

to reason and accuracy outweighs even prejudice while the love of a good story and lively malice outweigh loyalty to any cause.²⁰

In this way, traditional accounts of 'Cyclops' are in general rendered incoherent by their refusal to attach *any* positive qualities to the citizen or the kind of language that he speaks, in spite of the fact that his voice is one of the most 'interesting' in literary terms, and probably the funniest in the book. What I hope to re-examine here is how Joyce stands in relation to the 'satirical' portrait of the citizen, or more accurately, how the text as a whole is related to the procedures and experiments here. This will encompass the question of how Bloom is represented and what he represents, and the reverberation of the assault on him through the rest of the text, when it becomes closely involved with further reflections of themes of sexual dispossession, passivity and 'abnegation'. I want also to address the broadly post-structuralist emphasis on the opposition between Bloom and the citizen as one between multivocal dialogism and a monolingual monocular bigot, and suggest the inadequacy of this on the basis of a close reading of the text. In the first place, this will involve an account of the progress of the debate which is conducted between or inside the interpolated parodies, and an account of what the parties involved actually say, before attempting to relate what happens in Joyce's parodies to what happens at the level of content. I hope ultimately to bring these themes together in an account of how they relate to the question of 'injustice', even if this issue is addressed only at a purely verbal level – as is suggested by the quotation from Leopold Bloom which provides the title of this chapter.

THE CYCLOPS

In *The Consciousness of James Joyce*, Richard Ellmann concludes of 'Cyclops': 'Bloom fully supports Irish independence, but he challenges the citizen on the use of force'.²¹ However, I can identify in this chapter no expression of support on Bloom's behalf for any such project – what he refers to in the cabman's shelter as 'that consummation devoutly to be or not to be wished for' (*U*, p. 524) – and consider that many contentious issues other than that of violence arise during the course of the debate. Indeed the entire critical history of reading Bloom's as the sole rational voice in this episode, and as a brave advocate of liberalism (or in a more up-to-date idiom, 'dialogism') which is encapsulated by Ellmann's summary, seems to me to be deeply flawed.

The citizen, as we have seen, first attacks Bloom's association with the *Freeman's Journal*. The drinkers then begin to discuss capital punishment, in a fashion which oscillates between neutrality, prurient cur-

iosity and condemnation of the viciousness of the applicant executioners; according to the narrator, Bloom too comes out 'with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business' (*U*, p. 250). He specifically *defends* capital punishment because of its 'deterrent effect' – most ironically, if the post-1916 context of this dramatisation of Irish nationalist politics is kept in mind. Alf Bergan comments casually that one thing it doesn't have a deterrent effect on is the 'poor bugger's tool that's being hanged'. Bloom turns to a scientific explanation of this phenomenon, while the citizen, latching on to 'the wink of the word' (Bergan's mention of the execution of one of the Invincibles, the gang responsible for the Phoenix Park murders in 1882), starts 'gassing out of him about the invincibles and the old guard and the men of sixtyseven and who fears to speak of ninetyeight'. Here *both* the citizen and Bloom depart, along with everyone else who makes a contribution, from the obvious flow of the conversation. The new themes of science (Bloom) and nationalism (the citizen) clash, but Bloom as surely and to the equal boredom and irritation of the narrator has seen the wink of *his* word as well, in his account of the 'philoprogenitive erection *in articulo mortis per diminutionem capitis*.' Bloom and the citizen have 'an argument about the point' which culminates in the citizen's first threat to Bloom: '– The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pintglass and glaring at Bloom' (*U*, p. 251).

Bloom's discourse is subsequently marked by quite specific evasions. When the conversation turns to Blazes Boylan, he proceeds with his discussion of the benefits to be gained from moderate physical exercise (*U*, p. 261); when the citizen becomes belligerent about 'strangers in our house' (*U*, p. 265), Bloom continues to tell Joe that 'for an advertisement you must have repetition. That's the whole secret' (*U*, p. 265). In this sense, Bloom himself is no less a 'monologist' than the citizen. Clearly the latter is also given to speechifying as well, but those remarks which he does make in conversation with others have been critically disregarded. For example, during a discussion of Belgian imperialism the following exchange occurs:

- Well, says J.J., if they're any worse than the Belgians in the Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man what's this his name is?
- Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman.

