

# LAGUN CÀRÀ

**2020 Basque Bloomsday  
-a tribute to Éamon Roche**



**Asociación Vasco-Irlandesa**  
**www.laguncara.com**



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# Preface -

## *LagunCara*, Éamon Roche and Bloomsday

The Irish-Basque Association *Cara* ([www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)) was officially founded on 16th May, 2003, as a continuation of a group of Irish friends in Bilbao known as *Club Fáilte* (the Welcome Club). In March 2009 at the Sheraton Hotel (Bilbao), Éamon Roche (1948, Tipperary, Ireland - 2019, Bilbao, Spain) was unanimously elected as President of the Association and a new socially and culturally productive era began under his leadership, with *Cara* subsequently symbolically changing its denomination to *LagunCara* ("friend" in the Basque language *Euskera* is "lagun" and in Irish is "cara"). Months later (June, 2009), the Association engaged in a strategic reflection in Urkiola, to decide what we wanted *LagunCara* to be and to do, and under the coordination of Seamus McQuaid, elaborated its Vision, Mission and Values statement (see next page). Following this initial impulse, a plethora of activities emerged via the Association, including its annual Christmas, St. Patrick's Day and, as of last year, St. Bridgit's Day celebrations; its monthly Irish-Basque dancing classes, a series of newsletters, key meals centered around facilitating business relations, "First Friday" social meals, participation in the Spanish-Irish business network, music, book presentations, whiskey tastings, ... but to mention a few (see the past activities of *LagunCara* at: <http://laguncara.com/dp/node/16>).

But of the activities in which Éamon took part and passionately promoted, Bloomsday was perhaps that in which he left his mark on most of us. The first Basque Bloomsday was held in 2013 (see article by Paul Johnson); many of us were merely curious then, but have since become friends of *Ulysses* (see Edurne Barañano); others have discovered Bloomsday in the Basque Country (see Susan and Jacques Manquin), and some (albeit few!) have even finished reading *Ulysses* (see Pat Mulroy). Due to Éamon's passion for Joyce, some have learnt at least 10 things about Joyce (see Rocco Caira); others have discovered the key role played by women in inspiring Joyce (see Niamh Brannelly); while others still have mused over "melonsmellonous" osculation, sex, spirit and the grandeur of everydayness in Joyce (see Joe Linehan and David J. Fogarty, respectively!). And all continue with an undiminished appetite for Joyce (see Bill Fleming), in spite of the radical changes which have taken place in Joyce's Dublin since then (see Paddy Woodworth). Yes, we have all *gone with Éamon* (see Seamus McQuaid).

In the light of restrictions imposed by the Covid-19 phenomenon, our getting together this year was at risk, so we decided to have a *plan B* to celebrate the day and to honor our past president and dear friend Éamon. This booklet of fascinating essays written by members and friends of *LagunCara*, is the result of this *plan B*, and is a tribute to the heritage Éamon left us, his passion for Joyce, *Ulysses* and the marvels of everydayness.

David J. Fogarty and Rocco Caira  
*Bilbao, Bizkaia, 14 June, 2020*

## What is *LagunCara*?

The word for friend is “*lagun*” in Basque and “*cara*” in Irish.

### **VISION**

*LagunCara* is the name of the Irish/Basque Association originally founded in Bilbao in 2003. It's vision is to become a welcoming, tolerant, vibrant community of diverse people with Irish/Basque interests, renowned for providing active, quality, caring support for its members and for contributing through our synergy to the enrichment and integration of the plural society in which we live.

### **MISSION**

- To provide an effective forum for the fruitful interaction of Irish people living in or around the Basque Country, with native Basques, enhancing relations between diverse individuals and families at all levels of society (culture, business, entertainment, etc.).
- To promote the interaction and communication of its members by organizing enjoyable and valuable social events which celebrate the Irish and Basque cultures.
- To actively promote our common values of welcoming, caring, fun and a bit of "craic".
- *LagunCara* focuses more on our shared interests and values than on our differences, following the principle that "*union differentiates*".

### **VALUES**

KNOWLEDGE of our different cultures and peoples as a basis for...

RESPECT: seeing people as they are, not merely tolerating, but actively appreciating their individuality and uniqueness, thereby consolidating public interest, trust and pride in *LagunCara*;

RESPONSIBILITY: the ability or readiness to respond to the needs of our times, together with a leadership which is vigorous, professional and transparent in its service of the members of the Association;

CARING for the society in which we live, empowering each member to make her/his own contribution based on specific talents/expertise/experience.



### **Want to become a member?**

Simply fill out, sign and return this form by e-mail to: [laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com](mailto:laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com)

I (specify your name):

specify your e-mail:

authorize the Irish/Basque Association *LagunCara* to annually debit the account specified below for the sum of 20 Euro, for my personal subscription to the Association. My bank account details are:

Name of account holder:

IBAN:

BIC:

Date and Signature:

[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com) - [laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com](mailto:laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com)

## Amigos de Ulises

EDURNE BARAÑANO

*Lanbide, Basque Government, Vitoria-Gasteiz, Spain*

He olvidado cómo James Joyce atrajo mi atención, allá en mis primeros veinte años; sí recuerdo que me arrebató la lectura de su obra *El retrato de un artista adolescente*, con sus pensamientos atribulados, con igual emoción con la que leí *Werther* de Goethe, en otro verano o en el mismo. Lecturas de juventud de largo alcance.

Con la misma curiosidad (Fig. 1) leí su libro de relatos *Dublineses* y después creí volver a sentir su penetración psicológica y sus vívidos retratos sociales en la película *Los muertos*, de John Huston. A *Ulises*, la obra más conocida de nuestro escritor irlandés, me he acercado muchas veces en los últimos ya treinta años, con deleite por su asombroso estilo, aun cuando no he culminado su lectura, bendita paciencia.

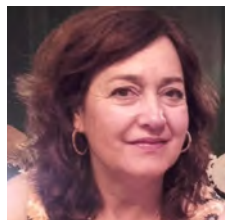


**Fig. 1. The first Basque Bloomsday in Gernika, June 16th 2013.** Seated to the left is Edurne, attentively musing on matters Joycean.



**Fig. 2. Basque Bloomsday in Hernani, Friday 16th June 2017.** At the right hand of Éamon, Edurne, participating the Eusko-Irlandako Loturak get-together.

Éamon Roche (Fig. 2), ex-presidente de la Asociación Vasco-Irlandesa *LagunCara*, con su espíritu jovial y travieso, nos reunió un día en Bilbao para contarnos su eterna pasión por *Ulises*. Nos explicó cómo desentrañar sus claves y la estructura de esta obra que en su dificultad, en su desafío, encierra también su atracción. Desde la mesilla, desde la estantería miro el libro y ahí está Éamon invitándome a ella.



**About the author:** Edurne Barañano currently works for the Basque Government Public Employment agency *Lanbide* as their Chief of Company Services (*Lanbide Enpresa Zerbitzburua*). She has a B.A. in Psychology from the University of Deusto and did her post-grad in management of ongoing formation in organizations at the University of Barcelona.

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## Joyce County

NIAMH T. BRANNELLY

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Being from Dublin, my ties to James Joyce's *Ulysses* are obvious. I grew up amongst the famous landmarks, which are celebrated the world over on Bloomsday. However, as a recent arrival to Galway I wanted to explore the ties Joyce had with Galway and discover if there was any more to Molly Bloom's unlucky Claddagh ring.

James Joyce's links to Galway are through his wife Nora Barnacle (Fig. 1), a Galway city native, born in Galway Workhouse in 1884<sup>1</sup>. By the time Joyce met Nora, she had already seen two lovers die, and so she was far from a naive young girl. Joyce on the other hand was an inexperienced suitor and did well to court Nora. Nora first met Joyce on 10 June 1904 and was unimpressed with him. "*I mistook him for a Swedish sailor – his electric blue eyes, yachting cap and plimsolls. But when he spoke, well then, I knew him at once for just another Dublin jackeen chatting up a country girl.*" In fact, she stood Joyce up on their first arranged date. After a second attempt, they had their first "proper" date on 16 June 1904. An infamous date full of passion and intimacy. Joyce noted the significance of this date, recalling that it "*made me a man*". Their date along with the numerous erotic letters<sup>2</sup> the lustful pair exchanged laid the foundation for their long relationship, which eventually led to marriage in 1931 and lasted until Joyce's death in 1941.

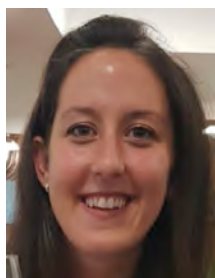
Nora's extraordinary influence on Joyce was evident in his personal life. Beyond that, she became a central piece in his writings. She inspired many characters in his novels such as Molly Bloom (*Ulysses*), Gretta Conroy (*The Dead*) and Bertha Rowan (*Exiles*). Naturally, Nora's native county also inspired Joyce's writings. Ragoon in Galway is the location of one of Joyce's best-known poems "She Weeps Over Ragoon". Joyce wrote this poem as Nora visited the grave of her previous lover.

*Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,  
Where my dark lover lies.  
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,  
At grey moonrise.  
Love, hear thou  
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,  
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,  
Then as now.  
Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold  
As his sad heart has lain  
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould  
And muttering rain.*


Galway is also the location of Joyce's greatest short story "*The Dead*"<sup>3</sup>, the last story in his collection known as "*The Dubliners*". Specifically, in a sweet shop with an address at No. 2 Prospect



**Fig. 1. James and Nora.** Nora Barnacle (1884-1951) had a profound, inspirational influence on Joyce and his writings.



**About the author:** In 2016, Niamh T. Brannelly received her PhD on electrochemical biosensor development from the University of the West of England. After two postdoctoral positions in the UK, she moved to the Basque Country and worked in a number of biosensor companies before moving home to Ireland. She is currently working at CÚRAM (Galway, Ireland). Niamh is originally from Crumlin, Dublin and after nearly a decade away from Ireland, she is settling back into Irish life with plenty of Lyons tea and morning walks along Salthill Prom in Galway.

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Hill, just off Eyre Square in the heart of Galway City. To commemorate the literary connection, the Mayor of Galway, Micheal Ó hUiginn, unveiled a Galway Civic Trust plaque on the facade of Richardson's Bar on Bloomsday, 16 June 1996 which reads "James Joyce's world famous short story 'The Dead' was inspired by the sad tale of his wife, Galway woman Nora Barnacle, whose first love, Michael Bodkin (Furey) lived in this building and died in 1900 'for love'".

The ties Joyce makes between his work and Galway is also seen in *Ulysses*. The most memorable being Molly Bloom's Claddagh ring (Fig. 2). The Claddagh ring has its origins in Galway and in the novel, Molly believes the ring is unlucky because the man who gave it to her sailed away never to be heard from again and because the man she THEN gave it to next also sailed off to die. Molly's two missing lovers are comparable to Nora and her previous lovers.

"That clumsy Claddagh ring for luck that I gave Gardner going to south Africa where those Boers killed him with their war and fever but they were well beaten all the same as if it brought its bad luck with it like an opal or pearl still it must have been pure 18 carot gold because it was very heavy but what could you get in a place like that the sandfrog shower from Africa and that derelict ship."



**Fig. 2. The Claddagh ring** is a traditional Irish ring which represents love, loyalty, and friendship (the hands represent friendship, the heart represents love, and the crown represents loyalty).

