Although Leopold Bloom has escaped the embrace of sentimental patriotism, he soon encounters more bellicose representatives of the Dublin dead. In the "Cyclops" episode, Joyce applies the technique of "gigantism" or mechanical inflation to the content of Irish life. The Rabelaisian style serves as an appropriate vehicle for moral and political satire. The Dubliners fight a boring, inauthentic existence with the weapon of exaggeration. They use language that distorts reality, fantasize on insignificant events, and rely on gigantism to fashion illusory self-esteem.¹

The narrator and his peers resemble one-eyed giants limited to the monoscopic horizons of brutality. Violence magnifies trivia. For the listless barflies in Kiernan's pub, time is something that must be "passed." Idleness breeds boredom, and the minutes hang heavy on the slow-moving hands of the clock. All
the Dubliners feel weighed down by pressures of the past. Time has assumed the density of automatic action, and the citizens have frequent recourse to whisky and gossip to survive a tedious day.

As in “Sirens,” a narrative overture sets forth the principal themes of the “Cyclops” episode. We are told that old Troy “was in the force,” and a pun introduces the motif of force, the central issue of Bloom’s debate with the taverners. The speaker tells Joe Hynes that “a bloody big foxy thief . . . lifted any God’s quantity of tea and sugar . . . off a hop of my thumb by the name of Moses Herzog” (p. 292). “Circumcised!” exclaims Joe, sounding the pervasive note of anti-Semitism. Sympathies are with Geraghty rather than with his victim, even though the “plumber” is reputed “the most notorious bloody robber you’d meet in a day’s walk.” “Jesus, I had to laugh at the little Jewy getting his shirt out. He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me my moneys?” (p. 292). The debt-collector sees Herzog as a “little Jewy,” a kind of midget in a Brobdingnagian world. He mimics the victim’s muddled speech, a language that actually communicates more than either realizes. By interposing the indirect object “me” before oddly pluralized nouns, Herzog frantically points to the reality of his persecution. Geraghty is usurping the “substance” of the unlicensed vendor. He is eating up the Jew’s tea and sugar, commodities that Herzog regards as palpable extensions of himself. The Jewish merchant feels as if he is literally being “eaten” and “drunk” by his unscrupulous opponent. Sacrificed on the altar of commerce, Herzog has become the food of a mercantile Eucharist.

The caustic dialogue gives way to further gigantism, expressed by a second narrative voice naively mimicking the traditional omniscient author. The “interpolator” or parodist embellishes his environment with fabulous tales of glory and adventure. If the debt-collector has access to the worst side of Dublin life, the parodist sees only the best. He celebrates the most heroic dimensions of Irish culture. His Cyclopian voice describes the region of Inisfall as “the land of holy Michan.
There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept, warriors and princes of high renown" (p. 293). "Michan," Kiernan’s parish, has proved in actuality to be an "aqueous kingdom" whose inhabitants drink like fish and drown themselves in a sea of inauthenticity. The dead rest "as in life they slept." The ironic phrase suggests that the warriors "slept" through life, paralyzed by an alcoholic trance.

The next interpolation describes a living giant, the Citizen in the tavern "doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill" (p. 295). The portrait reflects the Citizen's self-image: he imaginatively compares himself to the mythic giants of Irish history. In his mind, he identifies with Rory, the last king of Eire, and with the Rapparees who harassed the English army after the Battle of the Boyne. The Citizen envisions himself as a rock of patriotism and a mountain of strength, metaphors that satirically depict a "hard-headed" and a "stony-hearted" Cyclops. The Rabelaisian eulogy glorifies the Fenian in mock-heroic terms. The epic hero is a collage of vegetable and mineral characteristics, so Irish that he belongs to the country’s landscape. The giant's "rocklike mountainous knees were covered... with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse." In his bristly nostrils, "the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest." And his eyes "were of the dimensions of a goodsized cauliflower" (p. 296).

Like Garrett Deasy, the Citizen is a rabid anti-Semite who has plunged into history and has been paralyzed by its grasp. A nationalistic robot, he spouts chauvinistic rhetoric and acts with mechanical certitude. Petrified by patriotic fanaticism, he is transfixed in a single, unalterable frame of mind. The passionate Fenian wants to be "massive and impenetrable," to escape the dominance of reason, and to elude personal change. He is frozen in a predetermined stance, as lifeless as a rock or a mountain.