This kind of comment apparently entirely confirms David Hayman's estimate of the citizen, and serves merely to supply another illustration of the fact that:

Grotesque chauvinism makes him a joke, a lunatic has-been who must be humoured or gently edged towards sanity and whose

fixations inhibit free discussion. If he is not always wrong, he is never original or stimulating . . . foot and mouth disease is the only serious issue he raises.²²

Even when critics modify the charge of mendaciousness against the citizen, then, they still insist, like Hayman here, that he is exceptionally boring. The question of the relative interest of Bloom's statements is affectionately dismissed: 'Poldy serious is Poldy dull as we see in Eumaeus'.²³ This judgement in turn makes possible a critical effort to produce the citizen as merely the mirror-image of Mr Deasy in Chapter 2, the Ulster Unionist who is indeed pilloried as being both wildly factually inaccurate in what he says, and extremely tedious. Norman Vance remarks of 'Cyclops': 'This allows Joyce to identify narrow Catholic nationalism with Deasy's Protestant Unionism, a witty effect underlined as Bloom and Stephen find themselves united in their estrangement from both these modes of Irishness'.²⁴ What is particularly 'Catholic' about the citizen's blasphemous obscenity remains unspecified by Vance, but the vital point here is the critical assertion that the citizen's version of history is no more imaginatively compelling or credible than that offered by Deasy. Matthew Hodgart provides a helpful gloss on what the citizen has to say:

Incidentally the version of history given by the Citizen is hardly at all exaggerated from that favoured by the IRA today and only a little more from that taught in some Irish schools. It is not, however, a totally false view: the account of the English attitude to the Famine has some basis in truth.²⁵

The citizen, in fact, reproduces the familiar Irish nationalist charge of genocide against the English for their policy during the potato famine of the 1840s:

They were driven out of house and home in the black '47. Their mudcabins and their sheilings by the roadside were laid low by the batteringram and the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America. (*U*, p. 270)

This version of events may tend towards mythology in its black-and-white view of Anglo-Irish relations, but the straightforward charges of lying, ignorance or triviality scarcely apply to the citizen at this point. It is in fact true that some million Irish people starved to death in a disaster which by general agreement was very significantly mis-managed by the British authorities. The editorials which were published by the London *Times* during the time of the most atrocious starvation and suffering still provide harrowing reading for historians

of Ireland today, which perhaps helps to explain why contemporary Irish 'revisionist' historiography is so notoriously silent on this period.²⁶ The citizen's view of history concurs with Joyce's own rehearsal of the Irish nationalist historical case in his 1907 essay, 'Ireland, Isle of Saints and Sages':

The English now disparage the Irish because they are Catholic, poor and ignorant; however it will not be so easy to justify such disparagement to some people. Ireland is poor because English laws ruined the country's industries, especially the wool industry, because the neglect of English governments in the years of the potato famine allowed the best of the population to die from hunger. (*CW*, p. 167)

The citizen's discourse echoes quite specific details of Joyce's:

There's no-one as blind as the fellow that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing twenty millions of Irish should be here today instead of four, our lost tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world? And our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal and our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough and our Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon and our woven silk and our Foxford tweeds and ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world What do the yellowjohns of Anglia owe us for our ruined trade and our ruined hearths? (*U*, p. 268)

The fact that Joyce publicly sponsored this view of Irish history in an early journalistic piece should not, of course, be taken as implying that he expected it to be taken at face value from the citizen in Chapter 12, over a decade later. It should, however, at least be recognized that there is nothing in the representation of Deasy that approximates to the imaginative and verbal force of this rhetoric, which in so far as it has once been the language of the writer himself inevitably takes on other implications and suggestions, in its parodied form, beyond those of mere repudiation and mockery. As Bahktin comments:

A conversation with an internally persuasive word that one has begun to resist may continue, but it takes on another character: it is questioned, it is put in a new situation in order to expose its weak sides, to get a feel for its boundaries, to experience it physically as an object. For this reason stylizing discourse by attributing it to a person often becomes parodic, although not crudely parodic - since another's word, having been at an earlier

stage internally persuasive, mounts a resistance to this process and frequently sounds with no parodic overtones at all.²⁷

Richard Ellmann reports that Joyce took the writing of such articles as 'Ireland, Isle of Saints and Sages' very seriously, and at one stage contemplated publishing them as a book, telling a prospective publisher that 'though these articles have no literary value, I believe they set out the problem sincerely and objectively'.²⁸ The citizen's speech, we could say, is exactly the opposite – interesting in literary terms but for many critics evidently intended by Joyce to be read as completely hypocritical and fallacious. However, the question of how the history which the citizen expounds at the level of content has a possible bearing on the experimentation with language which characterizes the chapter can only here be addressed in literary terms, and independently of questions about Joyce's 'sincerity' or 'objectivity'. I propose to examine this shortly in an investigation of the relation between the citizen's discourse and the other kinds of writing we find in the episode. For the moment, the observation that in some respects the views of Joyce and of the citizen may actually *coincide*, and the very fact that this has not been previously indicated, merely serves to illustrate further the inequality between extraordinarily generous critical estimations of Bloom and typical accounts of the citizen. This critical bias is very blatant indeed in readings of 'Cyclops'. It also, as I will argue, relates very precisely to the themes of colonial politics and anti-colonial resistance that are raised here, both at the level of content by the citizens, and by the necessarily political implications of Joyce's representation as a whole.

