



The Bloomsday Journal™

Suppicient for the day is the newspaper thereop



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"The alleembracing give us this day our daily press"

"Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What Arthur Griffith said about the headpiece over the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule sun rising up in the northwest.— Leopold Bloom.

HAYNES — THE ENGLISHMAN BEHIND THE HAINES CHARACTER

Surveying 'A Ponderous Saxon': Haines' English Signals

by Dr. Anne Marie D'Arcy

The character of Haines in *Ulysses* has long been identified with Richard Samuel Dermot Chenevix Trench. There are several strong, surface parallels, including a shared Oxford education, interest in the Gaelic Revival, and Trench's residence in the Martello tower at Sandycove during Joyce's brief sojourn there between 9th and 15th of September 1904. However, this identification remains deeply questionable, as pointed out initially by Padraic Colum and Con Curran. As Curran states of Trench, 'I can in no way recognise him in the Haines of *Ulysses* and he should not be so identified with him.'

In fact, Haines is a composite character which draws on several historical figures, including Dermot Trench. Haines's interest in the Gaelic Revival mirrors Trench's enthusiasm for Irish literature, but does not reflect his enthusiastic embrace

of Irish nationalism; a topic Haines treats with cold, measured detachment. We find echoes of the linguistic legacy of Trench's grandfather, the Church of Ireland archbishop of Dublin, Richard Chenevix Trench, in Haines' philological obsessions. Bishop Chenevix Trench was one of the three founders of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and Joyce was familiar with Chenevix Trench's textbooks on the history of the English language since his schooldays. However, one of the most notable differences between Haines and Dermot Trench, whose family on both sides had been based in Ireland since the seventeenth century, is Joyce's insistence on Haines's distinctly English origins as a 'Sassenach', possessed of 'the Saxon smile'. Apart from his habit of 'smiling at wild Irish. Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon', Haynes's defining characteristic is his calculated watchfulness. In 'Telemachus', he surveys the coastline to the



Lieutenant Colonel Haynes, Royal Engineers, now believed to be, along with Dermott Chenevix Trench, a model for the composite character of "Haines" in *Ulysses*.

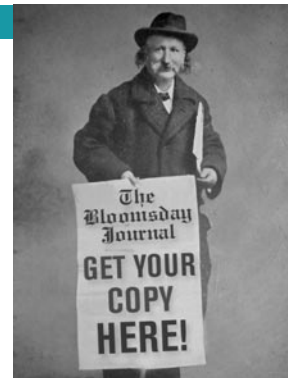
southeast of the tower with detached precision:

Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent. The seas' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat vague on the bright skyline and a sail tacking by the Muglins.

Joyce's description of a phlegmatic, empirical Englishman points to the historical figure behind his choice of name: Charles Edward Haynes, Lt. Col. RE CRE DLD, who not only surveyed the Martello tower and battery at Sandycove, but, as

Commanding Royal Engineer in Ireland, with responsibility for the Martello towers in Ireland, signed the tenancy agreement with Gogarty on behalf of 'secretary of state for war', on 24 June 1904.

This eminently 'ponderous Saxon', defined by his expertise in measure, number, and weight, was born on 8 July 1855 in Hampstead, Middlesex, and educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Having scored second highest marks in the year passing out, he was commissioned as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers on 28 January 1875. On 2 December 1878, he left the Royal Engineers headquarters at Chatham to commence active service in the Anglo-Zulu War with the 2nd Field Company, landing at Durban in the colony of Natal on 4 January 1879. Haynes was one of 90 Royal Engineers, under the command of an Irishman, Captain Warren Wynne, of Wynnstay, Roebuck, Co. Dublin, who were attached to No. 1 column of the British invasion force,



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commanded by Colonel Charles Knight Pearson. No 3, or Centre, Column, which allegedly included 'Majorgeneral Brian Tweedy', were ordered to cross from Natal into Zululand at the Swedish mission station of Rorke's Drift, where a supply depot was established on 11 January. Similarly, No. 1 Column was ordered to cross from Natal into Zululand from its base at Fort Pearson on the right bank of the Lower Drift of the Tugela river, in order to establish

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a supply depot at the abandoned Norwegian mission station at Eshowe (KwaMondi). No. 1 Column, consisting of 4,271 combat troops, crossed the Tugela on 12 January, advancing unopposed until they encountered and defeated a Zulu army just south of the Inyezane river on 22 January. Pearson had been ordered to confine his operations between Eshowe and Fort Tenedos, established by the 2nd Field Company between 13 and 17 January on the left bank, or Zulu side of the Tugela, until word of the other two invading columns reached him. The following day, an advance party led by Pearson reached Eshowe, only to be hemmed in by Zulu forces for two months in a siege which lasted from 11 February to 3 April 1879.

The siege of Eshowe was relentlessly covered by such publications as *The Illustrated London News* and its rival, *The Graphic*. According to the military history of the Royal Engineers, published in 1889, the garrison was confined 'within the space occupied by their lines, and the whole of the country between Ekowe and the Tugela being in the hands of the Zulus, communication with the rear was completely cut off':

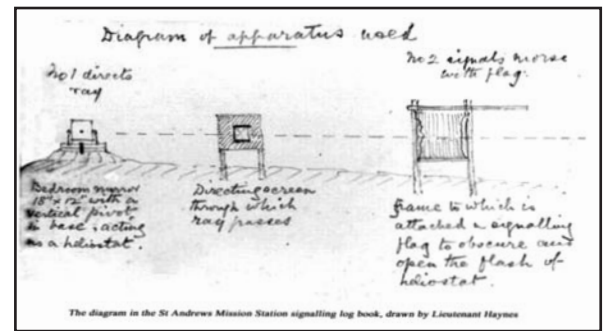
Under these circumstances Lieutenant C Haynes, RE, who was at the base on the Tugela, suggested the possibility of flashing signals to the beleaguered force... When all was ready, signalling was begun, and was continued with patience day by day whenever a gleam of sunshine was available. For a whole week no indication was obtained that the flashes were observed, and it was not till long after a less persevering man would have abandoned the trial that the first answering gleam was obtained. It was an unpleasant and anxious task watching on an exposed hilltop for so long, but the reward of success was great.

Although Haynes's War Office papers state 'He established the communications between Forts Tenedos and Eshowe by means of sun-flashing', Haynes was actually signalling from the hilltop of St Andrews Mission Station, slightly closer to Eshowe than Fort Tenedos, also on the other side of the Tugela to Fort Pearson, which was some 22 miles and 2,000 feet below Eshowe. Haynes was 'mentioned in dispatches' by Lord Chelmsford, albeit with his name inadvertently spelled in the Joycean manner as 'Haines'. His dogged signalling made headlines not only throughout the British empire, but all of North America due to such publications as *Harper's Weekly*.

The popular press paid great attention to the

method involved in establishing the first sun-flash signal from the St Andrews hilltop, four miles from Fort Pearson, to the besieged garrison at Eshowe. It gradually transpired that Haynes did not have access to any form of heliograph, as initially depicted in *The Illustrated London News*, but rather a shaving mirror, requisitioned from Smith's Hotel at Fort Pearson. In the popular press, the historical Haynes's mirror, was sometimes described as a 'bedroom mirror', but also as a 'shaving mirror' of standard size. By contrast, the besieged garrison initially signalled back with smaller, pocket shaving mirrors, which proved ineffectual, until a standard size shaving mirror was located, reported to have a crack in it. Haynes' mirror, and the cracked mirror deployed in response at Eshowe, thus recall the 'cracked lookinglass of a servant' that Mulligan 'pinched' from Ursula's bedroom in his aunt's house.

Captain Wynne initially took responsibility for signalling Haynes back, but succumbed to enteric fever on his birthday, 9 April 1879. The usual treatment for enteric fever in colonial Africa, and Zululand, was a powerful 'Katharsis-Purgative', as Joyce puts it in 'The Holy Office': the root of the ipo-



A detailed description of the apparatus used as drawn by Charles Haynes in his notebook of the Anglo-Zulu war. (Museum of the Royal Engineers).

moea purga or jalap in resin or powder form, which often proved fatal as well as ineffectual. However, this would not have precluded the father of Joyce's Haines from the highly profitable trade of 'selling jalap to Zulus', or indeed, the British Army.

As a medical student, Mulligan may well have known that jalap, as a cathartic purgative, reached a premium during the Anglo-Zulu war, as it did during the Boer wars. As Molly puts it,

I hate the mention of their politics after the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein where Gardner lieut Stanley G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever... they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of the other old Krugers go and fight it out between them instead of dragging on for years killing any finelooking men there were with their fever ...

Zulu warriors also used jalap, or *jalambu* in Zulu, to mark the wooden finial of their assegais not only to denote their regiment, but also to apotropaic purpose, similar to the role jalap, when known as High John the Conqueror root, traditionally plays in African American folk magic or Hoodoo.

In the wake of Warren Wynne's death, the discovery of a larger, cracked shaving mirror, belonging to a servant, some 18 inches by 12; thus, the same standard size as the mirror being used by Haynes down below, led to improved sun flashes from Eshowe. Moreover, Mulligan uses a servant's mirror in a startlingly similar manner, at the summit of a Martello fort rented from the historical Haynes himself, albeit to no apparently useful purpose, 'He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea.'