In *Ulysses*, there is also mention of the passenger ship which grounded in Galway Bay in 1858. This ship was specially chartered for the service to launch the newest and shortest route to America, by sailing into Galway Bay on the 16th of June 1858. Inside Galway Bay is Margareta Rock, which was well known to all, especially to the crew on board. Despite this, the ship ran aground on to Margareta Rock and the incident was said to be an act of sabotage by the British routers at the time.

—Have you seen the rock of Gibraltar? Mr Bloom inquired. The sailor grimaced, chewing, in a way that might be read as yes, ay or no.

—Ah, you've touched there too, Mr Bloom said, Europa point, thinking he had, in the hope that the rover might possibly by some reminiscences but he failed to do so, simply letting spirt a jet of spew into the sawdust, and shook his head with a sort of lazy scorn.

—What year would that be about? Mr B interrogated. Can you recall the boats? Our soi-disant sailor munched heavily awhile hungrily before answering:

—I'm tired of all them rocks in the sea, he said, and boats and ships. Salt junk all the time.

Nora Barnacle and her Galwegian background provided James Joyce with a deep wealth of inspiration, which was evidently profound enough to produce some of the greatest literacy works of the 20th Century.

## Notes

1. <https://currachbooks.com/product/joyce-county/>
2. <https://www.theparisreview.org/blog/2018/02/02/james-joyces-love-letters-dirty-little-fuckbird/>
3. <https://www.jstor.org/stable/25535707>

# Ten things about Joyce

ROCCO CAIRA

Honorary Consul of Ireland, Bilbao, Bizkaia, Spain

## INTRODUCTION

Writing about James Joyce is sheer and utter joy for those who actually understand him, but a bit of an uphill challenge (and I mean uphill in the barefooted Croagh Patrick sense of the word) for those of us who don't. Having said that, I have to admit that I quite enjoyed reading *Dubliners*, until I got to *The Dead*. That last hurdle almost got the better of me. And of course, *Ulysses* has proven to be totally insurmountable. So as Covid-19 has put paid to any possibility of climbing Croagh Patrick in the short term, I will endeavour to put together a few words about Joyce, but hopefully without it resulting in too much self-inflicted chastisement. Now as it happens, there are a few things related to Joyce on which I feel I can comment, and indeed some of which I can even associate with. So here's my Top 10 list of Joyce-related topics:

### 1. Martello towers

Joyce had one, and in fact, so had I. His was in Sandycove, and mine on Sandymount strand, not far from where I lived. I always thought the name came from the Italian word for hammer, but in fact it seems to come from the fact that these towers were inspired by a Genovese fortress at Mortella in Corsica. So somewhere along the way the vowels were switched around. Such switching around of sounds, vowels and consonants is referred to as a spoonerism, which you have to be very careful to avoid with certain words or phrases, such as *hope in your soul*.

### 2. The scrotumtightening sea

And snot green too. This is pure magic. I cannot think of a more precise and vivid description for anything. And I can vouch for both the colour of the water on the south side of Dublin and the physiological effect of entering it, once past knee-level (Fig. 1). Perhaps because of my Mediterranean genes, but the tightening

effect in my case was so great that it always felt like the contents had been fired upwards to just under my chin.

### 3. February

Joyce was born in February, and so was I. February is without a doubt the most miserable month of the year. The cold of the winter has well and truly set in, and the respite the spring brings is still a long way off. It is undoubtedly the month during which the scrotumtightening effect of the Irish Sea reaches its apex (and not Christmas Day at the Forty Foot as many believe).

### 4. Ringsend

To me, Ringsend represented the rougher edges of the Dublin 4 area I always lived in. Nowadays, it has managed to maintain that character of Dublin we all love so much but which has become so elusive. But of course, to Joyce it meant much more.



Fig. 1. An anonymous individual taking a scrotumtightening bath./ reckon that's about as tight as it can get. At least he's wearing gloves.



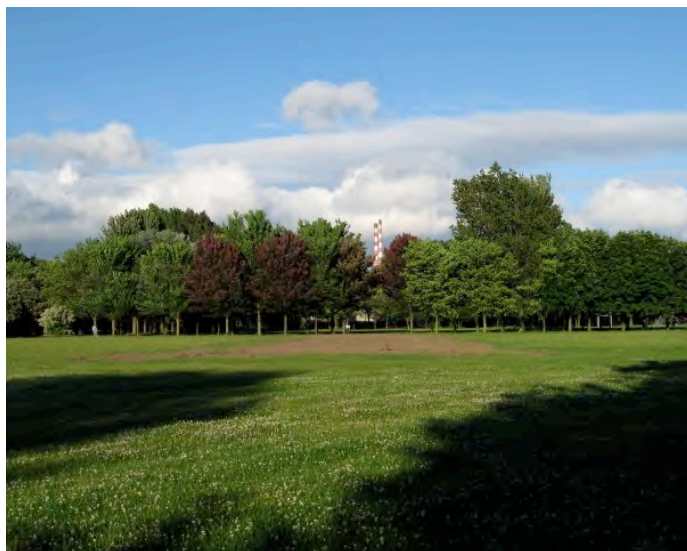
**About the author:** Rocco Caira, born in Dublin in 1960, is a graduate of Trinity College Dublin and University College Dublin, a solicitor and "abogado" by profession. He holds a Ph.D. from the Universidad del País Vasco – Euskal Herriko Unibertsitatea (UPV/EHU). He is a founding member of *LagunCàra* and Honorary Consul of Ireland in Bilbao.

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**Fig. 2. Ringsend Park today.** *Could it have happened in among those trees? The two phallic symbols in the background (courtesy of the ESB) are purely coincidental.*

It seems he was on a memorable date there with his moth Nora Barnacle (Fig. 2). So memorable was the visit to Ringsend, that Joyce ended up spending at least eight years writing a book to immortalise the date (16th June, 1904, nowadays Bloomsday!).

### 5. Self-imposed exile

But didn't he make good use of it. He was born in Ireland when it was politically part of the United Kingdom, spent time in Trieste when it was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and then Paris when it was part of ... France. A cosmopolitan lifestyle which never distracted him from, but rather seems to have pushed him to, writing about his country, to which he has contributed so much (although any official recognition was lacking at the time of his death).

### 6. Oliver St. John Gogarty

A friend of Joyce, and a pub in Temple Bar. If you're looking for a traditional Irish pub and you're American, try it out.

### 7. The Jesuits

Joyce studied at Clongowes and later at Belvedere College. I went to a Marist institution, Marian College in Ballsbridge, but a lot of my classmates in Trinity were from Belvedere College, and while studying at the Law Society in Blackhall Place, I befriended a group of Clongowes former students. All of them are still good friends. There is no doubt a Jesuit education leaves a mark, as anyone who studied in *Jesuitas* in Bilbao or Deusto University will confirm. I now lecture at Deusto, and a long time ago I played a few matches with Old Belvedere. I borrowed a jersey from a

neighbour of my parents who was a chemist and had played with them even longer ago. The jersey consequently held a great deal of sentimental value. During my first match, the back was ripped clean off the jersey (you were allowed tackle around the neck and shoulders back then). I had to have it professionally repaired before immediately giving it back and buying one of my own, which I still have.

### 8. First publication when aged 9

I also have that claim to fame, although in my case it was a letter to the *Hornet* boys' comic in 1969. Or it may have been the *Valiant* or the *Hotspur*, but definitely wasn't the *Beano*. Anyway, I was rewarded with a fishing set.

### 9. Ernest Hemingway

Now Hemingway I can read until the cows come home. It seems he claimed that when he went out drinking with Joyce, Joyce would get into fights. Quite frankly, I'm not surprised. Anyone who goes out drinking with someone who's capable of downing four bottles of wine before taking a swim in *La Concha* (removing any possibility of a scrotum tightening occurring at any time of the year) is greatly increasing his chances of getting into a fight.

### 10. Éamon Roche

Éamon admired Joyce, and I admired Éamon. I must admit I also admire Joyce, although I am not passionate about him. Éamon was passionate about Joyce and would talk about him with the same fervour as I would when talking about sports cars or rugby. I don't miss Joyce, but I miss Éamon. I remember him often, including whenever I see the copy of *Ulysses* (which I acquired inspired by Éamon's enthusiasm) at the front of the bookshelf. I will get past the first few pages someday, possibly when age endows me with the necessary wisdom and patience.



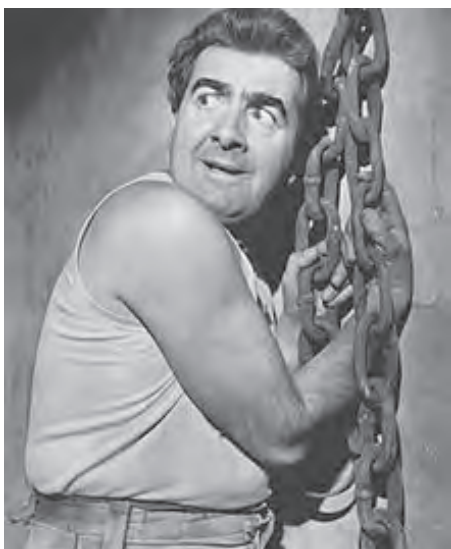
**Fig. 3. All aboard!** *Éamon receiving the ship's crest from the Commanding Officer of the L.E. Emer when it visited Bilbao in September 2004.*

## An undiminished appetite for Joyce

BILL FLEMING

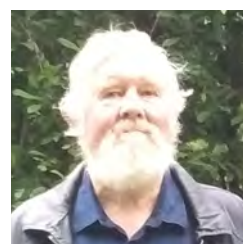
Eltham, London, U.K.

I first met "*Ulysses*" not on paper, but sitting in a smoky cinema watching the very 60s film version produced by Joseph Strick with Milo O'Shea as Leopold Bloom (Fig. 1). That's a respectably competent modern-dress black-and-white affair, now brilliantly surpassed by the 2003 "Bloom" directed by Sean Walsh (buy the DVD, it's magnificent!). Shortly after seeing the film version, I acquired on its appearance the handsome Penguin Modern Classics edition which was the 3000th Penguin. A moment of great import comparable with



**Fig. 1. Milo O'Shea (1926-2013)** acting as Leopold Bloom in Joseph Strick's 1967 film version of *Ulysses*.

the striking of the match in "*Aeolus*", determining the subsequent course of my life. The best "*Ulysses*" you can get today is the Penguin "Annotated Students' Edition" created by Declan Kiberd using the 1961 Bodley Head edition with added line numbering.

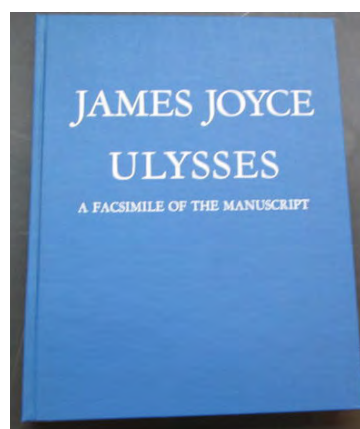


**About the author:** Bill Fleming. Married to Isabelle since 1977, 1 s., 1 d. 1st Class Degree in French and Italian subsid. from University College London as a mature student. Been on University Challenge and Mastermind. Various jobs at University of Provence, British Telecom, Qualifications and Curriculum Authority. Last job before retirement: hearing assistant to a profoundly deaf professor at UCL. Retired to read full-time in 2014.

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**Fig. 1. Facsimile edition of Joyce's manuscript of *Ulysses***, published jointly by Faber (London) and the Rosenbach Foundation (Philadelphia), in 1975.