Much of the confrontation between the citizen and Bloom in fact unfolds in the presence of others. Very few of these are in full sympathy with the citizen, and they serve to qualify our estimate of Bloom's loneliness and bravery. Hayman comments (in *James Joyce's Ulysses: Critical Essays*, p. 252) that 'the more responsible make their entrances only after the stage has been set and Bloom has been exposed to the citizen for eighteen pages. By their number and power they gradually tip the scales in Bloom's favour'. These individuals arrive later, of course, because unlike their friends they are employed, and their jobs involve them in one of the few areas where there were jobs to be had in Dublin at the turn of the century, the English administration. This helps to lend them their power and authority in the pub. J.J. O'Molloy, a lawyer, attacks the citizen's singlemindedness and advocates the policy of what would later in 1904 be described by Arthur Griffith as 'Sinn Fein'. The narrator remarks:

So J.J. puts in a word, doing the toff about one story was good till you heard another . . . drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a

nation, and Bloom trying to back him up moderation and both-eration and their colonies and their civilisation. (*U*, p. 266)

O'Molloy, that is to say, believes that political progress might be made in Ireland if England's guilt were internationally recognized through peaceful actions and campaigns. He preserves a faith in the 'European family' (*U*, p. 267), and the possibility of reform through negotiation with British democracy. In this he speaks, as in 'Aeolus', for constitutional nationalism. Bloom supports him with a quite specific *defence* of England's empire. J.J. O'Molloy and the citizen continue to argue about 'law and history' with Bloom, as the 'Nameless One' says, 'sticking in an odd word' (*U*, p. 267). In response to Ned Lambert's question the citizen begins to talk about corporal punishment in the British Navy. Bloom argues 'But . . . isn't discipline the same everywhere'; and that an Irish Navy would be as bad if it ever came into existence: 'wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force?' (*U*, p. 270). It has generally been supposed that Bloom's apparent defence of aspects of the British administration during this discussion is merely strategic. He tries, that is, to convince the citizen that he cannot accuse the English of savagery unless he is more peace-loving and tolerant himself. In the light of this, David Hayman draws an analogy between Bloom's case here and Stephen's defence of Jewish merchants to Deasy in Chapter 2:

- A merchant, Stephen says, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, jew or gentile, is he not?

Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. (*U*, p. 28)

However, Stephen's is an accusation of the rich and powerful for forcing the dispossessed to do their business and to behave according to their own values while then hypocritically condemning them for doing so.²⁹ Bloom's abstractly universal system of morality takes no account of the relations of power (in this case, between the English and the Irish) in the way that Stephen's attack on anti-Semitism certainly does. Instead, he implicitly condemns the Irish nationalists for making the kind of response to British violence which their powerlessness has constrained them to make.

Bloom's central statement of this philosophy is his definition of love:

- 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, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. (*U*, p. 273)

Bloom first considers these words as he listens to the ballad 'The Croppy Boy' in 'Sirens':

He bore no hate.
Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old
Ireland comes now. My country above the king. (*U*, p. 234)

In the song, the young rebel announces his creed: 'I bear no hate against living thing, but I love my country above my king'. Therefore it is *both* Bloom and the young croppy who claim to 'bear no hate': the text which provides the source of Bloom's definition, it could be argued, denies that to act out of love necessarily involves hatred, undermining Bloom's assertion that they are merely each other's 'opposites'. Just as the narrative parodies Bloom's stress on love, in the 'twaddle' which Ellmann is anxious to dismiss, the citizen too reflects on love, as both word and as concept. He responds bitterly to Bloom's gospel of 'universal love' by positioning the creed it represents in a specific historical context: 'What about sanctimonious Cromwell and his ironsides that put the women and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible text *God is Love* pasted round the mouth of the cannon?' (*U*, p. 273-4). This is a move, as we have seen, entirely typical of Stephen's subversive strategies early in the text. It is not exactly a counter-argument to the idea of 'universal love', merely an appropriate and fleeting image of the past, which as Stephen has already learnt, is sometimes all that a broken history can yield us.

