the specifics of the stylistic elements that run throughout the novel, I think it is best that I cover the basic plot and organization behind the novel first, so that there will be a context for the textual quotations used to support the central thesis. On surface level, the plot of *Ulysses* is fairly simple: The novel traces the everyday actions and life of a Jewish advertiser, Leopold Bloom, as he goes about the city of Dublin on Thursday, June 16, 1904. As Bloom moves about his day, he encounters different characters and events which each serve to parallel the events that occur in Homer's epic poem the *Odyssey*. Basically, the actions that Bloom takes throughout his day symbolically mirror the actions that Odysseus takes on his many-year voyage; an everyday day for Bloom is being likened to an epic sequence.

Although the novel only covers about 20 hours of time, the book is about 800 pages.

The reason for this extreme amount of text is because the book *literally* describes every detail of each character's human condition. From every cough, fart, bowel movement, sexual desire, sneeze, yawn, thought, etc., it is all captured over the course of the day as Joyce tries to create the most accurate depiction of human existence as he possibly can. It was this insane level of precision and fearlessness to portray humans as accurately as possible that ultimately caused people to deem Joyce's work as disgusting and obscene. As an aside, even Joyce's wife Nora made this comment about the work: "I guess the man's a genius, but what a dirty mind he has," (Nora Barnacle).

Despite the seemingly simple plotline of *Ulysses*, the events themselves are actually incredibly difficult to follow because of the extremely complex language used to describe them. The novel does not actually stick with one manner or style of writing, and instead, each chapter is radically different from the last as Joyce tries to include as many styles of writing as possible. To hold the text together, major themes and strings of action run throughout the novel, and these are what connect the otherwise disjointed and diverse chapters. Regardless of the erratic shifts in writing, one thing generally holds true for the novel is that most sections of the book rely on stream of consciousness writing for many passages, and although this style is not used in all of the chapters, the book is known for its infamously difficult to follow stream of consciousness passages in which no distinction is made between the character's thoughts and "reality." By consistently employing this style of writing, Joyce aims to show the true nature of how our thoughts and minds function, and all of the buzz that is taking place "behind the

scenes” of our actions. Joyce recognizes that the bulk of our lives is often mental, and this is why stream of consciousness is used so consistently.

Joyce doesn't just focus solely on Bloom, however, and the two other main characters, besides Bloom, are Stephen Dedalus and Molly Bloom. Stephen is the first character we are introduced to in the book, and shares the character foil Telemachus, who is the son of Odysseus in the *Odyssey*. Similarly, over the course of this 20 hour period, Stephen and Leopold Bloom begin to develop and “father-son relationship,” as both characters have lost this relationship in their own lives; Bloom's only son, Rudy, died at a young age, and Stephen is alienated from his father because of his father's alcoholism. As a result, the two characters find that they both have a subconscious desire for what the other represents: For Bloom, Stephen is a son, and for Stephen, Bloom is a father. The final character that is essential to the text is Molly Bloom, who is Leopold Bloom's wife. The main conflict surrounding Molly is that on this particular day she is having an affair with another man, and Bloom, who is aware of this, must find a way to cope. The reader does not have a very direct interaction with Molly until the end of the novel when we hear a retelling of events from her perspective. Up until that point, however, Molly only affects the text in an indirect manner as Bloom's thoughts and actions over the course of the day are tinted with the awareness of his wife's infidelity.

Like everything else about *Ulysses*, the way it is structured is also incredibly complex. On the surface level, like the *Odyssey*, *Ulysses* is broken up into 18 unnamed episodes which correlate to each of the 18 episodes of the *Odyssey*. This structure helps the reader to identify the course of actions that are being compared in both texts, and which characters are acting as

foils for one another. However, on a deeper level the novel has far more intricate framework than what meets the eye:

“There is evidence that Joyce gave anxious and sustained thought to the form and structure of his work. He certainly let his disciples suppose so; they are fond of expounding the successive episodes in terms of an intricate superimposition of framework upon framework: organs, arts, colors, symbols, and technics. Read, however, without all this instruction, *Ulysses* may strike us as a large-scale improvisation, a hand-to-mouth progression from stunt to stunt— with nearly all the stunts coming off quite brilliantly—but to a final effect of agglomeration before which any summing up, any secure arriving at a right aesthetic total, is singularly hard to achieve,” (Stewart).

Now with all of this in mind, the rest of the textual quotes in the essay will be taken from excerpts of the single day *Ulysses* takes place on, and the specifically selected passages will act to support the novel’s overall theme.

So let’s begin with the diction of Joyce’s text. Diction is a major element of Joyce’s style that helps him convey this overall theme that human existence is essentially chaotic. First let me preface this section by putting it out there that the following excerpts are not simple. The majority of Joyce’s diction is unnervingly complex and requires very careful analysis and thoughtfulness to comprehend. Actually, when the book was first published, reviewer Dr. Joseph Collins had this to say about the novel’s writing:

“A few intuitive, sensitive visionaries may understand and comprehend "Ulysses," James Joyce's new and mammoth volume, without going through a course of training or instruction, but the average intelligent reader will glean little or nothing from it- even from careful perusal, one might properly say study, of it- save bewilderment and a sense of disgust,” (Collins).

In order to counteract this level of complexity, we will begin with the general analysis of the diction used in the text, looking how it ties into Joyce’s theme, and then look at some more specific textual examples which we will carefully dissect. To be frank, it is extremely hard to say

that Joyce used only one “form” of diction throughout the entire text, because his choice of words and language shifts so radically in each episode of the novel. Actually, some critics even argue that Joyce’s text is more like an “encyclopedia of literature” rather than a novel because of all of the various forms of writing he experiments with.

“A curious encyclopedism, such as may be found in certain medieval poets, obsesses the author of *Ulysses*. He seems to feel, for instance, that his book should contain not only his own sort of English—or rather his own sorts of English in their almost inexhaustible variety—but every other sort of English as well; and so he writes one long section, that in which Bloom visits the National Maternity Hospital in Holles Street and meets Stephen, in a succession of parodies tracing the whole evolution of English prose,” (Stewart).

Because of this broad diversity, I think it is best to once again return to our tapestry and separate the writing Joyce uses into three major categories: Expository, Narrative, and Experimental. Although these categories certainly branch off and mix into other styles of writing which Joyce’s uses over the course of the text these are the major categories we must analyze first, and then we can attack specifically presented passages in detail to see what else they hold.

First, we should start on the top layer of our tapestry and analyze Joyce’s use of expository writing. As opposed to the experimental writing that is difficult to follow because of its very loose structure, Joyce’s expository writing is difficult to follow because of its tremendously dense and rigid structure. This writing style exhibits Joyce’s vast knowledge of language, and his ability to compose it in a structure which presents an incredible amount of “objective” information and knowledge. The diction he uses in these sections is noted by its large words, complex descriptions, and “straightforward” presentation of information. This type of writing is the most formal, and detaches the writer the most from the underlying nature of

chaos. Instead of jumbled, disjointed reality, everything is carefully organized and immaculately structured. Here's a look:

"What concomitant phenomenon took place in the vessel of liquid by the agency of fire? The phenomenon of ebullition. Fanned by a constant updraught of ventilation between the kitchen and the chimneyflue, ignition was communicated from the faggots of precombustible fuel to polyhedral masses of bituminous coal, containing in compressed mineral form the foliated fossilised decidua of primeval forests which had in turn derived their vegetative existence from the sun, primal source of heat (radiant), transmitted through omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous ether," (page 673-674).