For over 50 years since 1969 I've read it intermittently with the enthusiasm of Ezra Pound's first encounter with "*A Portrait*". As a student of Romance languages I've also enjoyed it in two Spanish versions, that of J.M. Valverde and a Mexican one from 1984; an Italian one which uses a hotly contested German professor's garbled version; and the two great French ones, the original 1928 translation produced under Joyce's guidance and the supreme one from the 2004 centenary year, a cool collaboration between professional translators and writers sharing out chapters between them but retaining the "*Oxen of the Sun*" gestation of English prose effort from the 1928 version.

Although I'm often distracted by Dante, Erasmus, Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare and Cervantes (any one of whom would repay a lifetime's attention), not to mention shorter grapples with Beckett, Borges, Calvino and Perec, it is always a pleasure to pick up "*Ulysses*" or "*Finnegans Wake*" with undiminished appetite.





**Fig. 2. Nora Barnacle with James Joyce around 1909.** *The disdain which Joyce often encountered was not particular to just Ireland; it was not unlike that received by Sigmund Freud, in far off Austria!*

be said to delight in Molly's "yes, yes, yes" orgasmic crescendo at the end of the novel, her pleasure in some way being his too.

Everydayness and sexuality; two of the fundamental axes of human life. But Joyce went even further to explore the farthest reaches of human nature, partly in thanks to his earlier Jesuit education (*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam!*<sup>5</sup>). Like many of us, he would have been repeatedly exposed on Sundays to the "authoritative" theological concepts of Transubstantiation, Incarnation, Faith... Why these doctrines were so important to so many may have niggled at him throughout his life. In *Ulysses*, Joyce the priest-artist skillfully transforms the substance of everydayness into something divine, a life well worth living. Joyce experiences the long sought-after Divine, not in the esoteric mystical realms of spiritualism, but rather in the incarnate realm of the bits and pieces of everydayness, in "the little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" (Wordsworth). He does of course frustrate the reader by failing to provide straightforward order, meaning and doctrine, precisely because the new meaning he has found is supra-rational, not limited to the thinking mind. His faith is based, not on thought or beliefs, but rather on a personal experience of the Divine in the human. His "yes, yes, yes" response at the closure of *Ulysses* may also have been intended to express just this, his fundamental Yes to life, reminiscent of biblical Abraham's "Yes", the very essence and foundation of faith!

These are some of the gems I have found in Joyce. In 1992, my dear sister gave me a birthday present of Joyce's *Ulysses* (student edition). I got to around page 360, and it remained there on my bookshelf for almost 15 years gathering dust till our late President Éamon Roche encouraged us members of the Irish Basque Association *Laguncara* ([www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)) to have a look at *Ulysses* again. And this we have been doing for the past 8 years, every year around 16th June. Éamon was a great teacher! His effective educational stimuli were his enthusiasm, his passion for Joyce and his life itself, which was indeed well worth living!

*Mila esker<sup>6</sup>, Joyce jauna; mila esker Éamon jauna.*

## Notes

My thanks to friends Joe Linehan and Paul Johnson for corrections and improvements to this essay.

1. James Augustine Aloysius Joyce (almost as pretentious as the name of his elder, also Dublin-born, compatriot Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde!) was born in 1882 in Rathgar, Dublin, Ireland and died in 1941 in Zürich, Switzerland. He is considered to be one of the most influential and critically successful authors of the 20th century, but was surprisingly never nominated for a Nobel Prize!

2. "*Ulysses*" is the title of his novel published in 1922. It is considered to be one of the most important works in modernist literature. The name *Ulysses* is the Latinized name of *Odysseus*, the hero of Homer's epic poem the *Odyssey*, which tells of the 10-year voyage and adventures of the hero to reach his home on the island of Ithaca after the Trojan War.

3. Gerard Manley Hopkins is famous for his incarnational poem "*The world is charged with the grandeur of God*". He spent the last 5 years of his life in Dublin and was as much unrecognized during his lifetime as Joyce was ignored.

4. Bloomsday, 16th June, is an international commemoration of the life and work of Joyce. The single day depicted in his novel *Ulysses*, in which Leopold Bloom is the protagonist, takes place on 16th June 1904, the day in which Joyce had his first date, in real life, with his wife-to-be, Nora Barnacle.

5. Motto of the Jesuits, incidentally founded by Iñigo de Loyola, a little village in the Basque Country near Donostia-San Sebastian, meaning "To the Greater Glory of God". Joyce, due to his Catholic formation, was well versed in Latin.

6. "*Mila*" in euskera means a thousand, "*Mila esker*", literally being "a thousand thanks". This is similar to the Irish effusive greeting "*Céad Mile Failte*", which means "a hundred, thousand welcomes". Both Irish and Basque are more effusive in this regard than the French "*merci beaucoup*" (many thanks) and the Spanish "*muchas gracias*" (many thanks).



# Ulysses ... in Basque!!

Vitoria-Gasteiz, 2019-06-16



<p><b>ULYSSES</b></p> <p>Stately<sup>1</sup>, <b>plump</b><sup>2</sup> Buck Mulligan</p> <p>came <b>from</b><sup>3</sup> the stairhead<sup>4</sup>, bearing<sup>5</sup> a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed.</p> <p>A yellow<sup>2</sup> dressgown, ungirdled<sup>6</sup>, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning<sup>2</sup> air.</p> <p>He held the bowl aloft and intoned: <i>Introibo ad altare Dei</i></p>	<p><b>ULISES</b></p> <p>Punpeziatz<sup>1</sup>, Buck Mulligan <b>potoloa</b><sup>2</sup>,</p> <p>xaboi-aparra katilu batean eta haren gainean ispilu bat eta bizar-labana gurutzatza<sup>8</sup> tuta zeramatzala<sup>5</sup>, <b>eskailburutik</b><sup>3</sup> etorri zen<sup>4</sup>.</p> <p>Goizeko haize epelak<sup>7</sup> orekan eusten zion haren bizkaraldean gerrian lotu gabeko txabusina hori<sup>2</sup> bati<sup>6</sup>.</p> <p>Katilua buruz gain altxatu, eta intonatu zuen: <i>Introibo ad altare Dei</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">Xabier Olarra, itzultzailea</p>	<p><b>Notes: some characteristics of Euskara</b></p> <p><b>1. Adverbs</b> are often expressed in Basque (euskara) with “-z”.</p> <p><b>2.</b> Whereas <b>adjectives</b> in English come before the noun (e.g. a red car), they often come after the noun in Euskara.</p> <p><b>3.</b> Instead of <i>prepositions</i>, <i>postpositions</i> are used in Euskara.</p> <p><b>4.</b> Whereas the main verb comes after the subject in English (in this case, Buck Mulligan), it tends to come at the end of the sentence in Basque.</p> <p><b>5.</b> The <i>-ing</i> gerund is rendered as <i>-(e)la</i> in Euskara.</p> <p><b>6.</b> Note again complete inversion of sequence, with the idea at the beginning in English appearing at the end in Basque!</p> <p><b>7.</b> Note the famous Basque “<b>ergative</b>” case in which a <b>K</b> marks the <b>active</b> subject.</p> <p><b>8.</b> TZA, TZI, TZE are very common sounds in Basque.</p>
<p>his heart was going like mad and <b>yes I said yes I will Yes.</b></p>	<p>...eta <b>bai</b> esan ninan <b>bai</b> nahi dut <b>Bai.</b></p>	<p>XabierLete’s poem “Stardust” reflects the same idea of ultimate victory of the “YES!” over the nihilistic “No”: “ezaren gudaz <b>baietza</b> sortuz”</p>

## Here comes everybody

PAUL JOHNSTON

*Belfast International Language Academy, Belfast, Ireland and Bilbao, Bizkaia, Spain*

When I was asked if I would like to contribute some words on James Joyce and on Éamon Roche's role in bringing Bloomsday to Bilbao along with Seamus and myself, the first thing I did was listen to Count John McCormack's "*Love's Old Sweet Song*"<sup>1</sup>. That song, like no other of the many songs and chamber music associated with Joyce, captures the essence; the sweet, uplifting, lyrical, sincerity which fuses together the kaleidoscopic parts of *Ulysses*, his most timeless masterpiece. Softly, as it were, the memory of that day, "*wove itself into my dream*".

I don't remember clearly, but I think it was in *The Wicklow*<sup>2</sup>, early in 2013, that I first met Éamon to discuss Bloomsday and celebrating it in Bilbao, having talked briefly about it with him at the *LagunCara* (Irish-Basque Association) Christmas fiesta. His enthusiasm or to use a Joycean word "alacrity", for Joyce was deep, intuitive, knowledgeable and infectious. Over a few pints we sketched out a rough outline of what we believed was achievable. We knew that there had to be 3 central elements: a sea scene, a cemetery scene, and a, you guessed it, pub scene. The pub scene, it was conclusively and definitively decided, should be, in keeping with our national decorum, kept to the last. On that blueprint, proceedings proceeded.

Over the months a plan took shape until finally it was submitted to *LagunCara* for rubber stamping. We would meet in Bilbao, take the train from Atxuri to Mundaka, where readings from the novel's beginning, the *Telemachus* chapter, would take place. From Mundaka we would head from swerve of shore to bend of bay, by a *commodius vicus* of recirculation, to Gernika, where we would very symbolically, beside her famous tree, read out a section from *Hades* or the cemetery scene in the book. Our final destination would involve strolling the short distance through the town to *Scanlan's Tavern*, for a few more readings, songs and for what we'll call euphemistically, well earned refreshments, or, or, or...just copious amounts of fresh Guinness! (see the original 2013

programme at the end of this paper).

I've great memories from that day (Figs. 1,2), which ended with our motley Edwardian dressed crew of bacchanals and troubadours signing one last, final, happy, emphatic time, on the terrace of Pat's bar in the fading June evening sunshine, "*Love's Old Sweet Song*"; Seamus holding up the words for us, more needed the last than they had been the first, when we had sang it with morning sheepishness on the train leaving Atxuri station. (Joyce would applaud the use of subordinate clauses in this paragraph).

Unfortunately, Éamon, who had helped with the organising, wasn't able to join in the *bonhomie*, as he'd to be in Dublin, but by taking part in the Bloomsday celebrations there, he was certainly with us in spirit. I also remember from around that time, an email from Éamon, in which he marvelled at cracking, finally, "*Finnegans*



**Fig. 1. Paul giving his "spiel" at the first Basque Bloomsday get-together in Gernika (2013).** Image, courtesy of Pat Scanlan.



**About the author:** Paul Johnston (Belfast, 1971). Teacher of History and English. BA in History and English from University College Cork, Ireland (2000); Higher Diploma in Education (HDip) in History and English from UCC (2004). I've lived on and off in the Basque Country for 20 years and I spend my time between Belfast, where I manage a language academy ([www.bil.academy](http://www.bil.academy)) and Bilbao, where my partner Itziar and son Amets live. My Great Loves are History and Literature, especially the Age of Enlightenment and the works of Flann O'Brien.

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**Fig. 2. The first Basque Bloomsday in Gernika (2013)** with Paul first on left (sitting) attentively listening to Oisín Breatnach on the tin whistle. Every year since then, the Irish Basque Association LagunCara has been celebrating Bloomsday in various Basque cities (Bilbao, Donostia-San Sebastian, Vitoria-Gasteiz). Photo, courtesy of Pat Scanlan.