The patriot identifies with all the legendary "Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity," including Goliath, Patrick W. Shakespeare, and Adam and Eve. But the following interpolation designates the true man of heroic stature: "Who comes through
Michan’s land, bedight in sable armour? O’Bloom, the son of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory’s son: he of the prudent soul” (p. 297). The prudent Ulysses, Leopold Bloom, sports brains rather than brawn. O’Bloom is the genuine “son of Rory,” the true liberator opposed to the fraudulent aggressor.

When Bloom enters the pub, Joe Hynes is reading a letter from the hangman, H. Rumbold: “Honoured sir i beg to offer my services in the above-mentioned painful case” (p. 303). The barflies express disgust at Rumbold’s “dirty scrawl,” but they are entranced by his black humor. They read the letter with sadistic fascination and graphically discuss the hanging:

So they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business. . . .
—There’s one thing it hasn’t a deterrent effect on, says Alf.
—What’s that? says Joe.
—The poor bugger’s tool that’s being hanged, says Alf.
—That so? says Joe.
—God’s truth, says Alf. I heard that from the head warder that was in Kilmainham when they hanged Joe Brady, the invincible. He told me when they cut him down after the drop it was standing up in their faces like a poker.
—Ruling passion strong in death, says Joe, as someone said.
—That can be explained by science, says Bloom. It’s only a natural phenomenon, don’t you see, because on account of the . . .

And then he starts with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon. (P. 304)

Joe Hynes concocts a dramatic explanation for the hanged man’s erection, a theory far more appealing than Bloom’s medical analysis. The taverners refuse to face reality or to hear “jawbreakers about phenomenon and science.” Enslaved to categorical thinking, they cannot recognize a three-dimensional world. Of the men in Kiernan’s pub, Bloom is the only person not trapped in a grid of emotional prejudice. The term “parallax,” which has haunted him throughout the day, now becomes associated with stereoscopic perspective. “Bloom with his but don’t you see? and but on the other hand” (p. 306) is striving
for clear intellectual vision, a broadminded analysis of the objects given to consciousness. Unlike the one-eyed Dubliners, he looks at both sides of the issue: he examines “this phenomenon and the other phenomenon” to constitute the depth of three-dimensional perception.

In contrast to Bloom, the taverners respond automatically to emotional stimuli: “So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles” (p. 305). Bloom’s rhetoric mechanically prompts an angry response, first from the Citizen, then from the narrator: “Bloom of course, with his knockmedown cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon!” (p. 305). The debt-collector is enraged by the word “phenomenon,” which he does not understand and keeps repeating with disgust. He considers the term pretentious jargon, a scientific coinage of Greek, non-Celtic origin. He vents his anger by slandering Bloom’s wife; and he facetiously compares the full, round “o” sounds in the word to Molly’s voluptuous bottom: “The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon with a back on her like a ballalley” (p. 305).

The Citizen is more vocal in his retort: “—Sinn Fein! says the citizen. Sinn fein amhain! The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us” (p. 306). By screaming the Irish revolutionary slogan, “We ourselves! . . . We ourselves alone!”, the Fenian indicts Bloom as a stranger and an enemy. He invokes the sacrosanct category of the “we” against third-person outsiders, and he blatantly challenges Bloom as a defiled scapegoat who does not belong “among us.” Of the twenty words the patriot utters, six comprise Gaelic and English variations of the first-person-plural pronoun. Like Garrett Deasy, the Citizen exhorts his peers to antagonism through emotional hostility towards the “other.” Bloom is “l’autre,” different from “us.”

The charges against the innocent Jew continue to pile up. He sold illegal lottery tickets for the “royal and privileged Hungarian robbery” (p. 313). He would “have a soft hand under a hen” (p. 315), despite his present attempt to help Mrs. Dignam
procure insurance money. Bloom is judged unpatriotic for defending English lawn tennis; and as penance, he must listen to the taverners discuss Boylan’s “organization” both of Myler Keogh and of Molly Bloom.

Because of his Jewishness, Bloom inhabits a world in which every action is culpable. Even his compassion for Mrs. Breen incites the patriot’s anger: “Pity about her, says the citizen. Or any other woman marries a half and half. . . . A fellow that’s neither fish nor flesh. . . . A pishogue, if you know what that is” (p. 321). The Fenian implicitly condemns Bloom for racial intermixture—for being neither “fish nor flesh,” Christian nor Jew. Bloom’s Gentile heritage has been contaminated by alien blood. Like the crucified man-God, he feels “despised and rejected of men,” but continues to turn the other cheek.