So this should give you a general sense of the rigidity of this form of writing. The expository writing in Joyce's novel is often used in times when some sort of "truthful" tone needs to be established. For example, this passage comes near the end of the story in chapter 17 when Stephen and Bloom are saying their goodbyes at the end of their night, and the objectivity of the chapter helps to establish a closure to the otherwise disjointed, truthfully questionable story. However, in chapter 18, which is the last chapter of the novel, Joyce precedes to contradict the seemingly "objective" passages from the previous chapter. His message here is that even the most "truthful" perspectives are still founded on subjectivity, and hence there can never be a singular, true perspective. So, the main purpose of the expository diction is to essentially show that a truly expository passage can never *actually* exist. It is also used to create literary contrast between his loose uses of experimental writing, which he often bounces between, going from structure to no structure.

So how does this relate to Joyce's overall theme? Well, this type of writing is representative of the socially structured organizational patterns which govern our everyday lives. For example, all of the strict structuring that Joyce is adhering to is only present as a result

of human-made laws rather than an intrinsically correct way of writing. While these laws are simply arbitrary, these are the things which keep order in our human made worlds, and without them our worlds would be far more chaotic. This is what Joyce tries to show us with his next form of diction.

This next “general” use of diction begins to pull away from socially structuring laws, and is demonstrated in Joyce’s use of narrative writing. Joyce’s narrative writing is essentially the glue for the novel; it can function as both the abstract and the solid, and is ultimately what keeps the novel together. Joyce’s narrative writing ranges from being elegant to crude, and acts to complement the actions taking place in the plot. Because this type of diction is the most dynamic, let’s just take a look at some of Joyce’s best use of narrative writing:

“Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak,” (page 3).

This is diction is what creates some of the most beautiful passages in the novel, and really proves Joyce as a master of his craft. His words can be incredibly descriptive, and this is the mode in which he truly tries to capture the nature of human emotion and perception. This style of diction is what keeps the story moving and brings finesse to an otherwise fragmented text. This particular passage comes right at the start of the novel, when the first scene opens, and the two characters Stephen Dedalus and Buck Mulligan are interacting in the early morning hours. Joyce often uses this type of writing to establish events, settings, and character interactions. It is very useful in keeping the course of action flowing in Stephen and Bloom’s

days, and allows Joyce to transition into more abstract passages like the thought processes of characters that are established and described in the general descriptions of the course of events.

This relates to Joyce's overall theme, as it shows a mode of writing in which we have just taken a step back from a solely objective perspective, and into a more subjective one, as things are now being described with bias and emotion. What this provides the reader with is an example of how the world is with fewer social constructs. While the passage is not as rigid and straightforward as Joyce's expository writing, it is based on perspective, and thus leaving room for interpretation—in other words, the passage is not factually true. As a result, the passage can be questioned, and there is more room for “disorder” and randomness to take control.

Finally, the diction Joyce uses in his experimental passages shows this further advancement toward the nature of reality without organizational patterns. This way of writing makes up a good deal of the text, and it one of the key reasons why *Ulysses* is so difficult to comprehend. These passages are characterized by Joyce's extreme disregard for all literary “rules,” and Joyce basically experiments with his own writing methods. Punctuation, spelling, grammar, structure, reason, even the English language, it pretty much all goes out the window when Joyce chooses to write like this. The writing can jump around and take any form it desires, and anything goes. This is the wildcard in Joyce's texts. Prepare yourself:

“So I saw there was going to be bit of a dust. Bob's a queer chap when the porter's up in him so says I just to make talk:-- How's Willy Murray those times, Alf?-- I don't know, says Alf. I saw him just now in Capel Street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that.-- You what? says Joe, throwing down the letters. With who?-- With Dignam, says Alf.-- Is it Paddy? says Joe.-- Yes, says Alf. Why?-- Don't you know he's dead? says Joe.-- Paddy Dignam dead? says Alf.-- Ay,

says Joe.-- Sure I'm after seeing him not five minutes ago, says Alf, as plain as a pikestaff.-- Who's dead? says Bob Doran.-- You saw his ghost then, says Joe, God between us and harm.-- What? says Alf. Good Christ, only five... What?... and Willie Murray with him, the two of them there near what-doyoucallhim's... What? Dignam dead?-- What about Dignam? says Bob Doran. Who's talking about... ?-- Dead! says Alf. He is no more dead than you are.-- Maybe so, says Joe. They took the liberty of burying him this morning anyhow.-- Paddy? says Alf.-- Ay, says Joe. He paid the debt of nature, God be merciful to him.-- Good Christ! says Alf. Begob he was what you might call flabbergasted,” (page 300-301).

So as you can see, the diction used in the experimental sections is clearly all over the place, and is Joyce unrelenting when it comes to the reader's comprehension; he clearly refuses to pause for any readers that cannot keep up. Much of the words used in these parts are rapidly fired, and can range anywhere from the uber-complex to the more conversational language like in this quote. This quote comes from a scene in a bar, in which the entire chapter is narrated from the perspective of an unnamed narrator who is perhaps a bit tipsy. What Joyce is trying to capture with this passage is basically the chaos of the human consciousness in everyday life. Joyce wants to convey to the reader how we see the world at the most basic level, without any organizational structure to guide the reader. So as a result, these passages are often used when describing the most primordial situations in the text. For example, human consciousness, elementary, emotions, sexual urges, drunken stupors; all instances where language is not quite applicable, is when Joyce chooses to bust out an experimental passage or two.

Regardless of its complexity, this style of diction is indicative of Joyce's writing, and has the potential to be eye-opening for the reader. The main purpose of this use of writing in regard to the theme, is that this writing tries to show the true nature of a world without social organization. Now here is the fascinating part: ironically, as Joyce veers further away from "literary objectivity," he comes closer to presenting the reader with a view of the true nature

reality, independent of the human mind. When you really think about this concept, it's kind of crazy. Really let this idea sink in. What Joyce has created here, is essentially an escape from the human consciousness. The perspective we receive in these chaotic passages is slowly allowing us to be conscious of activities without using the conscious mind. One more time for clarity's sake, we are able to almost discover what it is like to exist without having consciousness, and instead just being. Pretty abstract.