The dominant conception of Chapter 12, however, as straightforwardly satirical in its treatment of the citizen facilitates a conventional reading of the episode as simply the tale of a 'Dark tavern dominated by a mad fool'; a feast of 'gaga patriotism' in a 'den of nonsense'.³⁰ C.H. Peake, in similar vein, states that these 'foolish toppers' discuss 'matters about which they are both ignorant and indifferent . . . with no genuine convictions at all'.³¹ Such reading can see nothing positive in, for example, the specific parallels the drinkers draw between the position of Ireland and the plight of other colonised countries. Rather than, like Professor MacHugh, identifying the Irish with the ancient Greeks, European Catholicism or the Celts, these individuals identify themselves with the black subjects of British imperialism. Irish nationalism has by no means always been comfortable with this association, as the racist repudiation of it by Arthur Griffith makes plain. The nationalists here also display considerable sympathy for both the people whom they see as the powerless lackeys of imperial might – the whipped sailors of the British Navy – and also its labourers, the British working-class. The citizen states:

The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary

chamber on the face of God's earth, and their land in the hands of a dozen gamehogs and cottonball barons. That's the great empire they boast about of drudges and whipped serfs The tragedy of it is, says the citizen, they believe it. The unfortunate yahoos believe it. (*U*, p. 270)

This is dramatized vividly by a parodied account which the citizen reads aloud from the newspaper of the visit of a 'Zulu chief' to the cotton magnates of Manchester to receive 'the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions' (p. 274). The 'dusky potentate', the paper reports, delivered a speech which was 'freely translated' by the British chaplain. During this address, he announces that his dearest possession is a Bible, 'the volume of the word of God and the secret of England's greatness', dedicated to him by 'the great squaw Victoria'. Subsequently, His Majesty visits the chief cotton factory of Cottonopolis and makes his mark in the visitors' book (p. 274). To claim that the writer of this parody makes this black man appear stupid or childlike is equivalent to asserting that Joyce's parody of the citizen makes him seem like a mad fool. The racist discourse that so stereotypes the 'Zulu chief' is not directly represented, but it none the less provides the essential context for understanding the parody at work in the satirical newspaper report. The document which the citizen reads is a *protest* against the African's subjection to the protocols of British manners, and the pretended equivalence between languages, customs and cultures, the illusion of 'free translation' when the question of power is disregarded. 'Hypocrisy', as Conor Cruise O'Brien notes, is 'the permanent and universal element in the ideologies of ruling classes', and 'seeks to mask the gap between profession and action, to cover the realities of social and political struggle with the illusion of harmony. Irony uses the language of hypocrisy . . . with calculated excess, so that, as the realities show through, the pretences come to seem ghastly'.³² The men in the pub appear to appreciate this distinction as they proceed to sympathise with the African, rather than, say, laugh or scoff at his 'barbarism': 'Wonder did he put that bible to the same use as I would', as Ned Lambert, one of the 'moderates' present remarks, and J.J. O'Molloy comments on the general cruelty of imperialism: 'flogging the natives on the belly to get all the red rubber they can out of them'. Their attitudes are in marked contrast to the benign racism of their social superiors, such as the Jesuit priest, bosom friend of David Sheehy, MP:

Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. and the African mission and of the propagation of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received

the baptism of water when their last hour came like a thief in the night. (*U*, p. 183)

However, perhaps the citizen's most important statement is made during a discussion of a letter from an English hangman to the British authorities in Dublin, offering his services to carry out an execution in Kilmainham jail. (The leaders of the 1916 Rebellion were also executed in Kilmainham.) The citizen concludes of H. Rumbold, the hangman: '— And a barbarous bloody barbarian he is too, says the citizen' (*U*, p. 249). Here we find side by side both terms of the opposition between Irish barbarian and English citizen which the citizen is attempting to invert. To deny the citizen any success in this, as every critical account of the chapter has done, can result in a restatement of the familiar stereotype that centuries of English investigation of Irish culture had been concerned to promote. It seems strange and inconsistent, to say the least, to conclude that Joyce's massive creative effort in 'Cyclops' should ultimately be read as proposing the idea of the barbarism of the Irish, the hoariest stereotype in all of Irish colonial history, and one which he very frequently publicly attacked. Inexorably, the description 'barbarian' in relation to the citizen crops up in the critical discourse which surrounds the episode, as when Matthew Hodgart offers the mistranslation 'Ourselves Alone' for the slogan 'Sinn Fein', and comments on its suitability for the 'barbarous insularity of the Cyclops'.³³

In his essay 'Civilians and Barbarians', Seamus Deane describes how this ancient figure, 'the most disabling opposition in the history of the relations between the two nations', received a new inflection in nineteenth-century English political discourse, in response to modern forms of disciplinary power and racial theory:

Races like the French and the Irish, in their resistance to the English idea of liberty, had now become criminalized — *inferno-human* beings . . . the specifically Protestant resistance to the characteristics of these races became more pronounced. In the case of the French, the sin was lasciviousness; in the case of the Irish, it was drunkenness.³⁴

