individuals") to try to understand the perspective of others, even of one's detractors and enemies. For "seeing ourselves" is an act of sympathetic imagination that requires more than one eye and one narrow (personal or national) viewpoint, requires multiple vision and multivalent perspectives – precisely what the monologic vision of a one-eyed Cyclops (whose nationalistic motto *Sinn Fein* suggests, by contrast, the limited, tunnel-visioned perspective of "Ourselves alone") is unable to do, an inability "to go home and laugh at themselves" and "Look at it the other way round."

7·

Imagining nations

Whose nation?: "Aeolus"

All day long on June 16, 1904, Leopold Bloom finds himself repeatedly stereotyped and essentialized by his fellow male Dubliners as a foreigner and a "dirty Jew," enduring racial slurs and anti-Semitic comments – such as "Ikey Moses Bloom," "the sheeny," "the jewman," "that coon," "a bit off the top," and so on – in spite of the fact that he too was born and raised in Ireland. In fact, Bloom is – as we have seen – as much a product of the dominant cultural discourse as they are, having also (and inevitably) absorbed the culture's Orientalist discourse and racist terminology. For example, he, too, is capable of participating in Jewish stereotyping, as when he praises a smart idea as an "Ikey touch that" (*U* 4.103); or when he is willing to join the other men in the funeral carriage in joking about Reuben J. Dodd's "Jewish" stinginess, as he tells the story about Dodd's son being rescued from drowning ("Isn't it awfully good?" Bloom says; *U* 6.290). Similarly, his cultural aspirations are not that dissimilar from Buck Mulligan's Hellenist agenda, fueled as they both are by a hegemonic hierarchy and Arnoldian discourse that ranks Greek culture as the pinnacle of civilized, enlightened "high culture." Like Mulligan, Bloom affects the Greek: "– Metempsychosis ... It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls." Molly, however, sees through, and shatters, such hegemonic pretentiousness: "– O, rocks! ... Tell us in plain words." (*U* 4.341–43). Later, Bloom struggles with the meaning and Greek etymology of "parallax": "I never exactly understood ... Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pike hoses she called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!" – but he is willing to concede her point about the cultural and

intellectual affectation, based as it is on a privileging of Greco-Latinate polysyllabics: "She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound" (*U* 8.110–15). Joyce, of course, does in *Ulysses* "Hellenise" Ireland – as well as "Hebraicize" it – by turning it into, simultaneously, the Odyssey and the Middle East, making the racialized equation between Greek, Jew, and Irish.

An episode about rhetoric, "Aeolus" is in a sense a dialogic and rhetorical discussion about Nation (and its corollaries, nationality and nationalism), setting up the issues that will erupt later in the "Cyclops" episode. Under the headline of "ERIN, GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA," the men in the newspaper office make fun of Dan Dawson's excessive rhetoric about the Irish countryside: "How that for high?" Ned Lambert asks (*U* 7.248–49). While they may make fun of the fulsome bombast, Dawson's rhetoric is in fact not unlike the linguistic excesses of the Celtic Revival which Joyce will parody in the "Cyclops" episode:

> *– As 'twere, in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio, unmatched, despite their wellpraised prototypes in the vaunted prize regions, for very beauty, of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight ...*
>
> (*U* 7.320–24)

Simon Dedalus's sarcastic response – "And Xenophon looked upon Marathon ... and Marathon looked on the sea" (*U* 7.254–55) – alludes not only to the Greek Xenophon, one of the leaders of the Ten Thousand who looked on the sea in victory and cried "Thalatta! Thalatta!" (thus recalling Mulligan's Hellenist agenda in *U* 1.80), but should also invoke the concept of "xenophobia" (*Webster's*: "Fear and hatred of strangers and foreigners") as the source of ethnocentric and racial prejudice, for the fear and hatred of strangers is very much an issue in this episode. When Bloom asks what it is they are all laughing about, Professor MacHugh names Dawson's speech, "*Our lovely land*"; "– Whose land? Mr Bloom said simply. / – Most pertinent question, the professor said" (*U* 7.271–73). It is a most pertinent question indeed.

For the relationship between race and nationhood is very much the subtext of the "Aeolus" episode, just as it will later become the overt text of the "Cyclops" episode. In the newspaper office, Bloom discusses a possible ad for the paper with the print foreman, Joseph Patrick Nannetti, an actual Irish-Italian printer and politician who in 1904 was the member of Parliament for Dublin's College Green

Division. Bloom thinks: "Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green ... Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish" (*U* 7.87–100). Here, Bloom (who was born in Ireland as was Nannetti) lapses into the binary trap himself: aware that his own country is Ireland in spite of the fact that the other men may see him as an untrustworthy foreigner, Bloom himself makes the same essentialist mistake here by assuming that Nannetti's "real country" is Italy and not Ireland. Ironically, Nannetti will that very afternoon prove how "Irish" he is by (as we learn in "Cyclops") traveling to London so as to ask questions in Parliament about the prohibition against playing Irish games – such as hurling – in Phoenix Park at the same time that English games such as polo were being allowed. Not only did Nannetti do just that in real life (on June 17, 1904), but both Joyce and his Irish readers in 1922 would be aware that in 1906 Nannetti would be elected Lord Mayor of Dublin – a reminder Joyce had similarly brought up in "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" when he had likewise argued the absurdity of proclaiming any threads of racial purity within the motley fabric of Irish society (*CW* 163).

The piece Bloom is working on is the "HOUSE OF KEY(E)S" advertisement for Alexander Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. As Bloom explains to Nannetti: "The idea ... is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of Man" (*U* 7.141–45). The ad puns on the House of Keys, the name of the Manx parliament, with its "innuendo of home rule." The irony is that neither Bloom nor Nannetti nor Stephen are accorded any sovereignty in their own homes or nation: both Bloom and Stephen are missing the literal keys to their homes, 7 Eccles and the Martello Tower – as well as the figurative keys of rule in their own usurped abodes; both of them feel marginalized by their own countrymen. Similarly, Ireland herself is lacking in Home Rule – in contrast to its tiny neighbor, the Isle of Man. Here, Joyce is setting up an analogy linking both Bloom's domestic dilemma and Stephen's living situation with Ireland's lack of autonomy (in contrast to the Isle of Man); it is, of course, as the episode goes on to elaborate, also the dilemma of the Jewish race. Ireland, the Jews, Bloom and Stephen are all in the same figurative space and condition of homeless usurpation.

Nationalism, and the struggle for Irish autonomy from English usurpation, form very much the underlying fabric of the language in the newspaper office. For example, MacHugh teases Myles Crawford

about being "the sham squire himself!" (*U* 7.348), a reference to the infamous turncoat informer, Francis Higgins, who in 1798 accepted a bribe for revealing Lord Edward Fitzgerald's whereabouts to Major Sirr. Then, under the headline "MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED" we find Crawford responding in irony: "– North Cork militia! ... We won every time!" (*U* 7.358–60); the North Cork Militia, loyal to the Crown in the Rebellion of 1798, "enjoyed the dubious distinction of having disgraced itself ... in every action it was involved in" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 135). The section which follows is headlined "O, HARP EOLIAN!" (*U* 7.370), referring not only to MacHugh's dental floss but also to the national symbol of Ireland (and slang term for Irish Catholic). A page later we find the newsboys in the hallway singing "– *We are the boys of Wexford / Who fought with heart and hand*" (*U* 7.427–28), lines from "The Boys of Wexford," a ballad celebrating the total defeat in 1798 of the North Cork Militia by the Boys of Wexford. A few pages later, when Stephen and O'Madden Burke enter, they are asked: "You look like communards ... Like fellows who had blown up the Bastile ... Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you? You look as though you had done the deed, General Bobrikoff"; Stephen responds that "– We were only thinking about it" (*U* 7.599–603). The reference is a very topical one: earlier that same morning, June 16, 1904, Finnish insurrectionists had assassinated General Nikolai Ivanovitch Bobrikoff, the Russian Governal-General of Finland; the news had just reached Dublin, where the Irish could not help but see the parallel with their own attempts at colonial insurrection against a hated imperial power. The men in the newsroom then go on to discuss Ignatius Gallaher's reporting of the trial of the Invincibles for the Phoenix Park Murders, the Irish version in 1882 of the assassination of the Russian General. Throughout the episode, Irish Nationalism and colonial history are the threads woven into the very fabric of the language of "Aeolus."[1]

When Crawford sings to MacHugh two lines from "The Rose of Castile" – "*'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee, / 'Twas empire charmed thy heart*" (*U* 7.471–72), the discussion in the room begins to focus around the issue of selling out to the temptations of the dominant powers of empire. (Ironically, Crawford is himself about to tempt Stephen to sell out his artistic talents to the hegemonic institution of the press.) In response, MacHugh discusses the "*Imperium romanum*":

> ... We think of Rome, imperial, imperious, imperative ... What was their civilisation? Vast, I allow: but vile. *Cloacae*: sewers. The jews in the

> wilderness and on the mountaintop said: *It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah*. The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps, brought to every new shore on which he set his foot ... only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset* ... And Pontius Pilate is [their] prophet.
>
> (*U* 7.489–501)

In drawing a direct parallel between the Roman Empire ruling the Jews (and killing Jesus) and the British Empire ruling Ireland, MacHugh is again suggesting a favorite Irish analogy between Irish servitude to England and the Israelites under an imperial yoke.