Okay, now that we have that general analysis out of the way, let's look at some more in-depth examples! Let's begin with an example of an expository passage. Remember, this is a literary representation of the top layer of the tapestry, and is what Joyce uses to represent ultra-organized language:

"Were there obverse meditation of involution increasingly less vast? Of the eons of geological periods recorded in the stratifications of the earth: of the myriad minute entomological organic existences concealed in cavities of the earth, beneath removable stones, in hives and in mounds, of microbes, germs, bacteria, bacilli, spermatozoa: of the incalculable trillions of billions of millions of imperceptible molecules contained by cohesion of molecular affinity in a single pinhead: of the universe of human serum constellated with red and white bodies, themselves universes of void space constellated with other bodies, each, in continuity, its universe of divisible component bodies of which each was again divisible in divisions of redivisible component bodies, dividends and divisors ever diminishing without actual division till, if the progress were carried far enough, nought nowhere was never reached. Why did he not elaborate these calculations to a more precise result? Because some years previously in 1886 when occupied with the problem of the quadrature of the circle he had learned of the existence of a number computed to a relative degree of accuracy to be of such magnitude an of so many places, e.g., the 9th power of the ninth power of 9, that, the result having been obtained, 33 closely printed volumes of 1000 pages each of innumerable quires and reams of India paper would have to be requisitioned in order to contain the complete tale of its printed integers of units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, billions, the nucleus of the nebula of every digit of every series containing succinctly the potentiality of being raised to the utmost kinetic elaborations of any power of any of its powers," (page 699).

Here we have a perfect example of Joyce's ability to deliver complex information in a "factual" and "objective" manner. This is another passage taken from chapter 17, which is the goldmine of expository writing in the text, and is once again describing Stephen and Bloom's final interactions at the end of the night. The diction used in this passage exemplifies the other end of Joyce's extreme writing styles, as we go from abstract to concrete. Once again, Joyce uses this form of diction in a rather contradictory manner as well, as he uses it to establish a "valid" point of view, and then immediately rips it apart in the following episode. What Joyce is doing with this contradiction is establishing the necessity of parallax in the text, which is essentially the idea that the same event needs to be viewed from many different angles because clearly not one is objectively true.

"Too little attention has been paid to the parallactic structure that implements Joyce's plan. The parallactic phenomenon stimulates the experience of the reader as he sees one visual field and then another; it makes concrete Joyce's method of subtly forcing the reader to synthesize the shifting perspectives. If a reader has the ability to remember Joyce's use of the imagery pattern in earlier chapters, he sees three-dimensional views throughout the reading process. Since Joyce's method is ambiguous, we never know for certain the outcome of the meeting between Stephen and Bloom, but we are convinced that the novel by its very structure reveals the difficulty of perception and, therefore, the complexity of viewing life," (Heusel).

This is a very postmodern idea that Joyce weaves into his text, as the commentary he is making is that "truth" really does not exist, and that we can never accept one view of an event as "correct." Joyce's diction reflects this idea as he uses very scientific and mathematical language (which is often accepted to be true), and then later contradicts it, showing the reader that even what we think to be "objective truth" may be wrong. With these larger themes intertwined with the text, Joyce is trying to get the reader to question what he thinks of as true, and provokes the reader to question the entire text itself.

Next let's look at Joyce's use of narrative writing. This passage deals specifically with Joyce's stream of consciousness diction. This is the second layer of the tapestry, which conveys more subjective ideas like what the characters are feeling, and their phenomenological experiences. I personally find this to be one of Joyce's most beautiful passages in the novel, not just for its language, but because it truly captures the essence of the type of writing Joyce was trying to convey in writing *Ulysses*. Enjoy:

"Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes o 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. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me," (page 175-176).

Ah. What a truly mesmerizing and rather overlooked passage in the entire scheme of the novel. This gem comes in the middle of chapter 8, and is fairly unrelated to the other plainish language it is surrounded by (essentially a quintessential purple passage). This passage comes as Bloom is looking for something to eat, and letting his mind wander as he walks. And just based on its context alone, this just exemplifies Joyce's ability/tendency to transition from incredible passages like this, and then return to mere chaos. The language and diction used in this passage is what Joyce is known for best—stream of consciousness; the words and sentences form

Bloom's current thought processes. Literally every sense that Bloom is experiencing in this moment is being expressed through language, and being written exactly as he experiences it. This raw depiction of Bloom's existence is what makes this moment so realistic and genuine, as his "true" experience is not being filtered through a narrator or even retold through his own mind. This gives a pure vision of Bloom's mind in the moment. The language itself is also used to convey the feeling of the moment. The words are warm and sensational, and have an underlying sense of passion to them. As previously established, it is passages like this which keep the work functioning, as these uses of diction are flexible enough to join the chaotic and the structured. This is what makes reading *Ulysses* worthwhile.

Finally, let's take one more step back from "objectivity," and take a look at Joyce's experimental passage. This is the bottom layer of our tapestry, and the closest to the Chaos; that presence of chaos is clearly conveyed in this passage:

"Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyrining imperthnthn thnthnthn. Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips. Horrid! And gold flushed more. A husky fifenote blew. Blew. Blue bloom is on the Gold pinnaced hair. A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castille. Trilling, trilling: I dolores. Peep! Who's in the... peepofgold? Tink cried to bronze in pity. And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call. Decoy. Soft word. But look! The bright stars fade. O rose! Notes chirruping answer. Castille. The morn is breaking. Jingle jingle jaunted jingling. Coin rang. Clock clacked. Avowal. Sonnez. I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee. Smack. La cloche! Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart, goodbye! Jingle. Bloo. Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The tympanum. A sail! A veil awave upon the waves. Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now. Horn. Hawhorn. When first he saw. Alas! Full tup. Full throb. Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring. Martha! Come! Clapclap. Clipclap. Clappyclap. Goodgod henev erheard inall. Deaf bald Pat brought pad knife took up. A moonlight nightcall: far: far. I feel so sad. P. S. So lonely blooming. Listen! The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each and for other plash and silent roar. Pearls: when she. Liszt's rhapsodies. Hissss. You don't? Did not: no, no: believe: Lidlyd. With a cock with a carra. Black. Deep sounding. Do, Ben, do. Wait while you wait. Hee hee. Wait while you hee. But wait! Low in dark middle earth.

Embedded ore. Namedamine. All gone. All fallen. Tiny, her tremulous fernfoils of maidenhair. Amen! He gnashed in fury. Fro. To, fro. A baton cool protruding. Bronzelydia by Minagold. By bronze, by gold, in oceangreen of shadow. Bloom. Old Bloom. One rapped, one tapped with a carra, with a cock. Pray for him! Pray, good people! His gouty fingers nakkering. Big Benaben. Big Benben. Last rose Castille of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone. Pwee! Little wind piped wee. True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll. Ay, ay. Like you men. Will lift your tschink with tschunk. Fff! Oo! Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs? Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandl. Then, not till then. My eppripftaph. Be pfrwritt. Done. Begin!" (page 256-257).

This passage is the first page and a half of episode 11. So what the hell was Joyce trying to convey here? Well, in very experimental fashion, Joyce has basically created a fragmented outline of the events which will ensue during the course of the rest of the chapter. As you probably noticed, initially this passage really does not make sense, but as the individual continues to read further into the chapter, this convoluted intro starts to become much clearer. This is another chapter which takes place in the setting of a bar, and so once again, to convey that somewhat disjointed, fragmented feeling of drunkenness, Joyce creates convoluted passages like this. This complex structure and abstract thought process Joyce uses to create this work is obviously reflected in the diction, as his words and punctuation also reveal very torn up thoughts. The thing that makes this passage extremely bizarre and experimental, however, is the fact that it is not coming from any one character's perspective, rather the book itself appears to be drunk. This makes things incredibly weird, to put it simply, because Joyce is suggesting that the "perspective" of the literal novel itself can be influenced by something bigger than itself, implying that one, the novel is its own entity, and two, the novel is not self contained.

