

Native Shakespeares

Indigenous Appropriations on a Global Stage

Edited by

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Contents

List of Illustrations
Notes on Contributors

Introduction: Native Shakespeares: Indigenous Appropriations on a Global Stage
Craig Dionne and Parmita Kapadia

Part 1 Lowly Subjects: Transposing Tradition

- 1 The Face in the Mirror: Joyce's *Ulysses* and the Lookingglass Shakespeare
Thomas Cartelli 19
- 2 Commonplace Literacy and the Colonial Scene: The Case of Carriacou's Shakespeare Mas
Craig Dionne 37
- 3 "The Forms of Things Unknown": Richard Wright and Stephen Henderson's Quiet Appropriation
John Carpenter 57
- 4 The Fooler Fooled: Salman Rushdie's Hybrid Revision of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* Through "Yorick"
Santiago Rodríguez Guerrero-Strachan and Ana Sáez Hidalgo 73

Part 2 Local Productions: Nationalism and Hegemony From the Third Space

- 5 Jatra Shakespeare: Indigenous Indian Theater and the Postcolonial Stage
Parmita Kapadia 91
- 6 Nationalizing the Bard: Québécois Adaptations of Shakespeare Since the Quiet Revolution
Jennifer Drouin 105
- 7 An Aboriginal *As You Like It*: Staging Reconciliation in a Drama of Desire
Maureen McDonnell 123
- 8 Movers and Losers: *Shakespeare in Charge* and *Shakespeare Behind Bars*
Niels Herold 153

Part 3 Translating Across: Between the National and the Cultural

- 9 Shakespeare and Transculturation: Aimé Césaire's *A Tempest*
Pier Paolo Frassinelli 173
- 10 Twin Obligations in Solomon Plaatje's *Diphosho-phosho*
Ameer Sohrawardy 187
- 11 In Fair Havana, Where We Lay Our Scene: *Romeo and Juliet* in Cuba
Donna Woodford-Gormley 201
- 12 "I am no Othello. I am a lie": Shakespeare's Moor and the Post-Exotic in Tayeb Salih's *Season of Migration to the North*
Atef Laouyene 213

Afterword: The Location of Shakespeare
Jyotsna G. Singh

Index

The Face in the Mirror: Joyce's *Ulysses* and the Lookingglass Shakespeare

Thomas Cartelli

I

One of the most provocative twentieth-century restagings of *Hamlet*, and recontextualizations of Shakespeare, begins in the first episode of Joyce's *Ulysses*, which is famously set in a tower that "beetles o'er its base to the sea" in the suburbs of a late colonial Dublin that Stephen Dedalus mock-heroically styles "the seventh city of Christendom." *Adaptation* is hardly the word for what Joyce does to and with Shakespeare in this and other sections of *Ulysses*, Jonathan Dollimore's notion of *creative vandalism* serving as both a more accurate and expressive term for describing Joyce's sustained commerce with the bard.¹ Shakespeare is variously quoted, parodied, distorted, dislocated, caricatured, misrepresented, and treated with bardolatric reverence by Joyce's principal characters, Stephen and Leopold Bloom, and by the narrating presence that speaks above, around, and through them in the course of the novel.² *Hamlet*, of course, avowedly operates, along with Homer's *Odyssey*, as one of the official *ur*-texts of *Ulysses* and is most prominently featured in those sections of the novel that witness Stephen Dedalus combating the usurping

1 Jonathan Dollimore, "Middleton and Barker: Creative Vandalism," program for Royal Court production of *Women Beware Women*, published with a text of the play as Playscript 111 (London: Calder; New York: Riverrun, 1986). All quotations of Shakespeare are drawn from David Bevington, *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, 4th ed. (New York: Harper Collins, 1992).

2 In the most inspired work yet done on Joyce's treatment of Shakespeare in *Ulysses*, Andrew Gibson writes in a clearly apposite vein: "Emulation, imitation, simulation, admiration, degradation, domination: all are aspects of what Joyce does with Shakespeare" (76). While Gibson addresses many features of the present argument, his chapter on "The Shakespeare Controversy" is especially notable for its detailed analysis of how Joyce has the young "Fenian upstart" Stephen "massively beat" Edward Dowden, a staunch Unionist and arguably the leading literary scholar of his time, "at his own game" (67, 66). Pace Dollimore's notion of "creative vandalism," we also find Gibson comparing Joyce's approach to Shakespeare with that of Walter Raleigh, another contemporary bardolater, in the following way: "If Raleigh conceives of himself as the designer of a monument to Shakespeare in the national cathedral church, Joyce is the vandal who desecrates it" (77).

agency of Buck Mulligan, Haines, and Mr Deasy in the book's opening chapters and attempting to free himself of the "mind forg'd manacles" of Irish literary nationalism in his Shakespeare lecture in the National Library. Though Joyce charted these opening episodes to reflect dramatically the situation of Telemachus as he rouses himself to action in the effort both to resist the suitors and to discover news of his father in *The Odyssey*, he chose *Hamlet* as Stephen Dedalus's text of first resort for modeling what he takes to be his more than figurative entrapment by Ireland and the Irish, the church of Rome, and the British imperium.

The evocation of *Hamlet* in these first sections of the novel starts with Stephen dressed in mourning black playing Hamlet to Buck Mulligan's Claudius (and to Mulligan and Haines's Rosencrantz and Guildenstern), includes Stephen playing a truant Irish Catholic Hamlet/Laertes to Mr Deasy's Unionist and anti-Semitic Polonius, and culminates in Stephen's meanderings across Sandymount strand, wearing what he calls his "Hamlet hat" and scribbling words on his "tablets" while thinking "He has the key. I will not sleep there when the night comes" and imagining himself "in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood" (*U* 3.276,281).³ The "he" who "has the key" is, of course, "stately, plump" Mulligan, Joyce's version of the anglicized Irishman, intent on playing both treacherous Claudius to Stephen's Hamlet and "willing native informant" (Cheng 152) to the Englishman Haines who, in turn, plays cultural tourist seeking an insider's insight into the Celtic revival, or what will come to be called the Irish literary renaissance (see Cheng 151–62).⁴ As Vincent Cheng has noted, the Haines/Mulligan connection models for Joyce the tributary relationship of the Irish artist singing for his supper at the behest of the Englishman who, as it were, controls the "key" to the treasury; it also helps model for Stephen what he takes to be "the symbol of Irish art," namely, the "cracked looking glass of a servant" (1.146). As the "Shakespearizing" Stephen might say, this glass or mirror is cracked for the reason that it is not whole, or, better, because it reflects what we today might term "subjects" not only in considerable need of formation but incapable of recognizing or registering what a fully formed or defined subject might look like. (Stephen is throughout acutely aware of his legal status as subject of, and state of subjection to, the British imperium.) The consequences of this doubly disabled and disabling condition of subject-deformation are twice alluded to in the Library episode when John Eglinton (the anglicized pseudonym of William Kirkpatrick Magee, whose emulative self-modeling on "England" or the Shakespearean "eglantine" Joyce no doubt found irresistible) avers that "Our young Irish bards ... have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet" (9.43–4) and states, "Our national epic has yet to be written" (9.309).⁵

3 All quotations from *Ulysses* are drawn from the corrected text edited by Hans Walter Gabler with Wolfhard Steppe and Claus Melchior (New York: Random House, 1986).