MacHugh's logic also follows the Celticist "binarist" urge to turn the tables and, in mirror fashion, simply re-label (within a static hierarchy of labels) the imperial aggressor as the primitive philistine, obsessed only with watercloset, and name oneself instead into the privileged position of arbiter in matters of the spirit: "I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the tongue of a race [the English] the acme of whose mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. *Domine!* Lord! Where is the spirituality? ... A sofa in a westend club" (*U* 7.555–58). He goes on, like Mulligan, to wax about "The Greek!" as "The radiance of the intellect": "The closetmaker and the cloacamaker will never be lords of our spirit. We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an *imperium*" (*U* 7.562–67). But MacHugh's eloquence is undercut by his implied admission of selling out and of servitude to the empire, a professor teaching the blatant Latin language of the supposedly barbaric imperia which he mocks – a server of a servant.

Nationalism, servitude, and the lure of co-option by the empire now invoke John F. Taylor's famous speech at the college historical society, in which (as the story goes) Taylor dragged himself from his sickbed to speak in extemporaneous response to Mr Justice Fitzgibbon's paper "advocating the revival of the Irish tongue" (*U* 7.795–96): it was, in other words, a Nationalist debate on the more purist positions in the Celticist agenda, focusing around Douglas Hyde's movement to de-Anglicize the Irish tongue. Once again, the favored analogy is between the Jews (under Pharaoh) and the Irish; MacHugh quotes Taylor's speech, imagining the words of the Egyptian high priest speaking to a youthful Moses:

> – *Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and our language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen: we are a mighty people. You have no cities*

nor no wealth: our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys, trireme and quadrireme, laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive conditions: we have a literature, a priesthood, an agelong history and a polity.

The parallels are quite precise, since the Irish also differed from the English in culture, religion, and (at one time) language; since Ireland was rural and poor ("no cities nor no wealth"); since England was "the seas' ruler" while under English servitude the Irish ports lay fallow and unused; and since, in their poverty, the Irish Catholics had been essentialized as "primitives" without a culture of their own.

– You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majestic and mysterious, are the abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra. Yours serfdom, awe and humbleness: ours thunder and the seas. Israel is weak and few are her children: Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at our name.

This is the dominant discourse of hegemonic power, tempting the subservient with the lure of joining the side of the conqueror. Taylor concludes the speech with his own stirring response to that lure:

– But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage, nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law, graven in the language of the outlaw.

(*U* 7.845–70)

Taylor's speech is a piece of rhetoric which (unlike Dawson's) genuinely moves all the men in the room; it moved Joyce, too, who knew it by heart and recorded (on phonodisc) this passage for posterity. Taylor's is an eloquent and persuasive argument about maintaining Irish cultural and national integrity and pride, as the Israelites had done under Moses, invoking in the analogy a solidarity of the oppressed and the enslaved. In this way, the Irish men can – like Joyce himself – appropriate the racialization (used against them by the British) of Irish racial otherness by invoking a racialized analogy in a *potentially* positive, empowering (rather than debilitating) manner – by using the model of the Israelites resisting Egyptian tyranny.

But Joyce's very dramatic irony is clearly that, even so, these Irishmen can appropriate this notion of an Irish/Jewish analogy with

conviction only insofar as it serves their own narrow purposes, which are those of an ethnocentric and nationalistic hierarchy mirroring that of their oppressors, a binary trap in which they wish simply to replace the English conquerors with themselves in the privileged position – for, even as they repeatedly invoke the Judaic/Irish analogy, they continue to mistreat and derogate the actual Jewish "other" in their midst with the same old pejorative, ethnocentric and xenophobic categories of racial impurity and absolute difference. Whereas the empowering analogy *should* allow the possibility of mutual learning from the experience of a shared servitude among different peoples, instead the Nationalist agenda erases that experience from the national consciousness only to replace it with another masculist imperium that would again occlude or write out ethnic and cultural difference. The internal contradiction is trenchant – and so the John F. Taylor passage operates at various, clashing levels of ideological (and rhetorical) power, meaning, and irony.

"What is a Nation?": Nationalism, Ireland, and "Cyclops"

What does it mean to be Irish? Who qualifies as "Irish?" What *is* Ireland? What is a nation? These are crucial questions which Bloom's mental observations about himself and the "Italian" Nannetti ("Ireland my country") invoke; they form a key subtext of *Ulysses*, especially in the "Aeolus" and "Cyclops" episodes, evoking the controversy then raging in Ireland regarding who could qualify as being "truly" Irish. This was an issue frequently discussed in Arthur Griffith's *United Irishman*, articulating the Celticist debate in the Nationalist revival – in which the racial purists argued that "only Gaels" were truly Irish, as opposed to the more liberal viewpoint that any "Irish-born man" should be considered Irish. As Gifford (130) points out: "It is interesting that the purist position would deny the distinction 'Irish' to many outstanding Irish-born people, including Swift, Sheridan, and Burke, Grattan and the members of his Parliament, Wolfe Tone and most of the United Irishmen, Parnell, Yeats and Synge, the Irish-born Italian Nannetti, and of course, the Irish-born Bloom." Joyce found such arguments for racial purity ridiculous; he had written to Stannie from Trieste that he would consider himself a Nationalist if it weren't for the Celticist insistence on the Irish language (Gaelic) – and if Griffith's newspaper weren't,

in Joyce's words, "educating the people of Ireland on the old pap of racial hatred" (*Letters* II, 187).

In the "Cyclops" episode's debate between Bloom and the Citizen, Bloom is asked to define what a nation is ("do you know what a nation means?" in *U* 12.1419), echoing the famous question (and essay), "*Qu'est-ce qu'une nation?*" by Ernest Renan (whose work Joyce was familiar with and whose birthplace he visited; Ellmann, *JJII*, 567). With that debate (in "Cyclops") in mind, I would like first to contextualize my reading of that episode (and of *Ulysses* in general) by briefly discussing the concept of Nation within some recent ideological studies on nationalism. The existence of one's "nation" as a natural trait that we are born into – like one's epoch, sex, "race," or gender – is for most of us an unquestioned fact so taken for granted that we seldom if ever wonder what it is that we may mean by our "nation" (though the recent breakdown of Eastern Europe into ethnic warfares and new nationalisms has focused renewed attention on that elusive concept of "nation").

In his provocative study *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism*, Benedict Anderson suggests that "nation-ness is the most universally legitimate value in the political life of our time" (3), able to "command such profound emotional legitimacy," in spite of the fact that "nation-ness, as well as nationalism, are cultural artefacts" which have emerged only in relatively recent history, products of discursive and ideological formations (3–4) – and in spite of the fact that, to cite Hugh Seton-Watson, "no 'scientific definition' of the nation can be devised; yet the phenomenon has existed and exists" (Anderson, 3). In view of this phenomenon, I would like to invoke Anderson's important and thought-provoking formulation of "nation" in terms of the concept of an "imagined community." Anderson begins:

> In an anthropological spirit, then, I propose the following definition of the nation: it is an imagined political community – and imagined as both inherently limited and sovereign.
>
> It is *imagined* because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them, or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion ... In fact, all communities larger than primordial villages of face-to-face contact (and perhaps even these) are imagined. Communities are to be distinguished, not by their falsity/genuineness, but by the style in which they are imagined.
>
> (6)

While a lot of Joyce's Dubliners do in fact seem to know each other (but they certainly know no more than a very small slice of the heterogeneity and variety of the entire country), nevertheless they are capable of imagining an Irish nation as a cohesive community of Celtic racial origins and Irish national character – in spite of the palpable, material reality and presence within their midst of variants such as Leopold Bloom, Reuben J. Dodd, Joseph Nannetti, W. B. Yeats, and Charles Stewart Parnell. Anderson continues:

> The nation is imagined as *limited* because even the largest of them ... has finite, if elastic, boundaries, beyond which lie other nations. No nation imagines itself coterminous with mankind. The most messianic nationalists do not dream of a day when all the members of the human race will join their nation in the way it was possible, in certain epochs, for say, Christians to dream of a wholly Christian planet.

Although the entire community of a nation necessarily encompasses a great spectrum of heterogeneous characters and difference, yet nations imagine themselves as somehow inherently (and essentially) different from each other, and therefore rivals and competitors. As Anderson notes, even messianic nationalists don't dream of all members of the human race becoming one nation; but messianic Leopold Bloom, the utopian prophet of the New Bloomusalem, will, in his fantasies in "Circe" – as does, to a more limited degree, James Joyce, who, I would argue, does at least posit the desirability of a more culturally inclusive alternative to the limits of Irish Nationalism.