This is one of the most interesting elements to Joyce's work, as through the use of experimental diction, he tries to establish that the novel itself is an independent, "mental"

entity in which other characters exist as thoughts with their own minds that have thoughts within thoughts. To simplify, Joyce is trying to convey the idea that the characters in the novel are not the novel itself, but rather they are just smaller pieces in a picture that is much bigger than the reader *or* the characters can perceive.

“Ulysses... shows us how wonderfully interrelated are our so-called individual minds and evokes much more fully the public collective consciousness that we all participate in... How constantly our psychic states are colored by memories that provide touchstones or reverberating chambers for our “present” experience; how much of our psychological merging with the world around us is affective or imagistic rather than merely cognitive; and how fully our individual psychic worlds are interrelated,” (Thornton).

However, Joyce only drops small hints throughout the text which reference this larger mental entity, and it is left as a sort of omnipresent, enigmatic paradox.

So now, that we have analyzed Joyce’s diction in regards to his overall theme, let’s look more specifically how his syntax in specific passages shows that chaos is a lot closer to the human experience than we think. First it should be noted that once again, it is very difficult to pinpoint exactly one consistent form of syntax that Joyce uses over the course of the entire novel. This is because almost all literary elements change from each episode, which is what gives the novel its incredible literary diversity and complexity. Essentially what this means is that Joyce is able to flip from extremely beautiful, immaculately structured sentences, to chaotic linguistic cacophonies, and the reader must be able to keep up without warning. So because of this great variability and oscillation in Joyce’s writing, let’s just look at his writing as a continuum, and analyze the different points on this spectrum, ranging from formally structured to chaotic. This will give us a sense of how Joyce is using his language to support the overall theme, of looking at what existence is like without structural patterns.

To begin with, despite his radical changes in style, the majority of Joyce's writing is dominated by—as previously established—fragmented stream of consciousness. With all of these stream of consciousness passages, Joyce is trying to convey the human thought process as accurately as possible. With capturing the essence of human nature as one of the essential goals to Joyce's novel, Joyce finds that is necessary to include all thoughts we tend to have over the course of the day, and this is why the novel is predominately filled with stream of consciousness. Although this is one of the most common forms of "language" in our everyday life, it still proves to be one of the most difficult to read, as the syntax is characterized by jagged punctuation, fragmented thoughts, illogical sentences, spontaneity, and chaos. And although these are incredibly difficult literary qualities to read, it does form a fairly accurate portrayal of human thought. These stream of consciousness passages serve to show what the world is like independent of most social constructs. Basically, the syntax—or lack of syntax—shows the raw, natural process of the human mind, and how we interact with the world in the most basic sense. These passages literally follow the entire awareness of the characters, so every budding word is captured in the individual's mind. Let's look at an example:

"Well: if the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a father be a son? 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 his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was born for nature, as Mr Magee understands her, abhors, perfection," (page 208).

If you didn't follow that passage don't sweat it. Basically, Stephen here is just contemplating one of his convoluted theories about Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. This passage comes from a dense chapter 9, in which much of the passages are running thought processes in Stephen's head. As a result, the syntax and structure are brutally difficult as Joyce tries to capture a realistic image of

what is inside this melodramatic genius' head. This use of syntax and structure adds much more insight and understanding to who Stephen is, as we are literally receiving a direct flow of Stephen's thoughts, language, and his own organizational structures/tendencies of his mind. In Melissa Edmunson's in-depth analysis of Stephen Dedalus' character, she recounts a statement Joyce made on this insight we are given into Stephen's mind.

"In a 1922 Vanity Fair interview on *Ulysses*, Joyce commented: "I have recorded, simultaneously, what a man says, sees, thinks, and what such seeing, thinking, saying, does to what you Freudians call the subconscious." In the novel, Stephen serves as an example of these mental process," (Edmunson).

With this in mind, now notice the extremely drawn-out sentence structure, and the way the ideas flow like "natural thoughts." Joyce deliberately uses the punctuation and seemingly illogical structure to give the reader realistic access into Stephen's mind, and this is what brings true life to each of his characters. Joyce's use of stream of consciousness gets more striking as the novel goes on, and by the end of it we are truly looking at an even more complex, and perhaps more accurate, representation of thought. The last episode only consists of 8 sentences, each hundreds of words long, which span over a dense 45 pages. The chapter has essentially no punctuation, almost no paragraphs, and is essentially just blocks of text which continue on without end. These extremely intimate passages with the characters go to show that chaotic structure ultimately underlies all of our existences, and thus to separate ourselves from disorder we create "external" rules to organize our lives. So to reiterate, through the use of syntax, Joyce is able to take us into a "deeper" layer of the tapestry, and show that this deeper, more chaotic layer is rooted in all of our beings.

But now looking away from his more loose abstract writing, Joyce is also capable of putting together extremely well structured, mechanically complex sentences as well. For example:

“Why was the host (secret infidel) silent? He was weighing the possible evidences for and against ritual murder: the incitation of the hierarchy, the superstition of the populace, the propagation of rumour in continued fraction of veridicity, the envy of opulence, the influence of retaliation, the sporadic reappearance of atavistic delinquency, the mitigating circumstances of fanaticism, hypnotic suggestion and somnambulism,” (page 692).

This is another passage that comes from episode 17. But now we’re looking at how this chapter’s syntax complements its expository nature. The entire chapter is filled with rock-hard, objective sentences like this passage which exhibits exacting use of language and logic. It is also the episode where Joyce basically just flaunts his MASSIVE vocabulary. Literary critic, J.I.M. Stewart agrees. “*Ulysses* is quite staggeringly full of language. The stuff comes at us in great rollers, breakers, eddies, and tumbles of spume and spray. It is wildly exhilarating. It is also rather buffeting, bruising, exhausting long before the end,” (Stewart). Joyce’s syntax reflects this rational voice as the chapter moves through 318 question/answer passages, which continue to pound the reader with an unrelenting stream of language like this. Every punctuation mark, word, and idea is neatly organized with the structure of Joyce’s sentences, and it is presented in a (supposedly) straightforward manner. This chapter is then directly contrasted with the previously mentioned chapter 18, making this one of the most dramatic shifts of syntax in the text. It is intense to say the least.

This rigid use of syntax relates back to Joyce’s theme, as he is presenting the reader with a conventionally organized passage, which follows the rules of grammar and “proper” literature. The passage, as a result, is the most removed from the raw condition of the human

nature, and Joyce is in turn showing that this conventionality ultimately separates us from our basic, chaotic selves. No emotion, passion, or bias, is conveyed with this (at least not in the standard sense) and thus Joyce is revealing the way our lives are ordered by social constructs, which leads us into higher layers of the tapestry. In a metaphorical sense, this passage is a small fragment of the expository tapestry, which is cleanly woven together, and structurally sound. What Joyce tries to reveal, however, is that despite the speckless presentation of this layer of the tapestry, if observed closely, there are actually tiny flaws in the seams, and hence this layer of the tapestry, like all the others, will always be imperfect.