4 Vincent Cheng's account of the "dynamics" of this episode is cleverly couched within the framework of an "ethnographic encounter with a 'native' population, in which the British anthropologist ventures out in the wilderness to study the primitive 'wild Irish' and their folkways, in the presence of a willing native informant (Mulligan) and the latter's semi-willing specimen of study (Stephen)" (152).

5 Gifford and Seidman have instructively noted the connection between this statement and an essay in which the "real" Eglinton/Magee imagines such an epic proceeding from "a

This brief exchange may suggest that for Joyce the Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet had considerably more to contribute to the national epic he was writing than did the "native" Celtic myth of Kathleen ni Houlihan. It also indicates how profoundly complicated (and complicating) Joyce found the problem of Shakespeare's national and cultural positioning in relation to his own. Indeed, only a few pages into Stephen's Shakespeare lecture, Joyce has Stephen deliberately misrepresent a comment of Robert Greene's on Shakespeare, averring that Shakespeare, not lust (as Greene actually wrote), is "the deathsman of the soul," before rather perversely adding:

Not for nothing was he a butcher's son wielding the sledded poleaxe and spitting in his palm. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one, Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot. The bloodboltered shambles in act five is a forecast of the concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne. (9.130–35; GS 201)

Stephen treats with calculated abandon here the seemingly strained connection between what amounts to a predictable body count for the notoriously "bloodboltered" last acts of Jacobean tragedies and the notorious concentration camps Lord Kitchener set up in South Africa "for holding Boer civilians, often women and children" (GS 202), which were "sung" by Swinburne in such Boer War poems as "On the Death of Colonel Benson." He also plays similarly fast and loose with a host of "sophistications and admixtures" promiscuously gleaned from all manner of recent accounts of Shakespeare's life (Gibson 74–80).⁶ As Len Platt observes, "This muscular declaration is more accusation than biographical footnote, and what makes it accusatory is the creative historicism which allows Stephen to fuse the hobnailed brutality of *Hamlet* Act V with contemporary English revenge inflicted on the Boers" (Platt 82).

While I will have other things to say later about just why Joyce may have wished to deform and distort the text of Shakespeare's life and art, for now it seems worth entertaining Enda Duffy's notion of *Ulysses*' operation as a "'guerrilla text' in which the violence erupting in Ireland while the novel was being written" and the violence

writer of the type of Cervantes rather than [from] an idealizing poet or romance writer," which would feature "a hero as loveable as the Great Knight of the Rueful Countenance [who] had addled his brains with brooding over Ireland's wrongs" and whose Dulcinea would be none other than "Kathleen ni Houlihan herself" (Gifford & Seidman 214). Although Joyce may have taken a cue from Eglinton/Magee in fastening on the persona of Leopold Bloom to serve as his version of Dublin's Don, Eglinton's notion of the kind of figure to "set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet" would seem to run closer to the grain of Joyce's xenophobic Citizen than to the self-consciously Hamletic Stephen Dedalus whose own ghostly author-father is herein cleverly rattling the chains of his own epic presumptions.

6 As Gibson notes, "'Scylla' seems to set out deliberately to put the tradition inaugurated by [Edmund] Malone into reverse. Where Malone wanted to purge Shakespeare of fabrications, contaminations, modernisms, alien additions, Joyce deliberately introduces them. Where Malone's was a labour of purification, Joyce's is one of corruption" (78). Connections might be drawn, on this account, between Joyce's corruptions of Shakespeare at the beginning of the century, the carnivalesque inversions of the Carriacou Shakespeare Mas, and Salman Rushdie's hybridizing approach to "Master Chackpaw's" productions at century's end, as recounted in Chapters 2 and 4 of this volume.

erupting elsewhere in the empire around the time at which it is set eventuate in “the straining of realist conventions in the blatancy of repeated coincidence” (Duffy 10–11). To put it somewhat differently, Stephen’s strained (and conscientiously distorted) readings of both Shakespeare and *Hamlet* underwrite a comparatively unstrained (and largely accurate) attack on “the English policy of coercion in the 1880s” (GS 202) against Irish insurgents (alluded to in Stephen’s “Khaki Hamlets don’t hesitate to shoot,” which “quotes” the command, “Don’t hesitate to shoot,” allegedly made by a British captain in the process of putting down a riot in County Cork in 1887) and the considerably more sustained and virulent mistreatment accorded Boer women and children in South Africa, which from the start had generated violent confrontations between pro-Boer demonstrators and the police in Ireland and which became “an important factor in the uniting of the Irish Parliamentary party in 1900” (P.J. Mathews 90; see 66–91). In the process, Saxon Shakespeare, who at best can be called an apocryphal butcher’s apprentice, and a tragedy he authored, which in its fifth act is like virtually every other tragedy crafted in the decade of its making, are yoked together by violent coincidence with actions undertaken by the military wing of an empire that did not exist at their own moment of production.⁷

We may choose to record this either as an instance of Stephen’s “‘fenian’ subversion of Shakespeare” (Gibson 79) or as a form of textually directed guerrilla warfare (Duffy). But Stephen assuredly takes pains to foreground here the racial-colonialist component of the Shakespeare question, which turns the plays, *Hamlet* among them, into privileged outposts of British imperial power and presumption and, more narrowly, of Saxon racial identity (if one can really isolate such a thing as “Saxonicity” from the hybrid production that is Britishness). In the passage in question, Stephen’s channeling of the brilliantly beset and embattled Hamlet effect of the Telemachiad—which Joyce redeploys in the Library episode as a displaced projection of Shakespeare’s own background and biography, both actor and acted upon in the play that dramatizes his fate—becomes something and someone else entirely, as all differences between Shakespeare and Swinburne, the fifth act of a Jacobean revenge tragedy and a coldly rational imperial policy, are swallowed up in a formulation that insists upon correspondence and sameness. In this transaction, Shakespeare himself suffers displacement and dislocation, with his signature work, *Hamlet*, a repository of skepticism, irreverence, and resentment, which Stephen has heretofore deployed with the precision of a “cold steel pen” (1.153) in his countercolonial thrust against Mulligan, Haines, and Deasy, now enlisted as a sponsoring party—indeed, a *forecast*—“of the concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne” and of the violent suppression of anticolonial insurgencies in Ireland and South Africa.⁸

7 As Len Platt writes, “This is a violent invasion of [George] Russell’s historical void. The timeless wisdom that he sees rising from the pages of the Shakespearean text is ousted by Stephen’s conception of a macho Shakespeare whose family background in the art of butchery nicely conflates with his later incarnation as a poet of empire” (82).

8 As my next paragraph suggests, the charge leveled against Swinburne was particularly well targeted. Swinburne not only “sang” the concentration camp in poems like “On the Death of Colonel Benson” but contributed much more in kind to what one contemporary scholar has

The lines Stephen next silently quotes from Swinburne’s jingoistic Boer War sonnet, “On the Death of Colonel Benson,” have the jarring effect of bringing another uncannily apposite Shakespearean reference to the surface: “*Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none/But we had spared*” (9.137–8). This instance conflates the mothers and children of “murderous” Boers (whom, Swinburne would have us believe, only the English would have the civility to spare) with the “freckled whelp,” Caliban, and his “wicked dam,” Sycorax, in *The Tempest* (1.2.283,321) whose “vile race / ... had that in’t which good natures / Could not abide to be with” (1.2.359–61): a conclusion that leads Prospero to the “styng” of Caliban “in this hard rock” (1.2.343–4) and implicitly leads Stephen to contest the Prospero-like presumption of Lord Kitchener and his literary propagandist, the otherwise renowned aesthete Swinburne.⁹ The lines Stephen quotes are themselves “sponsored” by Stephen’s memory of serving as “mute orderly” to his friend Cranly in the act of “following battles from afar” (9.136), a reference, no doubt, to the conversational promenades the two would take in the space-time of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, when the news from the South African front would be fresher than it is now. Oddly enough, the memory of both the moment and the lines prompt a final self-reflexive turn in which Stephen silently situates himself “between the Saxon smile and yankee yawp. The devil and the deep sea” (9.139–40), adding Whitman’s “barbaric yawp” to the mix of dangers he must sail between, the idiom of what he will elsewhere call “Patsy Caliban, our American cousin” (9.756–7).¹⁰

The state of “betweenness” that these last phrases inscribe obviously is meant to resonate with the reigning mythic paradigm of the Library chapter as a whole, namely, Scylla and Charybdis, with Saxon England here playing the role of falsely smiling devil-monster to both Anglo-Ireland’s and Yankee America’s idiomatic whirlpool into which so many émigré Patsy Calibans have sunk. But who or what exactly is traveling between them? Is it Irish art, the Irish artist, Stephen Dedalus in association with both? What has Ireland to do with him or he with it? He certainly would not wish to claim the degraded title of “the chap that writes like Shakespeare” that

called the unprecedented “mountain of print and pictures” with which the second Boer War was represented in newspapers, journals, and pamphlets of the time (Attridge 2003:3). Though primarily known as the aesthete of aesthetes, in poems like “Transvaal”—which concludes with the admonition “Strike, England, and strike home”—Swinburne rose to the occasion of the Boer War as if he were channeling the conflict’s more renowned, and renownedly vulgar, propagandist, Kipling.

9 Contrary to Swinburne’s claims in “Colonel Benson” that none but the British would have undertaken “mercy’s holiest duties” on behalf of “whelps and dams of murderous foes,” Boer women and children were generally treated with a combination of outright brutality and cool indifference in the concentration camps in which they were housed after being forcibly displaced from their homesteads and farms. Approximately 27,000 of them died over the course of the conflict of starvation, disease, dehydration, and exposure. For his part, Horatio Kitchener (made *Lord* Kitchener for presiding over the defeat of the Mahdi in the Sudan in 1898) was chiefly responsible for developing strategies to counter the Boer guerrilla campaign. These strategies included burning Boer farms and killing livestock, and moving non-combatants into concentration camps.

10 See Cheng’s commentary on Boer War references as well as on “Patsy Caliban,” 227–9.

Mulligan sarcastically claims for Synge (9.510–11). Indeed, Stephen’s semicolonial/anticolonial/incipiently postcolonial construction of a Saxon Shakespeare implicitly in league with “Khaki Hamlets [who] don’t hesitate to shoot” Irish insurgents and Boers in South Africa could well be construed as a fairly marginal component of Stephen’s otherwise friendly, even proprietary, appropriation of Shakespeare both in the Library episode and in Joyce’s Telemachiad, more a provocation of the library’s bardolatrous Anglo-Irish aesthetes than a carefully constructed, much less deeply felt, political position.¹¹ In these sections of *Ulysses*, Stephen generally seeks to assimilate Shakespeare to his own project of self-fashioning and subject formation: to ally himself with this “lord of language” in his struggle against the shallow poetasters and self-styled patriots who would seek to keep him “cabin’d, cribb’d, and confined” by the nets of race, religion, and nationality. But the aggressiveness of the “Khaki Hamlets” formulation, which challenges the Romantic conception of Hamlet and Shakespeare maintained by the Library’s bardolaters, also resonates in revealing ways with the unusually contentious rendering of the Hamlet effect and Hamlet *persona* Joyce develops in his Telemachiad.

In these opening sections of the novel, Hamlet is refeatured as a rebellious, underregarded, and avowedly betrayed artist figure, haunted by the ghost of his mother, who mightily resents having been recalled from Paris–Wittenberg to dance attendance on her memory—“Ghoul! Chewer of corpses! / No, mother! Let me be and let me live” (1.278–9)—and play the “server of a servant” to Mulligan as well as “the servant of two [additional] masters,” namely, “The imperial British state [...] and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church” (1.638, 642–3). The Stephen who speaks so bitterly here of his colonial servitude—and who takes such umbrage at being slighted by the milkmaid who misconstrues Haines’s spoken Irish for French (9.424–5)—seems more animatedly political than does the Stephen who so insistently resists being drawn into the “net” of Irish cultural revivalism and nationalism in *A Portrait* and who willfully courts the disaffection of the self-styled Irish literary vanguard in the Library scene itself. Yet he also anticipates, and

11 Whereas Declan Kiberd has recently identified *Ulysses* as “a supreme instance of the postcolonial text” (Kiberd 329) and other scholars have edged closer to doing the same, I tend to see *Ulysses* as pursuing an altogether more complicated and circuitous path around the colonial question. If I had to choose my prefix from among the three I have put on display, I probably would opt for *semicolonial*, but not necessarily for the same, rather too periodized reasons given by Andrew Gibson. According to Gibson, “The condition of *Ulysses* is not freedom. *Ulysses* is not a postcolonial novel. It is rather concerned with an extraordinarily arduous struggle toward a freedom that its author knows is at best partial or equivocal ... Derek Attridge and Marjorie Howes are precise: *Ulysses* is in fact a ‘semicolonial’ novel, a novel of the last years of colonial rule in Ireland” (Gibson 19). By contrast, I find the following statement by Enda Duffy more nuanced and persuasive: “*Ulysses* [...] is not a manifesto for postcolonial freedom, but rather a representation of the discourses and regimes of colonial power being attacked by counterhegemonic strategies that were either modeled on the oppressor’s discourses or were only beginning to be enunciated in other forms” (Duffy 21). Interested parties may consult the Introduction to my *Repositioning Shakespeare* (1999) for a more detailed exposition of the vexed problems of classification that beset the category of the postcolonial.

seems closely linked to, the Stephen who will conclude his adventures in Nighthtown by baiting Private Carr with provocative comments that refer to the King as “He [who] wants my money and my life, though want must be his master, for some brutish empire of his” (15.4568–70). In these episodes, Joyce not only gives us an Irish Hamlet to “set beside Saxon Shakespeare’s Hamlet,” but a more self-assured version of the character, capable of playing the protean roles of intellectual gadfly, Irish nationalist, critic of empire, freethinking visionary, drunken “layabout,” and dispossessed son and heir as the situation demands.

As noted above, Hamlet is not the only Shakespearean character with whom Stephen is directly associated. Joyce has Mulligan pointedly echo Oscar Wilde as he comments on Stephen’s irritation at having his shaving mirror pulled away in the first pages of the novel: “—The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were only alive to see you” (1.143–4). As Cheng remarks:

While Buck may be willing to condone the English racialization and simianization of the Irish as a native “Caliban,” the Irish response [...] was often the rage of the Irishman precisely at seeing his face represented in the English mirror as Caliban, and the parallel rage of not seeing in one’s reflection oneself as one’s own master. For Stephen’s response to Buck is that the mirror is “a symbol of Irish art. The cracked looking glass of a servant,” a comment which voices and reasserts the resentment of the Irish at being forced (and racialized) into the servitude of a Caliban. (Cheng 152–3)

Cheng fails to note, however, what Mulligan’s immediate (if temporary) change of tone toward Stephen (as a result of Stephen’s bitter response) represents. As Mulligan “suddenly” links his arm in Stephen’s for a turn around the tower, the narrative reads, “It’s not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them” (1.150–51). Mulligan’s qualifier has the effect of dissociating Stephen from the Caliban identification, just as Stephen’s comment has the effect of dissociating what Stephen aims to accomplish by refusing to play the role of servant to the British imperium, to the deformed and deforming Irish social and artistic dispensation, or to the memorially reconstructed ghost of his mother. The fact that Stephen *does* “have more spirit than any of them” is what helps inform the other role he assumes in this chapter as a militantly activated Hamlet who aims to employ “the lancet of my art ... The cold steel pen” (1.152–3) in the interests of freeing himself from the distorted mirroring relationship with Englishness that has heretofore made Irish art seem a “cracked looking glass.” Though he will arguably be employing the Saxon Shakespeare (distant cousin to the “Sassenach” Haines) as his accomplice in this process, he will, as the Library scene demonstrates, do so not in bardolatric deference but with all the irreverence of the committed skeptic and iconoclast. Having already mastered a literary canon that has made tributary spirits of his auditors, Stephen will remake Hamlet and Shakespeare into living images of himself, thereby appropriating for his own uses what has heretofore functioned as a sign and symbol of Saxon domination over the Irish imaginary and over what can be imagined in the name of art.¹² Joyce effectively casts Stephen as a dispossessed

12 Cf. Gibson 67–79, especially, “if there is ‘fenian’ subversion of Shakespeare in ‘Scylla’, there is also a lyrical identification with him, a celebration of the beauty of Shakespearean

cultural iconoclast who employs the prestige of the Saxon Shakespeare to conduct a series of raids against both the colonizing force of Saxon domination and an emerging Irish literary nationalism, which in its backbiting, defensive, and regressive tendencies, holds him in bondage to a milkmaid's failure to recognize that it is he, not Mulligan or Haines, who deserves her deference and recognition; he, not Yeats or George Russell (aka AE) or Douglas Hyde, who will write what for all rights and purposes will become the Irish national epic.¹³

II

As Joyce represents it, Stephen's *Hamlet* lecture constitutes an all-out act of appropriation or repossession of Shakespeare, an inspired effort by a quondam Caliban to seize his books and take the magic of them upon himself. Stephen remakes Shakespeare as a figure who is always and ever inscribing the story of himself, who is at once Hamlet *fils* and Hamlet *pere*, "the ghost and the prince," "all in all," both "bawd and cuckold," "his unremitting intellect" equal to "the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor in him might suffer" (9.1023–4): an overmatched Adonis permanently disabled by Venus who is in turn cuckolded by brothers uncoincidentally named Richard and Edmund (9.249–60, 898–9). Not only is Stephen's Shakespeare condemned to repeat and reproduce the most crucial turnings of his life; he is also a materialist and opportunist whose "pageants, the histories, sail fullbellied on a tide of Mafeking enthusiasm" (9.753–54) and who made "all events ... grist to his mill" (9.748).

Stephen's conflation of "a Mafeking enthusiasm"—a mass-mediated exercise in projective patriotism which for 217 days in 1899–1900 made Robert Baden-Powell's strategically ingenious Boer War defense of a small South African town against overwhelming odds a sustained subject of imperial celebration—with the nationalist fervor presumably generated by a play like Shakespeare's *Henry V*, wherein a similarly overmatched band of British brothers defeat the French at Agincourt, is as insidious as it is apposite. Whereas a poet like Swinburne was only one of many unofficial (and unpaid) propagandists of the British war in South Africa, Shakespeare is presented here as the opportunistic exploiter of a nationalist enthusiasm he had himself helped generate in the interests of making his own commercial sails "fullbellied" (a phrase Stephen provocatively draws from Titania's

language, an attempt to emulate it, a wicked production of neo-Shakespeareanisms, a use of Shakespeare against revivalist and English culture. [...] The Shakespeare of 'Scylla' is profoundly pluralized, multipurpose if you like, a Shakespeare with whom it is always possible to play, a plaything but also a playfellow" (79).

13 Cf. Len Platt: "Stephen's debunking of Shakespeare has very little to do with the question of literary value. He does not reject Shakespeare, he appropriates him, and in more senses than one. The John Bull Shakespeare is under the ownership of an Irish critic [presumably Dowden]; the cuckolded Shakespeare, whose works are powered by feelings of resentment and bitterness, is the creation of an Irish artist, one who, having refuted the authenticity of revivalist culture, proceeds to signal his own intentions to make art from the ignobility of usurpation" (84).

playful association of fully laden merchant ships with her pregnant votress's body in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). Yet Stephen charges Shakespeare with catering to a Mafeking enthusiasm—and also claims that his creation of "Shylock chimes with the jewbaiting that followed the hanging and quartering of the queen's leech Lopez, his jew's heart being plucked forth while the sheeny was yet alive" (9.748–51)¹⁴—not merely because he believes such claims are "true" and, if true, damning, but because the mere possibility of their truth constitutes a powerful counterblast to the Irish bardolaters' idealization of Shakespeare on the one hand and the mystifiers of British imperial policy on the other. Arguing that "All events brought grist to his mill," Stephen brings Shakespeare into history in a way that demystifies "Shakespeare" and "history" alike, revealing the extent to which most established articles of belief are the products of successive acts of representation and fabrication.¹⁵

Indeed, making topical events grist to his mill is so central to Joyce's own relentlessly materialist artistic practice that it arguably functions here in a self-reflexive and self-defining manner as Stephen baits both the brightest and dullest lights of the Celtic revival. But the aggressiveness and abandon of Stephen's raid on the Shakespearean *corpus* also indicate that Stephen's performance in the Library is meant to evoke not just the Hamlet of Shakespeare's first two acts, who is prey to every doubt and uncertainty, but the activist and activated Hamlet of the Mousetrap scene and thereafter as he rises out of his torpor to take command of a drama that has heretofore rendered him marginal, the Hamlet who might say with Stephen: "They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour" (9.465). Very like Hamlet as he recklessly identifies the poisoner in *The Murder of Gonzago* as "one Lucianus, nephew to the King," Stephen everywhere identifies himself here as an unbridled spirit, a tap that will not suffer being turned off until he has said (and thought) his fill and made certain that not one of the Pharisees, nor any of the literary gods they worship, has gone unrepresented in such spoken or silent formulations as "Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet" (9.648), "tame essence of Wilde" (9.532), or in the imaging of AE and friends "[creepycrawling] after Blake's buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow" (9.87–8).

Having surrendered the key to his own private Elsinore in the novel's first act, Stephen effectively restages Hamlet's activated engagement with his enemies in the

14 If Stephen's use of the term *sheeny* sounds off-putting to the contemporary ear, evidence suggests Joyce meant it to. While Stephen pointedly contests Mr Deasy's anti-Semitism in Nestor as a piece of conventional ignorance (and further reverses its momentum by referring here to "Dan Deasy's ducats" [9.534]), he is not above being conventionally ignorant himself, as his regaling of Bloom with the anti-Semitic song of Little Harry Hughes in Ithaca indicates (17.801–49). The fact that his casual anti-Semitism is echoed by Mulligan who, upon Bloom's entrance, cries "The sheeny!" and refers to Bloom as "Ikey Moses," seals Stephen's guilt by association (9.605–7). See Brian Cheyette, "Jewgreek is greekjew" (1992) for one of the best recent assessments of Joyce's rather tangled take on "the Jewish Question."

15 For a sustained analysis of how this kind of imperial patriotism was projectively generated in late Victorian and Edwardian England, see Steve Attridge (2003). Attridge interestingly notes that, in the second Boer War period, the place name "Mafeking" actually generated a derivative verb form—"to maffick"—whose meaning "hover[ed] between the celebratory and threatening" (99).

dead center of Joyce's presumptive national epic, which is itself set in a national library metaphorized as a dead temple of "coffined thoughts".¹⁶ What I term Hamlet's activated engagement—rendered both in his planning of, and participation in, the play-within-the-play and in the wild and whirling words with which he subsequently assails Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and his mother in the Closet scene—is recreated here by the "tingling energy" with which Stephen transacts his performance and deploys whatever comes to hand to advance his aims: "Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices" (9.158). Like a performance artist putting on a seemingly impromptu display of both his learning and creativity, Stephen is also "putting on" (assuming the role of, mocking, parodying) Hamlet himself as well as taking-on or "taking-off" (in an opportunistic act of seizure, even usurpation) the authority of Shakespeare. Carving his virtuosic path through 200 years of Shakespeare scholarship and folk wisdom, Stephen appropriates what fits his purpose, jettisons what does not, keeping always the demands of the performance in mind while eschewing any claim of his own to authority. In the process, he recovers, reassembles, reincorporates the Shakespearean corpus, breathing new life into the anatomized body, reanimating a body of work he may surrogate to his own process of gestation while his own life and work await realization, "as though to acknowledge that staging [works like] *Hamlet* is always an exercise in reincarnation, a surrogate performance taking place in a memory space on which modernity presents 'period revivals' from the Shakespearean canon" (Hodgdon 192).¹⁷

As Stephen ranges farther afield, baiting and teasing his listeners and interlocutors, falling silent as this or that distraction runs its course, parrying incursions against his momentum ventured by Eglinton, Lyster, AE, or Mulligan (who Stephen silently, but brilliantly, rechristens "Puck" [9.1125, 1142]), Joyce widens the field of discourse to take in not only the play Stephen is performing but the internal, possibly richer drama that interanimates it and prompts Stephen to speak. From this internal drama we learn that, even as Stephen states with respect to Shakespeare, "A father ... is a necessary evil," what inhabits the elision is the same Stephen "battling against hopelessness" (the full sentence reads: "A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil" [9.828]), whose Shakespeare lecture is increasingly invaded by thoughts of his own father, mother, and recently aborted flight to Paris, a Stephen also struggling against the very compulsion to speak:

16 Len Platt would go further and have us "Consider the scenario in its broadest sense," to wit: "A Catholic dispossessed initiates and sustains a debate among Anglo-Irish intellectuals in Ireland's National Library on England's greatest literary figure. There is something deeply subversive in this set-up. It is as if Stephen is forcing down the throat of Anglo-Ireland recognition of its cultural origins. His rough handling of the bard is designed to produce demonstrations of a continuing commitment to those origins. [...] In other words, it is through his theory that Stephen challenges the credentials of an Anglo-Ireland that purports to speak for Ireland" (80).

17 See Joseph Roach, "History, Memory, Necrophilia," in Peggy Phelan and Jill Lane, eds., *The Ends of Performance* (1998:27). Indeed, what Roach says of the effects of the acting of Thomas Betterton may also be applied to Stephen's performance in the Library: "To act well is to impart the gestures of the dead to the living, to incorporate, through kinesthetic imagination, the deportment of once and future kings" (*Cities of the Dead*, 80).

What the hell are you driving at?
I know. Shut up. Blast you! I have reasons
Amplius. Adhuc. Iterum. Postea.
Are you condemned to do this? (9.846–9)

Like Hamlet who (in soliloquy) calls himself a drab for unpacking his heart with words and imagines mockers all around him who variously call him coward and villain and knock him on the pate, Stephen employs the privacy of inward soliloquy to cast doubt, uncertainty, and self-contempt on his evolving project. The inward drama becomes in this respect, as in *Hamlet*, a kind of psychodrama that inflects and qualifies what gets transacted in the public performances of playmaking, high-wire speculation, and antic disposition. And it is, I would submit, this same inward drama—in which Stephen plots a final reckoning with the ghost of his mother, *amor matris*, his king, country, and religion alike—that later informs Stephen's encounter with the face of Shakespeare in the mirror as well as with the ghost of his mother in Circe.

III

Although Stephen's commerce with the dead and the living alike may seem to lead to no grander conclusion than his directionless wandering out from 7 Eccles Street on the morning of June 17, 1904, Stephen's "journey" achieves a different kind of fruition in a series of earlier encounters in Circe, which echo and bring to climax his earlier transactions with Shakespeare. The first of these encounters occurs when Stephen and Bloom gaze into Bella Cohen's mirror and "The face of William Shakespeare, beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall" (15.3821–3) and speaks thus:

(*In dignified ventriloquy.*) "Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. (*to Bloom*) Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. (*he crows with a black capon's laugh.*) Iagogogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymournun. Iagogogo! (15.3826–9)

Taking this image of Shakespeare as more a mirrored reflection of the states of mind of its viewers than one in a long series of Circe's projectively realized events (which have more textual significance for the reader of *Ulysses* than they do dramatic significance for its established cast of characters), William Schutte claims:

Stephen and Bloom together do make up a kind of Shakespeare, but it is a Shakespeare shorn of masculine vigor (the figure is beardless); a Shakespeare in whose life the creative elements are paralyzed; a cuckolded Shakespeare, who is not master of his own house. When he speaks, this "lord of language" [...] utters a dignified platitude worthy of a Bloom [...], then cackles like a capon [...], and finally shows his noble rage by stuttering a few words indicating the cause of his impotence. (Schutte 144–5)

The "stuttered" words to which Schutte refers appear under Shakespeare's second and last speech prefix in Circe where he states "(with paralytic rage) Weda seca

whokilla farst" (15.3853), which roughly translates back to the Player Queen's protestation that "None wed the second but who killed the first" in the Mousetrap scene in *Hamlet* (3.2.178) and forward to Bloom's latter-day cuckolding as it has just been graphically re-enacted in the preceding pages (15.3742–818). The text's subsequent stage direction reads, "The face of Martin Cunningham, bearded, refeatures Shakespeare's beardless face" (15.3854–5), at which point we imagine this new image of a paralytic Shakespeare morphing back into the bard's earlier association with the respectable gentleman who first appears in *Dubliners* and whose bearded face Bloom earlier likens to Shakespeare's: "Martin Cunningham's large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face" (6.343–5).

Circe is, of course, the novel's delegated space of metamorphosis, which refuses to confirm or deny that what it presents in the guise of wildly improbable fantasy or hallucination is something that Stephen or Bloom actually experiences. In this instance, the face of Shakespeare that Stephen and Bloom appear to see, and that speaks directly to Bloom in particular, is something that neither character specifically acknowledges or remarks. Does this matter? How do we discern what the relationship is between the characters themselves and the face in the mirror? Why does the face speak here "in dignified ventriloquy," and what are we to make of what he or it says?

We may isolate a cue for interpretation in a phrase uttered by Stephen's old friend, Lynch, which prompts Stephen and Bloom to "gaze in the mirror" in the first place. Pointing to the mirror, Lynch proclaims, "The mirror up to nature," and laughs, "Hu hu hu hu hu!" (15.3819–20), thereby drawing implied (if mockingly designed) connections between what art and the artist presumably do, that is, hold the mirror up to nature; Mulligan's reference to "the rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror"; Stephen's earlier characterization of Irish art as "the cracked looking glass of a servant"; and the present instance. The mirror, in this case, may be said to be Shakespeare himself, who has (as Stephen argues) both realized and displaced his own experience (or "nature") through the expressive medium of his art but who, through the medium of Joyce's inspired ventriloquy, has become a fractured pastiche of tics, tricks, and dislocated quotations from his plays.¹⁸ This Shakespeare, who variously utters nonsense "in dignified ventriloquy" and stutters "with paralytic rage," has become a broken record, a system winding down, a haunted site of taglines, tired citations, and repetitions, which anticipates the crisis of continuous

18 After observing that "this hybrid Shakespeare addresses himself not to Stephen, the aspiring artist and *Hamlet*-theorist, but Bloom," Richard Halpern notes that "Bloom is repeatedly reflected in or associated with mirrors in the course of *Ulysses*, a fact that pertains to his status as Jew and to his role as the uncanny double of Shakespeare." Halpern cites one particularly "interesting example" in Ithaca "when Bloom contemplates ... his home library, including 'Shakespeare's Works [...] reflected in a mirror [which] causes the 'inverted volumes' [...] to read from right to left, like the Hebrew which Bloom imagines his dead son Rudy studying" (Halpern 170). As for what Joyce, through Stephen's *Hamlet*-lecture, has done to Shakespeare, Halpern writes: "Stephen's Shakespeare soon distintegrates under the combined assaults of interruption, interrogation, and skepticism, until Stephen is forced to admit that even he doesn't believe in his own theory" (176).

Shakespearean reproduction documented in such places as Heiner Muller's *Hamletmachine* and Richard Halpern's chapter on "Hamletmachines" in his book *Shakespeare Among the Moderns* (1997).¹⁹ Whereas Schutte understandably reads the face as commenting on and reflecting the various disabilities and limitations of Stephen and Bloom, we might alternatively concentrate on the cracks and distortions that this passage inscribes on the face and voice of Shakespeare himself. Reducing this "lord of language" to the stature of a castrated cuckold, Joyce has him speak a vacuous line from Goldsmith that is more worthy of Polonius than it is of Hamlet; directly indicate in another the applicability of his "reindeered" head to the cuckolded condition of the dissimulating, evasive Bloom; and then utter a third sentence, which cannot be confidently translated but says something to the effect of "Iago! How my dad chokes his Thursday morning. Iago!" In his second incarnation, the descent of Shakespeare's language into a kind of simulated dementia (fuelled by "paralytic rage") continues as the Player Queen's line devolves into "Weda seca whokilla farst." Each of these lines and their physical adjuncts (paralysis, rage, the cuckold's horns, the state of castration that informs the "black capon's laugh") contribute to an exaggerated vision of a possibly permanently disabled Shakespeare whose component parts Stephen has already assembled in the National Library but which Stephen had redirected there into a rigorously detailed explanation of what shaped and animated Shakespeare's art. Although the imagery in particular may well speak directly to Stephen's current Telemachian/Hamletic state as "beardless" bard and, even more specifically, to Bloom's as newly made cuckold, respectively, the fractured lines also indicate that at this moment in *Ulysses* Joyce (and, by extension, Stephen) may be ready to jettison a preoccupation with the bard that has analogously both beset and enabled their own projects. Saxon Shakespeare is, after all, only one of several significant destinations Stephen will revisit in the succeeding pages of Circe. And Circe itself is not only a space of disordered perceptions but for both Stephen and Bloom a medium of psychological and emotional release and purgation and for Joyce the place where he most decisively demonstrates his virtuosity as an artist.

Deforming or disabling Shakespeare in the process of asserting one's artistic mastery becomes Joyce's supplement to Stephen's own successive face-off with Shakespeare; casting off his mother's last grasp at his heart (15.4155–242); taking up his "sword" against the oppressiveness of time and space (15.4241–5); and taking his stand against British king and Irish nationalist alike, the latter figured forth by the similarly decayed and iconically charged avatar of Kathleen ni Houlihan,

19 Halpern's chapter on "Hamletmachines" begins with a discussion of W.S. Gilbert's 1892 stage-satire *The Mountebanks*, which featured "the two world renowned lifesize clockwork automata, representing Hamlet and Ophelia," which are made to seem "so realistic that they [are] detained by the police at Palermo for lack of passports" (227). As Halpern writes, "The clockwork Hamlet of *The Mountebanks* satirically literalizes the problem of cultural repetition that afflicted Victorian productions of the play. [...] Gilbert proposes a radically new, if merely farcical, solution to the antagonism between novelty and mechanicity; he produces a 'fresh' Hamlet not by making him more lifelike or 'human,' but by deepening the cultural petrification that has already settled over him" (235). See also Halpern's discussion of Muller's *Hamletmachine* (268–76).

"Old Gummy Granny in sugarloaf hat ... the deathflower of the potato blight on her breast" (15.4578–80), to whom Stephen states: "Aha! I know you, grammer! Hamlet, revenge! The old sow that eats her farrow!" (15.4578–82). In this dramatic transaction, the Irish milkmaid of the first chapter morphs into Old Gummy Granny, both embodying Ireland itself, "the old sow that eats her farrow," as Stephen, in the voice of Hamlet's father, urges on Stephen, in the role of Hamlet, son, to revenge. Stephen will characteristically rise to this occasion and take his implied revenge against Catholic Ireland and imperial Britain alike not by using, but by *refusing* to take, the dagger Old Gummy Granny proffers him so that he might become 1904's version of a suicide assassin and Ireland's latest savior–martyr (15.4736–9). Having previously told Private Carr (while tapping his brow) that it is "in here [that] I must kill the priest and the king" (15.4436–7), Stephen takes his blow on the "pate," successfully resisting all claims that he be anything other than "that which I am and that which in possibility I may come to be" (9.382–3), thereby taking an important step toward his own decolonization.

This sequence, which begins with Stephen and Bloom's face-off with the looking-glass Shakespeare, conducts Stephen through the last act of his applied reading of *Hamlet* in a manner that effectively frees him both from the Prince's fate and from the deformed and disabled fate of Shakespeare himself, as that fate is figured forth in Stephen's Shakespeare lecture and in the face in the mirror. Haunted from first to last by the ghost of a mother that is (in Mulligan's words) "beastly dead" (1.198–9) and whom (according to Mulligan's aunt) Stephen has "killed" (1.88), Stephen does not, as the father-haunted Hamlet does, attempt to reshape his will to parental demand or become, like his reassembled Shakespeare-machine, a "deathsman of the soul." Finding it entirely against his nature to submit and "repent" (15.4198), he envisions his mother, through the transformative medium of Circe, as "the corpsechewer," a creature of "raw head and bloody bones" (15.4213–15), "a green crab with malignant red eyes [sticking] deep its grinning claws in [his] heart" (15.4221–2), and blanching as if he must die, decisively resists her claim on him, declaring, "The intellectual imagination! With me all or not at all! *Non serviam!*" (15.4226–8).²⁰ Stephen's reiterated refusal to serve, which has its roots in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, achieves something like a fruition here as it becomes prelude both to his apparently successful exorcism of his mother's ghost and his dramatic smashing of Bella Cohen's chandelier with his ashplant–sword, the effects of which are textually recorded thus: "Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry" (15.4244–5). Though the cosmically charged implications of Stephen's action are par for the course in Circe, and the action itself motivated as much by drunken hysteria as by the need for emotional purgation, Stephen's exorcism of his mother's ghost breaks the hold on Stephen of the family obligation that so disables Hamlet and makes Elsinore not only his point of departure but his final destination. It is, moreover,

20 As Gibson observes, "Colonial power is partly what is at stake in [Stephen's] last battle with his mother's spirit. For all the strength of his love and pity, Stephen must oppose her pathos and resist a Catholic culture of sacrifice which can only mean continuing in servitude and dereliction" (196).

not coincidental that the Stephen who declares he will not serve next encounters in the form of an abusive brace of "Khaki Hamlets," Privates Carr and Compton, yet another "naturalized" product of the degraded face in the mirror, whose demand for his submission prompts him to consider yet another act of exorcism—"But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king" (15.4436–7)—which also clearly gestures toward a process equivalent to decolonization.

As Andrew Gibson notes, "In 'Circe' [...] specific discourses are less important than a sense of the extent of the English presence in Dublin and its culture; in effect of the colonization of the Dublin unconscious" (Gibson 183); indeed, "The British presence in Dublin's 'nighttown' [effectively] encloses the chapter" (184). Gibson goes on to demonstrate how frequently the many "allusions to English literature in 'Circe'" are recycled "at the level of popular culture" and how, in particular, "quotations from Shakespeare are travestied" by Joyce, both in the interests of displaying Dublin's colonial "hand-me-down culture of 'orts and offals'" (189–90) and of serving as a medium of Joyce's "retaliatory aesthetics" (199). Noting that "Shakespeare himself is 'brought on stage' to mouth childlike mock archaisms (15.3827) or set before us as a figure maniacally incoherent with sexual jealousy and rage, mangling quotations from his own plays," Gibson concludes that "'Circe' is full of blasphemous distortions of the imperial master's language and literature. Caliban casts out Ariel. The Yahoos overrun the Houyhnhnms" (Gibson 200). As convincing as I find virtually everything Gibson has to say here, I differ with how he configures the specific sponsoring parties that contribute to his conclusion. From the first entrance of Joyce's "Khaki Hamlets," Privates Carr and Compton, "singing in discord," to the moment Private Carr is "pulled away" from Stephen (15.3995–4797), it is, I believe, more a case of the Houyhnhnms resisting the Yahoos, of Ariel casting out Caliban, and, moreover, doing so in consistency with the same discursive impulse that reduces Shakespeare to the status of a broken record, a language and signifying machine winding down. Joyce forges here a crucial connection between a British empire that has lost its political and cultural bearings both in Ireland and in South Africa and the brutishness of its soldiery, indeed, between a privileged elite ruling class that writes its official script (represented here by "Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet") and its illiterate, subaltern overseas "ambassadors" who bear even closer resemblances to Shakespeare's Stephano and Trinculo than they do to Caliban:

PRIVATE CARR

(to Cissy) Was he insulting you while me and him was having a piss?

LORD TENNYSON

(gentleman poet in Union Jack blazer and cricket flannels, bareheaded, flowingbearded)
Theirs not to reason why.

PRIVATE COMPTON

Biff him, Harry. (15.4393–9)

Joyce forges an equally crucial connection here between Stephen's Hamletic compulsion "to reason why" at every turn and his commitment to freeing his own colonized unconscious from the corrosive and disabling taint of "priest and king": from a mind-set committed to mindless aggression against "others" and abject

submission to established authority. Even Biddy the Clap and Cunty Kate are astute enough to take notice when Stephen first answers Private Carr's aggressive taunt, "Say, how would it be, governor, if I was to bash in your jaw?" with the commonsensical "How? Very unpleasant" (15.4409–13), and, later, "My center of gravity is displaced. I have forgotten the trick. Let us sit down and discuss." (15.4432–4):

BIDDY THE CLAP

He expresses himself with such marked refinement and phraseology.

CUNTY KATE

Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy. (15.4442–4)

When all Private Carr can do is rephrase his aggressive taunt, "What's that you're saying about my king?" as Edward VII himself "appears in an archway," sucking "a red jujube," and holding "a plasterer's bucket on which is printed Defense d'uriner" (15.4446–9, 4454, 4456–7), one gets the distinct sense that at least on the level of Joyce's imagination, if not on that of the "actual" Dublin street, established attributions of civility and incivility, rational and absurd behavior, are being decisively reversed, with quondam Calibans not only casting out Prospero but making a mockery of such discursive formations themselves.

His own aggressiveness having apparently been drained out of him by the conquest of space and time effected by his ashplant-sword, Stephen initially tries to engage in a comradely exchange with Private Carr: "You die for your country. Suppose. (*he places his arm on Private Carr's sleeve*) Not that I wish it for you. But I say: Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done so. I didn't want it to die. Damn death. Long live life!" (15.4468–74). This is not a terribly well-annotated passage in Circe, nor is it as well-articulated by Stephen as we might like. Our attention predictably fastens on Stephen's egotistical self-regard, on his apparent preference for his nation to suffer for him rather than otherwise. But our curiosity should surely be piqued both by the unusual concern for his country evinced by lines like "Up to the present it has done so. I didn't want it to die," as well as by the surprising solicitousness of Stephen's approach to Private Carr. Stephen's effort to engage Carr—who is, after all, not only a potential killer of Irish patriots and South African Boers, but their potential victim as well and nothing but a degraded spear-carrier in the scheme of things—seems doubly consequential in light of Carr's later attack on Stephen (performed to the tune of "I'll wring the neck of any fucking bastard says a word against my bleeding fucking king" (15.4643–5) and the specific way Joyce wants us to visualize and register the immediate re-emergence of said king:

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

(levitates over heaps of slain, in the garb and with the halo of Joking Jesus, a white jujube in his phosphorescent face)

My methods are new and are causing surprise

To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes. (15.4475–9)

Joyce even has Stephen appear to consciously register this apparition, "Kings and unicorns! (*he falls back apace*)" (15.4481–2) in a manner that parodically echoes Hamlet's response to his first viewing of his father's ghost, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" (1.4.39), as if his own words (which include "I have no king

at the moment. This is the age of patent medicines" [15.4470–71]) have summoned up this quintessentially modern phenomenon: a genial, jesting, salesman king, congratulating himself on his mastery of the tricks of the trades of patriotic propaganda and mystification as he floats above the "heaps of slain" his "new methods" have generated. If this vision is Stephen's as much as Joyce's, then Stephen's articulate and principled resistance to doing the bidding of phantasmagoric marketers of the Irish political unconscious that next rise to the surface of Circe becomes more comprehensible: Prompted to cut his oppressor's throat by the distorted embodiment of Irish patriotism that is Old Gummy Granny—"(*thrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand*). Remove him, acushla. At 8:35 AM, you will be in heaven and Ireland will be free" (15.4736–9)—Stephen falls back on an earlier arrived at Falstaffian alternative, "Long live life!" (15.4474); effectively redirects the admonition, "Hamlet, revenge!" against the "old sow" herself (15.4581–3); sustains like an unbowed Boer what the Khaki Hamlets have to offer; and survives to commune with Bloom under "The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit" (17.1039) in Ithaca.

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