> It is imagined as *sovereign* because the concept was born in an age in which Englightenment and Revolution were destroying the legitimacy of the divinely-ordained, hierarchical dynastic realm ... nations dream of being free ... The gage and emblem of this freedom is the sovereign state.

I will have more to say on this idea (a truly imagined one) of Ireland as a "sovereign" state later, and would like to bracket this till our reading of "Cyclops."

> Finally, it is imagined as a *community*, because, regardless of the actual inequality and exploitation that may prevail in each, the nation is always conceived as a deep, horizontal comradeship. Ultimately it is this fraternity that makes it possible, over the past two centuries, for so many millions of people, not so much to kill, as willingly to die for such limited imaginings.
>
> (Anderson, *Imagined Communities*, 7)

Which is to say that the imagined horizontal community allows for imaginary constructs – such as "national character" or national

identity and values – to be reified, which in turn makes it possible for patriotic sentiments and identifications to attach themselves to such reified constructs, to such an extent that people are willing to go to war or to die for these imaginary inventions.

In such a perspective, the idea of "nation" leads to the discursive reification of a rather arbitrary and homogeneous "national character" imposed upon a necessarily very heterogeneous collection of different people(s) over a wide expanse of territory, a notion that thus – in the process which Anderson calls "imagining the nation" and which Homi Bhabha calls "writing the nation" – writes out (erases) difference and the realities of a pluralistic and culturally diverse "contact zone" (to use Mary Pratt's term), so as to establish an essentialized (but largely imaginary) "national character." The nation is thus imagined as "a solid community moving steadily down (or up) history"; as Anderson points out, "An American will never meet, or even know the names of more than a handful of his 240,000,000-odd fellow-Americans. He has no idea of what they are up to at any one time. But he has complete confidence in their steady, anonymous, simultaneous activity" (26). As a result, the nation becomes a totalized version of the universal-particular,[2] an attempt to universalize individual difference, to homogenize heterogeneity: nation-formation leads to the imagined/imaginary collectivity which results in essentialism – so that "Finally, the imagined community ... thinks of the representative body, not the personal life" (*Imagined Communities*, 32).

This totality is, as Homi Bhabha points out in his collection *Nation and Narration*, "an idea whose cultural compulsion lies in the impossible unity of the nation as a symbolic force" (1), based on the imagined premise of "the many as one": "We may begin by questioning that progressive metaphor of modern social cohesion – *the many as one* – shared by organic theories of the holism of culture and community, and by theorists who treat gender, class, or race as radically 'expressive' social totalities" (294).

Such a totalizing movement was very much behind the Irish Nationalist construction of an Irish/Celtic national character, as Seamus Deane has argued in his essay on "National Character and National Audience: Races, Crowds, and Readers." Deane points out:

> In almost all the literature of nineteenth century Ireland, national character and the appeal of its various embodiments to a new national audience, is a constant refrain. Maria Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Thomas Moore, Gerald Griffin, the Banim brothers, Mrs. Hall, William Carleton, Father Prout, William Maginn, Somerville and Ross, the Young Irelanders, Standish O'Grady, the young Yeats, and Shaw ... all give it prominence.
>
> ("National," 40–41)

Deane shows how the leading nineteenth-century Irish authors – up to and including Yeats, Shaw, Synge, and Douglas Hyde (in trying, as Yeats put it, "To write for my own race") – tried repeatedly to imagine (both for their subject matter and as their ideal audience) "imagined communities" which they defined as the Irish nation and race, with all the desired "national character" and radical uniqueness which each one fantasized (and endowed their writing with).

This is very much part of the process that Bhabha calls "writing the nation":

> The scraps, patches, and rags of daily life must be repeatedly turned into the signs of a national culture, while the very act of the narrative performance interpellates a growing circle of national subjects ... It is through this process of splitting that the conceptual ambivalence of modern society becomes the site of *writing the nation*.
>
> ("DissemiNation," 297)

In such a process, the ambivalence involves a discursive occlusion (in both the present and past history) of the internal cultural differences which exist within any large and heterogeneous contact zone: "The barred Nation *It/Self*, alienated from its eternal self-generation, becomes a liminal form of social representation, a space that is *internally* marked by cultural difference and the heterogeneous histories of contending peoples, antagonistic authorities, and tense cultural locations" (Bhabha, "DissemiNation," 299). The result is essentialized national stereotypes (of both the national Self and of its Others), constantly driven by a nostalgia for pure origins in an "attempt to hark back to a 'true' national past, which is often represented in the reified forms of realism and stereotype" (Bhabha, "DissemiNation," 303).

As a result, we have the popular investments in an imagined and essentialized national identity; as Anderson points out, "each communicant" in such a national community assumes that his daily experience is more or less typical of those of "thousands (or millions) of others of whose existence he is confident, yet of whose identity he has not the slightest notion," for he/she has been "continually reassured that the imagined world is visibly rooted in everyday life, creating that remarkable confidence of community which is the hallmark of modern nations" (*Imagined Communities*,

35–36). Anderson's observations about "imagined communities" (like most important discoveries) seem almost obvious once they are pointed out. Yet the point is brilliant and important – and reflects an experiential reality we have each discovered in getting to know other people: for the fact is that I, for example – as a Chinese male who grew up in various countries overseas but who am now a naturalized American – have perhaps much more in common with, say, certain individual Canadian women, or individual Dutch nationals, or individual black Americans, or individual gay males – than with most other heterosexual Chinese-American males. Any large and heterogeneous group with whose individual membership one cannot be personally familiar, but which is nonetheless characterized or shaped in terms of presumed shared traits, is, finally, an essentialized and imagined/imaginary community.

Nevertheless, so strong is this neo-religious impulse towards nation-ness, that the nations to which these "imagined communities" give political expression are then conceived so as to "always loom out of an immemorial past, and, still more important, glide into a limitless future. It is the magic of nationalism to turn chance into destiny" (Anderson, *Imagined Communities*, 11–12). Like Jay Gatsby (and like the imagined American "national character" he represents), nations – once born – tend to create an immemorial past for themselves, as if they had always been there, and a limitless future whose destiny has always been written; as Bhabha puts it, "Nations ... lose their origins in the myths of time and only fully realize their horizons in the mind's eye" (*Nation*, 1).

The sentimental vocabulary for patriotic love-of-one's-nation suggests to what extent "nation" becomes internalized as a natural and unquestioned condition of essence and destiny, often "either in the vocabulary of kinship (motherland, *Vaterland, patria*) or that of home (*heimat* or *tanah air*)" – for both idioms "denote something to which one is naturally tied" and "In this way, nation-ness is assimilated to skin-colour, gender, parentage and birth-era – all those things one cannot help ... To put it another way, precisely because such ties are not chosen, they have about them a halo of disinterestedness" (Anderson, 143). This halo of "natural" inevitability surrounding one's nation-ness is patently ludicrous to any marginal or diasporic peoples, or to anyone living by choice in a "contact zone," for they have not been granted such an aura – people (like myself) who, whether by choice or circumstance, do not assume that "Chinese" (or whatever) is a nationality by destiny, but instead

might opt to become American, Brazilian, Swazi, or whatever. Joyce's Bloom, by contrast, is in the unenviable position of being unable to *choose* (or even to wish) to become Irish, since he was born in Ireland and already *is* Irish; yet he is, nonetheless, unceasingly typed as a foreigner always belonging somewhere else, essentialized within another static, reified "natural" state (Jewish heritage) that he didn't choose either. The absurdity of such presumed inevitability is mocked by the very fact that almost every nation has an institutional process by which foreigners *can* become nationals: but even the term we use for that process – "naturalization" ("wonderful word!" as Anderson [145] notes) – is an attempt linguistically to deceive ourselves into imagining the acquired identity as something eternal and natural.

The effect of such an imagined national character and community is, in Anderson's term, "unisonance": "Singing the Marseillaise, Waltzing Matilda, and Indonesia Raya provide occasions for unisonality, for the echoed physical realization of the imagined community" – when, perhaps, in truth "Nothing connects us all but imagined sound" (*Imagined Communities*, 145). The composite reality of, say, "France," in the full range of its internal cultural/ethnic/individual heterogeneity and difference, may not be very much different from the corresponding heterogeneous ranges and realities of any (not purely tribal) nation – whether Indonesia, Algeria, Australia, the United States, Canada, and so on. It is the tragedy of a unisonant, monologic perspective that it is blind to the pluralism, heterogeneity, and multivalence of perspectives available – even within one's own nation. It is for this reason that Joyce's representation of nationalistic xenophobia and chauvinistic myopia through the trope of the one-eyed Cyclops is such a brilliantly effective and resonant choice.