This stylistic focus on the chaotic nature of human life is maintained in Joyce's tone throughout the novel. Once again, as seen with other sections, it is not easy to point to a singular "tone" that runs throughout *Ulysses*. Like with his syntax, diction, and other literary qualities, Joyce tends to experiment with just about *everything*, and so the tones used in the book erratically jump around as Joyce tries his hand at many different styles of writing. But what Joyce holistically shows us is that the chaotic nature of the book's tone seems to be intrinsically interlocked with the chaotic nature of the human mind, and once again showing the reader that our relation with chaos underlies the way we see our worlds.

Now in analyzing Joyce's tone I am going to bend the rules a bit. As previously established the novel is famous for its groundbreaking stream of consciousness writing, and it is so essential to the work that I would also like to include it as a tone. Now I know stream of consciousness isn't exactly a "tone," but here's why I think it should also be included with this element of style. Because the novel is largely composed of thought processes of different

individuals, a lot of the work is written in the “tone” of the mind itself. Like the mind, much of the writing is sporadic, inconsistent, fragmented, and fast-paced. In addition, the language and flow of thoughts also depends on whose mind we are looking through, and how that individual responds to their surrounding circumstances. Essentially, much of the writing is subjective and largely tinted by the individual character’s biases. For example, if we are looking through Stephen’s mind, the tone will be colored with overly complex, melodramatic, language, which ultimately stem from Stephen’s characteristic traits. Take the instance of when Stephen walks alongside the beach in chapter three, and his mind wanders to darker things and hence much of the tone reflects this mood. “A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With Him together down . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost,” (page 46). The morose passages like these only really come around when Stephen is present in the text, because, as stated earlier, if viewing action through another character’s perspective, then the tone of writing will inevitably change. As a result, much of the story is influenced by the perspective of the individuals, and so the entire course of actions that took place over the day could have been completely different if viewed from the eyes of different individuals. So what Joyce is showing us with this is that in the instances in which the character’s hold control over the text, there is far more variability and randomness to the world as oppose to when an objective narrator is speaking. What this shows the reader is that chaos is essentially inherent in our own existences, as much of the novel is written through different “opaque windows,” so instead of actually receiving an “objective” account of events, we are actually getting a story that is *always* painted by perspective and hence Joyce questions if there can even be any “objective truth” to reality.

To further expound on this idea that the character is actually determines the way events are portrayed, let's look at Bloom's next, and his influence on the text. Because much of the novel is focused around Bloom, the majority of the text is told through his mind's tone and perspective. Bloom's mind can be characterized by great optimism, and relatively easygoing, practical sentiments. As a result, much of the passages Bloom is involved with share this tone because this often the way he is feeling.

"A cloud began to cover the sun wholly slowly wholly. Grey. Far. Grey horror seared his flesh... Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twenty-eight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the plan, sizzling butter. Be near her amble bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes. Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road swiftly, in slim sandals along the brightened footpath. Runs she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind," (page 61).

What we're looking at here is something really incredible that Joyce is experimenting with. This passage comes in chapter 4 when we are first introduced to the character Leopold Bloom, and he is walking through the streets in the early morning. He is walking through town and his mind is wandering from thought to thought as he goes about his walk. First, Bloom's mind is clearly in control of the novel's tone, for as how he thinks ultimately determines how the text is written. But what is even more remarkable about this passage is that Bloom is also in control of the *action* of the story, as his thoughts seem to determine the weather! With the simple addition of the description of the sunlight and the cloud, Joyce is starting to hint at something far greater than just the tone of the novel. What this suggests is that Bloom's mind is actually control—to a certain extent—of the plot as well, and the state his mind is in determines the events that take place throughout the story. Now to take this one step further, if this idea is applied to all of the characters in the novel, we begin to see a massive underlying neural network in which all

characters are connected, and all characters actions *and thoughts* seem to have an influence on one another. This interrelated complexity is what makes it so hard to pin down one “tone” in the novel, because overall tone of the novel is a composite, piecewise conglomerate of all of the tones which rests in each character’s mind. But because we are not exposed to every character’s perspective, we really are not able to know for certain the true nature of this underlying subconscious of the novel, and it is only hinted at during certain parts in the novel when no one seems to be narrating very well, and the words seem to slip into this interworld limbo where the novel lacks perspective and tone all together because we are not able to hold on to the mind of any one individual. This idea is best illustrated in the Circe section, where the actions and thoughts of characters seem to merge and become scattered, and some characters have thoughts and know things that only other characters knew in the previous chapters. So what this all basically boils down to is the idea that there is no singular tone to the novel, and everything from the tone to the actions are dependent on the character we are currently being.

As a result, the entire context of the novel is questionable, and uncertain. Because the novel is dependent on perspective, this one day, June 16th, 1904, could actually have played out millions of different ways had we seen the events with a different lens. In addition to this, Joyce even questions the truthfulness of his own language, and if his language is even suitable for delivering a contextually true story.

“In this regard, then, Joyce... doubts the capacity of language to present truth or truths but rather encourages us to notice how all truths are constructed by humans within language and so are no truths at all in an absolute or permanent sense. Joyce is as skeptical about language and its capacity to present truth as any of the skeptical critics Siebers describes, and he is as suspicious of ideals couched in literary language as any of the practitioners of the hermeneutics of suspicion described by Altieri... He will try out various kinds of literary language, indicating

how none is to be trusted; yet in the series of experiments, each of which is designed to indicate the limits and inherent failings of language as presenter of truth, he nonetheless is able to advance his story and create in the reader a person able to look outside of language for truth," (Sicari).

So at the end of the day, all of the content of the story is actually just one way among an infinite amount of others that the novel could have been written or described. Joyce shows us that the entire course of the day is not a "true" display of events, rather this is just a singular possibility.

So how does this relate to Joyce's overall theme that human nature is basically chaotic? Well, this subtle "variability" in the text just goes on to support the very postmodern beliefs that there is no such thing as an absolute, pure truth. What Joyce is able to convey with this idea is that even though our realities may seem "consistent," and "objective," we oftentimes fail to recognize that our entire lives are actually tinted by our own lenses, and life is always influenced by subjectivity and biases; basically chaos is inherent in existence. And so, even the top, Expository layer of the tapestry has threads of inconsistency and chaos woven through it that only grow larger as we travel deeper towards the base.