*Wake*", Joyce's notoriously difficult last work; I won't use the term novel, even loosely. He had gotten hold of *"The Wake"* in audiobook form, had listened to it, and it had thus, miraculously opened up to him. He advised me, as I had told him that I had tried reading it and found it impregnable, that *"Finnegans Wake"* had to be read or heard out loud to be understood, and having tried and given up on reading it again last year, I can say that he was right. I don't have much of a to-do list, but listening to *"The Wake"*, as I think I'd be thrown out of the house if I read it myself out loud, on Éamon's recommendation, is still certainly on it.

My own love for Joyce's writing stretches back to when I was



**Fig. 3. The second Basque Bloomsday in Bilbao (2014).** Photo, courtesy of Pauline Mann.

in my late teens. I can say that I have read all of his major works, apart from *"The Wake"*, including *"Stephen Hero"*, his first draft of *"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"* and his two collections of poetry, *"Chamber Music"*, and *"Pomes Penyeach"*. He is a writer who, like his fellow Dubliners, Samuel Beckett and Brian O'Nolan (AKA Flann O'Brien) wrote nothing but masterpieces. Every time Joyce put pencil to paper, or in his case when writing *"Ulysses"*, coloured crayons, as his sight had and was deteriorating so badly, magic came out. With Beckett and O'Brien he represents the great trinity of Irish literary genius; Joyce the father, Beckett the son, and O'Brien the Holy Ghost.

On first reading *"Dubliners"*, way back when, what really got me hooked on Joyce was his ability to make me see, smell, taste, hear, and feel the paralysed Dublin and Dubliners evoked and presented to the world in that collection of stories. Real people living real lives glimpsed through the rubric of childhood, adolescence, maturity, love, religion, nationality, family life, public life, politics; characters who I identified with, felt. Not forgetting of course the beautiful writing, the eye for detail, the empathy with and the understanding for the characters which shone through the pages.

*"Dubliners"* like *"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"* are autobiographical; they trace Joyce's own childhood, adolescence and maturity. Ultimately though, they are documents which describe a society in decline; an insular, restrictive, doctrinaire, suffocating world, in which the artistic soul can never be fully realised. At the end of *"The Portrait"*, Stephen famously states that he will seek freedom in exile, away from Ireland and Dublin; he will escape the nets of family, nationality, religion and become emotionally, artistically, and intellectually free. Anyone who grew up in Ireland in the '60s, '70s, and '80s, will understand Stephen Dedalus's need to get away and experience the world for themselves. Of course, as many of us who have left Ireland will also, I'm sure, concur, you may leave Ireland but it never truly leaves you.

When Joyce left Ireland in 1904 with his partner Nora Barnacle, they eventually settled in Trieste, Italy, and it was there in 1914, that Joyce began work on *"Ulysses"*, his elegy on the triumph of love; his great paean to Dublin and her people. In exile, Joyce had realised he could never, and would never want to, emotionally and spiritually escape Dublin; he breathed Dublin every day of his life in exile from Dublin and even famously stated, that if Dublin were ever to be destroyed, she could be rebuilt anew from a reading of *"Ulysses"*.

What's so special about *"Ulysses"*? For me, the overriding emotion I feel when I dip in and out of it is connected to its humour and to the humility, honesty, and humanity of Leopold Bloom: simply put, it makes me laugh and smile. *"Ulysses"* has a reputation for being a difficult book, and there are some sections, where Joyce employs different writing styles, which are hard to get your head around, but more than anything else, it's a joyous book which celebrates love and the human condition. Joyce himself was known to get frustrated when hidden meanings with philosophical and psychological connotations were "discovered" by professors of literature, stating simply, why can't people just read it as a funny book?!



**Fig. 4. Basque Bloomsday in Bilbao (2014).** *There were plenty of curious onlookers that day, as Edwardian dressed Irish are not seen everyday in Bilbao! Photo courtesy of Pauline Mann.*

I love the story about the two drunks who go up to Glasnevin to visit the grave of their recently deceased friend, Mulcahy from the Coombe. On asking the grave diggers where he's buried, and on eventually finding the grave after staggering around the cemetery in the foggy evening, one reads the name: Terence Mulcahy, while the other stares blinking up at the statue of Jesus. Then, as a caretaker walks by, the one staring up at the sacred figure is heard saying, *"Not a bit like the man! That's not Mulcahy, whoever done it!"*

The chapter I've read most often is *"Cyclops"*. This takes place in Barney Kernan's pub off Grafton Street. There are few better cures for flu than reading through the scenes and dialogues involving "The Citizen", his mangy dog "Garryowen" by his side, as he pontificates drunkenly on Irish history, national politics and global affairs to other barflies.

*- So of course Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him (Garryowen):*

*- "Give us the paw! Give the paw, doggy! Good old doggy! Give us the paw here! Give us the paw!"*

*- Arrah! Bloody end to the paw he'd paw and Alf trying to keep him tumbling off the bloody stool atop of the bloody old dog and he talking all kinds of drivel about training by kindness and thoroughbred dog and intelligent dog: Give you the bloody pip! Then he starts scrapping a few bits of old biscuit out of the bottom of a Jacob's tin he told Terry to bring. Gob! He galloped it down like old boots and his tongue hanging out of him for more. Near ate the tin and all, the hungry bloody mongrel.*

And *"The Citizen"* himself when Bloom counsels the company, that with love in our hearts, the opposite of hatred, is how we all should live our lives.

*- "A new apostle to the Gentiles, says the citizen. Universal Love!"*

*- "Well, says John Wyse, isn't that what we're told? Love your neighbours."*

*- "That chap? Says the citizen. Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love, Moya! He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet!"*

*- "Well, says I, your very good health and song. More power, citizen."*

*- "The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on you, says the citizen."*

*- And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle!*

The writing is as richly descriptive as the characters of *"Ulysses"* unforgettable. From *"Everyman"* Bloom, to Molly, Buck Mulligan, The Citizen, Hynes, Cunningham, Blazes Boylan, to the forlorn Dedalus, their lives and the Dublinese they use to communicate, sparkle off the pages. Every chapter has a different schematic structure, symbolising smells, sounds (when I hear seagulls I often think of Joyce!), colours, emotions, tastes, states, organs, arts, symbols, places, and of course time. There's a lot packed into its pages, but they are all life affirming, incandescent, funny and human. Joyce himself, in later years, believed that *"Ulysses"* had some inner intrinsic energy, was itself essentially alive, and that he'd somehow been able to spiritually channel Edwardian Dublin while composing it.

Great books have the capacity to enhance us with the power of time travel. They are like those capsules that get buried with trinkets and data from other eras to be disinterred at a later date in the future to give clues as to what life was like before. When I open *"Ulysses"* that's what it does for me: unfolds the world of Dublin on June 16th 1904, transporting me through that one day on a carousel of light, humour, conversation and observation; my senses enlivened, on my traipse I am always accompanied by a host of now almost old friends: high falutin' stuff indeed!

On our next Bloomsday celebration in Bilbao (Sunday, June 14th, 2020), Éamon won't be far from our thoughts. I'm sure he will very much appreciate our keeping the, by now tradition, going.

Will it be life affirming?

Will songs be sung with happiness and joy?

Will the readings be fresh and the stories well told?

Shall we snatch out of time the passionate transitory?

I will leave the final word to Molly.

**Yes.**

#### Notes:

1. Can be listened to at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=viW5rT2duoc>

Count John McCormack (1884-1945) was a famous Irish tenor, born in Athlone, County Westmeath. In 1928, he received the title of Count from Pope Pius XI in recognition of his work for charities. McCormack and Joyce were contemporaries; in fact, in 1904, Joyce, who apparently had singing ambitions, met not only Nora Barnacle, but also McCormack and they spent several evenings practicing singing together!

2. *The Wicklow Arms*, a famous Irish pub in Bilbao.





*Hold to the NOW, the here,  
through which all future  
plunges to the past.*  
J. Joyce

## Invitation to **CARA Bloomsday** – the James Joyce fiesta!

*James Joyce met and fell in love with Nora Barnacle. The day of their first walk together, 16 June 1904, was immortalized as Bloomsday, during which the entire narrative of his masterpiece Ulysses takes place. To this day, the Irish all over the world celebrate Bloomsday with literary walks and celebrations.*



**Sun. June 16<sup>th</sup> 2013 – All welcome –**

### Programme:

#### **Meeting at Atxuri train station, Bilbao**

- 09.00 h Introduction for all:  
What is Bloomsday? What is Ulysses ... a celebration of life!!
- 09.15 h Take train from Atxuri to Mundaka; arrive in Mundaka at 10.29 am
- 10.30 h Walk to sea-shore.  
First readings: From Telemachus (the first 3 chapters).
- 11.50 h Return to train station to catch the 11.52 to Gernika.
- 12.15 h Arrive in Gernika at 12.11, walk to local cemetery  
Readings there related to Paddy Dignam's funeral.

#### **Meeting at Scanlan's Tavern, Gernika**

- 14.00 h Introduction to Ulysses and select passages  
Burgundy wine and Gorgonzola sandwiches!!  
Raffle, spot prizes for best dressed Bloom couple  
and much more fun

#### **Recommended Dress Code**

White shirt/blouse and straw hat.

**Inquiries to Pol at:**  
[polmacseain@hotmail.com](mailto:polmacseain@hotmail.com)

**Updates at:**  
[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

**Last updated:** Thursday Friday 14<sup>th</sup> June 2013



## "Melonsmellonous osculation" ... *Póg mo thóin*<sup>1</sup>

JOE LINEHAN\*

*Hernani, Gipuzkoa, Spain*

### Introduction

Not being as young as I used to be, I cannot remember when I first tried to read James Joyce's novel, *Ulysses*, nor when I eventually read it through "in one go" for the first and last time. Since then, I have skimmed and scanned it several times, looking for some reference or other, as for this piece for example, or just trying to relive those little experiences or recall that epiphany or other. Never has that Dublin, that Ireland, that world - and their characters - ceased to fascinate me.

While one-upmanship can exist amongst Joyceans and lovers of Ulysses, there is also an inverted snobbery amongst some who decry the novel and say they "hate" it and/or its author. However, disliking or not "understanding" the novel does not mean one is somehow inferior than those who do like or "understand" it; neither does it mean that appreciating it necessarily makes you a "better" woman or man.

The inspiration to read Joyce's seminal work came from an English friend, Bill ("Wes") Fleming, a genuine Joycean junkie, who can read whole chunks of the bloomin' thing off by heart. In more recent years, my interest was rekindled by our late LagunCara President, Éamon Roche, organising for our annual Bloomsday event here in the Basque Country. Moreover, both Bill himself and this, Joyce's "version" of Homer's original hero's odyssey, motivated me somewhere along the line to read the latter, the Greek classic (the English version!).

My first and everlasting memories of Ulysses are related to the five senses with all 5 being tickled in Episode 1 (Telemachus)

with its *The snot green sea. The scrotum tightening sea* (I guess women being excluded from the experience).

### Smell

Those of you who took part in Bloomsday in Bilbao 2018 will remember the lemon-scented soap presented to each participant, referring to the scene in Lotus Eaters (Episode 5) and Bloom's unpurchased acquisition in Sweny's pharmacy: Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax. In the Telemachus episode, I could smell the incense of the mock Mass in the Martello Tower (*Introibo ad altare Dei*) and I can still smell those fried mutton kidneys. Then, Episode 15 (Circe) transports "us up to Monto, Monto"... and the seedy smells of bawdy Nighttown. Back in Episode 12 (Cyclops) and in Barney Kiernan's pub, I can smell spilled stout on the floor mixed with sawdust, transporting me back to my childhood in Waterford city with my Dad... in a downtown drinking establishment. That smell has stayed with me [voice from the gallery: "*What, the recollection or the smell itself?*" ]. You can be sure, a Bloom and a Citizen, etcetera, were there, but I wasn't aware of it at the time. Probably also a Blazing Boiler was absent. Not a clue, either.