The "Cyclops" episode of *Ulysses* presents and explores many of the above issues and ideas about Nation. Throughout the episode, the increasingly drunken men at Barney Kiernan's pub repeatedly slander Bloom with racial slurs on his Jewishness – "A bit off the top" (*U* 12.20), "the little jewy" (*U* 12.31), "the prudent member" (*U* 12.211), "those jewies does have sort of a queer odour" (*U* 12.452–53), "old shylock" (*U* 12.765), "the bottlenosed fraternity" (*U* 12.1086), and so on. At the same time, such slurs, ironically, are often immediately followed by unconscious references such as "How are the mighty fallen!" taken from the Jewish Old Testament or, more consciously, repeated comparisons

of the situation of the Irish to that of the exiled Israelites under Pharoah (as already manifest in "Aeolus"), such as the following description of Irish heritage in terms of Judaic tribes: "the high sinhedrim of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe one man, of the tribe of Patrick and of the tribe of Hugh and . . . " (*U* 12.1125) – for Iar was one of the three sons of Mileadh and the legendary Milesian ancestor of the Irish clans, of "Iar-land" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 347). The men in the pub, however, are blind to the self-contradicting irony inherent in such anti-Semitism – for they have the limited, monologic, cycloptic vision of an ethnocentric and xenophobic nationalism. This is true of the various men drinking in the pub – but especially of the Citizen, based on Michael Cusack (1847–1907), the founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association, that "notably contentious" association "dedicated to the revival of Irish sports such as hurling, Gaelic football, and handball" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 316). Cusack, who referred to himself as "Citizen Cusack," was notoriously contentious himself, greeting people thus: "I'm Citizen Cusack from the Parish of Carron in the Barony of Burre in the County of Clare, you Protestant dog!" (Ellmann, *JJII*, 61) As the episode opens, its curmudgeonly narrator notices the Citizen in the bar: "There he is . . . working for the cause" (*U* 12.123–24); ironically, the only cause the Citizen seems to be working for the entire episode is cadging free drinks, while it is Bloom who is actively engaged in a humanitiarian activity at the moment (meeting Cunningham and Power to set up a charity for the Dignam family).

Right away the episode's narrator mockingly describes the Citizen as "Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill" (*U* 12.134) – "rapparees" (Irish for robbers or outlaws) were originally Catholic landlords displaced by Cromwell who turned to blackmailing and plundering the Cromwellian Protestants who had taken over their lands; they were idealized in the nineteenth century by Charles Gavan Duffy in "The Irish Rapparees: a Peasant Ballad" praising their retributive violence in response to the Cromwellers. "Rory of the hill" was the signature "adopted in about 1880 by letter writers who threatened landlords and others in the agitation for land reform"; it was also the title of a nineteenth-century poem by Charles Joseph Kickham sentimentally avowing that "dear Ireland's strength / Her honest strength – is still / The rough-and-ready roving boys, / Like Rory of the Hill" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 320). Thus, from the start of "Cyclops," Joyce illustrates how the Citizen's prototypically macho qualities of physical strength and retributive

violence ("rough-and-ready roving boys") get sentimentalized and idealized into national legendry, the very stuff Joyce is parodying in the episode.

Throughout the episode, Joyce satirizes – through the parodic sections of the narration – the xenophobic ideologies of radical Celticists such as Michael Cusack. These parodies repeatedly take on the forms of the nineteenth-century Irish nationalist literature which had sentimentalized stereotypes of a "national character" (as Deane points out), usually bathed in a nostalgia for origins – "that attempt to hark back to a 'true' national past" (Bhabha, 303) through what David Lloyd calls "the recurrent reproduction of Celtic material as a thematica of identity" ("Writing," 85).[3] In his 1903 essay "The Soul of Ireland," a review of Lady Gregory's *Poets and Dreamers*, Joyce had already derided such attempts to sentimentalize an Irish essence from the misty dreams of the distant past (rather than by creating a vital, new national literature), describing her book (which also included translations of some West Irish ballads and some of Hyde's poems) as explorations "in a land almost fabulous in its sorrow and senility" (*CW* 103); this is the review Mulligan refers to in the Library when he tells Stephen: "Longworth is awfully sick . . . after what you wrote about that old hake Gregory . . . She gets you a job on the paper and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus. Couldn't you do the Yeats touch?" (*U* 9.1158–61).

Here, in "Cyclops," Joyce composes within the episode's narration a number of extended and hilarious send-ups of sentimentalized, nostalgia-laden, heroic Irish literature and legendry in the Celtic-revival mode, taking off everyone from James Clarence Mangan to Hyde's *Lovesongs from Connacht* ("Those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the graceful pseudonym of the Little Sweet Branch"; *U* 12.723–25) to Dan Dawson: "In Insifail the fair there lies a land . . . a pleasant land it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the gurnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut" (*U* 12.69–73) and so on. These parodies are appropriately endowed with that narrow vision of the binary trap, imposing reified oppositions of Celtic purity and English depravity as poles of absolute difference. Hyde, the leader in the radical movement to de-Anglicise Ireland and return it to the Gaelic language, had posited in his *A Literary History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (1899) an "Irish-speaking population . . . who . . . have a remarkable command of language and a large store of traditional literature learned by heart" in contrast to

the "anglicized products of the National Schools" to whom "poetry is an unknown term" and among whom "there exists little or no trace of traditional Irish feelings"; as Deane summarizes Hyde's position on "culture": "The Irish had it, the English and the Anglicized had not" ("National," 40, 42) – a simplistic and mirrored reversal of the Anglo-Saxonist prejudice towards the barbarian Celt. Thus, for example, one of the best-known "Cyclops" parodies – obviously suggesting that the Irish are the greatest race on earth and are responsible for all the world's great achievements – lists in its catalogue of "the tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity" (*U* 12.175) such "Celtic" greats as Dante Alighieri, Christopher Columbus, Saint Brendan (whom some Celtic enthusiasts argued had discovered America in the sixth century AD), Muhammad, "Brian Confucius," "Patrick W. Shakespeare," and so on.[4] Earlier, in the Library, Eglinton had referred to Judge Barton "searching for clues" that Hamlet ("Has no-one made him out to be an Irishman?") or Shakespeare was Irish (*U* 9.510–21); Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton did indeed eventually publish his *Links Between Ireland and Shakespeare*, including suggestions that there was some "Celt in Shakespeare" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 225). The patent absurdity of such claims is further exposed by the "Cyclops" narrator also throwing into this catalogue equally ridiculous possibilities such as "Francy Higgins" (the "Sham Squire"), "the first Prince of Wales," and "Arthur Wellesley" (Duke of Wellington) – all of whom were (ideologically) on the English side of the dualism. (Like Higgins, the latter *was* Irish, but "the Dublin-born duke was not the soul of popularity in his native country, since as prime minister [1828–30], he symbolized rigorous English militarism and a conservative resistance to reform" [Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 325]; see also chapter 10 of this study, "The general and the sepoy," on Wellington.)

Perhaps the most hilarious and effective of these parodies is the extended account of Robert Emmet's hanging in *U* 12.524–678, an exploration into the dynamics of patriotic martyrdom. Anderson, in analyzing the nature and the strength of patriotic fervor for the imaginary constructions of "nation," has wondered "why people are ready to die for these inventions" (*Imagined Communities*, 141). An episode earlier, Bloom had listened to Ben Dollard in the Ormond singing "The Croppy Boy" and had thought about the lines from this song of national heroes and martyrs: "All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his brothers fell. To Wexford, we

are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of his name and race ... Ireland comes now. My country above the king" (*U* 11.1063–72). When he emerges into the street, Bloom sees "Robert Emmet's last words" in a shop window (and farts). Now, in "Cyclops," we have a dramatization of Emmet's final moments.

The narrator in the pub tells us that at this point "they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore" (*U* 12.450–51), arguing against capital punishment. The discussion then turns to hanging, and to the hanging of the Invincibles, and then to violent revolution: "So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and the old guard and the men of sixtyseven" (*U* 12.479–81). The Citizen can only answer Bloom's reasoned arguments by resorting to cant and slogans: " – *Sinn Fein!* ... *sinn fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us" (*U* 12.523–24). This latter sentence is a startlingly stark and clear statement of binary opposition and essentializing; of the need to demarcate the Self and the Other as polar enemies marked by absolute difference; of limited, one-eyed vision. Ironically, the sentence (although it corresponds to "Ourselves, ourselves alone") is not Cusack's but a quotation from a sentimental Thomas Moore song in the *Irish Melodies* – which goes to show to what extent the Irish Nationalist logic of a binary opposition had been already systemically internalized into the popular cultural discourse.