This same shift from folly and intemperance to insanity and criminality is legible in criticism of Chapter 12. Hugh Kenner, for example, opens his account of the episode with a quotation from the father of W.B. Yeats, who wrote that the English should never have executed the leaders of the 1916 Rebellion, because had they not been transformed into martyrs: 'Ireland would have pitied and loved and smiled at these men, knowing them to be mad fools. In the end they would have come

to see that fools are the worst criminals'.³⁵ Michael Long, reading Joyce as 'the saving humanist of English-language modernism', in whose work we discover 'no hate, no contempt, no foulness of mouth', states that 'Joyce published no credo, but his writing is implicitly liberal, democratic and tolerant'.³⁶ It is not difficult to appreciate how attractive Joyce must appear to an English critic who wishes to appropriate a body of Irish literature for the 'mainstream' tradition, for Joyce's work seems to offer a superlative example of Celtic linguistic energy along with a devastating critique of Irish political incompetence. Joyce provides the blarney and the terrorism together, with the latter already satirized and condemned as a consequence of his supposed spontaneous allegiance to the values of English liberalism. The warning issued by Mathew Arnold, that the values of 'Irishness' must always be counter-balanced by the solid principle of English political order, becomes conveniently redundant once it is understood to be issued by the Irish writer on behalf of his own people. I believe that Joyce's relation to 'foul language' must be explored a little more deeply than this. Indeed I consider that Joyce employs the barbarian/citizen trope merely comically to undermine one specific attempt to invert it: the very inversion, in fact, which is offered by the discourse of Celticism.

In his introduction to the curse of Garryowen, the poem recited by the citizen's dog in one of the parodied interpolations —

*The curse of my curses
Seven days every day
And seven dry Thursdays
On you, Barney Kiernan,
Has no sup of water
To cool my courage,
And my guts red roaring
After Lowry's lights. (U, p. 256)*

Joyce imitates the polite newspaper-column chit-chat typical of what he saw as the genteel coterie of Celtic Revivalism:

Our greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!) has left no stone unturned in his efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and has found it bears a *striking* resemblance (the italics are ours) to the ranns of the ancient Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much of those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the graceful pseudonym of the Little Sweet Branch has familiarised the bookloving world but rather . . . of the harsher and more personal note which is found in the satirical effusions of the

famous Raftery and of Donal MacConsidine to say nothing of a more modern lyricist at present very much in the public eye.

This is in blatant contrast to the actual content of the verse, of course, with its harsh, personal and satiric note. In this sense, Joyce may seem to suggest that Garryowen's poem is in fact closer to the native Irish tradition than the kind of work produced by the translators of the revival. The names of Gaelic poets are juxtaposed with that of Douglas Hyde ('Little Sweet Branch'), not in order to suggest that Joyce had any interest in substituting a more authentically Gaelic verse for the contemporary translations, but merely to exploit the humour inherent in the earthy content and uncouth sentiments that the journalese *glosses* over, in several senses of that term. The Revival's mission to recover and reclaim the Irish literary tradition through the medium of English depended, of course, on a faith in such translation: 'The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more complicated but we believe that our readers will agree that *the spirit has been well caught*'.³⁷ Joyce comically mocks this illusion of 'free translation' with an illustration of the violence occluded by the levelling modern discourse of the newspapers. In a similar way, the violence signified by 'Cyclops' as a whole is not just the crude words and physical force of the citizen, but also the violent clashes it demonstrates between different languages. Far from different ways of signifying the world being grasped as mutually interchangeable and presented without distinction or hierarchy, *pace* MacCabe, we find instead a dramatisation of their confrontation and irreconcilability. The parodies expose the limitations of the translations they perform. When, for example, we are offered such a version of the events which take place in Kiernan's as the following –

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of Brian O'Ciarnain's in *Sraid na Bretaine Bheag*, under the auspices of *Sluagh na h-Eireann*, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race L. Bloom, who met with a mixed reception of applause and hisses, having espoused the negative the vocalist chairman brought the discussion to a close, in response to repeated requests and hearty plaudits from all parts of a bumper house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering of the immortal Thomas Osborne Davis' evergreen verses (happily too familiar to need recalling here) *A Nation Once Again*, in the execution of which the veteran patriot champion may be said without fear of contradiction to have fairly excelled himself. (*U*, p. 260)

– we cannot, I would argue, grant this equal authority or credibility with other ways of narrating the violent disagreement between Bloom and the citizen. This is not necessarily to say that the language of demotic violence – 'Gob, Jack made him toe the line. Told him that if he didn't patch up the pot, Jesus, he'd kick the shite out of him' (*U*, p. 258) – is presented straightforwardly as a 'true' way of speaking, but rather to point out that it is this speech which is continuously used to mock and combat the endlessly levelling discourse of the modern which appears unable to render the reality of conflict. This is in direct contrast to another major formal strategy of the novel, namely the attempt, primarily through the figure of Bloom, to use this modern discourse to demystify and secularize other kinds of 'high' styles or languages. Here the text cannot parody the citizen by these means, for his language of violence is its language as well. His discourse, in its relentless parody and destructive energy, resembles the modernism of sheer textual production exemplified by the interpolations; but it also resists the consequent assimilation of all styles into empty and abstract equivalence which is suggested by such a practice of parody: 'How's that for low?', Joyce used to ask gleefully when he read aloud from Chapter 12.³⁸

A closer reading of the language of the parodies also throws doubt on, for example, Hugh Kenner's influential judgement that they are merely slightly exaggerated versions of the kind of translated epics which were very popular in Ireland in Joyce's time. Kenner believes that it was their pseudo-heroism and savagery which inspired the politics of the GAA, the IRB and the Rebellion of 1916. For him, the interpolated parodies resemble versions of Irish mythology 'tumbled together at an early stage of the Irish revival by someone with no ear, as the total absence of a speakable rhythm indicates . . . heroes cobbled in translatoresque that Ireland was exhorted to thrill to'.³⁹ However, in Joyce's day these stories were often presented in rather refined versions. Lady Gregory begins her translation of the tales of Cuchulain with the admission:

I left out a good deal I thought you would not care about for one reason or another I have told the whole story in plain and simple words, in the same way my old nurse Mary Sheridan used to be telling stories from the Irish long ago, and I a child at Roxborough.⁴⁰

The suspicious modern reader might guess correctly that Gregory has omitted a lot of sex and violence. However, she also edits a lot of material which for the modern reader may have been genuinely boring. For example, Gregory's account of one incident from the *Tain* reads: 'And he made a round of the whole army, mowing men down on every

side, in revenge for the boy troop of Emain'.⁴¹ Thomas Kinsella's recent translation of the same passage tells:

After this Medh sent out one hundred of her own followers to kill Cuchulainn but he slew them all at the fort of Cet Chuile - the crime of One Hundred. From this episode come the names Glais Chranl - the stream of blood; Cuilenn Cinn Duin - the Crime (some say) of Cinn Duin

This slaughter on the Tain was given the name Seisrech Bresligi, the Sixfold Slaughter. Any count or estimate of the number of rabble who fell there is unknown and unknowable. Only the chiefs have been counted. The following are the names of these nobles and chiefs: two called Cruaid, two named Calad, two named Cir, two named Ciar [Kinsella's translation lists twenty eight more names].⁴²

One of the sources of Joyce's comedy in this chapter is the fact that for his parodist, as for the ancient epic poet, nothing is 'too numerous to be enumerated' (*U*, p. 241). Here again, within modern mechanical reproduction some suggestion of an originary energy is retained: Joyce appears paradoxically closer to the source texts, in his exhaustive repetitions and inclusiveness, than the nineteenth-century versions of them which he parodies. The endless lists of 'Cyclops' can be seen as catalogues in the modern sense - they very often quote the language of advertising - and in the medieval sense, which is described by Umberto Eco as part of 'the encyclopedic approach to knowledge: the Inventory . . . or, in classical rhetorical terms, the *Enumeratio*'. As Eco goes on to explain, these lists may now seem amusing to the modern reader in their apparent failure to distinguish between the sacred and the merely curious or grotesque. In the Treasury of the Duc du Berry, Eco reports, were 'a stuffed elephant, a hydra, a basilisk, an egg within an egg found by an abbot, mana from the wilderness, the horn of a unicorn, the wedding ring of St. Joseph, and a coconut'.⁴³ The comic potential is inherent in the medieval source for the modern reader: Joyce is making fun of a modern form by, perhaps unwittingly, exploiting the potential for the absurd and grotesque within the source document, in his lengthy heterogeneous lists in this chapter. In this way Joyce challenges and subverts the language of the modern from the inside, as it were, as well as by its juxtaposition with the language of the citizens. His repetitiousness, and apparently mechanical piling up of detail -

The figure seated on a large bolder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freelyfreckled shaggybearded widemouthed

largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero. (*U*, p. 243)

- indicate not merely the 'unspeakable rhythms' of translators, but also the conventions of an original oral and formulaic poetry.

This interchange between traditional and modern also characterizes the speech of the citizens. One of the first parodies in 'Cyclops' is of a medieval poem, 'Aelfrid's Itinerary', which lists the delight and plenty of the four provinces of Ireland and was known to Joyce in a nineteenth-century version by James Clarence Mangan. It is particularly appropriate here because the men are sitting in the market area of Dublin, where animals and vegetables arrive in the city from the rest of Ireland:

Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, flaskets of cauliflowers, floats of spinach, pineapple chunks, Rangoon beans, strikes of tomatoes, drums of figs, drills of Swedes, spherical potatoes and tallies of iridescent Kale, York and Savoy . . . and red green yellow brown, russet sweet big bitter ripe pomellated apples and chips of strawberries and sieves of gooseberries, pulpy and pelurious, and strawberries fit for princes and raspberries from their canes . . . sheep and pigs and heavyhooved kine from pasturelands of Lusk and Rush and Carrickmines and from the steamy vales of Thomond . . . their udders distended with superabundance of milk and butts of butter and rennets of cheese and farmer's firkins and targets of lamb and crannocks of corn and oblong eggs in great hundreds, various in size, the agate with the dun. (*U*, p. 242)

Here the syntax of mechanical reproduction is applied to the processes of natural production. The citizens, too, dwell constantly on themes concerning agriculture and industry, speculating about the natural resources of the country, on Ireland's supposedly extraordinary fertility and the possibility of building up the nation so it might regain its former splendour and wealth. In this they look beyond Dublin and towards a totalising vision of Ireland as a whole: as their physical situation suggests, they strain at the very formal limits of *Ulysses*, in its confinement to a narrow and purely urban space, and point towards the transcendence of those limits. They also, like the parodies, attempt to wrest some meaning from a modern form of production which might otherwise appear as merely dizzyingly proliferating and as purely contingent. A glass of stout, for example, is imagined to have come directly from the Guinness brothers:

a crystal cup full of the foamy ebon ale which the noble brothers Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun brew ever in their divine alevats,

cunning as the sons of deathless Leda. For they garner the succulent berries of the hop and mass and sift and bruise and brew them and they mix therewith sour juices and bring the must to the sacred fire and cease not from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat. (*U*, p. 246)

In its witness to the determination of the citizens both to use the language of the modern world and to make its productive possibilities carry the weight of other aspirations, Chapter 12 is closely analogous to the discourse of nationalism itself. Nationalism, as we have seen, always seeks to enable the people to enter into fully-fledged modernity, but tries to do so by reinventing modernity on its own terms, by retaining something from an archaic, pre-modern form of community.

The speech represented in 'Cyclops' has generally been described by critics as 'low-class' or 'plebeian'. However, this should not be exaggerated, as we are here still very definitely in a lower middle-class milieu. What is perhaps unusual is the wealth of Hiberno-English expressions and idioms and the profusion of Anglicised Gaelic words.⁴⁴ In this we can recognize a culture which bears the evidence of the efforts of language revivalism, its inadequate result being the few token words of Irish on everyone's lips. However, it is also a way of speech that bears the mark of a past effort to learn language, and in this case the English language. This is especially evident in the high proportion of malapropisms in the episode:

- Who made those allegations? says Alf.
- I, says Joe. I'm the alligator
- Me, says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character. (*U*, p. 263)

A.J. Bliss identifies malapropism as one of the most noteworthy features of the Anglo-Irish dialect, and while observing that it can be noticed in any part of Ireland, claims that it appears to be especially frequent in Dublin. He attributes the tendency to the fact that most English-speaking Irish people first learnt the language from individuals who were not themselves native speakers; errors in pronunciation which arose in this way were transmitted uncorrected.⁴⁵ The true significance of Joyce's deployment of Anglo-Irish dialect in this chapter is not in any way a contribution to a stereotype of the Irish 'gift of the gab'. Rather, in its creative estrangement from two cultures and two languages, it provides a parallel to literary modernism. It also, however, succeeds in resisting the illusion of 'free translation' which might seem the appropriate way of speech for such a polyglot modern world, in its dramatisation of a modern version of language wielded as an instru-

ment of revenge, a deployment of 'style' that bursts through the limits of dialogue, and approaches as near as possible to action.

Faith in law, however, depends on confidence in 'free translation'. A court is, after all, a place where injury is described in language, and where claims and counterclaims are assessed by a judge who proposes himself as a master reader, a sound interpreter, who can then issue the command for punishment or redress. It assesses cases through the medium of language and rhetoric, which is why it is at once so appealing and so dangerous for the kind of political claims that, for example, the men in the office of the *Freeman's Journal* desire to make in Chapter 7. In a 1907 essay 'Ireland at the Bar', Joyce used the image of an Irish-speaking peasant in an English court of law as an image of the cause of Irish nationalism before world opinion. In the district of Maamtrasna in the west of Ireland, four or five apparently innocent members of a family named Joyce were arrested and charged with murder. James Joyce describes the scene in the courtroom:

On one side was the excessively ceremonious interpreter, on the other the patriarch of a miserable tribe unused to civilised customs, who seemed stupefied by all the judicial ceremony. The magistrate said:

'Ask the accused if he saw the lady that night'. The question was referred to him in Irish, and the old man broke out into an involved explanation, gesticulating, appealing to the others accused and to heaven. Then he quieted down, worn out by his effort, and the interpreter turned to the magistrate and said:

He says no, 'your worship'. (*CW*, p. 197)