A dramatised reconstruction from the *Graphic* (May 31 1879) depicting C.E. Haynes' improvised signalling system using shaving mirrors to flash morse code messages, Anglo-Zulu war.

Continued 

Whether Haynes returned the cracked mirror to Smith's Hotel is not recorded, just as we are none the wiser as to whether Ursula ever recovered the purloined lookingglass, 'cleft by a crooked crack'. Thus, there is an exquisitely disingenuous irony, notwithstanding any Wildean allusion, in Haines's characteristically precise recall of Stephen's metaphor:

That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art is deuced good.

The historical Haynes's skills were once more deployed in a hostile situation when he served under another Irish officer, 'sir Garnet Wolseley' in the Second Anglo-Egyptian War of 1882, followed by Sir Charles Warren's Expedition to Bechuanaland in 1884-5. Haines was appointed Captain on 28 January 1886; Major on 1 October 1894, and Chief Engineer responsible for the fortification of Britain's East Coast defences on 8 May 1908. In spite of having retired as Colonel C.E. Haynes CB on 8 July 1912, having been appointed Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1911, he saw additional War Service once hostilities began in 1914. However, his principal work in the interim was the Ordnance Survey, leading to his appointment as Superintendent of the Irish Division by 1901. The first survey of Ireland was completed by the Royal Engineers between 1825 and 1842 and maps from this survey are known as Original or First Edition maps. However, all cities and larger towns in Ireland were resurveyed between 1855 and 1867, resulting in the First Revision or Second Edition

maps. Even though domestic survey was transferred from the War Office to the Office of Public Works in 1870, the 16th Engineer Company in Belfast, and the 14th Engineer Company in Dublin continued to participate, with Haynes, supervising work on the Second Revision or Third Edition, during which the entire island was resurveyed between 1888 and 1913.

As Director of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, between 1903 to 1905, Haynes was stationed at Mountjoy House and Cavalry Barracks in the Phoenix Park: the Irish headquarters of the Ordnance Survey since 1824. The 1901 census form finds him living with his family at 6 Roebuck Road, Dundrum, whereon he declares his country to be England: 'I am an Englishman, Haines answered'. As the Commanding Royal Engineer in Ireland, appointed full colonel on 15 November 1904, Haynes also had charge of the Martello Towers in Ireland. Importantly, he had overseen the production of the map of the Sandycove tower and battery, which formed part of the rental agreement with Gogarty. We see Joycean irony at its most playful and precise in Haynes's ostensibly unwitting survey of his surroundings, as his 'cold gaze' also 'measured' Stephen. Yet we see through a glass darkly if the full significance of the surveyor's surname is overlooked:

Haines asked:

- Do you pay rent for this tower?
- Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said.
- To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder.

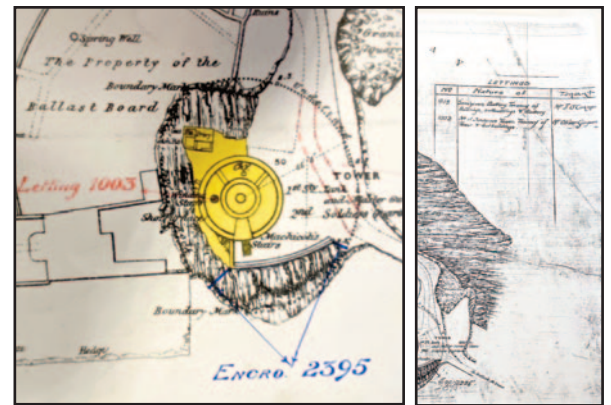
They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last:

- Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it?
- Billy Pitt had them built, Buck

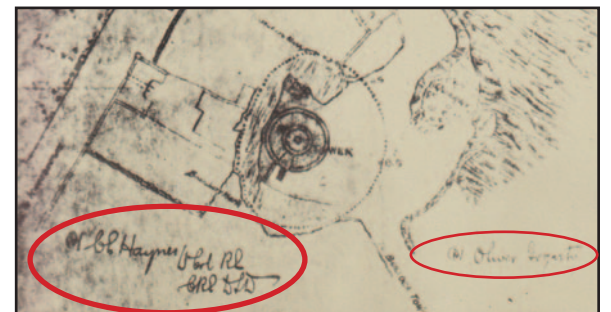
Mulligan said, when the French were on the sea. But ours is the omphalos.

The Martello towers were built between 1804-5, at the height of the Napoleonic Wars, by the Royal Engineers in Ireland under Haynes's predecessor, Lieutenant Benjamin Fisher RE. As Commanding Royal Engineer, Fisher answered not to 'Billy Pitt', as Mulligan asserts, but rather, Pitt's brother, John, who became Master General of the Ordnance in 1801. There were 28 towers and batteries constructed to defend Dublin, with 16 south of the city, from Sandymount to Bray Head, and 12 on the Northside, from Sutton to Balbriggan. Sandycove is No. 11 Southside, built to protect Scotsman's Bay, while No 10 Bullock and No 9 Dalkey Island were built to protect the coastline upon which Haines happens to fix his gaze. In addition to their gun capacity, the towers were designed by the Royal Engineers to operate as signal posts. This purpose brings us back to Mulligan's eminently treacherous signalling: not to the next tower at Bullock Harbour, or as far as Dalkey Island and the Muglins, but out to sea. Even though the *seanbhean bhocht*, who presents to Stephen as the old milkwoman of Sandycove, no longer claims that the French are on the sea, and even though many contemporary Irish nationalists would welcome such an intervention, Mulligan's sun-flashing by shaving mirror, which he then turns on Stephen, is yet another signal of his treachery.

In 1862 all of the extant Martello towers were surveyed by the Royal Engineers, now under the authority of the War Office. In the wake of their

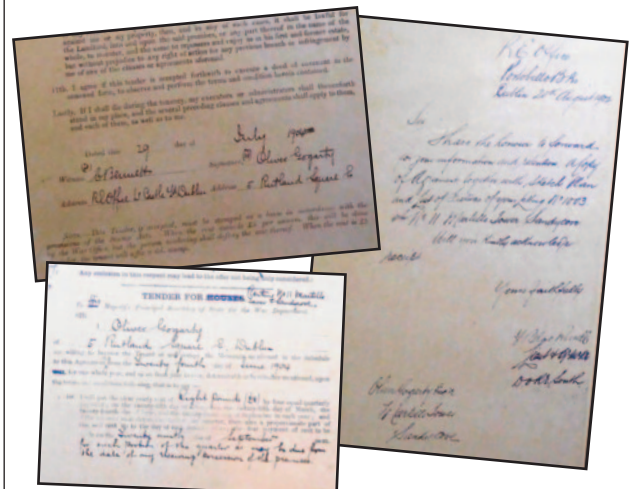


Highlighted (top right) on the map showing Martello Tower, Sandycove No.11, and environs is Oliver St John Gogarty's proof of tenancy as part of the six page Lease. Top Left: is a detailed National Archive map. Below: another survey map clearly showing both Haynes' and Gogarty's signatures supplied by Dr. Anne Marie D'Arcy.



survey, published in 1862, the towers were gradually allowed to pass out of active military use, with South 11 Sandycove the last to be vacated in 1897 (not 1900, as claimed by Ellmann). On 22 May 1896, a notice appeared in the *Irish Times* informing the general public that the tower and battery were 'to be let' by the historical Haynes's predecessor as Commanding Royal Engineer. South 11 Sandycove was abandoned on 16 January 1897 and from that time on-

ward the tower and battery were rented out as individual sites to private tenants until 1 March 1910 when the War Office offered both for sale and they passed into private ownership. By that stage, Colonel Haynes of the Royal Engineers had left Ireland, supremely unaware of the impression his name, as it appeared on one tenancy agreement from 24 June 1904, signed by him and Gogarty, would make on Joyce as his surveyor.



Further pages of the Lease agreement between the Department of War and Oliver St John Gogarty. Supplied by Dr Alice Ryan courtesy of the James Joyce Tower Museum.

The ODYSSEY

Reviewed by

You might describe Homer as, like Stephen D, “invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails”.

Michael O’Kelly

Artwork by Cormac O’Hanrahan for the cover of *Helen of Joyce* by Senan Molony

It’s big. If it were a book it would thump down on your table, like *Ulysses*. Christopher Nolan filmed it on IMAX cameras. It is deafening and enormous at an IMAX cinema. And it’s not terrible.

What could one do without?

The repeated runs down across the sandy shore to the ships became a joke.

I like the almost nasty cunning of the original Odysseus, and was denied this by the excuses given to him in the film: his stay away from Penelope with lovely Calypso for seven years was excused by forgetfulness due to lotus-eating; after his ruthless tricks and

efficient killings he is allowed to lecture himself and Penelope on how terrible war is, once he is safely home.

I could do without the sacking of Troy. Just because it does not feature in the original *Odyssey* story (except for a few lines alluding to it) does not mean one has to omit it from a film version. But the inclusion of the sacking of Troy weights down the story, and cannot help becoming a major theme, where the poem uses the end of Troy only as a starting point. So the mood and the tone of *The Odyssey*, film, differs markedly from that of *The Odyssey*, poem. After the melody of its language,



The remains of a manuscript edition of Homer’s *Odyssey*, page 53. Believed to have been written in Greek early 4th Century AD (University of Manchester).

the mood and tone of the poem are its greatest attractions, and it is hard to let them go.