Soon, the Citizen and Bloom are "having an argument about the point, the brothers Sheares and Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill and Robert Emmet and die for our country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran and she's far from the land" (*U* 12.498–501). These specific references are instructive in terms of the nature of the myth-making of Irish nationalism: in the Rebellion of 1798, the Sheares brothers were both members of the United Irishmen who were betrayed by an informer; according to the sentimentally popular version of the story, they supposedly went hand in hand to their execution (though there is no evidence for this version). Sara Curran was secretly engaged to Robert Emmet, who – according to a popular but equally apocryphal legend – was captured when he went to bid her good-bye before fleeing the country; a *very* sentimentalized version of her story was then told by Thomas Moore in his *Irish Melodies* ("the Tommy Moore touch"), in a poem titled "She Is Far From the Land" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 332–33). Emmet, of course, was hanged and beheaded (after a farcical and

doomed attempt at capturing Dublin Castle), in a "brutally botched public execution" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated* 124) after speaking his famous last words ("When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done") – and, as a result of this hopeless farce, has since been somehow incredibly raised to the highest mythological pantheon of legendary Irish heroes.[5]

Joyce's parody narrates the Emmet hanging in the stylized language of a newspaper socialite report in the society pages. The result is absurd and outrageous: but the effectiveness of the humor is also Joyce's comment on the nationalist tendency to nostalgize and sentimentalize (as do the society columns) what are basically terrible things: death, martyrdom, capital punishment. Thus, the hanging (like a celebrity wedding) becomes an over-hyped gala event, a socialite occasion attended by all sides – for among those present are the "viceregal houseparty which included many wellknown ladies" as well as the "Friends of the Emerald Isle," not to speak of high dignitaries from all over the world (such as "Ali Baba Backsheesh Rahat Lokum Effendi"). Like the sentimentalizing clichés of the society pages (shaping minds like Gerty MacDowell's), the narrative describes "An animated altercation" which ensued and in which "blows were freely exchanged," after which however order was "promptly restored" and "general harmony reigned supreme," at which point the hangman Rumbold "stepped on to the scaffold in faultless morning dress and wearing his favourite flower, the *Gladiolus Cruentus*" while "on a handsome mahogany table near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances," and so on. This is wonderfully funny stuff:

> The *nec* and *non plus ultra* of emotion were reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be launched into eternity for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own.*

– this *is* the collective mind of Gerty MacDowell speaking.

It is interesting to note that Joyce's Emmet here calls his "blushing bride elect" Sheila: since Sheila-ni-Gara was an allegorical name for Ireland, Emmet here is allegorically engaged to Ireland (as his bride). He now goes to his death in heroically sentimentalized fashion, "with a song on his lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in

Clonturk park." At this moment "A most romantic incident occurred when a handsome young Oxford graduate ... stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot." While this melodramatic absurdity fits in with the sentimentally romanticized drivel of the passage, it is also Joyce's ironic comment on Irish betrayal – on a history of Ireland herself (Sheila-ni-Gara) selling out to England and allegorically betraying her Irish lover (just as Emmet, the Sheares, Fitzgerald, Parnell, and others had been betrayed by Irish informers and turncoats) even as he is about to be hanged. The Oxonian pretender, with his bankbook and his genealogical tree, evokes "the oxy chap" Haines and the English hegemonic ability to tempt the shoneen mentality with the dual attractions of material success and cultural/social pretensions.

As a result of this happy and unexpected connubial development, we are told (as the parodic passage comes to an end) that "Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch" and

> even the stern provostmarshal, lieutenantcolonel Tomkin-Maxwell ffrenchmullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion ... and was overheard ... to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:
> – God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry ...

The parody is both hilariously and poignantly effective precisely because it exposes the sort of rose-tinted nationalistic sentimentality that can (on the Irish side) canonize a pointless and farcical martyrdom into the pantheon of sacred national symbols, or (on the mirrored English side) sentimentalize "our boys" (such as lieutenant-colonel Tomlinson) "over there" in the Indian colonies as strong silent types hiding a soft heart beneath their courageous and stoic exterior – and thus gloss over or ignore brutal outrages and realities such as the "considerable number of sepoys" they had blown "from the cannonmouth without flinching," an actual British practice during the bloody Sepoy Rebellion of 1857.[6] For Bloom as for Joyce, the pointless spilling of blood was tragic but not either noble nor heroic: the Emmet parody in "Cyclops" helps to demythologize the sentimentalizing, mythmaking process by which – as Anderson puts it in describing the imagined community/comradeship of Nation –

"this [imagined] fraternity ... makes it possible ... for so many millions of people, not so much to kill, as willingly to die for such limited imaginings" (7).

At this point, while Bloom is trying to argue the need (so well illustrated in this episode itself) for more temperance in an Ireland held hostage to "drink, the curse of Ireland" (*U* 12.684) – the Citizen brings up instead the issue of the Irish language, the movement spurred by Hyde for a "return" to the "purity" of the Gaelic language and the de-Anglicization of Ireland: "So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the corporation meeting and all that and the shoneens that can't speak their own language" (*U* 12.679–81); as we had learned earlier in "Wandering Rocks," at City Hall the "Corporation" was in fact (on June 16, 1904) debating that very issue about "their damned Irish language" (*U* 10.1010).[7] As Anderson (*Imagined Communities*, 154) points out, the arena of language often takes on a central role in the "imagining" of nation and national identity as a community homogeneously shaped by a shared (and stridently defended) vernacular-as-destiny:

> What the eye is to the lover – that particular, ordinary eye he or she is born with – language – whatever language history has made his or her mother-tongue – is to the patriot. Through that language, encountered at mother's knee and parted with only at the grave, pasts are restored, fellowships are imagined, and futures dreamed.

But, while the issue of a return to Gaelic as the national language was obviously a central item in the cultural agenda of the Gaelic Revival, the disputed cultural space in "Cyclops" is not so much language or even literature but sports. The debate about sports in "Cyclops" affords a paradigmatic case study (and microcosm) of the Celticist agenda and dynamics. This is hardly inappropriate or coincidental here, for after all Michael Cusack was the head and founder of the Gaelic Athletic League. As Joe Hynes says about the Citizen: " – There's the man ... that made the Gaelic sports revival. There he is sitting there ... The champion of all Ireland at putting the sixteen pound shot" (*U* 12.880–82). Not only devoted to reviving Irish sports like hurling, Gaelic football, and handball, Cusack's Gaelic Athletic Association was also militantly engaged in "'banning' as un-Irish those who participated in or watched such 'English' games as association football (soccer), rugby, field hockey, and polo" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 316). Sports had thus become a serious issue in the Nationalist and anti-English agenda (in

A Portrait, 202, Stephen had derided Davin about this "rebellion with hurleysticks"), having been politicized from the realm of athletic activity into a binary-polar politics in which particular games were now being labeled as either Irish, or as English and thus un-Irish. We have already seen how schools in the hegemonic cultural system played "English" sports like cricket (Clongowes) and field hockey (Deasy's school in Dalkey). Earlier in the day Bloom had thought about the "banning" of cricket: "They can't play it here ... Still Captain Culler broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog to square leg" (*U* 5.559–61). The Kildare Street Club was the most fashionable and expensive shoneen club in Ireland, whose "membership was dominated by wealthy Irish landlords well known for their pro-English sentiments" and "reputedly the only place in Dublin where one could get decent caviar" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 99) – and obviously a place where one would still play cricket. And Stephen had thought of Lord Tennyson as "Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet" (9.648) – blending two emblems of the genteel English establishment, lawn tennis and the Poet Laureate; recall, too, that the "Oxy chap" Haines is wearing a tennis shirt today.

Now, in "Cyclops," Joe Hynes reports that "Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London to ask about [foot and mouth disease] on the floor of the house of commons" and that "the league [the Gaelic League] told [Nannetti] to ask a question tomorrow about the commissioner of police forbidding Irish games in the park ... The *Sluagh na h-Eireann*" (*U* 12.850–59). The "Sluagh na h-Eireann," or "Army of Ireland," was a patriotic organization that, on June 16, 1904, did in fact complain to Parliament (through Nannetti) that it was not being allowed by the police commissioners to play Irish games in Phoenix Park; "the complaint noted that polo (presumably an English and foreign sport) was allowed" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 341).