The Citizen vilifies not only Bloom but James Wought, Reuben J. Dodd, and all the other members of the “bottlenosed fraternity”: “Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland filling the country with bugs. . . . Swindling the peasants. . . . and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house” (p. 323). The rabid patriot quotes a line from Yeats’s 1902 play Kathleen ni Houlihan and gives to the word “strangers” the connotation of both Saxons and Jews.6 Like Garrett Deasy, he is obsessed with history, adultery, and anti-Semitism. He almost mimics the schoolmaster’s speech by insisting that “the adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon robbers here. . . . A dishonoured wife, . . . that’s what’s the cause of all our misfortunes” (p. 324). The religion of nationalism demands its myth of a fall and a regeneration. The “adulteress” is analogous to a Christian Eve or a Greek Pandora. She is responsible for breach of fidelity, the sin that transformed prelapsarian Ireland from a paradise to an inferno. Her treason delivered the kingdom over to “his Satanic Majesty” and the Sassenach brigade (p. 330).

Only Bloom, the outsider, sees irony in the Citizen’s crude political philosophy of “might makes right.” “We’ll put force
against force, says the citizen” (p. 329). According to Fenian logic, force is outrageous on the part of the British, but valorous when used by the Irish. The word “force” takes on a double connotation. It may be laudable or abhorrent, according to the situation.

“But, says Bloom, . . . wouldn’t it be the same here if you put force against force?” (p. 329). Bloom is trying to grasp the meaning of force apart from a priori categories. He refuses to interpret English force as reprehensible and Irish force as praiseworthy. Bloom fervidly tries to point to the real issue: both British tyranny and Fenian violence are manifestations of national hatred. “Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in the others’ eyes but they can’t see the beam in their own” (p. 326). He quotes the New Testament in support of his thesis, but the Dubliners have no desire to hear the truth. They resent a non-Christian for preaching the gospel message “that ye love one another.”

When Bloom tries to expose the brutality of “national hatred,” his companions demand a categorical definition of “nation”:

—Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.
—But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.
—Yes, says Bloom.
—What is it? says John Wyse.
—A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.
—By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that’s so I’m a nation for I’m living in the same place for the past five years.
So of course everyone had a laugh at Bloom. (P. 331)

The taverners have unwittingly defined racial persecution as psychological coercion forcing an individual to inhabit the same historical “place” ascribed to his ancestors. Nationalism requires its scapegoat as well as its myth of original sin. Leopold Bloom becomes the new paschal lamb to be sacrificed on the altar of history. He is condemned by his companions on the basis of arbitrary racial contingencies. Fettered to two thousand
years of defilement, Bloom is branded as impure and forced into social exile.

Bloom has been indicted by a primitive ethic of contamination and inherited guilt. His chief accuser, the Citizen, is bound to a pre-logical notion of alienation. He maligns his enemy as a "foreigner," despite Bloom’s declaration of allegiance to Ireland:

—What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.
—Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat a Red bank oyster out of him right in the corner. (P. 331).

Symbolically "spat upon," Bloom resembles another "outspoken Jew" vilified by the populace. Bloom is not disturbed that the Jews were once scorned by mankind, or that they have always been scapegoats. He is enraged by present persecution—by the world’s persistent denial of "selfhood" to the Jewish stereotype:

—And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant. . . .
—Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen.
—I’m talking about injustice, says Bloom. (P. 332)

The modern prophet will not reduce his perceptions to abstract biblical metaphor. He insists on condemning racial hatred, and he preaches justice in this world rather than paradise in the next.

Bloom is keenly aware that, for the citizens, "Jewish" and "British" constitute equally despised categories of alienation. But whereas the British imperialists cannot be daunted, the Jews are fair game for political persecution. The Irish complain of being English scapegoats, then vent their anger on the scapegoat Jews. In Dubliners, Joyce portrays a similar case of aggression-frustration displacement. The alcoholic protagonist of "Counterparts" slinks home to beat his son after being harassed at work for incompetence. The injured victim strikes
the weaker until all have been demoralized: “it’s everybody eating everyone else” (p. 122).