Famously, the tone of *The Odyssey* is detached. You might describe Homer as, like Stephen D, “invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails”. In *The Iliad* or the

Poem of Force, Simone Weil points out that “One is barely aware that the poet is a Greek and not a Trojan” in Mary McCarthy’s translation. Perhaps, more than detached, Homer’s tone is elusive. Homer may be tender or sympathetic to characters, but it is difficult to be sure whether he

approves of them. Reading *The Odyssey*, one can have arguments at the end of each chapter as to whether Odysseus’s son Telemachus, helplessly stuck in the palace at home, is in an impossible bind, or is a self-pitying wimp with insufficient will-power. The poem will not make that judgement for you.

Apart from that famous Homeric detachment, what else from the poem might one miss in Nolan’s *Odyssey*?

The weighty film drama was not built to include the playful almost-unstated sex comedy of the Nausicaa episode, so we must do without that.

That pokerfaced tone of Homer allows

Continued 

the poet to include the horrible scene where our hero's son, Telemachus, hangs the female servants who collaborated with the villainous suiters. Welcome to the family, readers. Perhaps we accept the cruelty because it is narrated in an approved classic. It's there and it is difficult to forget, and it's not in Nolan's powerful film.

After the fear and horror, the poem ends in the marriage bed of Penelope and Odysseus. We miss this in the film. It is a long-awaited sigh into domesticity that appeals to me, alas not in the Nolan.

Given that our modern Irish epic took on the same challenge as Christopher Nolan, do the two attempts cast any light on each other?

The two responses to Homer are very different, but have some resemblances.

Nolan changed the character of the poem, to give us a resourceful but troubled warrior, who is faced with having to sacrifice his shipmates, and does so, as indeed we too might, if we were in his position, and for whom the killing at Troy will not go away.

Joyce took the dubious character of Odysseus and with it forged the uncreated conscience of our race by creating Bloom, the outsider, womanly man, who finds traces of someone else's lunch in the marital bed, but kisses his wife's bottom anyway—possibly the most likeable man in literature.

a growl from “an animal of the canine tribe...”

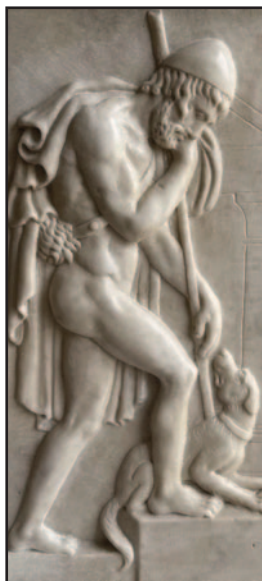
by Argos

HELLO from Hades!

It's Argos here — Matt's mutt — the Damon dog of the Danaans. I could have done so much. I really could, yet he kept me at home the whole blooming time. Fangs a bunch, Master. I could have inflicted some Trojan hurts!

You really took your time coming home, too. I suppose you'll claim it was that woman Athena who was reading the map. But you owe me a whole odyssey of walkies when you finally reach the Great Hereafter, I can tell you.

I got to this place before you, because you're still wandering the cinemas of the seasloshed globe — O, a wine-dark carpet indeed — and then you say you have to carry out the whole Awards campaign. Dirty stop-out, always leaving those at home to carry the Cannes! Never mind Achilles, give a gong to a real heel! Master Matt just never wrote, and he never sent word. Meanwhile, think I could get that Penelope to leave her weaving and take me for a stroll? Anne hath a way to keep the lads at bay, but it didn't include being canine able. Waiting for Odysseus? I was waiting by the door all day for at least half an hour's amble. Itching for outdoor Ithaca! And that



drippy Telemachus never put two and two together. No, I'm afraid Matt's lad proved just as self-centred at the rest of them, always wrestling with his conscience, instead of being with me. Grrr.

Throw a dog a bone — at least the suitors did! Not bad lads, some of 'em. Didn't deserve to get turned into dog-food in the end, if you want my opinion. And boy was it clumsily done!

Are you shocked? Yeah, I'm telling it like it is, since I'm dead and I don't have to lick his boots any more. First chap I met here was Cerberus, naturally, and—after the usual 69 sniff—he told me that I stole the show. “You were atop the whole stinking midden heap,” were his exact words. Well, I only had a cameo, really, but I did try—the trembling tail, everyone remembers that, and of course my hoarse woofing. *Woofing hoarse*, geddit? Tell

you what, I was a whole lot less stiff than yer man. And the fur on the end of his chin? Would you ever stop stroking it, mate (you left me at home, remember?) and come up with a plan to get us out of this latest mess? He was in the doghouse with the crew at the end of it all, I can tell you. Scylla fool! You're supposed to be crafty! How about *not* steering into a whirlpool, dummy?

Look, I'm not saying I would have done a better job, but let's be honest—there was my mystified master being beguiled by sex kittens from one island to another. Doh! It's my job to chase the felines, chum. Even with that Circe one, he made a complete pig's arse of it. Mind you, Charlize Theron, a tail might hang thereon. I wouldn't have bitten the hand that feeds in that particular case, arf arf!

Where was I? Oh yeah, ignoring his wife, every anniversary! Has he never heard of Interstellar? (*I think you mean Interflora—Ed.*) Chasing after skirt with his tongue hanging out. Again, that would be my job, at least when it comes to chariots (I'll see you afterwards, Charlize). And for crying out loud, a wooden horse? What am I, chopped liver from a sun god's cow? Why not a Wooden Argos? A bit of puppy love in a far-off place. Make me big enough

and you could have got a whole kennel of men in there. But instead of being wily, Matt has no imagination! And I tell you what, that Cyclops, at least he loved his sheep. Remember your pets, for flock's sake.

Right, I don't want to come across as angry, although you bet I am. Even his mates were complete wusses. Maybe you just bored her to death, or at least departure, Menelaus—ever think of that? Oh, and Agamemnon, who made you your brother's keeper? You'd be better off keeping your daughter, mate. Okay, so you want to know what I thought of Helen, don't you? Lupita with the Blue Peter badge for acting? No go—woodener than that horse, is what I thought. And her sister, Clytemnestra? You said it, love: an extra could have done it.

Look, it was nearly three hours long, it just felt like twenty years. Accurate in that respect, Nolan! Say, just being sarcastic here, you couldn't have given us another half an hour of Mattie boy wondering what to do? Seeing as your oeuvre was oeuvre-long anyway...

Tell you what, Christy, since your directing skills have clearly gone to the dogs, any chance of an aul' walk? Nothing too strenuous or time-consuming. I genuinely don't want any long-duration durned dogsysey!

Rating: ★★

It's dog-eat-dog in this Hollywooden world.



This summer in the *London Review of Books* ('Starveling Rabblement', 23 July 2026), Terry Eagleton reviewed Frank Callanan's book, *James Joyce: A Political Life*. For most of the article, Eagleton, with typical verve, knowledge and astuteness, celebrates Joyce as a political writer and praises Callanan's 'magnificently erudite' book for the way it relates Joyce and his work to nationalism. However, towards the end he seems to invite a response when he offers a challenging view of Leopold Bloom's political beliefs in *Ulysses*.

Terry of course likes to stir things up a little so it's no surprise when he hones in on 'liberal humanist critics' and their appreciation of Bloom's 'dignified demeanour' in contrast with the 'xenophobic ranting' of the citizen. For an example of this consensus we could turn back to Richard Ellmann's *The Backgrounds of 'Ulysses'* (1954) and his praise of Bloom as 'a worthy man'. Eagleton, however, notes that what the citizen says about British oppression of the Irish is 'largely true' and instead shifts the critical focus onto Bloom who he contends is a 'spineless liberal', mainly because he doesn't speak up on capital punishment—I will return to this later. First, let's take a moment to reflect on Bloom's politics.

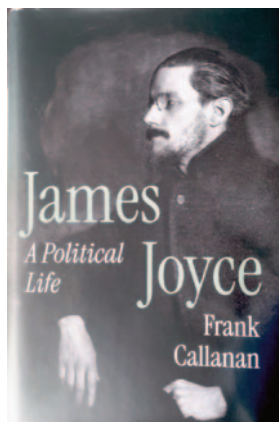
Now liberal with a small 'l' sounds plausible enough, encompassing, for example, Bloom's humanitarian instincts as shown by his empathy for the

Terry Eagleton's Bloom: A "Spineless Liberal"?

Dr. Paul O'Hanrahan rises to the defence of Leopold Bloom

blind man he helps to cross Dawson Street. He is from a Jewish-Protestant-Catholic background but is secular in attitude as shown by his detached observation of the mass in All Hallows church. He states that he does not believe in physical force politics in Barney Kiernan's pub. Therefore when in a fantasy sequence in the Nighttown episode Bloom is parodied as a proponent of freedom of all kinds, there is probably a strand of truth in the exaggerated polemic which concludes with him advocating: 'Free money, free rent, free love and a free lay church in a free lay state.' Like Stephen, he is another 'horrible example of free thought'.