What immediately follows in the episode is a parody of parliamentary debate (between MPs with names like "Mr Cowe Conacre" and "Mr Allfours") about the slaughtering of cattle (Bloom had just been arguing for "Humane methods because the poor animals suffer and experts say and the best known remedy that doesn't cause pain to the animal"; *U* 12.843–44) and also about sports: "Have similar orders been issued for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the Phoenix park?" (*U* 12.869–71). The parliamentary debate mirrors that in the pub, which now also moves

to the subject of games: "So off they started about Irish sports and shoneen games the like of lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil and building up a nation once again and all to that" (*U* 12.889–91). By 1904 the Celticist arguments for racial purity, and for a culture and a literature that is "racy of the soil" and would help in "building up a nation once again," had moved beyond the realms of Irish language and the Irish literary revival even into the now racialized and nationalized arena of popular sports. So we get a somewhat Celticized parodic version of the above narration: "A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of *Brian o'Ciarnain*'s [Barney Kiernan's] in *Sraid na Bretaine Bheag* [in, ironically, Little Britain Street], under the auspices of *Sluagh na h-Eireann*, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture ... for the development of the race" (*U* 12.897–901). Hynes makes an "eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes, practised morning and evening by Finn MacCool, as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly strength and prowess handed down to us from ancient ages" (*U* 12.908–12). The men then join in singing "the immortal Thomas Osborne Davis's evergreen verses (happily too familiar to need recalling here) *A Nation Once Again*" (*U* 12.916–17); "A Nation Once Again" was a song by Davis, an Irish poet and patriot whose poems had been praised by Charles Gavan Duffy as "evergreen" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 342; in the West of Ireland, many pubs still mark closing time by having everyone join in a communal singing of "A Nation Once Again," long the unofficial anthem of the IRA).[8]

By labeling particular games as "racy of the soil" and "Irish," and by "banning" particular others as un-Irish or shoneen or English, this "banning" practice of the Gaelic revival was again falling into the binary trap, not only by being unable to break free of an Irish–English dialectic, but also by maintaining a static hierarchy of labels and valuations, even about sports – much as arguments for Celtic racial purity still maintained a vertical hierarchy of pejorative labels (degrees of racial impurity, such as Chinese or Hottentot) which still mirrored the imposed and inherited system of the Anglo-Saxonist racist oppression. Bloom refuses to value individual sports along polarized lines of national politics, but rather is able to break out of the Irish–English binary structures by arguing for particular sports according to their individual and humanitarian use-value: for example, "if a fellow had a rower's heart violent exercise was bad"

(*U* 12.892–93). When the men now start discussing boxing – "Talking about violent exercise ... were you at that Keogh–Bennett match?" at which Boylan had "made a cool hundred quid over" (*U* 12.939–43) – Bloom argues instead for a less brutal game like tennis: "What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training of the eye." As opposed to masculist violence and retributive brutality (represented here by pugilism, Fenianism [which Joyce had called "a desperate and bloody doctrine" (CW 191)], Blazes Boylan, and the Citizen), Bloom counters the general enthusiasm for boxing with other physical considerations: "And Bloom cuts in again about lawn tennis and the circulation of the blood" (*U* 12.940–52). Stephen had in the school that morning shown his awareness of how games of violent and aggressive competition, such as the boys' hockey game going on outside, were – like the playing fields of Eton – training grounds for a male ideology and tradition of blood and warfare: "Again: a goal ... their battling bodies in a medley, the joust of life ... Jousts. Time shocked rebounds, shock by shock. Jousts, slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain, a shout of spearspikes baited with men's bloodied guts" (*U* 2.314–18). Bloom – who also wonders about "children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim guns at each other" (*U* 13.1192–93) – like Stephen and like Joyce, deplores violent sports, such as boxing, that just breed more violence and brutality.

The Bennett–Keogh fight – between an English soldier (Sergeant-major Bennett) and an Irish "pucker" (Keogh) – is an emblematic representation of those very dynamics involved in a closed, binary, polarized England–Ireland dialectic, with its resultant and systemic violence, a microcosm of warfare:

> The soldier got to business, leading off with a powerful left jab to which the Irish gladiator retaliated by shooting out a stiff one flush to the point of Bennett's jaw. The redcoat ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook, the body punch being a fine one. The men came to handgrips ... It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it.

This is the masculist, binary, imperialist logic in an emblematic moment – a closed system of mirrored hatred and violence, a duel of dual and mirrored images.

But the men in the pub have limited vision and only see the binary poles, see everything in stark categories of black and white, English or Irish – thus, they accuse Breen (and presumably Bloom) of being a "half and half," "A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh" (*U* 12.1055–57);

a bit later, they will label Bloom as a "mixed middling" ("Do you call that a man?" they ask, in *U* 12.1654–58), for Bloom doesn't fit into the static categories of maleness and masculinity which they can understand. Sports becomes just one more arena in which the homogenization of individual and cultural differences and preferences takes place, resulting in an oppressive hierarchy of fixed, essentialized labels.

The debate in the pub begins itself to resemble a boxing match, as the Citizen becomes more and more aggressive and tries to provoke Bloom into a good hard fight to the finish – which Bloom declines, continuing to voice reasoned arguments. The Citizen, however, rains a series of low blows – as he accuses Bloom first of "Swindling the peasants ... and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house" (*U* 12.1150–51). Again, he sets up the binary oppositions of xenophobia (fear of strangers): strangers/foreigners, versus our house; "them" versus "us." "Strangers in our house" was a term used to refer to the British, for Yeats's Cathleen complained about "Too many strangers in the house ... My land was taken from me ... My four beautiful green fields" (the four provinces) – lines Stephen had also referred to earlier ("Gaptoothed Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house" in *U* 9.36–37). Thus, the Citizen's one-eyed logic is unable to distinguish the English invaders from Bloom, an Irishman born in Ireland. Even more ironic is the fact that they themselves are *all* foreigners, having been descended from Celts, Danes, Saxons, and others who each in their turn had once been "strangers in our house." The Citizen continues: "– The strangers ... Our own fault. We let them in. We brought them in. The adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon robbers here ... A dishonoured wife, ... that's what's the cause of all our misfortunes" (*U* 12.1156–65). This is exactly the same logic as that of the Ulsterman Deasy's attack on women earlier (*U* 2.389–97), in its combination of racism, xenophobia, and misogyny – for all three of these (racism, xenophobia, misogyny) are binary, totalizing structures which mirror each other, whether espoused by Celticist radical (Cusack) or pro-English Ulsterman (Deasy). All of these binary structures get focused in the person of the Citizen and his ideology – and Bloom, like Joyce, refuses to be sucked into their trap.

When John Wyse Nolan walks in, the Citizen asks him about another binary issue, the language question being debated that afternoon in City Hall: "What did those tinkers in the city hall at their caucus meeting decide about the Irish language?" (*U* 12.1181–82)

The Citizen's own opinion is predictable – "To hell with the bloody brutal Sassenachs and their *patois*" – engaging in precisely the binary logic of Celticist racial venom, accusing England (and its culture) of exactly what Anglo-Saxonist racism had previously stigmatized as "Irish": "No music and no art and no literature worthy of the name. Any civilisation they have they stole from us. Tonguetied sons of bastards' ghosts ... *Conspuez les anglais!*" ("*Perfide Albion!*" adds Lenehan; *U* 12.1191–201). Bloom and J. J. O'Molloy, on the other hand, are willing to try to see more than one side to an issue: "So J. J. puts in a word ... about one story was good till you heard another and blinking facts and the Nelson policy [recall that Nelson, too, like Cyclops, had only one good eye], putting your blind eye to the telescope and drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a nation, and Bloom trying to back him up moderation and botheration and their colonies and their civilization" (*U* 12.1192–96: Sinn Fein had earlier tried to draw up a bill to "impeach" England in the court of "world opinion"; Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 349). The Citizen's response is to drink some more: "then lifted he in his rude great brawny strengthy hands the medher of dark strong foamy ale and, uttering his tribal slogan *Lamb Dearg Abu* ['Red Hand to Victory,' both the heraldic symbol of Ulster and the O'Neills, and the label of the Allsop's bottled ale he is drinking], he drank to the undoing of his foes" (*U* 12.1210–14).

At this moment the results of the Gold Cup race are announced in the bar, introducing the issues of favorites and dark horses, Sceptres and Throwaways. The phallic "sceptre" of imperial and patriarchal rule is represented in the pub by the male-centrist, one-eyed, racist intolerance of the Citizen's rabid Celticist logic, which mirrors that of the same British imperialism he so hates. As Bloom now points out: "Some people ... can see the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own" (*U* 12.1237–38) – as the Citizen launches into an extended encomium about the unsurpassed greatness of Ireland (*U* 12.1240–58). Appropriately, the men now turn their attention to a newspaper with a "Picture of a butting match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head down like a bull at the gate" – much like the Bennett–Keogh boxing match and the macho logic of the Citizen's anti-English venom. The newspaper also features a second picture: "*Black Beast Burned in Omaha, Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a Sambo strung up in a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him" (*U* 12.1321–28). This second image (in the "Cyclops" narrator's racist

language) of a black man being lynched in America is equally appropriate within a Joycean panoply of binary systems of masculist "imperialism," brutality ("the brutish empire"), racism, and retributive justice ("lynching," a term associated in Ireland with "the Galway Lynches," was evoked a few lines earlier in *U* 12.1304) – for it is a depiction of the literally black-and-white dynamics ("Sambos" and "Deadwood Dicks") within the black-and-white monologic (monochrome) vision of racism. (This was an actual lynching incident reported in the international papers.[9])