Bloom decries the fact that Jews have been perpetually treated as things to be mocked and tormented or sold on the open market: “Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction off in Morocco like slaves or cattles” (p. 332). In “Hades,” Bloom felt pity for cattle being driven to market and compared the dead in the cemetery to “roast beef for old England.” Now his compassion is transferred by analogy to the suffering Hebrew race. The plural of “cattle” recalls the archaic word “chattels,” or “goods.” The full purport of Bloom’s argument derives from his funeral experiences: to the anti-Semites, Jews are cattle predestined for slaughter. They are lifeless objects frozen in historical stasis.

Bloom is so enraged that, for the first time, he abandons his earlier meekness and becomes revolutionary. He identifies with the Jewish people who have been “Robbed. . . . Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted.” Asserting his own Hebraic origins, Bloom recognizes the devastating indignity of discrimination. He voluntarily affirms his racial allegiance, not to prophesy a “new Jerusalem,” but to “talk about injustice.” Bloom acknowledges the formal category of “Jew” only to refuse categorical reduction. He situates himself in alienation in order to proclaim that race “is purely and simply a collective fiction, that only individuals exist.”

The Dubliners reveal that they have missed the point of Bloom’s impassioned sermon when they exhort him to “stand up to it then with force”: “That’s an almanac picture for you. . . . Old lardyface standing up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he’d adorn a sweepingbrush. . . . And then he collapses all of a sudden, . . . as limp as a wet rag” (p. 333). For the Irish mob, force constitutes the only solution to injustice, despite its self-defeating nature. Once the oppressed take up arms, they themselves become oppressors. The obtuse narrator interprets Bloom’s pacifism as cowardice. He considers
Leopold an effeminate Jew, and his images suggest sexual as well as political impotence: "old lardyface" backs down and "collapses like a wet rag" whenever his manliness is called into question.

The taverners have forgotten the words of an earlier pacifist who proclaimed that "not by the sword shall ye conquer." Bloom finds himself pinned against a wall. He must reiterate his philosophy of caritas in terms intelligible to the vulgar, unconverted laity:

—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.
—What? says Alf.
—Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, says he to John Wyse. Just around to the court a moment to see if Martin is there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second. Just a moment. (P. 333)

Bloom attempts to convey his message by declaring what individual consciousness is not—"force, hatred, history . . . insult." He is trying to abstract human personality from the bondage of traditional categories, whether of language or perception. His description of love as "the opposite of hatred" recalls Stephen's earlier assertion that "love . . . is a name, if you like, for something inexpressible. . . . When we love, we give" (SH 175). The Christian ethic of "charity" provides a grasping, halted definition of sympathetic understanding. Bloom is talking about a humanistic philosophy that acknowledges the sanctity of personal consciousness. Like Stephen Dedalus, he is preaching liberation from historical bondage. He points to the present instant, as well as to the unique human being. And he proposes to supplant the mythos of history with a contemporary recognition of individual dignity.

—A new apostle to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love. . . .

Love loves to love love. . . . Constable I4A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M. B. loves a fair gentleman. . . . You love a certain person. And this person
loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but
God loves everybody. (P. 333)

The romantic interpolation takes off from the Citizen’s ele-
phantine brain and elaborates on all the sloppiest aspects of
sentimentality. The catalogue describes love in terms of effu-
sive emotion, as the brawny Titan conceives of it. The Fenian
regards all love as a synonym for weakness, whether it be the
adolescent fantasies of Gerty MacDowell or the religious piety
of Father Conmee. The Citizen would never understand
Bloom’s definition of universal love apart from Gerty or
Gerty’s God. Bloom has tried to imply that the phenomenon of
“love” is something that “everybody knows” from examining
life as it really is: “love” is “that word known to all men” who
are willing to explore the horizons of negative capability.
Bloom wants to emphasize the fact that we all belong to the
subject-community of “everybody”; we must become “god-
like” by extending our concern beyond erotic interest in one
particular “somebody” to an all-encompassing ethic of charity.
Bloom preaches the social inclusion of universal love, based on
the uniqueness and sanctity of the conscious life-world of every
individual.

For the men in the tavern, “God loves everybody” has
degenerated into a useless platitude. The Dubliners continue to
mouth religious phrases and to precede every drink with “the
blessing of God and Mary and Patrick.” But the Christian
injunction to charity is as meaningless to them as Joyce’s
parodic hagiography. The barflies interpret “universal love” in
terms of its historical debasement: “sanctimonious Cromwell”
murdered women and children “with the bible text God is love
pasted round the mouth of his cannon” (p. 334). The British
tame docile Africans with a sword and a bible, converting to
Christianity from motives of economic exploitation.