### Taste

Apart from the Mulligan-prepared breakfast in Episode 1, at the start of "Book 2" and Episode 4, (Calypso) there's a great description of Bloom's breakfast for Molly and himself. Then lots of food references in Episode 8 and the Lestrygonians (who were cannibals).



**About the author:** Joseph (name of maternal grandfather, an IRB<sup>2</sup> activist and veterinary inspector in the County of Wexford) Charles (handed down from maternal great-grandfather, a teacher in the model agricultural school in Clodagh, County Kilkenny) Patrick (in memory of the "Hail, glorious Saint" one), aka<sup>3</sup> "Joe" Linehan. He has lived, laughed and lacrimated in the Basque Country (Euskal Herria in the vernacular) since 1980, where he worked as a teacher of English and a translator of scientific texts. He has had a number of articles published in Basque and Spanish, but 95% off his screeds<sup>4</sup> were deemed unpublishable or otherwise have remained unpublished. Now, apart from reading and continued unpublishable writing, there is the music (listening) and the hiking of the hills. He also dedicates some time to caring for his tomatoes, onions and "aromatic herbs". His life before 1980 was equally unremarkable. A large part of it, however and in any case, has been censured and/or censored.

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**Fig. 1. 1798 Rebellion leader Miles Byrne's grave at Montmartre cemetery in Paris.** *The nearest I could get, thinking about Stephen Dedalus as a student in Paris in Episode 3 (Proteus) and meeting Fenian Michael Egan. The way the sunlight falls on my head gives a nice hirsute<sup>6</sup> touch (very white, mind you) to my pate<sup>6</sup>. I think I'll get a toupee<sup>7</sup> made; otherwise go around with a sun/star over my bonce!*

### Sight

Also in the Lestrygonians section: they say you can't taste wines with your eyes shut... Also smoke in the dark they say get no pleasure. And Episode 12 (Cyclops) is a metaphor with Joyce sending up those who see/understand the world in a partially or totally limited way, such as the Citizen... "blind to the world" and also because they are so drunk. The Citizen claims that "there's no-one as blind as the fellow that won't see", whereupon Bloom reminds him that "—he can see the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own." [I guess the "he" is the Citizen and the "they" refers to all ignoramuses worldwide]. In Calypso again I can see those Dubliners lounging or sitting on the bar stools in Barney Kiernan's, pints of porter pulled, the obnoxious Citizen and that mangy dog.

### Hearing

The shore sounds on Sandymount strand in Episode 3 (Proteus) and the humping sound

of Gerty McDowell limping away from the beach in Episode 13 (Nausicaa). In Episode 11 (Sirens) Stephen Dedalus' father, Simon gives a rendition of the tragic and melancholic "The Croppy Boy" in the Ormond hotel (I heard or sung that so many times in my County Wexford youth). Bloom resists its siren call and Joyce is again satirising the non-critical and unmethodical Dubliners, drinking and singing their sorrows away with old patriotic songs, while the call to real revolution in Ireland to escape from their political chains to Britain falls on deaf ears.

### Touch

There's a lot of touching, at least in Molly's imaginings, in her soliloquy in the last (Penelope) episode (Father Ted would have said, "Down with that sort of thing"). Effectively, she recalls confession ... *I hate that confession when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but whereabouts on your person my child on the leg behind high up was it where you sit down O Lord couldn't he say bottom right out and have done with it and did you whatever way he put it I forgot no father and I always think of the real father what did he want to know for when I already confessed it to God...*

Was it the traumatic loss of his son Rudy at birth the cause of Bloom shutting himself out from the rest of the world and refusing to be intimate with his wife? Or was it his being aware that she was having an affair with Blazer Boylan? Or both?

In any case, in the end, Bloom lies in bed with Molly and, before falling asleep, he kisses her plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump...with obscure prolonged provocative melonsmellonous osculation, another amalgamation of all the senses but with something else...

Also not so tangible, but the essence of the whole thing – Joyce crafts his narrative so that Bloom's decency and humanity shines through... and throughout: helping Stephen for his future, aiding Paddy Dignam's destitute family, the Purefoy woman in labour



**Fig. 2. Joe Linehan (centre) with two Basques in a Dublin drinking establishment at what must have been the book launch of Paddy Woodworth's "Basque Country".** *The pen is just for show! (5 September 2007).*

and, especially, his "comprehension" of the way his wife Molly is. He is an Everyman, he is a hero ... "with warts an' all". So, yet another moral drawn from the novel: all of us - women and men - are potential heroes, with warts an' all... just like Leopold Bloom.<sup>5</sup>

**Notes**

1. Melonsmellonous osculation" is a reference from Ulysses in which Leopold is referring to Molly's rump (ass). In Irish, this might be translated as "Póg mo thóin", literally "kiss my ass!

2. IRB, Irish Republican Brotherhood.
3. aka, Internet slang for "also known as".
4. Screeed, a piece of long-winded writing.
5. Hirsute, i.e. hairy.
6. Pate, i.e. top of a bald head.
7. Toupee, i.e. wig.

## Discovering Bloomsday in the Basque Country

SUSAN AND JACQUES MANQUIN\*

*Ayherre, French Basque Country*

We discovered Bloomsday in 2018 in Vitoria-Gasteiz (Alava, Basque Country). We arrived as total strangers to the group, but all the members of the aptly-named *Lagun-Cara* association immediately made us feel like old friends and put us at ease straight away. Prior to the event, I had retrieved my unread copy of *Ulysses* which was gathering dust in the bookcase between Liam O’Flaherty and Edna O’Brien. We struggled through a quarter of the book before getting waylaid in Davy Byrne’s, but decided to go to Vitoria nonetheless hoping that our ignorance of the masterpiece would not be too much of a handicap.

Fortunately, we didn’t have to be experts to enjoy the day in Vitoria thanks to the skills of Éamon, whose wealth of knowledge and passionate presentation of the work made it all seem so simple and inspiring. The interesting settings for the various scenes, devised by the local branch of *LagunCara*, were surprisingly convincing and we headed for home eager to resume our reading and get ready for the following Bloomsday. Unfortunately, the good intentions wore off almost as quickly as the effect of the wine we enjoyed at lunch with the group afterwards.

However, on a trip to Dublin later that year, we visited the Joyce Centre and bought the film version which was a little easier to get through. In 2019, we returned to Vitoria, keen to meet everyone again and hoping to get some more insight into the book. Unfortunately, Éamon could not be with us but his friends ensured an equally entertaining Bloomsday. He will be sorely missed but he can rest assured in the

knowledge that other members of *LagunCara* will carry on his legacy in a competent and inspiring manner.



Fig. 1. The poster for the 2018 Basque Bloomsday which Susan and Jacques attended.



**About the authors:** Susan, a language teacher and translator, was born in Donegal, grew up in Belfast and studied in Dublin (BA, TCD; H.Dip.Ed, QUB). Her love of the Basque Country dates back to a summer job in San Sebastian in 1972. Jacques, an engineer, was born and raised in Paris and has worked in the Congo. They both worked in Ireland, France and Norway for many years before retiring to Ayherre in 2010.

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## Who goes with Éamon?

SEAMUS MCQUAID

*LagunCara Vice-President, Vitoria-Gasteiz, Alava, Spain*

I am a slow reader, I like to mull over the ideas that arise as I read and let my mind wander. Maybe that's why I have always been selective about the books I choose; if I can't read many, may they be the best ones! In my youth I came to recognize the impression created by Joyce among proper (fast) readers. After the encouragement of *Dubliners*, I read "*Portrait ...*" as a young man. Many of the young artists anxieties resonated with mine, but others confused and irritated me. Curiously, last summer I came across a copy of the book "*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*" when on holiday at home. Within a few pages I was intrigued by every word and I finished it in a matter of days. What, apart from half a lifetime, had changed since the first time I read the book?

Among the group of people led by Éamon who restarted the association, David Fogarty had the patience and imagination to edit a Newsletter and to encouraged us to contribute articles. One of the first I remember was by Éamon and the subject was Joyce's *Ulysses*. It seemed to me that he was a reader beyond my reach, but I was struck by his passion. Later, I recall Paul Johnson during the Dance Workshop in Otxarkoaga suggesting to celebrate "Bloomsday". I really had no idea about *Ulysses* but I was intrigued by there being a song at the heart of it: "*Loves old sweet song*". I began reading the book. It was not easy going, but at least the first half of it seemed to reward a slow read. *The Citizen* was magnificent and reminded me of my father (and therefore of myself). That was *Cyclops: the One Eyed Monster*, Joyce's parody of

Nationalism. He seems to know just where to hit you, to make you shake to your foundations. The second half of the book drew from within me a stubborn resistance not to resign. Why did he make it so difficult to follow? But at last, with Molly's triumphant affirmation, I had finished the book!

While Éamon was celebrating Bloomsday in Dublin, he was delighted to hear about our first parallel celebration here in 2013,



**Fig. 1. The 2013 First Basque Bloomsday in Gernika.** For the programme, see the index of *Basque Bloomsdays* at the end of this booklet.



**About the author:** Seamus McQuaid is a product engineer. In 1990 he obtained his PhD on semiconductor device design from the University of Manchester (UK) and moved to the Universidad Autónoma de Madrid as a European Research Fellow. He subsequently worked in telecommunications at the University of the Basque Country (UPV/EHU) School of Engineering. Seamus is current vice-president of *LagunCara*.

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**Fig. 2. (Above) First Basque Bloomsday in Vitoria-Gasteiz.** Sat. 16th June, 2018 organized by Seamus. In the absence of our president Éamon, Seamus is continuing the role of promoting Bloomsday in the Basque Country. **(Below)** The poster for the 2019 Bloomsday in Vitoria-Gasteiz.



from Bilbao to Urdaibai, to Pat Scanlan's Ithaca (Fig. 1). He encouraged us by coming along to the Dance Workshop, armed with extracts from the book. Yeats would have asked *Who goes with Fergus?* "You'd make a great Mr Deasy" he told me. Now, you might think that being compared to a Northern Unionist given to offer unsolicited advice and proclaim his own ignorance, might be a slight. But *Ulysses* is filled with real people, flawed people, like the gods of Ancient Greece, all parodied with a generosity underlined by the words of "Loves Old Sweet Song". I was honoured. We have celebrated Bloomsday every year since (Fig. 2), in many different places, made new friends along the way. There is something joyous about a group of people, wherever they may be, pausing from time to time to share readings from a book. But one of the things that makes *Ulysses* special probably comes from the fact that it wasn't so much written as rewritten. You can open it anywhere and enjoy reading a few pages. Like a Greek epic, you already know the story, you have already heard it so many times, yet it seems to evolve with each reading. Every sentence seems to be loaded with a charge of mystery that reveals insights into others. Every word seems to be specifically chosen to be savoured. The more you discover, the more intrigued you are. But it is that over-riding spirit of generosity, a dedication of a great mind to his people at a historic turning point in their history, a celebration of real people in real places, people like you and me here right now, on this mythical voyage that is life.

Thanks Éamon.

