An Empire of Good Sports: Roger Casement, the Boer War, and James Joyce’s Ulysses

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Abstract
As one critic has tersely put it, ‘It is time it was more widely recognised that by the late nineteenth century sport lay close to the heart of British imperial culture’ (Mangan 1). He goes on to say that while certain aspects of this connection have been rehearsed, ‘the significance of this ideology in the context of the British Empire should never be underestimated’, and it is questionable whether it has yet been sufficiently appreciated. He describes ‘this ideology’ as follows: ‘A potent education ideology known as athleticism evolved in response to a late Victorian obsession with character and imperialism’ (Mangan 3). Others speak to its twentieth-century manifestations, as, for example, in the evolution of the practices of fitness (Hargreaves). Certainly there has been quite a lot of treatment of Empire ideologies and their consequences in this last wave of critical debates around the postcolonial, nationalisms and transnationality. At the heart of these debates is the idea of fitness — national, racial, sexual, moral — and athleticism, or more to the linguistic point, sport, the apt metaphor for this ‘condition’. Sport is performative in any number of grammatical ways: it is a noun in two senses, not only to do with physical practice but spiritual mettle; it is a verb — the donning of clothing or attitude; it is both adjectivally and nominally characterological.
As one critic has tersely put it, 'It is time it was more widely recognised that by the late nineteenth century sport lay close to the heart of British imperial culture' (Mangan 1). He goes on to say that while certain aspects of this connection have been rehearsed, 'the significance of this ideology in the context of the British Empire should never be underestimated', and it is questionable whether it has yet been sufficiently appreciated. He describes 'this ideology' as follows: 'A potent education ideology known as athleticism evolved in response to a late Victorian obsession with character and imperialism' (Mangan 3). Others speak to its twentieth-century manifestations, as, for example, in the evolution of the practices of fitness (Hargreaves). Certainly there has been quite a lot of treatment of Empire ideologies and their consequences in this last wave of critical debates around the postcolonial, nationalisms and transnationality. At the heart of these debates is the idea of fitness — national, racial, sexual, moral — and athleticism, or more to the linguistic point, sport, the apt metaphor for this 'condition'. Sport is performative in any number of grammatical ways: it is a noun in two senses, not only to do with physical practice but spiritual mettle; it is a verb — the donning of clothing or attitude; it is both adjectivally and nominally characterological. The empire has represented itself through good sports, metonymised in the idea as much as in the game of 'cricket' which was perhaps the most effective of Britain's imperialist exports. C.L.R. James suggested that cricket was delivered and received as the 'stylised epitome of a moral order and the metaphoric essence of a cultured civilization' (Mangan 7).

In this essay I wish to discuss one 'bad' sport (Roger Casement), one good sport (Leopold Bloom) and the sport that is war (Boer War). What brings them together is James Joyce's Ulysses in its considerations of the idea of fitness, in literary and other terms. For while Ulysses is centrally concerned with challenging conventions governing reading and form, it does so through the tropes of national character. The linchpin of the various sports mentioned above is 'manliness' or the fit body: of Casement as Irish martyr/homosexual, Bloom as Irish Jew and the Boer War in its constructions of nativism and Englishness. (Even Ulysses as 'fit novel' is implicated here.) In each case, national character is at stake: the production of the 'genus Britannicus' (Mangan 1), in the context of these particular figures.
Finally, this essay employs the metaphorology of sport more than its physical practices.

A figure in whom this volatile metaphorology is crystallised is Roger Casement (1864–1916), the Irish traitor/hero, who, when nearing his execution by the British for the crime of treason, was reported to have said that he would have to go through the ‘old ordeal of “dying for Ireland”’ (Sawyer 132). Casement was tried for his enlistment of German support and arms for the legendary 1916 Irish Easter Rising. But what has made him a subject of particular interest recently has to do with the murkiness of the charge (see, for instance, Linguafranca’s recent article, ‘Who Framed Roger Casement?’). As a British subject in the service of the Foreign Office, Casement had several times submitted critical reports against the unjust treatment by imperial powers (British, Belgian and Boer) of native populations of places in which he was stationed. It seemed, however, that neither his acts as British subject nor Irish national were sufficient to condemn him, for as becomes clear from all the records, it was finally the charge of homosexuality, gleaned from his diaries, that would clinch the case against him. As a result, he would not be deemed fit for the martyr role by a jury of his Irish peers who would have to recuperate him before giving him a proper hero’s place.

Although the Boer War was over by 1902, it seems to haunt Ulysses. It becomes an emblem of split allegiances and ambivalent national assertions. Ireland was, of course, in its own right a British colony, and Joyce makes Ulysses set on June 16, 1904, a story about a kind of national schizophrenia. Because Joyce purportedly set that date in conjunction with the day he met his lifetime partner, Nora Barnacle, readers sometimes ignore or forget the other ‘romantic’ myths that attend this moment in the histories of Dublin and Ireland — those of national aspirations. Ulysses interrogates the relationship between the ideals and the agendas of nationalist politics, what appears to be the Janus face of such liberatory movements. He does so in large part through the elusive character of Leopold Bloom, an Irish Jew of various — some think dubious — background and allegiances. Joyce chose this kind of figure, I believe, not only because of the historical impress of ‘the Jew’ in these terms of national liberation and self-realisation, but also because of the analogue ‘the Jew’, Jewishness, and, especially in that historical moment, Zionism, provided for the Irish. Bloom is certainly the novel’s hero, but his ‘heroism’ is always attenuated by his sacrificial status as scapegoat Jew, both historically and locally. In fact, as the novel insists, romantic national myths are always peppered with sacrificial acts rewritten as martyrdom; the ambivalent figure of the Jew in relation to Jesus Christ, for example, provocatively underscores this catachrestic exchange. The novel piles up analogues with such figures of heroism/sacrifice to dramatise the volatility of national(ist), religious and even literary imperatives. (There are, after all, the heroic and the popular literary traditions, the first worthy of regard and reproduction, the other of discarding.) Someone like Roger Casement fits neatly into this paradigm, as we shall see.
It is almost always the case in the novel that when the Boer War is mentioned it is in conjunction with, however obscure, a reference to Zionism (or Jewish oppression), roughly analogous with Irish and Boer nationalist movements. As the novel displays, this set of analogues is shot through with ironies whose nexus is more likely British colonialism. The Irish, as one historian put it, were ‘bitterly pro-Boer’, which in a phrase articulates the psychic reservoir of such support, a kind of ‘therapeutic anglophobia’. There were volunteer Irish brigades in the Transvaal: John MacBride, the Irish nationalist later executed for his part in the Easter Rising, led one of them, while his wife, Maud Gonne was at home rallying the troops, in both a military and domestic sense.\(^1\) This support for the right of the Boers in South Africa becomes a battle cry of national aspiration, but the analogue is clearly misplaced or even displaced, since the record of Afrikaner treatment of the indigenous populations of the lands they had, after all, occupied, was far worse than that of the English there. By displaced, I mean that in supporting the Boers, the Irish can achieve a kind of double or semi-position of colonised and coloniser, of underdog and imperialist. For as we see in *Ulysses*, the disdain for the so-called ‘native’ is palpable, and therefore a form of disavowal is at work in the alliances formed there. Casement himself would have been out of line with this sentiment, being critical of the Boer government. His nativist allegiances with the Irish did not extend in this case to a pro-Boer position, an essentially anti-British one.

In 1966 — on the 50th anniversary of the Easter uprising and Casement’s execution — the Irish reclaimed Casement’s remains from the English prison where he was buried. Perhaps, as Enda Duffy has pointed out, Yeats, in his poem the ‘The Municipal Gallery Revisited’, (1937), was the first to redeem Casement by animating and placing him in a reimagined Ireland, now ‘terrible and gay’. In both acts of reclamation — Yeats’ poem and the physical transfer of the body (as Duffy also points out) — the gaze remains upon Casement’s body, it, like Ireland, needing exhuming by those who would sacrifice the body in question to the martyr cause (Duffy 104–6). In needing to prove false what had nailed shut the treason case of Sir Roger Casement — his disease of homosexuality, as it was called — the Irish by implication take a British view of Casement and themselves. Instead of dismissing the charge as a ruse to deny Casement’s nationalism and heroism, and thereby through a kind of projection on to him, British transgressive, positively ‘ungentlemanly’ behaviours, the Irish buy into the British reading and, by association, defend themselves as well as Casement against the charge of unfitness, or even unmanliness. In wanting to prove him ‘fit’ to die for his country, they make particularly ironic Casement’s characterisation of himself as an ‘embodiment of the Irish Nation awaiting ritual sacrifice’ (Sawyer 129), aka, mother Ireland.\(^2\)

Casement, as Duffy and others point out, is the perfect insurgent subject of ambivalence, ‘exposing the split between native and colonised versions of that subject’; a (pre) figure of ‘contradictious loyalites and politics’ (Duffy 103; Caserio
Yeats describes Casement, in the portrait of him standing trial, as 'half hidden by the bars'; it is the hidden half, a shifting property, that aligns him uneasily with an array of figures. One of those figures is Arthur Griffith, father of the Sinn Fein movement, proponent of Irish separatism and editor for a period of the nationalist newspaper of the period, the *United Irishman*. Griffith appears in the next line of Yeats' poem and in and out of line with Casement in terms of their Irish national positions.

Around me the images of thirty years:
An ambush; pilgrims at the water-side;
Casement upon trial, half hidden by the bars,
Guarded; Griffith staring in hysterical pride;
Kevin O'Higgins' countenance that wears
A gentle questioning look that cannot hide
A soul incapable of remorse or rest;
A revolutionary soldier kneeling to be blessed;

('The Municipal Gallery Revisited', W.B. Yeats)

Casement is mentioned once in *Ulysses* in the Cyclops chapter, there too, as in Yeats' poem, in at least typographical alignment with Griffith. Cyclops (Chapter 12) plays a key role in any discussion of the politics of nationalism in the novel. It takes place in Barney Kiernan's pub where the 'Citizen', drawn on a well-known nationalist figure of the day, Michael Cusack (founder of the Gaelic Athletic Association (1884), which banned participating in and watching 'English' 'sports) is associated through the Odyssean parallel with the powerful but blinded Cyclops, and holds forth against all that he determines as unIrish, most notably here, Leopold Bloom. The chapter is infused with interpolations of cultural myths and journalistic accounts of national battles, small and large, to weave its parodic narrative, or, to heuristically illustrate the inescapable interventions into the stories that constitute national identities. The Citizen comes off as a representative self-righteous bully, Bloom as a heroic shlemiel. The chapter makes us wonder what is wrong with the picture of two 'victims' of history facing-off in this way.

In one section of the chapter, the 'boys' in the pub are wondering whether a racist skit that appeared in the *United Irishman* that day, read out here by the Citizen, was penned by Arthur Griffith, that other bully-nationalist par excellence. The skit involves the exchange between a Nigerian Alaki visiting England and Queen Victoria (12.1509–33). (The papers reported the visit to England of the Alaki of Abeakatu, a leader of a small province in western Nigeria, misrepresented in the chapter and/or Griffith's parody as a Zulu chief — all are Africans alike?) While the Alaki is mocked in the passage as a colonial lackey subject — 'he tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup (Lord Walkup on Eggs)' — the English queen too is demeaned by the association with the native chief. He refers to her in the parody, at least, as 'the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria'. This certainly makes a further mockery of the African as his epithets for the queen
conflated him with the most caricatural of natives, the native American, well known to the Irish through the Wild West narratives that had become standard fare in Joyce's Dublin. But those epithets also serve to capture the queen, to colonise her, you might say, by the discourse of the 'native', a reversal sought by the Irish and effected by Griffith's words. What brings on the Citizen's reading of the skit is a series of associations having to do with misuses and misreadings of the holy word, beginning with Bloom's homily about 'love' just moments before. His outburst is prompted by a sense of danger around the question of his affiliations. (This is one of the most oft-quoted passages from *Ulysses*, in which Bloom responds to the Citizen's question — 'what is your nation?' — 'Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here'. [12.1430–31].) As Jew, he is unfit to sermonise, to use the holy word, regardless of what he preaches, just as 'sanctimonious' Cromwell, who comes next in the series, practices a hypocritical piety in his injustices against the Irish — putting 'the women and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible text *God is love* pasted around the mouth of his cannon' (12.1507–9). Both Victoria and the Alaki by association here are 'heathen' abusers of the word, appropriating the bible for their political aims: she has given him an 'illuminated bible, the volume of the word of God and the secret of England's greatness'; he is represented as ingratiating to the English crown. Fitness to rule, it becomes ironically clear, is sanctioned by God himself, as are the various injustices against the native Irish — or, in Cromwell's terms, the 'barbarous wretches' (Gifford and Seidman, annotation for 12.1507–9).

Unholy alliances and sanctimonious derision lead directly to Casement, who is mentioned in conjunction with the speculation about British colonial practices in Nigeria, a British protectorate in 1904. Casement is, for one thing, the person who reported on the Belgian's mistreatment of the Congolese while in the employ of the British government, even though in the context of the pub what is important about him is his very own nativism. 'He's an Irishman,' says the Citizen. His identification as such at this moment aligns the men in the pub with those who would expose the British/coloniser's injustices against natives, native like themselves; therefore also aligning them, the Irish, with African blacks, Zulus, Congolese, Nigerian natives (it is perhaps notable in this context that the damning diaries were called the Black diaries). This is an uneasy alignment which the grammar of the rest of the passage and the development of the ideas of national identity and nativism in the rest of the chapter illustrate:

— Well, says J.J., if they're any worse than those Belgians in the Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man what's this his name is?
— Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman.
— Yes, that's the man, says J.J. Raping the women and girls and flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the rubber they can out of them.
— I know where he's gone, says Lenehan, cracking his fingers.
— Who? says I.
— Bloom, says he. The courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on *Throwaway* and he’s gone to gather in the shekels.
— Is it that white-eyed kaffir? says the citizen, that never backed a horse in anger in his life.
— That’s where he’s gone, says Lenehan. I met Bantam Lyons going to back that horse only I put him off it and he told me Bloom gave him the tip. Bet you what you like he has a hundred shillings to five on. He’s the only man in Dublin has it. A dark horse.
— He’s a bloody dark horse himself, says Joe. (12. 1542–58)

The identity of ‘the man’ in this passage is a bit elusive, a shifting subject. At the very least, he is a conflation of Casement and Bloom, but also of the nationalists and the natives. More on this shifting subject in a moment.

Here and throughout the chapter we have the topics of the exploitation of the natives, parasitism (Lenehan), and degeneracy (‘Bloom is a “perpetrator” of frauds of every sort’). Griffith would, of course, be a likely candidate for the authorship of that piece of racist journalism. He often used the *United Irishman*, what became the official arm of Sinn Fein, for exactly such purposes. What puts Griffith on the same page with Casement is ostensibly their common Irishness and finally — both British subjects — their anti-Englishness. But they would have found themselves at odds on the subject of Irish nativism. (Not to mention that Casement was a Protestant, like the late nineteenth-century statesman Irish Charles Stuart Parnell and the late eighteenth-century rebel Robert Emmet, whose undoing was attributed more often to their sexual rather than political improprieties; they are ‘worth wiping your ass with’, as are the leaves of the Protestant bible given to the Alaki by the white chief woman.) Griffith’s stand on the Boer war makes this difference plain.

Griffith’s journalistic campaigns in favor of the Boers were laced with anti-Semitic sentiment, something for which he was notorious. The English were ‘uitlanders’ (technically, non-native outsiders), as were the Jews, their financiers (of course, in the rhetoric of the Boers or the Afrikaners, so were the Irish). In many essays during this period, his anti-Semitism became virulent, almost hysterical, and I believe that the shift in valence from one characterisation to the other is culturally relevant here. In a well-known piece written for the *United Irishman* in (Sept. 23) 1899, called ‘The Pirate and the Jew’, he identifies the pirate, the freemason and the Jew as the ‘three evil influences of the century — marauders of all kinds, who threaten the true and decent forces’ (2–3). He conflates Jewish support of the British in the Transvaal where British subjects may be, as he puts it, ‘any Jew, swindler, or murderer who can buy for a small sum the full and right title of a Britisher in South Africa’, with what he calls the Anglo-Saxon anti-French sympathies of the Jewish supporters of Dreyfus. Such supporters are described as ‘swarming from their London ghetto, a sorry gathering of phenomenal ugliness and dirt’. Through these alignments we see the shifting positionality,
determined by the fixed property of anti-Britishness. But the metonymy of Jew or Jewishness finally does not besmirch the English as much as it reinforces, in Joyce’s configuration, an hysterical relationship between the Jews and the Irish, regardless of the aggressive attempt at virulent self-possession on the part of those like Griffith. For while in *Ulysses*, ironically, it is Bloom the Jew who occupies the role of native in this skewed and paradoxical cultural configuration, in *Cyclops* where these national states, alignments and battles are played out, the Irish citizen and the Jewish Bloom are finally mirrored in one another as impotent soldiers (among other things).³

Bloom’s defense of his national identity as Irish, mediated through his impassioned statement about the persecution of his Jewish ‘race’ — famously, ‘at this very moment sold off by auction in Morocco like slaves or cattle’ (12. 1471–72) — is the precipitating event of Casement’s ‘appearance’ in *Cyclops*. This reference, among other things, might also have to do with the forced conscription of Jews in this period into the Moroccan army, another instance of impotent soldiers.⁴ Bloom’s status as ‘slave’ seems oddly reinforced several passages later (cited above) when the grammar momentarily permits a confusion of Bloom with Casement and ‘the whiteeyed kaffir’, all it seems, performing a kind of nativism.⁵ The confusion works to make Bloom suggestively like black African slaves sold off at auction (both Moroccan slave and kaffir) and, at the same time, in the very next line, an exploiter of the Irish native, going to ‘gather in the shekels’ he has made on the withheld bet. He can be at once Casement’s object of rescue and derision, and like him in this way, too. This confusion between them also redounds upon Casement, who, by a slip or omission of the pronoun, might be transformed into the one ‘raping the women and girls and flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber out of them’; he becomes the accused rather than the accuser in this construction. Similarly, while Bloom is lamenting being robbed, plundered, and so forth (however much this may be a displacement from his thoughts about his wife Molly’s presumably adulterous behavior at this very moment of the novel — adultery is a major trope of the novel), he is in the Citizen’s eyes not the victim but the perpetrator, the ‘robbing bagman’.⁶

Bloom’s and Casement’s interchange in these terms appears also to reflect on the fitness of Irishmen, as fathers, sons, soldiers: men. One might see in the momentary textual confusion of Casement as the subject antecedent of ‘raping the women and girls’, a wish by the men in the pub, the Irish, to rescue him from the degeneracy (physical and moral) of which he was accused — through another (mis)reading — and which rendered him unfit for any kind of heroism for at least fifty years.⁷ In this possibility for confusion or exchange, Casement’s sexual redemption in turn becomes Bloom’s sexual condemnation. Bloom is a scapegoat for the Irish cause, whose manhood is in question throughout. In *Cyclops* the questioning is virulent: Bloom is ‘limp as a wet rag’, ‘can’t stand up to it’, ‘a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet’ (proffering love), ‘beggaring’, or would that be
buggering his neighbor. As this chapter in particular makes clear, 'the Jew' becomes a displaced self-projection, the other's other, whose damnation is necessary for, perhaps even interchangeable with Irish salvation (see Duffy 44–45). Such salvation entails fitness of body and soul, what it takes 'to stand up to it [injustice, that is, the English] then with force like men' (12. 1475). Casement and Bloom exchange places as bad and good sports: Bloom is bad at the game of self-defense/ justification; Casement is tough, the defended martyr.

The Dublin papers between 1888 and 1904 reveal a great deal of discussion about nation building, the idea of the nation literalised in the image of the 'fit body'. The metaphor is extended in a Cyclopsian interpolation, a parody of a newspaper account of the minutes of an actual organisation of the period, Sluagh na h-Eireann (The Army of Ireland — akin to the Gaelic Athletic Association), described as a patriotic society whose aim it was to revive ancient Gaelic sports and to emphasise the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for purposes of the development of the race (Gifford and Seidman, notes to 12.859, 880, 881–82). This idea of nation building as body building, what is suggested by 'racy of the soil' (12.890), is resonant of the contemporaneous Zionist theories of Max Nordau, author of Degeneration (1892). In an essay called 'Muskeljudentum' ('Muscular Jewry', 1900, written originally for a sports journal — Jüdische Turnzeitung), Nordau argued that Jews of the finde-siècle needed to strengthen their muscles, develop the body instead of 'remaining a slave to the nerves' (stemming from a then prevalent theory that Jews suffered in a high degree from neurasthenia). Jews could not afford to be weak 'for in such weakness the gentile world sees proof of Jewish inferiority' (Mosse xxvii). As Gilman and others have observed, Nordau's theories, ironically, grew out of the German nationalist ethos about the Aryan body.

The mirroring of Casement and Bloom continues in this resonant association, this time mediated through the bodies of the 'boys in the pub' who speak of the so-called Irish games like hurley, and 'putting the stone' (discus-throwing) of 'Irish gladiators'. According to the men, Bloom's major exercise is that of caution, illustrated by the narrator who recounts 'Bloom had to have his say about if a fellow had a rower's heart violent exercise was bad' (12.891–93); in other words, too much fitness can be detrimental to a body. Bloom by implication would be the one interested in or associated with 'shoneen' — would-be gentlemanly, read 'sissy', or 'English' — games like lawn tennis, mentioned here in antithesis to 'Irish sports'. He, in keeping with the symbology of the chapter regarding vision of all kinds (Cyclops), offers tennis for 'the agility and training of the eye', though at that moment his comment acts like a blind to the spectre of Molly's lover 'Blazes Boylan', cited by the men as the big winner in a bet on a boxing match. Bloom has been both following and avoiding Boylan all day who is on his way to an adulterous rendezvous with Molly about which Bloom got wind in the first chapter. His choice of the gentlemanly, what is in effect unmanly, games becomes
synonymous for the men with his sexual lack, something, which he too fears. The language throughout this exchange is laced with references to winners and losers, traitors and scapegoats (or ‘pet lambs’, as in the pet name for the Irish fighter, M.L. Keogh, of the parodic interpolation here — 12.960–88), physical brawn and Irish worthiness. But, of course, the muscle of this particular army of Ireland is being developed most emphatically in Barney Kieman’s, in the flexing of their drinking arm; this army is ‘halfseasover’, to recall Bloom’s musing in a passage from ‘Lotus Eaters’ in which the Boer War is alluded to (5.65–75). By contrast is Bloom’s caution or prudence about drinking, another reason the men have to be suspicious of him. Bloom’s admonishments about excess are characterised as excessive, in contradistinction to his stinginess. He talks too much but drinks and spends too little, his flapping mouth suggestive of a general flabbiness about him. But if as Nordau and other ‘race scientists’ warned, the habits of speech and the body would betray one’s race, the hard drinking Irishmen are just as susceptible of this kind of typing inversion, where their excess becomes a marker of their lack in direct analogy with the scapegoat Bloom. Drinking and endurance are equated by the men. Any suggestion that they are antithetical is for sham purposes only, which in the example of the boxing match recounted on the next page in a parody of sports journalism that exploits the stereotype of the drunken Irishman: ‘He [Boylan] let out that Myler [the pet lamb] was on the beer to run up the odds and he swatting all the time’ (12.947–8; my brackets). This is a seeming veiled reference to Boylan’s training for winning Molly, his conquest over Bloom. Finally the comedy and the pathos of impotence seem to win the day, or maybe just the moment. The men may be talking about boxing, but they are enacting what Barthes called the spectacle of wrestling whose aim is to display ‘Suffering, Defeat, and Justice’ (Barthes 23). Just about all this misfit army can stand is a — round.

The sociology of boxing demarcates a shifting pecking order within the participating groups, typically poor, working-class, and/or disenfranchised. As one sociologist observes, ‘reviewing the boxing results in the sports pages of the American press provides a reasonable parody of the succession of working-class, racial and ethnic minorities who have been involved in a century-long struggle to gain access to that country’s melting pot’ (Sugden 187). The sports credo that governs this ‘subterranean world’ (Sugden 188) of the ‘disadvantaged’, instantiates the romantic myth whereby one bludgeons one’s way out. Recent films like Jim Sheridan’s The Boxer starring Daniel Day Lewis (Irish) and even Billy Elliot (English working class) employ and test the cliché of sport as metaphor for survival. (A film like Neil Jordan’s The Crying Game has subtly done the same for cricket.) I can imagine a reading of Billy Elliot very much in terms of the decline of the Empire, where manliness is no longer the domain of either class, or even the obverse of such a reading, where the release from the ideologies of empire provides an analogue of release in social terms.
In Joyce's parody of the 1904 boxing match between Keogh and Garry, he pulls out the cliché by recasting the loser of the match, the Irish Garry, as English, referred to as Bennett in the passage (actually a reference to Percy Bennett, a Swiss consular staff member against whom Joyce held a personal grudge). In this way, the match takes on the semblance of allegory, a battle royale between the oppressor and the underdog. Keogh, called here by his first name, Myler, is the winner. 'Dublin's pet lamb', surely meant to be a reference to the sacrificial lamb transmogrified into the lamb of God. The parody here is in the fantasy narrative that is the stuff of sports journalism, reproducing the myth of escape, victory, even manliness, not to mention the parodic elevation of the sports match and its journalistic mode to the proportions of allegory (the chapter is filled with such 'mixed' accounts). The description is laced with sexual innuendo and puns about drinking and drunkenness (see the note for the passage). Such narratives are as much a prop of ideology as any article by Griffith in the cause of Irish nationalism. The passage demonstrates this not only through the narrative of the fight but by the duplicities that surround it. The promoter, the sporty Blazes Boylan, is the person who is 'getting it up' — he has rigged the odds on the fight and is arranging the singing tour for Molly Bloom, his paramour. In each case, he has sold out someone or something to make it happen. As Joyce's *Ulysses* so well illustrates, the sports narrative and ethic can quickly deteriorate into a 'violent exercise', a description used by Bloom to characterise the danger to the body sports present, and used by the boys to celebrate those very dangers. The role of Bloom in this exchange around the match helps to underscore the point: he is the analogue to the losing Englishman, having traded places again as before with Casement. And like the Englishman, he is metonymically cut down to size. Through the fancy footwork of the chapter, Bloom is, in the analogue with the Odyssean parallel, 'no-man', and in his specular relationship with the Irish men, the Jewish scapegoat of this lamb of God.

As historian Thomas Pakenham has pointed out, 'contemporaries talked of the Boer War as a "gentleman's war" and a "white man's war"'. And while he insists on the misleading nature of this notion, he does so by reminding us that the official absence of 'Africans' — by which he means 'native' or Black Africans — from the ranks of both armies further erases their participation in service roles on both sides ('labourers, drivers, guides and so on'), and the nearly ten thousand volunteers to the British side by the end of the war (Pakenham xvii). What he does not do is follow through on the cultural and historical implications of such a characterisation. After all, the British assumption of the moral high ground and sense of entitlement was a direct result of their investments in such self-representation, as the very zenith of civilization. Through much of the recent critical inquiry into the Boer War in particular and British colonialism in general, the complex of contradictions that inhere in such conceptual relationships as that between gentlemanliness and imperialism has been foregrounded. Many English
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liberals became proponents of the Boer side precisely because of this contradiction. They could not accommodate the paradox inherent in the idea that one cannot be a bully and a gentleman at the same time, or to put it another way, that they could not be both gentlemanly and manly; but they did so without recognising a similar problem in their own election of the Boers. Gentlemanliness (what Cardinal Newman defined as ‘never inflicting pain’, Rutherford 162) would become antithetical to manliness and therefore such a characterisation (as that of the Boer War) along with whiteness would come to suggest impotence and sterility. The English have had historically to juggle these contradictions, often finessing their imperialism with their gentlemanliness. (Nordau’s new Israelis encountered this same dilemma: their muscularity or muscle would eventually forfeit them moral ground.) In this way we can see the very vulnerability of the cultural or racial categories of nativism, and of national and moral fitness, despite the political certainties of domination. Joyce’s interest in these matters will often return to the work’s abiding concern with acts of fidelity and betrayal, made all the more difficult (or easy) by the contradictions which obtain.

Throughout Ulysses, Bloom’s expressions of altruism make him suspect as Irishman and lover. Casement’s radically altruistic acts too make him sexually suspect, or, at least, his sexual (mis)conduct seems a necessary corollary of his treasonous acts, impossible on their own of condemning him, his anti-imperialism and radical Irish nationalism ironically a sign of his inability to stand up to it with force like men. Or in Casement’s own words from his ‘Speech From the Dock (1916)’: ‘loyalty is held to be a crime, something less than love and more than law’. His very final words are both haunting and instructive: ‘surely, it is a braver, a saner and a truer thing to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as these than to accept it tamely as the natural lot of men’ (Field Day Anthology of Irish Writing III 299–300). Casement’s allegiances seemed to be driven by a sense of justice which would have to be countered with the spectre of degeneracy. The question of what is the ‘natural lot of men’ is exactly at the heart of the history and proof of Casement’s treason/sexuality, and it is much at the heart of Ulysses, the novel that would remember him before Ireland or Yeats could. The relationship of jingoism, militarism and athleticism contribute to an understanding in Ulysses of the connection among figures as seemingly disparate as Griffith and Casement. The Boer War with its divided and confusing allegiances finally did more to unpack than reinforce any notion of ‘natural’ rights, of national or native belonging or inheritance, even in terms of the very system of apartheid that ensued.

NOTES
1 Enda Duffy uses and explains the term ‘therapeutic anglophobia’ in accordance with Ray Foster’s definitions in Roy Foster’s ‘Anglo-Irish Literature, Gaelic Nationalism and Irish Politics in the 1890s’ (Duffy 44–45). Maud Gonne, the charismatic Irish revolutionary, probably (and unfortunately) most famous for her insistent rejections
of W.B. Yeats' proposals of love and marriage, and by his equally insistent poetic representations of her, exhorted on the subject of the Boer War in these terms: 'England was the robber nation of the world. Hence it matters not what nation is at war with England, right or wrong, it is Ireland's duty to oppose' (New York Times, Feb. 5, 1900; cited in Warwick 318). Gonne was notable for her recruitment of Irish men for the Boer cause and for her campaign against the fraternisation with fighting English troops by Irish women.

2 Many have recorded Casement's identification of himself as the classical personification of sacrificial Ireland, the 'Shan Van Vocht' (old woman of Ireland), with which he would sign articles written for the Irish Review. See, for example, Denis Gwyn 194. Robert Caserio discusses this phenomenon in his compelling essay, 'Casement, Joyce, and Pound' (153 note 28). See also Lucy McDiarmid for her discussion of Yeats's and Ireland's efforts to exonerate Casement.

3 See Duffy's discussion of such mirroring in Cyclops in his chapter 3, and Cheng's 210. See also my 'When the Saints Come Marching In: Re-deeming Cyclops'.

4 See Cheng (212) and my 'Swiss Customs: Zurich's Sources For Joyce's Judaica'.

5 In Ulysses Annotated, Gifford and Seidman provide the following note on the 'white-eyed kaffir': 'G.H. Chirgwin (1855–1922), a music-hall entertainer and multi-instrumentalist, performed in blackface with large white diamonds painted around his eyes, billing himself as the White-Eyed Kaffir (suggested by Vincent Deane)'. It is interesting to note here the performative aspect of blackness or nativism and to recall Michael Rogin's argument in his book about the way in which groups on the margin would use blackface to validate themselves in mainstream terms — blackness was a removable mask. In this context it might suggest that Casement's nativist sympathies were a blind for his sexual deviance, while Bloom the Jew masquerades as Irish. All are conflated in ever-shifting ways.


7 See McDiarmid's description of the controversy over the Irish effort to rehabilitate Casement, including Yeats's contributions (134). Caserio discusses such an interchange between Casement and Bloom through Duffy's manipulation of it: 'Duffy's Casement-derived thoughts are all said to be impacted by Joyce in Bloom's audition in Cyclops of Casement's name. Duffy concludes that, because Bloom in the episode can see what stereotyping has made of Casement, Bloom is able to imagine, even stand for the "worthy" future "counterhegemonic subject" of a realistically considered postcolonial community.... When Bloom is announced as the seer of a worthy postcolonial community, an too-continental substitution has taken place: Duffy has dislodged Casement, an actual gay male, and put in his place Bloom, an imaginary man who desires woman. This imaginary being is dubbed the one "worthy" to imagine, in all complexity, a postcolonial state' (Caserio 143–40).

8 See, for example, The United Irishman, Aug. 26, 1899, p. 3, with three letters on the topics of ‘Militarism’, ‘Irish Jingoism’ and ‘Irish Failings’. These form part of an ongoing exchange through editorials and correspondence on these topics. ‘The Jewish Question’ is represented here too, with discussions about the Dreyfus case and Jews in Ireland.

9 Many contemporary critics of Jewish culture studies, including George Mosse and Sander Gilman, have commented on Nordau's theories. Gilman examines a number of fin-de-siècle sources for the discussion of the (malformed) Jewish body, including Jewish unfitness for military service (see, for instance, The Jew's Body 40–48; Freud. Race, and Gender 104–46 on Nordau and Chapter 3).

10 The Keogh-Bennett match 'has some basis in fact, since M.L. Keogh did box one Garry of the 6th Dragoons as the second event in a tournament in late April 1904.
Percy Bennett, a member of the Zurich consular staff when Joyce lived in that city, is a grudge substitute for the more Irish Garry. Keogh knocked out Garry in the third round (Gifford and Seidman, annotation for 10.1133–34). And here is the passage from *Ulysses* in which the match is described:

It was a historic and hefty battle when Myler and Percy were scheduled to don the gloves for the purse of fifty sovereigns. Handicapped as he was by lack of poundage, Dublin pet lamb made up for it by superlative skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was a gruelling for both champions. The welterweight sergeantmajor had tapped some lively claret in the previous mixup during which Keogh had been receivergeneral of rights and lefts, the artilleryman putting in some neat work on the pet’s nose, and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier got to business, leading off with a powerful left jab to which the Irish gladiator retaliated by shooting out a stiff one flush to the point of Bennett’s jaw. The redcoat ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook, the body punch being a fine one. The men came to handigrips. Myler quickly became busy and got his man under, the bout ending with the bulkier man on the ropes, Myler punishing him. The Englishman, whose right eye was nearly closed, took his corner where he was liberally drenched with water and when the bell went came on gamey and brimful of pluck, confident of knocking out the fistic Eblanite in jigtime. It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers and excitement ran fever high. The referee twice cautioned Pucking Percy for holding but the pet was tricky and his footwork a treat to watch. After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent’s mouth the lamb suddenly waded in all over his man and landed a terrific left to Battling Bennett’s stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was being counted out when Bennett’s second Ole Pfotts Wettstein threw in the towel and the Santry boy was declared the victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight. (Ulysses 12.960–87)

See for example, Jonathan Rutherford’s *Forever England: Reflections on Masculinity and Empire*, in particular his discussion of the much elegised Rupert Brooke, and his characterisation of himself in his poetry as ‘a body of England’s’. Also, Pat Barker’s recent WWI *Regeneration* trilogy reconsiders the English body/empire through the historical image of the male body or soldier. The title of her trilogy and one of the novels is clearly a play on Nordau’s concept of degeneration.

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