Bloom is not associated with any political party but he is probably closer to Sinn Féin and its more assertive approach to independence than the Home Rule by degrees advocated by the post-Parnell Irish Parliamentary Party. John Wyse Nolan in Kiernan's pub makes the allegation that Bloom 'gave the ideas of Sinn Féin to Griffith' presumably supported by the tenuous link between the Hungarian model of independence and Bloom's Hungarian father. Molly's comment about Bloom 'going about with some of them Sinner Fein lately' would seem to



support the idea that he is sympathetic to Sinn Féin. As he walks through the city centre at lunchtime, Bloom thinks about Sinn Féin and the leadership potential of Arthur Griffith but also refers to Parnell, Home Rule, republicanism and open and secret forms of political and revolutionary organisation [IRB].

Bloom participates in the capitalist economy through his work in advertising on the margins of the newspaper industry but he is as much observer as participant, a potential critic of its dehumanising tendencies: 'Machines. Smash a man to atoms if they got him caught.' He could also be a contemporary environmentalist when he goes out into his back garden in Eccles Street in the morning and imagines how he could replant and refresh it: 'Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then.' Yet he appears to disapprove of vegetari-

anism when he spots George Russell and Lizzie Twigg at College Green and is unconvinced by the merits of a meat-free diet: 'They say it's healthier. Windandwatery though... Keep you on the run all day.' Somehow Bloom seems to both attract and resist political labelling. He is not beyond politics, inasmuch as it is part of everyday life, but neither can he be easily associated with any political party or particular set of policies.

Eagleton's 'spineless' description of Bloom provides a welcome jolt to any complacency about his benign character. Bloom can appear ineffectual in his pleading, as, for example, when he tries to dissuade the aggressive British soldiers from assaulting Stephen outside Bella Cohen's. He is unable to prevent Private Carr from punching Stephen: yet he does try his best, using persuasion rather than aggression. He goes on to help Stephen recover and then negotiate the tense situation in the cabman's shelter when the young man is confronted by the sailor. Here Bloom's questioning of the latter's credentials defuses the menacing atmosphere when the sailor discusses deadly stabblings in Trieste and produces 'a dangerous-looking claspknife'. This is not 'spineless'.

Above all though, it is the encounter with the citizen in Barney Kiernan's to which we must return as the place where Bloom, who is skilled in evasion, has to face a form of public trial. Here Eagleton disarms his opponents by downplaying it as 'a scene especially dear to liberal humanist critics'. Yet surely Bloom's courage in the hostile bar is evident when he stands up first for his Irishness—'Ireland. I was born here'—and then his Jewishness by asserting 'I belong to a race too...that is hated and persecuted. Even now'. That 'Even now' takes guts, suggesting that Bloom knows he is being victimised at 'This very moment. This very instant'. Eagleton, however, is right to caution against demonising the citizen for his xenophobia. He endorses Emer Nolan's point that what the citizen 'says of British malpractice in Ireland is largely true'. The citizen does rightly condemn many injustices perpetrated under British rule in Ireland, such as indifference to the devastating consequences of the Famine and widespread evictions: 'They were driven out of house and home in the black '47'.

On the other hand, Eagleton goes on to rule out Bloom's assertion that love is the opposite of hatred on the grounds that 'it isn't true' and leaves it at that without explaining further. In *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare makes oxymorons of the apparent oppositions in contrasting Romeo's 'brawling love and loving hate' but in everyday parlance the

opposition of love and hate is easily understood. It may sound sentimental but we know what Bloom means. Love is then parodied in the narrative for its meaningless ubiquity 'because everybody loves somebody'. Yet it clearly aligns as a benign form of empathy with Bloom's pacifism as he states, a little clumsily but with feeling, that 'force, hatred, history, all that' is not 'life for men and women'.

More assertively, as he departs from Barney Kiernan's he counters the citizen's anti-Semitic rants with 'Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza.' It's a bit too cosmopolitan to do more than further rankle his opponents in the pub but Bloom's defence of Jewish philosophers and composers is stoutly delivered in a hostile environment and I would have thought even Terry as a good Marxist must applaud the way Bloom brings in his old mentor. However, it is religion that is the citizen's sensitive spot and Bloom eventually finds it when he says

that 'Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.' He may appear often to be bumbling and ineffectual but here he is certainly not 'spineless' as he speaks out to defend a shared common humanity against the divisive violence of racial prejudice.

To return to Bloom's apparent lack of conviction on capital punishment, he is 'conspicuously less committed' than others in the pub, in Eagleton's view. However, the discussion at this point is heavily filtered through the narrator who is hostile to Bloom and dismisses his tendency to give rational explanations as coming out 'with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business.' Bloom himself does try to explain that the post-hanging erection 'can be explained by science' and in doing so is considerably less irreverent (and amusing) than Alf Bergan about a Fenian's last stand, so-to-speak. Then he has an 'argument about the point' with the citizen and we are not told what it



Bridget Hourican giving her talk "Frank Callanan's *James Joyce: A Political Life*" on the 5th October at 14 Henrietta Street as part of Dublin Festival of History 2026. Bridget, Frank's widow, along with three other academics worked on the final touches needed to get the 909 page book press-ready. It marks a needed re-focusing of Joycean criticism.

is but are given instead a list of Irish nationalists hanged by the British: 'the brothers Sheares and Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet.' Shortly after, the citizen glares at Bloom, who responds with '—You don't grasp my point...What I

mean is...' So Bloom certainly is less to the fore in this discussion about Irish rebellions than the citizen and Joe Hynes who joins in with the 'fellows that were hanged, drawn and transported for the cause'. When Bloom twice at-

tempts to speak, he is cut off, the first by the narrator, the second by the citizen. Far from being 'conspicuously less committed', he is not allowed to explain his point of view. We are reminded of Deasy '...she [Ireland] never let them in'.

It is unlikely he would have matched the passionate intensity of the citizen and Joe on the subject of 'die for your country' because he does not believe in setting 'force against force'. However, it is telling that later he will assert that Ireland is his country and he will identify himself as a victim of racial prejudice, 'putting up his fist', fighting talk, in its own pacifist Bloomsday way. Eagleton is right to remind us not to idealise him, just as Joyce uses Molly to put him in his place: he is no saint. Nonetheless, in his best moments, despite flaws and contradictions, Bloom is not lacking in courage in awkwardly standing up for non-violent co-existence, human connection, racial equality and tolerance.

THE ROB ROMAN SONNET SHOW

Odyssey Film Defiles James Joyce's *Ulysses*

Are they pure evil, these Hollywood hacks?
 Their movie commits every mortal sin.
 They murdered Joyce's syntax in IMAX,
 And Anne as Molly is halfway too thin.
 From Davy Byrne's to caves they moved the cheese,
 So, no debate, no food to masticate.
 They cut good Gerty's Sandymount striptease.
 How's Leopold Bloom s'posed to masturbate?
 Not one thought flowed, not even on commodes,
 They slaughtered loads more than one sacred cow.
 Why not make Circe twist men into toads,
 Like poor Pete in *O Brother, Where Art Thou*?
 Who'd strip the holy book of all its good?
 Abandon all hope, welcome to Hollywood.

1904: A Biodyssey

Good Doctor, tell of the abnormal man
 Named Bloom who self-abused at Sandymount,
 His lust for Gerty that induced a ban,
 And bald unbridled sins, too great to count.
 Tell how he did adore sweet meats galore,
 Perceiving women's rumps as hams and steaks,
 How he escaped from the asylum for
 Demented gentlemen and reformed rakes.
 How after all day he yearned Nighttown's Hell,
 Where big-ass Bella turned a trick far worse
 Than making Bloom oink as with Circe's spell,
 She turned his little piggy in reverse.
 Now what's the womanly man, Bloom, to do
 With bacon in the drawer? She'll eat for two.

Bloomsday 2026: Dublin



Bloomsday 2026

A photographic record courtesy of the *Bloomsday Journal* archive, Robert Roman and Josh Newman at the James Joyce Centre. It was another great day with readings, the Diddlem Club at Davy Byrnes, Balloonatics, Cleary's Pub, Sweny's, the James Joyce Tower and the James Joyce Centre.



BLOOMSDAY 2025 WITHOUT THE HANGOVER

Bloomsday 2026: Dublin and Glashtule



Joyce's Danish Obsession Rooted in 1904

By Senan Molony

JAMES Joyce's 1936 mission to 'Hamlet's Castle' in Denmark stems from a 1904 article in the *Evening Herald*.

The *Herald's* drama critic, William Alexander Henderson, wrote an account of a trip with a friend to visit Kronborg Castle in Helsingør, 36 miles north of Copenhagen.



It is well known that this fortress, two miles across a narrow sound from Sweden, was the inspiration for the play, which lies at the heart of *Ulysses*. Helsingør became Shakespeare's Elsinore.

Three line drawings accompanied Henderson's account of his trip—being the castle, a statue of Hamlet, and the reputed grave of the fictional prince at Marienlyst, a 'hamlet' just a mile or two further north.

Remarkably James Joyce sent three postcards from his trip to Helsingør, 32 years later. The 1936 images, now in the National Library of Ireland, are of exactly the same subjects—the castle, the statue, and 'Hamlet's grave.'

This would be just another Joycean coincidence, perhaps, were it not for the fact that we have proof that Joyce met W. A. Henderson. The two *Hamlet* aficionados were at the Abbey Theatre for the 1909 premiere of George Bernard Shaw's play *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet*.