## I finished it, I did yes I did yes yes Yes!

PAT MULROY

Treasurer of LagunCara, Bizkaia, Spain

It may have taken a pandemic but I just finished Molly's soft porn soliloquy at the end of Joyce's *Ulysses*. The dramatic finale to a book I started reading at least 3 years ago. But what possessed me to start this cryptic masterpiece you may ask. To be honest it was not a book that appealed to me. It looked like too much hard work. I had read *Dubliners* and liked it. That particular book uses very accessible language and transports you back to a Dublin of more than 100 years ago, but it could be a few days ago. *Ulysses* is a different beast. Too cryptic, I thought, and exclusively for the literary types of which I never really pegged myself. I'd vaguely heard of the prohibition and the controversy around it. Plenty of graphic descriptions of bodily functions and taboo subjects ensured that. Whilst that all gave the book a bit of intrigue for me it was not enough for me to tackle it.

But the enthusiasm of a certain Eamon Roche was infectious. He arrived to a lunch we held with our Irish and Basque friends after one of the famous Seamus McQuaid Irish Dancing troupe classes with printouts of *Ulysses*, Chapter 1 complete with notes on every line of the book. I got the idea then that Joyce was in the great Irish tradition taking on all the establishment forces and -isms around at the time. The Church in chapter one. Nationalism later on with *The Citizen*. Imperialism, anti-semitism, ... I think the Irish experience living with the imposition and injustices of foreign influence for so many years gives an interesting perspective on a lot of the powerful forces of the 20th Century.

The book was written in 1920 and set in one day (16th June!) in Dublin in 1904. A few years after the book is set, we had the Easter Rising in Dublin. That would have been recent history for Joyce but Ireland was in the middle of a civil war, Partition and Independence were soon to follow from what was then an Empire spanning the globe. Some years after that we had the rise of Nazi Germany and

the Holocaust. The book gives an insight into how people were thinking and the attitudes around at that time.

Apart from all that though the book is about relationships that we can all relate to. A dad who lost a son and a son looking for a dad. Life and Love in all its glorious detail. The book is hard to read and there are parts that remain opaque to me. Joyce said himself that he filled it with enough enigmas to keep the professors busy for years. Well, Eamon helped one person unpick the first few enigmas and got a new fan for *Ulysses*.



Fig. 1. James Joyce Statue, Dublin (Ireland). Photograph by Etiennekd from commons.wikimedia.org.



**About the author:** Pat is an engineer with over 25 years of experience working in the telecommunications and energy sectors on internet and communications technology. He holds a B.Eng. in Electrical and Electronic Engineering from Heriot-Watt University, Edinburgh, a PhD in Video Coding from Dublin City University and is a Chartered Engineer with the IET. Currently working as a Research Engineer in Ormazabal, a provider of Medium Voltage electricity distribution technology in the Basque Country, Spain. Research position investigating smart grid technologies, asset management and power-line communications in electrical distribution networks. Formerly worked for over 12 years with British Telecoms at the BT Labs, Ipswich, U.K. as a Principal Researcher. Pat is treasurer of *LagunCara*.



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## Onaindia's odyssey: from ETA to Nighttown

PADDY WOODWORTH

Stoneybatter, Dublin, Ireland

I avoided reading *Ulysses* for as long as possible, until I was shamed into doing so in the early 1990s by Mario Onaindia, an ETA<sup>1</sup> leader sentenced to death at the notorious 1970 Burgos trial. You may well be wondering how a dead man from another country propelled me to take on the masterwork of Ireland's Greatest Writer, when I had been too damned lazy to read him previously.

Well, the Vatican is partly to blame, because the then Pope persuaded Franco to commute the Burgos death sentences. So Onaindia survived to make a long and convoluted political journey that remains contentious. He was a leading ideologue of *ETA politico-militar*, and later of EIA<sup>2</sup> and *Euskadiko Ezkerra*, before finally becoming so alienated from the violent campaign of *ETA-militar*, and indeed from Basque nationalism generally, that he ended up in the bosom of the PSOE<sup>3</sup>. He died of cancer in 2003.

When I went to live in the Basque Country in 1975 I was a member of *Official Sinn Fein (OSF)*, a party which was then in the midst of a somewhat similar evolution to Onaindia's. I followed his organisation's progress with interest, if not always with admiration. But I did not meet the man himself until the early 1990s in Dublin, where I was a journalist with *The Irish Times*, but still regularly reporting on the Basque conflict.

Onaindia contacted me to tell me he was making a TV series entitled, I kid you not, *El ocaso del terrorismo en Europa*. His programme was asking an interesting question. The insurgent European left that emerged from the ferment of the 1968 street protests had given birth to many armed groups, some of which for a time had profiles as high, or higher, than those of the IRA and ETA: the Red Army Faction (*Baader-Meinhof*) in Germany, the Red Brigades and *Primera Linea*, among others, in Italy, *Action Directe* in France. How come, his programme was asking, had it arisen that, 20 years later, only the IRA and ETA remained stand-

ing, as it were, while all the others had more or less evaporated?

I had left OSF (by then the Workers' Party), in 1984, disenchanted with its continuing subterranean militarism, the links of its leadership to the Soviet orbit, and its bizarre love affair with Unionism. But I was still on good terms with many members. Onaindia wanted to know if I could put him in touch with them, and with prominent ideologues like Conor Cruise O'Brien. As I recall, he made his own contacts with the Provos: quite oddly, *ETA politico-militar* had formed a misaligned alliance with them in the 1970s, and some personal friendships had persisted.

I remember a couple of things about his visit (and yes, dear reader, if you've been this patient enough to stay with me to this point, I will get to *Ulysses* soon). Firstly, while Onaindia was no longer a Basque nationalist, he was still a Basque gastronome.



Fig. 1. "*The Basque Country*" by Paddy Woodworth (right) and "*Catalonia*" by Michael Eade (left) were launched in London in 2007 by Paul Preston (centre), author of the definitive biography of Franco.



**About the author:** Paddy Woodworth (Ireland 1951) holds a B.A. in English from Trinity College Dublin. He is an author, journalist, lecturer and tour guide. He has published two books on Basque matters: *The Basque Country* (Oxford, 2008) and *Dirty War, Clean Hands: ETA, the GAL and Spanish Democracy* (Yale 2002). He has reported on Spain for *The Irish Times* since 1979, and lives in Ireland. He is currently Research Associate, Missouri Botanical Garden, St Louis, USA and Adjunct Senior Lecturer, School of Languages and Literatures, University College Dublin, Ireland.

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**Fig. 2. Mario Onindia (top right),** in *Burgos prison* where he read and absorbed *Ulysses*.

He couldn't believe that Dublin restaurants served such good food. His only previous experience on our island had been as a house guest of the Belfast Provos in the 1970s. They had filled him with Guinness, then fed him burnt bacon sangers in dark backrooms. Worse, when they woke this confirmed atheist, who by then had a monstrous hangover, they tried to drag him off to Sunday Mass. So he was ecstatic to find *crab roulade* instead of rashers on his plate at the restaurant of Mulligan's of Parkgate Street.

I asked him what he had made of Conor Cruise O'Brien, then Unionism's very best friend in Dublin. "*It was a pleasure*" he said to me, wryly acknowledging the twists and turns of his own evolution, "*to find somebody on the left who was still on my right.*"

At the end of the shoot, he had a day spare, and he told me he was an ardent James Joyce reader. In fact, he was a voracious reader, period, known to his comrades in prison as *Último Libro* because that was what he always wanted to talk about, the last book he had read.

So, in Dublin, he wanted to follow every step of Bloom's journey, filming at each location, to later use as a backdrop to a Bloomsday TV show with Iberian literary figures (that bit never happened, to my knowledge). Through that long day and night, I was awed to find this once iconic Basque revolutionary holding forth to camera with multi-layered and learned interpretations of every major

scene in the book. He made me painfully aware that I was still only barely familiar with a handful of them. So much for a TCD<sup>4</sup> honours degree in English...

We had some interesting encounters en route. Especially when shooting in Montgomery Street (Nighttown). This was no longer the red light district of Joyce's recollection, having been cleansed by the Legion of Mary after Independence. But it was now one of the epicentres of Dublin's heroin pandemic. We had two fancy cars and a lot of TV equipment. I suggested to Mario that it was unwise to film there at night under these circumstances, but he was undeterred. In the event, only one person accosted our out-of-place crew. He was a middle-aged, inner city Dubliner. He was very drunk, but he wanted to tell his story to the television. He was, he told us, on the way home from his son's funeral, dead of an overdose at 18. Joyce's Dublin had descended to new and grotesque catacombs.

But my abiding memory of that whole experience is the fact that this Basque had read and absorbed *Ulysses* from every angle while in a prison cell, and his Irish guide had still not managed to finish it. I've read it twice since, so belated thanks, Mario, for pushing me to do so.

Here's my tuppenceworth: like *Moby Dick*, which I've only got to in the last decade (slow starter or what?), Joyce's *Ulysses* is alternately rich and brilliant, and insufferably self-indulgent and tedious. As for *Finnegans Wake*, well, life is too short, but I'll carry its opening/closing sentence<sup>5</sup> with me till the day I die.

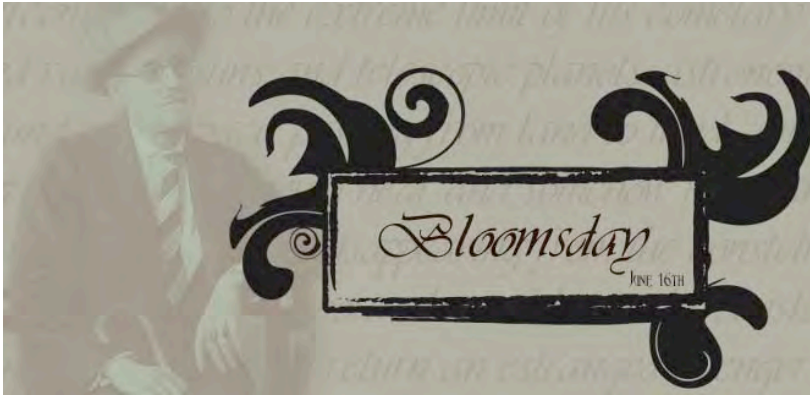
#### Notes:

1. ETA, an acronym for *Euskadi (e)Ta Askatasuna* (the Basque Country and Freedom), was an armed organization set up to fight for an independent and socialist Basque Country under the Franco dictatorship, analogous in some ways to the IRA.
2. EIA, an acronym for *Euskal Iraultzarako Alderdia* (Party for the Basque Revolution) was a Basque political party between 1977 and 1982.
3. PSOE, *Partido Socialista Obrero Español* (Spanish Socialist Workers' Party) is a social-democratic political party in Spain.
4. TCD, Trinity College Dublin.
5. The opening and closing sentence of *Finnegans Wake* is: "*a way a lone a last a loved a long the / riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.*"



# Appendix I

Basque Bloomsday Programmes  
from 2013-2020



*Hold to the NOW, the here,  
through which all future  
plunges to the past.*  
J. Joyce

## Invitation to **CARA Bloomsday** – the James Joyce fiesta!

*James Joyce met and fell in love with Nora Barnacle. The day of their first walk together, 16 June 1904, was immortalized as Bloomsday, during which the entire narrative of his masterpiece Ulysses takes place. To this day, the Irish all over the world celebrate Bloomsday with literary walks and celebrations.*



**Sun. June 16<sup>th</sup> 2013 – All welcome –**

### Programme:

#### **Meeting at Atxuri train station, Bilbao**

- 09.00 h** Introduction for all:  
What is Bloomsday? What is Ulysses ... a celebration of life!!
- 09.15 h** Take train from Atxuri to Mundaka; arrive in Mundaka at 10.29 am
- 10.30 h** Walk to sea-shore.  
First readings: From Telemachus (the first 3 chapters).
- 11.50 h** Return to train station to catch the 11.52 to Gernika.
- 12.15 h** Arrive in Gernika at 12.11, walk to local cemetery  
Readings there related to Paddy Dignam's funeral.