Although some individuals find *Ulysses* to be impossibly brilliant, and others think it is mere hogwash, it is still recognized by both sides that Joyce was extremely passionate about human life, and this passion clearly resonates in the text. At the most basic level, what Joyce was trying to do was capture the essence of our nature between the cover of a book, and some critics argue that he has been one of the greatest writers to do so in the entirety of literary history. However, Joyce has provoked ideas about the nature of human consciousness that are still being worked out today, and critics on both sides of the fence believe his true vision has

not yet been understood. I mean the man himself said this about the novel: "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," (Joyce). Clearly, theories and analysis are still being worked out about the novel, and probably will continue to be indefinitely. So with this being established, we now are left with two questions when analyzing anything in Joyce's text: Is this what Joyce meant? And is he right? (The second question being more important than the first). And that second question is still being grappled with today as **The closest thing I can liken it to, is being born. Or at least an exponential surge of consciousness as the water licking my toes pulled me back into cognition. Vision slightly out of focus made the seaflowers momentarily look like running blotches of color along the shore. I propped myself up under my arm using the distant horizon to anchor** the modern literary critics and philosophers continue to analyze and what it truly means to **Suddenly a monotonic voice boomed from the horizon. Instinctually I leapt to my feet and began to scan my environment for the source of** What is happening? How do you have control over my document? **The voice boomed again. Hurriedly, I grabbed my papers and began to run down shore thinking I could escape the** Words are appearing on my paper that aren't mine. Joyce's analysis of the human condition is certainly one to consider, for if he is right, it could mean that the **Words continued to shake my environment even as I ran. My mind was racing for explanations: God? No, I'm an atheist. Practical Joke? No, too elaborate. Dreaming? Yeah maybe, but it's so realistic, Maybe I'm** hallucinating. I don't have time for this, I have to finish my Term Paper! **As I began to catch my breath I listened more to what the voice was saying, and it sounded like it was about** James Joyce was indubitably one of the greatest writers of the 20th century, and his work was

Something pedantic but I couldn't quite understand. I thought it kept saying something about an AP Literature paper. Who the hell is playing This joke on me? It is becoming increasingly more difficult for me to type. Only some of the words Were growing more distant as I continued to run. I stared out along the shore, the sunlight emolliating the horizon as James Joyce's overall theme is represented in the Car. I need to get to my car. Then maybe I can get away from these words Keep inexplicably appearing on my paper! Go away go away go away Go Away! I yelled as I ran into the parking lot clicking the unlock button on my car Keys on my keyboard aren't working! I need to pass this classical music was on the radio when I jumped in, I turned it up, hoping I could drown out the voice, because I No! This is going to have a bad effect on my grade. I just want to Know what the fuck is going on here? You can't say that word in an academic paper! The voice boomed. Scared out of my mind I began to scream: Yes I can! Fuck you! Why don't You just leave me alone You fucker! I'm going to say what I want! Fuck I screamed FUCK I Screamed. **FUCK! FUCK!**

FUCK! FUCK!

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And then there was silence. I couldn't hear the voice anymore. Maybe it was because of the ringing in my ears, or the blaring classical music, or the sonorous pounding in my temples and neck and the numbing feeling in my fingers and toes from the instantaneous rush of adrenaline. "You fucking aberrant I thought to myself," You can't even go for a relaxing, solipsistic day at the beach without weird shit like this happening to you. I put my car into drive and exited the parking lot, turning onto the highway that ran parallel to the water. The shapes and colors whizzed by, gracefully turning into streams of light which smoothly ran alongside the outside of my window. Seeing how delicate and fluid the shapes looked always gave me a strange feeling, especially knowing how forceful and stagnant they could instantaneously become.

I continued up the coast. The burning sun was slowly sinking into the sea, elongating the growing shadows as it went. "It will be gone soon." That was the only thought that stood in my mind, alone and drawn out like the shadows around me. I glanced at the water. "What color was it?" I focused on the road "was it blue?" blue. Perhaps from far away, but up close it was translucent—all of it. The entire thing, just one see-through mass of color. Blue? hah that didn't seem very blue to me. So tranquil though. Well from far away at least. I think that's why we're drawn to the horizon; always in search of that never-attainable unity. That perfect closure. Ah, marvel at how the ocean looks at the sky: Mamihlapinatapi. Because even that marriage is a mirage, for they are abstinent entities: always looking, but never touching. blue. You fucking aberrant, you fucking aberrant. Why do you see it like this? They don't. Where is your sanity? Your saintly sanity? Did you lose it? No no, it was never there, just genius instead, but what good is genius if you can't spell love?

It was dark out now. The only noise was the movement of the car which smoothed into one humming silence. Silence. I could still smell her. Her scent was ubiquitous for now. for now. In my skin, on my clothes, in my hair. windy fingers through a thousand hairs. Distinct, colorful. Like the last time she had been with me. The air aquiver with hot passion. I could see my reflection in the dark window. It was distorted. Composed of bending lights and the same fluid shapes that ran along the horizon. From the corner of my eye though I swear it looked like her. And He looked at me through the corner of his eyes. I wanted him, and he knew it. It was almost as if her reflection Was playing hard to get. Grabbing him by the shoulders I Wish she would just kiss me Kiss me goddamn it Kiss me. My hands continued to grip the wheel as I gripped his shoulders, pushing him back knowing he was Turned on the air conditioning. I hadn't realized how Hot breath, breathing color into his anemic skin. His neck was so soft, I could feel his pulse. Delicate like a far away beat, thud, thud, thud the bass of my car was going again, some Melody of his heart increasing, faster, so was mine, faster, faster As I accelerated onto the freeway Merging hands and mouths yes I want you I switched lanes, and continued To run my fingers through his hair a stunned aglazen look of passion in My glove compartment, I kept Kissing him. All over, his neck, his cheeks, his mouth, his eyes, his Shoulders were getting sore so I said one second and turned off the radio And once again there was Silence.

Sound. Music. Skin. Blood. Pulse. Neck. Lips. Neck. Lips. Hot. Sweet. Skin. Fabric. Buttons. Chest. Skin. Kisses. Smile. Teeth. Lips. Tongue. Fabric. Hands. Skin. Bone. Chest. Bone. Warmth. Nose. Shoulder. Kisses. Shoulder. Hot. White. Hands. Back. Spine. Shiver. Yes. Hands. Grip. Yes. Nose. Strong. Kissing. Embrace. Straddling. Sweat. Sweet. Friction. Muscle. Veins. Muscle. Taught. Eyes. Wild. Love. Wild. Hands. Locked. Mind. Blank. Burning. White. Breathing.

Apology/Explanation to Reader about this Essay:

So unlike James Joyce, I'm not going to be a complete ass to my readers and leave them hanging over what the hell they just read. So to reconcile any confusion faced during the reading of this essay, I will now explain the more complicated areas, and hopefully that will clear up any lingering questions about this piece itself. In addition, I will explain why I chose to write this essay the way I did, and why I feel—even though it doesn't seem like it—it was appropriate for the type of paper this essay is supposed to be. In answering these questions, however, I am only going to cover the necessary contextual and analytical pieces of the essay, and leave some of the deeper interpretations to the reader, because I feel the conclusions the reader draws himself are the most important things to take away from any piece.

All right, let start with the explanation of the essay itself, starting with the opening paragraph. So what's the significance of this bizarre introduction? Well, the introduction sort of becomes clearer as you reach the conclusion, but here's the basic idea behind it. We start off with a question: "blue?". With this simple opening word, there are a ton of things going on here. First, the word isn't capitalized, setting a tone of informality, and suggesting that there is something intimate about it; the word is not coming from a place of typical, formal presentation. Basically, we as readers know we have been given access to something that we are not typically presented with, and we are receiving information from a place that is not a traditional, expository voice. Next, and most strikingly about this word is that it is colored in red font. This is another important factor, because it sets up a simultaneously questioning and contradictory tone, as the word (traditionally) does not match the thing and vice versa. Finally,

it is important to note that the question mark is black, which isolates the word being associated with something that it is not, rather than the idea. Basically, “blue” is being associated with “red” rather than the concept of questioning blue being associated with red. Okay, now the rest of the paragraph is this agglomeration of information, which does make sense if read linearly (a few words may need to be defined, but I highly suggest doing so, because then it will come together more) but in addition, the paragraph also consists of fragmented pieces taken from the conclusion. Now I’m going to move on for now, and come back to the introduction later, because it will make more sense once more information is gathered from the rest of the essay.