The taverners are scandalized by Belgian treatment of the
Congolese: “Raping the women and girls and flogging the
natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber they can out of
them” (p. 335). They are repelled by the thought of Africans
made into rubber-producing objects, but they fail to see the resemblance between such horrors and their own bigoted conduct.

In the midst of J. J. O’Molloy’s account of Congolese atrocities, Lenehan first accuses Bloom: “I know where he’s gone. . . . He had a few bob on Throwaway and he’s gone to gather in the shekels” (p. 335). Within a few moments, the Dubliners indict their victim on charges of conspiracy and avarice. They judge him on “circumstantial” evidence, having already condemned him in their minds. In the pub watercloset, the narrator ponders the case between asides on urination. He concludes that Bloom’s actions must have been slyly calculated, “all of a plan so he could vamoose with the pool if he won” (p. 335). The phrase “trading without a license” recalls the Jewish merchant Herzog. The debt-collector assumes that one can “never be up to those bloody . . . Jerusalem . . . cuckoos” (p. 335), and the conversation in the tavern makes it clear that Bloom is on trial for nothing less than his racial heritage:

—And after all, says John Wyse, why can’t a jew love his country like the next fellow?
—Why not? says J. J., when he’s quite sure which country it is.
—is he a jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he? says Ned. Or who is he? (P. 337)

“—That’s the new Messiah for Ireland! says the citizen” (p. 337). The Dubliners are unaware that Bloom is, in fact, a “new Messiah” insofar as he preaches a gospel of Christian charity and universal love. The narrator admits that “there’s many a true word spoken in jest,” but he fails to recognize the truth of the Fenian’s mocking appellation. Both the Jews and the Irish are “still waiting for their redeemer”; and both perpetually err in assuming that they will be liberated by force. Bloom teaches the doctrine of salvation, but he is despised for his Messianic tidings. Bloom-Christ-Ulysses proclaims the spirit of humanism to a dumbfounded populace. Like Christ, “sheepfaced” Leopold becomes a victim to be sacrificed for the sins of
mankind. He is vilified by a crowd of bigots for the alleged transgressions of his Jewish ancestors—crimes of meekness, miserliness, and sexual masochism.

The enraged barflies suggest that Bloom lacks the phallic force to do a "man's job." They express vituperation by publicly casting aspersions on Bloom's sexual prowess:

—Do you call that a man? says the citizen.
—I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.
—Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.
—And who does he suspect? says the citizen.

Gob... One of those mixed middlings he is. Lying up in the hotel Pisser was telling me once a month with headache like a totty with her courses. Do you know what I'm telling you? It'd be an act of God to take a hold of a fellow the like of that and throw him in the bloody sea. Justifiable homicide, so it would. Then slopping off with his five quid without putting up a pint of stuff like a man. (P. 338)

The Dubliners suggest that "old lardyface" is too sheepish to prove his manhood by treating drinks or by putting his male organ "out of sight" and into a woman. The "new womanly man" is a "mixed middling" who ought to be crucified for the common good.

Bloom's mock trial and condemnation on charges of Semitic stinginess provides illusory meaning for the otherwise trivial lives of the citizens. The taverners survive on alcohol and acerbity. They are men "drowned in the crowd, and the ways of thinking and reacting of the group are of a purely primitive type." Feeling that they have been denied free drinks, they exclude Bloom from tribal solidarity and blame him for the aggregate of Irish woes. Not daring to revolt against the British, they make Bloom their political, social, and sexual scapegoat.

Bloom's metaphorical crucifixion is prefigured by the parodic execution of an Irish martyr-hero. The hanging is described as a "genuinely instructive treat," reported in a journalistic style that reduces death to social entertainment. Joyce explodes the pretensions of bourgeois culture: every lady is given a "tasteful souvenir" of the event, as the entrails of the
disemboweled hero are carted off to the local animal shelter.

Political rhetoric proves one-sided and deceptive in "Cyclops." It detaches language from meaning, feeds on chauvinistic cliché, and desensitizes its audience to horrors committed in the name of the state. The "common welfare" sanctions brutal atrocities. Liberally seasoned with violence, "love and war" are both crowd-pleasers. Political language makes murder palatable and aggression acceptable.¹

The boasting Fenian of "Cyclops" is at heart a coward who must "murder" his victim in effigy with an empty biscuit tin. "There's a Jew for you! All for number one. Cute as a shithouse rat" (p. 341). The Citizen maligns Bloom as a petrified racial object, and Joyce's rat simile recalls the corpse-fed rodent in "Hades." The maniacal patriot has consigned Bloom to the land of the dead and is determined to carry out his sentence: "By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will" (p. 342).

Bloom responds to the attack by screaming that: "Christ was a jew like me" (p. 342). Both he and Jesus are "mixed middlings," not wholly of Hebrew origin. And both insist on transcending the object-category of Jewishness to proclaim the value and dignity of individual existence. Bloom is figuratively crucified by the Citizen, and the event precipitates an earth-shattering apocalypse: "And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel" (p. 345). Could this be the new Messiah for Ireland?

¹. From the standpoint of political, social, and cultural satire, the "Cyclops" episode resembles Joyce's earlier work, Dubliners. Joyce wrote to Constantine Curran in 1904: "I call the series Dubliners to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city." Trying to persuade Grant Richards to publish the collection, Joyce declared in 1906: "I believe that in composing my chapter of moral history in exactly the way I have composed it I have taken the first step towards the spiritual liberation of my country... It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and
offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking-glass" (Letters, 1:55, 62–64).

2. Sartre points out that the French expression manger du Juif indicates an anti-Semitic desire to exterminate the Jew. (Réflexions sur la question juive, p. 63) This notation is omitted from the English translation.


4. Jean-Paul Sartre, in Anti-Semite and Jew, describes the attitude of men who are attracted by the "durability of stone": "They wish to be massive and impenetrable; they wish not to change. Where, indeed, would change take them? We have here a basic fear of oneself and of truth. . . . It is as if their own existence were in continual suspension. . . . Only a strong emotional bias can give a lightninglike certainty; . . . it alone can remain impervious to experience and last for a whole lifetime" (pp. 18–19).

5. If we accept Helmut Bonheim's theory of the "os" motif in Ulysses, then the word "phenomenon" links Bloom with Molly, since the female organs are "explicitly referred to as yonic (referring to 0 or zero)," and the "round o" sound evokes the "mystery of female hollowness" (Joyce's Benefictions, pp. 32–35).

6. In Yeats's play, the Old Woman who represents Ireland declares that she was put astray by "too many strangers in the house," and she now clings to "the hope of putting the strangers out of my house" (W. B. Yeats, Selected Plays, pp. 250, 253).

7. In 1898, Joyce wrote "that all subjugation by force, if carried out and prosecuted by force is only so far successful in breaking men's spirits and aspirations. Also that it is, in the extreme, productive of ill-will and rebellion, that it is, again, from its beginning in unholy war, stamped with the stamp of ultimate conflict" ("Force" in Critical Writings, p. 17).


9. Sartre. Anti-Semite, p. 30. As Sartre points out, "The anti-Semite . . . is a man who is afraid. Not of the Jews, to be sure, but of himself, of his own consciousness, of his liberty, of his instincts, of his responsibilities, of solitariness, of change, of society, and of the world—of everything except the Jews. He is a coward who does not want to admit his cowardice to himself; a murderer who represses and censures his tendency to murder without being able to hold it back, yet who dares to kill only in effigy or protected by the anonymity of the mob; a malcontent who dares not revolt from fear of the consequences of his rebellion" (ibid., p. 53).

10. It is possible that while composing "Cyclops," Joyce may have had in mind the pacifism of his friend Francis Sheehy-Skeffington. In an "Open Letter to Thomas MacDonagh," published in the "Irish Citizen," 22 May 1915 (p. 4, cols. 2–3), Skeffington expressed his abhorrence of "militarism . . . organised to kill":

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In the "Irish Volunteer" last issued, I find mimic war extolled as "the greatest game on earth," "the noblest game any Irishman can play." Are not the bulk of the Irish Volunteers animated by the old, bad tradition that war is a glorious thing, that there is something "manly" about going out prepared to kill your fellowman? . . .

I advocate no mere servile lazy acquiescence in injustice. . . . But I want to see the age-long fight against injustice clothe itself in new forms, suited to a new age. I want to see the manhood of Ireland no longer hypnotised by the glamour of "the glory of arms," no longer blind to the horrors of organised murder. . . .

We are on the threshold of a new era in human history. . . . The foundations of all things must be re-examined.