#### **Meeting at Scanlan's Tavern, Gernika**

- 14.00 h** Introduction to Ulysses and select passages  
Burgundy wine and Gorgonzola sandwiches!!  
Raffle, spot prizes for best dressed Bloom couple  
and much more fun

#### **Recommended Dress Code**

White shirt/blouse and straw hat.

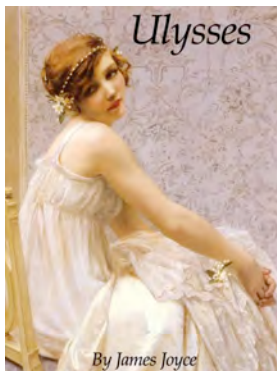
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**Updates at:**  
[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

**Last updated:** Thursday Friday 14<sup>th</sup> June 2013



# What is James Joyce's *Ulysses* all about?



LAGUN  
CARA

Asociación Vasco-Irlandesa  
[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

## Find out now! at the 2014 CARA Bloomsday Fiesta!

The Irish novelist and poet James A. Joyce (1882-1941) is considered by many to be one of the most influential writers in the modernist *avant-garde* of the early 20th century. He fell in love with and later married Nora Barnacle and the day of their first walk together, 16 June 1904, was immortalized as Bloomsday, during which the entire narrative of his masterpiece *Ulysses* takes place. To this day, the Irish in *Euskadi* and all over the world celebrate Bloomsday with literary walks, celebrations and above all, much fun.

**Sun. June 15<sup>th</sup> 2014** – All are welcome to reconnect *Ulysses* to our everyday lives.

### Programme:

**11.15 – 11.30 h** Introduction for all those who want to *trip the light fantastic* into Bloomsday at our Irish/Basque Dance/Language Workshop for Adults & Kids.

What is *Ulysses*? What is Bloomsday? A celebration of the everyday, a celebration of life itself!!

WHERE: Sala de Danzas, Centro Cívico Otxarkoaga Auzo Etxea, Bilbao.

**11.30 – 13.00 h** Dancing classes.

**13.30 – 14.00 h** Introduction for all those who wish to join the Bloomsday celebration in *El Casco Viejo*, Bilbao: What is Bloomsday? What is *Ulysses*? A celebration of the everyday, a celebration of life!! First readings: Selected passages from the first 3 chapters.

WHERE: Restaurante Harrobia, calle de la Torre, Casco Viejo, Bilbao.

**14.00 – 16.30 h** Lunch in Restaurante Harrobia, (Adults: €19,90 + IVA. Children: €11,90 +IVA).

To book lunch please contact Éamon [eamon@trinor.com](mailto:eamon@trinor.com) by Wednesday 11th June.

**16.30 – 19.30 h** Readings, songs, and *craic* including renditions of *Loves old sweet song* at various venues throughout the Casco Viejo and centre of Bilbao.

### Recommended Dress Code

White shirt/blouse and straw hat or whatever takes your fancy...

*"Ulysses was written to celebrate the reality of ordinary people's rounds... [Joyce] believed that by recording the minutiae of a single day, he could release those elements of the marvellous latent in ordinary living, so that the familiar might astonish. The 'everyday' need not be average, but a process recorded as it is lived — with spontaneity and openness to chance.... It is time to reconnect Ulysses to the everyday lives of real people."*

Declan Kiberd in *Ulysses and Us* pp. 10-11.



Inquiries to Éamon at: [eamon@trinor.com](mailto:eamon@trinor.com); Updates at: [www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

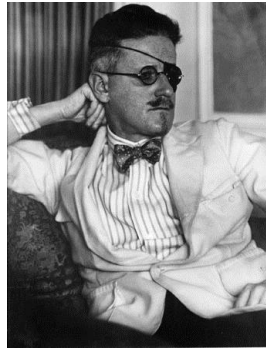
Last updated: Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> June 2014.



## What is James Joyce's *Ulysses* all about?

**Joyceren *Ulysses* zertaz ari da??**

*El *Ulysses* de Joyce, de que se trata???*



Find out now! this Tuesday 16th June at the  
**2015 CARA *Bloomsday* Fiesta**

**Programme to reveal the relevance of *Ulysses* to our everyday lives:**

**19.00 h** Introduction for all those who want to trip the light fantastic into *Bloomsday*. Meet at the **Azkuna Zentroa** (Alhóndiga), street-level where the pillars are. Reading from *Ulysses* Chapter 9 (the halfway point in *Ulysses* and set in National Library) and extract from Chapter 10, set in the streets of Dublin and reproducing a labyrinth in style (there are 18 short interconnected scenes that make up the chapter).

**20.00 h** We then go to Alda. Recalde . c/Egaña intersection to the **bust of Blas de Otero** (inscription "*Pido la paz y la palabra*") to read a brief suitable extract there.

**20.15 h Hotel Indautxu.** More readings in the Patio (e.g. Ch 11 with its Sirens/ Barmaids key symbol; Ch 12 set in a 'tavern' with The Citizen presiding). There is a ship motif in the lower part of the foyer bar in the Hotel where we will read an extract from Ch16 featuring characters who are all concerned with navigation, both urban and maritime, in particular the sailor.

### **Recommended Dress Code**

White shirt/blouse and straw hat preferably

**Inquiries and bookings to Éamon at: [eamon@trinor.com](mailto:eamon@trinor.com)**

**Updates at: [www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com) - Last updated: Friday 5th June 2015.**

**Want to know more? Read this!**

The Irish novelist and poet James A. Joyce (1882-1941) is considered by many to be one of the most influential writers in the modernist avant-garde of the early 20th century. He fell in love with and later married Nora Barnacle and the day of their first walk together, 16 June 1904, was immortalized as *Bloomsday*, during which the entire narrative of his masterpiece *Ulysses* takes place. To this day, the Irish in Euskadi and all over the world celebrate *Bloomsday* with literary walks, celebrations and above all, much fun.

*Ulysses* was written to celebrate the reality of ordinary people's rounds.... [Joyce] believed that by recording the minutiae of a single day, he could release those elements of the marvelous latent in ordinary living, so that the familiar might astonish. The everyday need not be average, but a process recorded as it is lived - with spontaneity and openness to chance.... It is time to reconnect *Ulysses* to the everyday lives of real people.+ Declan Kiberd in *Ulysses and Us* pp. 10-11.



## What is James Joyce's *Ulysses* all about?

Joyce-ren "Ulysses" zertaz ari da??

*De que trata el Ulysses de Joyce???*



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[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)



Find out on **Sunday 19th June** by coming along with CARA to the 2016 **Bloomsday Fiesta in Donostia/San Sebastián**

This special Bloomsday celebration is organized by **Donostia/San Sebastián 2016 European Capital of Culture** in collaboration with the **James Joyce Centre Dublin** and with the participation of the Irish/Basque Association **CARA**. The main activities to highlight the relevance of *Ulysses* to our everyday lives will take place at the **Plaza Okendo** square beside the *Teatro Victoria Eugenia* in San Sebastian. These include **Bloomsday Street Theatre** with professional actors playing out scenes from *Ulysses* at **11.00, 13.30 and 16.00 h** as well as:

- **11.30-12.30 Irish Dancing** workshop with CARA's very own dancing master, Seamus McQuaid – participation open to all.
- **12.30-14.00 Irish/Basque Folk Music** session.
- **14.30** Inauguration of "**Little Ireland**" shop (c/Euskal Herria, No. 1) of high quality products (tea, biscuits, jams, etc.). Pintxos at *Rekalde Taberna* (c/Aldamar No. 1).
- **17.00 Agerre Teatro** (dir. Maite Agirre) presents **Molly Bloom – Lurra eta haragia**, a monologue in Euskera (based on Xabier Olarra's translation of *Ulysses*) and English.
- **18.00 Songs of Joyce** an hour-long musical show featuring music hall and traditional Irish songs featured in Joyce and performed in a light cabaret style.
- **19.30 The Pogues tribute**; the writer Unai Elorriaga draws inspiration from the life of Shane McGowan, while the group *Gibelurdinek* plays versions of The Pogues songs and music.
- **21.00 Bloomsday Hooley** with a traditional Irish band.

**Recommended Dress Code:** White shirt/blouse and straw hat preferably

**Meeting Point:** Okendo Plaza except where otherwise indicated

**Further information from Éamon at:** [eamon@trinor.com](mailto:eamon@trinor.com)

The Irish novelist and poet James A. Joyce (1882-1941) is considered by many to be one of the most influential writers in the modernist avant-garde of the early 20th century. He fell in love with and later married Nora Barnacle and the day of their first walk together, 16 June 1904, was immortalized as *Bloomsday*, during which the entire narrative of his masterpiece *Ulysses* takes place. To this day, the Irish in Euskadi and all over the world celebrate *Bloomsday* with literary walks, celebrations and above all, much fun.

*"Ulysses was written to celebrate the reality of ordinary people's rounds.... [Joyce] believed that by recording the minutiae of a single day, he could release those elements of the marvellous latent in ordinary living, so that the familiar might astonish. The 'everyday' need not be average, but a process recorded as it is lived — with spontaneity and openness to chance.... It is time to reconnect Ulysses to the everyday lives of real people."*  
Declan Kiberd in *Ulysses and Us* pp. 10-11.

# **Eusko – Irlandako loturak**

## **Bloomsday 2017 Programme**

16 June, 2017 Hernani-n, Gipuzkoan.

Although the day is Bloomsday, 16 June, the leitmotif is Basque people connected with Ireland and Irish people connected with the Basque Country (historically). An Irish stew “pintxo” will be available; there will also be a whisk(e)y tasting competition, only open to non-Irish, to be fair to be fair.



1. *Oro Se do Bheatha Bhaile* (in Irish) with short explanation in Basque of *Gráinne Mhaol* and synopsis of lyrics. Chorus sung by all of us; one verse one volunteer! (in Irish).
2. Photo montage of last Easter's commemoration of Gernika 80 in Dublin. Tribute to Elias Gallastegui and Saint Patrick (in Basque); a reading *between the lines* interpretation of the Proclamation by Eamon Roche (in Spanish).
3. Short introduction in Basque to The Foggy Dew and of the scenes in the movie, *The Wind that Shakes the Barley* (music from The Chieftains + Sinéad O'Connor).
4. Irish dancing (Seamus McQuaid and his ladies).
5. Photo-montage: Irish-Basque connections: one Basque and one Irish and two mixed!
6. Eamon Roche on Ulysses in Spanish.
7. Call by David Fogarty for people to join LagunCara (in Basque).
8. Irish dancing (Seamus McQuaid).
9. A short piece (in Spanish) from William Starkie's book *Aventuras de un Irlandés en España* and tribute to Thomas Rose.
10. *Mo Ghile Mear*. Chorus sung by all of us; one verse one volunteer!
11. Conclusion.