It was at this performance that Joyce also met Piaras Beaslá, drama critic for the *Evening Telegraph*, which led to his introduction to journalists at that newspaper the next day, and encounters that informed the 'Aeolus' episode in *Ulysses*.

We are indebted to Joseph Holloway, who noted in his journal (*A Dublin Playgoer's Impressions*) a conversation he had in September, 1909, with both Joyce and W. A. Henderson.

He described the latter as "a devotee of the theatre" although he was by then already two years the business manager of the Abbey, a post he held for many years while carrying on his dramatic criticism and journalism.

With the two men physically together, it is possible that Henderson told Joyce about his trip to Elsinore five years earlier in 1904.

Joyce may have sourced that clipping because it is striking that Joyce's 1936 postcards exactly reproduce the three

1904 *Evening Herald* line drawings from Elsinore.

Here's Ellmann, quoting Holloway, in his landmark Joyce biography (p. 299):

James Joyce was then announced (... he had returned from Italy on Tuesday last) and came in with an Italian paper with his critique of *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet* in it. He hoped to make the Italians interested in the Irish Theatrical movement. He did not give Henderson the copy of the paper but said he would send him one on [perhaps Henderson sent him his Elsinore account in return?]. He [Joyce] leaves Dublin tomorrow, every day he stays here means a loss of money to him. He [Joyce] had translated Synge's play *Riders to the Sea* [into Italian] for the love of the thing and handed his MS over to the manager about to produce it... I asked him [Joyce] how he liked the acting of the company and he said 'Well'. He got a few postcards of scenes in *Riders to the Sea*, and leaving his address left himself also. He told us he chiefly remained in Dublin so long in connection with a book of short stories he intended bringing out through Maunsel & Son."

Joyce's leaving of his Trieste address indicates that there was a plan on Henderson's part, if not Holloway's also, to communicate with him there.

This 1909 Joyce-Henderson meeting is the only one verified, but it does not exclude earlier and later contact, either in person or by post. Certainly Henderson, with his connections to Yeats, Lady Gregory, and the literary and journalistic worlds, would have been a useful contact for Joyce.

When Henderson died of heart failure in 1927 it was noted that

for almost a quarter of a century he was secretary of the National Literary Society. He was manager at the Abbey Theatre at its inception, and during the stormy period of the first production of *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Joyce waited a long time to emulate Henderson's trip to Elsinore. His postcards suggest an homage to the earlier traveller who wrote in his 1904 article—

Some familiar objects in the play are conspicuous by their absence: "Yon high eastern hill," over which walked the morn in russet mantle clad, and the "dreadful summit of the cliff that beetles o'er his base into the sea".

Then we view a suite of rooms. The pictures in them have no artistic qualities that appeal to us. Our girl attendant sat in a window niche, toying with needlework in her lap, staring at some soldier lover in the courtyard, or casting furtive glances at us. So Ophelia may have watched Lord Hamlet with his "doublet all unbraced, no hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd," as he came to her, as she thought, mad in love, after his ghastly visitation. In this same room, may not Hamlet have soliloquised on suicide, and death, or tutored the time-servers Guildenstern and Rosencrantz on the art of duplicity: "Though you can fret me, yet



Hamlet inspired Illustrations (1904) that accompanied William Henderson's account of a visit to Denmark in the *Evening Herald*.

"you cannot play upon me." Here Polonius may have sagely counselled the hot, lusty Laertes, or Hamlet addressed the players.

We escape to the ramparts where the ghost walked. It is a sort of terrace with piled banks of dirty sand, a few guns pointing seawards. We view them as lineal descendants of the "great cannon" that told the clouds that Denmark's King kept wassail.

Leaving the castle, we stroll across the sandy foreshore to Marien Lyst, the favourite sea resort of the Danes. Here is a huge, up-to-date restaurant capable of dining probably a thousand persons, a casino, well-wooded ground dotted with nude statuary, and a fine statue of Hamlet, his left hand pointing to his heart, as if uttering the words, "I have that within with which passeth show."

One wonders, should this be the site whence the gravedigger had his "stoop of liquor", but our quest is into the woods to find Hamlet's grave. Here Ophelia must have plucked her fantastic garlands of crow flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples. We crossed a babbling stream, and thought of "the willow that grows aslant a brook, that shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream," where Ophelia met her "muddy death". Tradition points the spot and still preserves the tree, but all that remains of the brook, in which the gravedigger argued "She drowned herself wittingly," is a little drinking fountain.

In our hasty search for the grave, we were forced to make enquiries and had an evidence of the innate courtesy and helpfulness of the Danish people. We questioned an old gentleman. He did not understand either English or French, but made several efforts to direct us. He quickly apprehended the impossibility of indicating the position, at once turned back, and accompanied us nearly a mile to the spot. Then, removing his hat, he graciously bowed and retired. We were simply charmed with his old-time courtesy.

The reputed grave is situated in a grove of trees. It is a circular mound about six feet high, with a low railing circling it. It is covered with narrow, regularly spaced stones placed upright, one would say like "quills upon the fretful porcupine". On the topmost granite shaft is painted 'Hamlet's Grav.'





Something rotten?



Alas poor Hamlet, his silent statue found sheltering in a hotel's bicycle shed.

In a follow-up article, Henderson added:

Frederick II of Denmark reared the now famous pile at Elsinore and named it Kronborg Castle. In 1585 and 1586 he issued numerous invitations for house warmings, and the entertainments were evidently on a magnificent scale.

For the amusement of his guests, he engaged and brought from London a company of English actors. The names of the players were entered into the town records of Elsinore.

Three of these: William Kemp, Thomas Pope, and George Bryan, were members of Shakespeare's company, and were afterwards associated with him in the production of his plays. Their names are given in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays.

If Shakespeare did not visit Elsinore, it is absolutely certain that his fellows and associates did, and it is almost a matter of certainty that all the details of this memorable tour were exhaustively discussed and described in theatrical circles, that somehow or other the players got hold of the intensely dramatic *Historie of Hamlet*, and on their return successfully utilised it for the London playhouses.

It will be obvious to all that in interpolating the episode of the players into *Hamlet*, Shakespeare was permanently recording the visit of the English actors to Denmark."

In search of Elsinore in the footsteps of James Joyce

By Dr. Patrick Callan

Throughout his life, Joyce had the tourist's habit of recording his holiday travels through the medium of the topographical postcard. Thomas Wolfe, a young American novelist met Joyce in Paris in 1926. Soon after, he providentially found himself on the same sightseeing bus as the Joyce family when they visited the site of the battle of Waterloo. Wolfe noted, "they all wrote post cards".

James Joyce referred to Denmark as the "land of Hamlet". In 1906, he wrote to his brother Stanislaus, "I wish I could go to Denmark". Inevitably, as Joyce liked to visit places connected with his work, he ticked this destination off his bucket list thirty years later.

Ninety years after Joyce's visit, an intrepid group of Joyceans travelled to Elsinore via Copenhagen to visit Hamlet's castle, and to establish if the local monuments known to Joyce were still standing.

The idea for our trip arose from three picture postcards sent by James and Nora Joyce from Elsinore. Each is postmarked "Helsingør 26 August 1936" and sent at 7 pm. The postcards are in the



Rob Roman (USA); Magnus Persson (Sweden); Senan Molony and Patrick Callan (Ireland) following James Joyce and before him William Alexander Henderson to Elsinore and environs

care of the National Library of Ireland.

The first card, a view of the castle, was addressed to "Monsieur et Madame G[iorgio] Joyce" in Menthon-St Bernard, France. Joyce indicated that this was Hamlet's Castle, overlooking the sound between Denmark and Sweden. Despite his chronic eye issues, as he gazed towards Sweden some two miles away, he could see the windows on the far shore. He signed off affectionally as "Babbo".

Joyce sent the second card to Paul Léon in Paris. It featured a photograph of "Hamlet's grave". Joyce asked Léon for Ben Hu-ebesch's American address. He acknowledged that he had received a copy of *Ulysses*. He promised to send on corrections when he got back.

The third card, addressed to "Monsieur et Madame G[iorgio] Joyce", featured a magnificent bronze statue depicting Hamlet. James sent on simple greetings, while Nora wrote that they were having a good time.

Arriving at the historic railway station (opened in 1864) we found a fabulous statue of Hamlet outside, but not the one that appeared on the Joyce postcard.

We walked directly to the magnificent Castle. Some of our group posed with Yorick's skull or dressed in regal robes [Cillian Murphy need not worry!]

After lunch we walked to our bus stop to pick up the 353 bus (Ireland's international code) to get to Marienlyst park. The bus that stopped was going in the wrong direction, so



Above: The reputed grave of Prince Hamlet today. Below: "Hamlet's castle"

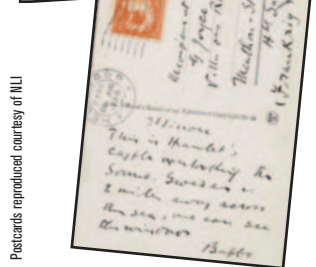


we walked to the park where the grave slab and statue had been in 1936.

In the narrow linear park, our intrepid American found the grave slab on high ground overlooking the sound between the two countries. A woman in the park scolded us that Hamlet was not a real person, and could not therefore have a grave. A man passing by was not aware of either landmark. A young female thought the statue might be in the park, but she wasn't sure. It was not.