"That's your glorious British navy," continues the Citizen as he now discusses naval discipline, "that bosses the earth ... That's the great empire they boast about of drudges and whipped serfs ... And the tragedy of it ... [is] they believe it. The unfortunate yahoos believe it" (*U* 12.1346–53). The Citizen merely illustrates Bloom's point about the mote in one's eye: he sees through the pretense of British greatness, but he cannot see himself as others see him; he names *them* as "yahoos," employing the same mirrored logic of primitivizing racism which they had used to essentialize him as an Irish Caliban. Bloom understands the vicious cycles of such mirrored violence. Earlier he had thought about the Old Testament Exodus and dispossession of the Jews:

> Poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards with his finger to me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage *alleluia. Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu* ... Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher. And then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and the dog kills the cat ... Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else.
>
> (*U* 7.206–14)

In thinking about the *Haggadah*, Passover (Pessach), "next year in Jerusalem" and the "lamb," Bloom is referring to traditional Judaic interpretations of the Passover story, in which the "kid" or lamb, signifying the people of Israel, will eventually emerge from a history of successive empires destroying and swallowing one another (Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and so on): "The killing of the Angel of Death marks the day when the kingdom of the Almighty will be established on earth" (Abraham Regelson, *The Haggadah of Passover*, 63; see Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 133). But Bloom is aware that such a scheme of just retribution is a binary system of re-establishing (in Derrida's phrase) the "Empire of the Selfsame"

(Young, *White Mythologies*, 3) all over again: "Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else." As Bloom now asks the Citizen: "But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere. I mean wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force?" (*U* 12.1361–62)[10]

The Citizen responds with blind and vengeful machismo:

> – We'll put force against force ... We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea [America] ... the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the white-livered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America ... Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffinships. But those that came to the land of the free remember the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance, no cravens, the sons of Granuaaile, the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan.
>
> (*U* 12.1365–75)

The irony again lies in his invoking the racialized metaphors of the Irish as Israelites (remembering the land/house of bondage) and as "redskins," at the same time as he is slurring the Jew in his midst as a "coon" and racial Other. But Bloom sticks to his reasoned argument that force engenders force, that violent persecution creates hatred among nations which results in new cycles of retributive violence and persecution:

> – Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.
> – But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.
> – Yes, says Bloom ... A nation is the same people living in the same place ... Or also in different places.
> – What is your nation if I may ask? says the citizen.
> – Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.
>
> (*U* 12.1417–31)

This is an important passage about the difficult issue we have been exploring, "what is a nation?" As we have seen, nations tend to construct themselves as imagined communities with a national essence, character, and identity, resulting in a value-laden hierarchy that writes out or homogenizes non-conforming "others." Bloom, as one of those "others" which Celticist nationalism would write out (even though, as he points out, he was born Irish), responds simply that "A nation is the same people living in the same place" – or, in some cases, "in different places." While his flustered answer is one the men make fun of, it is nonetheless significant (and powerful) in its tolerant breadth: by defining a nation simply as a people generally

within a geographical location, Bloom's answer refuses either to hierarchize or to "imagine" an essentialized community, but rather allows for personal or ethnic difference and heterogeneity without denying the status of "citizens" or "nationals" to anyone within the community.

Speaking himself into boldness, Bloom points out that the Irish aren't the only people being persecuted:

> – And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant ... Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction in Morocco like slaves or cattle.
> – Are you taking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.
> – I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.
>
> (*U* 12.1467–74)

Although it sounds like Bloom is merely waxing melodramatic here, he is actually right on two counts: first, he is of course being hated and persecuted by the Citizen and his cohorts at "this very moment"; but also, Bloom is aware that in 1904 Jews were in fact still being bought and sold by the Moslem majority of Morocco to perform so-called "compulsory service," a practice of slavery not abolished till 1907 (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 364); in fact there had been some massacres of Jews in Morocco recently reported in the international newspapers.[11]

Having argued for non-violence, Bloom has restrained himself thus far from the Citizen's blatant provocations. Now, Nolan tells him: "– Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men." But if that is what it means to be manly ("like men"), Bloom rejects it:

> – But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life ... Love ... I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now.
>
> (*U* 12.1476–85)

And off he runs in search of Martin Cunningham, while the Citizen mocks him: "– A new apostle to the gentiles ... Universal love ... Beggar my neighbour is his motto" (*U* 12.1489–91). But, in spite of the narrator's hilarious parody of "universal love" ("Love loves to love love" and so on), Bloom's action speaks louder than their mockery – for he is in fact off on an errand of *caritas* ("love," "the opposite of hatred") to help the Dignam family, proving himself a much better citizen than the "Citizen" and his drunken fellows "stand[ing] up to it ... like men" – at the bar.

While Bloom is out looking for Cunningham, the men in the pub – thinking Bloom has gone to cash in his "shekels" on Throwaway but being too cheap to stand them drinks – continue slandering him: "Ireland my nation says he ... never be up those bloody ... Jerusalem ... cuckoos"; "Defrauding widows and orphans"; and so on (*U* 12.1570–72, 1622). John Wyse Nolan tries to defend Bloom, "saying it was Bloom gave the ideas for Sinn Fein to Griffith to put in his paper all kinds of jerrymandering, packed juries and swindling the taxes off of the government and appointing consuls all over the world to walk about selling Irish industries" – a claim Martin Cunningham, who works in Dublin Castle, corroborates as he now joins the group: "it was he drew up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle" (*U* 12.1574–77, 1635–37). They believe this about Bloom because of his Hungarian background: the Hungarian resistance to Austrian imperial domination had followed tactics similar to those now advocated by Griffith, who was also "rumored to have a Jewish adviser-ghostwriter" (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 366). As Nolan points out: "– And after all, ... why can't a jew love his country like the next fellow?" (*U* 12.1628–29)

Whereas it is quite unlikely that Bloom (even in fiction) was the man behind Arthur Griffith's ideas, Nolan is correct at least to claim that Bloom is a Jew who loves his country – and, in spite of the attacks on him as a "foreigner," quite a conscientious patriot in his own ways. Bloom is, as we shall later learn, a big fan and advocate of Arthur Griffith's ideas. Indeed, in his youth (Molly recalls and derides his "socialist" ideas in "Penelope"), Bloom apparently had radical sympathies and was involved in anti-English activism. In "Lestrygonians" he thinks of "The patriot's banquet. Eating orangepeels in the park" (*U* 8.516–17), a gesture employed by Nationalists at patriotic assemblies in Phoenix Park so as to irritate Orangemen (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 172–73); he thinks of James Stephens, Garibaldi, Parnell, Griffith, and Irish Nationalist debates, such as "That the language question should take precedence of the economic question" (we will later learn that Bloom favors the reverse); and he recalls the time he was involved in a protest against Joseph Chamberlain at Trinity, almost getting beaten up in the process by mounted policemen: "That horsepoliceman the day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a run for his money ... His horse's hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Lucky I had the presence of mind to dive into Manning's or I was souped" (*U* 8.423–26). Chamberlain, a foe of Home Rule and an aggressive imperialist

associated with the English policies in the Boer War, was understandably hated in Ireland. On December 18, 1899 he came to Dublin to receive an honorary degree at Trinity College; O'Leary, Maud Gonne, and other radicals organized a pro-Boer demonstration which resulted in the clashes with the police which Bloom recalls (Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 168). We will encounter considerably more evidence of Bloom's patriotic sentiments and activities in later episodes.

But the Citizen's polarized system of absolute differences cannot accommodate for a Bloom or a Jew who is an Irish patriot; he continues mocking Bloom ("the new Messiah for Ireland!"; *U* 12.1642) in his xenophobic obsession with racial purity: "– Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar and convert us, ... after allowing things like that to contaminate our shores" (*U* 12.1671–72). When Bloom returns to find Cunningham at last, the Citizen now lashes out at him so viciously that Bloom can no longer restrain himself: as Cunningham and Power drag him away from the Citizen's violence (while the bystanders again racialize him as a "coon" by singing *"If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew"* – echoing a popular American tune of the time, "If the man in the moon were a coon, coon, coon"; Gifford, *"Ulysses" Annotated*, 378), Bloom retorts proudly in defence of his Judaic heritage: "– Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God ... Christ was a jew like me." Typically, Bloom gets it only approximately right – for Mercadante was not a Jew and, as Cunningham reminds him, the Saviour "had no father"; but Bloom's basic point is quite correct and eloquently driven home. This is too much for the Citizen – but, ironically, even his very words of emotive anger unconsciously prove Bloom's point, for in responding to the perceived insult to his god (Christ) he takes His name in vain, swearing (by Jesus) that he will do to Bloom ("crucify") precisely what the Jews did to the Christ he holds so sacred: "– By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will" (*U* 12.1801–12). It is a wonderfully concise illustration of the cycloptic myopia of polarized binarities.