The order may change. Fiesta will continue at 22:00 with dinner around the corner (pre-reservation for dinner is absolutely necessary; contact Joe at [wordlan2012@gmail.com](mailto:wordlan2012@gmail.com))

[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

[caravasco@gmail.com](mailto:caravasco@gmail.com)



2018 Basque Bloomsday



BLOOMSDAY VITORIA-GASTEIZ

16 de junio **Un paseo por Dublín**  
según Ulises de James Joyce



*Paseo literario, partiendo del bar Dublín en la  
Plaza de Virgen Blanca, a las 11 de la mañana*

**carlingford**

 **MasterClass**  
English School

 **LAGUN**  
**CARA**  
Asociación Vasco-irlandesa  
[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com)

2019 Basque Bloomsday



BLOOMSDAY VITORIA-GASTEIZ

16 de junio **Un paseo por Dublín**  
según Ulysses de James Joyce



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# Itinerary for Bloomsday in Vitoria Gasteiz 16th June 2019



11:00-11:15 aprox.  
Café Dublin  
Plaza de la Virgen Blanca



11:25-11:40 aprox.  
Murrallas de Gasteiz  
(Martello Tower)



11:50-12:05 aprox.  
Fuente delante da la Catedral Nueva  
(Sandymount Strand)



12:15-12:30 aprox.  
Calle Florida  
(7 Eccles Street)



12:40-12:55 aprox.  
Farmacia El Puente  
(Sweny's Farmacy)



13:05-13:15 aprox.

La Casa del Cordón  
(Glasnevin)



13:25-13:40 aprox.

Portalón  
(Barney Kiernan's Pub)



13:50-14:05 aprox.

Plaza de la provincia  
(Dollymount Strand)



14:15-14:30 aprox.

Hospital San José  
(Holles Street Hospital)



14:40-15:00 aprox.

Berenjenal (C. San Prudencio)  
(Lunch)

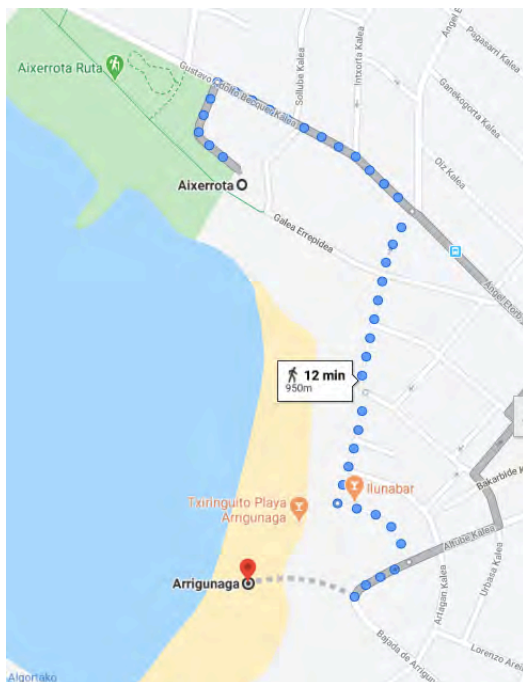
# ***Socially Distant Bloomsday 2020***

A tentative plan ... to escape to Dublin 1904 via  
Getxo-in-Lockdown.

Virtual for some - Zoom details to follow.

## **Meeting point:**

**10:00 - 10:15** Aixerrota (*Martello Tower*)



12 mins walk (1km)  
to the beach

**10:30 - 11:00** Arrigunaga Beach.  
(*Dollymount Strand*)

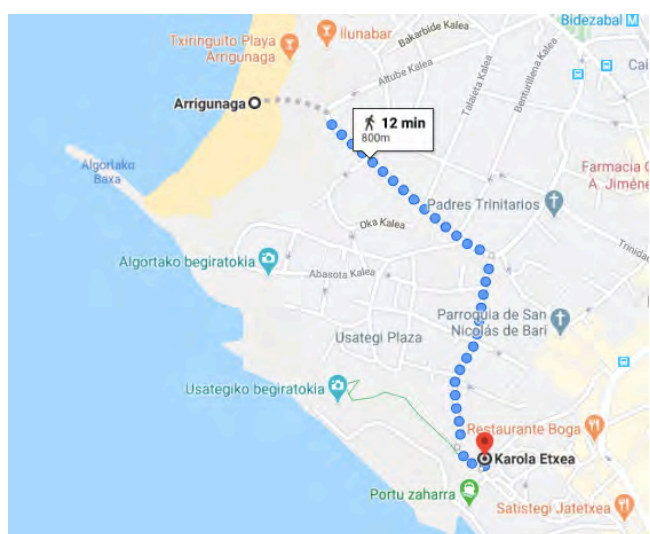
12 min walk (800 m)  
towards Puerto Viejo

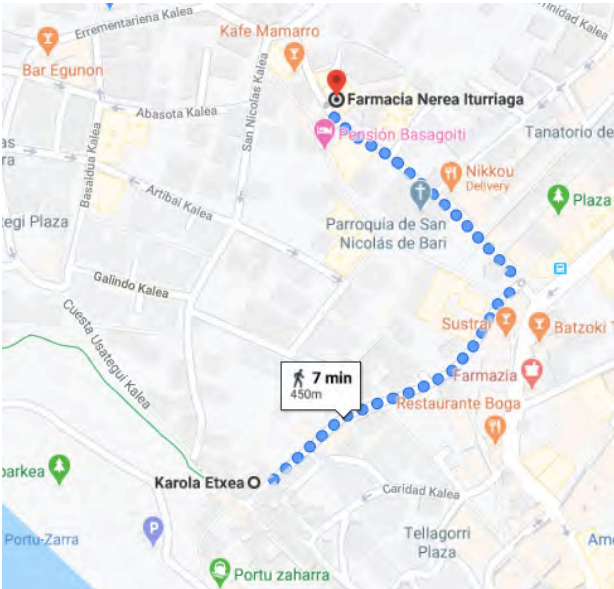
**11:15 - 11:45 -**

Casas de los pescadores - Puerto Viejo  
Algorta. (7 Eccles St)

Near statues of Arrantzale y Sardinera

Maybe time for a Gorgonzola Cheese Sandwich and  
glass of Burgundy



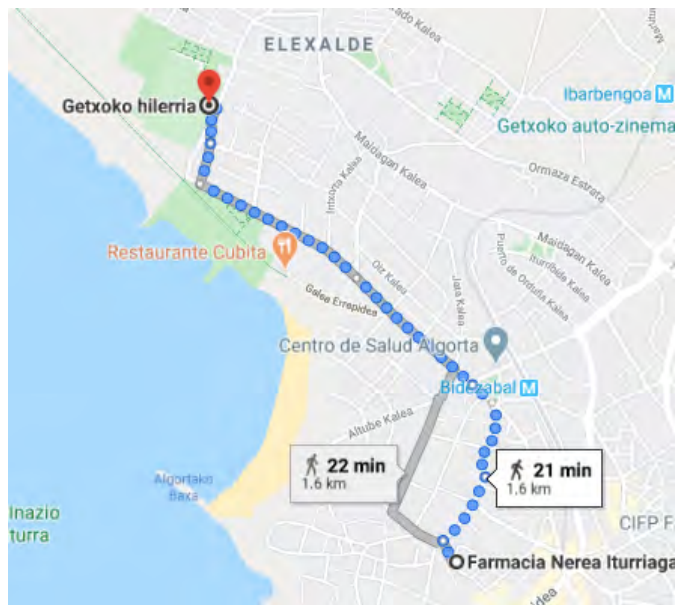


7 min walk (450m)

**12:00 - 12:15** Farmacia Nerea Iturriaga  
(Pharmacy)

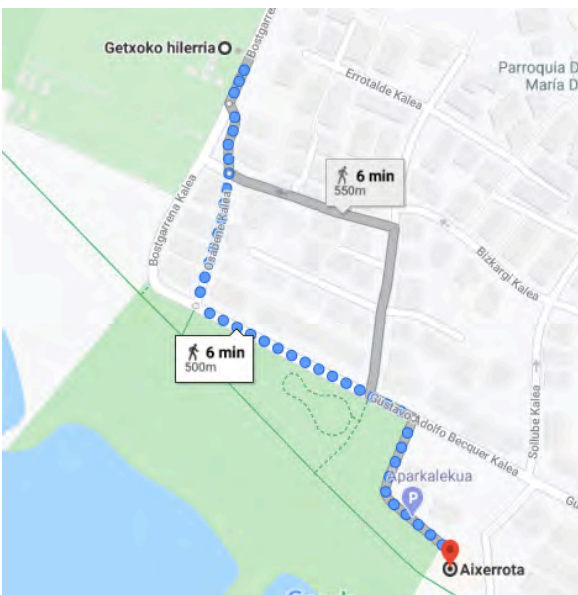
21 min walk (1.6 km)

**12:45 - 13:15** Getxoko Hilerria (Glasnevin Cemetery)



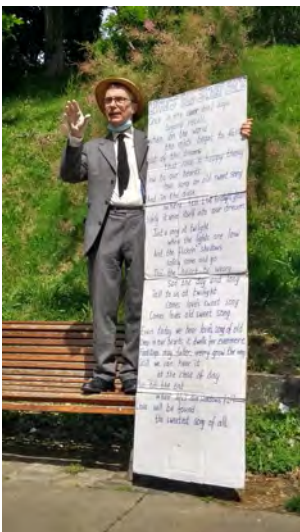
10 mins (850m)

**13:30** Return to Aixerrota and time for a picnic to finish off that Gorgonzola sandwich you brought. Weather permitting we hope to sit in the grassy area near Aixerrota.



25 mins walk then or by car to finish the Odyssey off in the terraza of Piper's Irish Pub, Avenida Basagoiti Etorbidea, (Barney Kiernan's)

# 2020 Basque Bloomsday -Aizkorri, Getxo, Bizkaia



## What is *LagunCara*?

The word for friend is “*lagun*” in Basque and “*cara*” in Irish.

### **VISION**

*LagunCara* is the name of the Irish/Basque Association originally founded in Bilbao in 2003. It's vision is to become a welcoming, tolerant, vibrant community of diverse people with Irish/Basque interests, renowned for providing active, quality, caring support for its members and for contributing through our synergy to the enrichment and integration of the plural society in which we live.

### **MISSION**

- To provide an effective forum for the fruitful interaction of Irish people living in or around the Basque Country, with native Basques, enhancing relations between diverse individuals and families at all levels of society (culture, business, entertainment, etc.).
- To promote the interaction and communication of its members by organizing enjoyable and valuable social events which celebrate the Irish and Basque cultures.
- To actively promote our common values of welcoming, caring, fun and a bit of "craic".
- *LagunCara* focuses more on our shared interests and values than on our differences, following the principle that "*union differentiates*".

### **VALUES**

KNOWLEDGE of our different cultures and peoples as a basis for...

RESPECT: seeing people as they are, not merely tolerating, but actively appreciating their individuality and uniqueness, thereby consolidating public interest, trust and pride in *LagunCara*;

RESPONSIBILITY: the ability or readiness to respond to the needs of our times, together with a leadership which is vigorous, professional and transparent in its service of the members of the Association;

CARING for the society in which we live, empowering each member to make her/his own contribution based on specific talents/expertise/experience.



### **Want to become a member?**

Simply fill out, sign and return this form by e-mail to: [laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com](mailto:laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com)

I (specify your name):

specify your e-mail:

authorize the Irish/Basque Association *LagunCara* to annually debit the account specified below for the sum of 20 Euro, for my personal subscription to the Association. My bank account details are:

Name of account holder:

IBAN:

BIC:

Date and Signature:

[www.laguncara.com](http://www.laguncara.com) - [laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com](mailto:laguncara.elkartea@gmail.com)