Having tried Google without success, we entered an AI search, and it suggested a link with a local hotel. A ten-minute walk took us to a bustling car park. There, in his diminished majesty, under an awning by the hotel entrance, guarding some bicycles, stood the object of our desire, the statue of Hamlet that featured on the postcard sent to Giorgio in 1936.

Joyce's Postcards from Denmark 1936



Right: Paul Léon, five years later he was murdered by German troops.



Above: Joyce's postcard of "Hamlet's Castle" to Giorgio and wife
Centre: Joyce's postcard of "Hamlet's Grave" to Paul Leon

Right: James and Nora's postcard of Hamlet's bronze statue to Giorgio and wife

Postcards reproduced courtesy of NLI

Dyflin's Ghosts: Portals into Joyce's Dublin with Sandi Toksvig

By Darina Gallagher, Director, James Joyce Centre

When Sandi Toksvig arrived at the James Joyce Centre to film for *Sandi's Ireland: A Literary Journey* (Channel 4), it was meant to be a quick chat but turned into a few hours of laughter filled conversation and connection.

Showing someone as curious and quick-witted as Sandi around our Georgian townhouse on North Great George's Street was a genuine joy. We talked through the arc of Joyce's work, from the quiet devastations of *Dubliners*, through the dizzying wordplay of *Finnegans Wake*, to *Ulysses*, the great Dublin novel of the twentieth century. I walked her through the creative hub of Joycean tours, exhibitions, performances, workshops and lectures we run here, all under the same elegant plasterwork ceilings that would have been familiar to Joyce's Dublin.

What I didn't expect was how quickly we'd end up talking about Denmark. Sandi and I share Danish roots, and it turned into one of those wonderful tangents as suddenly we were deep in Joyce's fascination with Viking Dublin, and how much of that ancient, Norse stone and timber seeps into his sentences. Dyflin's ghosts, still walking the same streets as Bloom.

As I showed Sandi the door of 7 Eccles Street situated in the Centre's courtyard, our conversa-



Darina and Sandi in front of the door from No. 7 Eccles Street.



Sandi delighted to be shown a book on Joachimite Papal prophecies from 1589 (that was consulted by James Joyce in 1902) by director Jason McElligott of Marsh's Library, Dublin.



tion moved to cultural conservation. Why it matters to protect not just Joyce's texts but the literary geography of Dublin itself, the actual streets, pubs, churches, ghost signs, beaches and bridges, windows that let readers inhabit his work rather than simply read it.

I suggested that this is the whole spirit of Bloomsday, a day when the city stops being a backdrop and becomes the book. You eat your way through it, you sing your way through it, you feel Joyce's words wrapping around you on streets that still exist, almost unchanged, over a century later.

We spoke too about what the James Joyce Cultural Centre means to this

part of Dublin and how Joyce's legacy is woven into the contemporary cultural voice of the north inner city, not as something dusty and elite, but as something living and local.

We had a laugh. By the time Sandi left, it didn't feel like I'd hosted an important visitor off the TV, it felt like I'd made a new friend, and one excited to return soon.

@ *Sandi's Ireland* can be seen on catch-up on the Channel 4 website after setting up an account (free).

Saltprick Strand

after Stephen Dedalus,
by Yvonne Salmon

Saltprick morning, bluegrey world yawning open: old wound, yes, old wound: and I stepping through, sole-sodden, soul-sodden, tide's tongue licking metatarsals, slow-suck, sly-chuckle: catechise me, sea? Let it, brine better than incense, always better.

Thought shivers up spine's steeple, quickjingling, nerves chimæra, mind-murmur. Wake, boy. Make. Maker? Who? Kinch the thin, Kinch the thinker, cobbling syllables, cracked shoes for gods who do not call, never call.

Mother: grey lily on waterskull, hush-hush harping, behind ribs of memory. Would not bow then, stubborn calf, still her ghost-psalm pricks, soft unceasing why, whisper-thorn.

Father—jovial ruin—rattles in the head like dropped coin, rolling, rolling, sticky-tavern corner, froth-pint laugh spilling, oh that laugh. I, slight shadow, puppet, lineage strings long before naming.

Yet a spark: quickquill, thin thrill, wordseed splitting in dark loam of thought, writhing, wants form, pushes skullwall: let me out, let me sing, let me be, I must, I will, words unborn, clambering. Syllaboned. Priest of my own bright doubt.

Dublin, O dirty labyrinth, stones gossip, alleys snicker, wander-wander, blind Theseus without thread, nose full of warm sour breath, the city breathes me.

Listen: newer note unfurls, living, trembling fledgling of meaning: catch it, hold it, tidal day leans, bends, leans in to hear me breathe it, yes, yes.

Biographical Note

Yvonne Salmon is writer, artist and filmmaker. Her poetry has featured in *The Martello Journal*, *Frogmore Papers* and *Ver Prize Anthology*. Her study of queer sixties literature 'Certain Circles' was published by Bloomsbury in *The 1960s: A Decade of Modern British Fiction* (Tew et al eds).

Among the countless strange details in the phantasmagorical 'Circe' episode of *Ulysses*, one of the most easily overlooked is also one of the most revealing. After losing his potato, Bloom becomes a political leader, a Messiah, a scapegoat, and finally an executed and incinerated martyr. Emerging from his hallucinatory ordeal conversing with the prostitute Zoe Higgins, he proceeds beyond the threshold entering Bella Cohen's brothel. Zoe crosses first. Bloom hesitates. She turns back and holds out her hands and "draws him over." And Joyce writes, "He hops."

Why choose such an odd verb? Why does Bloom not walk, step, stride, or enter warily? Why does he hop?

Bloom's hop here is not unprecedented. In 'Lotus Eaters', Bloom turns into Cumberland Street to read Martha's letter unobserved: "With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch court with its forgotten pickstone. Not a sinner."

"With careful tread," suggests Bloom's avoidance of stepping on any line and being called out as a "sinner." Does he hop?

The answer to Bloom's hop in 'Circe' lies not merely in the doorway scene itself but in the entire sequence that begins when Zoe removes Bloom's potato and culminates in his crossing into Bella's domain. The hop is the final expression of a long psychological process in which Bloom's public and private identities are assaulted, his defenses collapse, and he

Why Does Bloom Hop into Bella Cohen's Brothel?

By Dr. Daniel Burt



regresses to infancy. Zoe assumes the role of psychopomp, guiding him into the deeper regions of his unconscious and ultimately to his fateful encounter with Bella/Circe.

The Loss of the Potato

The significance of the hop can best be understood in the context of the loss of Bloom's potato. The potato is first mentioned in 'Calypso' as Bloom readies himself for the day's excursions:

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there. In the trousers I left off. Must get it. Potato I have.

In 'Circe' the importance of the potato is finally made clear. Shortly after entering Nighttown, Bloom attributes his avoiding a collision with the sandstrewing trolley to "The Providential. (He feels his trouser pocket.) Poor mamma's panacea." When Zoe takes the potato from his trouser pocket, Bloom identifies it as "A talisman. Heirloom." Panacea, talisman, and heirloom, Bloom's shriveled potato is a charm against accident and illness, a totem connecting Bloom to his Irish

mother, and a potent symbol affirming his own Irish identity.

In the correspondence to the Homeric 'Circe', the potato stands in for moly, the plant provided by Hermes to protect Odysseus from Circe's enchantment. With the protection provided by moly, Odysseus can retain his identity and dominance overpowering Circe's witchcraft. Here, Zoe serves as an anti-Hermes, removing, not providing Bloom's protection, making him vulnerable to the transformations that follow. When Zoe takes the potato, she symbolically strips away Bloom's defenses. The result is immediate. Bloom becomes ever more vulnerable to the hallucinatory world of Nighttown.

From Private Bloom to Public Bloom

Zoe asks Bloom for a "swaggeroot," and Bloom gallantly responds,

Rarely smoke, dear. Cigar now and then. Childish device. (Lewdly) The mouth can be better engaged than with a cylinder of rank weed.

To which, Zoe urges Bloom to "Make a stump speech out of it."

What follows is a remarkable expansion of identity. Bloom's private desires and anxieties, kept carefully in check and guarded through the day, now explode outward into public spectacle. Bloom becomes a political reformer, civic leader, national saviour, king, and messiah. He is transformed from an ordinary

Dublin ad canvasser into a figure of historical and cosmic significance.

The stump speeches exemplify this inflation. Bloom's platform promises: "Union of all, jew, moslem and gentile", "universal brotherhood" and "Free money, free rent, free love." The fantasy projects Bloom's deepest humanitarian impulses onto the public stage. The private self becomes a collective redeemer of his people.

The Collapse into Scapegoating

Yet inflation inevitably produces its opposite. The public Bloom becomes the public victim.

The crowd that elevates him eventually condemns him. Branded a scapegoat, Bloom is condemned to "carry the sins of the people to Azazel," evoking the Levitical scapegoat ritual in which communal guilt is transferred onto a sacrificial victim who is then expelled into the wilderness.

Bloom is accused, mocked, sentenced, and finally sacrificed: "In a seamless [Christ-like?] garment marked I.H.S. he stands upright amid phoenix flames". He speaks his last: "Weep not for me, daughters of Erin". Their litany concludes with "Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence, pray for us" as Bloom "becomes mute, shrunken, carbonized." His public self is destroyed: incinerated, atomized.