Meantime, as the "new Messiah" and "apostle to the gentiles," Bloom (in narrative parody) ascends to heaven like Elijah, only to return later in "Circe" as the Messiah of the New Bloomusalem and the Nova Hibernia of the future. Significantly, the fantasized New Bloomusalem is a tolerant nation whose characteristics are pluralistically inclusive rather than exclusive: "Union of all, jew, moslem and gentile ... universal brotherhood ... Mixed races and mixed marriage" (*U* 15.1686–99).

We have been exploring the arguments in "Cyclops" within the discourse of Nation. As Anderson pointed out, nations tend to construct themselves as imagined communities with a cohesive national character, sovereignties retrospectively endowed with a revisionist history of antiquity and racial purity: for they "always loom out of an immemorial past, and, still more important, glide into a limitless future. It is the magic of nationalism to turn chance into destiny" (*Imagined Communities*, 11–12). Thus, the favorite metaphor of emerging nations "discovering" their forgotten but ancient past (consider the Celtic "Revival") – as Anderson points out in his resonant discussion of Renan's use of "memory" and "forgetting" within the dynamics of a national consciousness – is "sleep" (or "remembering"/reviving what had been forgotten): "[No other metaphor] seemed better than 'sleep,' for it permitted those intelligentsias and bourgeoisies who were becoming conscious of themselves as Czechs, Hungarians, or Finns [or Celts] to figure their study of Czech, Magyar, or Finnish languages, folklores, and musics as 'rediscovering' something deep-down always [already] known" (196). As a result, this "destiny" of one's nationality acquires a quasi-religiosity about it that seems natural, eternal, and even worth dying for: "Dying for one's country ... assumes a moral grandeur which dying for the Labour Party, the American Medical Association, or perhaps even Amnesty International can not rival, for these are all bodies one can join or leave at easy will" (Anderson, *Imagined Communities*, 144). Just as ethnocentric nationalism endows the Self with a somehow unchanging racial purity and essence (in spite of centuries of invasion and intermarriage), so it endows the other with a static stigma of racial Otherness: a Jew is a "Jew" (with all the attendant stereotypes) no matter where he is born (even Ireland); one drop of African blood makes you a "black"; and so on. Race and nation-ness acquire the essentialized aura of destiny.

At this point I would like to return to the part of Anderson's definition of a nation that we had earlier bracketed: "it is imagined as *sovereign*" (*Imagined Communities*, 7). If the sovereignty of Ireland seems like immemorial destiny and nature, as Celticists like the Citizen argued, it is indeed a very strange sort of sovereignty and of destiny. In waxing nostalgic about recovering the "sovereignty" of

"Ireland" as a "nation" – *A Nation Once Again*, as in the patriotic song by Thomas Osborne Davis sung by the men in "Cyclops," with its refrain "And Ireland, long a province, be / A nation once again!" – we might do well to reflect on what that means, on the inherent contradiction in such a desire for a return to being a "nation" called Ireland. For the fact is that (at least before 1922) there never has been such a thing;[12] "Ireland" as such has *never* been a nation! Unlike, say, the condition of France under German occupation during the Second World War (dreaming of a return to national sovereignty), this patriotic Irish dream of a return to Irish national sovereignty which so many of the Irish had and have been willing to die for – while arguably a worthy cause – is a purely imagined construct introduced into the retrospectively revisionist "memory" of the culture's historical consciousness. When was Ireland ever *not* either a colony of some foreign power or other, or else a loose collection of rival and warring tribes or kingdoms? From the prehistoric islanders to the times of the Celtic migrations or the Belgae/Fir-Bolgs (each group itself steeped in internecine tribal warfare) to the resultant "Gaels" (a term denoting the peoples of the island, never a nation) to the Viking and Danish invaders to the many small warring kingdom-states (occasionally joining under a High King to fight the Danes) to the Norman invasions and then the Saxons: when was the island ever a *sovereign* state, "Ireland"? And so what can one mean in arguing so passionately and "patriotically" (imagining *patria*) for the solidarity and integrity of Ireland and of its "national" purity (within the logic even of "ethnic cleansing")? Even to the point of denying some of its own native citizens (like Bloom or Parnell) the mythical status of true "Irishness" – when such a citizenship or thing has never existed? In invoking Irish racial purity by invoking Celtic, Gaelic, or Milesian roots, racial purists necessarily occlude the fact that the Milesians and Gaels and Celts were themselves engaged in internecine tribal warfare, none holding a cohesive sovereignty over the island – and certainly none of them thought of themselves as "Irish"! The terms "Irish" and "Ireland" as *national* signifiers are purely retrospective constructs imposed upon an earlier (and unsuspecting) history by "imagining" for the island a historically-continuous community with a homogenous national character, whereas such a sovereign community has never existed in history. But history rewrites itself as one long "Irish" tradition (with mists of inevitability) – in which the differences between Milesians,

Gaels, Celts and even Danes and Spaniards get written out; in which the Anglo-Irish get bracketed; in which Jews get written out altogether (in spite of their material presence in one's midst); and in which the purity of an Irish "race" is proclaimed in spite of the fact that there never was such a thing as an Irish "nation" and in spite of the many racial/ethnic interminglings of the extended, pluralistic contact zone known as "Ireland."

Joyce, who had decried what he called "the old pap of racial hatred" on which such militant Irish Nationalism was founded, had – in his 1907 essay in Trieste on "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages" – rejected wholesale the Celticist argument for racial purity and national characteristics, which he found to be as specious as the English stereotyping of the Irish character as apes and Calibans, reminding us that "the Celtic race" was "compounded of the old Celtic stock and the Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and Norman races ... with the various elements mingling and renewing the ancient body." The Irish, Joyce argued, are in fact a very mixed people – "Do we not see that in Ireland the Danes, the Firbolgs, the Milesians from Spain, the Norman invaders, and the Anglo-Saxon settlers have united to form a new entity?" (*CW* 161–62; the present mayor of Dublin, Mr. Nannetti, he informs his Triestine audience, is Italian). Joyce's representation of the Irish, cogently articulated in a significant passage, is very much a vision of a complex mix of racial and cultural strains operating within a fluid "contact zone":

> Our civilization is a vast fabric, in which the most diverse elements are mingled, in which nordic aggressiveness and Roman law, the new bourgeois conventions and the remnants of a Syriac religion [Christianity] are reconciled. In such a fabric, it is useless to look for a thread that may have remained pure and virgin without having undergone the influence of a neighbouring thread. What race, or what language ... can boast of being pure today? And no race has less right to utter such a boast than the race now living in Ireland.
>
> (*CW* 165–66)

Joyce – in first noting the absurdities of such Nationalist imaginings in his 1907 essay and then in displaying them so fully and symptomatically in *Ulysses* – did not (unlike Renanesque national consciousness) "forget to remember" the actual racial heterogeneities that were occluded by the imagined "Irishness." While Joyce's writings, both fiction and non-fiction, are often arguably "nationalist" in intention[13] – and certainly do not deny the vital importance

and necessity of nationalism and nationalist feeling in mobilizing resistance to English oppression – *Ulysses* repeatedly reminds us that it is very important to be self-consciously vigilant about the *forms* such "national consciousness" (to use Fanon's phrase) takes, within the range of possible nationalisms in the plural: for one must be aware of the pitfalls and limits of certain very alluring but limited nationalist visions – or else one is doomed to failure by reproducing the same binary hierarchies inherited from one's oppressors.[14]

8.

Imagining futures: nations, narratives, selves

The new Bloomusalem in the Nova Hibernia of the future

In the "Cyclops" episode, the Citizen had mocked Bloom as a "new Messiah for Ireland" and a "new apostle to the gentiles" (*U* 12.1642, 1489). The fantasies of "Circe" now allow Bloom the psychological (and therapeutical) space by which to counter and refute all the Citizen's innuendos and accusations, for in "Circe" Bloom does imagine himself as just such a Messiah, come to institute the New Bloomusalem according to his own ideals and in direct opposition to the Citizen's agenda. Although the fantasy – like all such passages in "Circe" – contains elements that are highly fantastic, parodic, contradictory, or just plain absurd, yet there is woven throughout the passage a certain coherence consistent with Bloom's brand of utopian vision, combining humanitarian concerns, socialistic agenda, impractical imagination, and practical reform within a redefinition of Irish nationhood. For "Circe" allows Bloom to play out in unrestricted imagination his ultimate utopian fantasies as an Irish Messiah and reformer.

This fantasy begins when Bloom is cheered as the "Lord mayor of Dublin!" (*U* 15.1363), and he responds with the practical solution to Dublin's traffic problem he had advocated earlier (*U* 6.400–2) in the funeral carriage: "better run a tramline, I say, from the cattlemarket to the river. That's the music of the future. That's my programme" (*U* 15.1367–69). Now he launches into a speech outlining his agenda of reform; his speech is a mock-socialistic, neo-Marxist attack on the Orange (the "Dutchmen") ascendancy and the English nobility as a wealthy and lazy elite spending their time hunting and gambling while the Irish poor starve in "prostituted" servitude: