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# Three Allusions in James Joyce's *Ulysses*

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## Preface

These notes, which were originally among my contributions to the *James Joyce Quarterly*, had the misfortune to be rejected by its editorial staff.

I can understand the reason why the second and third were condemned to be stillborn; the biographical source described in B can be located with comparative ease and the subject of C is rather small.

On the other hand, H. E. Chatterton's biographical data in A, without which we cannot grasp appropriately an ironical implication in Bloom's reference to the music-hall song, must have been unavailable even to a critic like Weldon Thornton, one of the editorial consultants of the *James Joyce Quarterly*. As author of *Allusions in Ulysses*, he did not mention the song itself, let alone this implication. To find those data, I was granted the permission to have access to the underground shelves of the Tokyo University Library, where I awaked several tomes from their long dusty slumber.

It is primarily in compensation for the deprivation of his right to remain sleeping undisturbed that I have decided to bring to light this underground-

born child, though I may have allowed myself to be carried away so far by my affections for other less remarkable children as to bring them to life too.

\* \* \*

(The numbers in brackets refer to *Ulysses*. Modern Library. New Ed.)

### (A) TOMMY MAKE ROOM FOR YOUR UNCLE

This music-hall song, which is listed in *Song in the Works of James Joyce* (p. 65), but of which Mr. Thornton has taken no notice in his *Allusions in Ulysses*, Bloom thinks of concerning old Chatterton, Ned Lambert's "granduncle or his greatgranduncle" (124. 12) in "The Aeolus" of *Ulysses*, though he misquotes it. I print here its whole text for its rarity :

1. Fred Jones, hatter of Leicester Square,  
Presents himself to you,  
And you may guess, when he is dressed,  
Of girls he knows a few.  
A Widow fell in love with him,  
While riding in a train,  
She had a blessed boy with her,  
Who caused us both much pain!

*Spoken*—Yes the confounded young urchin caused me a great deal of pain and sorrow, and the Widow, his mother introduced me to him as his Uncle! Fred Jones was never an Uncle before, and will never be again, not if he knows it—and the whole of the journey the mother said to

the boy——

*Chorus*——Tommy make room for your Uncle,  
There's a little dear,  
Tommy make room for your Uncle,  
I want him to sit here,  
You know Mamma has got a *bun*,  
And that she'll give to you ;  
So don't annoy, there's a good Boy,  
Make room for your Uncle do.

2. When first I met the firm of Green,  
'Twas on my journey down  
To spend a day at Rosherville,  
“Just like a swell from town,”  
The Widow loved romantic scenes  
And a squeeze on the sly,  
But when my arm went round her waist,  
The Boy began to cry !

*Spoken*——He declared I was hurting his Mamma and would insist upon sitting between us, only fancy making love to a girl with a boy in the way, but, she said to him in a voice so sweet——

*Chorus*——Tommy make room——etc

3. The mother told her loving son,  
To watch the passing train,  
But no he said, my Uncle Fred  
Will kiss your hand again,

The Widow blushed, a maiden blush,  
And I was not myself,  
For who could make love on a seat,  
In front of that young Elf?

*Spoken*—Yes, it would never do to make love before the boy, and the Widow said—not before the boy Fred—not before the boy, just then we went under a tunnel and she said—

*Chorus*—Tommy make room—etc.

4. In a snug retreat at Rosherville,  
I went down on my knees,  
And asked if she would fly with me,  
Across the bright blue seas?  
She sighed, and said you wicked man,  
But how about the child,  
And clasped him fondly to her breast,  
While I the agony piled!

*Spoken*—I said my lovely of all lovely beings let us fly to some foreign clime—Where I will protect you and your boy—She answered and said “How about my little pie shop in Seven Dials”? Oh! Bloomsbury! Do you keep a pie shop?—

*Chorus*—Tommy make room—etc.

Hedges Eyre Chatterton (1819-1910), who was born in Cork City, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was Vice-Chancellor of Ireland, 1867-1904 and Privy Councillor of Ireland. He was twice married, first in

1845 and second in 1902, to Florence Henrietta, widow of Captain Edward Croker. So in 1904 his matrimonial life was still full of happiness and endearment. In the light of these facts, the title of the song Bloom alludes to, means by an ironical implication old Chatterton's young (?) wife's entreaty of Ned Lambert not to disturb their roseate intimacy, making room for his greatgranduncle to live a little longer by "going first himself" (124.14).

This song, written and composed by T. S. Lonsdale, made a great hit in London in the 1880s through W. B. Fair (1841?-1909), an English singer, who sang it for the next ten years everywhere, sometimes at six halls in one evening. Out of his earnings he bought the Winchester Music Hall, London, but with an unsuccessful result. For its music, see *Songs of Yesterday and Before* (Ascherberg's Twentieth Century Albums, London, n. d.).

## (B) A BIOGRAPHICAL LIGHT ON MARIE KENDAL

The dauby smile from the poster of "Marie Kendall, charming soubrette" (229.23, 232.27, 251.5, 253.17) had long been tantalizing us, as if to sneer at all our efforts to ascertain her identity. But in Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson's *British Music Hall. A Story in Pictures* (London, 1965), this occurs: "She first appeared as a child artist at the Pavillion, Whitechapel, and as she grew up she migrated to the halls, but returned to the legitimate theatre on tour in the provinces, appearing in pantomime at Christmas. By the mid-'nineties she had become a firm favourite, with her song *I'll Cling to You* ('Just like the Ivy'), for which she will always be remembered. She also sang character songs of which her retaliation to the continual 'Masher' and Boy's songs is typical

And I'm one of the girls! a girl to spend the chink;  
I'm one of the girls to have what you like to drink,  
I don't mix with lords or dukes, or earls  
My old man is one of the boys, and I'm one of the girls.

She made several appearances late in life, dying at the age of ninety-one in 1964" (picture caption 113).

Her family name, according to *British Music Hall*, ends not with a double "l" but a single, though the former seems to be in general use. Robert M. Adams says Marie Kendal is "the mother of the late, great Kay Kendall" (*Surface and Symbol*, p. 241), but this is doubtful, because the latter died at the age of 32 in 1959. For Marie Kendal "with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt" (253.18), who is "smiling daubily" (253.18), but "is not nicelooking" (229.26), see *British Music Hall*, the illustration facing picture caption 113.

### (C) CANTRELL AND COCHRANE'S

#### POPCORKED BOTTLE (264.16)

Cantrell and Cochrane, Limited, whose "barmirror gildedlettered" (259.3) is referred to three times in "The Sirens" of *Ulysses* and whose advertising bill of ginger ale two times in "The Lotus-Eaters," was founded by Dr. Cantrell in Belfast in 1852. The partnership subsequently formed between the founder and Sir Henry Cochrane, of Dublin, from which the name of the concern was derived, subsisted till 1885, when it was dissolved for the latter to be the head of the concern. The magnitude of this firm today, which is world-renowned for the mineral and aerated beverages that are among its most famous products, is ascribed to Sir Henry Cochrane's remarkable powers of organisation and administration.

As to its principal products, that is the delectable aromatic “Ginger Ale,” “Club Soda,” and “Sparkling Montserrat” for the gouty and the rheumatic, *Modern Ireland. Men of the Period, Selected from Centres of Commerce and Industry* (London, 1900?) quotes a writer’s compliment: “The popping of Cantrell and Cochrane’s corks is heard in the bungalows of the British cantonments, in the great dependency in the Far East, and its sparkle is familiar to the Vice-Regal entourage up in the hot-season refuge of the Anglo-Indians at Simla” (p. 51). Thus the unfamiliar “popcorked” has been explicated. See Cyril Pearl’s *Dublin in Bloomtime* (London, 1969), p. 24, where occurs the concern’s advertisement.