Zoe's Return

At this point Zoe reappears. What we realize is that the entire sequence of speeches, genealogy, scapegoating, execution, and extinction has occurred between her requests for a stump speech and her finishing her thought with "Talk away till you're blue in the face." Bloom's entire hallucinated public career occupies only an instant of "real" time.

Yet Bloom returns transformed. The public self has died. What remains is vulnerable, exhausted, and psychologically exposed. Having become the culmination of history and genealogy, Bloom now discovers the insufficiency of those identities. The speech narrows further: "To be or not to be. I am ruined." The problem is no longer historical or political. It becomes existential. The grand public Bloom collapses inward. This is where Zoe's role changes. She ceases to function merely as a prostitute and increasingly assumes the role of guide.

Regression and Infancy, Zoe as Psychopomp

The next stage of Bloom's journey is regression. Fixating on Zoe's bronze buckles, he becomes infantile:

(In babylinen and pelisse... with a chubby finger, his moist tongue lolling and lispings) One two tlee: tlee ttwo tllone.

The adult public figure dissolves into a child counting objects on a woman's clothing.

Zoe as psychopomp, as a conductor of souls, becomes increasingly persuasive during this sequence. A psychopomp is a guide who escorts travelers between worlds.





Beatrice takes over as Dante's guide after Virgil in 'Purgatorio'. Perhaps Zoe provides the same function for Bloom in Bella Cohen's brothel? [Ed]

Examples include: Hermes, Virgil, Charon. Zoe performs a similar function. She removes the potato, initiating the hallucination, survives the execution sequence, guides Bloom through regression, gives him the "pass-touch of secret monitor" and escorts him to Bella's threshold. Like many psychopomps, she is not the destination. She is the guide. Her task is to bring Bloom to the place where the deeper transformation will occur.

The Threshold

This process culminates at the doorway of Bella Cohen's brothel. The threshold is one of the most important symbols in the episode. Bloom arrives there under observation: "They examine him curiously." He stumbles [again like Christ on his way to Calvary]: "He trips awkwardly." Zoe catches him: "Don't fall upstairs." The phrase is paradoxical. Physically, Bloom is ascending. Psychologically, he is descending. The staircase leads upward into Bella's rooms but downward into the unconscious.

Bloom then quotes Proverbs: "The just man falls seven times." The

line summarizes his entire day. He has fallen repeatedly as husband, father, citizen, candidate, Messiah, and scapegoat.

Yet he continues. The threshold becomes a liminal space in which Bloom stands between identities: outside and inside, conscious and unconscious, ordinary Mr. Bloom and transformed Leopold Bloom.

Why Then Does Bloom Hop?

It is only now that Joyce gives us the famous verb: "He hops." The hop contains the residue of everything that has preceded it.

First, it preserves traces of the infantile regression. Bloom does not stride like a hero. He moves like a child stepping over a crack while holding a trusted adult's hand. Second, the hop has the quality of a ritual crossing. Throughout folklore and myth, special gestures often go with movement across magical boundaries. The hop acknowledges that this threshold is more than architectural. It is symbolic.

Third, the hop reflects Bloom's habitual caution and superstition. Throughout the novel he relies upon small protective gestures. The hop resembles the kind of movement one makes when crossing a dangerous boundary while attempting to avoid misfortune. Fourth, it expresses Bloom's passivity. He is not masterfully entering Bella's world. Zoe is drawing him over. The movement is co-operative rather than assertive. Finally, the hop performs one of Joyce's favourite artistic operations: comic deflation.

After becoming Messiah, Emmanuel, king, redeemer and scapegoat,

Bloom enters the next phase of his journey not with grandeur but with childlike awkwardness. The modern epic hero does not march. He hops.

One of the most striking features of 'Circe' is Bloom's progressive regression toward infancy immediately before he enters Bella Cohen's brothel. Throughout the opening hallucinations he is repeatedly stripped of the markers of adult masculine authority. He becomes physically diminished, socially humiliated, sexually vulnerable, and increasingly childlike. At first glance this regression appears merely comic or pathological. Yet it may also be understood as Joyce's radical reworking of one of Christianity's central paradoxes: "Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18:3).

In Matthew's Gospel, Jesus responds to the disciples' question "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18:1) by placing a child before them. The issue is not innocence but status. Children in the ancient Mediterranean world possessed neither authority nor social prestige. To become like a child therefore meant relinquishing claims to power, honour, and self-importance. Entrance into the kingdom required a reversal of ordinary social expectations. One entered not by becoming greater but by becoming smaller. Humility became the condition of transformation.

Joyce appropriates this pattern while radically altering its destination. Bloom does not enter the Kingdom of Heaven; he enters Bella Cohen's brothel. Yet the structure re-

mains remarkably similar. Before crossing the threshold, Bloom undergoes a symbolic stripping away of adult identity. His authority collapses. His public dignity disappears. His fantasies of civic greatness are inverted into humiliation. By the time he literally hops into the brothel, he has become psychologically childlike, dependent, and vulnerable. The hop itself is revealing. Adults stride confidently; children hop. Bloom's movement suggests not merely hesitation but a temporary suspension of ordinary adult comportment. He crosses the threshold not as the respectable middle-aged advertising canvasser but as someone who has relinquished the social posture of masculine authority.

Bella Cohen's brothel functions not simply as a house of prostitution but as a space of radical psychic transformation. Ordinary identities dissolve. Gender becomes fluid. Authority changes hands. Public masks give way to unconscious desires

The paradox becomes even richer when viewed through the broader symbolic economy of 'Circe'. Bella Cohen's brothel functions not simply as a house of prostitution but as a space of radical psychic transformation. Ordinary identities dissolve. Gender becomes fluid. Authority changes hands. Public masks give way to unconscious desires. Like the Gospel's kingdom, the

brothel operates according to rules fundamentally different from those governing ordinary society. Those who enter expecting mastery discover instead submission; those who seek dominance encounter humiliation. Bloom's regression to infancy therefore prepares him for entry into a world where conventional hierarchies no longer apply.

Yet Joyce also ironizes the Gospel. Jesus presents childlikeness as the path toward spiritual exaltation. Joyce presents regression as the precondition for psychological revelation. Bloom's descent does not culminate in heavenly reward but in confrontation with his own fears, desires, guilt, and fantasies. The movement is inward rather than upward. The kingdom has become the unconscious.

At the same time, Bloom's childlike condition distinguishes him from the aggressive masculinity that dominates earlier episodes such as 'Cyclops'. There Bloom's opponents define manhood through force, certainty, and tribal loyalty. 'Circe' systematically dismantles those ideals. Bloom survives precisely because he relinquishes them. His vulnerability, adaptability, and willingness to endure humiliation ultimately prove greater strengths than the citizen's belligerent confidence. In this sense, Joyce preserves something of the ethical logic of Matthew even while abandoning its theological framework. Bloom's "greatness" emerges not through domination but through humility, endurance, and compassion.

Ultimately, Bloom's childlike hopping movement does not prepare



him for spiritual exaltation but for psychological exposure. Nevertheless, the structural logic remains comparable. Before entering a radically different order of experience, Bloom relinquishes the bodily confidence and social authority associated with adulthood. His hop becomes the visible sign that he is no longer attempting to dominate the world he is about to enter.

At the same time, the hop possesses an unmistakable element of play. Unlike the rigid self-control expected of respectable Edwardian masculinity, hopping is spontaneous, improvisational, and faintly ridiculous. Throughout 'Circe', identities become fluid, objects transform, and ordinary social rules dissolve. Bloom's entrance anticipates that theatrical world by replacing adult composure with playful instability. He crosses the threshold already inhabiting a body that refuses conventional masculine performance.

For this reason, the hop should not be dismissed as a comic eccentricity. It is Joyce's physical indication that Nighttown demands a different mode of being. Bloom enters not through strength but through relinquishment; not by asserting authority but by accepting vulnerability; not by walking confidently into Bella Cohen's domain but by hopping into it with all the awkwardness, uncertainty, and openness that characterize his moral imagination throughout *Ulysses*. The hop is therefore the first movement of Bloom's symbolic descent—a descent that paradoxically becomes the condition for the profound psychological and ethical revelations that follow.

the james joyce symposium—Krakow 26

[or why I should have stayed in Dublin]

Some suspect spycraft, some sensed the supernatural, others satanic forces.

A stellar lecture on Aaron Figatner, the sole Krakow native who appears in *Ulysses*, was brought to ominous end. During the Q&A portion, one poor soul posed a "question" that spiraled on and on and on, interminable even for a Joycean, unintelligible even to a Wakean. His babbling may have never ceased if not for panicked audience members who eventually shouted him down. He seemed cursed with the gift of tongues only injected the wrong way.

In the dank bowels of the Stary Port pub, a well-regarded professor was seen, all alone, staring into empty space, muttering, "Wall. Fish. Wall Fish. Wall. Fish." His

synopsis literally stricken with the G.P.I. This painful case continued well after last call.

Distressing glitches were not relegated to the human mind. A video presentation of an *Opera in Progress* inspired by *Finnigans Wake* also fell victim. As the beautiful music crescendoed toward an epic climax, the video screen suddenly snapped blank, black as the void. One shaken viewer said, "It was loudest silence I've ever heard". Moments later, adding insanity to injury, a famous Dublin scholar and orator broke the deathly silence with a stream of unconscious gobbledygook. Attending scholars could not match a single sound his mouth made to any Earth language.