So the bulk of the essay consists of about 27 pages of pure expository writing, which is essentially looking to prove the thesis that our most basic human nature is chaotic, and our social structures keep our lives organized. And that goes on for many many words, and everything is fine and dandy, and we’ve forgotten about the bizarre introduction, until we get to the conclusion of the essay. That’s when we encounter the red font. Initially it makes no sense. The red font suddenly interrupts the expository voice with a baffling statement that seems to have nothing to do with what’s at hand. Its first line is: “The closest thing I can liken it to, is being born.” So what is this referring to? Well, this statement marks the introduction of a new voice into the essay—the Narrative voice. With the entering of this narrative voice, the reader is now forced to bounce between the perspectives of an expository entity and a narrative entity. Initially the two do not respond, *but*, both realize that the other exists, because for the reader, words can only exist as one perspective at a time, and because the voices are coming through on the same plane, they are both aware of their own absences. Basically, because the reader is only receiving the words on the paper, each voice is aware when it’s

words are no longer being viewed, and so there is an awareness that something else shifting focus away from them.

What this ultimately boils down to is the idea that both voices are struggling for their own survival, as each one desires remain dominant in their own realm (the expository voice wishes to remain writing the essay while the narrative voice wishes to remain in his established scenery). As this conflict plays out, the two begin to interact with one another, indirectly, in each of their own planes, and the actions of one are perceived in the other's plane (the actions of the narrative voice are perceived as words on a document while the actions of the expository voice are perceived as an omnipresent voice in a story). In addition, each of their actions begin to flow together and so even though they exist in different planes, and are doing different things, the actions still finish one another. This becomes most apparent when the passage is read aloud, if read fluidly, you will find that the sentences finish one another, although the actions are different. Take the example:

“Go Away! I yelled as I ran into the parking lot clicking the unlock button on my car Keys on my keyboard aren't working! I need to pass this class! cal music was on the radio when I jumped in, I turned it up, hoping I could drown out the voice, because I No! This is going to have a bad effect on my grade.”

See how the action melds? Anyway, as this progresses, the expository voice begins to lose control of the document as the narrative voice overpowers it, by literally taking over the page with the “giant fucks.” Once this occurs, the narrative voice acknowledges the fact that it can no longer hear “the voice,” and likewise the reader no longer sees its input.

We then begin to move into the narrative voice's scene, which is fairly straightforward; for a while at least. Basically, we learn the character has been on the beach, and is now driving

along the coast, slowly getting lost in his own thoughts. His internal dialogue then returns back to the issue we started with in the introduction, which was the question “blue?” So now we are getting more context to where this question is coming from. What we learn is that this statement is being made by an individual who is beginning to question his own sanity because he associates blue with red (he is synesthetic). As a result, he then begins to question the true nature of color and language. And now let’s momentarily return to the introduction, which focuses on this questioning of what words really are, and what the world would be like without words to describe it. In the introduction many statements are made in regards to this stripping the world of language such as: “what was anything without description—Alexithymia hah—was it anything, was it blue?”, “a commitment of linguistic apodyopsis hah?”, and “language is a dicephalous beast: present in both its presence and its .” In addition, these phrases and the entire introduction are synesthetically associated, hence why they are colored the way they are. Okay, I’ll return to the introduction again later.

We then continue on with the thoughts of the narrative voice, as he continues to drive, and his thoughts take more prominence than his actions. As his thoughts grow deeper he begins to reminisce about a lover, and “catches her eye” in his window. The passage then begins to shift perspective once again, as the blue text is introduced, which comes from the perspective of his lover with him in a spatially and temporally separate moment. The piece then begins to shift between him driving by himself in the car, and her desires for him, leading to the scene that begins to ensue between the two of them in a separate passage. Once again, the reader is being presented with two different scenes, but in both scenes the language is complementary, and similarly completes itself:

“Grabbing him by the shoulders I Wish she would just kiss me Kiss me goddamn it Kiss me. My hands continued to grip the wheel as I gripped his shoulders, pushing him back knowing he was Turned on the air conditioning. I hadn’t realized how Hot breath, the room aquiver with passion.”

After the experimental scene is established, we then see a simultaneous action in both scenes as the driver of the car turns off the radio and the experimental narrator turns on the radio. This shift from the silencing of one scene is what propels us into the full-fledged experimental voice, as the section begins with “Music.” and then continues in the female’s perspective in very experimental fashion. This section consists of 170 individual “sentences,” which together comprise the rest of the scene. This scene is fairly straightforward until amidst all of these experimental words we suddenly get this: “Hnad.” And with this new color, we are once again signaling a new change in perspective.

Before I delve into this final part of the essay, let me first establish something about the previous sections first. If you haven’t already caught on, what is essentially happening here is that as the essay progresses, the reader is being shifted into progressively lower parts of the tapestry which are being signified by some obvious indicators, and some that might not be so obvious. First and probably most obviously, are the changes in color which graphically let the reader know what voice is being heard from (technically the changes in speaker are also marked by capitalization, but it would be incredibly fucked up if I didn’t incorporate the color scheme). Secondly, however, the activity and major conflict within each section is also representative of each layer of the tapestry. For example, in the expository section of the essay, the main conflict that the expository voice is concerned over is if the presence of the narrative voice will have a negative effect on his grade. “No! This is going to have a bad effect on my

grade.” The reason for this is because a grade is something that is completely dependent on “social organization,” and is something that is superficial and arbitrarily established. Basically, the reason why the expository voice is so concerned with its “grade,” is because like the main conflict, the expository voice itself is also extremely dependent on social organization, and what society believes to be proper and “objective.” The narrative voice on the other hand, is concerned with something that does not focus on social propriety, and that is far more subjective—its own sanity. The major conflict in this section relies on the narrator questioning his own mental processes as he struggles to understand why his mind works the way it does, and if it is better that his mind doesn’t function like everyone around him. “Where is your sanity? Your saintly sanity?” This issue the narrative voice struggles with is far less bound up in arbitrary social customs and more so in the realm of the narrator’s own human condition, which is something that is not objectively defined like a grade is. Finally, the experimental voice deals with a conflict of sexual, emotional, and physical desire, which is the most separated from social constructs. As a result, the language in this section becomes much more fragmented and passionate as the experimental narrator’s mind is pulling further away from language, and entering a place that words cannot quite follow. This is why the scene is written the way it is, because as the experimental voice progresses further with her actions, her mind wanders further from all social constructs. I will come back to this general organizational structure later, and clear it up a bit more once all contextual pieces are finished.