The frenzied verbal activity of this peasant, Myles Joyce, remains entirely opaque to his English judge. Joyce depicts the unintelligibility of the national cause of Ireland to the English and the international community in similar terms:

The figure of this dumbfounded old man, a remnant of a civilisation not ours, deaf and dumb before his judge, is a symbol of the Irish nation at the bar of public opinion. Like him, she is unable to appeal to the modern conscience of England and other countries. (*CW*, p. 198)

Between such legal means of redress and language understood as 'the hard word' (*U*, p. 241), used as an instrument of violent retaliation in satire and invective, much of the action of the 'Cyclops' chapter is played out. In the first paragraph the narrator complains about the sweep who nearly puts his eye out with his broom and remarks that 'I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue . . . I'm on two

minds not to give that fellow the charge for obstructing the thoroughfare with his brooms and ladders' (*U*, p. 240).

The condition of being 'on two minds' characterizes Joyce's representation of Irish nationalism throughout the chapter: the narrator, like the group in Chapter 7, as we have seen, in general opts for the latter, legalistic response. Throughout 'Cyclops', however, it is the historical context of issues about law, history and government which is at stake, and not merely 'law and order' as an abstract given category that can be unproblematically employed to assess issues of satire or moral order. When Matthew Hodgart announces

The Cyclops-Citizen rejects established law and offers only the violence of terrorism and muscle. The IRB was an ancestor of the modern IRA and used bombs and other forms of murder to assist the liberation of Ireland. They did not recognise the law-courts of the established government, or indeed any authority except their own elected leadership⁴⁶

he neglects to mention the fact that 'established' is not at all equivalent in the society represented to 'elected', 'agreed' or 'democratic', and indeed was not popularly believed to be justly instituted at all. The authority which such a government could command did not flow from consensus and was not marked by benevolence.

The essential political demand of nationalism is that the territory of the nation should coincide with that of the state. Any nationalism which is not already the official ideology of a state presents itself as a protest on behalf of those who, for reasons of cultural or especially linguistic difference, feel themselves to be unjustly treated by the state as it is currently instituted. Therefore, nationalist ideology is centrally concerned with the promotion of the culture and language of those who seek secession from the state, and advocates a vernacular language which can serve all citizens, on equal terms, as the medium of social communication and political administration. In practice, of course, pre-modern communities rarely offer such a language ready-made, and the vernacular which nationalism consolidates or disseminates is usually obliged to come to terms with a number of pre-existing languages or dialects.

A particularly bland version of formal English serves Joyce in *Ulysses* as representative of the official language in the society that he depicts. In Chapter 10 ('Wandering Rocks'), for example, the procession of the vice-regal carriage through the streets of Dublin is a symbolic manifestation of a state power which is palpably alien and intrusive, and which imposes an artificial, formal cohesion on the city it traverses. Nonetheless, its reception is reported as uniformly courteous - 'The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis' (*U*, p. 207) -

even when these civil tones are comically at odds with the content of Joyce's descriptions: 'From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poodle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage'. Like his counterparts in the Literary Revival, Joyce concentrated on varieties of Hiberno-English, rather than on Irish, in his search for an alternative national vernacular. More explicitly than Yeats, Gregory or Synge, however, Joyce's dialect also bears the weight of crucial political questions. This is because his depiction of this vernacular as the medium of communication in a well-defined social group - as in 'Cyclops' - obliges him to engage with the associated demands made from within that community for political recognition and autonomy.

FORGIVENESS AND FORGETFULNESS

If it cannot be fairly concluded in this context that *Ulysses* offers an explicit vindication of the use of force, none the less it can be demonstrated that it provides, in the figure of Bloom, an important insight into the pacificism of the oppressed. His sexual masochism is more clearly revealed in Chapter 15 than elsewhere, but at a different level in Chapter 16 ('Eumaeus') we can observe a related strategy, a narrative mechanism by which an experience of defeat is transmuted into a story of success. This can be understood, like masochism, as a ploy by means of which gratification is gained from humiliation, thus transmuting pain into pleasure.

Recognizing the nationalist rhetoric of the cabman's shelter's keeper (reputed to be Skin-the-Goat, who was the getaway driver for the Invincibles after the murders in the Phoenix Park in 1882), Bloom tells Stephen how he has recently heard the 'same identical lingo' (*U*, p. 525), in an obvious reference to what happened in Barney Kiernan's. He announces to Stephen his rhetorical victory over the citizen, telling him how 'he simply but effectively silenced the offender' and commenting that this illustrates how 'a soft answer turns away wrath'. Clearly, this summary completely contradicts Bloom's recent experience: his 'soft answer' has not succeeded in protecting him from the consequences of the citizen's rage. Just as the citizen claims a possibility of victory when there seems to be none evident, except in the force of his rhetoric -

- It's on the march, says the citizen (*U*, p. 266) We'll put force against force 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