Two physical modes of agitation were present. A small-scale leaflet

drop defiled the hallowed halls of Collegium Novum. Napkins with disturbing cryptic messages littered tables and floors. Unsettling graffiti appeared on official symposium posters and signs. All referencing a "Stendhal Tendency".

Many symposium-goers recall seeing one person of interest lurking about lecture halls and eating inhuman amounts of pastries. No one remembers a name. He did not wear a macintosh, but the silent mystery man's name badge forever dangled conveniently backwards from a blue lanyard a shade slightly different from other attendees. One morning near the coffee urn, a local Franciscan priest was heard snapping at the nameless one, "Get thee behind me!"

Rob Roman

Loosening His Talktapes—Performing Joyce

by Gerard Lee

In their book *Our Friend James Joyce*, Padraic and Mary Colum recall an occasion in Paris when they introduced a visitor from Dublin, a Mr Pugh, to Joyce.

The account by Mary Colum goes as follows:

Joyce and Mr Pugh soon got talking of the haunts they had frequented in Dublin. When my husband asked, "What sort of person really knows Dublin?" Mr Pugh answered categorically: "The man that knocks about".

After a while Joyce handed this Dublin visitor a copy of *Ulysses*. Selecting the barroom episode, Mr Pugh read from it with an accent so low-down that the very speech of the collector of bad and doubtful debts came into the Paris apartment. And there was Joyce on the sofa, smiling, while the voice of the strange tribe of Dubliners came to him.

'Ah! Ow, don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click'.

Mary Colum concluded:

'When I laughed heartily at the reading, Joyce said quickly, "I can read it in a more low-down Dublin accent than that".

Joyce performing Joyce. Joyce the competitive actor, confident that he can do a better audition than this mister Pugh, no matter how authentic this blow-in from Dublin was.

"The man that knocks about," Pugh had said. I think it's safe to say that there's a fair bit of knocking about that goes on in *Ulysses*. Plenty of voices and accents, both of the low-down and of the more airs than a grand piano variety, and every brogue between. Joyce's Dublin may be largely dead as doornails, bulldozed to the brink of extinction, but his "strange tribe of Dubliners," as Mary Colum describes them, the city's people, are still very much knocking about. Unlike the bricks and mortar they are, more or less, still standing. Or leaning or perhaps keeling over. But whatever their attitude they still have plenty to say about all the living and the dead.

I first encountered Joyce as a performer, working with Paul O'Hanrahan's Balloonatics Theatre Company in the late 1980s. I've thought about

Joyce ever since, particularly *Ulysses*, as a book, or a buke, that you perform. A very extended piece of promenade theatre winding and wending its wordy way around the streets and alleys of Dublin, ducking in and out of cafés and pubs for a racing tip and a quenching tippie, with a little character assassination on the side. Maybe sometimes simply ducking down to avoid a nuisance patron.

An audition to perform Joyce might involve emulating Mr Pugh performing some low-down Joyce, even if it's not quite as low-down as Joyce himself might have played it. —Hello Bloom, how's things?

There's always a Nosey Flynn.

—Wife well?

—Doing any singing those times?

Exhibit A: Nosey Flynn,

... could whistle in his own ear, flap ears to match. Nosey numbskull, often seen feeding his flea. Then the dewdrop on the end of his nose that keeps threatening to... no, no, snuffled it up.

Nosey Flynn, above all else because he is, well, nosey. A great man for

Continued

the questions.

—No. Oh, that's the style.

Who's getting it up?

—Ay, now I remember. Who is this was telling me?

—Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

—Can you give us a good one for the Gold Cup?

—Zinfandel is it?

Given that our theme here is performance, the following information and short accompanying script might be along the lines of a casting director's Character Break-down.

Let's say the character in question here is Corny Kelleher, famous for his thumb and palm.

He may be observed deploying these to reassureloom that everything is reassuranceloom.

Fond of saying: "Sober hearse drivers a speciality," while chuckling quietly to himself.

He may indeed have often been as bad as that himself but is most certainly on the straight and dependable path now.

Corny Kelleher: "Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's. Like princes, faith. One of them lost two quid on the race. Drowning his grief and..."

Well anyway the key part of the scene for the performer here is when the car jingles *tooraloom* round the corner of the *tooraloom* lane, and Corny Kelleher again reassuranceooms with his hand. Then Bloom with his hand *assuraooms* Corny Kelleher that he is *reassuraoom*. The tinkling hoofs and jingling harness grow fainter with their *tooraloom* lay.

At this point the actor might steal a quick glance at the casting director, hoping not to find them doing a Davy Byrne on it. Which is to say, yawning thus:

smiledyawnednodded llllllchaaaaaaach

Or indeed hoping that the director will not follow the lead of Corny Kelleher's horse and tell you it's time to go *Hohohohohohoh! Hohohohome!*

Or worse again follow the lead of another horse, by rearing high a proud feathering tail to add his quota of three smoking globes of turds on your efforts.

Variations on the thumbs down may include not bothering to wait for a passing tram to deliver their verdict on your poor reading thus: *Pfffrrrrrtttt*.

On the other hand, your agent might email you back to say that the producers thought your audition was *mrkgnao*, which is to say it was cat. There is a variation on this *mrkgnao*, reserved, I believe, for particularly poor auditionees, *mrkrngnao*, a variation that can only be rendered by actors who successfully completed the Advanced Actor Training Modules.

I'm told that there are people who are perfectly happy to read *Ulysses* quietly to themselves, though I can't say I've ever met one of these strange creatures. I'm more accustomed to having to elbow my way into the centre of a tribe of half-cut revellers, like some demented bower bird determined to clear a space on the forest floor in order to perform my brief but brilliant dance, *a la* Beckett's Lucky. You have to shut them up first, and Joyce always does. Joyce demands to be read aloud, and when we do that, we are indeed reconstructing his Dublin. Perhaps not quite brick by brick, but more importantly voice by voice and yarn by yarn, meeting for the millionth time the very people Joyce knew

Who was Hoppy (Hugh) Holohan?

by Turlough Crowe

Mr Holohan, assistant secretary of the Eire Abu Society, had been walking up and down Dublin for nearly a month, with his hands and pockets full of dirty pieces of paper, arranging about the series of concerts. He had a game leg, and for this his friends called him Hoppy Holohan.

(A Mother, Dubliners).

Viivien Igoe in *The Real People of Joyce's Ulysses* sets out a challenge at the end of her entry on Hoppy Holohan: "No biographical information has been forthcoming on Holohan".

The *Bloomsday Journal* will now set that record straight here and in the following Gloomdsday Edition. Hugh Holohan was a real life character who takes on a 'fictional' central role in 'A Mother' as well as four mentions in *Ulysses* where there is a



Hugh Holohan, Dec 1908

refrain: "Holohan told me. You know Holohan?" He seems at the centre of the town's gossip.

In 'A Mother,' Mr. Holohan is the Assistant Secretary of the fictional "Eire Abu Society" who are promoting musical concerts. He is manifestly inexperienced in this field and is

most unlike his namesake Hugh (Blazes) Boylan.

On the 27th August 1904, James Joyce sang at The Ancient Concert Rooms, an event primarily organised to promote and showcase Irish manufactured goods during Horse Show week. One of the organisers was Hugh Holohan, a wicker furniture manufacturer, who had a stall at the concert promoting his wares. A fervent nationalist, Gaelic Leaguer, and IRB member. Holohan was the quintessential "Eire Ubu" figure. See *Gloomdsday Edition*

EDITORIAL

From its modest beginnings ten editions ago, the *Bloomsday Journal* has published many Joycean breakthroughs. Our lead article in this edition by Dr. Anne Marie D'Arcy is perhaps one of the most significant. She points out that we must now accept that the fictional "Haines" is in reality a composite creation—an amalgamation of Dermot Chenevix Trench and a Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. Haynes.

It is not that Haynes, was unknown before; he was familiar to curators of the James Joyce Martello Tower in Sandycove as his signature can be seen on the Lease map along with Gogarty's. The connection was also recorded in an article in the *New Yorker* (June 7, 1982) by Michael Campbell.* No, the significance of Dr. Anne Marie D'Arcy's article is that it links the his-

torical Haynes with his exploits using sun-flashing mirrors in the Zulu wars with Mulligan's signalling across Dublin Bay in 'Telemachus' along with other parallels highlighted in the article.

Haynes, of the Royal Engineers, is every inch an Englishman with no known Irish connections. Previously we had to force Dermot Trench into an English persona making Joyce look cruel and vindictive in his portrayal of Haines/Trench. However Joyce was well aware that Trench, as an actual resident of the Tower, could not be air-brushed out of *Ulysses'* complex historical/fictional matrix. We look forward to Turlough Crowe's much anticipated biography which will show Trench's deeper connections with *Ulysses*.

* I am grateful to Dr Alice Ryan for this information

and moved among—gossiping, slandering, laughing, cursing and weaving their way, drunk or sober, through the crowded streets that Joyce never stopped hearing the hithering thithering echoes of, no matter from how far from the land he was himself.

I'll conclude by paraphrasing Stephen—a shout in the street, that is Joyce.

Gerard Lee
is an actor/director and writer.

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