So finally, this brings us all the way back to the end of the essay when we begin to enter the pink text. This pink text is basically representative of the Chaos, and is when all social order begins to fall apart and even language itself begins to break down (hence the misspelling of the

words). As it becomes clear later on in this passage, the text quickly descends into, well, chaos, and by the end of the pink text, all social constructs have fallen away, and we simply see what we cannot: indescribable, ineffable pleasure of the collective consciousness of the two lovers. And it becomes pure, raw, humanistic passion devoid of words. And then it is all wrapped up with that concluding line which completes the passage. I won't explicitly state the significance of this final line, but I will mention that the line is in blue font, (in contrast to the opening line of the essay) and the final page was placed with intention.

Now, a few more words the structuring of this final passage of the essay. In addition to representing the layers of the tapestry, other things have also been correlated with these sections. First, the entire conclusion is representative of the structure of the brain. Let's start with the expository section, which is correlated with the "neocortex." The neocortex is the outermost layer of our brains, and is mainly concerned with understanding abstract, socially created systems, such as morals, language, and other social patterns and customs. Similarly, the expository section is mainly concerned with issues of a similar nature, as it looks to satisfy a socially created desire (getting a good grade) that is purely dependent on social conformity and language. So to put it simply, the expository passage looks to fulfill the desires that our neocortex is concerned with.

Next, we move one layer deeper into the brain, reaching the "limbic system." Likewise, the narrative section of the essay is mainly concerned with issues the limbic system deals with. Emotions, and memories, and senses, are all majorly associated with the limbic system, and these topics are the most central to the events that play out in the narrative scene. As the

narrator travels through his thoughts, he is primarily exploring these aspects of the limbic system. For example, his scene opens with an in depth sensory passage, and his emotions and thoughts slowly become tinted by the initial smell of his lover. And as he begins to remember her, he catches her eye in the window. In this way, like the expository passage is tied to more socially created ideas like grades, etc., the narrative section is tied to the key functions of the limbic system.

Thirdly, we reach the innermost layer of the brain, which is the “reptilian brain.” This part of the brain deals with our most basic human functions, like monitoring heart rate, breathing, and primordial urges. And so, the experimental section is also concerned with raw, animalistic passion, and is pulling away from language all together. So to reiterate, the basic focuses of the reptilian brain are mirrored by the fundamentally vital events of the experimental section.

Finally, we go one step deeper, into the chaos, which correlates to the human brainstem. The brainstem, like the chaos in the metaphorical tapestry, is what everything is built upon. It is literally the most basic part of the human brain, and nowhere near concerned with socialized events like language or complex thought. The brainstem is concerned with blood flow, body temperature, digesting food, etc., essentially just what is necessary for survival. So, when the collective consciousness of the two lovers approaches orgasm, there is nothing going through their minds except the most necessary bodily functions, which they need to live. That’s why the language completely deteriorates, because we’ve reached a place where there is nothing to be said. And that’s it.

Okay, one more thing on the structure of this essay. As you've probably already realized, like Joyce's organizational patterns, there is an excessive number of organizational frameworks that have received immense amounts of forethought, and then were all superimposed on one another to create one fluid piece. So the last framework I want to explicitly touch on is this paper's relationship to *Ulysses*. Basically, in addition to all of the other things going on here, I would also like to point out that each piece of the essay is correlated with a main character from Joyce's novel. Once again, beginning with the expository section, we find this to be the largest and most "straightforward" section. It is the most informational, and tries to deliver knowledge to the reader in the clearest sense as possible. This section is paired with the main narrator of Joyce's book, Leopold Bloom. Bloom is our great pragmatist, and is very logical, and tries deliver his point of view to others in as straightforward of a manner as possible. In addition, Bloom works as an advertiser, so the main goal of his job is to find how he can provide the viewer with information and convey a persuasive message to them. This is essentially the intent of the expository section, as the writing aims to prove, or "advertise," a thesis to its reader, and get the reader to buy into a specific point of view. Finally, Bloom is concerned with how others view him, and how he can best get others to like him. In the expository section, the speaker is also concerned with how others will view him as a result of the sudden appearance of deviation from social customs in his text. So to simplify, the expository voice of this essay embodies the mannerisms of Leopold Bloom.

Secondly, the narrative section, is representative of the character Stephen Dedalus. Like Stephen, the narrator of the narrative section is also very cerebral, and going through mental turmoil as his scene progresses. In *Ulysses*, Stephen is constantly plagued by his own churning

mind, and is concerned with his mental states of being. Likewise the narrator of the narrative section is also concerned with his own mental life, and slowly lets his mind consume him as he continues to drive along the coast. This is strikingly similar to chapter 3 of *Ulysses*, as Stephen walks alongside the shore, and slowly lets his mind devour his awareness of his contextual surroundings. In addition, Stephen is also plighted by internal conflicts regarding a female character (he feels guilty over the death of his mother), while the narrator of this scene is also being mentally tortured by a female character as he desires his lover.

Finally, the third, experimental section reflects the nature of the major female character in *Ulysses*, Molly Bloom. Most notably we have a shift in perspective, and in both situations we are hearing a sequence of events from a female's perspective. In *Ulysses*, Molly is forward, deep, and passionate. Her soliloquy comes at the very novel as she thinks about sex, love, and desire. This is also reflected in the final individualized perspective of this text, as the female narrator relays instantaneous awareness of perception while leading up to sex. Similar to Molly, the experimental narrator is initially forward, and then becomes enveloped in the deep, passionate nature of her actions. And finally, Molly's experimental soliloquy and the experimental passage then both conclude with testaments of euphoria.

Okay, and then this in relation to James Joyce brings us finally back to the introduction (one last time), which, as previously established is a conglomerate of the entire tapestry, and concludes with the line "Write it, damn you, that is what you're good for. **begin:.**" And this line is actually written in regard to one of the quotes Joyce said which was "Write it, damn you,

write it! What else are you good for?" and so the introduction ends with a ten word response to Joyce himself.

So, with most of the contextual and analytic components now being established in this essay, why did I think this was an appropriate way to write an "academic term paper?" Well besides the fact that I enjoy radical intellectual experimentation in the pursuit of something greater, I also think this is a far more effective way of proving a thesis despite it perhaps not appearing so. Let me put it simply. A standard academic research paper aims to prove a thesis. So here's the difference: my paper, not only *proves* my thesis, it *does* my thesis. Instead of abstractly explaining an answer to a thesis, like all research papers do, my paper is literally the concrete evidence for the thesis. You are physically holding the evidence of the thesis in your hands; it is not explained, no, it *is*. Let me pull this back one more time, because it is getting abstract. Why is this appropriate for an academic paper? Because my paper is *doing* what I'm trying to prove with the paper. The thesis is *this*.

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Ulysses. I. Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untanned hair, grained and hued like pale oak. Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly. The Door to Time book. Read 340 reviews from the world's largest community for readers. Eleven-year-old twins Jason and Julia have just moved from London... But none of the keys in the house will open it. What lies behind the door? And why has someone tried to conceal it? Jason, Julia, and Rick are determined to find out, no matter what it takes. ...more. Get A Copy. Kindle Store. Amazon.